

**TRAGEDY OF JUDITH, AS
REPRESENTED BY MADAME
RISTORI AND HER DRAMATIC
COMPANY, UNDER THE
MANAGEMENT OF J. GRAU.**

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Tragedy of Judith, as represented by Madame Ristori and her dramatic company, under the management of J. Grau. by Paolo Giacometti

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PAOLO GIACOMETTI

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REPRESENTED BY MADAME
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COMPANY, UNDER THE
MANAGEMENT OF J. GRAU.**

Paolo
GIACOMETTI'S TRAGEDY

JUDITH:

AS REPRESENTED BY

MADAME RISTORI

AND HER DRAMATIC COMPANY,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF J. GRAU.

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

BY

ISAAC C. PRAY.

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ARGUMENT.

This play is from the Book of Judith, to be found in the Apocrypha. The story is strictly followed, and all the chief characters of the drama are to be found in the Scriptural poem. The first act represents the sufferings of the inhabitants of Bethulia in consequence of a scarcity of water. Judith appears and narrates that she has found a spring. Subsequently it is ascertained that the fountain is poisoned, and the people threaten to kill Judith. She reproves them, and in the second act reproaches the elders for want of bravery, and intimates that she will protect her country. She is seen to prepare her nuptial robes, and determines to visit the camp of Holofernes. The third and fourth acts are passed by Judith among the Assyrians, where she finally cuts off the head of Holofernes, and prepares with a faithful servant to return, according to her promise, to Bethulia. In the last act Judith arrives in Bethulia, amid the congratulations of the inhabitants, and deposits in the hands of the high-priest the sword of Holofernes as a trophy of her patriotism, directing that it be placed on the altar in the temple as an encouragement to the soldiers of Israel. She then refuses all homage, and departs to her solitary home. The incidents of this play are simple, but highly effective and exceedingly well managed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUDITH,.....	ADELAIDE RISTORI.
HOLOFERNES, General of the Assyrians,.....	GIACOMO GLECH.
ELIAKIM, High-Priest of the Hebrews,.....	CESARE PELLA.
OZIAS, Governor of Bethulia,.....	CESARE MANGINI.
GOTHONIEL, } Elders,.....	{ GIOVANNI CARBONI.
CARMI, }.....	{ AMEDEO BELLINI.
ARZAELE,.....	VIRGINIA CASATI.
ARRAMIE, } Servants of Judith,.....	{ ANTONIETTA COFFIN.
DINAH, }.....	{ GIULIA BOVINI.
VAGAO, Aid-du-Camp of Holofernes,.....	CESARE RUSTONI.
RAFAS,.....	GIULIO BUTI.
AZARIAS,.....	GIO MARIA BOSCHI.
ADA,.....	MARIA BERGONZONI.
A CHILD,.....	GRAZIOSA GLECH.
A SLINGER,.....	FREDERICO VERZURA.

TWO LEVITES, ASSYRIAN OFFICERS, ELDERS, SLAVES, PEOPLE, GUARDS.

The Scene is placed partly in Bethulia, partly in the tent of Holofernes, in the year
 684 before Christ.

JUDITH:

3 Scriptural Drama

BY

PAOLO GIACOMETTI.

ACT FIRST.

(Una piccola valle ai piedi d'una montagna nuda e rocciosa, sulla cima alcuni fiombatori in sentinella. All'entrata della valle, alla sinistra, ADA seduta sotto una quercia, è in gran disperazione; il suo fanciullo giacente sulla terra, dorme colla testa posata sul grembo della madre, alla destra un gruppo d'uomini alcuni seduti altri in piedi. Nel mezzo d'essi RAFA in piedi. AZARIA in ginocchio nel centro. In tutto, piedi nudi il capo sparso di cenere.)

SCENA I.

AZARIA sorgendo, a seco i suoi COMPAGNI.

AZA. Or possiamo abbastanza; altre montagne
Esplorare dobbiamo.

ADA. Non lo seguirvi
Posso; sanguina il piè: sugli occhi ardenti,
Del mio nuovo Ismael tremano l'ali
D' un benefico sonno: ite, o fratelli,
E se alcuno di voi trova una fonte,
A me riedi, giacome alla raminga
Agar l' angelo scese!

RAZ. E vano omai
Che andiam le rupi a interrogar, son tombe:
Disseccato è ogni rivo, e non risorge
Più l' eterno alimento: il crudo Assiro
Atterrò gli acquedotti, e son guardate
Dal nemico le fonti: arde Betulla
D'acque esausta, e su lei sfoggora il sole
Entrò un cielo di smalto; e noi le stille
Pur concesse non son della rugiada,
Che sull' aride foglie orna non lascia.
E rinfiamma la terra.

AZA. Il Dio d' Abramo
Raccorciata ha la man che in lui non sperò!

FROS. (Dalla montagna.) Una nube!

TUTTI. (Volgendosi a quella parte.) Una nube!
FROS. Eccola; sorge
Qual neve bianca ad Oriente.

AZA. In terra
Prostriamoci, e adoriamo; indizio certo
È la nuvola a noi.

(A small valley at the foot of a mountain, barren and rocky, on the summit of which are placed on guard some stingers. At the first entrance, left hand, ADA seated under an oak, is in great despair; her child, resting on the ground, sleeps with its head on its mother's lap. At the right a group of men, some seated and others standing. In the midst of them RAFA stands. AZARIAS kneels in the centre. They are all clothed in sack-cloth, have bare feet, and ashes on their heads.)

SCENE I.

AZARIAS rising, together with his COMPANIONS.

AZ. We have reposed a long time; we must explore other mountains.

ADA. I cannot follow you; my feet are bleeding, and besides on the glazed eyes of my Ishmael trembles the wings of a blessed sleep. Go, my brothers, and if you find a spring, let some one return to me as the angel who accompanied Hagar in her flight.

RAZ. It will be in vain that we search these rocks; they are but tombs; all the streams are dry; the waters of the neighborhood no more flow toward us; the cruel Assyrians have destroyed the aqueduct, and the springs are guarded by the enemy. Bethulia burns for want of water, and the sun of a cloudless sky darts on us his burning rays. Not even a drop of dew is ours. There is no trace of it on the dry leaves, and the earth is on fire.

AZ. Will not the hand of the God of Abraham longer protect those who trust in him?

A SLINGER. (On the rock.) A cloud!

ALL. (Turning toward him.) A cloud!

A SLINGER. Look! It is a white cloud rising in the east.

AZ. Let us kneel and adore God. The cloud is for us a certain sign.

FION. Ah! si dilegua,
Come nebbia sparisce!

RAF. Era, o infelici,
Forse, la polve che sul pian solleva
Il destrier d' Oloferne. A noi le pioggia
Reca spesso, e le nubi auro l' autunno;
Ma nell' arsa stagion fuma la terra,
Cui ristorano appena dolci vivi
Che ne rapì l' Assiro. Egli dal Tauro
Fino al Libano nostro i suoi soldati,
Quai locuste, distese. Eppur si aggiunge
A tanta smisurata oste lo sdegno
Degli elementi. Al sol, siccome a Dio
Fuman l' are d' incensi in Babilonia;
Ecco ei pugna per lei, e ne distrugge,
Mentre il Dio d' Israel siede sul vuoto
Spettator della guerra; oh! in ver siam noi
Il suo popolo; noi, schiavi, o dispersi
Fra una gente infedel, fatti ludibrio
Omni del mondo, che ci guarda e ride!

TUTTI. Vero parli!
AZA. Ei bestemmia; e noi dovremmo
Fulminarlo co' sassi: ecco i costui
Più cauzale è del sol se inaridisce
In voi le fonti del coraggio estreme.
Ben ti conosco, o Rafa! è la tua fede
Agli eventi soggetta, o sorvi a Dio
Come agli amici: nella sorte avverna
Lo abbandoni, e per nuove are folleggi,
Trafficante idolatra; un'altra volta
A Jhcova tornasti; or lo rinneghi
Per superba viltà.

RAF. Ben noi pregammo,
E la cenere ancor ci sta sul capo
Del minacciato focolar: Bethulia,
Da trenta giorni omai, come una donna
Vedovata, al signor sciamò nel piante:
Ma di ferro ha gli orecchi: or cessi adunque
Di fischiare il flagel; scenda o percuota.
Qui di fermezza è d' uopo? Orsù, moviamo,
Al sinedrio; aduniamoci, e sia fermata
Da noi la resa.

AZA. Non si arrende Ozia.
Più che preno è guerrier; col ferro in pugno
Come un prode cadrà.

RAF. Greggio siam forse
Ond' ei ne serbi all' olocausto? Avvinti
Sull' Eufrate ne traggà il duce Asdra,
Ove fra i salci ancor piangono le figlie
Dalle dieci tribù, schiave e sorelle.
Là si sceglia sorvir, pria che la morte
Qui sull' arida terra, ove la marra
Aprè le glebe dei sepolcri antichi
Poi cadaveri nuovi!

AZA. E tu vi scendi,
Sul guanciale de' padri è dolce il sonno.

ADA. Ma se vive il ramingo, aspetta e spera.

POPELO. Al Sinedrio!

AZA. M' udite! havvi una santa
Donna fra noi, di Merari la figlia;
Per le veglie, i digiuni, e le romite
Caste virtù si cura al ciel; lo spirito
È di Debora in lei; darne potrebbe
Up più saggio consiglio.

RAF. Oh che favelli

A SLINGER. Alas! It vanishes; it disappears
like mist!

RAF. How wretched are we! It was, perhaps,
the dust raised on the plain by the horse of
Holofernes. The autumn is the season of abun-
dant rains and of sweet winds; but during sum-
mer, the sun is burning and the streams which
the Assyrians have seized scarcely supply our
wants. The soldiery, like locusts, fill the
country between Taurus and Lebanon. Lo! how
many evils unite to aid the anger of the elements.
Incense on the altars in Babylon rises in honor
of the sun as here it lately rose in honor of
Heaven; and the sun fights for them and slays
us by thousands, while the God of Israel hears
our prayers, but rests a simple observer of the
war. Oh! are we in truth his people? We are
rather slaves, the scattered remains of an infidel
nation becoming an object of derision for the
world, who regards it with a smile of pity.

ALL. It is so!

AZ. Ho blasphemés, and we ought to stone
him. He is to you more fatal than the sun,
since he takes from you the source of courage
and hope. I know you well, Rafas. Your faith
is changeable and thou art as faithless to God as
to thy friends. When fate is against thee thou
deniest him and weakly sacrificest on the altars
of idols. Again thou wilt return to Jehovah.
Now, in obedience to thy pride, thou deniest
him.

RAFAS. We have fervently prayed, and the ashes
of our household are yet on our heads. For
thirty days Bethulia has addressed its prayers of
despair to the Lord, but his ear is deaf. Let
him vainly make his lash whistle above our heads;
let him descend and smite! It is needful to have
courage, say you? Well, let us go on! Let the
council meet and yield the place.

AZ. Ozias would not do it. He is more
than a prince—a warrior, and he will fall bravely,
sword in hand.

RAF. Are we, then, a flock to be offered as a
sacrifice to him? Let the chief of the Assyrians
capture us and take us to the banks of the
Euphrates among forests, where weeping still the
ten tribes mourn. There, indeed, we should be
slaves, but this is preferable to the death which
is ours in this land, where each day the spade
opens the ancient tombs to receive fresh corpses.

AZ. Thou wilt perhaps enter one of these
tombs; sleep is sweet upon the paternal pillow.

ADA. But since those who have fed still live,
wait and hope.

PEOPLE. To the council!

AZ. Listen to me! A pious woman, the daugh-
ter of Merari, is amongst us. By her prayers
and her fasting, by her chastity and virtues, she
is acceptable to the Lord. The spirit of Debora
is here. She can give us, perhaps, wise counsel.

RAF. Why speak of Debora and Judith?

Di Debora e Giuditta? A noi consiglio
 Diè più certo Mosè; scritti son tutti
 Nel profetico libro i mali orrendi
 Che ci promono intorno; altro non manca
 Che le carni dei figli, orribilmente
 Ci fumino sul desco!

ADA. Ah taci, o insano,
 V'è una madre che t'ode!

AZA. Ozia s'inoltra
 Fra Carmi e Gottoniello.

RAF. In punto ci giunge
 Cogli anziani!

SCENA II.

OZIA, CARMÌ, GOTTONEILLO e DEFTI.

OZIA. Che fia? Forse qui trovo
 Ire nuove, e tumulti! In questa valle
 Che vi guida?

POPOLO. La sete!
 RAF. Acqua alle roccie

Disperati chiediam.
 GOV. Pur si dispensa,

Ogni giorno, fra voi quelle che avanza.

CAR. Più a sbramarri non basta?

FANC. *(Che già si era risvegliato.)*
 Oh! madre, madre!

Dove è l'acqua promessa!—ho tanta sete!

RAF. Un fanciul vi risponde.

ADA. E voi, da questo
 Mio immenso dolor, di tante madri
 Misurate le ambascie!

RAF. *(Ad Ozia.)* Or tu che aspetti?

In chi ti affidi?

OZIA. In Dio.
 POPOLO. *(Disperatamente, circondando Ozia.)*
 Acqua!

RAF. Tu il vedi;
 Disperati noi siam—Venga Oloferne,
 E ne sveni se il vuoi!

OZIA. Svelga le rupi,
 E già cali—io son saldo: o saldo in pugno
 Stavan l'arroi de' padri, allor che un' altro
 Successor di Bael dentro Samaria
 Sull' aratro passò. Cadean rocce
 Le smarrite tribù mentre Bethulia,
 Siccome l'arca di Noè sui flutti,
 La corona levò delle sue roccie
 Sopra un mare di sangue. Allor l'Assiro
 Impaurì delle stesse ombre de' monti
 Sulle cui vette egli credea la sede
 Dei giganti d' Anak. Contro un impero
 Stette Bethulia, e s'abbracciò sicura.
 Di Davide alta casa. Ed or si scuote,
 Vacilla a l'urto d' aquilon la cresta
 Del Libano sublime!—Aquila forse
 Si son fatti gli Assiri?

RAF. Anche i Leoni

Salgono i gioghi.

OZIA. Un giovinetto Ebreo

Soffocarli sapea.

AZA. È ver; siam figli

Di Davide noi tutti.

RAF. In Oloferne

Un fulmine di guerra hanno gli Assiri.

Moses has given us the most sure counsel. All
 the evils we have are written in the books of the
 prophets. We have only to eat the flesh of
 infants, and all the predictions will be accom-
 plished.

ADA. Ah! silence, insensate one! It is a
 mother that listens to you.

AZ. Ozias approaches. Carmi and Gottoniel
 come with him.

RAF. They come in time—he and his officers.

SCENE II.

OZIAS, CARMÌ, GOTTONEILLO and the FORMER.

OZI. What is this? Still more anger? More
 tumult? Who has led you to this valley?

PEOPLE. Thirst!
 RAF. Vainly we search these rocks for water.

GOV. We have distributed each day all we
 have received.

CAR. Does it not supply your wants?

CHILD. *(Awaking.)* Oh, mother, mother,
 where is the water you promised me? I'm very
 thirsty.

RAF. That child there answers you.

ADA. In seeing the depth of my grief, judge
 what other mothers suffer.

RAF. *(To Ozias.)* Now tell me what you
 expect—in what is your hope?

OZI. In God.
 PEOPLE. *(With despair, surrounding Ozias.)*
 Water!

RAF. Thou seest that we are in despair. Let
 Holofernes come and massacre us, if he will.

OZI. Let him overturn these rocks and moun-
 tains, I shall remain. Our fathers' swords were
 as powerful as ours, when another successor of
 Bael passed the ploughshare over Samaria's soil.
 The affrighted tribes fell under his blow, but
 yet Bethulia, as the ark of Noah above the flood,
 reared its crest of rocks amidst the sea of blood.
 Then the Assyrians feared the shadows in these
 mountains, and some believed that they saw the
 giants of Anak here. Already Bethulia has
 resisted a whole empire, and has cast herself with
 confidence into the arms of David. Should the
 crest of our majestic Lebanon be agitated and
 shaken under the blows of the north wind? Are
 the Assyrians transformed into devouring eagles?

RAF. The lions, too, can leap the mountains.

OZI. A young Hebrew quelled them once.

AZ. 'Tis true, and we all are the sons of David.

RAF. But in Holofernes the Assyrians have a
 thunder-bolt.

OZIA. Stanno i fulmini, o stolto, in man di Dio.

GOR. (*A Rafsa.*) Cessa, maligno istigator di risse Dal contender con noi.

RAP. Il popol tutto Qui vi parla.

AZA. Non io. OZIA. E al popol tutto

Io rispondo: si muoia!

GOR. E col suo labbro

Favellano gli anziani.

RAP. Oggi obbliato

Han gli anziani, che fere armi ministra

Ad un popolo l'ira.

CAR. Armi non teme

Chi sa sfidarlo in guerra.

RAP. E guerra avrote

Disperata in Betulia, ove di sete

Noi morir non vogliam: schiuder le porte

A Oloferne sapremo.

OZIA. E voi di ferro,

Non per man dello strano allor morrete: a

A fil di spada ti porrò ben io,

Popolo degno di servir.

RAP. Risposta

Ti daranno le pietra. (*Piccando l'atto, e seco altri, di raccogliere dei sassi.*)

OZIA. Ohi!

(*Pone la mano sull'elsa della spada, e seco Carmi e Gatonello.*)

(*Dalla sommità della montagna si ascolta il suono squillante di due trombe.*)

GOR. Che fia?

POPOLO. Il nemico!... fuggiam.

(*Per acciaret.*)

CAR. Fermate!—il suono

Dagli infedeli non è questo.

AZA. Oh fosse

L'arcangelo su noi!

(*Squillano più forte le due trombe.*)

OZIA. Or non m'inganno:

Squillan le trombe di Mosè cui solo

Danno fiato i Leviti onde ogni gente

Al Pontefice accorra—ei da Sionne

Muove forse ver noi.

ADA. Che dice?

FION. (*Dalla Montagna.*) A terra!

Il pontefice sommo.

RAP. Egli!...

(*Tutti si prostrano, mentre il Pontefice compare sulla montagna.*)

SCENA III.

Il Pontefice ELIACIMO, due LEVITI che recano le due trombe d'argento e DEVI.

ELI. (*Stende le braccia verso i suddetti ingi nocchiati.*)

Fratelli!

OZIA. Dio ti guida!

ELI. Sorgete.

(*Discende dalla montagna—è vestito di ruvidi panni, ed ha il capo scoperto, e sparso di cenere.*)

AZA. A noi che rechi?

OZI. Wretch, the thunder-bolt is in the hand of Heaven.

GOR. (*To Rafsa.*) Cease, culpable instigator of tumults, to dispute our words.

RAP. It is the whole people who speak to you.

AZA. Not I.

OZI. And to all the people I reply, Let us die!

GOR. And it is by his tongue that all the elders speak.

RAP. To-day the elders forget that wrath gives to the people fearful power.

CAR. He fears not arms who knows how to fight.

RAP. A desperate fight will take place in Bethulia, for we cannot die of thirst. Let us open the gates to Holofernes.

OZI. You will not die by the hands of strangers. I will give to the edge of the sword a people worthy of slavery.

RAP. These stones shall answer you. (*The people and Rafsa take up stones.*)

OZI. You will not die by the hands of strangers. I will give to the edge of the sword a people worthy of slavery.

RAP. These stones shall answer you. (*The people and Rafsa take up stones.*)

OZI. Hallelu! (*He raises the hands of his sword, as do Carmi and Gatonello. The sounds of two trumpets are heard in the mountains.*)

GOR. What is this?

PEOPLE. The enemy. Let us fly.

CAR. Stay. They are not the trumpets of the infidels.

AZA. The archangel comes to our succor. (*The trumpet sound nearer.*)

OZI. I am not deceived. These are the trumpets of Moses, which the Levites alone can sound to call the people to the High-Priest. It is he, perhaps, who comes from Sion.

ADA. What does he say?

SLINGER. (*On the mountain.*) Kneel! The High-Priest!

RAP. He?

(*They kneel as the High-Priest appears on the mountain.*)

SCENE III.

The High-Priest ELIACIM, two Levites bearing two silver trumpets, and the preceding.

ELI. (*Extending his hands above the people.*) Brethren!

OZI. Heaven guides thee!

ELI. Rise! (*He descends from the mountain, his head bare and covered with ashes.*)

AZA. What hast thou brought?

ELL. Fede reco e coraggio. Io quante terre
Il Giordano ricinge ho visitate;
E dovunque una santa aura di guerra
Caminando lasciai; le valli, i monti
Fremono Patria e Dio.

OZIA. Ben giungi adunque;
Qui lo sgomento abbiamo, e la rivolta,
Qui si pensa alla resa.

ELL. Ohimè!
RAF. Betulia
Non può reggere a tanta oste, che tutta
Omai copre la terra e la consuma.

ELL. Voi contate i nemici? — "erano inermi"
"Samuele e Mosè; colla preghiera
"I nemici vincean percossi o rotti
"Dal baleni del ciel: trecento spade
"Ne fransero migliaia, e fuma ancora
"Nella valle di More, in riva al fonte,
"Di tre eserciti il sangue." — Erano pochi
Gli Israeliti ad Azeca, e in un sol giorno
Vider trenta corone infrante al suolo,
Quando il sole ubbidi, come un destriero
Al fren di Giosuè — Sorgete; è Dio
Che combatte per noi: ognor vincemmo
Nel suo nome... Ma rugge oggi su noi
La provocata ira tremenda: oh guai
Se a placarla non giunge il pentimento!
"Vi aspergete di pure onde lustrali,
"Onde torvi la lebbra, e le sozzure
"Che vi resero immondi, e nella polve
"Ululate all' Eterno!

RAF. Offri tu dunque
"Quil per noi l'olocausto.

ELL. *(Sdegnato, come che fosse vietato agli
"Ebrei di sacrificare sulle alture discolli, e sotto
"le quercie.)* E che? non fuma
"Fra le quercie, e dai colli a Dio l'incenso,
"Ma sull' unico altare, ove a' profeti
"Ei fra l'ale parlò de' cherubini
"Sfolgoranti sull' arca." In rimembrarlo io fremo
Sulle macerie dell' altar fondato
Dal più grande dei re, surse Baallo
Fuso in oro alla santa arca rapito,
E bruciaron gli incensi, e scorse il sangue
Del profeta Isaià, che fuma e grida
Da quel giorno vendetta!

RAF. E noi dobbiamo
Dei misfatti del re portar la pena!

ELL. Lo dobbiamo, ed è giusto, in noi sta
Con un stile di ferro il fallo antico [scritto
De' padri nostri ch' a Samuel fur osi
Chiedere un Re: l'obber gli ingrati, e Dio
Lì fulminò così!

RAF. Che giova adunque
Il castigo protrar? Venga Oloferne,
E ne tragga con se.

ELL. Sia maledetto,
E caggia in onta allo stranier chi ardisce
Bramar la dura servitù! Io quindi
Sopra chiunque osi parlar di resa
L'anatema pronunzio e lo divulgo
Dal cospetto di Dio; abbia la morte,
E si lapidi tosto.

ELL. I bring both faith and courage. I have
visited the land about Jordan, and everywhere
on my journey I have encouraged the people to
rise and march to the sacred war. The valleys
and the mountains shout, God and our country!

OZI. Thou art in time. Our people yield to
shame, revolt and talk of surrender.

ELL. Alas!
RAF. Bethulia can no longer resist so power-
ful an enemy that covers all the land and ex-
hausts it.

ELL. You count the enemy? Samuel and
Moses were unarmed. By prayer alone they
triumphed. The enemy were smitten and scat-
tered by the celestial thunders. Three hundred
swords shivered a thousand, and the blood of
three armies smoked in the valley of Moreh, on
the brink of the mountain. At Azekah the number
of the Israelites was small; but thirty crowns, in
a single day, were shattered, when, as a bridled
steed, the sun stood still at the command of
Joshua. Rise! It is God who fights for us.
We have always conquered in his name; but
now his wrath, which we have provoked,
weighs upon us. Unhappy we if we repent not
to appease his anger. Sprinkle yourselves with
healing waters, and cleanse from the leprosy and
spots which make you unclean, and, prostrating
yourselves in the dust, invoke pardon of the
Eternal.

RAF. Then, thou must here offer the sacrifice.

ELL. *(Irritated. Among the Hebrews to encr-
sacrifice under the summits of hills and under oaks
was prohibited.)* What say you? It is not for
us under oaks or hills to raise incense in honor
of the Deity, but only on the altar of the temple,
where the cherubim bear on their wings his
words to the prophets. I tremble in recalling a
catastrophe, and, upon the remains of the altar
founded by the King of kings, a statue of Baal
molten from the gold of the sacred ark, and incense
rises in honor of that idol. It was at that
time that the blood of the prophet Isaiah flowed
—that blood which, since then, smokes again and
demands vengeance.

RAF. Must we bear the pain of a king's
crimes?

ELL. We should. It is just. On our fore-
head has been inscribed with a pen of iron the
ancient fault of our fathers, who dared to demand
a king for Samuel. The ingrates obtained this,
and hence the vengeance of the Deity.

RAF. Then why seek to escape chastisement?
Let Holofernes come and lead us into bondage.

ELL. Let them be cursed and shamed forever,
even in the eyes of the enemy, who desire to be
in bondage. I cast my anathema on each one
who dares to talk of surrender. I will make it
disappear in sight of Heaven, and I ordain that
traitors be doomed—be stoned to death.