

**THE TALISMAN.
A DRAMA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649545704

The Talisman. A Drama by Anonymous

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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ANONYMOUS

**THE TALISMAN.
A DRAMA**

The Talisman,

A DRAMA.

A Tale of the Eleventh Century.

BY THE AUTHRESS OF
"ST. BERNARDINE"
AND
"POEMS BY L.—THREE SERIES."



LONDON:
H. K. LEWIS, 15, GOWER STREET, NORTH.
1864.

280. a. 30.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE SULTAN SALADIN.

LORD FREEDMAN.

LORD HEINHOFF.

ERNEST. *Cousin to Lord Heinhoff.*

MANNAET. *Friend to Lord Heinhoff.*

FATHER CLEMENT. *An Aged Priest.*

GLENARVON.

JEROME. *Grandson to Jocaste.*

ANDRÉ. *Page to Lord Heinhoff.*

A PILGRIM.

A WAYFARER.

AN OFFICER.

LADY ELLA. *Daughter of Lord Freedman.*

URSULA. *An aged woman residing in the
Castle of Lord Heinhoff.*

JOCASTE. *An old peasant Woman.*

*Riders—Robbers—Pilgrims. Officers—Attendants—A Procession,
&c.*

THE TALISMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A hilly pathway in Arcadia. Time—late evening.

FREEDMAN, on horseback.

Freedman.

The hour grows late; I must advance with speed,
In wondering fear lest Ella wait for me,
Deeming it may be, dire mischance hath sped,
I hear a steed—a traveller comes this way,
Ha! here he is— [Enter ERNEST—

Ernest.

Good evening to you, sir.

Freedman.

Good evening to you, sir, and pleasant travelling.

Ernest.

I speed along, lest nightfall should o'ertake me,
To find a lodging, pray, can you direct me?

Freedman.

Ere you do meet with one to suit your mind,
You may ride on, my friend, for many a league.

Ernest.

That will not suit either myself or steed.

Freedman.

Then think, good friend, I was in sorry mood,
Or that my mind, intent on other thought,
Hath been forgetful of the stranger's rights,
When I informed you, you would find no lodging—
My home, my castle, is not far from hence,
Come with me, sir, and you shall have refreshment.

Ernest.

You are charitable, sir, I'll come with you.

Freedman.

This district, tell me, is it strange to you?

Ernest.

Strange is it now, yet once it was not strange.

Freedman.

You are then, born a native of this country?

Ernest.

My youth's first home, sir, is not far from this,
'Tis situate beyond yon distant hill.

Freedman.

And yet, you asked of late a stranger's question?

Ernest.

A few words would explain to you my fate—

Freedman.

Nay, nay, explain not, save at your own pleasure.

Ernest.

'Tis seldom that a foreign tale doth please,
Yet since you take so kind an interest in me,
I'll tell it you; and to begin my tale:
I am a kinsman of the noble lord,
Who habited of late yon distant mansion,
I, of his only sister am a son:
My mother died, in leaving me an orphan,
And to my uncle's castle I was taken.
The chieftain had one child, whose jealousy
Of his dear love for me, the cause hath been
Of my expulsion from my uncle's hearth;
Me, with unnat'ral hate, he persecuted,
And I, unwilling that the brand of discord
Should be lit up for me, seized the kind proffer
Of a trav'ling friend to visit lands remote;
Ten years have since that period elapsed.

Freedman.

And have you yet revisited your home?

Ernest.

I thought as pilgrim to have entered there,
And in strange garb, to see and not be seen,
Yet ere I passed the threshold of the castle,
I, with my cousin Heinhoff had encounter.

Freedman.

Heinhoff?

Ernest.

The same; what, know you him?

Freedman.

I do,

I must apologize,—continue, pray.

Ernest.

I met my cousin, and our mutual glance
 Had for one moment's space a keen encounter ;
 But upon each, the transforming hand of time
 So well its part had played, that casual glance
 Between us no reciprocation brought :
 He knew me not, yet, with contemptuous stare,
 " Stranger," he said, " desirest thou to enter ?"
 " No," I replied, and straightway quitted him ;
 For in my secret soul I well divined
 That haughty air of arrogant assumption,
 My cousin Heinhoff could possess alone.

Freedman.

Have you no wish again to see your uncle ?

Ernest.

Alas ! sir, my dear uncle is no more,
 My foot has pressed the sod 'neath which he sleeps,
 And I have felt what grief of griefs it is,
 To lose the heart's first friend, and be a stranger
 Within one's native country and home.

Freedman.

My son, be comforted; as years advance,
The love you bore your uncle will spring to life,
Taking a thousand forms of grace and beauty,
And though beneath the clay cold earth we lay
All that remaineth of mortality,
Reflect, my son, the spirit disenshrined,
Lives on unshackled, and grows brighter far,
Than when its growth was hedged by sordid cares.

Ernest.

It must be so—and thus I will take comfort.

[*A pause, riders pass over the scene.*]

Freedman.

I marvel much where haste the multitude.

Rider.

Have you not heard of him the people's voice
Hath named, with one accord, the Hermit Francis?

Freedman.

What, is't he?

Oh yes, I've heard of him, but knew I not
That he was preaching in this vicinage.
My fellow traveller, know you aught of him?

Ernest.

I have heard somewhat of his frantic bearing,
His wild demeanour and enthusiasm,
By means of which the multitude he stirs,