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THE
HERO OF THE NORTH,

An Historical Play,

BY MR. DIMOND, JUN.

AUTHOR OF

Petrarchal Sonnets; Poems under the Signature of Castallo;
the Sea-Side Story, a Drama, &c. &c. &c.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

ARMA, VIRUMQUE CANO!

FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BARKER AND SON,
Dramatic Repository,
Great Russell Street, Covent Garden.

1803.

[Price 2s 6d.]

THE

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BARRIS AND SON,

10, BARRIS STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1868.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Life of GUSTAVUS VASA, the Swedish Prince, warrior, and legislator, forms one of the most interesting features in the history of nations. It is replete with every circumstance that can delight or instruct posterity, and on a first review, no subject can present a more flattering foundation for the superstructure of a Dramatist; yet, when closely considered, it will be found, perhaps, of all others, the most dangerous and critical, that an inexperienced writer can venture upon. I do not premise thus far, through any wish to invest my own attempt with importance, but rather to offer some excuse for the deficiency and awkwardness with which it may have been executed. When I first selected Gustavus for my theme, I was ignorant that his adventures had been already dramatised by Mr. BROOKE, and that the performance of his play had been prohibited by the government forty years since, on account of its seditious tendency and inflammatory politics. If such an objection existed at that distant and pacific period, it would have applied with increased propriety at the present juncture, when the fierce spirit of revolution, marches under the banners of conquering armies, and its doctrines are bruited abroad from the tribunes of orators, and the port-folios of philosophers. It became therefore a necessary consequence, that I should remove the principal object in my design, from the fore-ground, into the perspective, and that Gustavus, like Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*, should be supposed to think a great deal more than it was convenient for him to utter. Two other figures, which would have possessed prominent situations in the picture,

781873

I was constrained to strike out intirely. It would have been hazardous to have pourtrayed royalty and the priesthood, in unamiable colours, yet Christiern and Trollio, could not have been delineated otherwise. I endeavoured to supply the place of the Danish monarch, by the substitution of a provincial governor, but the attitude of such a person could not be rendered equally impressive, and the effect of the *coup-d'œil* was materially injured by the comparative inadequacy of its contrasted parts. As my plan was thus deprived of its natural strength, artificial aids became necessary to its support; and in the fresh arrangement of my Drama, *stage-effects* was made the axis upon which every other consideration had to revolve. To frame situations for music, and opportunities for spectacle, were the first objects of my attention. Of course, language, character, and consistency of action, receded into mere points of occasional regard. The reception of my play upon the stage, fully justified the policy of the system which I had followed; and its subsequent success has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. However, in submitting it to the tribunal of the closet, I can derive but little confidence from the applause bestowed on its representations. In the closet, it must appear divested of every extrinsic advantage, and discover the whole of its imperfections, without a chance of disguise. It would be absurd in me, to offer any pretensions, further than that I have endeavoured to preserve probability in the conduct of my plot: to render the *Songs* so many essential continuations, rather than unmeaning interruptions of the interest, and (so far as my humble talents would allow me) to serve the general purposes of morality and social order. Whether I have succeeded or failed in these limited attempts, thy public voice, not mine, must now decide. If the subsequent pages appear to be inoffensive, criticism should spare

them from a more strict ordeal, since their weakness (as a composition) is acknowledged.

The trifle may then be patiently tossed from hand to hand through the literary world, like a butterfly that is permitted to flutter over the parterres of a garden; the insect may be of little use in the plan of creation, but it is perfectly harmless, and it amuses the eye, by the gaiety of its colours, and the playfulness of its motions.

To the *Proprietors*, for their liberality in the embellishments of the scene; to Mr. BANNISTER (as *Manager*) for his attention and assiduity in its production; and to the *Performers*, generally and individually, for their great exertions in its performance; I am happy to ascribe the principal success of my Drama; and with great respect, I request them to receive my very sincere acknowledgments.

P. S. This play in its original state greatly exceeding the customary time of performance, several curtailments and alterations were made by Mr. SHERIDAN. I cannot so far suppress the vanity of my nature, as to omit this circumstance; though by mentioning it, I become the trumpeter of my own panegyric, since the notice of so great a name, confers in itself the highest eulogy that a young author can receive; the truly flattering attentions, with which he then condescended to honor me, can never be forgotten, while either pride or gratitude retains an influence in my bosom.

March 24, 1803.

PROLOGUE.

THE frolic woodbine oft' in summer's prime,
Some oak of veteran growth will fondly climb,
O'er the dark branches, curl its tassell'd arms,
And deck the hoary shade with glowing charms ;
The grateful tree its soft embrace repays,
And yields protection to its tender sprays :—
E'en so, the sparkling wreath that fiction twines
Round truth's enduring column, proudest shines,
And greenest beauty tints the poet's bay,
When fact informs, and fancy points his lay !
To-night a youthful minstrel sweeps the lyre,
In changeful strain, as changeful themes inspire :
With bright realities he swells the stage,
Bequeath'd as morals, by a former age ;
Shades of historic fame, he bodies forth,
And leads the Muses to the distant North !
A region rude, unsoften'd, unlovely—drear ;
In storm and darkness whelm'd thro' half the year.
Yet cheerless as it was, this out-cast scene,
To patriot eyes, wore Nature's loveliest mein ;
To them its glimmering wastes of ice and snow,
With Tempe's classic verdure seem'd to glow,
And blyther far, they deem'd its sunless bowers,
Than southern Italy's soft vale of flowers !
Ask ye what secret cause the clime endear'd ?
There—liberty her arm of glory rear'd ;
High on the rock, the goddess built her seat,
And view'd, with scorn, the vallies at her feet !
Her radiant presence cheer'd the shivering swains,
And strew'd with Eden's bloom, their frosty plains ;
Turn'd want to wealth, and rain'd meridian light,
Thro' the close shadow of their double night !

Of her inspir'd men mock'd continuous toil,
 Glean'd virtuous plenty from a famish'd soil;
 And o'er their horrid path, as gleam'd *ber* form,
 Enjoy'd the darkness, and ador'd the storm!
 Now, trophied tombs, along the Baltic's shore,
 Record the race of heros, seen no more:—
 Their throbbing hearts, their steel-clad forms sublime,
 Have sunk and moulder'd in the grasp of Time;
 But tho' life's active pulse shall cease to play,
 The name which honor loves, defies decay.
 Their memory lives, immortal as the sphere,
 Still gath'ring brightness thro' each shadowy year;
 Like Egypt's funereal lamp, undying, burns,
 And streams soft glory round their fainted urns!
 Embalm'd in hist'ry's lore, great actions bloom,
 And swell Fame's trump', with airs of rich perfume!

Yet not on alien themes we rest alone,
 The scene is foreign, but the tale our own.
 For if one common spirit lifts the soul,
 To spurn the fetters of a fore'd control,
 And singly brave a host in freedom's cause,
 For a lov'd king, faith, honor, justice, laws;
 To bar the ready breast, and freely bleed;—
 Then every Briton feels himself a Swede!
 Oh! may such holy sympathy to-night,
 Attend our Hero thro' his scenic fight!
 For vainly shall the Muse support his claim,
 If critic armies bar his path to fame,
 And all his honors, empty boasts appear,
 'Till first submitted, prov'd, and sanction'd *ber*!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gustavus Vasa	-	-	-	-	Mr. POPE.
Casimir Rubenski	-	-	-	-	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Carlowitz	-	-	-	-	Mr. RAYMOND.
Ufo	-	-	-	-	Mr. DE CAMP.
Brennomar	-	-	-	-	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Sigismund of Calmar	-	-	-	-	Mr. KELLY.
Gabriel	-	-	-	-	Mr. DOWTON.
Marcoff	-	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.
Iwan	-	-	-	-	Mr. SEDGWICK.
Vilitzki	-	-	-	-	Mr. FISHER.
Nydorff	-	-	-	-	Mr. GRIMALDI.
Basilstern	-	-	-	-	Mr. GIBBONS.

Princess Gunilda	-	-	-	-	Mrs. YOUNG.
Santa Michelwina	-	-	-	-	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Frederica Rubenski	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Paulina	-	-	-	-	Miss MENAGE.
Petrowna	-	-	-	-	Miss ARNE.
Alexa	-	-	-	-	Mrs. BLAND.
Ulrica	-	-	-	-	Miss TYRER.

Chorus of Warriors, Priests, Miners, Nuns, and Swedish Matrons.

SCENE—Dalecarlia, a remote Province of Sweden.

TIME—The early Part of the Sixteenth Century.

The Music by Mr. KELLY, and Published at his Musical Saloon,
Pall - Mall.

THE
HERO OF THE NORTH.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*The Curtain rises slowly, and discovers the Interior of a Swedish Peasant's Hut; through the Casements is seen a mountainous Country, covered with Snow—In the Middle of the Hut is a Stove, beside which Alexa and Ulrica are seated, spinning with Distaffs and Spindles—At a little distance, a Table with an Hour-glass, and Lamp burning—Marcoff stands by, polishing a rusty Sword.*

Terzetto.—MARCOFF, ALEXA, ULRICA.

Alex. **B**y the lamp's expiring ray,
By the hour-glass well nigh run,
Soon will break the chilly day,
Soon the chillier night be done.

B

Ulr.

- Ulr.* Closer to the fove I creep,
Yet I feel the biting gulf.
- Mar.* Still these spots their color keep—
Off, I say, disgraceful rust!
Hift! Wife! Sister! hift! I hear
Passing quick some footstep near,
Is't a man?
- Alex.* ----- No, Marcoff, no,
'Tis but the deer that pads the snow.

All. Fierce whirlwinds are roaring,
Loud torrents are pouring,
The snow-flakes in clouds seem to fly;
Cleft mountains are moaning,
Split forests are groaning,
The storm-fiend rides wild through the sky!

Yet trouble dispelling,
While safe in his dwelling,
The cottager terror derides—
Nor earth, air, nor ocean,
Can raise an emotion,
In bosoms where virtue resides!

Mar. (*looking at his sword*) There—the rust is gone, the point gleams again, and I warrant me, 'twould cut as deep—Oh! that I had one of those villainous Danes within arm's length, to make a trial on!—

Alex. Pr'ythee, good Marcoff, brandish that weapon no longer; day begins to dawn, and should any of the governor's spies from the castle, discover you with arms in your possession, after the late edict—

Mar. Never fear!—I can be as watchful as the governor, and with this good blade, may yet do my rightful prince and my dear country service! They must search close to discover this closet. (*opens a slid-*

ing pannel, and discovers a small niche hung round with arms) Look, girls, see how my little armory shines. Oh! Sweden, my Country! Oh! Gustavus, my King!—Here is the treasure of a poor but loyal heart—Heaven send the day, when I may use it in your just support!

Ülr. Alas! unfortunate Gustavus! I wonder where he wanders now—

Mar. Where, indeed!—After the last fatal battle, he dismissed his few remaining followers, and retired into obscurity;—but 'tis known that he still lives, and every Swedish bosom beats for the moment, when the young hero may yet again display his banner, and call his subjects' loyalty to action—O! would it were come, what curious quartering should my sword carve on the coats of some of those tyrannical Danes—

Alex. Ah! Marcoff, you make me tremble when you talk thus—consider should you fall—

Mar. Well! I should fall in honours and my sovereign's cause, and the example of my fate would recruit, not thin, the patriot ranks!

Alex. True, Marcoff, but—

Mar. But what, simpleton?

Alex. Ah! your poor Alexa's heart would break with grief!

Air.—ALEXA:

Ah! should my love in fight be slain,
 I ne'er could bear my woe,
 This stricken heart would burst with pain,
 Yet no distraction shew
 This faithful eye no tear would shed,
 This lip betray no sigh,
 I should but hear my love was dead,
 Just bless his name, and die!

HERO OF THE NORTH.

Then should the trumpet wake thy zeal,
 Dear youth, guard well thy life,
 Tho' for thyself thou can'st not feel,
 Yet, oh! prefer e thy wifel
 For like the grafted flower that lends
 Some hardier plant its bloom,
 That storm which on the *one* descends,
 Must breathe a *double* doom!

Utr. See, brother, I have turned the hour-glass again, and 'tis now broad day—Shall I put out the lamp?

Mar. Aye, girl; and place my breakfast on the table—I must to the mine.

Alex. What so early? (*She opens the casement, the snow is seen falling without*) Ah! 'tis a dreary morning—the clouds hang so heavily—the snow falls so thick—and the wind blows so piercing cold—

Mar. No matter, I must through it—a true Swede fears no cold, but in the heart of his friend or his mistress.

Utr. (*placing provisions on the table*) Ah! your road to the mine is short, but St. Catherine protect the poor wretches to whom, on such a day, hard fortune has denied a shelter.

Mar. Why truly St. Catherine has doubtless many excellent qualities—but for a helpmate against frost, I would wager on a spiritual friend in this flask against the calendar. (*drinks*)

Quartetto.

Quartetto.

FREDERICA, MARCOFF, ALEXA, ULRICA.

Fred. Oh! hear a wretch for succour calling,
Oh! hear, some pitying soul, and save!
Chill weights of snow around are falling,
And threaten with a sudden grave!

Mar. } Hark! heard I not the passing strain
Alex. Ulr. } Of wild affliction on the plain?

Or was it but the mournful blast,
That shriek'd along the frozen waste?—

Fred. Ah! must I perish here unfriended!
Thus early must my race be ended!

Alex. Oh! Marcoff, 'tis the voice of woe;
Some wanderers fainting on the snow—

Ulr. Swift let me to their succour fly—

Mar. Hold! it may prove some lurking spy;

Fred. For charity relieve my pain!

Ulr. Hift! I the truth will ascertain—

[*She opens the Casement.*

What wretch amid the tempest's roar,

Our lowly shelter doth implore?

Oh! answer me,

Fred. ----- A wretch indeed,
But still a woman and a Swede!

Ulr. Oh! Marcoff, 'tis a helpless maid—

Mar. A woman! then she must have aid—

Ulr. A man beside—

Mar. ----- What man? quick say;

Ulr. He's old. His locks are few and grey.

Mar. Then open doors, distress should find

A friend in every generous mind!

Door

Door opens, FREDERICA enters supporting RUBENSKI, their Robes are dishevelled and scattered with Snow.

Fred. Kind peasants thanks, by tears expressing,

My gratitude, ah! let me pour,

And ever may the heavenly blessing,

Protect from ill your friendly door.

Mar. &c. Still mortals are by heaven regarded,

As they their fellow mortals treat,

Good deeds are in themselves rewarded,

And soon or late their value meet!

Fred. Thanks, generous cottagers! you have preserved our lives, but for your humanity we must have perished. (*to Rubenski*) How fares it, sir?

Rub. Well, well, my child; a little rest will quite restore me—Time has been, when these worn limbs could mock the wrath of elements—but now 'tis otherwise—I am no longer young.

Alex. Have you journeyed far, lady?

Fred. We are travellers on our way to Gothland—in the darkness of the night we missed our track, and wandering for hours upon the snowy waste, must soon have perished, through cold, fatigue and hunger, had we not reached your hospitable door.

Mar. Hunger, say you? do then honor a poor man's breakfast with a taste—rye bread, a dried slice of a rein-deer, fresh milk and old spirits—homely fare, 'tis true, but such as it is, take it, I beseech you—you have the better title to it.

Rub. What title, generous man?

Mar. You need it more than we do.

Rub. O! Sweden, my suffering country, still will I call thee happy, since social pity glows within the bosoms of thy poorest sons. Your looks, my friend, pronounce our welcome, without the aid of words: such a countenance should bespeak content.

Mar. Why, in faith, fir, as fortunes fall, I am inclined to be satisfied with my lot; but, madam, you do not eat — Alexa, help the lady — Ulrica, fetch out the best platters—Bustle, girls, bustle, Yes, fir, as you observe, I am, upon the whole, a contented man: 'tis true, I labour hard all day, but then exercise makes me sleep the sounder at night; my purse is light, but then my heart is so likewise, and though I cannot boast of riches, yet I have no guilt upon my conscience, to mingle reproaches with my poverty! Wife! Sister! your voices can ever beguile me of sadness—let them soothe our guests. Sing! girls, sing!

Duetto. ALEXA, ULRICA.

Bewilder'd and weary,
Heart-sick and uncheery,
O'er heaths dim and dreary,
Two travellers passed:
By dangers surrounded,
With dangers confounded,
Ah! how their hearts bounded,
When screen'd from the blast!
No longer fate grieves them,
The low hut receives them,
Restores them—relieves them—
And hope smiles at last!

Fred. Thanks! thanks! now, my father, I can once more smile with hope; for I see the warm color mantle afresh upon your cheek, and your eye resume its steady brightness.

Rub. True, girl; I can breathe freely now—no longer stifled in the gross atmosphere of slaves and courtiers; here, among the mountains, I can in-

hale the pure airs of liberty. This rough blast that drifts the frozen storm before it, seems the very breath of independence; and though its keen touch pinches my body blue, still to my soul it feels more grateful, than the soft zephyr that awakes the spring.

Mar. (earnestly) By your words, you should be an enemy to tyrannous invaders, and a loyal friend to Sweden.

Rub. Sweden is my native country — sacred claim! and for her interests, gladly would I pour forth the life-stream at my heart!

Alex. Perhaps you have known our prince—the loft Gustavus.

Rub. (with reserve) I have seen him formerly.

Mar. Perhaps you have fought in the battles, 'twixt his party and the Danes.

Rub. I have borne arms in younger days. I dare not yet reveal myself. (*aside*)

Alex. (aside to Marcoff) Observe! he will not declare his name. I positively do not like mystery.

Mar. And possibly he does not like curiosity.

Alex. Wherefore does he decline to answer us?

Mar. Wherefore would you persevere to question him? Remember, Alexa, we have ourselves a secret, and respect the reserve of the stranger.

Utr. Hark! I hear music on the heath—Good fairs! persons are coming from the castle—as I live, the governor himself!

(*The strangers interchange looks of terror.*)

Mar. The governor! what can bring him out at such an hour? an intrigue I'll be sworn! Ah! Alexa, I caught him leering at you, last Sunday, as you returned from the castle-chapel.

Alex. For shame, Marcoff, you should know me better.

Mar.

Mar. (looking out) Yes, by the mas! 'tis his gallant lordship, aye! truly, and he hastens down the rocks, towards our door.

Fred. Then we are lost!

Mar. (starting) What say you?

Rub. It is a fatal truth! O! if you disregard an old man's silver hairs, yet in compassion to this trembling innocent, grant us a concealment.

Mar. How!

Rub. If we are seen by the governor, our doom is death!

Mar. Have I then been sheltering criminals?

Rub. Judge not so harshly—You shall know all, but save us, while yet 'tis in your power!

Mar. Impossible. They are within a few paces of the door.

Fred. (kneeling) Ah! turn then to a daughter's prayer! Behold me at your feet, imploring you to save a father's life! O! conceal us.

Mar. I cannot—I have no concealment.

Alex. (whispers) The secret closet!

Mar. Ha! well—mark me strangers, I will give my confidence, though you have denied me yours. Observe this closet (*undraws the pannel*) 'twill hide you from pursuit—You see, 'tis stored with arms. Now my life depends on your discretion.

Rub. Generous man! our gratitude——

Mar. Nay, we have not time for words—in! in!

(*Closes the pannel on them—at the same moment a clamor is heard without the door.*)

Voices without. Open the door, instantly—in the name of the Governor!

Mar. Aye! they are rattling away! O lord! O lord!

Voices. Open the door, or it shall be forced!

Mar. (*opening it*) No need of force—delighted to receive such illustrious visitors.

(*A short symphony plays, while Carlowitz, Ufo, and armed followers enter the hut, they examine rapidly around, with gestures of suspicion.*)

Carl. They are not here—examine the inner chamber!

Mar. (*aside*) Aye! the hounds are in full cry after their prey already!

(*The symphony is renewed, while Ufo searches the inner chamber. The rest remain in observation of Marcoff and the women, who express by their actions inquietude and dismay—Ufo returns.*)

Carl. Not there! I can observe no place for concealment in the hut, and yet 'tis certain we traced them to the door. (*advances to Marcoff.*) Wherefore do you tremble, fellow?

Mar. Tremble! O! no, only a little astonished by your lordship's condescension, in visiting our humble roof.

Carl. 'Tis false! your emotion springs from guilt—where have you concealed the fugitives?

Mar. The fugitives, my Lord!

Carl. Echo me not, slave, but answer.—Footsteps have been traced upon the snow, to your door.

Mar. My door, my lord?

Carl. Wretch! dare you still repeat my words?

Mar. I repeat your words?—Oh! no, heaven forbid!

Carl. I say then, footsteps have been traced upon the snow to your very door.

Mar. O! yes, my lord, I know that—they were mine.

Carl. Your's? liar! some of them, bore a female print—a foot so small—

Mar. Aye! that was my wife's.

Carl. What, Alexa's?

Mar. Her's, my lord, she has a remarkably pretty little foot—shew the governor, my love—

Carl. What motive could have led you so far along the heath, at such an early hour?

Mar. We went—we went, my lord, for the pleasure of the walk.

Carl. The tempest was dreadful at the time.

Mar. True, my lord; but then it gave us a better appetite for our breakfast!

Carl. I'll hear no more. Guards! seize that slave, and drag him to the torture!

Alex. (*interposing*) O! good my lord, have mercy! let me entreat.

Carl. Well—at *your* request, I yield—release him—yet mark me, stubborn fool, your fortune is in your own power—if you can discover the traitors whom I seek, certain affluence awaits you. They are detested enemies of the state. Casimir Rubenski, and his daughter, Frederica—the father, the famed partizan of the fallen Gustavus; and the girl, the betrothed mistress of the royal wanderer. A thousand marks are the reward proclaimed for their apprehension.

Mar. A thousand marks, did you say? O! they are already in my pocket—only tell me, has the old man a scar upon his forehead; and is the daughter habited in green?

Carl. (*eagerly*) The same—speak, my best fellow, where may I find the traitors?

Mar. I have seen them with'in this hour—they are not far from you.

Carl. I knew it was so—proceed. I'm all impatience.

Alex. *Marcoff*, sure you will not. (*aside.*)

Mar. Be silent!—They entered my hut, just as the day broke, to warm themselves at yonder stove.—

Alexa. Marcoff!

Mar. Peace!—Immediately after they proceeded by the Gothland road; just when they had gained the pass, a snow-mountain fell from the cliff behind the hut, and hid all traces of their steps beyond this door.

Carl. This agrees precisely with my first intelligence, as to their intended course. They shall be instantly pursued—and you, if by your information, we should secure the traitors, shall receive half the state's bounty as a reward.

Mar. Then your lordship had better give me the marks now, for I am certain I shall deserve them.

Carl. No, remain with patience 'till our return. I must instantly pursue these fugitives! *Marcoff!* point to the road! (*As Marcoff turns to the door, Carlowitz catches the hand of Alexa.*) My fair Alexa, I shall expect a reward for my complaisance. (*lifts her hand to his lips, when Marcoff turns round and pulls his sleeve.*)

Mar. My lord, the road is this way!

Carl. (*with anger*) Fellow! (*recovers himself*) on to the pass!

[*Exeunt Carlowitz and train—symphony plays as they depart.*]

Mar. (*looking after them*) They hurry away—They descend the hill—They turn the angle—Hurra! Hurra! for once I have played a courtier's part, and told a lye with an admirable grace, yet my falsehood is not of the true courtier stamp either, having for its object another's benefit, and not my own. Come forth, my noble prisoners, from your cell, and rejoice at your deliverance in open day!

(*Rubenski and Frederica come forward.*)

Rub. My generous countryman!

Fred. Our brave protector!

Mar. Nay! reserve your thanks—the delight which I feel *here*, has settled the debt betwixt us already. But tell me, from your own lips, have I indeed the rapture to view beneath this roof, the great Rubenski, the friend and preceptor of our lost Gustavus?

Rub. Yes, my friend, in this decrepid, time-worn form, you do indeed behold all that now remains of Rubenski, the Swedish warrior—his unfinew'd arm can no longer deal the patriot blow, but his tough heart is still undaunted, and burns with youthful ardor for his country's weal!

Mar. General! know you—I almost fear to ask it—know you aught of our beloved Prince?

Rub. 'Tis in search of him I have now left my own retreat. Somewhere in these mountain-wilds, 'tis whispered that the hero lies concealed—When last we met, 'twas in the hour of battle, on Malmoe's fatal plain—Fancy still paints my sovereign in that scene of perils—his dark eye flashing more than mortal fires—fate in his step, and vengeance in his arm—fierce through the darkened bosom of the war he moved, as a column of flame 'midst the night-storm, dazzling and destroying through its course.

Mar. But all his valour was in vain—we lost the day——

Rub. We lost, yet gained; for honor went with us, and shame defiled the victor's banner—'gainst countless odds, long time we pressed the doubtful fight; till treachery snared and conquered for the Dane—Half of our patriot band, gashed o'er with noble wounds, already had expired, and they that lived, few, faint and flying, scattered o'er the plain; when darkness dropped and veiled the work of blood.—'Twas then I fought my prince! alone he stood, walled round by fallen forms that late were breathing

men!—Like a chance-spared pillar, in the midst of sacrilegious ruins!—his arms were folded, and his lifted eyes on the dark heavens were fixed with looks of deep yet unrepining agony—his pale lip quivered with imperfect sounds, and quick throbs shook his bosom; seeming one forbid to hope, yet scorning to despair! I clasped his knees and prayed him to escape, he answered not—in stern abstraction lost, but mute and passive, followed where I led—now through unmuffling clouds, a sickly planet shone, revealing the sad carnage which we passed—then, when he saw the blood from gallant hearts mix with the dew, and curdle on the turf; and heard the low lament of wounded men, roused from their fainting trance by smarting cold; and marked the moon's pale light gleam on the paler cheeks of warriors slain; then nature soft and sudden, swelled his soul, and all the hero melted in the man! Tears washed the blood-shot fury from his eye, and rained moist obsequies on friends and foes! He wrung my hand, fell fondly on my neck—then wildly started—broke from my embrace, and fled till night and distance wrapped him from my view!

Fred. Alas! my lost Gustavus! his sister too—the endeared companion of my childish hours—

Alex. Ah! lady, *she* is confined in St. Catherine's Abbey, that stands on yonder rock to the west; and 'tis rumoured, she will this day become one of the sisterhood.

Fred. Unfortunate Gunilda!

Rub. Murmur not, my child—That providence which still hath watched our way, may yet direct us to Gustavus—O! could I once pierce his haunt, I have tidings that would rouse his drooping genius, and fire him on to victory and empire!

Mar. With to-morrow's dawn you may commence the loyal search—by that time, I will prepare the lightest sledge and fleetest deer in Dalecarlia to waft you from your pursuers—At present however, this cabin would be an insecure abode, I will therefore secrete you till the appointed hour, within a neighbouring mine—Start not, fair lady, at the thought, for I will promise that you shall meet, in these hard caverns of the earth, with hearts as yielding to humanity, as are the pure snows upon its surface to the breath of spring!

Rub Lead us, good fellow, as thou wilt;—lodge us even in the centre's darkness; we cannot mate with slaves more lost to honor, faith, and worth, than those we fly from in the walks of day—This Carlowitz—this governor, who drives us upon fate, and hunts down freemen for the tyrant's hire—This very man, I shame to speak it, is himself a Swede! Oh! land of woe! Oh! country most deject! too loving mother of unnatural sons! thy savage wrongs cry out for vengeance on no foreign arm—in native hands—in hands that thou hast trained and trusted, e'en now the impious poignards gleam that gash thy bosom with unseemly stabs, and mar it's lovely white with bloody stains!—Still, still, much injured parent, beat some loyal hearts that count thy sufferings with filial throbs, and as their free-born spirits heave against the galling bond, stifle the selfish groan, and only mourn for THEE!

Finale.

Finale.

Women. Oh ! native land, on thy green wounds,
 Thy daughters drop the duteous tear ;
 Their streaming eyes and fighting sounds,
 Shall prove their parent ever dear,
 And 'mid their songs, a dirge-like pause
 Shall seem to mourn her fallen cause !

Marceff. Repine no more at fate, arouse from slothful sorrow,
 The tempest scowls to-day, but sunbeams laugh to-
 morrow :
 And clouds disperse and clear—
 Tho' now, o'er wint'ry heaths the blast from Lap-
 land freezes,
 Anon, young balmy airs, and soft restoring breezes,
 Shall fan the vernal year !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of St. Catherine's Abbey.*

Enter SIGISMUND, disguised as a Pilgrim.

Air. SIGISMUND,

YE veteran spires, ye time-worn towers !
 Monastic shades and priestly bowers,
 Whose vigil prayer and penance dwell,
 A bending votarist biddeth "Hail!"
 To all within your hallow'd pale,
 Or cloyster dim, or taper'd cell !

In Palmer's weeds, a lover he,
 Who now a fond tho' trembling knee,
 In adoration's rite would bow—
 No veil'd deceit can mock thy shrine,
 Since here he seeks her form divine,
 Who claims with truth, the pilgrim's vow !

Sig. At length then, I have reached St. Catherine's rugged wall—strong casket of a precious gem. Here will I rest my staff, and pray love's benison upon my pilgrimage !

D

Enter

Enter GABRIEL, followed by Peasants carrying wood,

Gab. Carry those billets to the Convent gate, and tell sister Margaret, the Portress, that I have lopped more pines and firs than would fill half the stoves in the Province—So my lady Abbess and her daughters may burn away, and 'tis but fitting they should keep St. Catherine warm and comfortable on her birth-day; when the good lady's house keeps them so, all the year round. (*Exeunt Peasants*) What a rare thing is exercise in a frosty morning—Yonder is a gentleman who seems to take it very deliberately—Now is he walking for meditation or an appetite—he looks but in a doleful mood—I'll speak to him—Save ye, Pilgrim! wherefore dost wander shivering here, when yonder stand the Convent-gates open to receive thee? In! in! friend, with me, and cheer thyself!

Sig. Hold! is not this edifice the Convent of St. Catherine?

Gab. Aye—and this day is the festival of St. Catherine; therefore all guests are welcome.

Sig. (*aside*) This fellow wears an honest countenance—could I win him to my interest—Serve you the Convent, friend?

Gab. No, friend—I serve the *ladies* of the Convent: they are fifty-five in number, and I am employed by each in turn. For forty years I have been the only male admitted into their community, except old father Hildeburghshausen, the deaf confessor; and Peter Borolowski, the dumb sexton; two persons highly entitled to female confidence, for the one cannot hear what he is told, and the other cannot tell what he hears.

Sig. I pr'ythee, then, what may be thy employment?

ACT I.

Gab. The most antient and honorable one upon record—a Gardener's—the first man in the world was a professor of our art—I am a general favorite of the sifterhood—they all cluster round me like so many sweet flowers about a May-pole; and a rare garland of beauty they compose—There is my lady Abbess herself, a fine stately plant, full-blown: then we have blossoms and buds out of number; but the very pride of my garden is the lady Gunilda—ah! she is indeed, the queen lily without a spot.

Sig. Gunilda! the Princess? the sister of Gustavus?

Gab. Aye! every night and morning do I repeat her royal name in my prayers. Under heaven she was the preserver of my life—Last winter I fell ill, grievous ill; the strong ague shook my old frame, and I thought never to have lifted a spade again, or viewed the green spring return unto our woods—then my lady Gunilda came to me as I shivered on my mat, and bade me be of cheer—with her own fair hand, she smoothed the rushes beneath my head, and lifted the cordial to my lip—She nursed, she watched, she prayed by me;—till at last the ague left me, and I became stout once more—my pleasing labors were renewed, and in due time the summer came to reward them—At that season it had ever been my practice to present some of my choicest plants to my young mistresses—I would not forget the old custom, so to one I carried the rose, to a second the myrtle, and to others tulips and auriculas; but to my lady Gunilda, I offered the christmas thorn——
“How, master Gabriel,” said she, “do you bring me this ugly plant? it has neither flower nor leaf, and it looks half dead!”—“True, lady,” I answered, “It is now indeed a cheerless sight, but you will foster and keep it warm awhile, then in the midst of

And now my dearest friend to the fairer hand, she

winter, when all its gay companions shall have faded, this thorn will put forth a pale yet grateful blossom, and wear the livery of second youth. Haply when you shall see this, it shall remind you of the poor old man whom you found forlorn and withering, but whom you cherished till he rose again to lustihood and health!"—As I spake, a tear stole into my eye and fell upon the thorn; the Princess smiled sweetly, and as she took my humble offering in her hands, a clear pearl from her own eye, fell, and mingled with the drop from mine! from that moment I knew the flower would thrive, for a virtuous sympathy had shed upon it—the blessedest dew that nature could effuse!——

Sig. Good old man! I reverence your feelings, but say—could I not obtain a sight of this famed Princess?

Gab. Yes! you and the whole world may see her in a few hours—she is then to take the veil.

Sig. Ah!—then the fatal rumour was too true, and she is lost to me for ever!—Oh! cursed extent of tyrant power!—yet no, they dare not hold her from me—she is mine, by affianced mine; and I will maintain the sacred claim, or rase these hateful walls to their foundation.

Gab. Oh! this is the devil of a Pilgrim! a wild wolf in sheep's cloathing come to devour St. Catherine's pious flock!

Sig. Old man! you have a feeling heart—I know it, for you love Gunilda—will you not then pity me?

Gab. You! who are you?

Sig. I am—Oh, torture!—her husband!—the wretched ill-starred Sigismund, of Calmar!—long since our hearts were interchanged, and soon would holy rites have confirmed the royal fair my bride—had not my zealous service to the fallen Prince, her

glorious injured brother, parted our loves, and driven us afar. I have trod in the many paths of danger and of death, still the sweet hope of a reunion has inspired my heart, and even in absence, murmured thoughts of joy; but now, when the dear reward should bless me, a cruel policy snatches it away, and leaves me to despair. Counsel! advise! I pr'ythee, for reason has deserted me!

Gab. You acquainted me with that, when you confessed yourself a lover—Passion in, reason out, follows as naturally as the mountain frost melts before the summer-sun: but tell me, Sir, how is my pity to assist you in this distraction?

Sig. I know not—yet could I converse with my Gunilda for a few moments unobserved, 'ere the dreadful ceremony be completed, some means might still be found to save us.

Gab. Look ye, Count Sigismund! to preach the doctrines of the flesh under the very nose of the spirit, is rather a service of hazard, and might bring a poor man to a sharp penance; therefore prudence would counsel me to desert you, but then gratitude whispers softly from my heart, and bids me be your friend—to my lady Gunilda I owe every thing, and for her sake would willingly hazard all again; besides, with a blush I own it, fellow-feeling pleads in your behalf. I have endured the tender tyranny of love myself, and compassionate all who are under it's influence: this last has turned the balance, and the scale rests in your favour—So, Count, have with you!

Sig. My best friend! take this purse of ducats in earnest of my future gratitude.

Gab. No, no, my Lord, pardon me there—Deceit may sometimes fit lightly on a man's conscience, when he has the feelings of nature to plead in it's excuse; but he must be a sorry knave indeed, who

would barter his fidelity for a bribe—So, my Lord, do you keep your purse, and let me preserve my own good opinion. But come, Sir, be of cheer! a lover should never despond while his mistress permits him to hope—take example from me; the frost of winter now makes my garden look dreary, but I never forget that spring and sunshine may return together! [*Exeunt into Convent.*]

SCENE II.—*The Convent Gardens.*

PAULINA, PETROWNA, and other Nuns appear with Evergreens and Sprigs of Winter-Plants, as weaving them into Garlands.

Chorus.—PAULINA, PETROWNA, and Nuns.

Haste! haste! the festal wreaths prepare,
 Inweave each hoar and hoarded plant,
 That winter's miser-bowers will grant,
 Or frost's concealing mantle spare.
 The red-berried bough,
 And the evergreen spray,
 Are all they allow
 For our festival-day.
 Haste! haste! prepare!

Pau. Now, bear the garlands to the chapel porch, there let their snow-tipped foliage gleam—white symbol of the purity that dwells within!

Pet. Soft ye! Sisters, mark where the abbess leads our royal novice.

Enter

Enter SANTA MICHELWINA and GUNILDA.

Santa. Daughter, these fullen looks, and tears of discontent, cast a reproach upon our holy order. What! can it grieve you to exchange a vain tumultuous world, for those calm and heavenly offices that win for us an eternal blessing?—'tis ignorance, nay, impiety. Trust me, daughter, a convent is the crown of human bliss.

Gun. Such, madam, it may prove, when true devotion fires the soul; but, woe for her! ambition's victim,—enforced to feign the pious flame, she cannot feel. To vow hatred for those objects, which she dearest loves, and bid the faltering tongue renounce a world, to which the heart still cleaves, with unforfaking fondness!—To *her*, the flower-strewn path and illum'd altar, must seem mere pageants of a funeral, and the full-choiring swell of virgin voices, sound but as the dirge of murdered happiness!

Santa. Away, perverse one! I'll hear no more—but know your doom is fixed, and no reluctant sighs can change it. The court has commanded, that at vespers you receive the veil—learn resignation therefore, and obey! Daughters, follow me to the chapel, and prepare the rites! [*Exit with Nuns.*]

Gun. Lost, devoted wretch! O! Gustavus—Sigismund—where are ye now? must I invoke your guardian names in vain?—have ye *both* forgotten your Gunilda?

Air.

Air.—GUNILDA.

When o'er the midnight billow,
 Bursts loud a sudden blast,
 The sailor from his pillow,
 Starts—wakes—and lifts aghast!
 He hears the tempest founding,
 A war 'twixt seas and skies—
 He views wide—wide furrounding,
 The world of waters rise!

To heaven he prays for pity—
 Yet prays the wretch in vain,
 The whirlwind mocks his ditty,
 And fiercelier sweeps the main;
 So I from soft dreams waking,
 Am whelm'd in storms of care,
 Her anchor, hope, forsaking,
 Resigns me to despair!

Enter GABRIEL.

Gab. Lady!—Princess!—Bright rose in June!
 —Soft peach-blossom.

Gun. Gabriel!—honest friend, what would'st thou?

Gab. Marry! I would bring you a small matter of comfort. Alack! now look if those sweet blue eyes be not swelled with weeping, like washed violets made heavy by the rain!—Ah! I have a certain charm in my keeping, one sight of which would make sun-beams sparkle through those tears—An' it would please you let me try it.

Gun. Alas! good honest heart, my tears flow from a fount, too deep for thee to dry.

Gab. Nay, now—but give my charm fair trial—here 'tis, a right amethyst, of sovereign virtue. I pray you look upon it. (*gives a ring*)

Gun. (*with emotion*) Eyes mock me not—sure 'tis the very ring I gave to Sigismund—O, Heavens!

Gab. Aye, aye—did not I foretell my charm would make your eyes sparkle?

Gun. Do not jest, but tell me instantly when—where, and how you gained this ring?—Who gave it?—Whence came he?—What said he?—How looked he? Be swift! and tell me at once the whole!

Gab. Mercy, dear lady! you plant your questions so thickly, that my answers have not room to shoot up. But yonder, behind the holly-hedge, you might find a *certain Pilgrim*, whose tongue would pace it briskly as your own.

Gun. Ah! a pilgrim, say'st thou? Enough—my heart predicts the rest!

[*Exit rapidly at the path Gabriel has pointed to.*]

Gab. Marry! but this love begets a wonderful lightness in the heels! How she darts along, snapping the crisp snow beneath her feet, like a young rein-deer—now she reaches the holly—he sees her—they spring forward to meet each other—their arms open—their bosoms press together—they embrace—they kiss—they—O, St. Catherine! the sight is too moving for me; it recalls the wicked imaginations of my own gallantry, in former days. Just such was wont to be my amorous ardour, when I met the curate's maid in the hay-field, or the miller's daughter, by the barn. Ah! those were good merry times, but they are past! still I love to remember them, and like an old huntsman, though I can no longer follow the game myself, it pleases me to mark the young-ones at the sport.

E

Song—GABRIEL.

Oh, when I was young how I kifs'd and I toy'd,
 The lasses, sweet creatures, my time quite employ'd,
 I wrote them such posies,
 'Bout sweet briars and roses,
 When dancing, their pride was with me to be seen,
 Tho' now run to seed,
 And call'd an old weed,
 Yet I do as I please,
 Still enjoy my heart's ease,
 And contented I know I'm an old evergreen.

Shut up in this place as tho' under a frame,
 My trunk remains firm, yet my sap an't the same,
 There's not a day passes,
 But all the young lasses,
 Like ivy cling round me wherever I'm seen:
 Tho' grown somewhat old,
 My heart's not yet cold,
 I'm as blythe and as gay,
 As a daisey in May,
 And my love for the lasses remains evergreen.

GUNILDA returns with SIGISMUND.

Gab. Ah! the blessing of our lady 'be with you!
 but mark now—no raptures—no extacies; let all
 your actions be tranquil and decorous, as fits the
 sanctity of St. Catherine's garden.

Gun. O, Sigismund! thus to regain thee, even
 at the moment when my despairing thoughts had
 parted us for ever—'tis joy past utterance! yet what
 hast thou not endured since last we met?

Sig. I have drank deeply of fortune's bitter cup, but when I press this hand, and look upon those eyes, I lose all memory of the nauseous taste. Fate now cannot part us more. I have sworn to liberate thee, Gunilda, and I will keep my oath.

Gun. Alas! your hopes are too impetuous—you know not half the fearful bars that still oppose our happiness. Suspicion watches with a thousand eyes, and danger, in the hydra's form, besets each path that leads to freedom.

Sig. Perish the thought that stoops to fear! I will either free thee from this hateful prison, or find myself a tomb beneath its ruins!

Gab. No violence, I pray! haply I may find some method that shall preserve, both to you your mistress, and to the nuns their dwelling. By the mass! one of the sisters comes upon us. Now, caution! or all will be discovered.

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Lady! the abbess bids you instant join the choir; e'en now at Catherine's altar, with flowery wreath and incense strewn, the sisters kneel to greet our saint in votive song.

Gun. Say that I obey the summons, and will presently attend.

Paul. 'Tis well—I will so acquaint the abbess (*going, sees Sigismund, and returns*) Ha! what pilgrim have we here? Gabriel, how comes—

Gab. Most beautiful and benignant sister, arm not your graceful brow with that frown of rebuke. This is a pious nephew of mine, arrived this day, after a bare-foot journey to Jerusalem: he has brought with him many precious reliques for our

house; and can relate a terrible tale of his sufferings among the misbelieving Saracens!

Paul. Truly that must be a tale worth listening to. I will hear it myself some fitting time; but I am now in haste: lady, you will follow! [*Exit.*]

Gab. St. Catherine forgive me! my lies have carried you safely through the first danger; but you must separate now, else suspicion will be awakened. We have yet much time between this and vespers—Leave all to me, and hope for the best.

Gun. Gabriel counsels rightly. We must part, my Sigismund; yet take with thee, the sworn assurance of thy Gunilda's faith: no sophistry shall persuade, no menace induce me to forsake thee—but while the voice of life shall tremble on my lip, to its last breath, it shall proclaim my love!

Sig. Oh! accents blessed as the song of angels! And yet to leave thee—ah, my heart!

Quartetto—SIGISMUND, GUNILDA, PAULINA, NUNS.

Sig. The sun-flower thus, with amorous gaze,
Turns wistful to the parting blaze,
Of day-light in the west!

Gun. Thus some lorn bird, whose mate hath fled,
In murmuring sadness hangs its head,
And seeks its widow's nest.

Duo. Alas! to us who love so well,
How fearful sounds that word "*Farewell!*"
[*Paulina returns.*]

Paul. Lady! wherefore this delay?
The abbess fends and chides your stay—
Good pilgrim hence! old friend, away!

Gun. Gentlest sister, we obey!

The broken notes of an anthem are heard, as proceeding from the Chapel.

Glee. Soft ye! the distant organ's peal,
Sublimely wakes the song of zeal,
And floats religion on our ears—
Now, bold and full its raptures flow—
Now, sweetly swell, now languish low,
And die into the airy spheres!

The anthem ceases.

Sig. } Farewel! and wherever your footsteps shall stray,
Gun. } May sunbeams of fortune illumine the way,
Fresh happiness ever your prospects adorn,
And embloom them with roses unarm'd by a thorn:
[*Exeunt severally; Gun. and Paul. towards the chapel.*

SCENE III. *Outside of Marcoff's Hut.*

ALEXA and ULRICA enter from it.

Ulr. 'The old warrior still slumbers, and the lady watches at his side; but wherefore has Marcoff left the hut?

Alex. To scour the rocky path, ere he conducts our fugitives to the mine, lest spies should be stationed on the road. Hark! I hear footsteps now upon the cliff—haply he returns. Ah! no, as I live, 'tis that wicked governor—he may search the cottage again. In! in! sister, and hurry away our guests to their concealment— [Exeunt into cottage.

Enter CARLOWITZ, Ufo, and Train.

Car. I shall not pursue them further, they have either perished in the snow, or escaped beyond the limits of our search—On, fellows, to the castle! Ufo, remain with me. I shall make further inquiries at this cottage. [*Exeunt Train.*

Ufo. And wherefore at this cottage, my lord? It has been already searched, and does not contain the object of your pursuit—

Car. Dull Ufo! but it does. Did'st thou not mark the sparkling eyes and sportive dimples of the peasant's wife? Marcoff is by this time at his labors, and the fair Alexa, now free from jealous observation, may —

Ufo. Ah! my lord, relinquish the design—'tis unworthy of a nobleman, to share embraces with his vassal.

Car. Peace! pedant—because I may gather roses in a garden, wouldst thou debar me from plucking the sweet wild-flower that blushes on the hedge? Avaunt, and preach thy musty morals to cold blood slaves, with veins as torpid as our country's rivers—but not to me, whose pulses scorn the influence of place, and generously throb with southern fires! What ho! within there! My pretty Alexa?

[Knocks at the door of the hut—Alexa appears.]

Alex. O! I am so frightened—but I hope your lordship will not search the hut again, for indeed there is not a single creature within, except Ulrica and myself.

Car. I know it, charming girl! and therefore did I select this hour to visit thee. Since Marcoff is abroad, we may enjoy ourselves without intrusion.

Alex. Intrusion, my lord?

Car. Aye, child! canst thou pretend ignorance of the passion with which thy charms have kindled me?

Marcoff enters unperceived behind.

Nay never frown, nor play the prude. Thy husband is a sorry clown, unworthy of such beauty. To deceive him will be an act of merit in thee; then the fellow is such an absolute fool that thou may'st treat him as he deserves freely, yet never incur a suspicion of thy constancy.

Alex. My lord, I would have you know, that I hold my virtue too precious——

Car. Virtue! tush—all women are virtuous that escape discovery, and we will be cautious in our loves, as turtles when they build their nest. But since thou deemest the pretty toy so precious, I will e'en buy it of thee at a handsome price—here is a heavy purse of marks—will not the weight of this argument satisfy thy scruples?

Mar. (*advancing, and interposing his hand, receives the purse instead of Alexa*)—perfectly, my lord! I never was better satisfied in my life.

Car. Thou!—Marcoff!—Confusion!

Mar. I presume your lordship designed these marks as a reward for my intelligence. Ah! I told you at the time I should deserve them.

Car. True, Marcoff—I wished to recompense thy services, and simply called at thy cottage, as I passed, that I might have given thee those marks—but not meeting with thee——

Mar. You would have given the marks to my wife. O! nothing can be more natural, or more liberal than your lordship's conduct.

Alex. Nay, Marcoff, his lordship's liberality can only be surpassed by his condescension towards its objects.

Mar. Or his judgment in selecting opportunities for its exercise.

Alex. Or the disinterestedness of his motives.

Mar. Or the excellence of his moral character.

Alex. Or, above all, his fatherly regard for female honour and married happiness.

Car. (*aside*) Malicious fiends! — Enough, good people; your gratitude overwhelms me: I must quit you till it has subsided. Come, Ufo! — Nay, no more. I have been thanked sufficiently. —

(*aside*) Surely a man of rank cannot be humbled lower, than when he deservedly incurs the ridicule and contempt of his inferiors. [Exit.

Mar. Ha! ha! laugh they that win! his lordship has bought an excellent lesson, and we are well paid for selling it him: from the top of yonder rock I perceived the kite hovering about my nest, and instantly felt a sort of—

Alex. Jealousy, Marcoff?

Mar. No, no, not that, but a certain kind of not-to-be-described something, which, whether I would or not, violently seized on both my legs, and moved them homewards—But would'st thou, Alexa, have withstood the governor's golden offers, if—

Alex. No “iffs” Marcoff: he does not deserve the constancy of a wife, who would suspect it without a cause: but in simple truth, I love thee dearly; and were I still free to chuse my husband, would prefer my own poor peasant to all the wealthy barons of the land!

*Enter RUBENSKI, FREDERICA, and ULRICA,
from the Hut.*

Rub. My friend! have the intruders passed?

Mar. General! we now may venture forth—your enemies have been baffled, and the road to the mine is free—let us not delay; for each minute you continue here is subject to discovery.—

Rub. Lead thou the way!—I am prepared to follow—my heart pants to reach a bourn, however rude, where it may repeat “*here is safety.*”——

Fred. How distant lies the mine from hence?

Mar. Scarce a furlong—keep but a steady foot along the rocks, and we shall presently be there—Lean, lady, upon this arm, and fear not. Alexa! look to the house; and, harkye—no *Marks* till I return.—

[*Exeunt.*

Alex. Farewel! now heaven guard their way—should any harm befall the sweet lady, I should never know happiness again.

Ulr. Do not fear—*Marcoff* has a strong arm with a stout heart; and I warrant he would fight a whole army in her cause——

Gab. (without) What ho! dame Alexa! notable housewife! ho!

Alex. Who seeks for me?

Enter GABRIEL and SIGISMUND.

Gab. An ugly old man, with a handsome young one—Where is thy husband, dame?——

Alex. Gone to his labors at the mine.

Gab. I had a boon to ask of him, this pious Pilgrim has travelled far to offer vows at *St. Catherine's* shrine.

F

The abbey is already filled with guests, and till the hour of ceremony, I would have made him thine and Marcoff's lodger —

Alex. Let him enter freely—heaven forefend, that our lowly latch should ever be closed upon the way-worn stranger!

Gab. Thanks, my first tuft of violets is thine for that speech and that smile—Farewel, now;—I must return to the abbey. (*aside*) Count! I leave you in fair keeping, be patient and expect success! [*Exit.*

Alex. Please you to grace our humble dwelling?

Sig. Sweet handmaid of hospitality! where'er the pilgrim bends his devious step, still shall he memorize and bless thy roof!

Trio.—SIGISMUND, ALEXA, ULRICA.

Sig. Oh! hostess, by my staff and shells,
Good faith to thee I swear,
In morning glades, or moonlight dells,
Thy name shall shape my pray'r!

Alex. & Ulr. Oh! pilgrim, by thy staff and shells,
Thou hast no need to swear,
For in the heart where virtue dwells,
Small room remains for fear.

All. A low roof is the peasant's home,
A scanted meal his fare;
Yet all in friendly guise who come,
That roof and meal may share.
The martin nestles in the thatch,
And strangers freely lift the latch!

SCENE IV.

SCENE IV.—*The Mines of Dalecarlia. A lonely Lamp is suspended from the Roof, which faintly illuminates the several Spars and Veins of Ore.*

GUSTAVUS enters from the remote part of the Scene, with a slow and pensive step.

Gust. Another day has dawned! another day of disguise and shame!—Oh! Gustavus, are thine hours of achievement numbered? Shall progressive time bid morning after morning rise, yet bring to thee no sunshine, no delight—Five journeying months have varied the loveliness of nature unto Sweden, yet has her king partaken not those blessings common to her poorest sons—Seasons have changed, but the misery of Gustavus remains unaltered!—Days of wearying labor, nights of sleepless anguish have been his portion;—the damp dark bosom of a rock his throne of empire and his pillow for repose. Oh! will the shining moment never arrive, that moment plighted to the fierce longings of my soul, when yet again this arm shall gleam confessed in war, and hurl avenging thunders on the tyrants of my country? Ah! no, no—Even Hope, the siren, whose sweet song drops flattery on every ear, to me is only vocal in a sigh—*(he pauses for a moment in an attitude of despondence, and then proceeds with an increased animation of tone)* Still within this desolate bosom, one lonely gleam of brightness lingers, like the last sunbeam on an evening sky—Frederica! my gentle, my beloved!—'tis thy dear image that averts despair—Yes, for thee, and for his people, Gustavus yet can cherish life,

(MARCOFF is seen conducting FREDERICA and RUBENSKI at the extremity of the Mine.)

But soft!—approaching footsteps vibrate on the vaulted rock—What ho! who passes there?

Mar. A comrade and a friend!

Gust. 'Tis Marcoff's voice—an honest soul, who oft' has soothed my griefs, unweeting of their source. Ha! strangers come with him!—a female too!—I'll to some gloomy nook, and thence observe! (*retires*)

MARCOFF, &c. *come forward.*

Mar. Now, lady, you may tread securely—the ground is even here.

Fred. Methought some voice had hailed us as we entered, yet I can perceive no human form.

Mar. 'Twas a melancholy comrade, lady—One who ever shuns the sight of strangers, and loves to mope in darkness. He has dwelt among us many months, yet we know of him no more than that he calls himself *Ericson*, and has been unfortunate—My brother miners are at their labors deeper in the rock; I will now hasten to engage their protection for you; doubt not my success, lady, for though but a sorry orator, yet when I plead the cause of goodness in affliction, my heart will prompt my tongue with the eloquence of nature! [*Exit.*]

Fred. Thanks, good fellow—My father, your steps are weary, let me support you—

Rub. No, no, my child, I will rest me on this rocky seat. Leave me to my thoughts awhile; I would indulge in meditation.

(*sits himself on a projection of the rock*)

Fred. This scene is solemnly accordant with your purpose. How full of gloom and terror seem the vaulted paths that wind on either side; by the faint

glimmer of yon lamp, my straining eye can just perceive the ponderous arch above me; one mass of darkness! save here and there the flashing mineral or fantastic spar, gleam an irregular brightness; like the broken rainbow o'er a clouded heaven! E'en as one speaks, a mystic echo seizes on the half-form'd word, and bears it murmuring to a thousand unseen caves. This place was never made for life, yet living men inhabit here; and, against nature, dig from a seeming tomb the very means and nurture of existence! Ah! me, perchance in such a cell as this, even so drear! so woe-possessed, my gallant one, my brave of heart, my hero may conceal his persecuted head—Oh! northern star, what dark eclipse now shrouds thy beauteous light? Oh! rose of chivalry! woe fall thy blighted leaves?

Air. FREDERICA.

Oh! royal youth, whose kindless fate;
 These sighs and falling tears deplore,
 Abid'st thou still this soil ingrate,
 Or pin'st thou on some foreign shore,
 An unknown banish'd wight?
 In hermit's grot, or monkish cell,
 Dost thou, oh! fallen chieftain, dwell,
 Forswearing glory's fight?

Or dost thou pace with hurried feet,
 At midnight time the rocky shore,
 And count the billows as they beat,
 Rejoicing in their fullen roar,
 Grief-craz'd and sunk in care?
 Then cast thee down, and in wild phrase,
 Abjure the dreams of happier days,
 Sworn bridegroom of despair!

Where'er thou art my ruin'd lover,
 Oh! may thy mistress' image be,
 And so may't thou a sigh discover,
 For her who only sighs for thee!

GUSTAVUS advances from behind.

Gust. Hold firm my heart! I cannot be deceived;
 that well-known voice—it is—it must be she!—
 Frederica!

Fred. Ha! who is't that calls my name?

Gust. One who has breath'd it oft' in happier days.

Fred. Ah, me! speak on—those accents have
 sweet magic in them; yet that dress—that rugged
 air——

Gust. Can change of habit then, blind the quick
 eye of love!

Fred. Oh! all ye fainted host! it is himself—it
 is Gustavus! (*falls in his arms*)

Rub. (*starts up*) Gustavus! what of that sacred
 name? where is the hero?

Gust. Here!—in thy arms, my friend—feel
 him at thy heart—my preceptor! my second father!
 (*embraces him*)

Rub. Blessed be the ways of heaven! An old
 man's prayer is heard—Sweden! my Country! the
 days of thy bondage are fulfilled!——

Gust. How! what says Rubenski?

Rub. Yes, royal youth! the base oppressor trem-
 bles—thy faithful people are every where in arms;
 and let their loved Gustavus once more lead them
 on, will crush their tyrant and redeem his crown!

Gust. Godlike tidings! I feel their animating im-
 port in my breast—hopes! energies! and dreams of
 greatness long suppressed, resume their action, and

my whole soul springs forth to meet the fray ! My Frederica, thou yet shalt be a queen !

Fred. Let me but reign in the heart of my beloved, I ask no other empire !

(A bugle horn is sounded from a remote part of the Mine, and is answered from the opposite caverns.)

Rub. Hift ! what mean these sounds ?

Gust. My brethren of the mine ! 'tis the signal for their release from labor—Ha ! they hasten hither—I must join their ranks to avert suspicion——

(He suddenly breaks away, and darts down an obscure passage. The broad glare of numerous torches gradually illuminates the scene. Marcoff with a party of Miners advance from the distance of the Cave. Some ascend from subterranean paths, and others defile down from the rocks above. They all meet in the centre of the stage, and surround the Strangers.)

Chorus of Miners.

Strangers, cease thro' storms to roam,
Welcome to the miners' home ;
Tho' no courtly pomps be here,
Yet our welcome is sincere—

Air.—IWAN.

Oh ! lady bright ! on whose soft cheek,
In blossom hangs the rose of youth,
If here from foes you shelter seek,
Here refuge find in low-born truth ;
While here you deign a dwelling take,
No force can touch our mountain-hold,
For with one look those charms would make
E'en traitors true, and cowards hold !

*Chorus—*Strangers cease thro' storms to roam,
Welcome to the miners' home.

Rub. Hospitable men! accept all that we have left to proffer you, our gratitude!

Mar. There needs no other return: 'tis enough that my comrades know you for the friends of Gustavus, to regard you as their own.

Gust. (*with emotion*) Ah! is then Gustavus so perfect in your loves?

Mar. Ericson! wherefore that question? hast thou not often heard us own the loyal sentiment?

Gust. I have—I have—but say, was the fallen prince to emerge from his obscurity, and once again contend for the liberties of Sweden, what would ye venture to support his cause?

Iwan. Every thing! we hold our lives, but as pledges for our country and our king, and in their great cause would gladly hazard all!

Gust. Yet ponder on the odds: dare you, a slender band, encounter vast out-numbering hosts?

Basilstern. Let our sovereign lead us on—we dare!——

Gust. Heroic spirits! would that Gustavus could requite your love!

Nydorff. Oh! would rather that he could witness it!

Gust. He does—he does—he witnesses—he feels it.

Nydorff. How! where is he concealed?

Gust. In the 'midst of his subjects. Traitors, who seek his blood, pass by him with unconscious eye. Patriots, who invoke his name, hear his voice, yet listen not to it's tone.

Iwan. You then know of his retreat?

Gust. To me alone the secret is confided.

Several voices. Guide us to the spot——let us fall at the feet of our prince, and reverence him.

Gust. He is poor—an outcast, and a mendicant——

Darkness is his palace; and a few loyal hearts his only treasures.

Mar. Ericson! torture us no longer. Let our king appear before us, and we swear to follow him!

Gust. (*with confidence and energy*) Behold him then — here, in Ericson, your fellow-laborer, your comrade of the mine! Ye free-born mountaineers, for months have I, your sovereign, been an inmate of your wild abode. Here, have I, shared your toils, and partaken of your sorrows! In the same running stream together have we dipped our daily morsels; and when fatigue forgot itself in rest, the same rock hath spread its rugged canopy above our slumbers. Our pleasures, our sufferings, our actions and our feelings have been all in common! Here, on this spot, have ye proclaimed attachment to your prince and country,—*here* then, if the sentiments you breathed were true-born offspring of the heart!—*here*, behold that Gustavus, whose presence ye have invoked, ready to avenge your wrongs, and eager to restore your liberty and laws!

Miners (*shouting*) Long live our sovereign! (*they cast themselves with enthusiasm at his feet.*)

Mar. His faithful people are at his feet—let him utter his commands.

Gust. (*agitated*) Rise! rise! my brethren and my friends! O! moment of surpassing triumph! Will ye then follow me?

Mar. To victory or death! Comrades, to our arms! let the king be witness to our zeal!

Miners. (*shout*) Aye! our arms! our arms! (*disperse tumultuously, several ways.*)

Gust. (*after a pause of internal feeling*) O! thou all-great and ever-righteous Providence! record not in thy book for judgment, the sinful murmurings

of a wretch, who dared to revile thy dispensations, for that they were revealed through ways of cloud and shadow! What seems the bitterness of all my past endurance, when opposed to the unutterable bliss of this rewarding moment. Yes! heaven, I, now bless thee, for the loss of throne and power, since even in the last adversity, thou hast permitted me to reign still prouder than before, sole monarch in the bosoms of my people!

(A martial symphony sounds—the miners return, bearing their arms from various concealments in the rock;—they range themselves around Gustavus, with an air of devoted ardor.)

FINALE.

Miners.

Lo! Prince ador'd,
In arms of antient proof we stand
Avengers of our native land!
But wave thy sword—
We swear with patriot scars to die,
Or bind thy brow with victory!

Ivan.

By the ghosts of our forefathers, famous in fight,
By our wives and our children, yet fresh in our fight,
By our hope of remission, when pass'd to the tomb,
By our dread of the fire-fiend in Hecla's red womb,
By our hot-galling wrongs, that in memory boil,
And still more by the wounds of our dear native soil.
We proclaim in thy presence, oh! royal born youth,
A proud oath of allegiance, affection, and truth!

Min.

To heaven in patriot prayer we bow—
We swear! we swear! attest the vow!

Fred. Oh! catch the great transporting sound,
Ye rocky roofs and vaults profound!

Min. 'Tis sworn—'tis sworn—an oath divine!

Fred. Oh! conscious genius of the mine,
Lift—In thy sparry shining cell,
Whence founts of milky silver swell!*

Min. Our willing vows of faith and love—

Fred. Are register'd by fairs above,

Min. Our oath in freedom's cause to fall,

Fred. Breathes to the sky beyond recall.
Hark! as your sons of valour rise,
The echo of the place replies,
And from an hundred vaulted seats,
With many tongues the tale repeats,
As tho' each grotto veil'd some vocal sprite,
Singing faint ditties for his love's delight!

Min. The echo wakes and sings again—
She hears and hoards our loyal strain,

Fred. From caves around,
With low sweet sound,
The airy voices countless rise,
And steep our mortal ears, in spirits harmonies!

* Milky Silver—the Lac Lunæ, or Fluent Quicksilver.

GRAND

(*Distance Chorus of News is heard*)

GRAND CHORUS.

Oh! how would our souls rejoice,
If fappling echo's voice,
Strong peals of subterraneous thunder,
Would smite these knitted rocks afunder,
And like the torrent's headlong gush,
With sweepy ruin bid us rush,
Astounded foes to whelm, and shrinking tyrants crush!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Convent Chapel. The Altar blazes with a profusion of Tapers. A votive Table is placed beneath the Image of St. Catherine, at which two Priests stand to receive the offerings: A croud of Peasantry are assembled round. SIGISMUND and other Pilgrims advance to make their several Oblations.*

Chorus of Pilgrims.

BLEST Catherine, from thy shining seat above,
Benignly view these gifts of earthly love,
With heavenly eye, look down on mortal woe,
And light the pilgrim's path who strays below!

Enter GABRIEL.

Sig. (To Gab. aside) Gabriel! thou hast deceived me. The fatal hour is arrived, and all thy promises are broken!

Gab. Nay, my lord! let us not even yet despair; accident has baffled my designs, but if the princess has fortitude to pass the approaching trial, we still may prosper!

(Distant Chant of Nuns is heard)

Sig. Hark!—the death-bell of my hopes!—the victim comes—Ah! can I love, and yet behold her sacrificed?

Gab. Conceal your emotion, my lord, I beseech you, be calm, be passive; your violence will ruin all!

(The organ sounds, doors at the end of the Chapel open, and a train of Nuns, Priests, and Choristers enter, as to the ceremony of Gunilda's receiving the Veil. She appears magnificently dressed: some of the Nuns strew flowers before her.)

Chorus of Nuns.

Hence worldly feet! hence steps impure!
No sensual print pollute this floor,
Nor coiling thoughts nor passions vain,
The whiteness of this hour prophane!

But holy dreams and hallow'd cares,
The peace of heart that virtue wears,
Religious hope, with faith sincere,
And melting charity be here!

A soul is on it's heavenly road—
Prepare the blessing, blest abode!
From earth she parts, more pure to rise,
New-born a daughter of the skies!

S O L O.

Drop the chaplet, strew the flower,
O'er our virgin sister's way,
Round her blooming visions pour,
Airs of living incense play!

Semi-

Semi-Chorus.

Apt emblem of this fleeting flower,
 Of worldly mortals' pride and power,
 It flaunts a little gaudy day,
 Then falls forgot in pale decay;
 Far other shews her tranquil life,
 Who timely shuns the tempting strife,
 Her bliss shall seem a flower, whose breath
 Can fill with sweets the blast of death,
 And borne to bowers beyond the tomb,
 For ever live, for ever bloom!

[*Santa Michelwina leads Gun. to the Altar.*

Chorus.

Rejoice! rejoice! be purest praises given!
 A spotless bride doth wed herself to heaven:
 O! close the radiant gates that shut out sin,
 And lock the votarefs to her wishes in!

Santa. Fair daughter, now receive from mine, as
 from a parent's hand of love, this sacred veil; by
 which the heavens adopt thee for their own!

Gun. With reverence I view the hallowed pledge!
 yet ere I take it, madam, let me learn what duties
 are by heaven required of those who dare assume
 this symbol of its grace?

Santa. Firm faith, much prayer, and life-long
 holiness; all wilder passions chastened and subdued:
 the mind's divorce from thoughts that earthward
 tend, and sole devotion where 'tis sworn to serve—
 These are the duties heaven requires—no more.

Gun. And these through choice or by constraint
 performed?

Santa. Through choice, my daughter — heaven abhors constraint.

Gun. Right, madam—then preserve this veil unsoiled—my heart rejects the duties you prescribe, and will not wrong the altars with deceit.

Santa. (*confused*) Hold! daughter, though unequal now to tread our loftier paths, 'tis virtue to attempt.

Gun. No act begun with falsehood can conclude in virtue: neither are we free to do a certain evil for the chance of good. Power only locks my body in these walls; but my free soul far, far beyond them, roves with kindred friends and honorable love! I cannot therefore quit the world with truth, and will not therefore vow to be forsworn.

Santa. Presumptuous girl! beware and dread!—left force——

Gun. You dare not: no, you dare not offer it!—heaven hangs a beaming shield o'er innocence, that scares oppression from its heart to harm—nay, thy resentful frowns affright not *me*! I am a Princess!—born to rule o'er thee, vain woman!—to command and not obey!—the blood of kings is current in these veins!—Champions of yore, who fought a loyal cause and died for liberty—their spirits now rise proudly in my breast, and bid it spurn the lawless tyranny of upstart power——I here disclaim your forced authority, demand my freedom, and assert my rights!

Santa. Hold! daughters, this instant bear her hence—make no reply, but bear her to her cell!

Gun. I go! and fearless of thy wrath—you may destroy my life: subdue my will you cannot!

[*Exit with two Nuns.*]

Santa. Good people, children, friends! stand not concerned—a sudden frenzy has disturbed her mind; she thinks not what she utters——I'll pray our saint

to have her in good charge—now part ye hence!—
 nay, pause ye not—break off the rites——away!

*(The organ sounds, the crowd disperse, and the
 Abbess and Nuns retire hastily through the inner
 doors with marks of confusion and disorder.)*

SCENE II.—*A Cell in the Convent.*

Enter GUNILDA with PAULINA and PETROWNA.

Paul. Here, lady, I leave you to reflect—In this cell you must remain a prisoner, 'till the abbess can decide what punishment befits your crime.

Gun. Yet soft, one moment ere you part, only tell me——

Paul. I cannot answer any questions. 'Tis forbidden for the righteous to converse with sinners. Ah! you have a dreadful punishment in store,

Gun. Yet leave me not, for charity, thus desolate and devoted to destruction! Petrowna, thou art gentle: speak to me but one little word of comfort, and I will bless thee for it!

Petr. Alas! lady, I pity, but I dare not aid you. Farewel! you shall have my prayers.

[The Nuns hang a lamp upon the scene, and exeunt.]

Gun. Alas! I soon may need them——already the transient blaze of passion cools, and in this solitude my better spirits fail me! my eye caught the form of Sigismund amidst the crowd; but his looks expressed distraction rather than encouragement: should his efforts to release me be defeated, how bitter will be my doom! I dare not reflect upon a

H

chance so full of terror. Ah! my boasted fortitude, my vaunted heroism, where are ye now? all vanished, like possessing courtly friends, when most I need your aid!——

Air. GUNILDA.

When fresh I wak'd to life's unfolding day,
Delights young dimpled handmaids rock'd my bed,
Hope kifs'd my eye-lids in the sun's first ray,
And Fancy twin'd white blossoms o'er my head.

A father's love, a mother's trembling care,
Spread fairy visions round my trusting youth,
While royal lovers kneel'd to call me fair,
And murmur oaths of unforfaking truth:

No cares could cloud, no passions could destroy,
The shining softness of those halcyon-hours—
Where'er I look'd, where'er I turn'd, was joy,
A heaven of sunshine, and an earth of flowers.

But now the fiend shrieks loud, who rules the storm,
And strides in thunder o'er the frighted sphere,
Hope, as she listens, veils her flying form,
And Fancy lingers——but to drink a tear!

Yon lamp burns dimly; let me recruit its waffing fires. Ha! a footstep sounds along the gallery; it pauses at the door; my inexorable judges come!

GABRIEL *enters cautiously.*

Ah! a man!

Gab. (*advancing*) A friendly one!

Gun. Gabriel!

Gab. Hush, a breath may ruin us. The sisterhood are still at their devotions. Your lover waits without the walls, and soon will be the single moment fitted for your flight.

Gun. But how? Which way?

Gab. The galleries will presently be clear; we may then reach the garden unperceived, and thence leads a private gate, of which I only keep the key; through that you must escape: all other ways are guarded.

Gun. Will it not then be known that thou hast aided in my flight?

Gab. Dear lady, heed not that; I am full of years, and cannot end them better, than in service to my benefactors.

Gun. No, Gabriel, no! rather shall Sigismund make despair his bride, and Gunilda for ever languish in these vaults of woe, than build a selfish happiness upon the ruin of an aged man whose gratitude was all his crime!

Gab. Yet hear me, lady: you know not how sweet it is to repay a kindness. You have laid on me a load of obligation; increase it by suffering me to think I have endeavoured to discharge a part of it.

Gun. Cease, cease, I pray thee!

Gab. Then since you will not leave me to be

scratched by the Nuns, you must e'en take me along with you, and be troubled with an old man's prattle for the remainder of his life—Nay, I will not be trice denied; on my knee, lady, I urge my suit—

Gun. Rise, thou foul of worth!—thou knowest not what thou prayest—Mine will be a banished lot, and can I suffer that white head, where sixty winters have reverently strewn their frosts, to wait unsheltered on a wanderer's fortune, and brave the tempests of a foreign sky?

Gab. He who preserves the ancient ash upon the rock, will guard the forehead that grey hairs have hallowed!—change of climate makes not change of nature; and while I wear a virtuous conscience in my breast, this wide universe will be my country, and every honest heart a friend! lead on then, lady! 'till death I'll follow you, and when the last sand drops from my glass, the sweet thought of your felicity will change the grain, as it passes, into gold!

Gun. Come, then, thou matchless truth, and weal or woe betide, thy destiny be ours!—Uncertain is the pillow fate may spread; but if there be spirits who make fidelity their care, the down of blessed wings must soften thine!

Gab. Thanks, sweet lady, thanks!—this lamp will guide us through the dark passages (*takes down the lamp*) Now then, to seek our fortunes—Hope and courage be the comrades of our way! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter CARLOWITZ reading dispatches, and UFO.

Car. Ufo! draw near, my friend—I would be private: the times are fitful, and demand our strictest vigilance. These dispatches from the court, are filled with fearful tidings—the daring faction of Gustavus again has reared its head, become it seems more hardy from its former quell—All our southern provinces have hoisted the pretender's banner, and bold unmasked rebellion flaunts it even in the streets of Stockholm!—say, think'st thou the dangerous spirit hath infected these remote regions?

Ufo. No, gracious lord; all within your happy government is calm submission and unfeigned content:—the natives of this rocky soil are a simple race unknown to the intrigues of faction, and only clamorous at hunger's pinch.

Car. Thus far my thoughts meet thine; still, my friend, let caution sway our conduct, glide thee, my good Ufo, into the peasant's confidence, and steal me the close secret of his heart.

Guard. (*without*) You cannot pass!

Alex. (*without*) Nay, pi'ythee, give me way.

Car. Ha! by all my hopes of love, 'tis Marcoff's wife—the pretty black-eyed dame, whom —

Enter ALEXA.

Alex. Ah! mighty sir, forgive my boldness, and thus upon my knee let me beseech you to befriend me.

Car. Rise, charming Alexa — Ufo, withdraw, awhile.

[*Exit Ufo.*]

Car. Now, no ears can listen, save those of love—
Let me hear thy grievance.

Alex. Ah! my lord, 'tis partly on your account
I suffer.

Car. On mine! speak how?

Alex. I almost blush to tell; but Marcoff, my
churlish husband, chanced to see the kiss your lord-
ship gave me this morning, and growing jealous on't,
has threatened to drive me from his house.

Car. Insolent clown! his wretched cabin shall no
longer hide such charms; no, sweet girl, here shall
you remain, equal mistress of this castle and its
owner.

Alex. Ah! no, my lord, though but a poor wo-
man, I would fain be thought an honest one.

Car. Cruel girl! can you then feel no compassion
for the man who loves you?

Alex. Love!—ah! your lordship does but banter
me:

Car. No—by that sweet lip of rose and dew, I
swear that I am serious, return to me this evening,
after dusk, and I will convince you that my passion
is sincere.

Alex. Holy faints! should I be seen to enter the
castle at so late an hour, my character would be lost
for ever!

Car. No eye shall see you—come to the lower
postern, it leads by a private passage to my chamber:
I will open the gate myself.

Alex. But then the sentries!

Car. I will place them at a distance—all your
wishes shall be laws: only say that you will come.

Alex. Oh, lud! I don't know what to say—pray
let me go——

Car. Not till you have promised.

Alex. Well, well—I do.

Car. That you will come?

Alex. Yes, yes.

Car. You will not deceive me?

Alex. No, no.

Car. At dusk then, I shall expect you when the bell strikes *six*—remember: you promise.

Alex. Any thing—every thing—only let me escape now! (*aside*) I have spread the net, and the bird is snared.

Air. ALEXA.

Nay, nay, my lord, nay,
Unhand me I pray,
I ne'er was so treated before—
How can you delight
Thus a woman to fright?
Begone, or I'll see you no more!

Well, well, then, I'll wait
By dusk, at the gate,
But spare me, for pity's sake, now—
My promise believe,
I will not deceive
To faithfully meet you, I vow!

[*Exit* Alexa.]

Car. Enchanting, capricious loveliness! a pretty woman who resists my arts, is to me a prouder conquest than a citadel that defies my arms—Love is the warrior's only true repose, and when he lifts the laurel from his brow, he weaves the myrtle in a lighter garland.

Enter BRENNOMAR.

Bren. My lord, the guard upon the heath have seized some fugitives (the one a female) whose dress and air excite suspicion. They offered gold to favor their escape; and from their earnestness to shun inquiry, might seem the very traitors whom this morning we pursued in vain.

Car. Bring them hither! the persons of Rubenski and his daughter are well known to me.

Enter GUNILDA, SIGISMUND, GABRIEL, and Guards.

Car. Ha! powers of wonder! whom do I behold?

Gun. One of a race thou hatest!—yes, Carlowitz! no common captive comes to swell thy pride;—a Princess waits to thank thee for her doom!

Car. Amazement! thou here too—Sigismund of Calmar; a published outlaw; whose very step in Sweden is proscribed with death!

Sig. I know my peril, and expect it's end—but for this gentle partner of my fault—Oh! if thy heart had nature for its mould; I charge thee, lord, to spare the wretchedness of helpless woman.

Car. Count Sigismund, I am myself a worshipper of beauty, and would not sully my fair chivalry by offering a wrong to woman. What slave is he that shakes with frost and fright behind?

Bren. We seized him with the others, and by his own confession he is gardener to the neighbouring abbey.

Carl. Ah! the lady's flight is then explained—the discovered traitor—bear him to a dungeon!

Gab. Ah! mighty lord! I am a poor insignificant old man, very subject to the ague—and the bare thought of a dungeon will bring on my disorder.

Carl. Away with him!

Gab. Oh! St. Catherine! that ever so pitiless a blight should strike such beautiful blossoms!

[*Exit guarded.*]

Carl. Ill-fated lovers! the office which duty imposes upon me, is harsh, yet it must be performed. 'Till I receive the sentence of the court, this fortress must be your prison. Brennomar! to your charge I commit the fugitives: guard well their persons, yet treat them nobly, as their rank demands.

[*Exit.*]

Gun. Oh! Sigismund! a kindless fate is ours—the flattering waves to which we gave our little all of happiness in store, turn false—they drive our wretched barks on different rocks, and now they part for ever!

Duetto. SIGISMUND and GUNILDA.

Ye ruthless powers! who joy to rend

The buds that hope had twin'd,

At once our lives, our sorrows end,

And in our deaths prove kind!

To weary eyes that long for rest,

Death healing slumber sheds,

Poor graves with grass and wild-flowers drest,

Despair calls pleasing beds.

In whiter worlds, in stormless spheres,

Our souls unblam'd shall pair,

And love that sinks to sleep in tears,

Shall wake in sunshine there!

[*Exeunt, separately guarded.*]

I

SCENE IV.—*Marcoff's Hut.**Enter FREDERICA and ULRICA.*

Fred. Wherefore do Gustavus and my father linger thus? Ah! how do I tremble in their absence!

Ulr. Lady! you look sad—I would that I could cheer you—but indeed every one must look sad now.

Fred. Wherefore so my good girl?

Ulr. Because it is winter—there are no green woods for the birds to sing in, and all the sweet flowers are covered with the snow: but if you were to come among us in summer, lady, and see the young men and women of the village dancing under the tall pine-trees, by moon-light—we should all be so merry then—Aye! and we would make you merry too!

Air. ULRICA.

On summer's eve, our lawns among
The village-minstrel wakes his song,
And by the harp's romantic sound
Invites the youths and maidens round;
Beneath the moon-light pines we meet,
On willing, wild, impatient feet,
And as he smites the string, advance
In timely pairs to weave the dance.

Then to and fro'
We lightly go—
Hither—thither,
Careless whither:

Along

Along the mirthful maze we rove,
Still taught by nature, led by love!

On greenfwerd seats recline the old,
And pleas'd, their children's blifs behold,
While oft they chaunt in rustic rhymes,
Remember'd sports of other times;
The fires in sons; their youth resume,
Grey matrons in their daughters bloom—
And every smile that pastime gives
From youth to age reflected lives!

As to and fro—we lightly go—

Hither—thither—careless whither:

Along the mirthful maze we rove,
Still taught by nature, led by love!

Enter GUSTAVUS (as a Warrior) and MARCOFF.

Gust. (as he enters) My friends remain without.—
Frederica!

Fred. Ah! my prince, your presence saves me
from a thousand fears.—Comes not my father with
you?

Gust. At the head of a thousand patriot warriors,
he guards the mountain pass: his gallant spirit
would not be dissuaded from the post. Frederica!
the crisis of my fate is now at hand. This night will
I fix the wavering scale for ever, and through yon
castle's flinty ramparts, cut my bold passage to a
throne or tomb!

Fred. What! the fortrefs of Carlowitz? whose
rugged towers outskirt the clouds upon yon moun-
tain's brow? Alas! its strength appears excessive—
your slender forces never will prevail!

Mar. True, lady—but as stratagem is honorable
both in love and in war, we shall employ it in its

double capacity.—A plot has been laid, which must needs prove excellent, since a woman is its chief contriver. But see, our petticoat engineer approaches.

Enter ALEXA.

Gust. Alexa! what tidings bring you?

Alex. The best, my liege! all prospers to our wish. The governor is too much of a lover to deliberate, and like the poor moth that flutters round a flame, will never dream of danger, 'till he has lost the power of escaping from it. When the bell strikes six, I am to return to the castle.

Gust. Then the die is cast—and now my country, I am all thine own!

Fred. Oh! Gustavus! those words alarm—what daring enterprize is this? for that it is daring, I read, Gustavus, in the delighted fury of your eye. Come, trust me with it. You are ever prodigal of hope and comfort to me, but of fear and peril, you are a niggard, and will not share. How!—you turn from me, and are silent—nay, then you do not truly love me; this altered form no longer charms your eye—you do not esteem—you do not value me.

Gust. Not value thee!—Oh! to my soul thou art more precious, than any sense that informs or obeys its will—more precious than is the life-breath, that links that soul unto my mortal heart. Thou art the beaming source of light, whence these fond eyes drink in the day. The face of Paradise seemed not more beauteous to its new-created faints, when the young winds, like slumbering infants breathed, and Heaven dropped its maiden dews upon the first-born flowers of earth!

Fred. Flatterer, cease! Well—woman's weakness yields its claim. Go forth, adventurous spirit,

and the strength of the All-High be with thee—I can but aid thee in weak prayers!

Gust. Farewel! all holier beings keep thee ever in their blessed charge! Now to my destiny! my heart swells high, anticipant of glory, and all the quickened blood streams hotlier through my veins! My native country! 'tis in your dear cause I combat. Oh! my oppressed—my faithful people, glorious will I deem my tomb, so your happiness inscribe its epitaph; and like the parent pelican, who even in its death renews its nestling's life, with transport shall I view the vital drops gushing from this heart, if from the widow's or the orphan's eye, tears may cease to flow! *[Exit with Marc. and Alex.]*

Fred. Glorious, heroic youth! his spirit bursts from long restraint, and will be royal in despite of fate!

Air. FREDERICA.

The eagle thus, whose strong disdain
Has nobly burst the hated chain,
Indignant springs away—
Then lifts aloft his royal eyes,
Undazzled sweeps thro' golden skies,
And drinks the blaze of day!

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

SCENE V.—*On one Side the Castle-Ramparts, with Postern Gate and Sentries on guard above—beyond, a Range of Mountains, covered with Snow—the Horizon is illuminated by the Aurora Borealis, which reflects a pale and tremulous Lustre on the Scene—Gustavus, Marcoff, Iwan, Basilstern, and several armed Peasants advance slowly beneath the Walls.*

Gust. The pale Aurora of our northern sphere gleams o'er the snow, and lights me to my fate! A drowsy quiet broods o'er yon dark pile, scarce broken by the lazy steps that fall from sentries pacing on their rampart-watch; this outward calm should seem the harbinger of loose, unbrac'd security within—Such guest dwell ever with my foe! that when he lifts the bowl of triumph to his lips, unseen, unheard, the vengeful blow may fall and dash his wassail with the drink of death! As, when tired hunters, satiate with their prey, in flush'd carousal, rest from toils of chase, some lonely lion, reliet of his kind, springs from its secret lair, and wreaks around, a just destruction on the giddy crew—E'en so would I, in sudden arms rush forth, and smite oppression in its safest hour.

Mar. My liege, the fated time draws nigh.

Gust. Then to our several posts! Marcoff, lead your brave comrades to the ambush— at the appointed moment let your bugle sound. Soon as the inspiring summons shall be heard, I, with my warriors from the wood of pines, like ocean's billows rising at the whirlwind's call, will forward sweep with over-whelming shock, and roll wide ruin on the foe in front.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Soft!—to our covert—footsteps stir upon
the battlements above! [*Miners retire.*]

VILITZKI enters upon the rampart.

Sentry. Stand! who stirs upon the rampart—stand,
I say, and give the word!

Vil. "Serve the Fair!"

Sen. Pafs!

Vil. Sentry! retire from your post—'tis the gover-
nor's command no watch should remain upon this
rampart—follow me, and descend into the court
beneath.

Sen. 'Tis a glad release. My limbs are weary,
and I ache with cold. [*Exeunt.*]

The Bell strikes Six.

Enter ALEXA.

Alex. The sentry is removed. No light shines
from the turrets above. Now then to give the
signal—aye! this is the postern:

Air. ALEXA.

A poor dame sang at a rich lord's gate,
And of her true-love told,

Lodolin, lo lodolin!

But the rich lord let the poor dame wait,

To shiver in the cold—

Then sung she, lodolin, lo lodolin,

Oh! rich lord, take a poor dame in!

The

The winds of night, as they whistled loud,

Rebuk'd her lowly strain,

Lodolin, lo lodolin!

The rich lord's heart grew perverse and proud—

The poor dame's song was vain,

Still sang she, lodolin, lo lodolin,

Oh! rich lord, take a poor dame in!

A small concealed door is opened in the wall, and Carlowitz appears.

Carl. Charming girl! a thousand thanks for this fidelity—come, give me thy hand—

Alex. Heigho! my heart misgives me. You must excuse me—I wish your lordship a good night.

[retreats from the gate to the opposite side.]

Carl. Childish terrors! Come back!—

Alex. No—no—it would be very wicked. Indeed, my lord I cannot come—

Carl. Then I must fetch thee *[leaves the gate, and crosses after her]* Now, my pretty trembler, I have thee safe!

Alexa affects to resist, and draws Carlowitz yet further from the gate; during which action the Miners emerge from their ambush, and enter the castle unobserved. Marcoff remains to guard the gate.

Carl. Nay, nay, 'tis idle thus to coy it with the man who loves you.

Alex. Ah! but only reflect—should my husband detect us—

Carl. No matter—he is but a peasant, I a nobleman: the dispute would soon be settled.

Alex. But then consider my reputation—

Carl. Rely on my honor to preserve it.

Alex. Should I be seen by any of the garrison—

Carl. Impossible—all my vassals are ordered to a distance.

Alex. What—all—are you certain?

Carl. Yes—all—all—there is not a soldier left within hearing—thus, then let me press thee to be kind.

A shout and alarm is heard from the castle.

Carl. Hark! what noise was that? (*the alarm-bell rings*)—Ha! the fortress is in danger: this instant I must fly—

Mar. (*who stands with his sword drawn before the gate*) Any way but this, most amorous lord. You pass not here.

Carl. Ha! Marcoff! Wretch! Dar'ft thou lift thy sword against me?—(*To Alexa*) Deceitful forcerers! 'tis thou that hast betrayed me.—Vile slave, this moment give me way, or by my soul, I'll strike thee to my feet! (*draws*)

Mar. (*blows a horn*) Nay, then to the trial! (*they fight. Rubenski, with armed peasants, rush down from the defile, and disarm the governor.*)

Rub. Secure him well. Away with him (*shouts from within*) Hark! the glorious work already is begun. Hasten, my gallant spirits. Never pause. Remember, 'tis *Rubenski*, 'tis your old soldier, leads you on!
[*Excunt into the Castle.*]

K

SCENE VI.

SCENE VI. *A Gallery in the Castle, hung with arms.
The alarm bell continues tolling.*

Enter GUNILDA.

Gun. Protect me, powers of good! a fearful uproar scares away the peace of night; the loud alarm-bell thunders through these echoing halls, and trembling half-armed wretches rush along the galleries, in wild disorder borne, unknowing whither. (*Alarm without*) Hark! the tumult swells. I hear the clash of swords, the din of bucklers, and the fierce shouts of men in combat. Now they advance—they press this way. Whither shall I turn for refuge? Strengthen my steps, Oh Heaven!

Enter BRENNOMAR, with several unarmed followers.

Bren. Hasten! Hasten! snatch down the arms that hang upon these columns: be sudden, and provide yourselves; nay dally not for choice. Arm! arm! dispatch!

Gun. What means this dread confusion? speak!

Bren. Peace, lady, peace! we have not time to waste in words!—Curfes light upon you, tardy slaves! wherefore do ye loiter thus? Arm, arm! I say, be swift as thought!

Enter UFO.

Ufo. The fortress is assailed—an unknown enemy have passed the rampart. Where is the Governor?

Bren. We have fought for him in vain. Confusion reigns so absolute, that friends are scarcely known from foes. (*Alarms.*) Hark! from every side fresh enemies rush in. Ruin and death surround us!

Enter VILITZKI.

Vil. Forward, *Ufo!* and bring us instant succour. Our troops give way. The peasant crew advance; and in their gleaming van, Gustavus fights.

Gun. Ah! Gustavus!

Ufo. Perdition seize the name. Confound him, hell!

Gun. Blasphemer, peace! Bless and preserve him, Heaven. (*kneels with involuntary fervor*) Stretch your bright wings, ye host of angels, round his form, and break each murderous blade, before it strikes. Whene'er he moves, may hostile ranks despair, and victory crown him with her choicest wreath. (*Alarms.*) Hark! he comes! cloathed in avenging arms the hero comes! Down, rebels, down at your injured monarch's feet, and pray for pardon!

Ufo. Indeed! first shall this rapier pierce the stripling's heart!

Gun. (*seizes his arm*) Traitor, forbear! drop thy fell arm, nor let it stir against the sanctity of thine anointed king, the firm-set earth will shrink beneath thy step, and Heaven's own lightning blast the slave, who wrongs his sovereign, and defies his God.

Ufo. Away! Brennomar, secure this frantic girl: hasten to the eastern battlements, make fast the bridge, and then we yet may shew a stout defence. I'll to collect our scattered troops and face the foe.

[*Exit.*

Soldiers seize Gunilda.

Gun. Unhand me slaves—I charge ye, on your souls—

Bren. You strive in vain—away! [*Exeunt.*

Shouts continue; different Parties of Soldiers and Peasants cross the Stage in Combat. Gustavus enters fighting with Ufo, who is wounded, and falls.

Gust. (*dropping his sword*) Alas! poor wretch, thou bleedest. O Sweden! I would be a parent, and not a butcher of thy children! (*suddenly tears part of his robes*) Here—take this scarf, and staunch thy wound!

Ufo. (*feebly*) From thee?—Art thou not then an enemy?

Gust. When thou wert strong, and dangerous in fight, I was so; but now, that thou art fallen, and in misery, I become again thy countryman and friend! Let me lead thee to a place of safety—fear not; 'tis Gustavus that supports thee!

Ufo. (*with grateful energy*) Blessed be the name of my preserver! [*Exeunt.*

*Fresh Alarms.**Enter SIGISMUND.*

Sig. This way came the shouts; and see, foremost in arms, the hero's self appears!

Re-enter Gustavus—Sigismund rushes forward, and falls at his feet.

Sig. My liege!

Gust. Sigismund! my friend—my brother—what miracle of providence rejoins us at this hour?

Sig. A blessed star o'er-ruled your steps—but speak, is Gunilda rescued?

Gust. Gunilda! What mean'st thou, Sigismund?

Sig. Ah! knows not my prince, his sister pines a captive in these walls?

Gust. This hand shall break her bonds—Where in the fortress is she lodged?

Sig. The eastern tower——

Gust. Ah! thither, e'en now the battle bends—Away!—a sister's wrongs array my sword in fire, and nature breathes new impulse to revenge! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Interior of the Fortress. The remainder of the Garrison are posted on a detached Battlement, and have drawn up the Bridge that communicates with the opposite Terrace.*

Enter RUBENSKI, and several Followers in front.

Rub. Forward, my hearts of war! complete your glorious work, and strike down those who still resist.

Enter GUSTAVUS and SIGISMUND.

Gust. Speak, Rubenski, how fares the day?

Rub. My liege, Carlowitz is prisoner, and all is won; save yon eastern battlement, where still a wretched remnant of the foe make shew of languid fight,

Sig. There is Gunilda held!

Gust. Her liberators come—yet may peaceful means prevail—Marcoff, lead the captive chief before us. (*to the Combatants*) Warriors on either side, a moment hold your eager points. (*they pause*) Ye of the adverse part, give ear unto my words, and mark their import well:—Bravely have ye waged the fortune of the fight; and while courage was a virtue, ye among the virtuous proudliest peered; but the o'er-ruling providence and righteous strength of free-born men, have mastered your best arms, and pressed ye down to the extreme of fate. Yield, then, in good time, and spare a wanton spill of brave men's blood! Do this, and by a prince's word, I pledge to you, protection for your lives, and honorable escort to your nearest camp; say, what answer make ye?

Breu. (*from above*) Defiance and revenge! back, braggart, back!—Thy words and thou are food for scorn alike.

Gust. Then on your own heads fall the peril of this hour—scale the ramparts! (*to his party*)

Bren. Stay thee, chief! first raise thine eye, and mark the strength of thine enemy.

(*GUNILDA is drawn towards the rampart's edge, and the swords of the Soldiers are suspended over her, GUSTAVUS sees and recoils with horror*)

Now if thou wilt rush on, Gunilda's breast must meet thy sword, and a sister's blood must gush when'er it strikes!

Gust. Horror of thought!

Sig. Heartless inhuman slaves!

CARLOWITZ enters guarded behind the party of GUSTAVUS, he regards the action of the Scene with interest, but in the confusion of the moment, his presence remains unnoticed.

Bren. Aye, cool your hot valors on my speech:—
Now then, Gustavus, list to me—If thou wilt quit thy 'vantage in these walls, releasing strait all captives from thy thrall, Gunilda shall be rendered to thine arms; if not, dare but to stir thy foot against us, and by my foul, the hostage dies!

Gust. Then farewell victory—O! give but her to freedom, and ——

Gun. Hold, my brother, hold! Gunilda dies not, if her country lives — Advance thy banner, strike down the tyrants, and my last fight shall bless the hand that gives me death, since the same blow sends liberty to Sweden!

Bren. Nay then, we'll try your bravery. (*draws her forward*)

Carl. (*rushing forward with vehemence*) Brennomar, stay thine arm! speak, is thy master's honor precious to thee?

Bren. Dearer than life itself—be witness how I serve thee.

Carl. Say, rather, how thou wrong'st me: Shades of my fathers! Shall late tradition couple coward with the name of Carlowitz, and tell he owed his safety to a woman's fears? perish the inglorious thought! No, ye recreant crew, by your own unaided valors, guard my towers; or, falling, find an honorable grave beneath their ruins: but scorn to

seek a shameful shelter, by oppressing those whom nature bids us reverence and protect. Set the lady free!

Gust. Now, by my soul, a gallant foe, and worthy to contend the prize! Rubenski, return his sword, and or his arm, waged in single strife 'gainst mine, abide the fortune of the day.

Carl. What means Gustavus?

Gust. Simply that courtesy the brave should render to the brave — Chance has given me an advantage over thee; but I resign it, since thy valor speaks thee meriting a nobler fate—be therefore free again, and meet thine adversary with an equal front: now lift thy sword and strike!

Carl. (*after a pause of emotion*) No! my arm is chained, and all its sinews fail! (*drops his sword*) Gustavus! truly may'st thou claim to govern others, since thou canst command the passions of thy heart; I would have braved thy power, defied thy menaces, and trampled on thy chains, but against thy generosity!— I cannot — no — I dare not combat: Thy virtues, not thy claim have conquered, and I acknowledge thee my king!

[*He flings himself at the feet of GUSTAVUS.*]

Gust. (*rising him*) Rise, and next my heart be folded as its counsellor and friend! Glory is our common deity, and should bind in holiest brotherhood all her sons!

Carl. In loyal service will I wipe my rebel stains away; my life and means stand plighted to your cause — vassals! drop your ill-pointed swords, and let your joyous voices blend with mine, to hail Gustavus King of Sweden!

HERO OF THE NORTH.

(A long Flourish of Instruments is sounded, and the appearance of general homage is offered to Gustavus. The Bridge is lowered between the Battlements, and the two parties unite with friendly gestures. Sigismund leads Gunilda forward, who is embraced by Gustavus)

Gust. As doth a parent welcome his long absent children, so do I greet you all, and fold you in my bosom's love! there lock you like dear wanderers in, and bid you fondly never stray again; but lo! my Frederica comes to claim her portion of my heart, else had I parted with the whole among ye!

Enter FREDERICA, ALEXA, ULRICA, and Female Peasants, with green Chaplets in their hands.

Fred. Hail to the conqueror!

Gust. From thy blest lips, my love, kind fortune meets with her sweetest tone—Gunilda, pronounce a sister's greeting to our queen.

Gun. Ah! when the heart abounds, too oft' the tongue proves niggard—this fond embrace best seals our friendship.

Gust. Thy hand, my fair; thus let me seal upon it, at once my own and Sweden's happiness — Oh! blest, thrice blest the land, whose queen is proved her husband's and his people's friend. By no vain lures of pomp or power seduced, with matron grace braids the white lily of domestic peace around the gorgeous crown, and bids the cottaged pair learn simple virtues polished from the throne!

L

Rub. Let a fond fire and subject pour his stored blessing on your perfect loves. (*bends over them*)

Gust. Rubenski, thine aged eyes are filled with rain and funniness together: nay, shame thee not to let the shower fall: the honest tears of nature may haply soften, but will not stain the warrior's cheek! Carlowitz, henceforth may friendship frame our only rivalry. Sigismund, live blest with thy Gunilda, and in her requiting love, taste a sweet medicine for sorrows past! Marcoff, Alexa, all who have cheered my darkened hours, must share the sunshine of my brighter days! Now on to Stockholm bend our march! already the tyrant trembles in his last retreat, and hears the thunder on it's distant path, which soon shall burst with retribution on his head! O'er the rough mountains, as we wind our way, let every Swede chaunt the wild dittied spells of bardish lore, that roused his free-born fire of old, strike!—and be the inspiring sound, from hill to vale, from hollow glen to steepy rock conveyed, till echo mingles in the patriot song, and Nature shouts the praise of Liberty!

Finale.

O! Liberty!
 High praise to thee!
 Our fathers bless'd thy name divine,
 And steep'd in blood,
 Unshrinking stood,
 The priests and champions of thy shrine!
 Thy cherish'd flame
 Yet burns the same,
 As when of yore it warm'd our fires—
 Our hearts now beat
 With all its heat,
 Its generous glow, its faithful fires!

Men.

On the high mountain's ragged brow,
 Is thy native feat sublime—
 There, on the first day wert thou laid,
 Cradled at the birth of time :
 There the four winds their homage paid,
 And to thee, as their queen, did bow !

Women.

Ah ! blest be he, whose high disdain,
 Of tyrant-thralls, and boastful power,
 Shall best thy inborn rights maintain,
 And loftiest build thy wild-wood bow'r :
 A precious meed shall crown his care,
 His country's love, his country's prayer !

Chorus.

To Liberty and to Gustavus sing !
 The patriot's goddess, and the patriot's king :
 Thro' list'ning ages may their praises pass,
 'Till voice shall cease, and Time let fall the glass !

The following BALLAD was sung by
 MR. BANNISTER, jun. in the course
 of the Second Act.

When first I fill'd my mother's lap,
 A little sprawling boy ;
 I chuckled as I ate my pap,
 And crow'd aloud for joy.
 When grown a man, the self same plan
 Directed still my life ;
 And climates cold, but made me bold,
 And take a warming wife.
 Summer's day—frost away—
 O! merry married people !
 Draw the ring—stocking sling—
 Bel's jingle from the steeple.
 Their chime how clear and mellow ;
 Sing—ding, ding, dong! sweet ding, ding, dong!
 O what a happy fellow !
 Avaunt then care—tho' coarse his fare,
 The hind enjoys his state ;
 In lowly cot, content's his lot—
 He envies not the great,
 He toils away—thro' hours of day,
 And labours long and hard ;
 But then at night—his slumber's light,
 Dispence a sweet reward.
 Pretty wife—balm of life!
 O! merry married people! &c.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

BY WALSH PORTER, Esq.*

To have been Spoken by MRS. YOUNG.

WELL—here I am again ; come back once more
To say, I doubt all *my vocation's* o'er;
No *Nun's* flesh could I find about me ; humming
All day my prayers, with *fasting*, organ strumming,
And then, that odious *veil*—how monstrous UNBECOMING!
So, if a life *recluse*, I *must* pursue,
My *vows* I'll take, *here* ever to be true,
But *this* shall be *my convent*, my Superiors *you*.
For tho' I, Proteus like, oft' figure here,
And every night in some *new* shape appear,
Still (while I mingle in the motley crew)
My *heart* can never *change*, *that's fixed* by you :—
And yet in *varying* I but ape my better ;
Ladies have flights, as well as *men of letters*.
See there, yon Sylph, that trips along so airy,
Would you not swear she were indeed some *Fairy* ?
In the *first circles* sure she moves———you're right,
In Drury's *upper circle* every night.
Now clad in *gauzes* lighter than the *air*,
Presto—a walking furshop, or a Russian bear—
Now, dock'd behind—in front each curl is found,
(Like *Lingo's wig*, when *Cornflip* twirls it round)——

* These elegant Lines arrived at so late a period, that the charming Actress for whom they were designed, could not undertake their delivery. What effect they would have produced, must be too obvious to require a Comment.

In times gone by, the *band-maid* might 'been known,
 By smoothe-comb'd hair, white apron and dark gown :
 But now, in *equalizing* ton array'd,
 You scarce discern the *mistress* from the maid ;
 Except the *mistress* (as if meant in joke)
 Now sports *black stockings* and the *scarlet cloak* :—
Distinction's banish'd, it must be confess'd,
 When ladies to *dress'd* routs, will go *undress'd*,
 And if they thus stern *winter's* blasts defy,
 How *will* they dress, I wonder, next July !!!
 Now mark you *beau*, who seems so much to prize
 Himself upon his *small* cloathes, of the *largest* size :—
Husb!—'tis, no doubt, some *GREAT* man in *DISGUISE!* (*aside*) }
 Wrapt in great coat (as if from *duns* t'escape)
 Observe his pucker'd *shoulders*, quilted *cape*,
 With *hair* like *trees* upon a stormy day,
 Sway'd by a wind that only blows one way ;
 And yet, to prove all fears an idle tale,
 That Britain's plenteous stores shou'd *ever* fail,
 See *Folly* sows her grain so thick at *top*,
 That heads (tho' *barren*) will produce a *CROP*.
 "Hoot," cries the Scot, "this *Hero* of the North,
 "Is *Duncan* solely that they're brenging forth."——
 No wonder he should think so, who can claim
 A fairer title to that envied name ?
 But we have *Heroes*, it must be confess'd,
 From *South* as well as *North*, from East and West—
 Long, long, I trust, to grasp th' immortal prize,
 For he, who *lives* a *Hero*, *never* dies !
 Ye sons of Britain, then, ah ! seek no more,
 (By *pleasure* lured) false *Gallia's* quick-sand shore :
 Beware the toils, her *glittering* pageant's weave,
 The generous *war-worn* Briton to deceive.
 Think how your fathers fought in England's cause,
 Be then their *Sons*, support your rights, your laws,

And till her mad ambition, checks it's course,
 Stand on your *guard*, t' encounter force with force.
 The time's not come for idle pomp and shew,
 First emulate the *Hero*, then the beau.
 When joining in the giddy maze, all feuds shall cease,
 And, tho' by war, half ruin'd, feel the sweets of *Peace* !
 Good *wine*, they say, no *buff* requires,
 So deeds *heroic* every Hero fires :—
 At least, we trust it so will prove to-night,
 Towards *him* (so young) whose dar'd so bold a flight:
 Who, had he feared your generous *smiles* to win,
 Had paid the famed *Aldini* to have *made you grin* ;
 (For by his art, or magic incantation,
 He makes men *laugh*, tho' 'gainst their *inclination*)
 But all *Galvanic* spells he here disclaims,
 ('Tis at your *HEARTS*, and not your *heads* he aims)
 Should he move *them*, to *gentle palpitation*,
 His *charm's* compleat, in your fair *approbation* !

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