

The Works of Frederick Schiller

Friedrich Schiller



Project Gutenberg

The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Project Gutenberg Works of Frederich Schiller in English, by Frederich Schiller

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org

Title: The Project Gutenberg Works of Frederich Schiller in English

Author: Frederich Schiller

Release Date: December 7, 2004 [EBook #6800]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SCHILLER'S
WORKS ***

Produced by David Widger and Tapio Riikonen

THE WORKS

OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER

Translated from the German

Illustrated

CONTENTS:

HISTORY:

Thirty Years War: Book I. Book II. Book III. Book IV. Book V.
Revolt of Netherlands: Book I. Book II. Book III. Book IV.

PLAYS:

The Robbers Fiesco Love and Intrigue
The Camp of Wallenstein Piccolomini
The Death of Wallenstein Wilhelm Tell
Don Carlos Demetrius Mary Stuart
The Maid of Orleans The Bride of Messina

POEMS: 1st Period 2nd Period 3rd Period Supressed Poems

PHILOSOPHY:

Aesthetical Essays Philosophical Letters

NOVEL:

The Ghost Seer [or, The Apparitionist] and The Sport of Destiny

HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR IN GERMANY.

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

The present is the best collected edition of the important works of Schiller which is accessible to readers in the English language. Detached poems or dramas have been translated at various times since the first publication of the original works; and in several instances these versions have been incorporated into this collection. Schiller was not less efficiently qualified by nature for an historian than for a dramatist. He was formed to excel in all departments of literature, and the admirable lucidity of style and soundness and impartiality of judgment displayed in his historical writings will not easily be surpassed, and will always recommend them as popular expositions of the periods of which they treat.

Since the publication of the first English edition many corrections and improvements have been made, with a view to rendering it as acceptable as possible to English readers; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a translation, the publishers feel sure that Schiller will be heartily acceptable to English readers, and that the influence of his writings will continue to increase.

THE HISTORY OF THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS was translated by Lieut. E. B. Eastwick, and originally published abroad for students' use. But this translation was too strictly literal for general readers. It has been carefully revised, and some portions have been entirely rewritten by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, who also has so ably translated the HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS WAR.

THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN was translated by Mr. James Churchill, and first appeared in "Frazer's Magazine." It is an exceedingly happy version of what has always been deemed the most untranslatable of Schiller's works.

THE PICCOLOMINI and DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN are the admirable version of S. T. Coleridge, completed by the addition of all those passages which he has omitted, and by a restoration of Schiller's own arrangement of the acts and scenes. It is said, in defence of the variations which exist between the German original and the version given by Coleridge, that he translated from a prompter's copy in manuscript, before the drama had been printed, and that Schiller himself subsequently altered it, by omitting some passages, adding others, and even engrafting several of Coleridge's adaptations.

WILHELM TELL is translated by Theodore Martin, Esq., whose well-known position as a writer, and whose special acquaintance with German literature make any recommendation superfluous.

DON CARLOS is translated by R. D. Boylan, Esq., and, in the opinion of competent judges, the version is eminently successful. Mr. Theodore Martin kindly gave some assistance, and, it is but justice to state, has enhanced the value of the work by his judicious suggestions.

The translation of MARY STUART is that by the late Joseph Mellish, who appears to have been on terms of intimate friendship with Schiller. His version was made from the prompter's copy, before the play was published, and, like Coleridge's Wallenstein, contains many passages not found in the printed

edition. These are distinguished by brackets. On the other hand, Mr. Mellish omitted many passages which now form part of the printed drama, all of which are now added. The translation, as a whole, stands out from similar works of the time (1800) in almost as marked a degree as Coleridge's *Wallenstein*, and some passages exhibit powers of a high order; a few, however, especially in the earlier scenes, seemed capable of improvement, and these have been revised, but, in deference to the translator, with a sparing hand.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS is contributed by Miss Anna Swanwick, whose translation of *Faust* has since become well known. It has been carefully revised, and is now, for the first time, published complete.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA, which has been regarded as the poetical masterpiece of Schiller, and, perhaps of all his works, presents the greatest difficulties to the translator, is rendered by A. Lodge, Esq., M. A. This version, on its first publication in England, a few years ago, was received with deserved eulogy by distinguished critics. To the present edition has been prefixed Schiller's *Essay on the Use of the Chorus in Tragedy*, in which the author's favorite theory of the "Ideal of Art" is enforced with great ingenuity and eloquence.

Contents:

Book I.

Introduction.—General effects of the Reformation.—Revolt of Matthias. —The Emperor cedes Austria and Hungary to him.—Matthias acknowledged King of Bohemia.—The Elector of Cologne abjures the Catholic Religion. —

Consequences.—The Elector Palatine.—Dispute respecting the Succession of Juliers.—Designs of Henry IV. of France.—Formation of the Union.—The League.—Death of the Emperor Rodolph.—Matthias succeeds him.—Troubles in Bohemia.—Civil War.—Ferdinand extirpates the Protestant Religion from Styria.—The Elector Palatine, Frederick V., is chosen King by the Bohemians.—He accepts the Crown of Bohemia.—Bethlen Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, invades Austria.—The Duke of Bavaria and the Princes of the League embrace the cause of Ferdinand.—The Union arm for Frederick.—The Battle of Prague and total subjection of Bohemia.

Book II.

State of the Empire.—Of Europe.—Mansfeld.—Christian, Duke of Brunswick.—Wallenstein raises an Imperial Army at his own expense.—The King of Denmark defeated.—Death of Mansfeld.—Edict of Restitution in 1628.—Diet at Ratisbon.—Negociations.—Wallenstein deprived of the Command.—Gustavus Adolphus.—Swedish Army.—Gustavus Adolphus takes his leave of the States at Stockholm.—Invasion by the Swedes.—Their progress in Germany.—Count Tilly takes the Command of the Imperial Troops.—Treaty with France.—Congress at Leipzig.—Siege and cruel fate of Magdeburg.—Firmness of the Landgrave of Cassel.—Junction of the Saxons with the Swedes.—Battle of Leipzig.—Consequences of that Victory.

Book III.

Situation of Gustavus Adolphus after the Battle of Leipzig.—Progress of Gustavus Adolphus.—The French invade Lorraine.—Frankfort taken.—Capitulation of Mentz.—Tilly ordered by Maximilian to protect Bavaria.—Gustavus Adolphus passes the Lech.—Defeat and Death of Tilly.—Gustavus takes Munich.—The Saxon Army invades Bohemia, and takes Prague.—Distress of the Emperor.—Secret Triumph of Wallenstein.—

He offers to Join Gustavus Adolphus.—Wallenstein re-assumes the Command.—Junction of Wallenstein with the Bavarians.—Gustavus Adolphus defends Nuremberg.—Attacks Wallenstein's Intrenchments.—Enters Saxony.—Goes to the succour of the Elector of Saxony.—Marches against Wallenstein.—Battle of Lutzen.—Death of Gustavus Adolphus.—Situation of Germany after the Battle of Lutzen.

Book IV.

Closer Alliance between France and Sweden.—Oxenstiern takes the Direction of Affairs.—Death of the Elector Palatine.—Revolt of the Swedish Officers.—Duke Bernhard takes Ratisbon.—Wallenstein enters Silesia.—Forms Treasonable Designs.—Forsaken by the Army.—Retires to Egra.—His associates put to death.—Wallenstein's death.—His Character.

Book V.

Battle of Nordlingen.—France enters into an Alliance against Austria.—Treaty of Prague.—Saxony joins the Emperor.—Battle of Wistock gained by the Swedes.—Battle of Rheinfeld gained by Bernhard, Duke of Weimar. —He takes Brisach.—His death.—Death of Ferdinand II.—Ferdinand III. succeeds him.—Celebrated Retreat of Banner in Pomerania.—His Successes.—Death.—Torstensohn takes the Command.—Death of Richelieu and Louis XIII.—Swedish Victory at Jankowitz.—French defeated at Freyburg.—Battle of Nordlingen gained by Turenne and Conde.—Wrangel takes the Command of the Swedish Army.—Melander made Commander of the Emperor's Army.—The Elector of Bavaria breaks the Armistice.—He adopts the same Policy towards the Emperor as France towards the Swedes.—The Weimerian Cavalry go over to the Swedes.—Conquest of New Prague by Koenigsmark, and Termination of the Thirty Years' War.

HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR IN GERMANY.

BOOK I.

From the beginning of the religious wars in Germany, to the peace of Munster, scarcely any thing great or remarkable occurred in the political world of Europe in which the Reformation had not an important share. All the events of this period, if they did not originate in, soon became mixed up with, the question of religion, and no state was either too great or too little to feel directly or indirectly more or less of its influence.

Against the reformed doctrine and its adherents, the House of Austria directed, almost exclusively, the whole of its immense political power. In France, the Reformation had enkindled a civil war which, under four stormy reigns, shook the kingdom to its foundations, brought foreign armies into the heart of the country, and for half a century rendered it the scene of the most mournful disorders. It was the Reformation, too, that rendered the Spanish yoke intolerable to the Flemings, and awakened in them both the desire and the courage to throw off its fetters, while it also principally furnished them with the means of their emancipation. And as to England, all the evils with which Philip the Second threatened Elizabeth, were mainly intended in revenge for her having taken his Protestant subjects under her protection, and placing herself at the head of a religious party which it was his aim and endeavour to extirpate. In Germany, the schisms in the church produced also a lasting political schism, which made that country for more than a century the theatre of confusion, but at the same time threw up a firm barrier against political oppression. It was, too, the Reformation principally that first drew the northern powers, Denmark and Sweden, into the political system of Europe; and while on the one hand the

Protestant League was strengthened by their adhesion, it on the other was indispensable to their interests. States which hitherto scarcely concerned themselves with one another's existence, acquired through the Reformation an attractive centre of interest, and began to be united by new political sympathies. And as through its influence new relations sprang up between citizen and citizen, and between rulers and subjects, so also entire states were forced by it into new relative positions. Thus, by a strange course of events, religious disputes were the means of cementing a closer union among the nations of Europe.

Fearful indeed, and destructive, was the first movement in which this general political sympathy announced itself; a desolating war of thirty years, which, from the interior of Bohemia to the mouth of the Scheldt, and from the banks of the Po to the coasts of the Baltic, devastated whole countries, destroyed harvests, and reduced towns and villages to ashes; which opened a grave for many thousand combatants, and for half a century smothered the glimmering sparks of civilization in Germany, and threw back the improving manners of the country into their pristine barbarity and wildness. Yet out of this fearful war Europe came forth free and independent. In it she first learned to recognize herself as a community of nations; and this intercommunion of states, which originated in the thirty years' war, may alone be sufficient to reconcile the philosopher to its horrors. The hand of industry has slowly but gradually effaced the traces of its ravages, while its beneficent influence still survives; and this general sympathy among the states of Europe, which grew out of the troubles in Bohemia, is our guarantee for the continuance of that peace which was the result of the war. As the sparks of destruction found their way from the interior of Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria, to kindle Germany, France, and the half of Europe, so also will the torch of civilization make a path for itself from the latter to enlighten the former countries.

All this was effected by religion. Religion alone could have rendered possible all that was accomplished, but it was far from being the SOLE motive of the war. Had not private advantages and state interests been closely connected with

it, vain and powerless would have been the arguments of theologians; and the cry of the people would never have met with princes so willing to espouse their cause, nor the new doctrines have found such numerous, brave, and persevering champions. The Reformation is undoubtedly owing in a great measure to the invincible power of truth, or of opinions which were held as such. The abuses in the old church, the absurdity of many of its dogmas, the extravagance of its requisitions, necessarily revolted the tempers of men, already half-won with the promise of a better light, and favourably disposed them towards the new doctrines. The charm of independence, the rich plunder of monastic institutions, made the Reformation attractive in the eyes of princes, and tended not a little to strengthen their inward convictions. Nothing, however, but political considerations could have driven them to espouse it. Had not Charles the Fifth, in the intoxication of success, made an attempt on the independence of the German States, a Protestant league would scarcely have rushed to arms in defence of freedom of belief; but for the ambition of the Guises, the Calvinists in France would never have beheld a Conde or a Coligny at their head. Without the exaction of the tenth and the twentieth penny, the See of Rome had never lost the United Netherlands. Princes fought in self-defence or for aggrandizement, while religious enthusiasm recruited their armies, and opened to them the treasures of their subjects. Of the multitude who flocked to their standards, such as were not lured by the hope of plunder imagined they were fighting for the truth, while in fact they were shedding their blood for the personal objects of their princes.

And well was it for the people that, on this occasion, their interests coincided with those of their princes. To this coincidence alone were they indebted for their deliverance from popery. Well was it also for the rulers, that the subject contended too for his own cause, while he was fighting their battles. Fortunately at this date no European sovereign was so absolute as to be able, in the pursuit of his political designs, to dispense with the goodwill of his subjects. Yet how difficult was it to gain and to set to work this goodwill! The most impressive arguments drawn from reasons of state fall powerless on the ear of the subject, who seldom understands, and still more rarely is interested in them. In such

circumstances, the only course open to a prudent prince is to connect the interests of the cabinet with some one that sits nearer to the people's heart, if such exists, or if not, to create it.

In such a position stood the greater part of those princes who embraced the cause of the Reformation. By a strange concatenation of events, the divisions of the Church were associated with two circumstances, without which, in all probability, they would have had a very different conclusion. These were, the increasing power of the House of Austria, which threatened the liberties of Europe, and its active zeal for the old religion. The first aroused the princes, while the second armed the people.

The abolition of a foreign jurisdiction within their own territories, the supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, the stopping of the treasure which had so long flowed to Rome, the rich plunder of religious foundations, were tempting advantages to every sovereign. Why, then, it may be asked, did they not operate with equal force upon the princes of the House of Austria? What prevented this house, particularly in its German branch, from yielding to the pressing demands of so many of its subjects, and, after the example of other princes, enriching itself at the expense of a defenceless clergy? It is difficult to credit that a belief in the infallibility of the Romish Church had any greater influence on the pious adherence of this house, than the opposite conviction had on the revolt of the Protestant princes. In fact, several circumstances combined to make the Austrian princes zealous supporters of popery. Spain and Italy, from which Austria derived its principal strength, were still devoted to the See of Rome with that blind obedience which, ever since the days of the Gothic dynasty, had been the peculiar characteristic of the Spaniard. The slightest approximation, in a Spanish prince, to the obnoxious tenets of Luther and Calvin, would have alienated for ever the affections of his subjects, and a defection from the Pope would have cost him the kingdom. A Spanish prince had no alternative but orthodoxy or abdication. The same restraint was imposed upon Austria by her Italian dominions, which she was obliged to treat, if possible, with even greater

indulgence; impatient as they naturally were of a foreign yoke, and possessing also ready means of shaking it off. In regard to the latter provinces, moreover, the rival pretensions of France, and the neighbourhood of the Pope, were motives sufficient to prevent the Emperor from declaring in favour of a party which strove to annihilate the papal see, and also to induce him to show the most active zeal in behalf of the old religion. These general considerations, which must have been equally weighty with every Spanish monarch, were, in the particular case of Charles V., still further enforced by peculiar and personal motives. In Italy this monarch had a formidable rival in the King of France, under whose protection that country might throw itself the instant that Charles should incur the slightest suspicion of heresy. Distrust on the part of the Roman Catholics, and a rupture with the church, would have been fatal also to many of his most cherished designs. Moreover, when Charles was first called upon to make his election between the two parties, the new doctrine had not yet attained to a full and commanding influence, and there still subsisted a prospect of its reconciliation with the old. In his son and successor, Philip the Second, a monastic education combined with a gloomy and despotic disposition to generate an unmitigated hostility to all innovations in religion; a feeling which the thought that his most formidable political opponents were also the enemies of his faith was not calculated to weaken. As his European possessions, scattered as they were over so many countries, were on all sides exposed to the seductions of foreign opinions, the progress of the Reformation in other quarters could not well be a matter of indifference to him. His immediate interests, therefore, urged him to attach himself devotedly to the old church, in order to close up the sources of the heretical contagion. Thus, circumstances naturally placed this prince at the head of the league which the Roman Catholics formed against the Reformers. The principles which had actuated the long and active reigns of Charles V. and Philip the Second, remained a law for their successors; and the more the breach in the church widened, the firmer became the attachment of the Spaniards to Roman Catholicism.

The German line of the House of Austria was apparently more unfettered; but,

in reality, though free from many of these restraints, it was yet confined by others. The possession of the imperial throne—a dignity it was impossible for a Protestant to hold, (for with what consistency could an apostate from the Romish Church wear the crown of a Roman emperor?) bound the successors of Ferdinand I. to the See of Rome. Ferdinand himself was, from conscientious motives, heartily attached to it. Besides, the German princes of the House of Austria were not powerful enough to dispense with the support of Spain, which, however, they would have forfeited by the least show of leaning towards the new doctrines. The imperial dignity, also, required them to preserve the existing political system of Germany, with which the maintenance of their own authority was closely bound up, but which it was the aim of the Protestant League to destroy. If to these grounds we add the indifference of the Protestants to the Emperor's necessities and to the common dangers of the empire, their encroachments on the temporalities of the church, and their aggressive violence when they became conscious of their own power, we can easily conceive how so many concurring motives must have determined the emperors to the side of popery, and how their own interests came to be intimately interwoven with those of the Roman Church. As its fate seemed to depend altogether on the part taken by Austria, the princes of this house came to be regarded by all Europe as the pillars of popery. The hatred, therefore, which the Protestants bore against the latter, was turned exclusively upon Austria; and the cause became gradually confounded with its protector.

But this irreconcilable enemy of the Reformation—the House of Austria — by its ambitious projects and the overwhelming force which it could bring to their support, endangered, in no small degree, the freedom of Europe, and more especially of the German States. This circumstance could not fail to rouse the latter from their security, and to render them vigilant in self-defence. Their ordinary resources were quite insufficient to resist so formidable a power. Extraordinary exertions were required from their subjects; and when even these proved far from adequate, they had recourse to foreign assistance; and, by means of a common league, they endeavoured to oppose a power which, singly, they

were unable to withstand.

But the strong political inducements which the German princes had to resist the pretensions of the House of Austria, naturally did not extend to their subjects. It is only immediate advantages or immediate evils that set the people in action, and for these a sound policy cannot wait. Ill then would it have fared with these princes, if by good fortune another effectual motive had not offered itself, which roused the passions of the people, and kindled in them an enthusiasm which might be directed against the political danger, as having with it a common cause of alarm.

This motive was their avowed hatred of the religion which Austria protected, and their enthusiastic attachment to a doctrine which that House was endeavouring to extirpate by fire and sword. Their attachment was ardent, their hatred invincible. Religious fanaticism anticipates even the remotest dangers. Enthusiasm never calculates its sacrifices. What the most pressing danger of the state could not gain from the citizens, was effected by religious zeal. For the state, or for the prince, few would have drawn the sword; but for religion, the merchant, the artist, the peasant, all cheerfully flew to arms. For the state, or for the prince, even the smallest additional impost would have been avoided; but for religion the people readily staked at once life, fortune, and all earthly hopes. It trebled the contributions which flowed into the exchequer of the princes, and the armies which marched to the field; and, in the ardent excitement produced in all minds by the peril to which their faith was exposed, the subject felt not the pressure of those burdens and privations under which, in cooler moments, he would have sunk exhausted. The terrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, procured for the Prince of Orange, the Admiral Coligny, the British Queen Elizabeth, and the Protestant princes of Germany, supplies of men and money from their subjects, to a degree which at present is inconceivable.

But, with all their exertions, they would have effected little against a power which was an overmatch for any single adversary, however powerful. At this

period of imperfect policy, accidental circumstances alone could determine distant states to afford one another a mutual support. The differences of government, of laws, of language, of manners, and of character, which hitherto had kept whole nations and countries as it were insulated, and raised a lasting barrier between them, rendered one state insensible to the distresses of another, save where national jealousy could indulge a malicious joy at the reverses of a rival. This barrier the Reformation destroyed. An interest more intense and more immediate than national aggrandizement or patriotism, and entirely independent of private utility, began to animate whole states and individual citizens; an interest capable of uniting numerous and distant nations, even while it frequently lost its force among the subjects of the same government. With the inhabitants of Geneva, for instance, of England, of Germany, or of Holland, the French Calvinist possessed a common point of union which he had not with his own countrymen. Thus, in one important particular, he ceased to be the citizen of a single state, and to confine his views and sympathies to his own country alone. The sphere of his views became enlarged. He began to calculate his own fate from that of other nations of the same religious profession, and to make their cause his own. Now for the first time did princes venture to bring the affairs of other countries before their own councils; for the first time could they hope for a willing ear to their own necessities, and prompt assistance from others. Foreign affairs had now become a matter of domestic policy, and that aid was readily granted to the religious confederate which would have been denied to the mere neighbour, and still more to the distant stranger. The inhabitant of the Palatinate leaves his native fields to fight side by side with his religious associate of France, against the common enemy of their faith. The Huguenot draws his sword against the country which persecutes him, and sheds his blood in defence of the liberties of Holland. Swiss is arrayed against Swiss; German against German, to determine, on the banks of the Loire and the Seine, the succession of the French crown. The Dane crosses the Eider, and the Swede the Baltic, to break the chains which are forged for Germany.

It is difficult to say what would have been the fate of the Reformation, and the

liberties of the Empire, had not the formidable power of Austria declared against them. This, however, appears certain, that nothing so completely damped the Austrian hopes of universal monarchy, as the obstinate war which they had to wage against the new religious opinions. Under no other circumstances could the weaker princes have roused their subjects to such extraordinary exertions against the ambition of Austria, or the States themselves have united so closely against the common enemy.

The power of Austria never stood higher than after the victory which Charles V. gained over the Germans at Muehlberg. With the treaty of Smalcalde the freedom of Germany lay, as it seemed, prostrate for ever; but it revived under Maurice of Saxony, once its most formidable enemy. All the fruits of the victory of Muehlberg were lost again in the congress of Passau, and the diet of Augsburg; and every scheme for civil and religious oppression terminated in the concessions of an equitable peace.

The diet of Augsburg divided Germany into two religious and two political parties, by recognizing the independent rights and existence of both. Hitherto the Protestants had been looked on as rebels; they were henceforth to be regarded as brethren—not indeed through affection, but necessity. By the Interim, the Confession of Augsburg was allowed temporarily to take a sisterly place alongside of the olden religion, though only as a tolerated neighbour.

[A system of Theology so called, prepared by order of the Emperor Charles V. for the use of Germany, to reconcile the differences between the Roman Catholics and the Lutherans, which, however, was rejected by both parties—Ed.]

To every secular state was conceded the right of establishing the religion it acknowledged as supreme and exclusive within its own territories, and of forbidding the open profession of its rival. Subjects were to be free to quit a country where their own religion was not tolerated. The doctrines of Luther for the first time received a positive sanction; and if they were trampled under foot in Bavaria and Austria, they predominated in Saxony and Thuringia. But the

sovereigns alone were to determine what form of religion should prevail within their territories; the feelings of subjects who had no representatives in the diet were little attended to in the pacification. In the ecclesiastical territories, indeed, where the unreformed religion enjoyed an undisputed supremacy, the free exercise of their religion was obtained for all who had previously embraced the Protestant doctrines; but this indulgence rested only on the personal guarantee of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, by whose endeavours chiefly this peace was effected; a guarantee, which, being rejected by the Roman Catholic members of the Diet, and only inserted in the treaty under their protest, could not of course have the force of law.

If it had been opinions only that thus divided the minds of men, with what indifference would all have regarded the division! But on these opinions depended riches, dignities, and rights; and it was this which so deeply aggravated the evils of division. Of two brothers, as it were, who had hitherto enjoyed a paternal inheritance in common, one now remained, while the other was compelled to leave his father's house, and hence arose the necessity of dividing the patrimony. For this separation, which he could not have foreseen, the father had made no provision. By the beneficent donations of pious ancestors the riches of the church had been accumulating through a thousand years, and these benefactors were as much the progenitors of the departing brother as of him who remained. Was the right of inheritance then to be limited to the paternal house, or to be extended to blood? The gifts had been made to the church in communion with Rome, because at that time no other existed,—to the first-born, as it were, because he was as yet the only son. Was then a right of primogeniture to be admitted in the church, as in noble families? Were the pretensions of one party to be favoured by a prescription from times when the claims of the other could not have come into existence? Could the Lutherans be justly excluded from these possessions, to which the benevolence of their forefathers had contributed, merely on the ground that, at the date of their foundation, the differences between Lutheranism and Romanism were unknown? Both parties have disputed, and still dispute, with equal plausibility, on these points. Both

alike have found it difficult to prove their right. Law can be applied only to conceivable cases, and perhaps spiritual foundations are not among the number of these, and still less where the conditions of the founders generally extended to a system of doctrines; for how is it conceivable that a permanent endowment should be made of opinions left open to change?

What law cannot decide, is usually determined by might, and such was the case here. The one party held firmly all that could no longer be wrested from it—the other defended what it still possessed. All the bishoprics and abbeys which had been secularized BEFORE the peace, remained with the Protestants; but, by an express clause, the unreformed Catholics provided that none should thereafter be secularized. Every impropiator of an ecclesiastical foundation, who held immediately of the Empire, whether elector, bishop, or abbot, forfeited his benefice and dignity the moment he embraced the Protestant belief; he was obliged in that event instantly to resign its emoluments, and the chapter was to proceed to a new election, exactly as if his place had been vacated by death. By this sacred anchor of the Ecclesiastical Reservation, ('Reservatum Ecclesiasticum',) which makes the temporal existence of a spiritual prince entirely dependent on his fidelity to the olden religion, the Roman Catholic Church in Germany is still held fast; and precarious, indeed, would be its situation were this anchor to give way. The principle of the Ecclesiastical Reservation was strongly opposed by the Protestants; and though it was at last adopted into the treaty of peace, its insertion was qualified with the declaration, that parties had come to no final determination on the point. Could it then be more binding on the Protestants than Ferdinand's guarantee in favour of Protestant subjects of ecclesiastical states was upon the Roman Catholics? Thus were two important subjects of dispute left unsettled in the treaty of peace, and by them the war was rekindled.

Such was the position of things with regard to religious toleration and ecclesiastical property: it was the same with regard to rights and dignities. The existing German system provided only for one church, because one only was in

existence when that system was framed. The church had now divided; the Diet had broken into two religious parties; was the whole system of the Empire still exclusively to follow the one? The emperors had hitherto been members of the Romish Church, because till now that religion had no rival. But was it his connexion with Rome which constituted a German emperor, or was it not rather Germany which was to be represented in its head? The Protestants were now spread over the whole Empire, and how could they justly still be represented by an unbroken line of Roman Catholic emperors? In the Imperial Chamber the German States judge themselves, for they elect the judges; it was the very end of its institution that they should do so, in order that equal justice should be dispensed to all; but would this be still possible, if the representatives of both professions were not equally admissible to a seat in the Chamber? That one religion only existed in Germany at the time of its establishment, was accidental; that no one estate should have the means of legally oppressing another, was the essential purpose of the institution. Now this object would be entirely frustrated if one religious party were to have the exclusive power of deciding for the other. Must, then, the design be sacrificed, because that which was merely accidental had changed? With great difficulty the Protestants, at last, obtained for the representatives of their religion a place in the Supreme Council, but still there was far from being a perfect equality of voices. To this day no Protestant prince has been raised to the imperial throne.

Whatever may be said of the equality which the peace of Augsburg was to have established between the two German churches, the Roman Catholic had unquestionably still the advantage. All that the Lutheran Church gained by it was toleration; all that the Romish Church conceded, was a sacrifice to necessity, not an offering to justice. Very far was it from being a peace between two equal powers, but a truce between a sovereign and unconquered rebels. From this principle all the proceedings of the Roman Catholics against the Protestants seemed to flow, and still continue to do so. To join the reformed faith was still a crime, since it was to be visited with so severe a penalty as that which the Ecclesiastical Reservation held suspended over the apostacy of the spiritual

princes. Even to the last, the Romish Church preferred to risk to loss of every thing by force, than voluntarily to yield the smallest matter to justice. The loss was accidental and might be repaired; but the abandonment of its pretensions, the concession of a single point to the Protestants, would shake the foundations of the church itself. Even in the treaty of peace this principle was not lost sight of. Whatever in this peace was yielded to the Protestants was always under condition. It was expressly declared, that affairs were to remain on the stipulated footing only till the next general council, which was to be called with the view of effecting an union between the two confessions. Then only, when this last attempt should have failed, was the religious treaty to become valid and conclusive. However little hope there might be of such a reconciliation, however little perhaps the Romanists themselves were in earnest with it, still it was something to have clogged the peace with these stipulations.

Thus this religious treaty, which was to extinguish for ever the flames of civil war, was, in fact, but a temporary truce, extorted by force and necessity; not dictated by justice, nor emanating from just notions either of religion or toleration. A religious treaty of this kind the Roman Catholics were as incapable of granting, to be candid, as in truth the Lutherans were unqualified to receive. Far from evincing a tolerant spirit towards the Roman Catholics, when it was in their power, they even oppressed the Calvinists; who indeed just as little deserved toleration, since they were unwilling to practise it. For such a peace the times were not yet ripe—the minds of men not yet sufficiently enlightened. How could one party expect from another what itself was incapable of performing? What each side saved or gained by the treaty of Augsburg, it owed to the imposing attitude of strength which it maintained at the time of its negotiation. What was won by force was to be maintained also by force; if the peace was to be permanent, the two parties to it must preserve the same relative positions. The boundaries of the two churches had been marked out with the sword; with the sword they must be preserved, or woe to that party which should be first disarmed! A sad and fearful prospect for the tranquillity of Germany, when peace itself bore so threatening an aspect.

A momentary lull now pervaded the empire; a transitory bond of concord appeared to unite its scattered limbs into one body, so that for a time a feeling also for the common weal returned. But the division had penetrated its inmost being, and to restore its original harmony was impossible. Carefully as the treaty of peace appeared to have defined the rights of both parties, its interpretation was nevertheless the subject of many disputes. In the heat of conflict it had produced a cessation of hostilities; it covered, not extinguished, the fire, and unsatisfied claims remained on either side. The Romanists imagined they had lost too much, the Protestants that they had gained too little; and the treaty which neither party could venture to violate, was interpreted by each in its own favour.

The seizure of the ecclesiastical benefices, the motive which had so strongly tempted the majority of the Protestant princes to embrace the doctrines of Luther, was not less powerful after than before the peace; of those whose founders had not held their fiefs immediately of the empire, such as were not already in their possession would it was evident soon be so. The whole of Lower Germany was already secularized; and if it were otherwise in Upper Germany, it was owing to the vehement resistance of the Catholics, who had there the preponderance. Each party, where it was the most powerful, oppressed the adherents of the other; the ecclesiastical princes in particular, as the most defenceless members of the empire, were incessantly tormented by the ambition of their Protestant neighbours. Those who were too weak to repel force by force, took refuge under the wings of justice; and the complaints of spoliation were heaped up against the Protestants in the Imperial Chamber, which was ready enough to pursue the accused with judgments, but found too little support to carry them into effect. The peace which stipulated for complete religious toleration for the dignitaries of the Empire, had provided also for the subject, by enabling him, without interruption, to leave the country in which the exercise of his religion was prohibited. But from the wrongs which the violence of a sovereign might inflict on an obnoxious subject; from the nameless oppressions by which he might harass and annoy the emigrant; from the artful snares in which subtilty combined with power might enmesh him—from these, the dead

letter of the treaty could afford him no protection. The Catholic subject of Protestant princes complained loudly of violations of the religious peace—the Lutherans still more loudly of the oppression they experienced under their Romanist suzerains. The rancour and animosities of theologians infused a poison into every occurrence, however inconsiderable, and inflamed the minds of the people. Happy would it have been had this theological hatred exhausted its zeal upon the common enemy, instead of venting its virus on the adherents of a kindred faith!

Unanimity amongst the Protestants might, by preserving the balance between the contending parties, have prolonged the peace; but as if to complete the confusion, all concord was quickly broken. The doctrines which had been propagated by Zuingli in Zurich, and by Calvin in Geneva, soon spread to Germany, and divided the Protestants among themselves, with little in unison save their common hatred to popery. The Protestants of this date bore but slight resemblance to those who, fifty years before, drew up the Confession of Augsburg; and the cause of the change is to be sought in that Confession itself. It had prescribed a positive boundary to the Protestant faith, before the newly awakened spirit of inquiry had satisfied itself as to the limits it ought to set; and the Protestants seemed unwittingly to have thrown away much of the advantage acquired by their rejection of popery. Common complaints of the Romish hierarchy, and of ecclesiastical abuses, and a common disapprobation of its dogmas, formed a sufficient centre of union for the Protestants; but not content with this, they sought a rallying point in the promulgation of a new and positive creed, in which they sought to embody the distinctions, the privileges, and the essence of the church, and to this they referred the convention entered into with their opponents. It was as professors of this creed that they had acceded to the treaty; and in the benefits of this peace the advocates of the confession were alone entitled to participate. In any case, therefore, the situation of its adherents was embarrassing. If a blind obedience were yielded to the dicta of the Confession, a lasting bound would be set to the spirit of inquiry; if, on the other hand, they dissented from the formulae agreed upon, the point of union would be

lost. Unfortunately both incidents occurred, and the evil results of both were quickly felt. One party rigorously adhered to the original symbol of faith, and the other abandoned it, only to adopt another with equal exclusiveness.

Nothing could have furnished the common enemy a more plausible defence of his cause than this dissension; no spectacle could have been more gratifying to him than the rancour with which the Protestants alternately persecuted each other. Who could condemn the Roman Catholics, if they laughed at the audacity with which the Reformers had presumed to announce the only true belief?—if from Protestants they borrowed the weapons against Protestants?—if, in the midst of this clashing of opinions, they held fast to the authority of their own church, for which, in part, there spoke an honourable antiquity, and a yet more honourable plurality of voices. But this division placed the Protestants in still more serious embarrassments. As the covenants of the treaty applied only to the partisans of the Confession, their opponents, with some reason, called upon them to explain who were to be recognized as the adherents of that creed. The Lutherans could not, without offending conscience, include the Calvinists in their communion, except at the risk of converting a useful friend into a dangerous enemy, could they exclude them. This unfortunate difference opened a way for the machinations of the Jesuits to sow distrust between both parties, and to destroy the unity of their measures. Fettered by the double fear of their direct adversaries, and of their opponents among themselves, the Protestants lost for ever the opportunity of placing their church on a perfect equality with the Catholic. All these difficulties would have been avoided, and the defection of the Calvinists would not have prejudiced the common cause, if the point of union had been placed simply in the abandonment of Romanism, instead of in the Confession of Augsburg.

But however divided on other points, they concurred in this—that the security which had resulted from equality of power could only be maintained by the preservation of that balance. In the meanwhile, the continual reforms of one party, and the opposing measures of the other, kept both upon the watch, while

the interpretation of the religious treaty was a never-ending subject of dispute. Each party maintained that every step taken by its opponent was an infraction of the peace, while of every movement of its own it was asserted that it was essential to its maintenance. Yet all the measures of the Catholics did not, as their opponents alleged, proceed from a spirit of encroachment—many of them were the necessary precautions of self-defence. The Protestants had shown unequivocally enough what the Romanists might expect if they were unfortunate enough to become the weaker party. The greediness of the former for the property of the church, gave no reason to expect indulgence;—their bitter hatred left no hope of magnanimity or forbearance.

But the Protestants, likewise, were excusable if they too placed little confidence in the sincerity of the Roman Catholics. By the treacherous and inhuman treatment which their brethren in Spain, France, and the Netherlands, had suffered; by the disgraceful subterfuge of the Romish princes, who held that the Pope had power to relieve them from the obligation of the most solemn oaths; and above all, by the detestable maxim, that faith was not to be kept with heretics, the Roman Church, in the eyes of all honest men, had lost its honour. No engagement, no oath, however sacred, from a Roman Catholic, could satisfy a Protestant. What security then could the religious peace afford, when, throughout Germany, the Jesuits represented it as a measure of mere temporary convenience, and in Rome itself it was solemnly repudiated.

The General Council, to which reference had been made in the treaty, had already been held in the city of Trent; but, as might have been foreseen, without accommodating the religious differences, or taking a single step to effect such accommodation, and even without being attended by the Protestants. The latter, indeed, were now solemnly excommunicated by it in the name of the church, whose representative the Council gave itself out to be. Could, then, a secular treaty, extorted moreover by force of arms, afford them adequate protection against the ban of the church; a treaty, too, based on a condition which the decision of the Council seemed entirely to abolish? There was then a show of

right for violating the peace, if only the Romanists possessed the power; and henceforward the Protestants were protected by nothing but the respect for their formidable array.

Other circumstances combined to augment this distrust. Spain, on whose support the Romanists in Germany chiefly relied, was engaged in a bloody conflict with the Flemings. By it, the flower of the Spanish troops were drawn to the confines of Germany. With what ease might they be introduced within the empire, if a decisive stroke should render their presence necessary? Germany was at that time a magazine of war for nearly all the powers of Europe. The religious war had crowded it with soldiers, whom the peace left destitute; its many independent princes found it easy to assemble armies, and afterwards, for the sake of gain, or the interests of party, hire them out to other powers. With German troops, Philip the Second waged war against the Netherlands, and with German troops they defended themselves. Every such levy in Germany was a subject of alarm to the one party or the other, since it might be intended for their oppression. The arrival of an ambassador, an extraordinary legate of the Pope, a conference of princes, every unusual incident, must, it was thought, be pregnant with destruction to some party. Thus, for nearly half a century, stood Germany, her hand upon the sword; every rustle of a leaf alarmed her.

Ferdinand the First, King of Hungary, and his excellent son, Maximilian the Second, held at this memorable epoch the reins of government. With a heart full of sincerity, with a truly heroic patience, had Ferdinand brought about the religious peace of Augsburg, and afterwards, in the Council of Trent, laboured assiduously, though vainly, at the ungrateful task of reconciling the two religions. Abandoned by his nephew, Philip of Spain, and hard pressed both in Hungary and Transylvania by the victorious armies of the Turks, it was not likely that this emperor would entertain the idea of violating the religious peace, and thereby destroying his own painful work. The heavy expenses of the perpetually recurring war with Turkey could not be defrayed by the meagre contributions of his exhausted hereditary dominions. He stood, therefore, in need

of the assistance of the whole empire; and the religious peace alone preserved in one body the otherwise divided empire. Financial necessities made the Protestant as needful to him as the Romanist, and imposed upon him the obligation of treating both parties with equal justice, which, amidst so many contradictory claims, was truly a colossal task. Very far, however, was the result from answering his expectations. His indulgence of the Protestants served only to bring upon his successors a war, which death saved himself the mortification of witnessing. Scarcely more fortunate was his son Maximilian, with whom perhaps the pressure of circumstances was the only obstacle, and a longer life perhaps the only want, to his establishing the new religion upon the imperial throne. Necessity had taught the father forbearance towards the Protestants—necessity and justice dictated the same course to the son. The grandson had reason to repent that he neither listened to justice, nor yielded to necessity.

Maximilian left six sons, of whom the eldest, the Archduke Rodolph, inherited his dominions, and ascended the imperial throne. The other brothers were put off with petty appanages. A few mesne fiefs were held by a collateral branch, which had their uncle, Charles of Styria, at its head; and even these were afterwards, under his son, Ferdinand the Second, incorporated with the rest of the family dominions. With this exception, the whole of the imposing power of Austria was now wielded by a single, but unfortunately weak hand.

Rodolph the Second was not devoid of those virtues which might have gained him the esteem of mankind, had the lot of a private station fallen to him. His character was mild, he loved peace and the sciences, particularly astronomy, natural history, chemistry, and the study of antiquities. To these he applied with a passionate zeal, which, at the very time when the critical posture of affairs demanded all his attention, and his exhausted finances the most rigid economy, diverted his attention from state affairs, and involved him in pernicious expenses. His taste for astronomy soon lost itself in those astrological reveries to which timid and melancholy temperaments like his are but too disposed. This, together with a youth passed in Spain, opened his ears to the evil counsels of the

Jesuits, and the influence of the Spanish court, by which at last he was wholly governed. Ruled by tastes so little in accordance with the dignity of his station, and alarmed by ridiculous prophecies, he withdrew, after the Spanish custom, from the eyes of his subjects, to bury himself amidst his gems and antiques, or to make experiments in his laboratory, while the most fatal discords loosened all the bands of the empire, and the flames of rebellion began to burst out at the very footsteps of his throne. All access to his person was denied, the most urgent matters were neglected. The prospect of the rich inheritance of Spain was closed against him, while he was trying to make up his mind to offer his hand to the Infanta Isabella. A fearful anarchy threatened the Empire, for though without an heir of his own body, he could not be persuaded to allow the election of a King of the Romans. The Austrian States renounced their allegiance, Hungary and Transylvania threw off his supremacy, and Bohemia was not slow in following their example. The descendant of the once so formidable Charles the Fifth was in perpetual danger, either of losing one part of his possessions to the Turks, or another to the Protestants, and of sinking, beyond redemption, under the formidable coalition which a great monarch of Europe had formed against him. The events which now took place in the interior of Germany were such as usually happened when either the throne was without an emperor, or the Emperor without a sense of his imperial dignity. Outraged or abandoned by their head, the States of the Empire were left to help themselves; and alliances among themselves must supply the defective authority of the Emperor. Germany was divided into two leagues, which stood in arms arrayed against each other: between both, Rodolph, the despised opponent of the one, and the impotent protector of the other, remained irresolute and useless, equally unable to destroy the former or to command the latter. What had the Empire to look for from a prince incapable even of defending his hereditary dominions against its domestic enemies? To prevent the utter ruin of the House of Austria, his own family combined against him; and a powerful party threw itself into the arms of his brother. Driven from his hereditary dominions, nothing was now left him to lose but the imperial dignity; and he was only spared this last disgrace by a timely death.

At this critical moment, when only a supple policy, united with a vigorous arm, could have maintained the tranquillity of the Empire, its evil genius gave it a Rodolph for Emperor. At a more peaceful period the Germanic Union would have managed its own interests, and Rodolph, like so many others of his rank, might have hidden his deficiencies in a mysterious obscurity. But the urgent demand for the qualities in which he was most deficient revealed his incapacity. The position of Germany called for an emperor who, by his known energies, could give weight to his resolves; and the hereditary dominions of Rodolph, considerable as they were, were at present in a situation to occasion the greatest embarrassment to the governors.

The Austrian princes, it is true were Roman Catholics, and in addition to that, the supporters of Popery, but their countries were far from being so. The reformed opinions had penetrated even these, and favoured by Ferdinand's necessities and Maximilian's mildness, had met with a rapid success. The Austrian provinces exhibited in miniature what Germany did on a larger scale. The great nobles and the ritter class or knights were chiefly evangelical, and in the cities the Protestants had a decided preponderance. If they succeeded in bringing a few of their party into the country, they contrived imperceptibly to fill all places of trust and the magistracy with their own adherents, and to exclude the Catholics. Against the numerous order of the nobles and knights, and the deputies from the towns, the voice of a few prelates was powerless; and the unseemly ridicule and offensive contempt of the former soon drove them entirely from the provincial diets. Thus the whole of the Austrian Diet had imperceptibly become Protestant, and the Reformation was making rapid strides towards its public recognition. The prince was dependent on the Estates, who had it in their power to grant or refuse supplies. Accordingly, they availed themselves of the financial necessities of Ferdinand and his son to extort one religious concession after another. To the nobles and knights, Maximilian at last conceded the free exercise of their religion, but only within their own territories and castles. The intemperate enthusiasm of the Protestant preachers overstepped the boundaries which prudence had prescribed. In defiance of the express

prohibition, several of them ventured to preach publicly, not only in the towns, but in Vienna itself, and the people flocked in crowds to this new doctrine, the best seasoning of which was personality and abuse. Thus continued food was supplied to fanaticism, and the hatred of two churches, that were such near neighbours, was farther envenomed by the sting of an impure zeal.

Among the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria, Hungary and Transylvania were the most unstable, and the most difficult to retain. The impossibility of holding these two countries against the neighbouring and overwhelming power of the Turks, had already driven Ferdinand to the inglorious expedient of recognizing, by an annual tribute, the Porte's supremacy over Transylvania; a shameful confession of weakness, and a still more dangerous temptation to the turbulent nobility, when they fancied they had any reason to complain of their master. Not without conditions had the Hungarians submitted to the House of Austria. They asserted the elective freedom of their crown, and boldly contended for all those prerogatives of their order which are inseparable from this freedom of election. The near neighbourhood of Turkey, the facility of changing masters with impunity, encouraged the magnates still more in their presumption; discontented with the Austrian government they threw themselves into the arms of the Turks; dissatisfied with these, they returned again to their German sovereigns. The frequency and rapidity of these transitions from one government to another, had communicated its influences also to their mode of thinking; and as their country wavered between the Turkish and Austrian rule, so their minds vacillated between revolt and submission. The more unfortunate each nation felt itself in being degraded into a province of a foreign kingdom, the stronger desire did they feel to obey a monarch chosen from amongst themselves, and thus it was always easy for an enterprising noble to obtain their support. The nearest Turkish pasha was always ready to bestow the Hungarian sceptre and crown on a rebel against Austria; just as ready was Austria to confirm to any adventurer the possession of provinces which he had wrested from the Porte, satisfied with preserving thereby the shadow of authority, and with erecting at the same time a barrier against the Turks. In this

way several of these magnates, Batbori, Boschkai, Ragoczi, and Bethlen succeeded in establishing themselves, one after another, as tributary sovereigns in Transylvania and Hungary; and they maintained their ground by no deeper policy than that of occasionally joining the enemy, in order to render themselves more formidable to their own prince.

Ferdinand, Maximilian, and Rodolph, who were all sovereigns of Hungary and Transylvania, exhausted their other territories in endeavouring to defend these from the hostile inroads of the Turks, and to put down intestine rebellion. In this quarter destructive wars were succeeded but by brief truces, which were scarcely less hurtful: far and wide the land lay waste, while the injured serf had to complain equally of his enemy and his protector. Into these countries also the Reformation had penetrated; and protected by the freedom of the States, and under the cover of the internal disorders, had made a noticeable progress. Here too it was incautiously attacked, and party spirit thus became yet more dangerous from religious enthusiasm. Headed by a bold rebel, Boschkai, the nobles of Hungary and Transylvania raised the standard of rebellion. The Hungarian insurgents were upon the point of making common cause with the discontented Protestants in Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia, and uniting all those countries in one fearful revolt. The downfall of popery in these lands would then have been inevitable.

Long had the Austrian archdukes, the brothers of the Emperor, beheld with silent indignation the impending ruin of their house; this last event hastened their decision. The Archduke Matthias, Maximilian's second son, Viceroy in Hungary, and Rodolph's presumptive heir, now came forward as the stay of the falling house of Hapsburg. In his youth, misled by a false ambition, this prince, disregarding the interests of his family, had listened to the overtures of the Flemish insurgents, who invited him into the Netherlands to conduct the defence of their liberties against the oppression of his own relative, Philip the Second. Mistaking the voice of an insulated faction for that of the entire nation, Matthias obeyed the call. But the event answered the expectations of the men of Brabant

as little as his own, and from this imprudent enterprise he retired with little credit.

Far more honourable was his second appearance in the political world. Perceiving that his repeated remonstrances with the Emperor were unavailing, he assembled the archdukes, his brothers and cousins, at Presburg, and consulted with them on the growing perils of their house, when they unanimously assigned to him, as the oldest, the duty of defending that patrimony which a feeble brother was endangering. In his hands they placed all their powers and rights, and vested him with sovereign authority, to act at his discretion for the common good. Matthias immediately opened a communication with the Porte and the Hungarian rebels, and through his skilful management succeeded in saving, by a peace with the Turks, the remainder of Hungary, and by a treaty with the rebels, preserved the claims of Austria to the lost provinces. But Rodolph, as jealous as he had hitherto been careless of his sovereign authority, refused to ratify this treaty, which he regarded as a criminal encroachment on his sovereign rights. He accused the Archduke of keeping up a secret understanding with the enemy, and of cherishing treasonable designs on the crown of Hungary.

The activity of Matthias was, in truth, anything but disinterested; the conduct of the Emperor only accelerated the execution of his ambitious views. Secure, from motives of gratitude, of the devotion of the Hungarians, for whom he had so lately obtained the blessings of peace; assured by his agents of the favourable disposition of the nobles, and certain of the support of a large party, even in Austria, he now ventured to assume a bolder attitude, and, sword in hand, to discuss his grievances with the Emperor. The Protestants in Austria and Moravia, long ripe for revolt, and now won over to the Archduke by his promises of toleration, loudly and openly espoused his cause, and their long-menaced alliance with the Hungarian rebels was actually effected. Almost at once a formidable conspiracy was planned and matured against the Emperor. Too late did he resolve to amend his past errors; in vain did he attempt to break up this fatal alliance. Already the whole empire was in arms; Hungary, Austria,

and Moravia had done homage to Matthias, who was already on his march to Bohemia to seize the Emperor in his palace, and to cut at once the sinews of his power.

Bohemia was not a more peaceable possession for Austria than Hungary; with this difference only, that, in the latter, political considerations, in the former, religious dissensions, fomented disorders. In Bohemia, a century before the days of Luther, the first spark of the religious war had been kindled; a century after Luther, the first flames of the thirty years' war burst out in Bohemia. The sect which owed its rise to John Huss, still existed in that country;—it agreed with the Romish Church in ceremonies and doctrines, with the single exception of the administration of the Communion, in which the Hussites communicated in both kinds. This privilege had been conceded to the followers of Huss by the Council of Basle, in an express treaty, (the Bohemian Compact); and though it was afterwards disavowed by the popes, they nevertheless continued to profit by it under the sanction of the government. As the use of the cup formed the only important distinction of their body, they were usually designated by the name of Utraquists; and they readily adopted an appellation which reminded them of their dearly valued privilege. But under this title lurked also the far stricter sects of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who differed from the predominant church in more important particulars, and bore, in fact, a great resemblance to the German Protestants. Among them both, the German and Swiss opinions on religion made rapid progress; while the name of Utraquists, under which they managed to disguise the change of their principles, shielded them from persecution.

In truth, they had nothing in common with the Utraquists but the name; essentially, they were altogether Protestant. Confident in the strength of their party, and the Emperor's toleration under Maximilian, they had openly avowed their tenets. After the example of the Germans, they drew up a Confession of their own, in which Lutherans as well as Calvinists recognized their own doctrines, and they sought to transfer to the new Confession the privileges of the

original Utraquists. In this they were opposed by their Roman Catholic countrymen, and forced to rest content with the Emperor's verbal assurance of protection.

As long as Maximilian lived, they enjoyed complete toleration, even under the new form they had taken. Under his successor the scene changed. An imperial edict appeared, which deprived the Bohemian Brethren of their religious freedom. Now these differed in nothing from the other Utraquists. The sentence, therefore, of their condemnation, obviously included all the partisans of the Bohemian Confession. Accordingly, they all combined to oppose the imperial mandate in the Diet, but without being able to procure its revocation. The Emperor and the Roman Catholic Estates took their ground on the Compact and the Bohemian Constitution; in which nothing appeared in favour of a religion which had not then obtained the voice of the country. Since that time, how completely had affairs changed! What then formed but an inconsiderable opinion, had now become the predominant religion of the country. And what was it then, but a subterfuge to limit a newly spreading religion by the terms of obsolete treaties? The Bohemian Protestants appealed to the verbal guarantee of Maximilian, and the religious freedom of the Germans, with whom they argued they ought to be on a footing of equality. It was in vain—their appeal was dismissed.

Such was the posture of affairs in Bohemia, when Matthias, already master of Hungary, Austria, and Moravia, appeared in Kolin, to raise the Bohemian Estates also against the Emperor. The embarrassment of the latter was now at its height. Abandoned by all his other subjects, he placed his last hopes on the Bohemians, who, it might be foreseen, would take advantage of his necessities to enforce their own demands. After an interval of many years, he once more appeared publicly in the Diet at Prague; and to convince the people that he was really still in existence, orders were given that all the windows should be opened in the streets through which he was to pass—proof enough how far things had gone with him. The event justified his fears. The Estates, conscious of their own

power, refused to take a single step until their privileges were confirmed, and religious toleration fully assured to them. It was in vain to have recourse now to the old system of evasion. The Emperor's fate was in their hands, and he must yield to necessity. At present, however, he only granted their other demands—religious matters he reserved for consideration at the next Diet.

The Bohemians now took up arms in defence of the Emperor, and a bloody war between the two brothers was on the point of breaking out. But Rodolph, who feared nothing so much as remaining in this slavish dependence on the Estates, waited not for a warlike issue, but hastened to effect a reconciliation with his brother by more peaceable means. By a formal act of abdication he resigned to Matthias, what indeed he had no chance of wresting from him, Austria and the kingdom of Hungary, and acknowledged him as his successor to the crown of Bohemia.

Dearly enough had the Emperor extricated himself from one difficulty, only to get immediately involved in another. The settlement of the religious affairs of Bohemia had been referred to the next Diet, which was held in 1609. The reformed Bohemians demanded the free exercise of their faith, as under the former emperors; a Consistory of their own; the cession of the University of Prague; and the right of electing 'Defenders', or 'Protectors' of 'Liberty', from their own body. The answer was the same as before; for the timid Emperor was now entirely fettered by the unreformed party. However often, and in however threatening language the Estates renewed their remonstrances, the Emperor persisted in his first declaration of granting nothing beyond the old compact. The Diet broke up without coming to a decision; and the Estates, exasperated against the Emperor, arranged a general meeting at Prague, upon their own authority, to right themselves.

They appeared at Prague in great force. In defiance of the imperial prohibition, they carried on their deliberations almost under the very eyes of the Emperor. The yielding compliance which he began to show, only proved how much they were feared, and increased their audacity. Yet on the main point he

remained inflexible. They fulfilled their threats, and at last resolved to establish, by their own power, the free and universal exercise of their religion, and to abandon the Emperor to his necessities until he should confirm this resolution. They even went farther, and elected for themselves the DEFENDERS which the Emperor had refused them. Ten were nominated by each of the three Estates; they also determined to raise, as soon as possible, an armed force, at the head of which Count Thurn, the chief organizer of the revolt, should be placed as general defender of the liberties of Bohemia. Their determination brought the Emperor to submission, to which he was now counselled even by the Spaniards. Apprehensive lest the exasperated Estates should throw themselves into the arms of the King of Hungary, he signed the memorable Letter of Majesty for Bohemia, by which, under the successors of the Emperor, that people justified their rebellion.

The Bohemian Confession, which the States had laid before the Emperor Maximilian, was, by the Letter of Majesty, placed on a footing of equality with the olden profession. The Utraquists, for by this title the Bohemian Protestants continued to designate themselves, were put in possession of the University of Prague, and allowed a Consistory of their own, entirely independent of the archiepiscopal see of that city. All the churches in the cities, villages, and market towns, which they held at the date of the letter, were secured to them; and if in addition they wished to erect others, it was permitted to the nobles, and knights, and the free cities to do so. This last clause in the Letter of Majesty gave rise to the unfortunate disputes which subsequently rekindled the flames of war in Europe.

The Letter of Majesty erected the Protestant part of Bohemia into a kind of republic. The Estates had learned to feel the power which they gained by perseverance, unity, and harmony in their measures. The Emperor now retained little more than the shadow of his sovereign authority; while by the new dignity of the so-called defenders of liberty, a dangerous stimulus was given to the spirit of revolt. The example and success of Bohemia afforded a tempting seduction to

the other hereditary dominions of Austria, and all attempted by similar means to extort similar privileges. The spirit of liberty spread from one province to another; and as it was chiefly the disunion among the Austrian princes that had enabled the Protestants so materially to improve their advantages, they now hastened to effect a reconciliation between the Emperor and the King of Hungary.

But the reconciliation could not be sincere. The wrong was too great to be forgiven, and Rodolph continued to nourish at heart an unextinguishable hatred of Matthias. With grief and indignation he brooded over the thought, that the Bohemian sceptre was finally to descend into the hands of his enemy; and the prospect was not more consoling, even if Matthias should die without issue. In that case, Ferdinand, Archduke of Graetz, whom he equally disliked, was the head of the family. To exclude the latter as well as Matthias from the succession to the throne of Bohemia, he fell upon the project of diverting that inheritance to Ferdinand's brother, the Archduke Leopold, Bishop of Passau, who among all his relatives had ever been the dearest and most deserving. The prejudices of the Bohemians in favour of the elective freedom of their crown, and their attachment to Leopold's person, seemed to favour this scheme, in which Rodolph consulted rather his own partiality and vindictiveness than the good of his house. But to carry out this project, a military force was requisite, and Rodolph actually assembled an army in the bishopric of Passau. The object of this force was hidden from all. An inroad, however, which, for want of pay it made suddenly and without the Emperor's knowledge into Bohemia, and the outrages which it there committed, stirred up the whole kingdom against him. In vain he asserted his innocence to the Bohemian Estates; they would not believe his protestations; vainly did he attempt to restrain the violence of his soldiery; they disregarded his orders. Persuaded that the Emperor's object was to annul the Letter of Majesty, the Protectors of Liberty armed the whole of Protestant Bohemia, and invited Matthias into the country. After the dispersion of the force he had collected at Passau, the Emperor remained helpless at Prague, where he was kept shut up like a prisoner in his palace, and separated from all his councillors. In the meantime,

Matthias entered Prague amidst universal rejoicings, where Rodolph was soon afterwards weak enough to acknowledge him King of Bohemia. So hard a fate befell this Emperor; he was compelled, during his life, to abdicate in favour of his enemy that very throne, of which he had been endeavouring to deprive him after his own death. To complete his degradation, he was obliged, by a personal act of renunciation, to release his subjects in Bohemia, Silesia, and Lusatia from their allegiance, and he did it with a broken heart. All, even those he thought he had most attached to his person, had abandoned him. When he had signed the instrument, he threw his hat upon the ground, and gnawed the pen which had rendered so shameful a service.

While Rodolph thus lost one hereditary dominion after another, the imperial dignity was not much better maintained by him. Each of the religious parties into which Germany was divided, continued its efforts to advance itself at the expense of the other, or to guard against its attacks. The weaker the hand that held the sceptre, and the more the Protestants and Roman Catholics felt they were left to themselves, the more vigilant necessarily became their watchfulness, and the greater their distrust of each other. It was enough that the Emperor was ruled by Jesuits, and was guided by Spanish counsels, to excite the apprehension of the Protestants, and to afford a pretext for hostility. The rash zeal of the Jesuits, which in the pulpit and by the press disputed the validity of the religious peace, increased this distrust, and caused their adversaries to see a dangerous design in the most indifferent measures of the Roman Catholics. Every step taken in the hereditary dominions of the Emperor, for the repression of the reformed religion, was sure to draw the attention of all the Protestants of Germany; and this powerful support which the reformed subjects of Austria met, or expected to meet with from their religious confederates in the rest of Germany, was no small cause of their confidence, and of the rapid success of Matthias. It was the general belief of the Empire, that they owed the long enjoyment of the religious peace merely to the difficulties in which the Emperor was placed by the internal troubles in his dominions, and consequently they were in no haste to relieve him from them.

Almost all the affairs of the Diet were neglected, either through the procrastination of the Emperor, or through the fault of the Protestant Estates, who had determined to make no provision for the common wants of the Empire till their own grievances were removed. These grievances related principally to the misgovernment of the Emperor; the violation of the religious treaty, and the presumptuous usurpations of the Aulic Council, which in the present reign had begun to extend its jurisdiction at the expense of the Imperial Chamber. Formerly, in all disputes between the Estates, which could not be settled by club law, the Emperors had in the last resort decided of themselves, if the case were

trifling, and in conjunction with the princes, if it were important; or they determined them by the advice of imperial judges who followed the court. This superior jurisdiction they had, in the end of the fifteenth century, assigned to a regular and permanent tribunal, the Imperial Chamber of Spires, in which the Estates of the Empire, that they might not be oppressed by the arbitrary appointment of the Emperor, had reserved to themselves the right of electing the assessors, and of periodically reviewing its decrees. By the religious peace, these rights of the Estates, (called the rights of presentation and visitation,) were extended also to the Lutherans, so that Protestant judges had a voice in Protestant causes, and a seeming equality obtained for both religions in this supreme tribunal.

But the enemies of the Reformation and of the freedom of the Estates, vigilant to take advantage of every incident that favoured their views, soon found means to neutralize the beneficial effects of this institution. A supreme jurisdiction over the Imperial States was gradually and skilfully usurped by a private imperial tribunal, the Aulic Council in Vienna, a court at first intended merely to advise the Emperor in the exercise of his undoubted, imperial, and personal prerogatives; a court, whose members being appointed and paid by him, had no law but the interest of their master, and no standard of equity but the advancement of the unreformed religion of which they were partisans. Before the Aulic Council were now brought several suits originating between Estates differing in religion, and which, therefore, properly belonged to the Imperial Chamber. It was not surprising if the decrees of this tribunal bore traces of their origin; if the interests of the Roman Church and of the Emperor were preferred to justice by Roman Catholic judges, and the creatures of the Emperor. Although all the Estates of Germany seemed to have equal cause for resisting so perilous an abuse, the Protestants alone, who most sensibly felt it, and even these not all at once and in a body, came forward as the defenders of German liberty, which the establishment of so arbitrary a tribunal had outraged in its most sacred point, the administration of justice. In fact, Germany would have had little cause to congratulate itself upon the abolition of club-law, and in the institution of the

Imperial Chamber, if an arbitrary tribunal of the Emperor was allowed to interfere with the latter. The Estates of the German Empire would indeed have improved little upon the days of barbarism, if the Chamber of Justice in which they sat along with the Emperor as judges, and for which they had abandoned their original princely prerogative, should cease to be a court of the last resort. But the strangest contradictions were at this date to be found in the minds of men. The name of Emperor, a remnant of Roman despotism, was still associated with an idea of autocracy, which, though it formed a ridiculous inconsistency with the privileges of the Estates, was nevertheless argued for by jurists, diffused by the partisans of despotism, and believed by the ignorant.

To these general grievances was gradually added a chain of singular incidents, which at length converted the anxiety of the Protestants into utter distrust. During the Spanish persecutions in the Netherlands, several Protestant families had taken refuge in Aix-la-Chapelle, an imperial city, and attached to the Roman Catholic faith, where they settled and insensibly extended their adherents. Having succeeded by stratagem in introducing some of their members into the municipal council, they demanded a church and the public exercise of their worship, and the demand being unfavourably received, they succeeded by violence in enforcing it, and also in usurping the entire government of the city. To see so important a city in Protestant hands was too heavy a blow for the Emperor and the Roman Catholics. After all the Emperor's requests and commands for the restoration of the olden government had proved ineffectual, the Aulic Council proclaimed the city under the ban of the Empire, which, however, was not put in force till the following reign.

Of yet greater importance were two other attempts of the Protestants to extend their influence and their power. The Elector Gebhard, of Cologne, (born Truchsess—[Grand-master of the kitchen.]—of Waldburg,) conceived for the young Countess Agnes, of Mansfield, Canoness of Gerresheim, a passion which was not unreturned. As the eyes of all Germany were directed to this intercourse, the brothers of the Countess, two zealous Calvinists, demanded satisfaction for

the injured honour of their house, which, as long as the elector remained a Roman Catholic prelate, could not be repaired by marriage. They threatened the elector they would wash out this stain in his blood and their sister's, unless he either abandoned all further connexion with the countess, or consented to re-establish her reputation at the altar. The elector, indifferent to all the consequences of this step, listened to nothing but the voice of love. Whether it was in consequence of his previous inclination to the reformed doctrines, or that the charms of his mistress alone effected this wonder, he renounced the Roman Catholic faith, and led the beautiful Agnes to the altar.

This event was of the greatest importance. By the letter of the clause reserving the ecclesiastical states from the general operation of the religious peace, the elector had, by his apostacy, forfeited all right to the temporalities of his bishopric; and if, in any case, it was important for the Catholics to enforce the clause, it was so especially in the case of electorates. On the other hand, the relinquishment of so high a dignity was a severe sacrifice, and peculiarly so in the case of a tender husband, who had wished to enhance the value of his heart and hand by the gift of a principality. Moreover, the *Reservatum Ecclesiasticum* was a disputed article of the treaty of Augsburg; and all the German Protestants were aware of the extreme importance of wresting this fourth electorate from the opponents of their faith.—[Saxony, Brandenburg, and the Palatinate were already Protestant.]—The example had already been set in several of the ecclesiastical benefices of Lower Germany, and attended with success. Several canons of Cologne had also already embraced the Protestant confession, and were on the elector's side, while, in the city itself, he could depend upon the support of a numerous Protestant party. All these considerations, greatly strengthened by the persuasions of his friends and relations, and the promises of several German courts, determined the elector to retain his dominions, while he changed his religion.

But it was soon apparent that he had entered upon a contest which he could not carry through. Even the free toleration of the Protestant service within the

territories of Cologne, had already occasioned a violent opposition on the part of the canons and Roman Catholic `Estates' of that province. The intervention of the Emperor, and a papal ban from Rome, which anathematized the elector as an apostate, and deprived him of all his dignities, temporal and spiritual, armed his own subjects and chapter against him. The Elector assembled a military force; the chapter did the same. To ensure also the aid of a strong arm, they proceeded forthwith to a new election, and chose the Bishop of Liege, a prince of Bavaria.

A civil war now commenced, which, from the strong interest which both religious parties in Germany necessarily felt in the conjuncture, was likely to terminate in a general breaking up of the religious peace. What most made the Protestants indignant, was that the Pope should have presumed, by a pretended apostolic power, to deprive a prince of the empire of his imperial dignities. Even in the golden days of their spiritual domination, this prerogative of the Pope had been disputed; how much more likely was it to be questioned at a period when his authority was entirely disowned by one party, while even with the other it rested on a tottering foundation. All the Protestant princes took up the affair warmly against the Emperor; and Henry IV. of France, then King of Navarre, left no means of negotiation untried to urge the German princes to the vigorous assertion of their rights. The issue would decide for ever the liberties of Germany. Four Protestant against three Roman Catholic voices in the Electoral College must at once have given the preponderance to the former, and for ever excluded the House of Austria from the imperial throne.

But the Elector Gebhard had embraced the Calvinist, not the Lutheran religion; and this circumstance alone was his ruin. The mutual rancour of these two churches would not permit the Lutheran Estates to regard the Elector as one of their party, and as such to lend him their effectual support. All indeed had encouraged, and promised him assistance; but only one appanaged prince of the Palatine House, the Palsgrave John Casimir, a zealous Calvinist, kept his word. Despite of the imperial prohibition, he hastened with his little army into the territories of Cologne; but without being able to effect any thing, because the

Electoral, who was destitute even of the first necessities, left him totally without help. So much the more rapid was the progress of the newly-chosen electoral, whom his Bavarian relations and the Spaniards from the Netherlands supported with the utmost vigour. The troops of Gebhard, left by their master without pay, abandoned one place after another to the enemy; by whom others were compelled to surrender. In his Westphalian territories, Gebhard held out for some time longer, till here, too, he was at last obliged to yield to superior force. After several vain attempts in Holland and England to obtain means for his restoration, he retired into the Chapter of Strasburg, and died dean of that cathedral; the first sacrifice to the Ecclesiastical Reservation, or rather to the want of harmony among the German Protestants.

To this dispute in Cologne was soon added another in Strasburg. Several Protestant canons of Cologne, who had been included in the same papal ban with the electoral, had taken refuge within this bishopric, where they likewise held prebends. As the Roman Catholic canons of Strasburg hesitated to allow them, as being under the ban, the enjoyment of their prebends, they took violent possession of their benefices, and the support of a powerful Protestant party among the citizens soon gave them the preponderance in the chapter. The other canons thereupon retired to Alsace-Saverne, where, under the protection of the bishop, they established themselves as the only lawful chapter, and denounced that which remained in Strasburg as illegal. The latter, in the meantime, had so strengthened themselves by the reception of several Protestant colleagues of high rank, that they could venture, upon the death of the bishop, to nominate a new Protestant bishop in the person of John George of Brandenburg. The Roman Catholic canons, far from allowing this election, nominated the Bishop of Metz, a prince of Lorraine, to that dignity, who announced his promotion by immediately commencing hostilities against the territories of Strasburg.

That city now took up arms in defence of its Protestant chapter and the Prince of Brandenburg, while the other party, with the assistance of the troops of Lorraine, endeavoured to possess themselves of the temporalities of the chapter.

A tedious war was the consequence, which, according to the spirit of the times, was attended with barbarous devastations. In vain did the Emperor interpose with his supreme authority to terminate the dispute; the ecclesiastical property remained for a long time divided between the two parties, till at last the Protestant prince, for a moderate pecuniary equivalent, renounced his claims; and thus, in this dispute also, the Roman Church came off victorious.

An occurrence which, soon after the adjustment of this dispute, took place in Donauwerth, a free city of Suabia, was still more critical for the whole of Protestant Germany. In this once Roman Catholic city, the Protestants, during the reigns of Ferdinand and his son, had, in the usual way, become so completely predominant, that the Roman Catholics were obliged to content themselves with a church in the Monastery of the Holy Cross, and for fear of offending the Protestants, were even forced to suppress the greater part of their religious rites. At length a fanatical abbot of this monastery ventured to defy the popular prejudices, and to arrange a public procession, preceded by the cross and banners flying; but he was soon compelled to desist from the attempt. When, a year afterwards, encouraged by a favourable imperial proclamation, the same abbot attempted to renew this procession, the citizens proceeded to open violence. The inhabitants shut the gates against the monks on their return, trampled their colours under foot, and followed them home with clamour and abuse. An imperial citation was the consequence of this act of violence; and as the exasperated populace even threatened to assault the imperial commissaries, and all attempts at an amicable adjustment were frustrated by the fanaticism of the multitude, the city was at last formally placed under the ban of the Empire, the execution of which was intrusted to Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria. The citizens, formerly so insolent, were seized with terror at the approach of the Bavarian army; pusillanimity now possessed them, though once so full of defiance, and they laid down their arms without striking a blow. The total abolition of the Protestant religion within the walls of the city was the punishment of their rebellion; it was deprived of its privileges, and, from a free city of Suabia, converted into a municipal town of Bavaria.

Two circumstances connected with this proceeding must have strongly excited the attention of the Protestants, even if the interests of religion had been less powerful on their minds. First of all, the sentence had been pronounced by the Aulic Council, an arbitrary and exclusively Roman Catholic tribunal, whose jurisdiction besides had been so warmly disputed by them; and secondly, its execution had been intrusted to the Duke of Bavaria, the head of another circle. These unconstitutional steps seemed to be the harbingers of further violent measures on the Roman Catholic side, the result, probably, of secret conferences and dangerous designs, which might perhaps end in the entire subversion of their religious liberty.

In circumstances where the law of force prevails, and security depends upon power alone, the weakest party is naturally the most busy to place itself in a posture of defence. This was now the case in Germany. If the Roman Catholics really meditated any evil against the Protestants in Germany, the probability was that the blow would fall on the south rather than the north, because, in Lower Germany, the Protestants were connected together through a long unbroken tract of country, and could therefore easily combine for their mutual support; while those in the south, detached from each other, and surrounded on all sides by Roman Catholic states, were exposed to every inroad. If, moreover, as was to be expected, the Catholics availed themselves of the divisions amongst the Protestants, and levelled their attack against one of the religious parties, it was the Calvinists who, as the weaker, and as being besides excluded from the religious treaty, were apparently in the greatest danger, and upon them would probably fall the first attack.

Both these circumstances took place in the dominions of the Elector Palatine, which possessed, in the Duke of Bavaria, a formidable neighbour, and which, by reason of their defection to Calvinism, received no protection from the Religious Peace, and had little hope of succour from the Lutheran states. No country in Germany had experienced so many revolutions in religion in so short a time as the Palatinate. In the space of sixty years this country, an unfortunate toy in the

hands of its rulers, had twice adopted the doctrines of Luther, and twice relinquished them for Calvinism. The Elector Frederick III. first abandoned the confession of Augsburg, which his eldest son and successor, Lewis, immediately re-established. The Calvinists throughout the whole country were deprived of their churches, their preachers and even their teachers banished beyond the frontiers; while the prince, in his Lutheran zeal, persecuted them even in his will, by appointing none but strict and orthodox Lutherans as the guardians of his son, a minor. But this illegal testament was disregarded by his brother the Count Palatine, John Casimir, who, by the regulations of the Golden Bull, assumed the guardianship and administration of the state. Calvinistic teachers were given to the Elector Frederick IV., then only nine years of age, who were ordered, if necessary, to drive the Lutheran heresy out of the soul of their pupil with blows. If such was the treatment of the sovereign, that of the subjects may be easily conceived.

It was under this Frederick that the Palatine Court exerted itself so vigorously to unite the Protestant states of Germany in joint measures against the House of Austria, and, if possible, bring about the formation of a general confederacy. Besides that this court had always been guided by the counsels of France, with whom hatred of the House of Austria was the ruling principle, a regard for his own safety urged him to secure in time the doubtful assistance of the Lutherans against a near and overwhelming enemy. Great difficulties, however, opposed this union, because the Lutherans' dislike of the Reformed was scarcely less than the common aversion of both to the Romanists. An attempt was first made to reconcile the two professions, in order to facilitate a political union; but all these attempts failed, and generally ended in both parties adhering the more strongly to their respective opinions. Nothing then remained but to increase the fear and the distrust of the Evangelicals, and in this way to impress upon them the necessity of this alliance. The power of the Roman Catholics and the magnitude of the danger were exaggerated, accidental incidents were ascribed to deliberate plans, innocent actions misrepresented by invidious constructions, and the whole conduct of the professors of the olden religion was interpreted as the result of a

well-weighed and systematic plan, which, in all probability, they were very far from having concerted.

The Diet of Ratisbon, to which the Protestants had looked forward with the hope of obtaining a renewal of the Religious Peace, had broken up without coming to a decision, and to the former grievances of the Protestant party was now added the late oppression of Donauwerth. With incredible speed, the union, so long attempted, was now brought to bear. A conference took place at Anhausen, in Franconia, at which were present the Elector Frederick IV., from the Palatinate, the Palsgrave of Neuburg, two Margraves of Brandenburg, the Margrave of Baden, and the Duke John Frederick of Wirtemberg,—Lutherans as well as Calvinists,— who for themselves and their heirs entered into a close confederacy under the title of the Evangelical Union. The purport of this union was, that the allied princes should, in all matters relating to religion and their civil rights, support each other with arms and counsel against every aggressor, and should all stand as one man; that in case any member of the alliance should be attacked, he should be assisted by the rest with an armed force; that, if necessary, the territories, towns, and castles of the allied states should be open to his troops; and that, whatever conquests were made, should be divided among all the confederates, in proportion to the contingent furnished by each.

The direction of the whole confederacy in time of peace was conferred upon the Elector Palatine, but with a limited power. To meet the necessary expenses, subsidies were demanded, and a common fund established. Differences of religion (betwixt the Lutherans and the Calvinists) were to have no effect on this alliance, which was to subsist for ten years, every member of the union engaged at the same time to procure new members to it. The Electorate of Brandenburg adopted the alliance, that of Saxony rejected it. Hesse-Cassel could not be prevailed upon to declare itself, the Dukes of Brunswick and Luneburg also hesitated. But the three cities of the Empire, Strasburg, Nuremburg, and Ulm, were no unimportant acquisition for the league, which was in great want of their money, while their example, besides, might be followed by other imperial cities.

After the formation of this alliance, the confederate states, dispirited, and singly, little feared, adopted a bolder language. Through Prince Christian of Anhalt, they laid their common grievances and demands before the Emperor; among which the principal were the restoration of Donauwerth, the abolition of the Imperial Court, the reformation of the Emperor's own administration and that of his counsellors. For these remonstrances, they chose the moment when the Emperor had scarcely recovered breath from the troubles in his hereditary dominions,—when he had lost Hungary and Austria to Matthias, and had barely preserved his Bohemian throne by the concession of the Letter of Majesty, and finally, when through the succession of Juliers he was already threatened with the distant prospect of a new war. No wonder, then, that this dilatory prince was more irresolute than ever in his decision, and that the confederates took up arms before he could bethink himself.

The Roman Catholics regarded this confederacy with a jealous eye; the Union viewed them and the Emperor with the like distrust; the Emperor was equally suspicious of both; and thus, on all sides, alarm and animosity had reached their climax. And, as if to crown the whole, at this critical conjuncture by the death of the Duke John William of Juliers, a highly disputable succession became vacant in the territories of Juliers and Cleves.

Eight competitors laid claim to this territory, the indivisibility of which had been guaranteed by solemn treaties; and the Emperor, who seemed disposed to enter upon it as a vacant fief, might be considered as the ninth. Four of these, the Elector of Brandenburg, the Count Palatine of Neuburg, the Count Palatine of Deux Ponts, and the Margrave of Burgau, an Austrian prince, claimed it as a female fief in name of four princesses, sisters of the late duke. Two others, the Elector of Saxony, of the line of Albert, and the Duke of Saxony, of the line of Ernest, laid claim to it under a prior right of reversion granted to them by the Emperor Frederick III., and confirmed to both Saxon houses by Maximilian I. The pretensions of some foreign princes were little regarded. The best right was perhaps on the side of Brandenburg and Neuburg, and between the claims of

these two it was not easy to decide. Both courts, as soon as the succession was vacant, proceeded to take possession; Brandenburg beginning, and Neuburg following the example. Both commenced their dispute with the pen, and would probably have ended it with the sword; but the interference of the Emperor, by proceeding to bring the cause before his own cognizance, and, during the progress of the suit, sequestrating the disputed countries, soon brought the contending parties to an agreement, in order to avert the common danger. They agreed to govern the duchy conjointly. In vain did the Emperor prohibit the Estates from doing homage to their new masters; in vain did he send his own relation, the Archduke Leopold, Bishop of Passau and Strasburg, into the territory of Juliers, in order, by his presence, to strengthen the imperial party. The whole country, with the exception of Juliers itself, had submitted to the Protestant princes, and in that capital the imperialists were besieged.

The dispute about the succession of Juliers was an important one to the whole German empire, and also attracted the attention of several European courts. It was not so much the question, who was or was not to possess the Duchy of Juliers;—the real question was, which of the two religious parties in Germany, the Roman Catholic or the Protestant, was to be strengthened by so important an accession—for which of the two RELIGIONS this territory was to be lost or won. The question in short was, whether Austria was to be allowed to persevere in her usurpations, and to gratify her lust of dominion by another robbery; or whether the liberties of Germany, and the balance of power, were to be maintained against her encroachments. The disputed succession of Juliers, therefore, was matter which interested all who were favourable to liberty, and hostile to Austria. The Evangelical Union, Holland, England, and particularly Henry IV. of France, were drawn into the strife.

This monarch, the flower of whose life had been spent in opposing the House of Austria and Spain, and by persevering heroism alone had surmounted the obstacles which this house had thrown between him and the French throne, had been no idle spectator of the troubles in Germany. This contest of the Estates

with the Emperor was the means of giving and securing peace to France. The Protestants and the Turks were the two salutary weights which kept down the Austrian power in the East and West; but it would rise again in all its terrors, if once it were allowed to remove this pressure. Henry the Fourth had before his eyes for half a lifetime, the uninterrupted spectacle of Austrian ambition and Austrian lust of dominion, which neither adversity nor poverty of talents, though generally they check all human passions, could extinguish in a bosom wherein flowed one drop of the blood of Ferdinand of Arragon. Austrian ambition had destroyed for a century the peace of Europe, and effected the most violent changes in the heart of its most considerable states. It had deprived the fields of husbandmen, the workshops of artisans, to fill the land with enormous armies, and to cover the commercial sea with hostile fleets. It had imposed upon the princes of Europe the necessity of fettering the industry of their subjects by unheard-of imposts; and of wasting in self-defence the best strength of their states, which was thus lost to the prosperity of their inhabitants. For Europe there was no peace, for its states no welfare, for the people's happiness no security or permanence, so long as this dangerous house was permitted to disturb at pleasure the repose of the world.

Such considerations clouded the mind of Henry at the close of his glorious career. What had it not cost him to reduce to order the troubled chaos into which France had been plunged by the tumult of civil war, fomented and supported by this very Austria! Every great mind labours for eternity; and what security had Henry for the endurance of that prosperity which he had gained for France, so long as Austria and Spain formed a single power, which did indeed lie exhausted for the present, but which required only one lucky chance to be speedily reunited, and to spring up again as formidable as ever. If he would bequeath to his successors a firmly established throne, and a durable prosperity to his subjects, this dangerous power must be for ever disarmed. This was the source of that irreconcilable enmity which Henry had sworn to the House of Austria, a hatred unextinguishable, ardent, and well-founded as that of Hannibal against the people of Romulus, but ennobled by a purer origin.

The other European powers had the same inducements to action as Henry, but all of them had not that enlightened policy, nor that disinterested courage to act upon the impulse. All men, without distinction, are allured by immediate advantages; great minds alone are excited by distant good. So long as wisdom in its projects calculates upon wisdom, or relies upon its own strength, it forms none but chimerical schemes, and runs a risk of making itself the laughter of the world; but it is certain of success, and may reckon upon aid and admiration when it finds a place in its intellectual plans for barbarism, rapacity, and superstition, and can render the selfish passions of mankind the executors of its purposes.

In the first point of view, Henry's well-known project of expelling the House of Austria from all its possessions, and dividing the spoil among the European powers, deserves the title of a chimera, which men have so liberally bestowed upon it; but did it merit that appellation in the second? It had never entered into the head of that excellent monarch, in the choice of those who must be the instruments of his designs, to reckon on the sufficiency of such motives as animated himself and Sully to the enterprise. All the states whose co-operation was necessary, were to be persuaded to the work by the strongest motives that can set a political power in action. From the Protestants in Germany nothing more was required than that which, on other grounds, had been long their object,—their throwing off the Austrian yoke; from the Flemings, a similar revolt from the Spaniards. To the Pope and all the Italian republics no inducement could be more powerful than the hope of driving the Spaniards for ever from their peninsula; for England, nothing more desirable than a revolution which should free it from its bitterest enemy. By this division of the Austrian conquests, every power gained either land or freedom, new possessions or security for the old; and as all gained, the balance of power remained undisturbed. France might magnanimously decline a share in the spoil, because by the ruin of Austria it doubly profited, and was most powerful if it did not become more powerful. Finally, upon condition of ridding Europe of their presence, the posterity of Hapsburg were to be allowed the liberty of augmenting her territories in all the other known or yet undiscovered portions of the globe. But the dagger of

Ravaillac delivered Austria from her danger, to postpone for some centuries longer the tranquillity of Europe.

With his view directed to this project, Henry felt the necessity of taking a prompt and active part in the important events of the Evangelical Union, and the disputed succession of Juliers. His emissaries were busy in all the courts of Germany, and the little which they published or allowed to escape of the great political secrets of their master, was sufficient to win over minds inflamed by so ardent a hatred to Austria, and by so strong a desire of aggrandizement. The prudent policy of Henry cemented the Union still more closely, and the powerful aid which he bound himself to furnish, raised the courage of the confederates into the firmest confidence. A numerous French army, led by the king in person, was to meet the troops of the Union on the banks of the Rhine, and to assist in effecting the conquest of Juliers and Cleves; then, in conjunction with the Germans, it was to march into Italy, (where Savoy, Venice, and the Pope were even now ready with a powerful reinforcement,) and to overthrow the Spanish dominion in that quarter. This victorious army was then to penetrate by Lombardy into the hereditary dominions of Hapsburg; and there, favoured by a general insurrection of the Protestants, destroy the power of Austria in all its German territories, in Bohemia, Hungary, and Transylvania. The Brabanters and Hollanders, supported by French auxiliaries, would in the meantime shake off the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands; and thus the mighty stream which, only a short time before, had so fearfully overflowed its banks, threatening to overwhelm in its troubled waters the liberties of Europe, would then roll silent and forgotten behind the Pyrenean mountains.

At other times, the French had boasted of their rapidity of action, but upon this occasion they were outstripped by the Germans. An army of the confederates entered Alsace before Henry made his appearance there, and an Austrian army, which the Bishop of Strasburg and Passau had assembled in that quarter for an expedition against Juliers, was dispersed. Henry IV. had formed his plan as a statesman and a king, but he had intrusted its execution to plunderers. According

to his design, no Roman Catholic state was to have cause to think this preparation aimed against itself, or to make the quarrel of Austria its own. Religion was in nowise to be mixed up with the matter. But how could the German princes forget their own purposes in furthering the plans of Henry? Actuated as they were by the desire of aggrandizement and by religious hatred, was it to be supposed that they would not gratify, in every passing opportunity, their ruling passions to the utmost? Like vultures, they stooped upon the territories of the ecclesiastical princes, and always chose those rich countries for their quarters, though to reach them they must make ever so wide a detour from their direct route. They levied contributions as in an enemy's country, seized upon the revenues, and exacted, by violence, what they could not obtain of free-will. Not to leave the Roman Catholics in doubt as to the true objects of their expedition, they announced, openly and intelligibly enough, the fate that awaited the property of the church. So little had Henry IV. and the German princes understood each other in their plan of operations, so much had the excellent king been mistaken in his instruments. It is an unfailing maxim, that, if policy enjoins an act of violence, its execution ought never to be entrusted to the violent; and that he only ought to be trusted with the violation of order by whom order is held sacred.

Both the past conduct of the Union, which was condemned even by several of the evangelical states, and the apprehension of even worse treatment, aroused the Roman Catholics to something beyond mere inactive indignation. As to the Emperor, his authority had sunk too low to afford them any security against such an enemy. It was their Union that rendered the confederates so formidable and so insolent; and another union must now be opposed to them.

The Bishop of Wurtzburg formed the plan of the Catholic union, which was distinguished from the evangelical by the title of the League. The objects agreed upon were nearly the same as those which constituted the groundwork of the Union. Bishops formed its principal members, and at its head was placed Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria. As the only influential secular member of the

confederacy, he was entrusted with far more extensive powers than the Protestants had committed to their chief. In addition to the duke's being the sole head of the League's military power, whereby their operations acquired a speed and weight unattainable by the Union, they had also the advantage that supplies flowed in much more regularly from the rich prelates, than the latter could obtain them from the poor evangelical states. Without offering to the Emperor, as the sovereign of a Roman Catholic state, any share in their confederacy, without even communicating its existence to him as emperor, the League arose at once formidable and threatening; with strength sufficient to crush the Protestant Union and to maintain itself under three emperors. It contended, indeed, for Austria, in so far as it fought against the Protestant princes; but Austria herself had soon cause to tremble before it.

The arms of the Union had, in the meantime, been tolerably successful in Juliers and in Alsace; Juliers was closely blockaded, and the whole bishopric of Strasburg was in their power. But here their splendid achievements came to an end. No French army appeared upon the Rhine; for he who was to be its leader, he who was the animating soul of the whole enterprize, Henry IV., was no more! Their supplies were on the wane; the Estates refused to grant new subsidies; and the confederate free cities were offended that their money should be liberally, but their advice so sparingly called for. Especially were they displeased at being put to expense for the expedition against Juliers, which had been expressly excluded from the affairs of the Union—at the united princes appropriating to themselves large pensions out of the common treasure—and, above all, at their refusing to give any account of its expenditure.

The Union was thus verging to its fall, at the moment when the League started to oppose it in the vigour of its strength. Want of supplies disabled the confederates from any longer keeping the field. And yet it was dangerous to lay down their weapons in the sight of an armed enemy. To secure themselves at least on one side, they hastened to conclude a peace with their old enemy, the Archduke Leopold; and both parties agreed to withdraw their troops from

Alsace, to exchange prisoners, and to bury all that had been done in oblivion. Thus ended in nothing all these promising preparations.

The same imperious tone with which the Union, in the confidence of its strength, had menaced the Roman Catholics of Germany, was now retorted by the League upon themselves and their troops. The traces of their march were pointed out to them, and plainly branded with the hard epithets they had deserved. The chapters of Wurtzburg, Bamberg, Strasburg, Mentz, Treves, Cologne, and several others, had experienced their destructive presence; to all these the damage done was to be made good, the free passage by land and by water restored, (for the Protestants had even seized on the navigation of the Rhine,) and everything replaced on its former footing. Above all, the parties to the Union were called on to declare expressly and unequivocally its intentions. It was now their turn to yield to superior strength. They had not calculated on so formidable an opponent; but they themselves had taught the Roman Catholics the secret of their strength. It was humiliating to their pride to sue for peace, but they might think themselves fortunate in obtaining it. The one party promised restitution, the other forgiveness. All laid down their arms. The storm of war once more rolled by, and a temporary calm succeeded. The insurrection in Bohemia then broke out, which deprived the Emperor of the last of his hereditary dominions, but in this dispute neither the Union nor the League took any share.

At length the Emperor died in 1612, as little regretted in his coffin as noticed on the throne. Long afterwards, when the miseries of succeeding reigns had made the misfortunes of his reign forgotten, a halo spread about his memory, and so fearful a night set in upon Germany, that, with tears of blood, people prayed for the return of such an emperor.

Rodolph never could be prevailed upon to choose a successor in the empire, and all awaited with anxiety the approaching vacancy of the throne; but, beyond all hope, Matthias at once ascended it, and without opposition. The Roman Catholics gave him their voices, because they hoped the best from his vigour and

activity; the Protestants gave him theirs, because they hoped every thing from his weakness. It is not difficult to reconcile this contradiction. The one relied on what he had once appeared; the other judged him by what he seemed at present.

The moment of a new accession is always a day of hope; and the first Diet of a king in elective monarchies is usually his severest trial. Every old grievance is brought forward, and new ones are sought out, that they may be included in the expected reform; quite a new world is expected to commence with the new reign. The important services which, in his insurrection, their religious confederates in Austria had rendered to Matthias, were still fresh in the minds of the Protestant free cities, and, above all, the price which they had exacted for their services seemed now to serve them also as a model.

It was by the favour of the Protestant Estates in Austria and Moravia that Matthias had sought and really found the way to his brother's throne; but, hurried on by his ambitious views, he never reflected that a way was thus opened for the States to give laws to their sovereign. This discovery soon awoke him from the intoxication of success. Scarcely had he shown himself in triumph to his Austrian subjects, after his victorious expedition to Bohemia, when a humble petition awaited him which was quite sufficient to poison his whole triumph. They required, before doing homage, unlimited religious toleration in the cities and market towns, perfect equality of rights between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and a full and equal admissibility of the latter to all offices of state. In several places, they of themselves assumed these privileges, and, reckoning on a change of administration, restored the Protestant religion where the late Emperor had suppressed it. Matthias, it is true, had not scrupled to make use of the grievances of the Protestants for his own ends against the Emperor; but it was far from being his intention to relieve them. By a firm and resolute tone he hoped to check, at once, these presumptuous demands. He spoke of his hereditary title to these territories, and would hear of no stipulations before the act of homage. A like unconditional submission had been rendered by their neighbours, the inhabitants of Styria, to the Archduke Ferdinand, who, however,

had soon reason to repent of it. Warned by this example, the Austrian States persisted in their refusal; and, to avoid being compelled by force to do homage, their deputies (after urging their Roman Catholic colleagues to a similar resistance) immediately left the capital, and began to levy troops.

They took steps to renew their old alliance with Hungary, drew the Protestant princes into their interests, and set themselves seriously to work to accomplish their object by force of arms.

With the more exorbitant demands of the Hungarians Matthias had not hesitated to comply. For Hungary was an elective monarchy, and the republican constitution of the country justified to himself their demands, and to the Roman Catholic world his concessions. In Austria, on the contrary, his predecessors had exercised far higher prerogatives, which he could not relinquish at the demand of the Estates without incurring the scorn of Roman Catholic Europe, the enmity of Spain and Rome, and the contempt of his own Roman Catholic subjects. His exclusively Romish council, among which the Bishop of Vienna, Melchio Kiesel, had the chief influence, exhorted him to see all the churches extorted from him by the Protestants, rather than to concede one to them as a matter of right.

But by ill luck this difficulty occurred at a time when the Emperor Rodolph was yet alive, and a spectator of this scene, and who might easily have been tempted to employ against his brother the same weapons which the latter had successfully directed against him—namely, an understanding with his rebellious subjects. To avoid this blow, Matthias willingly availed himself of the offer made by Moravia, to act as mediator between him and the Estates of Austria. Representatives of both parties met in Vienna, when the Austrian deputies held language which would have excited surprise even in the English Parliament. "The Protestants," they said, "are determined to be not worse treated in their native country than the handful of Romanists. By the help of his Protestant nobles had Matthias reduced the Emperor to submission; where 80 Papists were to be found, 300 Protestant barons might be counted. The example of Rodolph

should be a warning to Matthias. He should take care that he did not lose the terrestrial, in attempting to make conquests for the celestial." As the Moravian States, instead of using their powers as mediators for the Emperor's advantage, finally adopted the cause of their co-religionists of Austria; as the Union in Germany came forward to afford them its most active support, and as Matthias dreaded reprisals on the part of the Emperor, he was at length compelled to make the desired declaration in favour of the Evangelical Church.

This behaviour of the Austrian Estates towards their Archduke was now imitated by the Protestant Estates of the Empire towards their Emperor, and they promised themselves the same favourable results. At his first Diet at Ratisbon in 1613, when the most pressing affairs were waiting for decision—when a general contribution was indispensable for a war against Turkey, and against Bethlem Gabor in Transylvania, who by Turkish aid had forcibly usurped the sovereignty of that land, and even threatened Hungary—they surprised him with an entirely new demand. The Roman Catholic votes were still the most numerous in the Diet; and as every thing was decided by a plurality of voices, the Protestant party, however closely united, were entirely without consideration. The advantage of this majority the Roman Catholics were now called on to relinquish; henceforward no one religious party was to be permitted to dictate to the other by means of its invariable superiority. And in truth, if the evangelical religion was really to be represented in the Diet, it was self-evident that it must not be shut out from the possibility of making use of that privilege, merely from the constitution of the Diet itself. Complaints of the judicial usurpations of the Aulic Council, and of the oppression of the Protestants, accompanied this demand, and the deputies of the Estates were instructed to take no part in any general deliberations till a favourable answer should be given on this preliminary point.

The Diet was torn asunder by this dangerous division, which threatened to destroy for ever the unity of its deliberations. Sincerely as the Emperor might have wished, after the example of his father Maximilian, to preserve a prudent

balance between the two religions, the present conduct of the Protestants seemed to leave him nothing but a critical choice between the two. In his present necessities a general contribution from the Estates was indispensable to him; and yet he could not conciliate the one party without sacrificing the support of the other. Insecure as he felt his situation to be in his own hereditary dominions, he could not but tremble at the idea, however remote, of an open war with the Protestants. But the eyes of the whole Roman Catholic world, which were attentively regarding his conduct, the remonstrances of the Roman Catholic Estates, and of the Courts of Rome and Spain, as little permitted him to favour the Protestant at the expense of the Romish religion.

So critical a situation would have paralysed a greater mind than Matthias; and his own prudence would scarcely have extricated him from his dilemma. But the interests of the Roman Catholics were closely interwoven with the imperial authority; if they suffered this to fall, the ecclesiastical princes in particular would be without a bulwark against the attacks of the Protestants. Now, then, that they saw the Emperor wavering, they thought it high time to reassure his sinking courage. They imparted to him the secret of their League, and acquainted him with its whole constitution, resources and power. Little comforting as such a revelation must have been to the Emperor, the prospect of so powerful a support gave him greater boldness to oppose the Protestants. Their demands were rejected, and the Diet broke up without coming to a decision. But Matthias was the victim of this dispute. The Protestants refused him their supplies, and made him alone suffer for the inflexibility of the Roman Catholics.

The Turks, however, appeared willing to prolong the cessation of hostilities, and Bethlem Gabor was left in peaceable possession of Transylvania. The empire was now free from foreign enemies; and even at home, in the midst of all these fearful disputes, peace still reigned. An unexpected accident had given a singular turn to the dispute as to the succession of Juliers. This duchy was still ruled conjointly by the Electoral House of Brandenburg and the Palatine of Neuburg; and a marriage between the Prince of Neuburg and a Princess of

Brandenburg was to have inseparably united the interests of the two houses. But the whole scheme was upset by a box on the ear, which, in a drunken brawl, the Elector of Brandenburg unfortunately inflicted upon his intended son-in-law. From this moment the good understanding between the two houses was at an end. The Prince of Neuburg embraced popery. The hand of a princess of Bavaria rewarded his apostacy, and the strong support of Bavaria and Spain was the natural result of both. To secure to the Palatine the exclusive possession of Juliers, the Spanish troops from the Netherlands were marched into the Palatinate. To rid himself of these guests, the Elector of Brandenburg called the Flemings to his assistance, whom he sought to propitiate by embracing the Calvinist religion. Both Spanish and Dutch armies appeared, but, as it seemed, only to make conquests for themselves.

The neighbouring war of the Netherlands seemed now about to be decided on German ground; and what an inexhaustible mine of combustibles lay here ready for it! The Protestants saw with consternation the Spaniards establishing themselves upon the Lower Rhine; with still greater anxiety did the Roman Catholics see the Hollanders bursting through the frontiers of the empire. It was in the west that the mine was expected to explode which had long been dug under the whole of Germany. To the west, apprehension and anxiety turned; but the spark which kindled the flame came unexpectedly from the east.

The tranquillity which Rodolph II.'s 'Letter of Majesty' had established in Bohemia lasted for some time, under the administration of Matthias, till the nomination of a new heir to this kingdom in the person of Ferdinand of Gratz.

This prince, whom we shall afterwards become better acquainted with under the title of Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, had, by the violent extirpation of the Protestant religion within his hereditary dominions, announced himself as an inexorable zealot for popery, and was consequently looked upon by the Roman Catholic part of Bohemia as the future pillar of their church. The declining health of the Emperor brought on this hour rapidly; and, relying on so powerful a supporter, the Bohemian Papists began to treat the Protestants with little

moderation. The Protestant vassals of Roman Catholic nobles, in particular, experienced the harshest treatment. At length several of the former were incautious enough to speak somewhat loudly of their hopes, and by threatening hints to awaken among the Protestants a suspicion of their future sovereign. But this mistrust would never have broken out into actual violence, had the Roman Catholics confined themselves to general expressions, and not by attacks on individuals furnished the discontent of the people with enterprising leaders.

Henry Matthias, Count Thurn, not a native of Bohemia, but proprietor of some estates in that kingdom, had, by his zeal for the Protestant cause, and an enthusiastic attachment to his newly adopted country, gained the entire confidence of the Utraquists, which opened him the way to the most important posts. He had fought with great glory against the Turks, and won by a flattering address the hearts of the multitude. Of a hot and impetuous disposition, which loved tumult because his talents shone in it—rash and thoughtless enough to undertake things which cold prudence and a calmer temper would not have ventured upon—unscrupulous enough, where the gratification of his passions was concerned, to sport with the fate of thousands, and at the same time politic enough to hold in leading-strings such a people as the Bohemians then were. He had already taken an active part in the troubles under Rodolph's administration; and the Letter of Majesty which the States had extorted from that Emperor, was chiefly to be laid to his merit. The court had intrusted to him, as burgrave or castellan of Calstein, the custody of the Bohemian crown, and of the national charter. But the nation had placed in his hands something far more important—ITSELF—with the office of defender or protector of the faith. The aristocracy by which the Emperor was ruled, imprudently deprived him of this harmless guardianship of the dead, to leave him his full influence over the living. They took from him his office of burgrave, or constable of the castle, which had rendered him dependent on the court, thereby opening his eyes to the importance of the other which remained, and wounded his vanity, which yet was the thing that made his ambition harmless. From this moment he was actuated solely by a desire of revenge; and the opportunity of gratifying it was not long wanting.

In the Royal Letter which the Bohemians had extorted from Rodolph II., as well as in the German religious treaty, one material article remained undetermined. All the privileges granted by the latter to the Protestants, were conceived in favour of the Estates or governing bodies, not of the subjects; for only to those of the ecclesiastical states had a toleration, and that precarious, been conceded. The Bohemian Letter of Majesty, in the same manner, spoke only of the Estates and imperial towns, the magistrates of which had contrived to obtain equal privileges with the former. These alone were free to erect churches and schools, and openly to celebrate their Protestant worship; in all other towns, it was left entirely to the government to which they belonged, to determine the religion of the inhabitants. The Estates of the Empire had availed themselves of this privilege in its fullest extent; the secular indeed without opposition; while the ecclesiastical, in whose case the declaration of Ferdinand had limited this privilege, disputed, not without reason, the validity of that limitation. What was a disputed point in the religious treaty, was left still more doubtful in the Letter of Majesty; in the former, the construction was not doubtful, but it was a question how far obedience might be compulsory; in the latter, the interpretation was left to the states. The subjects of the ecclesiastical Estates in Bohemia thought themselves entitled to the same rights which the declaration of Ferdinand secured to the subjects of German bishops, they considered themselves on an equality with the subjects of imperial towns, because they looked upon the ecclesiastical property as part of the royal demesnes. In the little town of Klostergrab, subject to the Archbishop of Prague; and in Braunau, which belonged to the abbot of that monastery, churches were founded by the Protestants, and completed notwithstanding the opposition of their superiors, and the disapprobation of the Emperor.

In the meantime, the vigilance of the defenders had somewhat relaxed, and the court thought it might venture on a decisive step. By the Emperor's orders, the church at Klostergrab was pulled down; that at Braunau forcibly shut up, and the most turbulent of the citizens thrown into prison. A general commotion among the Protestants was the consequence of this measure; a loud outcry was

everywhere raised at this violation of the Letter of Majesty; and Count Thurn, animated by revenge, and particularly called upon by his office of defender, showed himself not a little busy in inflaming the minds of the people. At his instigation deputies were summoned to Prague from every circle in the empire, to concert the necessary measures against the common danger. It was resolved to petition the Emperor to press for the liberation of the prisoners. The answer of the Emperor, already offensive to the states, from its being addressed, not to them, but to his viceroy, denounced their conduct as illegal and rebellious, justified what had been done at Klostergrab and Braunau as the result of an imperial mandate, and contained some passages that might be construed into threats.

Count Thurn did not fail to augment the unfavourable impression which this imperial edict made upon the assembled Estates. He pointed out to them the danger in which all who had signed the petition were involved, and sought by working on their resentment and fears to hurry them into violent resolutions. To have caused their immediate revolt against the Emperor, would have been, as yet, too bold a measure. It was only step by step that he would lead them on to this unavoidable result. He held it, therefore, advisable first to direct their indignation against the Emperor's counsellors; and for that purpose circulated a report, that the imperial proclamation had been drawn up by the government at Prague, and only signed in Vienna. Among the imperial delegates, the chief objects of the popular hatred, were the President of the Chamber, Slawata, and Baron Martinitz, who had been elected in place of Count Thurn, Burgrave of Calstein. Both had long before evinced pretty openly their hostile feelings towards the Protestants, by alone refusing to be present at the sitting at which the Letter of Majesty had been inserted in the Bohemian constitution. A threat was made at the time to make them responsible for every violation of the Letter of Majesty; and from this moment, whatever evil befell the Protestants was set down, and not without reason, to their account. Of all the Roman Catholic nobles, these two had treated their Protestant vassals with the greatest harshness. They were accused of hunting them with dogs to the mass, and of endeavouring

to drive them to popery by a denial of the rites of baptism, marriage, and burial. Against two characters so unpopular the public indignation was easily excited, and they were marked out for a sacrifice to the general indignation.

On the 23rd of May, 1618, the deputies appeared armed, and in great numbers, at the royal palace, and forced their way into the hall where the Commissioners Sternberg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slawata were assembled. In a threatening tone they demanded to know from each of them, whether he had taken any part, or had consented to, the imperial proclamation. Sternberg received them with composure, Martinitz and Slawata with defiance. This decided their fate; Sternberg and Lobkowitz, less hated, and more feared, were led by the arm out of the room; Martinitz and Slawata were seized, dragged to a window, and precipitated from a height of eighty feet, into the castle trench. Their creature, the secretary Fabricius, was thrown after them. This singular mode of execution naturally excited the surprise of civilized nations. The Bohemians justified it as a national custom, and saw nothing remarkable in the whole affair, excepting that any one should have got up again safe and sound after such a fall. A dunghill, on which the imperial commissioners chanced to be deposited, had saved them from injury.

It was not to be expected that this summary mode of proceeding would much increase the favour of the parties with the Emperor, but this was the very position to which Count Thurn wished to bring them. If, from the fear of uncertain danger, they had permitted themselves such an act of violence, the certain expectation of punishment, and the now urgent necessity of making themselves secure, would plunge them still deeper into guilt. By this brutal act of self-redress, no room was left for irresolution or repentance, and it seemed as if a single crime could be absolved only by a series of violences. As the deed itself could not be undone, nothing was left but to disarm the hand of punishment. Thirty directors were appointed to organise a regular insurrection. They seized upon all the offices of state, and all the imperial revenues, took into their own service the royal functionaries and the soldiers, and summoned the whole

Bohemian nation to avenge the common cause. The Jesuits, whom the common hatred accused as the instigators of every previous oppression, were banished the kingdom, and this harsh measure the Estates found it necessary to justify in a formal manifesto. These various steps were taken for the preservation of the royal authority and the laws—the language of all rebels till fortune has decided in their favour.

The emotion which the news of the Bohemian insurrection excited at the imperial court, was much less lively than such intelligence deserved. The Emperor Matthias was no longer the resolute spirit that formerly sought out his king and master in the very bosom of his people, and hurled him from three thrones. The confidence and courage which had animated him in an usurpation, deserted him in a legitimate self-defence. The Bohemian rebels had first taken up arms, and the nature of circumstances drove him to join them. But he could not hope to confine such a war to Bohemia. In all the territories under his dominion, the Protestants were united by a dangerous sympathy—the common danger of their religion might suddenly combine them all into a formidable republic. What could he oppose to such an enemy, if the Protestant portion of his subjects deserted him? And would not both parties exhaust themselves in so ruinous a civil war? How much was at stake if he lost; and if he won, whom else would he destroy but his own subjects?

Considerations such as these inclined the Emperor and his council to concessions and pacific measures, but it was in this very spirit of concession that, as others would have it, lay the origin of the evil. The Archduke Ferdinand of Gratz congratulated the Emperor upon an event, which would justify in the eyes of all Europe the severest measures against the Bohemian Protestants. "Disobedience, lawlessness, and insurrection," he said, "went always hand-in-hand with Protestantism. Every privilege which had been conceded to the Estates by himself and his predecessor, had had no other effect than to raise their demands. All the measures of the heretics were aimed against the imperial authority. Step by step had they advanced from defiance to defiance up to this

last aggression; in a short time they would assail all that remained to be assailed, in the person of the Emperor. In arms alone was there any safety against such an enemy—peace and subordination could be only established upon the ruins of their dangerous privileges; security for the Catholic belief was to be found only in the total destruction of this sect. Uncertain, it was true, might be the event of the war, but inevitable was the ruin if it were pretermitted. The confiscation of the lands of the rebels would richly indemnify them for its expenses, while the terror of punishment would teach the other states the wisdom of a prompt obedience in future." Were the Bohemian Protestants to blame, if they armed themselves in time against the enforcement of such maxims? The insurrection in Bohemia, besides, was directed only against the successor of the Emperor, not against himself, who had done nothing to justify the alarm of the Protestants. To exclude this prince from the Bohemian throne, arms had before been taken up under Matthias, though as long as this Emperor lived, his subjects had kept within the bounds of an apparent submission.

But Bohemia was in arms, and unarmed, the Emperor dared not even offer them peace. For this purpose, Spain supplied gold, and promised to send troops from Italy and the Netherlands. Count Bucquoi, a native of the Netherlands, was named generalissimo, because no native could be trusted, and Count Dampierre, another foreigner, commanded under him. Before the army took the field, the Emperor endeavoured to bring about an amicable arrangement, by the publication of a manifesto. In this he assured the Bohemians, "that he held sacred the Letter of Majesty—that he had not formed any resolutions inimical to their religion or their privileges, and that his present preparations were forced upon him by their own. As soon as the nation laid down their arms, he also would disband his army." But this gracious letter failed of its effect, because the leaders of the insurrection contrived to hide from the people the Emperor's good intentions. Instead of this, they circulated the most alarming reports from the pulpit, and by pamphlets, and terrified the deluded populace with threatened horrors of another Saint Bartholomew's that existed only in their own imagination. All Bohemia, with the exception of three towns, Budweiss,

Krummau, and Pilsen, took part in this insurrection. These three towns, inhabited principally by Roman Catholics, alone had the courage, in this general revolt, to hold out for the Emperor, who promised them assistance. But it could not escape Count Thurn, how dangerous it was to leave in hostile hands three places of such importance, which would at all times keep open for the imperial troops an entrance into the kingdom. With prompt determination he appeared before Budweiss and Krummau, in the hope of terrifying them into a surrender. Krummau surrendered, but all his attacks were steadfastly repulsed by Budweiss.

And now, too, the Emperor began to show more earnestness and energy. Bucquoi and Dampierre, with two armies, fell upon the Bohemian territories, which they treated as a hostile country. But the imperial generals found the march to Prague more difficult than they had expected. Every pass, every position that was the least tenable, must be opened by the sword, and resistance increased at each fresh step they took, for the outrages of their troops, chiefly consisting of Hungarians and Walloons, drove their friends to revolt and their enemies to despair. But even now that his troops had penetrated into Bohemia, the Emperor continued to offer the Estates peace, and to show himself ready for an amicable adjustment. But the new prospects which opened upon them, raised the courage of the revolters. Moravia espoused their party; and from Germany appeared to them a defender equally intrepid and unexpected, in the person of Count Mansfeld.

The heads of the Evangelic Union had been silent but not inactive spectators of the movements in Bohemia. Both were contending for the same cause, and against the same enemy. In the fate of the Bohemians, their confederates in the faith might read their own; and the cause of this people was represented as of solemn concern to the whole German union. True to these principles, the Unionists supported the courage of the insurgents by promises of assistance; and a fortunate accident now enabled them, beyond their hopes, to fulfil them.

The instrument by which the House of Austria was humbled in Germany, was Peter Ernest, Count Mansfeld, the son of a distinguished Austrian officer, Ernest

von Mansfeld, who for some time had commanded with repute the Spanish army in the Netherlands. His first campaigns in Juliers and Alsace had been made in the service of this house, and under the banner of the Archduke Leopold, against the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany. But insensibly won by the principles of this religion, he abandoned a leader whose selfishness denied him the reimbursement of the monies expended in his cause, and he transferred his zeal and a victorious sword to the Evangelic Union. It happened just then that the Duke of Savoy, an ally of the Union, demanded assistance in a war against Spain. They assigned to him their newly acquired servant, and Mansfeld received instructions to raise an army of 4000 men in Germany, in the cause and in the pay of the duke. The army was ready to march at the very moment when the flames of war burst out in Bohemia, and the duke, who at the time did not stand in need of its services, placed it at the disposal of the Union. Nothing could be more welcome to these troops than the prospect of aiding their confederates in Bohemia, at the cost of a third party. Mansfeld received orders forthwith to march with these 4000 men into that kingdom; and a pretended Bohemian commission was given to blind the public as to the true author of this levy.

This Mansfeld now appeared in Bohemia, and, by the occupation of Pilsen, strongly fortified and favourable to the Emperor, obtained a firm footing in the country. The courage of the rebels was farther increased by succours which the Silesian States despatched to their assistance. Between these and the Imperialists, several battles were fought, far indeed from decisive, but only on that account the more destructive, which served as the prelude to a more serious war. To check the vigour of his military operations, a negotiation was entered into with the Emperor, and a disposition was shown to accept the proffered mediation of Saxony. But before the event could prove how little sincerity there was in these proposals, the Emperor was removed from the scene by death.

What now had Matthias done to justify the expectations which he had excited by the overthrow of his predecessor? Was it worth while to ascend a brother's throne through guilt, and then maintain it with so little dignity, and leave it with

so little renown? As long as Matthias sat on the throne, he had to atone for the imprudence by which he had gained it. To enjoy the regal dignity a few years sooner, he had shackled the free exercise of its prerogatives. The slender portion of independence left him by the growing power of the Estates, was still farther lessened by the encroachments of his relations. Sickly and childless he saw the attention of the world turned to an ambitious heir who was impatiently anticipating his fate; and who, by his interference with the closing administration, was already opening his own.

With Matthias, the reigning line of the German House of Austria was in a manner extinct; for of all the sons of Maximilian, one only was now alive, the weak and childless Archduke Albert, in the Netherlands, who had already renounced his claims to the inheritance in favour of the line of Gratz. The Spanish House had also, in a secret bond, resigned its pretensions to the Austrian possessions in behalf of the Archduke Ferdinand of Styria, in whom the branch of Hapsburg was about to put forth new shoots, and the former greatness of Austria to experience a revival.

The father of Ferdinand was the Archduke Charles of Carniola, Carinthia, and Styria, the youngest brother of the Emperor Maximilian II.; his mother a princess of Bavaria. Having lost his father at twelve years of age, he was intrusted by the archduchess to the guardianship of her brother William, Duke of Bavaria, under whose eyes he was instructed and educated by Jesuits at the Academy of Ingolstadt. What principles he was likely to imbibe by his intercourse with a prince, who from motives of devotion had abdicated his government, may be easily conceived. Care was taken to point out to him, on the one hand, the weak indulgence of Maximilian's house towards the adherents of the new doctrines, and the consequent troubles of their dominions; on the other, the blessings of Bavaria, and the inflexible religious zeal of its rulers; between these two examples he was left to choose for himself.

Formed in this school to be a stout champion of the faith, and a prompt instrument of the church, he left Bavaria, after a residence of five years, to

assume the government of his hereditary dominions. The Estates of Carniola, Carinthia, and Styria, who, before doing homage, demanded a guarantee for freedom of religion, were told that religious liberty has nothing to do with their allegiance. The oath was put to them without conditions, and unconditionally taken. Many years, however, elapsed, ere the designs which had been planned at Ingolstadt were ripe for execution. Before attempting to carry them into effect, he sought in person at Loretto the favour of the Virgin, and received the apostolic benediction in Rome at the feet of Clement VIII.

These designs were nothing less than the expulsion of Protestantism from a country where it had the advantage of numbers, and had been legally recognized by a formal act of toleration, granted by his father to the noble and knightly estates of the land. A grant so formally ratified could not be revoked without danger; but no difficulties could deter the pious pupil of the Jesuits. The example of other states, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, which within their own territories had exercised unquestioned a right of reformation, and the abuse which the Estates of Styria made of their religious liberties, would serve as a justification of this violent procedure. Under the shelter of an absurd positive law, those of equity and prudence might, it was thought, be safely despised. In the execution of these unrighteous designs, Ferdinand did, it must be owned, display no common courage and perseverance. Without tumult, and we may add, without cruelty, he suppressed the Protestant service in one town after another, and in a few years, to the astonishment of Germany, this dangerous work was brought to a successful end.

But, while the Roman Catholics admired him as a hero, and the champion of the church, the Protestants began to combine against him as against their most dangerous enemy. And yet Matthias's intention to bequeath to him the succession, met with little or no opposition in the elective states of Austria. Even the Bohemians agreed to receive him as their future king, on very favourable conditions. It was not until afterwards, when they had experienced the pernicious influence of his councils on the administration of the Emperor, that their anxiety

was first excited; and then several projects, in his handwriting, which an unlucky chance threw into their hands, as they plainly evinced his disposition towards them, carried their apprehension to the utmost pitch. In particular, they were alarmed by a secret family compact with Spain, by which, in default of heirs-male of his own body, Ferdinand bequeathed to that crown the kingdom of Bohemia, without first consulting the wishes of that nation, and without regard to its right of free election. The many enemies, too, which by his reforms in Styria that prince had provoked among the Protestants, were very prejudicial to his interests in Bohemia; and some Styrian emigrants, who had taken refuge there, bringing with them into their adopted country hearts overflowing with a desire of revenge, were particularly active in exciting the flame of revolt. Thus ill-affected did Ferdinand find the Bohemians, when he succeeded Matthias.

So bad an understanding between the nation and the candidate for the throne, would have raised a storm even in the most peaceable succession; how much more so at the present moment, before the ardour of insurrection had cooled; when the nation had just recovered its dignity, and reasserted its rights; when they still held arms in their hands, and the consciousness of unity had awakened an enthusiastic reliance on their own strength; when by past success, by the promises of foreign assistance, and by visionary expectations of the future, their courage had been raised to an undoubting confidence. Disregarding the rights already conferred on Ferdinand, the Estates declared the throne vacant, and their right of election entirely unfettered. All hopes of their peaceful submission were at an end, and if Ferdinand wished still to wear the crown of Bohemia, he must choose between purchasing it at the sacrifice of all that would make a crown desirable, or winning it sword in hand.

But with what means was it to be won? Turn his eyes where he would, the fire of revolt was burning. Silesia had already joined the insurgents in Bohemia; Moravia was on the point of following its example. In Upper and Lower Austria the spirit of liberty was awake, as it had been under Rodolph, and the Estates refused to do homage. Hungary was menaced with an inroad by Prince Bethlen Gabor, on the side of Transylvania; a secret arming among the Turks spread consternation among the provinces to the eastward; and, to complete his perplexities, the Protestants also, in his hereditary dominions, stimulated by the general example, were again raising their heads. In that quarter, their numbers were overwhelming; in most places they had possession of the revenues which Ferdinand would need for the maintenance of the war. The neutral began to waver, the faithful to be discouraged, the turbulent alone to be animated and confident. One half of Germany encouraged the rebels, the other inactively awaited the issue; Spanish assistance was still very remote. The moment which had brought him every thing, threatened also to deprive him of all.

And when he now, yielding to the stern law of necessity, made overtures to the Bohemian rebels, all his proposals for peace were insolently rejected. Count Thurn, at the head of an army, entered Moravia to bring this province, which alone continued to waver, to a decision. The appearance of their friends is the signal of revolt for the Moravian Protestants. Bruenn is taken, the remainder of the country yields with free will, throughout the province government and religion are changed. Swelling as it flows, the torrent of rebellion pours down upon Austria, where a party, holding similar sentiments, receives it with a joyful concurrence. Henceforth, there should be no more distinctions of religion; equality of rights should be guaranteed to all Christian churches. They hear that a foreign force has been invited into the country to oppress the Bohemians. Let them be sought out, and the enemies of liberty pursued to the ends of the earth. Not an arm is raised in defence of the Archduke, and the rebels, at length, encamp before Vienna to besiege their sovereign.

Ferdinand had sent his children from Gratz, where they were no longer safe,

to the Tyrol; he himself awaited the insurgents in his capital. A handful of soldiers was all he could oppose to the enraged multitude; these few were without pay or provisions, and therefore little to be depended on. Vienna was unprepared for a long siege. The party of the Protestants, ready at any moment to join the Bohemians, had the preponderance in the city; those in the country had already begun to levy troops against him. Already, in imagination, the Protestant populace saw the Emperor shut up in a monastery, his territories divided, and his children educated as Protestants. Confiding in secret, and surrounded by public enemies, he saw the chasm every moment widening to engulf his hopes and even himself. The Bohemian bullets were already falling upon the imperial palace, when sixteen Austrian barons forcibly entered his chamber, and inveighing against him with loud and bitter reproaches, endeavoured to force him into a confederation with the Bohemians. One of them, seizing him by the button of his doublet, demanded, in a tone of menace, "Ferdinand, wilt thou sign it?"

Who would not be pardoned had he wavered in this frightful situation? Yet Ferdinand still remembered the dignity of a Roman emperor. No alternative seemed left to him but an immediate flight or submission; laymen urged him to the one, priests to the other. If he abandoned the city, it would fall into the enemy's hands; with Vienna, Austria was lost; with Austria, the imperial throne. Ferdinand abandoned not his capital, and as little would he hear of conditions.

The Archduke is still engaged in altercation with the deputed barons, when all at once a sound of trumpets is heard in the palace square. Terror and astonishment take possession of all present; a fearful report pervades the palace; one deputy after another disappears. Many of the nobility and the citizens hastily take refuge in the camp of Thurn. This sudden change is effected by a regiment of Dampierre's cuirassiers, who at that moment marched into the city to defend the Archduke. A body of infantry soon followed; reassured by their appearance, several of the Roman Catholic citizens, and even the students themselves, take up arms. A report which arrived just at the same time from Bohemia made his deliverance complete. The Flemish general, Bucquoi, had totally defeated Count

Mansfeld at Budweiss, and was marching upon Prague. The Bohemians hastily broke up their camp before Vienna to protect their own capital.

And now also the passes were free which the enemy had taken possession of, in order to obstruct Ferdinand's progress to his coronation at Frankfort. If the accession to the imperial throne was important for the plans of the King of Hungary, it was of still greater consequence at the present moment, when his nomination as Emperor would afford the most unsuspecting and decisive proof of the dignity of his person, and of the justice of his cause, while, at the same time, it would give him a hope of support from the Empire. But the same cabal which opposed him in his hereditary dominions, laboured also to counteract him in his canvass for the imperial dignity. No Austrian prince, they maintained, ought to ascend the throne; least of all Ferdinand, the bigoted persecutor of their religion, the slave of Spain and of the Jesuits. To prevent this, the crown had been offered, even during the lifetime of Matthias, to the Duke of Bavaria, and on his refusal, to the Duke of Savoy. As some difficulty was experienced in settling with the latter the conditions of acceptance, it was sought, at all events, to delay the election till some decisive blow in Austria or Bohemia should annihilate all the hopes of Ferdinand, and incapacitate him from any competition for this dignity. The members of the Union left no stone unturned to gain over from Ferdinand the Electorate of Saxony, which was bound to Austrian interests; they represented to this court the dangers with which the Protestant religion, and even the constitution of the empire, were threatened by the principles of this prince and his Spanish alliance. By the elevation of Ferdinand to the imperial throne, Germany, they further asserted, would be involved in the private quarrels of this prince, and bring upon itself the arms of Bohemia. But in spite of all opposing influences, the day of election was fixed, Ferdinand summoned to it as lawful king of Bohemia, and his electoral vote, after a fruitless resistance on the part of the Bohemian Estates, acknowledged to be good. The votes of the three ecclesiastical electorates were for him, Saxony was favourable to him, Brandenburg made no opposition, and a decided majority declared him Emperor in 1619. Thus he saw the most doubtful of his crowns placed first of all on his

head; but a few days after he lost that which he had reckoned among the most certain of his possessions. While he was thus elected Emperor in Frankfort, he was in Prague deprived of the Bohemian throne.

Almost all of his German hereditary dominions had in the meantime entered into a formidable league with the Bohemians, whose insolence now exceeded all bounds. In a general Diet, the latter, on the 17th of August, 1619, proclaimed the Emperor an enemy to the Bohemian religion and liberties, who by his pernicious counsels had alienated from them the affections of the late Emperor, had furnished troops to oppress them, had given their country as a prey to foreigners, and finally, in contravention of the national rights, had bequeathed the crown, by a secret compact, to Spain: they therefore declared that he had forfeited whatever title he might otherwise have had to the crown, and immediately proceeded to a new election. As this sentence was pronounced by Protestants, their choice could not well fall upon a Roman Catholic prince, though, to save appearances, some voices were raised for Bavaria and Savoy. But the violent religious animosities which divided the evangelical and the reformed parties among the Protestants, impeded for some time the election even of a Protestant king; till at last the address and activity of the Calvinists carried the day from the numerical superiority of the Lutherans.

Among all the princes who were competitors for this dignity, the Elector Palatine Frederick V. had the best grounded claims on the confidence and gratitude of the Bohemians; and among them all, there was no one in whose case the private interests of particular Estates, and the attachment of the people, seemed to be justified by so many considerations of state. Frederick V. was of a free and lively spirit, of great goodness of heart, and regal liberality. He was the head of the Calvinistic party in Germany, the leader of the Union, whose resources were at his disposal, a near relation of the Duke of Bavaria, and a son-in-law of the King of Great Britain, who might lend him his powerful support. All these considerations were prominently and successfully brought forward by the Calvinists, and Frederick V. was chosen king by the Assembly at Prague,

amidst prayers and tears of joy.

The whole proceedings of the Diet at Prague had been premeditated, and Frederick himself had taken too active a share in the matter to feel at all surprised at the offer made to him by the Bohemians. But now the immediate glitter of this throne dazzled him, and the magnitude both of his elevation and his delinquency made his weak mind to tremble. After the usual manner of pusillanimous spirits, he sought to confirm himself in his purpose by the opinions of others; but these opinions had no weight with him when they ran counter to his own cherished wishes. Saxony and Bavaria, of whom he sought advice, all his brother electors, all who compared the magnitude of the design with his capacities and resources, warned him of the danger into which he was about to rush. Even King James of England preferred to see his son-in-law deprived of this crown, than that the sacred majesty of kings should be outraged by so dangerous a precedent. But of what avail was the voice of prudence against the seductive glitter of a crown? In the moment of boldest determination, when they are indignantly rejecting the consecrated branch of a race which had governed them for two centuries, a free people throws itself into his arms. Confiding in his courage, they choose him as their leader in the dangerous career of glory and liberty. To him, as to its born champion, an oppressed religion looks for shelter and support against its persecutors. Could he have the weakness to listen to his fears, and to betray the cause of religion and liberty? This religion proclaims to him its own preponderance, and the weakness of its rival,—two-thirds of the power of Austria are now in arms against Austria itself, while a formidable confederacy, already formed in Transylvania, would, by a hostile attack, further distract even the weak remnant of its power. Could inducements such as these fail to awaken his ambition, or such hopes to animate and inflame his resolution?

A few moments of calm consideration would have sufficed to show the danger of the undertaking, and the comparative worthlessness of the prize. But the temptation spoke to his feelings; the warning only to his reason. It was his

misfortune that his nearest and most influential counsellors espoused the side of his passions. The aggrandizement of their master's power opened to the ambition and avarice of his Palatine servants an unlimited field for their gratification; this anticipated triumph of their church kindled the ardour of the Calvinistic fanatic. Could a mind so weak as that of Ferdinand resist the delusions of his counsellors, who exaggerated his resources and his strength, as much as they underrated those of his enemies; or the exhortations of his preachers, who announced the effusions of their fanatical zeal as the immediate inspiration of heaven? The dreams of astrology filled his mind with visionary hopes; even love conspired, with its irresistible fascination, to complete the seduction. "Had you," demanded the Electress, "confidence enough in yourself to accept the hand of a king's daughter, and have you misgivings about taking a crown which is voluntarily offered you? I would rather eat bread at thy kingly table, than feast at thy electoral board."

Frederick accepted the Bohemian crown. The coronation was celebrated with unexampled pomp at Prague, for the nation displayed all its riches in honour of its own work. Silesia and Moravia, the adjoining provinces to Bohemia, followed their example, and did homage to Frederick. The reformed faith was enthroned in all the churches of the kingdom; the rejoicings were unbounded, their attachment to their new king bordered on adoration. Denmark and Sweden, Holland and Venice, and several of the Dutch states, acknowledged him as lawful sovereign, and Frederick now prepared to maintain his new acquisition.

His principal hopes rested on Prince Bethlen Gabor of Transylvania. This formidable enemy of Austria, and of the Roman Catholic church, not content with the principality which, with the assistance of the Turks, he had wrested from his legitimate prince, Gabriel Bathori, gladly seized this opportunity of aggrandizing himself at the expense of Austria, which had hesitated to acknowledge him as sovereign of Transylvania. An attack upon Hungary and Austria was concerted with the Bohemian rebels, and both armies were to unite before the capital. Meantime, Bethlen Gabor, under the mask of friendship,

disguised the true object of his warlike preparations, artfully promising the Emperor to lure the Bohemians into the toils, by a pretended offer of assistance, and to deliver up to him alive the leaders of the insurrection. All at once, however, he appeared in a hostile attitude in Upper Hungary. Before him went terror, and devastation behind; all opposition yielded, and at Presburg he received the Hungarian crown. The Emperor's brother, who governed in Vienna, trembled for the capital. He hastily summoned General Bucquoi to his assistance, and the retreat of the Imperialists drew the Bohemians, a second time, before the walls of Vienna. Reinforced by twelve thousand Transylvanians, and soon after joined by the victorious army of Bethlen Gabor, they again menaced the capital with assault; all the country round Vienna was laid waste, the navigation of the Danube closed, all supplies cut off, and the horrors of famine were threatened. Ferdinand, hastily recalled to his capital by this urgent danger, saw himself a second time on the brink of ruin. But want of provisions, and the inclement weather, finally compelled the Bohemians to go into quarters, a defeat in Hungary recalled Bethlen Gabor, and thus once more had fortune rescued the Emperor.

In a few weeks the scene was changed, and by his prudence and activity Ferdinand improved his position as rapidly as Frederick, by indolence and impolicy, ruined his. The Estates of Lower Austria were regained to their allegiance by a confirmation of their privileges; and the few who still held out were declared guilty of 'lese-majeste' and high treason. During the election of Frankfort, he had contrived, by personal representations, to win over to his cause the ecclesiastical electors, and also Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, at Munich. The whole issue of the war, the fate of Frederick and the Emperor, were now dependent on the part which the Union and the League should take in the troubles of Bohemia. It was evidently of importance to all the Protestants of Germany that the King of Bohemia should be supported, while it was equally the interest of the Roman Catholics to prevent the ruin of the Emperor. If the Protestants succeeded in Bohemia, all the Roman Catholic princes in Germany might tremble for their possessions; if they failed, the Emperor would give laws

to Protestant Germany. Thus Ferdinand put the League, Frederick the Union, in motion. The ties of relationship and a personal attachment to the Emperor, his brother-in-law, with whom he had been educated at Ingolstadt, zeal for the Roman Catholic religion, which seemed to be in the most imminent peril, and the suggestions of the Jesuits, combined with the suspicious movements of the Union, moved the Duke of Bavaria, and all the princes of the League, to make the cause of Ferdinand their own.

According to the terms of a treaty with the Emperor, which assured to the Duke of Bavaria compensation for all the expenses of the war, or the losses he might sustain, Maximilian took, with full powers, the command of the troops of the League, which were ordered to march to the assistance of the Emperor against the Bohemian rebels. The leaders of the Union, instead of delaying by every means this dangerous coalition of the League with the Emperor, did every thing in their power to accelerate it. Could they, they thought, but once drive the Roman Catholic League to take an open part in the Bohemian war, they might reckon on similar measures from all the members and allies of the Union. Without some open step taken by the Roman Catholics against the Union, no effectual confederacy of the Protestant powers was to be looked for. They seized, therefore, the present emergency of the troubles in Bohemia to demand from the Roman Catholics the abolition of their past grievances, and full security for the future exercise of their religion. They addressed this demand, which was moreover couched in threatening language, to the Duke of Bavaria, as the head of the Roman Catholics, and they insisted on an immediate and categorical answer. Maximilian might decide for or against them, still their point was gained; his concession, if he yielded, would deprive the Roman Catholic party of its most powerful protector; his refusal would arm the whole Protestant party, and render inevitable a war in which they hoped to be the conquerors. Maximilian, firmly attached to the opposite party from so many other considerations, took the demands of the Union as a formal declaration of hostilities, and quickened his preparations. While Bavaria and the League were thus arming in the Emperor's cause, negotiations for a subsidy were opened with

the Spanish court. All the difficulties with which the indolent policy of that ministry met this demand were happily surmounted by the imperial ambassador at Madrid, Count Khevenhuller. In addition to a subsidy of a million of florins, which from time to time were doled out by this court, an attack upon the Lower Palatinate, from the side of the Spanish Netherlands, was at the same time agreed upon.

During these attempts to draw all the Roman Catholic powers into the League, every exertion was made against the counter-league of the Protestants. To this end, it was important to alarm the Elector of Saxony and the other Evangelical powers, and accordingly the Union were diligent in propagating a rumour that the preparations of the League had for their object to deprive them of the ecclesiastical foundations they had secularized. A written assurance to the contrary calmed the fears of the Duke of Saxony, whom moreover private jealousy of the Palatine, and the insinuations of his chaplain, who was in the pay of Austria, and mortification at having been passed over by the Bohemians in the election to the throne, strongly inclined to the side of Austria. The fanaticism of the Lutherans could never forgive the reformed party for having drawn, as they expressed it, so many fair provinces into the gulf of Calvinism, and rejecting the Roman Antichrist only to make way for an Helvetian one.

While Ferdinand used every effort to improve the unfavourable situation of his affairs, Frederick was daily injuring his good cause. By his close and questionable connexion with the Prince of Transylvania, the open ally of the Porte, he gave offence to weak minds; and a general rumour accused him of furthering his own ambition at the expense of Christendom, and arming the Turks against Germany. His inconsiderate zeal for the Calvinistic scheme irritated the Lutherans of Bohemia, his attacks on image-worship incensed the Papists of this kingdom against him. New and oppressive imposts alienated the affections of all his subjects. The disappointed hopes of the Bohemian nobles cooled their zeal; the absence of foreign succours abated their confidence. Instead of devoting himself with untiring energies to the affairs of his kingdom,

Frederick wasted his time in amusements; instead of filling his treasury by a wise economy, he squandered his revenues by a needless theatrical pomp, and a misplaced munificence. With a light-minded carelessness, he did but gaze at himself in his new dignity, and in the ill-timed desire to enjoy his crown, he forgot the more pressing duty of securing it on his head.

But greatly as men had erred in their opinion of him, Frederick himself had not less miscalculated his foreign resources. Most of the members of the Union considered the affairs of Bohemia as foreign to the real object of their confederacy; others, who were devoted to him, were overawed by fear of the Emperor. Saxony and Hesse Darmstadt had already been gained over by Ferdinand; Lower Austria, on which side a powerful diversion had been looked for, had made its submission to the Emperor; and Bethlen Gabor had concluded a truce with him. By its embassies, the court of Vienna had induced Denmark to remain inactive, and to occupy Sweden in a war with the Poles. The republic of Holland had enough to do to defend itself against the arms of the Spaniards; Venice and Saxony remained inactive; King James of England was overreached by the artifice of Spain. One friend after another withdrew; one hope vanished after another—so rapidly in a few months was every thing changed.

In the mean time, the leaders of the Union assembled an army;—the Emperor and the League did the same. The troops of the latter were assembled under the banners of Maximilian at Donauwerth, those of the Union at Ulm, under the Margrave of Anspach. The decisive moment seemed at length to have arrived which was to end these long dissensions by a vigorous blow, and irrevocably to settle the relation of the two churches in Germany. Anxiously on the stretch was the expectation of both parties. How great then was their astonishment when suddenly the intelligence of peace arrived, and both armies separated without striking a blow!

The intervention of France effected this peace, which was equally acceptable to both parties. The French cabinet, no longer swayed by the counsels of Henry the Great, and whose maxims of state were perhaps not applicable to the present

condition of that kingdom, was now far less alarmed at the preponderance of Austria, than of the increase which would accrue to the strength of the Calvinists, if the Palatine house should be able to retain the throne of Bohemia. Involved at the time in a dangerous conflict with its own Calvinistic subjects, it was of the utmost importance to France that the Protestant faction in Bohemia should be suppressed before the Huguenots could copy their dangerous example. In order therefore to facilitate the Emperor's operations against the Bohemians, she offered her mediation to the Union and the League, and effected this unexpected treaty, of which the main article was, "That the Union should abandon all interference in the affairs of Bohemia, and confine the aid which they might afford to Frederick the Fifth, to his Palatine territories." To this disgraceful treaty, the Union were moved by the firmness of Maximilian, and the fear of being pressed at once by the troops of the League, and a new Imperial army which was on its march from the Netherlands.

The whole force of Bavaria and the League was now at the disposal of the Emperor to be employed against the Bohemians, who by the pacification of Ulm were abandoned to their fate. With a rapid movement, and before a rumour of the proceedings at Ulm could reach there, Maximilian appeared in Upper Austria, when the Estates, surprised and unprepared for an enemy, purchased the Emperor's pardon by an immediate and unconditional submission. In Lower Austria, the duke formed a junction with the troops from the Low Countries under Bucquoi, and without loss of time the united Imperial and Bavarian forces, amounting to 50,000 men, entered Bohemia. All the Bohemian troops, which were dispersed over Lower Austria and Moravia, were driven before them; every town which attempted resistance was quickly taken by storm; others, terrified by the report of the punishment inflicted on these, voluntarily opened their gates; nothing in short interrupted the impetuous career of Maximilian. The Bohemian army, commanded by the brave Prince Christian of Anhalt, retreated to the neighbourhood of Prague; where, under the walls of the city, Maximilian offered him battle.

The wretched condition in which he hoped to surprise the insurgents, justified the rapidity of the duke's movements, and secured him the victory. Frederick's army did not amount to 30,000 men. Eight thousand of these were furnished by the Prince of Anhalt; 10,000 were Hungarians, whom Bethlen Gabor had despatched to his assistance. An inroad of the Elector of Saxony upon Lusatia, had cut off all succours from that country, and from Silesia; the pacification of Austria put an end to all his expectations from that quarter; Bethlen Gabor, his most powerful ally, remained inactive in Transylvania; the Union had betrayed his cause to the Emperor. Nothing remained to him but his Bohemians; and they were without goodwill to his cause, and without unity and courage. The Bohemian magnates were indignant that German generals should be put over their heads; Count Mansfeld remained in Pilsen, at a distance from the camp, to avoid the mortification of serving under Anhalt and Hohenlohe. The soldiers, in want of necessaries, became dispirited; and the little discipline that was observed, gave occasion to bitter complaints from the peasantry. It was in vain that Frederick made his appearance in the camp, in the hope of reviving the courage of the soldiers by his presence, and of kindling the emulation of the nobles by his example.

The Bohemians had begun to entrench themselves on the White Mountain near Prague, when they were attacked by the Imperial and Bavarian armies, on the 8th November, 1620. In the beginning of the action, some advantages were gained by the cavalry of the Prince of Anhalt; but the superior numbers of the enemy soon neutralized them. The charge of the Bavarians and Walloons was irresistible. The Hungarian cavalry was the first to retreat. The Bohemian infantry soon followed their example; and the Germans were at last carried along with them in the general flight. Ten cannons, composing the whole of Frederick's artillery, were taken by the enemy; four thousand Bohemians fell in the flight and on the field; while of the Imperialists and soldiers of the League only a few hundred were killed. In less than an hour this decisive action was over.

Frederick was seated at table in Prague, while his army was thus cut to pieces.

It is probable that he had not expected the attack on this day, since he had ordered an entertainment for it. A messenger summoned him from table, to show him from the walls the whole frightful scene. He requested a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours for deliberation; but eight was all the Duke of Bavaria would allow him. Frederick availed himself of these to fly by night from the capital, with his wife, and the chief officers of his army. This flight was so hurried, that the Prince of Anhalt left behind him his most private papers, and Frederick his crown. "I know now what I am," said this unfortunate prince to those who endeavoured to comfort him; "there are virtues which misfortune only can teach us, and it is in adversity alone that princes learn to know themselves."

Prague was not irretrievably lost when Frederick's pusillanimity abandoned it. The light troops of Mansfeld were still in Pilsen, and were not engaged in the action. Bethlen Gabor might at any moment have assumed an offensive attitude, and drawn off the Emperor's army to the Hungarian frontier. The defeated Bohemians might rally. Sickness, famine, and the inclement weather, might wear out the enemy; but all these hopes disappeared before the immediate alarm. Frederick dreaded the fickleness of the Bohemians, who might probably yield to the temptation to purchase, by the surrender of his person, the pardon of the Emperor.

Thurn, and those of this party who were in the same condemnation with him, found it equally inexpedient to await their destiny within the walls of Prague. They retired towards Moravia, with a view of seeking refuge in Transylvania. Frederick fled to Breslau, where, however, he only remained a short time. He removed from thence to the court of the Elector of Brandenburg, and finally took shelter in Holland.

The battle of Prague had decided the fate of Bohemia. Prague surrendered the next day to the victors; the other towns followed the example of the capital. The Estates did homage without conditions, and the same was done by those of Silesia and Moravia. The Emperor allowed three months to elapse, before instituting any inquiry into the past. Reassured by this apparent clemency, many

who, at first, had fled in terror appeared again in the capital. All at once, however, the storm burst forth; forty-eight of the most active among the insurgents were arrested on the same day and hour, and tried by an extraordinary commission, composed of native Bohemians and Austrians. Of these, twenty-seven, and of the common people an immense number, expired on the scaffold. The absenting offenders were summoned to appear to their trial, and failing to do so, condemned to death, as traitors and offenders against his Catholic Majesty, their estates confiscated, and their names affixed to the gallows. The property also of the rebels who had fallen in the field was seized. This tyranny might have been borne, as it affected individuals only, and while the ruin of one enriched another; but more intolerable was the oppression which extended to the whole kingdom, without exception. All the Protestant preachers were banished from the country; the Bohemians first, and afterwards those of Germany. The 'Letter of Majesty', Ferdinand tore with his own hand, and burnt the seal. Seven years after the battle of Prague, the toleration of the Protestant religion within the kingdom was entirely revoked. But whatever violence the Emperor allowed himself against the religious privileges of his subjects, he carefully abstained from interfering with their political constitution; and while he deprived them of the liberty of thought, he magnanimously left them the prerogative of taxing themselves.

The victory of the White Mountain put Ferdinand in possession of all his dominions. It even invested him with greater authority over them than his predecessors enjoyed, since their allegiance had been unconditionally pledged to him, and no Letter of Majesty now existed to limit his sovereignty. All his wishes were now gratified, to a degree surpassing his most sanguine expectations.

It was now in his power to dismiss his allies, and disband his army. If he was just, there was an end of the war—if he was both magnanimous and just, punishment was also at an end. The fate of Germany was in his hands; the happiness and misery of millions depended on the resolution he should take.

Never was so great a decision resting on a single mind; never did the blindness of one man produce so much ruin.

Book II.

The resolution which Ferdinand now adopted, gave to the war a new direction, a new scene, and new actors. From a rebellion in Bohemia, and the chastisement of rebels, a war extended first to Germany, and afterwards to Europe. It is, therefore, necessary to take a general survey of the state of affairs both in Germany and the rest of Europe.

Unequally as the territory of Germany and the privileges of its members were divided among the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, neither party could hope to maintain itself against the encroachments of its adversary otherwise than by a prudent use of its peculiar advantages, and by a politic union among themselves. If the Roman Catholics were the more numerous party, and more favoured by the constitution of the empire, the Protestants, on the other hand, had the advantage of possessing a more compact and populous line of territories, valiant princes, a warlike nobility, numerous armies, flourishing free towns, the command of the sea, and even at the worst, certainty of support from Roman Catholic states. If the Catholics could arm Spain and Italy in their favour, the republics of Venice, Holland, and England, opened their treasures to the Protestants, while the states of the North and the formidable power of Turkey, stood ready to afford them prompt assistance. Brandenburg, Saxony, and the Palatinate, opposed three Protestant to three Ecclesiastical votes in the Electoral College; while to the Elector of Bohemia, as to the Archduke of Austria, the

possession of the Imperial dignity was an important check, if the Protestants properly availed themselves of it. The sword of the Union might keep within its sheath the sword of the League; or if matters actually came to a war, might make the issue of it doubtful. But, unfortunately, private interests dissolved the band of union which should have held together the Protestant members of the empire. This critical conjuncture found none but second-rate actors on the political stage, and the decisive moment was neglected because the courageous were deficient in power, and the powerful in sagacity, courage, and resolution.

The Elector of Saxony was placed at the head of the German Protestants, by the services of his ancestor Maurice, by the extent of his territories, and by the influence of his electoral vote. Upon the resolution he might adopt, the fate of the contending parties seemed to depend; and John George was not insensible to the advantages which this important situation procured him. Equally valuable as an ally, both to the Emperor and to the Protestant Union, he cautiously avoided committing himself to either party; neither trusting himself by any irrevocable declaration entirely to the gratitude of the Emperor, nor renouncing the advantages which were to be gained from his fears. Uninfected by the contagion of religious and romantic enthusiasm which hurried sovereign after sovereign to risk both crown and life on the hazard of war, John George aspired to the more solid renown of improving and advancing the interests of his territories. His cotemporaries accused him of forsaking the Protestant cause in the very midst of the storm; of preferring the aggrandizement of his house to the emancipation of his country; of exposing the whole Evangelical or Lutheran church of Germany to ruin, rather than raise an arm in defence of the Reformed or Calvinists; of injuring the common cause by his suspicious friendship more seriously than the open enmity of its avowed opponents. But it would have been well if his accusers had imitated the wise policy of the Elector. If, despite of the prudent policy, the Saxons, like all others, groaned at the cruelties which marked the Emperor's progress; if all Germany was a witness how Ferdinand deceived his confederates and trifled with his engagements; if even the Elector himself at last perceived this—the more shame to the Emperor who could so basely betray such

implicit confidence.

If an excessive reliance on the Emperor, and the hope of enlarging his territories, tied the hands of the Elector of Saxony, the weak George William, Elector of Brandenburg, was still more shamefully fettered by fear of Austria, and of the loss of his dominions. What was made a reproach against these princes would have preserved to the Elector Palatine his fame and his kingdom. A rash confidence in his untried strength, the influence of French counsels, and the temptation of a crown, had seduced that unfortunate prince into an enterprise for which he had neither adequate genius nor political capacity. The partition of his territories among discordant princes, enfeebled the Palatinate, which, united, might have made a longer resistance.

This partition of territory was equally injurious to the House of Hesse, in which, between Darmstadt and Cassel, religious dissensions had occasioned a fatal division. The line of Darmstadt, adhering to the Confession of Augsburg, had placed itself under the Emperor's protection, who favoured it at the expense of the Calvinists of Cassel. While his religious confederates were shedding their blood for their faith and their liberties, the Landgrave of Darmstadt was won over by the Emperor's gold. But William of Cassel, every way worthy of his ancestor who, a century before, had defended the freedom of Germany against the formidable Charles V., espoused the cause of danger and of honour. Superior to that pusillanimity which made far more powerful princes bow before Ferdinand's might, the Landgrave William was the first to join the hero of Sweden, and to set an example to the princes of Germany which all had hesitated to begin. The boldness of his resolve was equalled by the steadfastness of his perseverance and the valour of his exploits. He placed himself with unshrinking resolution before his bleeding country, and boldly confronted the fearful enemy, whose hands were still reeking from the carnage of Magdeburg.

The Landgrave William deserves to descend to immortality with the heroic race of Ernest. Thy day of vengeance was long delayed, unfortunate John Frederick! Noble! never-to-be-forgotten prince! Slowly but brightly it broke.

Thy times returned, and thy heroic spirit descended on thy grandson. An intrepid race of princes issues from the Thuringian forests, to shame, by immortal deeds, the unjust sentence which robbed thee of the electoral crown—to avenge thy offended shade by heaps of bloody sacrifice. The sentence of the conqueror could deprive thee of thy territories, but not that spirit of patriotism which staked them, nor that chivalrous courage which, a century afterwards, was destined to shake the throne of his descendant. Thy vengeance and that of Germany whetted the sacred sword, and one heroic hand after the other wielded the irresistible steel. As men, they achieved what as sovereigns they dared not undertake; they met in a glorious cause as the valiant soldiers of liberty. Too weak in territory to attack the enemy with their own forces, they directed foreign artillery against them, and led foreign banners to victory.

The liberties of Germany, abandoned by the more powerful states, who, however, enjoyed most of the prosperity accruing from them, were defended by a few princes for whom they were almost without value. The possession of territories and dignities deadened courage; the want of both made heroes. While Saxony, Brandenburg, and the rest drew back in terror, Anhalt, Mansfeld, the Prince of Weimar and others were shedding their blood in the field. The Dukes of Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Luneburg, and Wirtemberg, and the free cities of Upper Germany, to whom the name of EMPEROR was of course a formidable one, anxiously avoided a contest with such an opponent, and crouched murmuring beneath his mighty arm.

Austria and Roman Catholic Germany possessed in Maximilian of Bavaria a champion as prudent as he was powerful. Adhering throughout the war to one fixed plan, never divided between his religion and his political interests; not the slavish dependent of Austria, who was labouring for HIS advancement, and trembled before her powerful protector, Maximilian earned the territories and dignities that rewarded his exertions. The other Roman Catholic states, which were chiefly Ecclesiastical, too unwarlike to resist the multitudes whom the prosperity of their territories allured, became the victims of the war one after

another, and were contented to persecute in the cabinet and in the pulpit, the enemy whom they could not openly oppose in the field. All of them, slaves either to Austria or Bavaria, sunk into insignificance by the side of Maximilian; in his hand alone their united power could be rendered available.

The formidable monarchy which Charles V. and his son had unnaturally constructed of the Netherlands, Milan, and the two Sicilies, and their distant possessions in the East and West Indies, was under Philip III. and Philip IV. fast verging to decay. Swollen to a sudden greatness by unfruitful gold, this power was now sinking under a visible decline, neglecting, as it did, agriculture, the natural support of states. The conquests in the West Indies had reduced Spain itself to poverty, while they enriched the markets of Europe; the bankers of Antwerp, Venice, and Genoa, were making profit on the gold which was still buried in the mines of Peru. For the sake of India, Spain had been depopulated, while the treasures drawn from thence were wasted in the re-conquest of Holland, in the chimerical project of changing the succession to the crown of France, and in an unfortunate attack upon England. But the pride of this court had survived its greatness, as the hate of its enemies had outlived its power. Distrust of the Protestants suggested to the ministry of Philip III. the dangerous policy of his father; and the reliance of the Roman Catholics in Germany on Spanish assistance, was as firm as their belief in the wonder-working bones of the martyrs. External splendour concealed the inward wounds at which the life-blood of this monarchy was oozing; and the belief of its strength survived, because it still maintained the lofty tone of its golden days. Slaves in their palaces, and strangers even upon their own thrones, the Spanish nominal kings still gave laws to their German relations; though it is very doubtful if the support they afforded was worth the dependence by which the emperors purchased it. The fate of Europe was decided behind the Pyrenees by ignorant monks or vindictive favourites. Yet, even in its debasement, a power must always be formidable, which yields to none in extent; which, from custom, if not from the steadfastness of its views, adhered faithfully to one system of policy; which possessed well-disciplined armies and consummate generals; which, where the

sword failed, did not scruple to employ the dagger; and converted even its ambassadors into incendiaries and assassins. What it had lost in three quarters of the globe, it now sought to regain to the eastward, and all Europe was at its mercy, if it could succeed in its long cherished design of uniting with the hereditary dominions of Austria all that lay between the Alps and the Adriatic.

To the great alarm of the native states, this formidable power had gained a footing in Italy, where its continual encroachments made the neighbouring sovereigns to tremble for their own possessions. The Pope himself was in the most dangerous situation; hemmed in on both sides by the Spanish Viceroy of Naples on the one side, and that of Milan upon the other. Venice was confined between the Austrian Tyrol and the Spanish territories in Milan. Savoy was surrounded by the latter and France. Hence the wavering and equivocal policy, which from the time of Charles V. had been pursued by the Italian States. The double character which pertained to the Popes made them perpetually vacillate between two contradictory systems of policy. If the successors of St. Peter found in the Spanish princes their most obedient disciples, and the most steadfast supporters of the Papal See, yet the princes of the States of the Church had in these monarchs their most dangerous neighbours, and most formidable opponents. If, in the one capacity, their dearest wish was the destruction of the Protestants, and the triumph of Austria, in the other, they had reason to bless the arms of the Protestants, which disabled a dangerous enemy. The one or the other sentiment prevailed, according as the love of temporal dominion, or zeal for spiritual supremacy, predominated in the mind of the Pope. But the policy of Rome was, on the whole, directed to immediate dangers; and it is well known how far more powerful is the apprehension of losing a present good, than anxiety to recover a long lost possession. And thus it becomes intelligible how the Pope should first combine with Austria for the destruction of heresy, and then conspire with these very heretics for the destruction of Austria. Strangely blended are the threads of human affairs! What would have become of the Reformation, and of the liberties of Germany, if the Bishop of Rome and the Prince of Rome had had but one interest?

France had lost with its great Henry all its importance and all its weight in the political balance of Europe. A turbulent minority had destroyed all the benefits of the able administration of Henry. Incapable ministers, the creatures of court intrigue, squandered in a few years the treasures which Sully's economy and Henry's frugality had amassed. Scarce able to maintain their ground against internal factions, they were compelled to resign to other hands the helm of European affairs. The same civil war which armed Germany against itself, excited a similar commotion in France; and Louis XIII. attained majority only to wage a war with his own mother and his Protestant subjects. This party, which had been kept quiet by Henry's enlightened policy, now seized the opportunity to take up arms, and, under the command of some adventurous leaders, began to form themselves into a party within the state, and to fix on the strong and powerful town of Rochelle as the capital of their intended kingdom. Too little of a statesman to suppress, by a prudent toleration, this civil commotion in its birth, and too little master of the resources of his kingdom to direct them with energy, Louis XIII. was reduced to the degradation of purchasing the submission of the rebels by large sums of money. Though policy might incline him, in one point of view, to assist the Bohemian insurgents against Austria, the son of Henry the Fourth was now compelled to be an inactive spectator of their destruction, happy enough if the Calvinists in his own dominions did not unseasonably bethink them of their confederates beyond the Rhine. A great mind at the helm of state would have reduced the Protestants in France to obedience, while it employed them to fight for the independence of their German brethren. But Henry IV. was no more, and Richelieu had not yet revived his system of policy.

While the glory of France was thus upon the wane, the emancipated republic of Holland was completing the fabric of its greatness. The enthusiastic courage had not yet died away which, enkindled by the House of Orange, had converted this mercantile people into a nation of heroes, and had enabled them to maintain their independence in a bloody war against the Spanish monarchy. Aware how much they owed their own liberty to foreign support, these republicans were ready to assist their German brethren in a similar cause, and the more so, as both

were opposed to the same enemy, and the liberty of Germany was the best warrant for that of Holland. But a republic which had still to battle for its very existence, which, with all its wonderful exertions, was scarce a match for the formidable enemy within its own territories, could not be expected to withdraw its troops from the necessary work of self-defence to employ them with a magnanimous policy in protecting foreign states.

England too, though now united with Scotland, no longer possessed, under the weak James, that influence in the affairs of Europe which the governing mind of Elizabeth had procured for it. Convinced that the welfare of her dominions depended on the security of the Protestants, this politic princess had never swerved from the principle of promoting every enterprise which had for its object the diminution of the Austrian power. Her successor was no less devoid of capacity to comprehend, than of vigour to execute, her views. While the economical Elizabeth spared not her treasures to support the Flemings against Spain, and Henry IV. against the League, James abandoned his daughter, his son-in-law, and his grandchild, to the fury of their enemies. While he exhausted his learning to establish the divine right of kings, he allowed his own dignity to sink into the dust; while he exerted his rhetoric to prove the absolute authority of kings, he reminded the people of theirs; and by a useless profusion, sacrificed the chief of his sovereign rights— that of dispensing with his parliament, and thus depriving liberty of its organ. An innate horror at the sight of a naked sword averted him from the most just of wars; while his favourite Buckingham practised on his weakness, and his own complacent vanity rendered him an easy dupe of Spanish artifice. While his son-in-law was ruined, and the inheritance of his grandson given to others, this weak prince was imbibing, with satisfaction, the incense which was offered to him by Austria and Spain. To divert his attention from the German war, he was amused with the proposal of a Spanish marriage for his son, and the ridiculous parent encouraged the romantic youth in the foolish project of paying his addresses in person to the Spanish princess. But his son lost his bride, as his son-in-law lost the crown of Bohemia and the Palatine Electorate; and death alone saved him from the danger of closing his

pacific reign by a war at home, which he never had courage to maintain, even at a distance.

The domestic disturbances which his misgovernment had gradually excited burst forth under his unfortunate son, and forced him, after some unimportant attempts, to renounce all further participation in the German war, in order to stem within his own kingdom the rage of faction.

Two illustrious monarchs, far unequal in personal reputation, but equal in power and desire of fame, made the North at this time to be respected. Under the long and active reign of Christian IV., Denmark had risen into importance. The personal qualifications of this prince, an excellent navy, a formidable army, well-ordered finances, and prudent alliances, had combined to give her prosperity at home and influence abroad. Gustavus Vasa had rescued Sweden from vassalage, reformed it by wise laws, and had introduced, for the first time, this newly-organized state into the field of European politics. What this great prince had merely sketched in rude outline, was filled up by Gustavus Adolphus, his still greater grandson.

These two kingdoms, once unnaturally united and enfeebled by their union, had been violently separated at the time of the Reformation, and this separation was the epoch of their prosperity. Injurious as this compulsory union had proved to both kingdoms, equally necessary to each apart were neighbourly friendship and harmony. On both the evangelical church leaned; both had the same seas to protect; a common interest ought to unite them against the same enemy. But the hatred which had dissolved the union of these monarchies continued long after their separation to divide the two nations. The Danish kings could not abandon their pretensions to the Swedish crown, nor the Swedes banish the remembrance of Danish oppression. The contiguous boundaries of the two kingdoms constantly furnished materials for international quarrels, while the watchful jealousy of both kings, and the unavoidable collision of their commercial interests in the North Seas, were inexhaustible sources of dispute.

Among the means of which Gustavus Vasa, the founder of the Swedish monarchy, availed himself to strengthen his new edifice, the Reformation had been one of the principal. A fundamental law of the kingdom excluded the adherents of popery from all offices of the state, and prohibited every future sovereign of Sweden from altering the religious constitution of the kingdom. But the second son and second successor of Gustavus had relapsed into popery, and his son Sigismund, also king of Poland, had been guilty of measures which menaced both the constitution and the established church. Headed by Charles, Duke of Sudermania, the third son of Gustavus, the Estates made a courageous resistance, which terminated, at last, in an open civil war between the uncle and nephew, and between the King and the people. Duke Charles, administrator of the kingdom during the absence of the king, had availed himself of Sigismund's long residence in Poland, and the just displeasure of the states, to ingratiate himself with the nation, and gradually to prepare his way to the throne. His views were not a little forwarded by Sigismund's imprudence. A general Diet ventured to abolish, in favour of the Protector, the rule of primogeniture which Gustavus had established in the succession, and placed the Duke of Sudermania on the throne, from which Sigismund, with his whole posterity, were solemnly excluded. The son of the new king (who reigned under the name of Charles IX.) was Gustavus Adolphus, whom, as the son of a usurper, the adherents of Sigismund refused to recognize. But if the obligations between monarchy and subjects are reciprocal, and states are not to be transmitted, like a lifeless heirloom, from hand to hand, a nation acting with unanimity must have the power of renouncing their allegiance to a sovereign who has violated his obligations to them, and of filling his place by a worthier object.

Gustavus Adolphus had not completed his seventeenth year, when the Swedish throne became vacant by the death of his father. But the early maturity of his genius enabled the Estates to abridge in his favour the legal period of minority. With a glorious conquest over himself he commenced a reign which was to have victory for its constant attendant, a career which was to begin and end in success. The young Countess of Brahe, the daughter of a subject, had

gained his early affections, and he had resolved to share with her the Swedish throne. But, constrained by time and circumstances, he made his attachment yield to the higher duties of a king, and heroism again took exclusive possession of a heart which was not destined by nature to confine itself within the limits of quiet domestic happiness.

Christian IV. of Denmark, who had ascended the throne before the birth of Gustavus, in an inroad upon Sweden, had gained some considerable advantages over the father of that hero. Gustavus Adolphus hastened to put an end to this destructive war, and by prudent sacrifices obtained a peace, in order to turn his arms against the Czar of Muscovy. The questionable fame of a conqueror never tempted him to spend the blood of his subjects in unjust wars; but he never shrunk from a just one. His arms were successful against Russia, and Sweden was augmented by several important provinces on the east.

In the meantime, Sigismund of Poland retained against the son the same sentiments of hostility which the father had provoked, and left no artifice untried to shake the allegiance of his subjects, to cool the ardour of his friends, and to embitter his enemies. Neither the great qualities of his rival, nor the repeated proofs of devotion which Sweden gave to her loved monarch, could extinguish in this infatuated prince the foolish hope of regaining his lost throne. All Gustavus's overtures were haughtily rejected. Unwillingly was this really peaceful king involved in a tedious war with Poland, in which the whole of Livonia and Polish Prussia were successively conquered. Though constantly victorious, Gustavus Adolphus was always the first to hold out the hand of peace.

This contest between Sweden and Poland falls somewhere about the beginning of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, with which it is in some measure connected. It was enough that Sigismund, himself a Roman Catholic, was disputing the Swedish crown with a Protestant prince, to assure him the active support of Spain and Austria; while a double relationship to the Emperor gave him a still stronger claim to his protection. It was his reliance on this

powerful assistance that chiefly encouraged the King of Poland to continue the war, which had hitherto turned out so unfavourably for him, and the courts of Madrid and Vienna failed not to encourage him by high-sounding promises. While Sigismund lost one place after another in Livonia, Courland, and Prussia, he saw his ally in Germany advancing from conquest after conquest to unlimited power. No wonder then if his aversion to peace kept pace with his losses. The vehemence with which he nourished his chimerical hopes blinded him to the artful policy of his confederates, who at his expense were keeping the Swedish hero employed, in order to overturn, without opposition, the liberties of Germany, and then to seize on the exhausted North as an easy conquest. One circumstance which had not been calculated on—the magnanimity of Gustavus — overthrew this deceitful policy. An eight years' war in Poland, so far from exhausting the power of Sweden, had only served to mature the military genius of Gustavus, to inure the Swedish army to warfare, and insensibly to perfect that system of tactics by which they were afterwards to perform such wonders in Germany.

After this necessary digression on the existing circumstances of Europe, I now resume the thread of my history.

Ferdinand had regained his dominions, but had not indemnified himself for the expenses of recovering them. A sum of forty millions of florins, which the confiscations in Bohemia and Moravia had produced, would have sufficed to reimburse both himself and his allies; but the Jesuits and his favourites soon squandered this sum, large as it was. Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, to whose victorious arm, principally, the Emperor owed the recovery of his dominions; who, in the service of religion and the Emperor, had sacrificed his near relation, had the strongest claims on his gratitude; and moreover, in a treaty which, before the war, the duke had concluded with the Emperor, he had expressly stipulated for the reimbursement of all expenses. Ferdinand felt the full weight of the obligation imposed upon him by this treaty and by these services, but he was not disposed to discharge it at his own cost. His purpose was to bestow a brilliant

reward upon the duke, but without detriment to himself. How could this be done better than at the expense of the unfortunate prince who, by his revolt, had given the Emperor a right to punish him, and whose offences might be painted in colours strong enough to justify the most violent measures under the appearance of law. That, then, Maximilian may be rewarded, Frederick must be further persecuted and totally ruined; and to defray the expenses of the old war, a new one must be commenced.

But a still stronger motive combined to enforce the first. Hitherto Ferdinand had been contending for existence alone; he had been fulfilling no other duty than that of self-defence. But now, when victory gave him freedom to act, a higher duty occurred to him, and he remembered the vow which he had made at Loretto and at Rome, to his generalissima, the Holy Virgin, to extend her worship even at the risk of his crown and life. With this object, the oppression of the Protestants was inseparably connected. More favourable circumstances for its accomplishment could not offer than those which presented themselves at the close of the Bohemian war. Neither the power, nor a pretext of right, were now wanting to enable him to place the Palatinate in the hands of the Catholics, and the importance of this change to the Catholic interests in Germany would be incalculable. Thus, in rewarding the Duke of Bavaria with the spoils of his relation, he at once gratified his meanest passions and fulfilled his most exalted duties; he crushed an enemy whom he hated, and spared his avarice a painful sacrifice, while he believed he was winning a heavenly crown.

In the Emperor's cabinet, the ruin of Frederick had been resolved upon long before fortune had decided against him; but it was only after this event that they ventured to direct against him the thunders of arbitrary power. A decree of the Emperor, destitute of all the formalities required on such occasions by the laws of the Empire, pronounced the Elector, and three other princes who had borne arms for him at Silesia and Bohemia, as offenders against the imperial majesty, and disturbers of the public peace, under the ban of the empire, and deprived them of their titles and territories. The execution of this sentence against

Frederick, namely the seizure of his lands, was, in further contempt of law, committed to Spain as Sovereign of the circle of Burgundy, to the Duke of Bavaria, and the League. Had the Evangelic Union been worthy of the name it bore, and of the cause which it pretended to defend, insuperable obstacles might have prevented the execution of the sentence; but it was hopeless for a power which was far from a match even for the Spanish troops in the Lower Palatinate, to contend against the united strength of the Emperor, Bavaria, and the League. The sentence of proscription pronounced upon the Elector soon detached the free cities from the Union; and the princes quickly followed their example. Fortunate in preserving their own dominions, they abandoned the Elector, their former chief, to the Emperor's mercy, renounced the Union, and vowed never to revive it again.

But while thus ingloriously the German princes deserted the unfortunate Frederick, and while Bohemia, Silesia, and Moravia submitted to the Emperor, a single man, a soldier of fortune, whose only treasure was his sword, Ernest Count Mansfeld, dared, in the Bohemian town of Pilsen, to defy the whole power of Austria. Left without assistance after the battle of Prague by the Elector, to whose service he had devoted himself, and even uncertain whether Frederick would thank him for his perseverance, he alone for some time held out against the imperialists, till the garrison, mutinying for want of pay, sold the town to the Emperor. Undismayed by this reverse, he immediately commenced new levies in the Upper Palatinate, and enlisted the disbanded troops of the Union. A new army of 20,000 men was soon assembled under his banners, the more formidable to the provinces which might be the object of its attack, because it must subsist by plunder. Uncertain where this swarm might light, the neighbouring bishops trembled for their rich possessions, which offered a tempting prey to its ravages. But, pressed by the Duke of Bavaria, who now entered the Upper Palatinate, Mansfeld was compelled to retire. Eluding, by a successful stratagem, the Bavarian general, Tilly, who was in pursuit of him, he suddenly appeared in the Lower Palatinate, and there wreaked upon the bishoprics of the Rhine the severities he had designed for those of Franconia.

While the imperial and Bavarian allies thus overran Bohemia, the Spanish general, Spinola, had penetrated with a numerous army from the Netherlands into the Lower Palatinate, which, however, the pacification of Ulm permitted the Union to defend. But their measures were so badly concerted, that one place after another fell into the hands of the Spaniards; and at last, when the Union broke up, the greater part of the country was in the possession of Spain. The Spanish general, Corduba, who commanded these troops after the recall of Spinola, hastily raised the siege of Frankenthal, when Mansfeld entered the Lower Palatinate. But instead of driving the Spaniards out of this province, he hastened across the Rhine to secure for his needy troops shelter and subsistence in Alsace. The open countries on which this swarm of mauraunders threw themselves were converted into frightful deserts, and only by enormous contributions could the cities purchase an exemption from plunder. Reinforced by this expedition, Mansfeld again appeared on the Rhine to cover the Lower Palatinate.

So long as such an arm fought for him, the cause of the Elector Frederick was not irretrievably lost. New prospects began to open, and misfortune raised up friends who had been silent during his prosperity. King James of England, who had looked on with indifference while his son-in-law lost the Bohemian crown, was aroused from his insensibility when the very existence of his daughter and grandson was at stake, and the victorious enemy ventured an attack upon the Electorate. Late enough, he at last opened his treasures, and hastened to afford supplies of money and troops, first to the Union, which at that time was defending the Lower Palatinate, and afterwards, when they retired, to Count Mansfeld. By his means his near relation, Christian, King of Denmark, was induced to afford his active support. At the same time, the approaching expiration of the truce between Spain and Holland deprived the Emperor of all the supplies which otherwise he might expect from the side of the Netherlands. More important still was the assistance which the Palatinate received from Transylvania and Hungary. The cessation of hostilities between Gabor and the Emperor was scarcely at an end, when this old and formidable enemy of Austria

overran Hungary anew, and caused himself to be crowned king in Presburg. So rapid was his progress that, to protect Austria and Hungary, Boucquoi was obliged to evacuate Bohemia. This brave general met his death at the siege of Neuhausel, as, shortly before, the no less valiant Dampierre had fallen before Presburg. Gabor's march into the Austrian territory was irresistible; the old Count Thurn, and several other distinguished Bohemians, had united their hatred and their strength with this irreconcilable enemy of Austria. A vigorous attack on the side of Germany, while Gabor pressed the Emperor on that of Hungary, might have retrieved the fortunes of Frederick; but, unfortunately, the Bohemians and Germans had always laid down their arms when Gabor took the field; and the latter was always exhausted at the very moment that the former began to recover their vigour.

Meanwhile Frederick had not delayed to join his protector Mansfeld. In disguise he entered the Lower Palatinate, of which the possession was at that time disputed between Mansfeld and the Bavarian general, Tilly, the Upper Palatinate having been long conquered. A ray of hope shone upon him as, from the wreck of the Union, new friends came forward. A former member of the Union, George Frederick, Margrave of Baden, had for some time been engaged in assembling a military force, which soon amounted to a considerable army. Its destination was kept a secret till he suddenly took the field and joined Mansfeld. Before commencing the war, he resigned his Margraviate to his son, in the hope of eluding, by this precaution, the Emperor's revenge, if his enterprize should be unsuccessful. His neighbour, the Duke of Wirtemberg, likewise began to augment his military force. The courage of the Palatine revived, and he laboured assiduously to renew the Protestant Union. It was now time for Tilly to consult for his own safety, and he hastily summoned the Spanish troops, under Corduba, to his assistance. But while the enemy was uniting his strength, Mansfeld and the Margrave separated, and the latter was defeated by the Bavarian general near Wimpfen (1622).

To defend a king whom his nearest relation persecuted, and who was deserted

even by his own father-in-law, there had come forward an adventurer without money, and whose very legitimacy was questioned. A sovereign had resigned possessions over which he reigned in peace, to hazard the uncertain fortune of war in behalf of a stranger. And now another soldier of fortune, poor in territorial possessions, but rich in illustrious ancestry, undertook the defence of a cause which the former despaired of. Christian, Duke of Brunswick, administrator of Halberstadt, seemed to have learnt from Count Mansfeld the secret of keeping in the field an army of 20,000 men without money. Impelled by youthful presumption, and influenced partly by the wish of establishing his reputation at the expense of the Roman Catholic priesthood, whom he cordially detested, and partly by a thirst for plunder, he assembled a considerable army in Lower Saxony, under the pretext of espousing the defence of Frederick, and of the liberties of Germany. "God's Friend, Priest's Foe", was the motto he chose for his coinage, which was struck out of church plate; and his conduct belied one half at least of the device.

The progress of these banditti was, as usual, marked by the most frightful devastation. Enriched by the spoils of the chapters of Lower Saxony and Westphalia, they gathered strength to plunder the bishoprics upon the Upper Rhine. Driven from thence, both by friends and foes, the Administrator approached the town of Hoechst on the Maine, which he crossed after a murderous action with Tilly, who disputed with him the passage of the river. With the loss of half his army he reached the opposite bank, where he quickly collected his shattered troops, and formed a junction with Mansfeld. Pursued by Tilly, this united host threw itself again into Alsace, to repeat their former ravages. While the Elector Frederick followed, almost like a fugitive mendicant, this swarm of plunderers which acknowledged him as its lord, and dignified itself with his name, his friends were busily endeavouring to effect a reconciliation between him and the Emperor. Ferdinand took care not to deprive them of all hope of seeing the Palatine restored to his dominion. Full of artifice and dissimulation, he pretended to be willing to enter into a negotiation, hoping thereby to cool their ardour in the field, and to prevent them from driving

matters to extremity. James I., ever the dupe of Spanish cunning, contributed not a little, by his foolish intermeddling, to promote the Emperor's schemes. Ferdinand insisted that Frederick, if he would appeal to his clemency, should, first of all, lay down his arms, and James considered this demand extremely reasonable. At his instigation, the Elector dismissed his only real defenders, Count Mansfeld and the Administrator, and in Holland awaited his own fate from the mercy of the Emperor.

Mansfeld and Duke Christian were now at a loss for some new name; the cause of the Elector had not set them in motion, so his dismissal could not disarm them. War was their object; it was all the same to them in whose cause or name it was waged. After some vain attempts on the part of Mansfeld to be received into the Emperor's service, both marched into Lorraine, where the excesses of their troops spread terror even to the heart of France. Here they long waited in vain for a master willing to purchase their services; till the Dutch, pressed by the Spanish General Spinola, offered to take them into pay. After a bloody fight at Fleurus with the Spaniards, who attempted to intercept them, they reached Holland, where their appearance compelled the Spanish general forthwith to raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. But even Holland was soon weary of these dangerous guests, and availed herself of the first moment to get rid of their unwelcome assistance. Mansfeld allowed his troops to recruit themselves for new enterprises in the fertile province of East Friezeland. Duke Christian, passionately enamoured of the Electress Palatine, with whom he had become acquainted in Holland, and more disposed for war than ever, led back his army into Lower Saxony, bearing that princess's glove in his hat, and on his standards the motto "All for God and Her". Neither of these adventurers had as yet run their career in this war.

All the imperial territories were now free from the enemy; the Union was dissolved; the Margrave of Baden, Duke Christian, and Mansfeld, driven from the field, and the Palatinate overrun by the executive troops of the empire. Manheim and Heidelberg were in possession of Bavaria, and Frankenthal was

shortly afterwards ceded to the Spaniards. The Palatine, in a distant corner of Holland, awaited the disgraceful permission to appease, by abject submission, the vengeance of the Emperor; and an Electoral Diet was at last summoned to decide his fate. That fate, however, had been long before decided at the court of the Emperor; though now, for the first time, were circumstances favourable for giving publicity to the decision. After his past measures towards the Elector, Ferdinand believed that a sincere reconciliation was not to be hoped for. The violent course he had once begun, must be completed successfully, or recoil upon himself. What was already lost was irrecoverable; Frederick could never hope to regain his dominions; and a prince without territory and without subjects had little chance of retaining the electoral crown. Deeply as the Palatine had offended against the House of Austria, the services of the Duke of Bavaria were no less meritorious. If the House of Austria and the Roman Catholic church had much to dread from the resentment and religious rancour of the Palatine family, they had as much to hope from the gratitude and religious zeal of the Bavarian. Lastly, by the cession of the Palatine Electorate to Bavaria, the Roman Catholic religion would obtain a decisive preponderance in the Electoral College, and secure a permanent triumph in Germany.

The last circumstance was sufficient to win the support of the three Ecclesiastical Electors to this innovation; and among the Protestants the vote of Saxony was alone of any importance. But could John George be expected to dispute with the Emperor a right, without which he would expose to question his own title to the electoral dignity? To a prince whom descent, dignity, and political power placed at the head of the Protestant church in Germany, nothing, it is true, ought to be more sacred than the defence of the rights of that church against all the encroachments of the Roman Catholics. But the question here was not whether the interests of the Protestants were to be supported against the Roman Catholics, but which of two religions equally detested, the Calvinistic and the Popish, was to triumph over the other; to which of the two enemies, equally dangerous, the Palatinate was to be assigned; and in this clashing of opposite duties, it was natural that private hate and private gain should determine

the event. The born protector of the liberties of Germany, and of the Protestant religion, encouraged the Emperor to dispose of the Palatinate by his imperial prerogative; and to apprehend no resistance on the part of Saxony to his measures on the mere ground of form. If the Elector was afterwards disposed to retract this consent, Ferdinand himself, by driving the Evangelical preachers from Bohemia, was the cause of this change of opinion; and, in the eyes of the Elector, the transference of the Palatine Electorate to Bavaria ceased to be illegal, as soon as Ferdinand was prevailed upon to cede Lusatia to Saxony, in consideration of six millions of dollars, as the expenses of the war.

Thus, in defiance of all Protestant Germany, and in mockery of the fundamental laws of the empire, which, as his election, he had sworn to maintain, Ferdinand at Ratisbon solemnly invested the Duke of Bavaria with the Palatinate, without prejudice, as the form ran, to the rights which the relations or descendants of Frederick might afterwards establish. That unfortunate prince thus saw himself irrevocably driven from his possessions, without having been even heard before the tribunal which condemned him—a privilege which the law allows to the meanest subject, and even to the most atrocious criminal.

This violent step at last opened the eyes of the King of England; and as the negotiations for the marriage of his son with the Infanta of Spain were now broken off, James began seriously to espouse the cause of his son-in-law. A change in the French ministry had placed Cardinal Richelieu at the head of affairs, and this fallen kingdom soon began to feel that a great mind was at the helm of state. The attempts of the Spanish Viceroy in Milan to gain possession of the Valtelline, and thus to form a junction with the Austrian hereditary dominions, revived the olden dread of this power, and with it the policy of Henry the Great. The marriage of the Prince of Wales with Henrietta of France, established a close union between the two crowns; and to this alliance, Holland, Denmark, and some of the Italian states presently acceded. Its object was to expel, by force of arms, Spain from the Valtelline, and to compel Austria to reinstate Frederick; but only the first of these designs was prosecuted with

vigour. James I. died, and Charles I., involved in disputes with his Parliament, could not bestow attention on the affairs of Germany. Savoy and Venice withheld their assistance; and the French minister thought it necessary to subdue the Huguenots at home, before he supported the German Protestants against the Emperor. Great as were the hopes which had been formed from this alliance, they were yet equalled by the disappointment of the event.

Mansfeld, deprived of all support, remained inactive on the Lower Rhine; and Duke Christian of Brunswick, after an unsuccessful campaign, was a second time driven out of Germany. A fresh irruption of Bethlen Gabor into Moravia, frustrated by the want of support from the Germans, terminated, like all the rest, in a formal peace with the Emperor. The Union was no more; no Protestant prince was in arms; and on the frontiers of Lower Germany, the Bavarian General Tilly, at the head of a victorious army, encamped in the Protestant territory. The movements of the Duke of Brunswick had drawn him into this quarter, and even into the circle of Lower Saxony, when he made himself master of the Administrator's magazines at Lippstadt. The necessity of observing this enemy, and preventing him from new inroads, was the pretext assigned for continuing Tilly's stay in the country. But, in truth, both Mansfeld and Duke Christian had, from want of money, disbanded their armies, and Count Tilly had no enemy to dread. Why, then, still burden the country with his presence?

It is difficult, amidst the uproar of contending parties, to distinguish the voice of truth; but certainly it was matter for alarm that the League did not lay down its arms. The premature rejoicings of the Roman Catholics, too, were calculated to increase apprehension. The Emperor and the League stood armed and victorious in Germany without a power to oppose them, should they venture to attack the Protestant states and to annul the religious treaty. Had Ferdinand been in reality far from disposed to abuse his conquests, still the defenceless position of the Protestants was most likely to suggest the temptation. Obsolete conventions could not bind a prince who thought that he owed all to religion, and believed that a religious creed would sanctify any deed, however violent. Upper Germany was already overpowered. Lower Germany alone could check his despotic authority. Here the Protestants still predominated; the church had been forcibly deprived of most of its endowments; and the present appeared a favourable moment for recovering these lost possessions. A great part of the strength of the Lower German princes consisted in these Chapters, and the plea of restoring its own to the church, afforded an excellent pretext for weakening these princes.

Unpardonable would have been their negligence, had they remained inactive in this danger. The remembrance of the ravages which Tilly's army had committed in Lower Saxony was too recent not to arouse the Estates to measures of defence. With all haste, the circle of Lower Saxony began to arm itself. Extraordinary contributions were levied, troops collected, and magazines filled. Negotiations for subsidies were set on foot with Venice, Holland, and England. They deliberated, too, what power should be placed at the head of the confederacy. The kings of the Sound and the Baltic, the natural allies of this circle, would not see with indifference the Emperor treating it as a conqueror, and establishing himself as their neighbour on the shores of the North Sea. The twofold interests of religion and policy urged them to put a stop to his progress in Lower Germany. Christian IV. of Denmark, as Duke of Holstein, was himself a prince of this circle, and by considerations equally powerful, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was induced to join the confederacy.

These two kings vied with each other for the honour of defending Lower Saxony, and of opposing the formidable power of Austria. Each offered to raise a well-disciplined army, and to lead it in person. His victorious campaigns against Moscow and Poland gave weight to the promises of the King of Sweden. The shores of the Baltic were full of the name of Gustavus. But the fame of his rival excited the envy of the Danish monarch; and the more success he promised himself in this campaign, the less disposed was he to show any favour to his envied neighbour. Both laid their conditions and plans before the English ministry, and Christian IV. finally succeeded in outbidding his rival. Gustavus Adolphus, for his own security, had demanded the cession of some places of strength in Germany, where he himself had no territories, to afford, in case of need, a place of refuge for his troops. Christian IV. possessed Holstein and Jutland, through which, in the event of a defeat, he could always secure a retreat.

Eager to get the start of his competitor, the King of Denmark hastened to take the field. Appointed generalissimo of the circle of Lower Saxony, he soon had an army of 60,000 men in motion; the administrator of Magdeburg, and the

Dukes of Brunswick and Mecklenburgh, entered into an alliance with him. Encouraged by the hope of assistance from England, and the possession of so large a force, he flattered himself he should be able to terminate the war in a single campaign.

At Vienna, it was officially notified that the only object of these preparations was the protection of the circle, and the maintenance of peace. But the negotiations with Holland, England, and even France, the extraordinary exertions of the circle, and the raising of so formidable an army, seemed to have something more in view than defensive operations, and to contemplate nothing less than the complete restoration of the Elector Palatine, and the humiliation of the dreaded power of Austria.

After negotiations, exhortations, commands, and threats had in vain been employed by the Emperor in order to induce the King of Denmark and the circle of Lower Saxony to lay down their arms, hostilities commenced, and Lower Germany became the theatre of war. Count Tilly, marching along the left bank of the Weser, made himself master of all the passes as far as Minden. After an unsuccessful attack on Nieuburg, he crossed the river and overran the principality of Calemburg, in which he quartered his troops. The king conducted his operations on the right bank of the river, and spread his forces over the territories of Brunswick, but having weakened his main body by too powerful detachments, he could not engage in any enterprise of importance. Aware of his opponent's superiority, he avoided a decisive action as anxiously as the general of the League sought it.

With the exception of the troops from the Spanish Netherlands, which had poured into the Lower Palatinate, the Emperor had hitherto made use only of the arms of Bavaria and the League in Germany. Maximilian conducted the war as executor of the ban of the empire, and Tilly, who commanded the army of execution, was in the Bavarian service. The Emperor owed superiority in the field to Bavaria and the League, and his fortunes were in their hands. This dependence on their goodwill, but ill accorded with the grand schemes, which

the brilliant commencement of the war had led the imperial cabinet to form.

However active the League had shown itself in the Emperor's defence, while thereby it secured its own welfare, it could not be expected that it would enter as readily into his views of conquest. Or, if they still continued to lend their armies for that purpose, it was too much to be feared that they would share with the Emperor nothing but general odium, while they appropriated to themselves all advantages. A strong army under his own orders could alone free him from this debasing dependence upon Bavaria, and restore to him his former pre-eminence in Germany. But the war had already exhausted the imperial dominions, and they were unequal to the expense of such an armament. In these circumstances, nothing could be more welcome to the Emperor than the proposal with which one of his officers surprised him.

This was Count Wallenstein, an experienced officer, and the richest nobleman in Bohemia. From his earliest youth he had been in the service of the House of Austria, and several campaigns against the Turks, Venetians, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Transylvanians had established his reputation. He was present as colonel at the battle of Prague, and afterwards, as major-general, had defeated a Hungarian force in Moravia. The Emperor's gratitude was equal to his services, and a large share of the confiscated estates of the Bohemian insurgents was their reward. Possessed of immense property, excited by ambitious views, confident in his own good fortune, and still more encouraged by the existing state of circumstances, he offered, at his own expense and that of his friends, to raise and clothe an army for the Emperor, and even undertook the cost of maintaining it, if he were allowed to augment it to 50,000 men. The project was universally ridiculed as the chimerical offspring of a visionary brain; but the offer was highly valuable, if its promises should be but partially fulfilled. Certain circles in Bohemia were assigned to him as depots, with authority to appoint his own officers. In a few months he had 20,000 men under arms, with which, quitting the Austrian territories, he soon afterwards appeared on the frontiers of Lower Saxony with 30,000. The Emperor had lent this armament nothing but his name.

The reputation of the general, the prospect of rapid promotion, and the hope of plunder, attracted to his standard adventurers from all quarters of Germany; and even sovereign princes, stimulated by the desire of glory or of gain, offered to raise regiments for the service of Austria.

Now, therefore, for the first time in this war, an imperial army appeared in Germany;—an event which if it was menacing to the Protestants, was scarcely more acceptable to the Catholics. Wallenstein had orders to unite his army with the troops of the League, and in conjunction with the Bavarian general to attack the King of Denmark. But long jealous of Tilly's fame, he showed no disposition to share with him the laurels of the campaign, or in the splendour of his rival's achievements to dim the lustre of his own. His plan of operations was to support the latter, but to act entirely independent of him. As he had not resources, like Tilly, for supplying the wants of his army, he was obliged to march his troops into fertile countries which had not as yet suffered from war. Disobeying, therefore, the order to form a junction with the general of the League, he marched into the territories of Halberstadt and Magdeburg, and at Dessau made himself master of the Elbe. All the lands on either bank of this river were at his command, and from them he could either attack the King of Denmark in the rear, or, if prudent, enter the territories of that prince.

Christian IV. was fully aware of the danger of his situation between two such powerful armies. He had already been joined by the administrator of Halberstadt, who had lately returned from Holland; he now also acknowledged Mansfeld, whom previously he had refused to recognise, and supported him to the best of his ability. Mansfeld amply requited this service. He alone kept at bay the army of Wallenstein upon the Elbe, and prevented its junction with that of Tilly, and a combined attack on the King of Denmark. Notwithstanding the enemy's superiority, this intrepid general even approached the bridge of Dessau, and ventured to entrench himself in presence of the imperial lines. But attacked in the rear by the whole force of the Imperialists, he was obliged to yield to superior numbers, and to abandon his post with the loss of 3,000 killed. After

this defeat, Mansfeld withdrew into Brandenburg, where he soon recruited and reinforced his army; and suddenly turned into Silesia, with the view of marching from thence into Hungary; and, in conjunction with Bethlen Gabor, carrying the war into the heart of Austria. As the Austrian dominions in that quarter were entirely defenceless, Wallenstein received immediate orders to leave the King of Denmark, and if possible to intercept Mansfeld's progress through Silesia.

The diversion which this movement of Mansfeld had made in the plans of Wallenstein, enabled the king to detach a part of his force into Westphalia, to seize the bishoprics of Munster and Osnaburg. To check this movement, Tilly suddenly moved from the Weser; but the operations of Duke Christian, who threatened the territories of the League with an inroad in the direction of Hesse, and to remove thither the seat of war, recalled him as rapidly from Westphalia. In order to keep open his communication with these provinces, and to prevent the junction of the enemy with the Landgrave of Hesse, Tilly hastily seized all the tenable posts on the Werha and Fulda, and took up a strong position in Minden, at the foot of the Hessian Mountains, and at the confluence of these rivers with the Weser. He soon made himself master of Goettingen, the key of Brunswick and Hesse, and was meditating a similar attack upon Nordheim, when the king advanced upon him with his whole army. After throwing into this place the necessary supplies for a long siege, the latter attempted to open a new passage through Eichsfeld and Thuringia, into the territories of the League. He had already reached Duderstadt, when Tilly, by forced marches, came up with him. As the army of Tilly, which had been reinforced by some of Wallenstein's regiments, was superior in numbers to his own, the king, to avoid a battle, retreated towards Brunswick. But Tilly incessantly harassed his retreat, and after three days' skirmishing, he was at length obliged to await the enemy near the village of Lutter in Barenberg. The Danes began the attack with great bravery, and thrice did their intrepid monarch lead them in person against the enemy; but at length the superior numbers and discipline of the Imperialists prevailed, and the general of the League obtained a complete victory. The Danes lost sixty standards, and their whole artillery, baggage, and ammunition. Several officers

of distinction and about 4,000 men were killed in the field of battle; and several companies of foot, in the flight, who had thrown themselves into the town-house of Lutter, laid down their arms and surrendered to the conqueror.

The king fled with his cavalry, and soon collected the wreck of his army which had survived this serious defeat. Tilly pursued his victory, made himself master of the Weser and Brunswick, and forced the king to retire into Bremen. Rendered more cautious by defeat, the latter now stood upon the defensive; and determined at all events to prevent the enemy from crossing the Elbe. But while he threw garrisons into every tenable place, he reduced his own diminished army to inactivity; and one after another his scattered troops were either defeated or dispersed. The forces of the League, in command of the Weser, spread themselves along the Elbe and Havel, and everywhere drove the Danes before them. Tilly himself crossing the Elbe penetrated with his victorious army into Brandenburg, while Wallenstein entered Holstein to remove the seat of war to the king's own dominions.

This general had just returned from Hungary whither he had pursued Mansfeld, without being able to obstruct his march, or prevent his junction with Bethlen Gabor. Constantly persecuted by fortune, but always superior to his fate, Mansfeld had made his way against countless difficulties, through Silesia and Hungary to Transylvania, where, after all, he was not very welcome. Relying upon the assistance of England, and a powerful diversion in Lower Saxony, Gabor had again broken the truce with the Emperor. But in place of the expected diversion in his favour, Mansfeld had drawn upon himself the whole strength of Wallenstein, and instead of bringing, required, pecuniary assistance. The want of concert in the Protestant counsels cooled Gabor's ardour; and he hastened, as usual, to avert the coming storm by a speedy peace. Firmly determined, however, to break it, with the first ray of hope, he directed Mansfeld in the mean time to apply for assistance to Venice.

Cut off from Germany, and unable to support the weak remnant of his troops in Hungary, Mansfeld sold his artillery and baggage train, and disbanded his

soldiers. With a few followers, he proceeded through Bosnia and Dalmatia, towards Venice. New schemes swelled his bosom; but his career was ended. Fate, which had so restlessly sported with him throughout, now prepared for him a peaceful grave in Dalmatia. Death overtook him in the vicinity of Zara in 1626, and a short time before him died the faithful companion of his fortunes, Christian, Duke of Brunswick—two men worthy of immortality, had they but been as superior to their times as they were to their adversities.

The King of Denmark, with his whole army, was unable to cope with Tilly alone; much less, therefore, with a shattered force could he hold his ground against the two imperial generals. The Danes retired from all their posts on the Weser, the Elbe, and the Havel, and the army of Wallenstein poured like a torrent into Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, Holstein and Sleswick. That general, too proud to act in conjunction with another, had dispatched Tilly across the Elbe, to watch, as he gave out, the motions of the Dutch in that quarter; but in reality that he might terminate the war against the king, and reap for himself the fruits of Tilly's conquests. Christian had now lost all his fortresses in the German States, with the exception of Gluckstadt; his armies were defeated or dispersed; no assistance came from Germany; from England, little consolation; while his confederates in Lower Saxony were at the mercy of the conqueror. The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had been forced by Tilly, soon after the battle of Lutter, to renounce the Danish alliance. Wallenstein's formidable appearance before Berlin reduced the Elector of Brandenburg to submission, and compelled him to recognise, as legitimate, Maximilian's title to the Palatine Electorate. The greater part of Mecklenburgh was now overrun by imperial troops; and both dukes, as adherents of the King of Denmark, placed under the ban of the empire, and driven from their dominions. The defence of the German liberties against illegal encroachments, was punished as a crime deserving the loss of all dignities and territories; and yet this was but the prelude to the still more crying enormities which shortly followed.

The secret how Wallenstein had purposed to fulfil his extravagant designs was

now manifest. He had learned the lesson from Count Mansfeld; but the scholar surpassed his master. On the principle that war must support war, Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick had subsisted their troops by contributions levied indiscriminately on friend and enemy; but this predatory life was attended with all the inconvenience and insecurity which accompany robbery. Like a fugitive banditti, they were obliged to steal through exasperated and vigilant enemies; to roam from one end of Germany to another; to watch their opportunity with anxiety; and to abandon the most fertile territories whenever they were defended by a superior army. If Mansfeld and Duke Christian had done such great things in the face of these difficulties, what might not be expected if the obstacles were removed; when the army raised was numerous enough to overawe in itself the most powerful states of the empire; when the name of the Emperor insured impunity to every outrage; and when, under the highest authority, and at the head of an overwhelming force, the same system of warfare was pursued, which these two adventurers had hitherto adopted at their own risk, and with only an untrained multitude?

Wallenstein had all this in view when he made his bold offer to the Emperor, which now seemed extravagant to no one. The more his army was augmented, the less cause was there to fear for its subsistence, because it could irresistibly bear down upon the refractory states; the more violent its outrages, the more probable was impunity. Towards hostile states it had the plea of right; towards the favourably disposed it could allege necessity. The inequality, too, with which it dealt out its oppressions, prevented any dangerous union among the states; while the exhaustion of their territories deprived them of the power of vengeance. Thus the whole of Germany became a kind of magazine for the imperial army, and the Emperor was enabled to deal with the other states as absolutely as with his own hereditary dominions. Universal was the clamour for redress before the imperial throne; but there was nothing to fear from the revenge of the injured princes, so long as they appealed for justice. The general discontent was directed equally against the Emperor, who had lent his name to these barbarities, and the general who exceeded his power, and openly abused

the authority of his master. They applied to the Emperor for protection against the outrages of his general; but Wallenstein had no sooner felt himself absolute in the army, than he threw off his obedience to his sovereign.

The exhaustion of the enemy made a speedy peace probable; yet Wallenstein continued to augment the imperial armies until they were at least 100,000 men strong. Numberless commissions to colonelcies and inferior commands, the regal pomp of the commander-in-chief, immoderate largesses to his favourites, (for he never gave less than a thousand florins,) enormous sums lavished in corrupting the court at Vienna—all this had been effected without burdening the Emperor. These immense sums were raised by the contributions levied from the lower German provinces, where no distinction was made between friend and foe; and the territories of all princes were subjected to the same system of marching and quartering, of extortion and outrage. If credit is to be given to an extravagant contemporary statement, Wallenstein, during his seven years command, had exacted not less than sixty thousand millions of dollars from one half of Germany. The greater his extortions, the greater the rewards of his soldiers, and the greater the concourse to his standard, for the world always follows fortune. His armies flourished while all the states through which they passed withered. What cared he for the detestation of the people, and the complaints of princes? His army adored him, and the very enormity of his guilt enabled him to bid defiance to its consequences.

It would be unjust to Ferdinand, were we to lay all these irregularities to his charge. Had he foreseen that he was abandoning the German States to the mercy of his officer, he would have been sensible how dangerous to himself so absolute a general would prove. The closer the connexion became between the army, and the leader from whom flowed favour and fortune, the more the ties which united both to the Emperor were relaxed. Every thing, it is true, was done in the name of the latter; but Wallenstein only availed himself of the supreme majesty of the Emperor to crush the authority of other states. His object was to depress the princes of the empire, to destroy all gradation of rank between them and the

Emperor, and to elevate the power of the latter above all competition. If the Emperor were absolute in Germany, who then would be equal to the man intrusted with the execution of his will? The height to which Wallenstein had raised the imperial authority astonished even the Emperor himself; but as the greatness of the master was entirely the work of the servant, the creation of Wallenstein would necessarily sink again into nothing upon the withdrawal of its creative hand. Not without an object, therefore, did Wallenstein labour to poison the minds of the German princes against the Emperor. The more violent their hatred of Ferdinand, the more indispensable to the Emperor would become the man who alone could render their ill-will powerless. His design unquestionably was, that his sovereign should stand in fear of no one in all Germany—besides himself, the source and engine of this despotic power.

As a step towards this end, Wallenstein now demanded the cession of Mecklenburg, to be held in pledge till the repayment of his advances for the war. Ferdinand had already created him Duke of Friedland, apparently with the view of exalting his own general over Bavaria; but an ordinary recompense would not satisfy Wallenstein's ambition. In vain was this new demand, which could be granted only at the expense of two princes of the empire, actively resisted in the Imperial Council; in vain did the Spaniards, who had long been offended by his pride, oppose his elevation. The powerful support which Wallenstein had purchased from the imperial councillors prevailed, and Ferdinand was determined, at whatever cost, to secure the devotion of so indispensable a minister. For a slight offence, one of the oldest German houses was expelled from their hereditary dominions, that a creature of the Emperor might be enriched by their spoils (1628).

Wallenstein now began to assume the title of generalissimo of the Emperor by sea and land. Wismar was taken, and a firm footing gained on the Baltic. Ships were required from Poland and the Hanse towns to carry the war to the other side of the Baltic; to pursue the Danes into the heart of their own country, and to compel them to a peace which might prepare the way to more important

conquests. The communication between the Lower German States and the Northern powers would be broken, could the Emperor place himself between them, and encompass Germany, from the Adriatic to the Sound, (the intervening kingdom of Poland being already dependent on him,) with an unbroken line of territory. If such was the Emperor's plan, Wallenstein had a peculiar interest in its execution. These possessions on the Baltic should, he intended, form the first foundation of a power, which had long been the object of his ambition, and which should enable him to throw off his dependence on the Emperor.

To effect this object, it was of extreme importance to gain possession of Stralsund, a town on the Baltic. Its excellent harbour, and the short passage from it to the Swedish and Danish coasts, peculiarly fitted it for a naval station in a war with these powers. This town, the sixth of the Hanseatic League, enjoyed great privileges under the Duke of Pomerania, and totally independent of Denmark, had taken no share in the war. But neither its neutrality, nor its privileges, could protect it against the encroachments of Wallenstein, when he had once cast a longing look upon it.

The request he made, that Stralsund should receive an imperial garrison, had been firmly and honourably rejected by the magistracy, who also refused his cunningly demanded permission to march his troops through the town, Wallenstein, therefore, now proposed to besiege it.

The independence of Stralsund, as securing the free navigation of the Baltic, was equally important to the two Northern kings. A common danger overcame at last the private jealousies which had long divided these princes. In a treaty concluded at Copenhagen in 1628, they bound themselves to assist Stralsund with their combined force, and to oppose in common every foreign power which should appear in the Baltic with hostile views. Christian IV. also threw a sufficient garrison into Stralsund, and by his personal presence animated the courage of the citizens. Some ships of war which Sigismund, King of Poland, had sent to the assistance of the imperial general, were sunk by the Danish fleet; and as Lubeck refused him the use of its shipping, this imperial generalissimo of

the sea had not even ships enough to blockade this single harbour.

Nothing could appear more adventurous than to attempt the conquest of a strongly fortified seaport without first blockading its harbour. Wallenstein, however, who as yet had never experienced a check, wished to conquer nature itself, and to perform impossibilities. Stralsund, open to the sea, continued to be supplied with provisions and reinforcements; yet Wallenstein maintained his blockade on the land side, and endeavoured, by boasting menaces, to supply his want of real strength. "I will take this town," said he, "though it were fastened by a chain to the heavens." The Emperor himself, who might have cause to regret an enterprise which promised no very glorious result, joyfully availed himself of the apparent submission and acceptable propositions of the inhabitants, to order the general to retire from the town. Wallenstein despised the command, and continued to harass the besieged by incessant assaults. As the Danish garrison, already much reduced, was unequal to the fatigues of this prolonged defence, and the king was unable to detach any further troops to their support, Stralsund, with Christian's consent, threw itself under the protection of the King of Sweden. The Danish commander left the town to make way for a Swedish governor, who gloriously defended it. Here Wallenstein's good fortune forsook him; and, for the first time, his pride experienced the humiliation of relinquishing his prey, after the loss of many months and of 12,000 men. The necessity to which he reduced the town of applying for protection to Sweden, laid the foundation of a close alliance between Gustavus Adolphus and Stralsund, which greatly facilitated the entrance of the Swedes into Germany.

Hitherto invariable success had attended the arms of the Emperor and the League, and Christian IV., defeated in Germany, had sought refuge in his own islands; but the Baltic checked the further progress of the conquerors. The want of ships not only stopped the pursuit of the king, but endangered their previous acquisitions. The union of the two northern monarchs was most to be dreaded, because, so long as it lasted, it effectually prevented the Emperor and his general from acquiring a footing on the Baltic, or effecting a landing in Sweden. But if

they could succeed in dissolving this union, and especially securing the friendship of the Danish king, they might hope to overpower the insulated force of Sweden. The dread of the interference of foreign powers, the insubordination of the Protestants in his own states, and still more the storm which was gradually darkening along the whole of Protestant Germany, inclined the Emperor to peace, which his general, from opposite motives, was equally desirous to effect. Far from wishing for a state of things which would reduce him from the meridian of greatness and glory to the obscurity of private life, he only wished to change the theatre of war, and by a partial peace to prolong the general confusion. The friendship of Denmark, whose neighbour he had become as Duke of Mecklenburgh, was most important for the success of his ambitious views; and he resolved, even at the sacrifice of his sovereign's interests, to secure its alliance.

By the treaty of Copenhagen, Christian IV. had expressly engaged not to conclude a separate peace with the Emperor, without the consent of Sweden. Notwithstanding, Wallenstein's proposition was readily received by him. In a conference at Lubeck in 1629, from which Wallenstein, with studied contempt, excluded the Swedish ambassadors who came to intercede for Mecklenburgh, all the conquests taken by the imperialists were restored to the Danes. The conditions imposed upon the king were, that he should interfere no farther with the affairs of Germany than was called for by his character of Duke of Holstein; that he should on no pretext harass the Chapters of Lower Germany, and should leave the Dukes of Mecklenburgh to their fate. By Christian himself had these princes been involved in the war with the Emperor; he now sacrificed them, to gain the favour of the usurper of their territories. Among the motives which had engaged him in a war with the Emperor, not the least was the restoration of his relation, the Elector Palatine—yet the name of that unfortunate prince was not even mentioned in the treaty; while in one of its articles the legitimacy of the Bavarian election was expressly recognised. Thus meanly and ingloriously did Christian IV. retire from the field.

Ferdinand had it now in his power, for the second time, to secure the tranquillity of Germany; and it depended solely on his will whether the treaty with Denmark should or should not be the basis of a general peace. From every quarter arose the cry of the unfortunate, petitioning for an end of their sufferings; the cruelties of his soldiers, and the rapacity of his generals, had exceeded all bounds. Germany, laid waste by the desolating bands of Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick, and by the still more terrible hordes of Tilly and Wallenstein, lay exhausted, bleeding, wasted, and sighing for repose. An anxious desire for peace was felt by all conditions, and by the Emperor himself; involved as he was in a war with France in Upper Italy, exhausted by his past warfare in Germany, and apprehensive of the day of reckoning which was approaching. But, unfortunately, the conditions on which alone the two religious parties were willing respectively to sheath the sword, were irreconcilable. The Roman Catholics wished to terminate the war to their own advantage; the Protestants advanced equal pretensions. The Emperor, instead of uniting both parties by a prudent moderation, sided with one; and thus Germany was again plunged in the horrors of a bloody war.

From the very close of the Bohemian troubles, Ferdinand had carried on a counter reformation in his hereditary dominions, in which, however, from regard to some of the Protestant Estates, he proceeded, at first, with moderation. But the victories of his generals in Lower Germany encouraged him to throw off all reserve. Accordingly he had it intimated to all the Protestants in these dominions, that they must either abandon their religion, or their native country, —a bitter and dreadful alternative, which excited the most violent commotions among his Austrian subjects. In the Palatinate, immediately after the expulsion of Frederick, the Protestant religion had been suppressed, and its professors expelled from the University of Heidelberg.

All this was but the prelude to greater changes. In the Electoral Congress held at Muehlhausen, the Roman Catholics had demanded of the Emperor that all the archbishoprics, bishoprics, mediate and immediate, abbacies and monasteries,

which, since the Diet of Augsburg, had been secularized by the Protestants, should be restored to the church, in order to indemnify them for the losses and sufferings in the war. To a Roman Catholic prince so zealous as Ferdinand was, such a hint was not likely to be neglected; but he still thought it would be premature to arouse the whole Protestants of Germany by so decisive a step. Not a single Protestant prince but would be deprived, by this revocation of the religious foundations, of a part of his lands; for where these revenues had not actually been diverted to secular purposes they had been made over to the Protestant church. To this source, many princes owed the chief part of their revenues and importance. All, without exception, would be irritated by this demand for restoration. The religious treaty did not expressly deny their right to these chapters, although it did not allow it. But a possession which had now been held for nearly a century, the silence of four preceding emperors, and the law of equity, which gave them an equal right with the Roman Catholics to the foundations of their common ancestors, might be strongly pleaded by them as a valid title. Besides the actual loss of power and authority, which the surrender of these foundations would occasion, besides the inevitable confusion which would necessarily attend it, one important disadvantage to which it would lead, was, that the restoration of the Roman Catholic bishops would increase the strength of that party in the Diet by so many additional votes. Such grievous sacrifices likely to fall on the Protestants, made the Emperor apprehensive of a formidable opposition; and until the military ardour should have cooled in Germany, he had no wish to provoke a party formidable by its union, and which in the Elector of Saxony had a powerful leader. He resolved, therefore, to try the experiment at first on a small scale, in order to ascertain how it was likely to succeed on a larger one. Accordingly, some of the free cities in Upper Germany, and the Duke of Wirtemberg, received orders to surrender to the Roman Catholics several of the confiscated chapters.

The state of affairs in Saxony enabled the Emperor to make some bolder experiments in that quarter. In the bishoprics of Magdeburg and Halberstadt, the Protestant canons had not hesitated to elect bishops of their own religion. Both

bishoprics, with the exception of the town of Magdeburg itself, were overrun by the troops of Wallenstein. It happened, moreover, that by the death of the Administrator Duke Christian of Brunswick, Halberstadt was vacant, as was also the Archbishopric of Magdeburg by the deposition of Christian William, a prince of the House of Brandenburg. Ferdinand took advantage of the circumstance to restore the see of Halberstadt to a Roman Catholic bishop, and a prince of his own house. To avoid a similar coercion, the Chapter of Magdeburg hastened to elect a son of the Elector of Saxony as archbishop. But the pope, who with his arrogated authority interfered in this matter, conferred the Archbishopric of Magdeburg also on the Austrian prince. Thus, with all his pious zeal for religion, Ferdinand never lost sight of the interests of his family.

At length, when the peace of Lubeck had delivered the Emperor from all apprehensions on the side of Denmark, and the German Protestants seemed entirely powerless, the League becoming louder and more urgent in its demands, Ferdinand, in 1629, signed the Edict of Restitution, (so famous by its disastrous consequences,) which he had previously laid before the four Roman Catholic electors for their approbation. In the preamble, he claimed the prerogative, in right of his imperial authority, to interpret the meaning of the religious treaty, the ambiguities of which had already caused so many disputes, and to decide as supreme arbiter and judge between the contending parties. This prerogative he founded upon the practice of his ancestors, and its previous recognition even by Protestant states. Saxony had actually acknowledged this right of the Emperor; and it now became evident how deeply this court had injured the Protestant cause by its dependence on the House of Austria. But though the meaning of the religious treaty was really ambiguous, as a century of religious disputes sufficiently proved, yet for the Emperor, who must be either a Protestant or a Roman Catholic, and therefore an interested party, to assume the right of deciding between the disputants, was clearly a violation of an essential article of the pacification. He could not be judge in his own cause, without reducing the liberties of the empire to an empty sound.

And now, in virtue of this usurpation, Ferdinand decided, "That every secularization of a religious foundation, mediate or immediate, by the Protestants, subsequent to the date of the treaty, was contrary to its spirit, and must be revoked as a breach of it." He further decided, "That, by the religious peace, Catholic proprietors of estates were no further bound to their Protestant subjects than to allow them full liberty to quit their territories." In obedience to this decision, all unlawful possessors of benefices—the Protestant states in short without exception—were ordered, under pain of the ban of the empire, immediately to surrender their usurped possessions to the imperial commissioners.

This sentence applied to no less than two archbishoprics and twelve bishoprics, besides innumerable abbacies. The edict came like a thunderbolt on the whole of Protestant Germany; dreadful even in its immediate consequences; but yet more so from the further calamities it seemed to threaten. The Protestants were now convinced that the suppression of their religion had been resolved on by the Emperor and the League, and that the overthrow of German liberty would soon follow. Their remonstrances were unheeded; the commissioners were named, and an army assembled to enforce obedience. The edict was first put in force in Augsburg, where the treaty was concluded; the city was again placed under the government of its bishop, and six Protestant churches in the town were closed. The Duke of Wirtemberg was, in like manner, compelled to surrender his abbacies. These severe measures, though they alarmed the Protestant states, were yet insufficient to rouse them to an active resistance. Their fear of the Emperor was too strong, and many were disposed to quiet submission. The hope of attaining their end by gentle measures, induced the Roman Catholics likewise to delay for a year the execution of the edict, and this saved the Protestants; before the end of that period, the success of the Swedish arms had totally changed the state of affairs.

In a Diet held at Ratisbon, at which Ferdinand was present in person (in 1630), the necessity of taking some measures for the immediate restoration of a

general peace to Germany, and for the removal of all grievances, was debated. The complaints of the Roman Catholics were scarcely less numerous than those of the Protestants, although Ferdinand had flattered himself that by the Edict of Restitution he had secured the members of the League, and its leader by the gift of the electoral dignity, and the cession of great part of the Palatinate. But the good understanding between the Emperor and the princes of the League had rapidly declined since the employment of Wallenstein. Accustomed to give law to Germany, and even to sway the Emperor's own destiny, the haughty Elector of Bavaria now at once saw himself supplanted by the imperial general, and with that of the League, his own importance completely undermined. Another had now stepped in to reap the fruits of his victories, and to bury his past services in oblivion. Wallenstein's imperious character, whose dearest triumph was in degrading the authority of the princes, and giving an odious latitude to that of the Emperor, tended not a little to augment the irritation of the Elector. Discontented with the Emperor, and distrustful of his intentions, he had entered into an alliance with France, which the other members of the League were suspected of favouring. A fear of the Emperor's plans of aggrandizement, and discontent with existing evils, had extinguished among them all feelings of gratitude. Wallenstein's exactions had become altogether intolerable. Brandenburg estimated its losses at twenty, Pomerania at ten, Hesse Cassel at seven millions of dollars, and the rest in proportion. The cry for redress was loud, urgent, and universal; all prejudices were hushed; Roman Catholics and Protestants were united on this point. The terrified Emperor was assailed on all sides by petitions against Wallenstein, and his ear filled with the most fearful descriptions of his outrages. Ferdinand was not naturally cruel. If not totally innocent of the atrocities which were practised in Germany under the shelter of his name, he was ignorant of their extent; and he was not long in yielding to the representation of the princes, and reduced his standing army by eighteen thousand cavalry. While this reduction took place, the Swedes were actively preparing an expedition into Germany, and the greater part of the disbanded Imperialists enlisted under their banners.

The Emperor's concessions only encouraged the Elector of Bavaria to bolder demands. So long as the Duke of Friedland retained the supreme command, his triumph over the Emperor was incomplete. The princes of the League were meditating a severe revenge on Wallenstein for that haughtiness with which he had treated them all alike. His dismissal was demanded by the whole college of electors, and even by Spain, with a degree of unanimity and urgency which astonished the Emperor. The anxiety with which Wallenstein's enemies pressed for his dismissal, ought to have convinced the Emperor of the importance of his services. Wallenstein, informed of the cabals which were forming against him in Ratisbon, lost no time in opening the eyes of the Emperor to the real views of the Elector of Bavaria. He himself appeared in Ratisbon, with a pomp which threw his master into the shade, and increased the hatred of his opponents.

Long was the Emperor undecided. The sacrifice demanded was a painful one. To the Duke of Friedland alone he owed his preponderance; he felt how much he would lose in yielding him to the indignation of the princes. But at this moment, unfortunately, he was under the necessity of conciliating the Electors. His son Ferdinand had already been chosen King of Hungary, and he was endeavouring to procure his election as his successor in the empire. For this purpose, the support of Maximilian was indispensable. This consideration was the weightiest, and to oblige the Elector of Bavaria he scrupled not to sacrifice his most valuable servant.

At the Diet at Ratisbon, there were present ambassadors from France, empowered to adjust the differences which seemed to menace a war in Italy between the Emperor and their sovereign. Vincent, Duke of Mantua and Montferrat, dying without issue, his next relation, Charles, Duke of Nevers, had taken possession of this inheritance, without doing homage to the Emperor as liege lord of the principality. Encouraged by the support of France and Venice, he refused to surrender these territories into the hands of the imperial commissioners, until his title to them should be decided. On the other hand, Ferdinand had taken up arms at the instigation of the Spaniards, to whom, as

possessors of Milan, the near neighbourhood of a vassal of France was peculiarly alarming, and who welcomed this prospect of making, with the assistance of the Emperor, additional conquests in Italy. In spite of all the exertions of Pope Urban VIII. to avert a war in that country, Ferdinand marched a German army across the Alps, and threw the Italian states into a general consternation. His arms had been successful throughout Germany, and exaggerated fears revived the olden apprehension of Austria's projects of universal monarchy. All the horrors of the German war now spread like a deluge over those favoured countries which the Po waters; Mantua was taken by storm, and the surrounding districts given up to the ravages of a lawless soldiery. The curse of Italy was thus added to the maledictions upon the Emperor which resounded through Germany; and even in the Roman Conclave, silent prayers were offered for the success of the Protestant arms.

Alarmed by the universal hatred which this Italian campaign had drawn upon him, and wearied out by the urgent remonstrances of the Electors, who zealously supported the application of the French ambassador, the Emperor promised the investiture to the new Duke of Mantua.

This important service on the part of Bavaria, of course, required an equivalent from France. The adjustment of the treaty gave the envoys of Richelieu, during their residence in Ratisbon, the desired opportunity of entangling the Emperor in dangerous intrigues, of inflaming the discontented princes of the League still more strongly against him, and of turning to his disadvantage all the transactions of the Diet. For this purpose Richelieu had chosen an admirable instrument in Father Joseph, a Capuchin friar, who accompanied the ambassadors without exciting the least suspicion. One of his principal instructions was assiduously to bring about the dismissal of Wallenstein. With the general who had led it to victory, the army of Austria would lose its principal strength; many armies could not compensate for the loss of this individual. It would therefore be a masterstroke of policy, at the very moment when a victorious monarch, the absolute master of his operations, was

arming against the Emperor, to remove from the head of the imperial armies the only general who, by ability and military experience, was able to cope with the French king. Father Joseph, in the interests of Bavaria, undertook to overcome the irresolution of the Emperor, who was now in a manner besieged by the Spaniards and the Electoral Council. "It would be expedient," he thought, "to gratify the Electors on this occasion, and thereby facilitate his son's election to the Roman Crown. This object once gained, Wallenstein could at any time resume his former station." The artful Capuchin was too sure of his man to touch upon this ground of consolation.

The voice of a monk was to Ferdinand II. the voice of God. "Nothing on earth," writes his own confessor, "was more sacred in his eyes than a priest. If it could happen, he used to say, that an angel and a Regular were to meet him at the same time and place, the Regular should receive his first, and the angel his second obeisance." Wallenstein's dismissal was determined upon.

In return for this pious concession, the Capuchin dexterously counteracted the Emperor's scheme to procure for the King of Hungary the further dignity of King of the Romans. In an express clause of the treaty just concluded, the French ministers engaged in the name of their sovereign to observe a complete neutrality between the Emperor and his enemies; while, at the same time, Richelieu was actually negotiating with the King of Sweden to declare war, and pressing upon him the alliance of his master. The latter, indeed, disavowed the lie as soon as it had served its purpose, and Father Joseph, confined to a convent, must atone for the alleged offence of exceeding his instructions. Ferdinand perceived, when too late, that he had been imposed upon. "A wicked Capuchin," he was heard to say, "has disarmed me with his rosary, and thrust nothing less than six electoral crowns into his cowl."

Artifice and trickery thus triumphed over the Emperor, at the moment when he was believed to be omnipotent in Germany, and actually was so in the field. With the loss of 18,000 men, and of a general who alone was worth whole armies, he left Ratisbon without gaining the end for which he had made such

sacrifices. Before the Swedes had vanquished him in the field, Maximilian of Bavaria and Father Joseph had given him a mortal blow. At this memorable Diet at Ratisbon the war with Sweden was resolved upon, and that of Mantua terminated. Vainly had the princes present at it interceded for the Dukes of Mecklenburgh; and equally fruitless had been an application by the English ambassadors for a pension to the Palatine Frederick.

Wallenstein was at the head of an army of nearly a hundred thousand men who adored him, when the sentence of his dismissal arrived. Most of the officers were his creatures:—with the common soldiers his hint was law. His ambition was boundless, his pride indomitable, his imperious spirit could not brook an injury unavenged. One moment would now precipitate him from the height of grandeur into the obscurity of a private station. To execute such a sentence upon such a delinquent seemed to require more address than it cost to obtain it from the judge. Accordingly, two of Wallenstein's most intimate friends were selected as heralds of these evil tidings, and instructed to soften them as much as possible, by flattering assurances of the continuance of the Emperor's favour.

Wallenstein had ascertained the purport of their message before the imperial ambassadors arrived. He had time to collect himself, and his countenance exhibited an external calmness, while grief and rage were storming in his bosom. He had made up his mind to obey. The Emperor's decision had taken him by surprise before circumstances were ripe, or his preparations complete, for the bold measures he had contemplated. His extensive estates were scattered over Bohemia and Moravia; and by their confiscation, the Emperor might at once destroy the sinews of his power. He looked, therefore, to the future for revenge; and in this hope he was encouraged by the predictions of an Italian astrologer, who led his imperious spirit like a child in leading strings. Seni had read in the stars, that his master's brilliant career was not yet ended; and that bright and glorious prospects still awaited him. It was, indeed, unnecessary to consult the stars to foretell that an enemy, Gustavus Adolphus, would ere long render indispensable the services of such a general as Wallenstein.

"The Emperor is betrayed," said Wallenstein to the messengers; "I pity but forgive him. It is plain that the grasping spirit of the Bavarian dictates to him. I grieve that, with so much weakness, he has sacrificed me, but I will obey." He dismissed the emissaries with princely presents; and in a humble letter besought the continuance of the Emperor's favour, and of the dignities he had bestowed upon him.

The murmurs of the army were universal, on hearing of the dismissal of their general; and the greater part of his officers immediately quitted the imperial service. Many followed him to his estates in Bohemia and Moravia; others he attached to his interests by pensions, in order to command their services when the opportunity should offer.

But repose was the last thing that Wallenstein contemplated when he returned to private life. In his retreat, he surrounded himself with a regal pomp, which seemed to mock the sentence of degradation. Six gates led to the palace he inhabited in Prague, and a hundred houses were pulled down to make way for his courtyard. Similar palaces were built on his other numerous estates. Gentlemen of the noblest houses contended for the honour of serving him, and even imperial chamberlains resigned the golden key to the Emperor, to fill a similar office under Wallenstein. He maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the ablest masters. His antichamber was protected by fifty life guards. His table never consisted of less than 100 covers, and his seneschal was a person of distinction. When he travelled, his baggage and suite accompanied him in a hundred wagons, drawn by six or four horses; his court followed in sixty carriages, attended by fifty led horses. The pomp of his liveries, the splendour of his equipages, and the decorations of his apartments, were in keeping with all the rest. Six barons and as many knights, were in constant attendance about his person, and ready to execute his slightest order. Twelve patrols went their rounds about his palace, to prevent any disturbance. His busy genius required silence. The noise of coaches was to be kept away from his residence, and the streets leading to it were frequently blocked up with chains.

His own circle was as silent as the approaches to his palace; dark, reserved, and impenetrable, he was more sparing of his words than of his gifts; while the little that he spoke was harsh and imperious. He never smiled, and the coldness of his temperament was proof against sensual seductions. Ever occupied with grand schemes, he despised all those idle amusements in which so many waste their lives. The correspondence he kept up with the whole of Europe was chiefly managed by himself, and, that as little as possible might be trusted to the silence of others, most of the letters were written by his own hand. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a sallow complexion, with short red hair, and small sparkling eyes. A gloomy and forbidding seriousness sat upon his brow; and his magnificent presents alone retained the trembling crowd of his dependents.

In this stately obscurity did Wallenstein silently, but not inactively, await the hour of revenge. The victorious career of Gustavus Adolphus soon gave him a presentiment of its approach. Not one of his lofty schemes had been abandoned; and the Emperor's ingratitude had loosened the curb of his ambition. The dazzling splendour of his private life bespoke high soaring projects; and, lavish as a king, he seemed already to reckon among his certain possessions those which he contemplated with hope.

After Wallenstein's dismissal, and the invasion of Gustavus Adolphus, a new generalissimo was to be appointed; and it now appeared advisable to unite both the imperial army and that of the League under one general. Maximilian of Bavaria sought this appointment, which would have enabled him to dictate to the Emperor, who, from a conviction of this, wished to procure the command for his eldest son, the King of Hungary. At last, in order to avoid offence to either of the competitors, the appointment was given to Tilly, who now exchanged the Bavarian for the Austrian service. The imperial army in Germany, after the retirement of Wallenstein, amounted to about 40,000 men; that of the League to nearly the same number, both commanded by excellent officers, trained by the experience of several campaigns, and proud of a long series of victories. With such a force, little apprehension was felt at the invasion of the King of Sweden,

and the less so as it commanded both Pomerania and Mecklenburg, the only countries through which he could enter Germany.

After the unsuccessful attempt of the King of Denmark to check the Emperor's progress, Gustavus Adolphus was the only prince in Europe from whom oppressed liberty could look for protection—the only one who, while he was personally qualified to conduct such an enterprise, had both political motives to recommend and wrongs to justify it. Before the commencement of the war in Lower Saxony, important political interests induced him, as well as the King of Denmark, to offer his services and his army for the defence of Germany; but the offer of the latter had, to his own misfortune, been preferred. Since that time, Wallenstein and the Emperor had adopted measures which must have been equally offensive to him as a man and as a king. Imperial troops had been despatched to the aid of the Polish king, Sigismund, to defend Prussia against the Swedes. When the king complained to Wallenstein of this act of hostility, he received for answer, "The Emperor has more soldiers than he wants for himself, he must help his friends." The Swedish ambassadors had been insolently ordered by Wallenstein to withdraw from the conference at Lubeck; and when, unawed by this command, they were courageous enough to remain, contrary to the law of nations, he had threatened them with violence. Ferdinand had also insulted the Swedish flag, and intercepted the king's despatches to Transylvania. He also threw every obstacle in the way of a peace betwixt Poland and Sweden, supported the pretensions of Sigismund to the Swedish throne, and denied the right of Gustavus to the title of king. Deigning no regard to the repeated remonstrances of Gustavus, he rather aggravated the offence by new grievances, than acceded the required satisfaction.

So many personal motives, supported by important considerations, both of policy and religion, and seconded by pressing invitations from Germany, had their full weight with a prince, who was naturally the more jealous of his royal prerogative the more it was questioned, who was flattered by the glory he hoped to gain as Protector of the Oppressed, and passionately loved war as the element

of his genius. But, until a truce or peace with Poland should set his hands free, a new and dangerous war was not to be thought of.

Cardinal Richelieu had the merit of effecting this truce with Poland. This great statesman, who guided the helm of Europe, while in France he repressed the rage of faction and the insolence of the nobles, pursued steadily, amidst the cares of a stormy administration, his plan of lowering the ascendancy of the House of Austria. But circumstances opposed considerable obstacles to the execution of his designs; and even the greatest minds cannot, with impunity, defy the prejudices of the age. The minister of a Roman Catholic king, and a Cardinal, he was prevented by the purple he bore from joining the enemies of that church in an open attack on a power which had the address to sanctify its ambitious encroachments under the name of religion. The external deference which Richelieu was obliged to pay to the narrow views of his contemporaries limited his exertions to secret negotiations, by which he endeavoured to gain the hand of others to accomplish the enlightened projects of his own mind. After a fruitless attempt to prevent the peace between Denmark and the Emperor, he had recourse to Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of his age. No exertion was spared to bring this monarch to a favourable decision, and at the same time to facilitate the execution of it. Charnasse, an unsuspected agent of the Cardinal, proceeded to Polish Prussia, where Gustavus Adolphus was conducting the war against Sigismund, and alternately visited these princes, in order to persuade them to a truce or peace. Gustavus had been long inclined to it, and the French minister succeeded at last in opening the eyes of Sigismund to his true interests, and to the deceitful policy of the Emperor. A truce for six years was agreed on, Gustavus being allowed to retain all his conquests. This treaty gave him also what he had so long desired, the liberty of directing his arms against the Emperor. For this the French ambassador offered him the alliance of his sovereign and considerable subsidies. But Gustavus Adolphus was justly apprehensive lest the acceptance of the assistance should make him dependent upon France, and fetter him in his career of conquest, while an alliance with a Roman Catholic power might excite distrust among the Protestants.

If the war was just and necessary, the circumstances under which it was undertaken were not less promising. The name of the Emperor, it is true, was formidable, his resources inexhaustible, his power hitherto invincible. So dangerous a contest would have dismayed any other than Gustavus. He saw all the obstacles and dangers which opposed his undertaking, but he knew also the means by which, as he hoped, they might be conquered. His army, though not numerous, was well disciplined, inured to hardship by a severe climate and campaigns, and trained to victory in the war with Poland. Sweden, though poor in men and money, and overtaxed by an eight years' war, was devoted to its monarch with an enthusiasm which assured him of the ready support of his subjects. In Germany, the name of the Emperor was at least as much hated as feared. The Protestant princes only awaited the arrival of a deliverer to throw off his intolerable yoke, and openly declare for the Swedes. Even the Roman Catholic states would welcome an antagonist to the Emperor, whose opposition might control his overwhelming influence. The first victory gained on German ground would be decisive. It would encourage those princes who still hesitated to declare themselves, strengthen the cause of his adherents, augment his troops, and open resources for the maintenance of the campaign. If the greater part of the German states were impoverished by oppression, the flourishing Hanse towns had escaped, and they could not hesitate, by a small voluntary sacrifice, to avert the general ruin. As the imperialists should be driven from the different provinces, their armies would diminish, since they were subsisting on the countries in which they were encamped. The strength, too, of the Emperor had been lessened by ill-timed detachments to Italy and the Netherlands; while Spain, weakened by the loss of the Manilla galleons, and engaged in a serious war in the Netherlands, could afford him little support. Great Britain, on the other hand, gave the King of Sweden hope of considerable subsidies; and France, now at peace with itself, came forward with the most favourable offers.

But the strongest pledge for the success of his undertaking Gustavus found—in himself. Prudence demanded that he should embrace all the foreign assistance he could, in order to guard his enterprise from the imputation of rashness; but all

his confidence and courage were entirely derived from himself. He was indisputably the greatest general of his age, and the bravest soldier in the army which he had formed. Familiar with the tactics of Greece and Rome, he had discovered a more effective system of warfare, which was adopted as a model by the most eminent commanders of subsequent times. He reduced the unwieldy squadrons of cavalry, and rendered their movements more light and rapid; and, with the same view, he widened the intervals between his battalions. Instead of the usual array in a single line, he disposed his forces in two lines, that the second might advance in the event of the first giving way.

He made up for his want of cavalry, by placing infantry among the horse; a practice which frequently decided the victory. Europe first learned from him the importance of infantry. All Germany was astonished at the strict discipline which, at the first, so creditably distinguished the Swedish army within their territories; all disorders were punished with the utmost severity, particularly impiety, theft, gambling, and duelling. The Swedish articles of war enforced frugality. In the camp, the King's tent not excepted, neither silver nor gold was to be seen. The general's eye looked as vigilantly to the morals as to the martial bravery of his soldiers; every regiment was ordered to form round its chaplain for morning and evening prayers. In all these points the lawgiver was also an example. A sincere and ardent piety exalted his courage. Equally free from the coarse infidelity which leaves the passions of the barbarian without a control,—and from the grovelling superstition of Ferdinand, who humbled himself to the dust before the Supreme Being, while he haughtily trampled on his fellow-creature—in the height of his success he was ever a man and a Christian—in the height of his devotion, a king and a hero. The hardships of war he shared with the meanest soldier in his army; maintained a calm serenity amidst the hottest fury of battle; his glance was omnipresent, and he intrepidly forgot the danger while he exposed himself to the greatest peril. His natural courage, indeed, too often made him forget the duty of a general; and the life of a king ended in the death of a common soldier. But such a leader was followed to victory alike by the coward and the brave, and his eagle glance marked every heroic deed which

his example had inspired. The fame of their sovereign excited in the nation an enthusiastic sense of their own importance; proud of their king, the peasant in Finland and Gothland joyfully contributed his pittance; the soldier willingly shed his blood; and the lofty energy which his single mind had imparted to the nation long survived its creator.

The necessity of the war was acknowledged, but the best plan of conducting it was a matter of much question. Even to the bold Chancellor Oxenstiern, an offensive war appeared too daring a measure; the resources of his poor and conscientious master, appeared to him too slender to compete with those of a despotic sovereign, who held all Germany at his command. But the minister's timid scruples were overruled by the hero's penetrating prudence. "If we await the enemy in Sweden," said Gustavus, "in the event of a defeat every thing would be lost, by a fortunate commencement in Germany everything would be gained. The sea is wide, and we have a long line of coast in Sweden to defend. If the enemy's fleet should escape us, or our own be defeated, it would, in either case, be impossible to prevent the enemy's landing. Every thing depends on the retention of Stralsund. So long as this harbour is open to us, we shall both command the Baltic, and secure a retreat from Germany. But to protect this port, we must not remain in Sweden, but advance at once into Pomerania. Let us talk no more, then, of a defensive war, by which we should sacrifice our greatest advantages. Sweden must not be doomed to behold a hostile banner; if we are vanquished in Germany, it will be time enough to follow your plan."

Gustavus resolved to cross the Baltic and attack the Emperor. His preparations were made with the utmost expedition, and his precautionary measures were not less prudent than the resolution itself was bold and magnanimous. Before engaging in so distant a war, it was necessary to secure Sweden against its neighbours. At a personal interview with the King of Denmark at Markaroed, Gustavus assured himself of the friendship of that monarch; his frontier on the side of Moscow was well guarded; Poland might be held in check from Germany, if it betrayed any design of infringing the truce. Falkenberg, a

Swedish ambassador, who visited the courts of Holland and Germany, obtained the most flattering promises from several Protestant princes, though none of them yet possessed courage or self-devotion enough to enter into a formal alliance with him. Lubeck and Hamburg engaged to advance him money, and to accept Swedish copper in return. Emissaries were also despatched to the Prince of Transylvania, to excite that implacable enemy of Austria to arms.

In the mean time, Swedish levies were made in Germany and the Netherlands, the regiments increased to their full complement, new ones raised, transports provided, a fleet fitted out, provisions, military stores, and money collected. Thirty ships of war were in a short time prepared, 15,000 men equipped, and 200 transports were ready to convey them across the Baltic. A greater force Gustavus Adolphus was unwilling to carry into Germany, and even the maintenance of this exceeded the revenues of his kingdom. But however small his army, it was admirable in all points of discipline, courage, and experience, and might serve as the nucleus of a more powerful armament, if it once gained the German frontier, and its first attempts were attended with success. Oxenstiern, at once general and chancellor, was posted with 10,000 men in Prussia, to protect that province against Poland. Some regular troops, and a considerable body of militia, which served as a nursery for the main body, remained in Sweden, as a defence against a sudden invasion by any treacherous neighbour.

These were the measures taken for the external defence of the kingdom. Its internal administration was provided for with equal care. The government was intrusted to the Council of State, and the finances to the Palatine John Casimir, the brother-in-law of the King, while his wife, tenderly as he was attached to her, was excluded from all share in the government, for which her limited talents incapacitated her. He set his house in order like a dying man. On the 20th May, 1630, when all his measures were arranged, and all was ready for his departure, the King appeared in the Diet at Stockholm, to bid the States a solemn farewell. Taking in his arms his daughter Christina, then only four years old, who, in the cradle, had been acknowledged as his successor, he presented her to the States as

the future sovereign, exacted from them a renewal of the oath of allegiance to her, in case he should never more return; and then read the ordinances for the government of the kingdom during his absence, or the minority of his daughter. The whole assembly was dissolved in tears, and the King himself was some time before he could attain sufficient composure to deliver his farewell address to the States.

"Not lightly or wantonly," said he, "am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war; God is my witness that *I* do not fight to gratify my own ambition. But the Emperor has wronged me most shamefully in the person of my ambassadors. He has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and even stretched his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them.

"I am fully sensible of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never yet shrunk from them, nor is it likely that I shall escape them all. Hitherto, Providence has wonderfully protected me, but I shall at last fall in defence of my country. I commend you to the protection of Heaven. Be just, be conscientious, act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity.

"To you, my Counsellors of State, I address myself first. May God enlighten you, and fill you with wisdom, to promote the welfare of my people. You, too, my brave nobles, I commend to the divine protection. Continue to prove yourselves the worthy successors of those Gothic heroes, whose bravery humbled to the dust the pride of ancient Rome. To you, ministers of religion, I recommend moderation and unity; be yourselves examples of the virtues which you preach, and abuse not your influence over the minds of my people. On you, deputies of the burgesses, and the peasantry, I entreat the blessing of heaven; may your industry be rewarded by a prosperous harvest; your stores plenteously filled, and may you be crowned abundantly with all the blessings of this life. For the prosperity of all my subjects, absent and present, I offer my warmest prayers to Heaven. I bid you all a sincere—it may be—an eternal farewell."

The embarkation of the troops took place at Elfsknaben, where the fleet lay at anchor. An immense concourse flocked thither to witness this magnificent spectacle. The hearts of the spectators were agitated by varied emotions, as they alternately considered the vastness of the enterprise, and the greatness of the leader. Among the superior officers who commanded in this army were Gustavus Horn, the Rhinegrave Otto Lewis, Henry Matthias, Count Thurn, Ottenberg, Baudissen, Banner, Teufel, Tott, Mutsenfahl, Falkenberg, Kniphausen, and other distinguished names. Detained by contrary winds, the fleet did not sail till June, and on the 24th of that month reached the Island of Rugen in Pomerania.

Gustavus Adolphus was the first who landed. In the presence of his suite, he knelt on the shore of Germany to return thanks to the Almighty for the safe arrival of his fleet and his army. He landed his troops on the Islands of Wollin and Usedom; upon his approach, the imperial garrisons abandoned their entrenchments and fled. He advanced rapidly on Stettin, to secure this important place before the appearance of the Imperialists. Bogislaus XIV., Duke of Pomerania, a feeble and superannuated prince, had been long tired out by the outrages committed by the latter within his territories; but too weak to resist, he had contented himself with murmurs. The appearance of his deliverer, instead of animating his courage, increased his fear and anxiety. Severely as his country had suffered from the Imperialists, the risk of incurring the Emperor's vengeance prevented him from declaring openly for the Swedes. Gustavus Adolphus, who was encamped under the walls of the town, summoned the city to receive a Swedish garrison. Bogislaus appeared in person in the camp of Gustavus, to deprecate this condition. "I come to you," said Gustavus, "not as an enemy but a friend. I wage no war against Pomerania, nor against the German empire, but against the enemies of both. In my hands this duchy shall be sacred; and it shall be restored to you at the conclusion of the campaign, by me, with more certainty, than by any other. Look to the traces of the imperial force within your territories, and to mine in Usedom; and decide whether you will have the Emperor or me as

your friend. What have you to expect, if the Emperor should make himself master of your capital? Will he deal with you more leniently than I? Or is it your intention to stop my progress? The case is pressing: decide at once, and do not compel me to have recourse to more violent measures."

The alternative was a painful one. On the one side, the King of Sweden was before his gates with a formidable army; on the other, he saw the inevitable vengeance of the Emperor, and the fearful example of so many German princes, who were now wandering in misery, the victims of that revenge. The more immediate danger decided his resolution. The gates of Stettin were opened to the king; the Swedish troops entered; and the Austrians, who were advancing by rapid marches, anticipated. The capture of this place procured for the king a firm footing in Pomerania, the command of the Oder, and a magazine for his troops. To prevent a charge of treachery, Bogislaus was careful to excuse this step to the Emperor on the plea of necessity; but aware of Ferdinand's implacable disposition, he entered into a close alliance with his new protector. By this league with Pomerania, Gustavus secured a powerful friend in Germany, who covered his rear, and maintained his communication with Sweden.

As Ferdinand was already the aggressor in Prussia, Gustavus Adolphus thought himself absolved from the usual formalities, and commenced hostilities without any declaration of war. To the other European powers, he justified his conduct in a manifesto, in which he detailed the grounds which had led him to take up arms. Meanwhile he continued his progress in Pomerania, while he saw his army daily increasing. The troops which had fought under Mansfeld, Duke Christian of Brunswick, the King of Denmark, and Wallenstein, came in crowds, both officers and soldiers, to join his victorious standard.

At the Imperial court, the invasion of the king of Sweden at first excited far less attention than it merited. The pride of Austria, extravagantly elated by its unheard-of successes, looked down with contempt upon a prince, who, with a handful of men, came from an obscure corner of Europe, and who owed his past successes, as they imagined, entirely to the incapacity of a weak opponent. The

depreciatory representation which Wallenstein had artfully given of the Swedish power, increased the Emperor's security; for what had he to fear from an enemy, whom his general undertook to drive with such ease from Germany? Even the rapid progress of Gustavus Adolphus in Pomerania, could not entirely dispel this prejudice, which the mockeries of the courtiers continued to feed. He was called in Vienna the Snow King, whom the cold of the north kept together, but who would infallibly melt as he advanced southward. Even the electors, assembled in Ratisbon, disregarded his representations; and, influenced by an abject complaisance to Ferdinand, refused him even the title of king. But while they mocked him in Ratisbon and Vienna, in Mecklenburg and Pomerania, one strong town after another fell into his hands.

Notwithstanding this contempt, the Emperor thought it proper to offer to adjust his differences with Sweden by negotiation, and for that purpose sent plenipotentiaries to Denmark. But their instructions showed how little he was in earnest in these proposals, for he still continued to refuse to Gustavus the title of king. He hoped by this means to throw on the king of Sweden the odium of being the aggressor, and thereby to ensure the support of the States of the empire. The conference at Dantzic proved, as might be expected, fruitless, and the animosity of both parties was increased to its utmost by an intemperate correspondence.

An imperial general, Torquato Conti, who commanded in Pomerania, had, in the mean time, made a vain attempt to wrest Stettin from the Swedes. The Imperialists were driven out from one place after another; Damm, Stargard, Camin, and Wolgast, soon fell into the hands of Gustavus. To revenge himself upon the Duke of Pomerania, the imperial general permitted his troops, upon his retreat, to exercise every barbarity on the unfortunate inhabitants of Pomerania, who had already suffered but too severely from his avarice. On pretence of cutting off the resources of the Swedes, the whole country was laid waste and plundered; and often when the Imperialists were unable any longer to maintain a place, it was laid in ashes, in order to leave the enemy nothing but ruins. But these barbarities only served to place in a more favourable light the opposite conduct of the Swedes, and to win all hearts to their humane monarch. The Swedish soldier paid for all he required; no private property was injured on his march. The Swedes consequently were received with open arms both in town and country, whilst every Imperialist that fell into the hands of the Pomeranian peasantry was ruthlessly murdered. Many Pomeranians entered into the service of Sweden, and the estates of this exhausted country willingly voted the king a contribution of 100,000 florins.

Torquato Conti, who, with all his severity of character, was a consummate general, endeavoured to render Stettin useless to the king of Sweden, as he could not deprive him of it. He entrenched himself upon the Oder, at Gartz, above

Stettin, in order, by commanding that river, to cut off the water communication of the town with the rest of Germany. Nothing could induce him to attack the King of Sweden, who was his superior in numbers, while the latter was equally cautious not to storm the strong entrenchments of the Imperialists. Torquato, too deficient in troops and money to act upon the offensive against the king, hoped by this plan of operations to give time for Tilly to hasten to the defence of Pomerania, and then, in conjunction with that general, to attack the Swedes. Seizing the opportunity of the temporary absence of Gustavus, he made a sudden attempt upon Stettin, but the Swedes were not unprepared for him. A vigorous attack of the Imperialists was firmly repulsed, and Torquato was forced to retire with great loss. For this auspicious commencement of the war, however, Gustavus was, it must be owned, as much indebted to his good fortune as to his military talents. The imperial troops in Pomerania had been greatly reduced since Wallenstein's dismissal; moreover, the outrages they had committed were now severely revenged upon them; wasted and exhausted, the country no longer afforded them a subsistence. All discipline was at an end; the orders of the officers were disregarded, while their numbers daily decreased by desertion, and by a general mortality, which the piercing cold of a strange climate had produced among them.

Under these circumstances, the imperial general was anxious to allow his troops the repose of winter quarters, but he had to do with an enemy to whom the climate of Germany had no winter. Gustavus had taken the precaution of providing his soldiers with dresses of sheep-skin, to enable them to keep the field even in the most inclement season. The imperial plenipotentiaries, who came to treat with him for a cessation of hostilities, received this discouraging answer: "The Swedes are soldiers in winter as well as in summer, and not disposed to oppress the unfortunate peasantry. The Imperialists may act as they think proper, but they need not expect to remain undisturbed." Torquato Conti soon after resigned a command, in which neither riches nor reputation were to be gained.

In this inequality of the two armies, the advantage was necessarily on the side of the Swedes. The Imperialists were incessantly harassed in their winter quarters; Greifenhagen, an important place upon the Oder, taken by storm, and the towns of Gartz and Piritz were at last abandoned by the enemy. In the whole of Pomerania, Greifswald, Demmin, and Colberg alone remained in their hands, and these the king made great preparations to besiege. The enemy directed their retreat towards Brandenburg, in which much of their artillery and baggage, and many prisoners fell into the hands of the pursuers.

By seizing the passes of Riebnitz and Damgarden, Gustavus had opened a passage into Mecklenburg, whose inhabitants were invited to return to their allegiance under their legitimate sovereigns, and to expel the adherents of Wallenstein. The Imperialists, however, gained the important town of Rostock by stratagem, and thus prevented the farther advance of the king, who was unwilling to divide his forces. The exiled dukes of Mecklenburg had ineffectually employed the princes assembled at Ratisbon to intercede with the Emperor: in vain they had endeavoured to soften Ferdinand, by renouncing the alliance of the king, and every idea of resistance. But, driven to despair by the Emperor's inflexibility, they openly espoused the side of Sweden, and raising troops, gave the command of them to Francis Charles Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg. That general made himself master of several strong places on the Elbe, but lost them afterwards to the Imperial General Pappenheim, who was despatched to oppose him. Soon afterwards, besieged by the latter in the town of Ratzeburg, he was compelled to surrender with all his troops. Thus ended the attempt which these unfortunate princes made to recover their territories; and it was reserved for the victorious arm of Gustavus Adolphus to render them that brilliant service.

The Imperialists had thrown themselves into Brandenburg, which now became the theatre of the most barbarous atrocities. These outrages were inflicted upon the subjects of a prince who had never injured the Emperor, and whom, moreover, he was at the very time inciting to take up arms against the King of Sweden. The sight of the disorders of their soldiers, which want of money

compelled them to wink at, and of authority over their troops, excited the disgust even of the imperial generals; and, from very shame, their commander-in-chief, Count Schaumburg, wished to resign.

Without a sufficient force to protect his territories, and left by the Emperor, in spite of the most pressing remonstrances, without assistance, the Elector of Brandenburg at last issued an edict, ordering his subjects to repel force by force, and to put to death without mercy every Imperial soldier who should henceforth be detected in plundering. To such a height had the violence of outrage and the misery of the government risen, that nothing was left to the sovereign, but the desperate extremity of sanctioning private vengeance by a formal law.

The Swedes had pursued the Imperialists into Brandenburg; and only the Elector's refusal to open to him the fortress of Custrin for his march, obliged the king to lay aside his design of besieging Frankfort on the Oder. He therefore returned to complete the conquest of Pomerania, by the capture of Demmin and Colberg. In the mean time, Field-Marshal Tilly was advancing to the defence of Brandenburg.

This general, who could boast as yet of never having suffered a defeat, the conqueror of Mansfeld, of Duke Christian of Brunswick, of the Margrave of Baden, and the King of Denmark, was now in the Swedish monarch to meet an opponent worthy of his fame. Descended of a noble family in Liege, Tilly had formed his military talents in the wars of the Netherlands, which was then the great school for generals. He soon found an opportunity of distinguishing himself under Rodolph II. in Hungary, where he rapidly rose from one step to another. After the peace, he entered into the service of Maximilian of Bavaria, who made him commander-in-chief with absolute powers. Here, by his excellent regulations, he was the founder of the Bavarian army; and to him, chiefly, Maximilian was indebted for his superiority in the field. Upon the termination of the Bohemian war, he was appointed commander of the troops of the League; and, after Wallenstein's dismissal, generalissimo of the imperial armies. Equally stern towards his soldiers and implacable towards his enemies, and as gloomy

and impenetrable as Wallenstein, he was greatly his superior in probity and disinterestedness. A bigoted zeal for religion, and a bloody spirit of persecution, co-operated, with the natural ferocity of his character, to make him the terror of the Protestants. A strange and terrific aspect bespoke his character: of low stature, thin, with hollow cheeks, a long nose, a broad and wrinkled forehead, large whiskers, and a pointed chin; he was generally attired in a Spanish doublet of green satin, with slashed sleeves, with a small high peaked hat upon his head, surmounted by a red feather which hung down to his back. His whole aspect recalled to recollection the Duke of Alva, the scourge of the Flemings, and his actions were far from effacing the impression. Such was the general who was now to be opposed to the hero of the north.

Tilly was far from undervaluing his antagonist, "The King of Sweden," said he in the Diet at Ratisbon, "is an enemy both prudent and brave, inured to war, and in the flower of his age. His plans are excellent, his resources considerable; his subjects enthusiastically attached to him. His army, composed of Swedes, Germans, Livonians, Finlanders, Scots and English, by its devoted obedience to their leader, is blended into one nation: he is a gamester in playing with whom not to have lost is to have won a great deal."

The progress of the King of Sweden in Brandenburg and Pomerania, left the new generalissimo no time to lose; and his presence was now urgently called for by those who commanded in that quarter. With all expedition, he collected the imperial troops which were dispersed over the empire; but it required time to obtain from the exhausted and impoverished provinces the necessary supplies. At last, about the middle of winter, he appeared at the head of 20,000 men, before Frankfort on the Oder, where he was joined by Schaumburg. Leaving to this general the defence of Frankfort, with a sufficient garrison, he hastened to Pomerania, with a view of saving Demmin, and relieving Colberg, which was already hard pressed by the Swedes. But even before he had left Brandenburg, Demmin, which was but poorly defended by the Duke of Savelli, had surrendered to the king, and Colberg, after a five months' siege, was starved into

a capitulation. As the passes in Upper Pomerania were well guarded, and the king's camp near Schwedt defied attack, Tilly abandoned his offensive plan of operations, and retreated towards the Elbe to besiege Magdeburg.

The capture of Demmin opened to the king a free passage into Mecklenburg; but a more important enterprise drew his arms into another quarter. Scarcely had Tilly commenced his retrograde movement, when suddenly breaking up his camp at Schwedt, the king marched his whole force against Frankfort on the Oder. This town, badly fortified, was defended by a garrison of 8,000 men, mostly composed of those ferocious bands who had so cruelly ravaged Pomerania and Brandenburg. It was now attacked with such impetuosity, that on the third day it was taken by storm. The Swedes, assured of victory, rejected every offer of capitulation, as they were resolved to exercise the dreadful right of retaliation. For Tilly, soon after his arrival, had surrounded a Swedish detachment, and, irritated by their obstinate resistance, had cut them in pieces to a man. This cruelty was not forgotten by the Swedes. "New Brandenburg Quarter", they replied to the Imperialists who begged their lives, and slaughtered them without mercy. Several thousands were either killed or taken, and many were drowned in the Oder, the rest fled to Silesia. All their artillery fell into the hands of the Swedes. To satisfy the rage of his troops, Gustavus Adolphus was under the necessity of giving up the town for three hours to plunder.

While the king was thus advancing from one conquest to another, and, by his success, encouraging the Protestants to active resistance, the Emperor proceeded to enforce the Edict of Restitution, and, by his exorbitant pretensions, to exhaust the patience of the states. Compelled by necessity, he continued the violent course which he had begun with such arrogant confidence; the difficulties into which his arbitrary conduct had plunged him, he could only extricate himself from by measures still more arbitrary. But in so complicated a body as the German empire, despotism must always create the most dangerous convulsions. With astonishment, the princes beheld the constitution of the empire overthrown, and the state of nature to which matters were again verging, suggested to them

the idea of self-defence, the only means of protection in such a state of things. The steps openly taken by the Emperor against the Lutheran church, had at last removed the veil from the eyes of John George, who had been so long the dupe of his artful policy. Ferdinand, too, had personally offended him by the exclusion of his son from the archbishopric of Magdeburg; and field-marshal Arnheim, his new favourite and minister, spared no pains to increase the resentment of his master. Arnheim had formerly been an imperial general under Wallenstein, and being still zealously attached to him, he was eager to avenge his old benefactor and himself on the Emperor, by detaching Saxony from the Austrian interests. Gustavus Adolphus, supported by the Protestant states, would be invincible; a consideration which already filled the Emperor with alarm. The example of Saxony would probably influence others, and the Emperor's fate seemed now in a manner to depend upon the Elector's decision. The artful favourite impressed upon his master this idea of his own importance, and advised him to terrify the Emperor, by threatening an alliance with Sweden, and thus to extort from his fears, what he had sought in vain from his gratitude. The favourite, however, was far from wishing him actually to enter into the Swedish alliance, but, by holding aloof from both parties, to maintain his own importance and independence. Accordingly, he laid before him a plan, which only wanted a more able hand to carry it into execution, and recommended him, by heading the Protestant party, to erect a third power in Germany, and thereby maintain the balance between Sweden and Austria.

This project was peculiarly flattering to the Saxon Elector, to whom the idea of being dependent upon Sweden, or of longer submitting to the tyranny of the Emperor, was equally hateful. He could not, with indifference, see the control of German affairs wrested from him by a foreign prince; and incapable as he was of taking a principal part, his vanity would not condescend to act a subordinate one. He resolved, therefore, to draw every possible advantage from the progress of Gustavus, but to pursue, independently, his own separate plans. With this view, he consulted with the Elector of Brandenburg, who, from similar causes, was ready to act against the Emperor, but, at the same time, was jealous of Sweden.

In a Diet at Torgau, having assured himself of the support of his Estates, he invited the Protestant States of the empire to a general convention, which took place at Leipzig, on the 6th February 1631. Brandenburg, Hesse Cassel, with several princes, counts, estates of the empire, and Protestant bishops were present, either personally or by deputy, at this assembly, which the chaplain to the Saxon Court, Dr. Hoe von Hohenegg, opened with a vehement discourse from the pulpit. The Emperor had, in vain, endeavoured to prevent this self-appointed convention, whose object was evidently to provide for its own defence, and which the presence of the Swedes in the empire, rendered more than usually alarming. Emboldened by the progress of Gustavus Adolphus, the assembled princes asserted their rights, and after a session of two months broke up, with adopting a resolution which placed the Emperor in no slight embarrassment. Its import was to demand of the Emperor, in a general address, the revocation of the Edict of Restitution, the withdrawal of his troops from their capitals and fortresses, the suspension of all existing proceedings, and the abolition of abuses; and, in the mean time, to raise an army of 40,000 men, to enable them to redress their own grievances, if the Emperor should still refuse satisfaction.

A further incident contributed not a little to increase the firmness of the Protestant princes. The King of Sweden had, at last, overcome the scruples which had deterred him from a closer alliance with France, and, on the 13th January 1631, concluded a formal treaty with this crown. After a serious dispute respecting the treatment of the Roman Catholic princes of the empire, whom France took under her protection, and against whom Gustavus claimed the right of retaliation, and after some less important differences with regard to the title of majesty, which the pride of France was loth to concede to the King of Sweden, Richelieu yielded the second, and Gustavus Adolphus the first point, and the treaty was signed at Beerwald in Neumark. The contracting parties mutually covenanted to defend each other with a military force, to protect their common friends, to restore to their dominions the deposed princes of the empire, and to replace every thing, both on the frontier and in the interior of Germany, on the

same footing on which it stood before the commencement of the war. For this end, Sweden engaged to maintain an army of 30,000 men in Germany, and France agreed to furnish the Swedes with an annual subsidy of 400,000 dollars. If the arms of Gustavus were successful, he was to respect the Roman Catholic religion and the constitution of the empire in all the conquered places, and to make no attempt against either. All Estates and princes whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, either in Germany or in other countries, were to be invited to become parties to the treaty; neither France nor Sweden was to conclude a separate peace without the knowledge and consent of the other; and the treaty itself was to continue in force for five years.

Great as was the struggle to the King of Sweden to receive subsidies from France, and sacrifice his independence in the conduct of the war, this alliance with France decided his cause in Germany. Protected, as he now was, by the greatest power in Europe, the German states began to feel confidence in his undertaking, for the issue of which they had hitherto good reason to tremble. He became truly formidable to the Emperor. The Roman Catholic princes too, who, though they were anxious to humble Austria, had witnessed his progress with distrust, were less alarmed now that an alliance with a Roman Catholic power ensured his respect for their religion. And thus, while Gustavus Adolphus protected the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany against the aggression of Ferdinand, France secured those liberties, and the Roman Catholic religion, against Gustavus himself, if the intoxication of success should hurry him beyond the bounds of moderation.

The King of Sweden lost no time in apprizing the members of the confederacy of Leipzig of the treaty concluded with France, and inviting them to a closer union with himself. The application was seconded by France, who spared no pains to win over the Elector of Saxony. Gustavus was willing to be content with secret support, if the princes should deem it too bold a step as yet to declare openly in his favour. Several princes gave him hopes of his proposals being accepted on the first favourable opportunity; but the Saxon Elector, full of

jealousy and distrust towards the King of Sweden, and true to the selfish policy he had pursued, could not be prevailed upon to give a decisive answer.

The resolution of the confederacy of Leipzig, and the alliance betwixt France and Sweden, were news equally disagreeable to the Emperor. Against them he employed the thunder of imperial ordinances, and the want of an army saved France from the full weight of his displeasure. Remonstrances were addressed to all the members of the confederacy, strongly prohibiting them from enlisting troops. They retorted with explanations equally vehement, justified their conduct upon the principles of natural right, and continued their preparations.

Meantime, the imperial generals, deficient both in troops and money, found themselves reduced to the disagreeable alternative of losing sight either of the King of Sweden, or of the Estates of the empire, since with a divided force they were not a match for either. The movements of the Protestants called their attention to the interior of the empire, while the progress of the king in Brandenburg, by threatening the hereditary possessions of Austria, required them to turn their arms to that quarter. After the conquest of Frankfort, the king had advanced upon Landsberg on the Warta, and Tilly, after a fruitless attempt to relieve it, had again returned to Magdeburg, to prosecute with vigour the siege of that town.

The rich archbishopric, of which Magdeburg was the capital, had long been in the possession of princes of the house of Brandenburg, who introduced the Protestant religion into the province. Christian William, the last administrator, had, by his alliance with Denmark, incurred the ban of the empire, on which account the chapter, to avoid the Emperor's displeasure, had formally deposed him. In his place they had elected Prince John Augustus, the second son of the Elector of Saxony, whom the Emperor rejected, in order to confer the archbishopric on his son Leopold. The Elector of Saxony complained ineffectually to the imperial court; but Christian William of Brandenburg took more active measures. Relying on the attachment of the magistracy and inhabitants of Brandenburg, and excited by chimerical hopes, he thought himself

able to surmount all the obstacles which the vote of the chapter, the competition of two powerful rivals, and the Edict of Restitution opposed to his restoration. He went to Sweden, and, by the promise of a diversion in Germany, sought to obtain assistance from Gustavus. He was dismissed by that monarch not without hopes of effectual protection, but with the advice to act with caution.

Scarcely had Christian William been informed of the landing of his protector in Pomerania, than he entered Magdeburg in disguise. Appearing suddenly in the town council, he reminded the magistrates of the ravages which both town and country had suffered from the imperial troops, of the pernicious designs of Ferdinand, and the danger of the Protestant church. He then informed them that the moment of deliverance was at hand, and that Gustavus Adolphus offered them his alliance and assistance. Magdeburg, one of the most flourishing towns in Germany, enjoyed under the government of its magistrates a republican freedom, which inspired its citizens with a brave heroism. Of this they had already given proofs, in the bold defence of their rights against Wallenstein, who, tempted by their wealth, made on them the most extravagant demands. Their territory had been given up to the fury of his troops, though Magdeburg itself had escaped his vengeance. It was not difficult, therefore, for the Administrator to gain the concurrence of men in whose minds the remembrance of these outrages was still recent. An alliance was formed between the city and the Swedish king, by which Magdeburg granted to the king a free passage through its gates and territories, with liberty of enlisting soldiers within its boundaries, and on the other hand, obtained promises of effectual protection for its religion and its privileges.

The Administrator immediately collected troops and commenced hostilities, before Gustavus Adolphus was near enough to co-operate with him. He defeated some imperial detachments in the neighbourhood, made a few conquests, and even surprised Halle. But the approach of an imperial army obliged him to retreat hastily, and not without loss, to Magdeburg. Gustavus Adolphus, though displeased with his premature measures, sent Dietrich Falkenberg, an

experienced officer, to direct the Administrator's military operations, and to assist him with his counsel. Falkenberg was named by the magistrates governor of the town during the war. The Prince's army was daily augmented by recruits from the neighbouring towns; and he was able for some months to maintain a petty warfare with success.

At length Count Pappenheim, having brought his expedition against the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg to a close, approached the town. Driving the troops of the Administrator from their entrenchments, he cut off his communication with Saxony, and closely invested the place. He was soon followed by Tilly, who haughtily summoned the Elector forthwith to comply with the Edict of Restitution, to submit to the Emperor's orders, and surrender Magdeburg. The Prince's answer was spirited and resolute, and obliged Tilly at once to have recourse to arms.

In the meanwhile, the siege was prolonged, by the progress of the King of Sweden, which called the Austrian general from before the place; and the jealousy of the officers, who conducted the operations in his absence, delayed, for some months, the fall of Magdeburg. On the 30th March 1631, Tilly returned, to push the siege with vigour.

The outworks were soon carried, and Falkenberg, after withdrawing the garrisons from the points which he could no longer hold, destroyed the bridge over the Elbe. As his troops were barely sufficient to defend the extensive fortifications, the suburbs of Sudenburg and Neustadt were abandoned to the enemy, who immediately laid them in ashes. Pappenheim, now separated from Tilly, crossed the Elbe at Schonenbeck, and attacked the town from the opposite side.

The garrison, reduced by the defence of the outworks, scarcely exceeded 2000 infantry and a few hundred horse; a small number for so extensive and irregular a fortress. To supply this deficiency, the citizens were armed—a desperate expedient, which produced more evils than those it prevented. The citizens, at

best but indifferent soldiers, by their disunion threw the town into confusion. The poor complained that they were exposed to every hardship and danger, while the rich, by hiring substitutes, remained at home in safety. These rumours broke out at last in an open mutiny; indifference succeeded to zeal; weariness and negligence took the place of vigilance and foresight. Dissension, combined with growing scarcity, gradually produced a feeling of despondence, many began to tremble at the desperate nature of their undertaking, and the magnitude of the power to which they were opposed. But religious zeal, an ardent love of liberty, an invincible hatred to the Austrian yoke, and the expectation of speedy relief, banished as yet the idea of a surrender; and divided as they were in every thing else, they were united in the resolve to defend themselves to the last extremity.

Their hopes of succour were apparently well founded. They knew that the confederacy of Leipzig was arming; they were aware of the near approach of Gustavus Adolphus. Both were alike interested in the preservation of Magdeburg; and a few days might bring the King of Sweden before its walls. All this was also known to Tilly, who, therefore, was anxious to make himself speedily master of the place. With this view, he had despatched a trumpeter with letters to the Administrator, the commandant, and the magistrates, offering terms of capitulation; but he received for answer, that they would rather die than surrender. A spirited sally of the citizens, also convinced him that their courage was as earnest as their words, while the king's arrival at Potsdam, with the incursions of the Swedes as far as Zerbst, filled him with uneasiness, but raised the hopes of the garrison. A second trumpeter was now despatched; but the more moderate tone of his demands increased the confidence of the besieged, and unfortunately their negligence also.

The besiegers had now pushed their approaches as far as the ditch, and vigorously cannonaded the fortifications from the abandoned batteries. One tower was entirely overthrown, but this did not facilitate an assault, as it fell sidewise upon the wall, and not into the ditch. Notwithstanding the continual

bombardment, the walls had not suffered much; and the fire balls, which were intended to set the town in flames, were deprived of their effect by the excellent precautions adopted against them. But the ammunition of the besieged was nearly expended, and the cannon of the town gradually ceased to answer the fire of the Imperialists. Before a new supply could be obtained, Magdeburg would be either relieved, or taken. The hopes of the besieged were on the stretch, and all eyes anxiously directed towards the quarter in which the Swedish banners were expected to appear. Gustavus Adolphus was near enough to reach Magdeburg within three days; security grew with hope, which all things contributed to augment. On the 9th of May, the fire of the Imperialists was suddenly stopped, and the cannon withdrawn from several of the batteries. A deathlike stillness reigned in the Imperial camp. The besieged were convinced that deliverance was at hand. Both citizens and soldiers left their posts upon the ramparts early in the morning, to indulge themselves, after their long toils, with the refreshment of sleep, but it was indeed a dear sleep, and a frightful awakening.

Tilly had abandoned the hope of taking the town, before the arrival of the Swedes, by the means which he had hitherto adopted; he therefore determined to raise the siege, but first to hazard a general assault. This plan, however, was attended with great difficulties, as no breach had been effected, and the works were scarcely injured. But the council of war assembled on this occasion, declared for an assault, citing the example of Maestricht, which had been taken early in the morning, while the citizens and soldiers were reposing themselves. The attack was to be made simultaneously on four points; the night betwixt the 9th and 10th of May, was employed in the necessary preparations. Every thing was ready and awaiting the signal, which was to be given by cannon at five o'clock in the morning. The signal, however, was not given for two hours later, during which Tilly, who was still doubtful of success, again consulted the council of war. Pappenheim was ordered to attack the works of the new town, where the attempt was favoured by a sloping rampart, and a dry ditch of moderate depth. The citizens and soldiers had mostly left the walls, and the few who remained were overcome with sleep. This general, therefore, found little

difficulty in mounting the wall at the head of his troops.

Falkenberg, roused by the report of musketry, hastened from the town-house, where he was employed in despatching Tilly's second trumpeter, and hurried with all the force he could hastily assemble towards the gate of the new town, which was already in the possession of the enemy. Beaten back, this intrepid general flew to another quarter, where a second party of the enemy were preparing to scale the walls. After an ineffectual resistance he fell in the commencement of the action. The roaring of musketry, the pealing of the alarm-bells, and the growing tumult apprised the awakening citizens of their danger. Hastily arming themselves, they rushed in blind confusion against the enemy. Still some hope of repulsing the besiegers remained; but the governor being killed, their efforts were without plan and co-operation, and at last their ammunition began to fail them. In the meanwhile, two other gates, hitherto unattacked, were stripped of their defenders, to meet the urgent danger within the town. The enemy quickly availed themselves of this confusion to attack these posts. The resistance was nevertheless spirited and obstinate, until four imperial regiments, at length, masters of the ramparts, fell upon the garrison in the rear, and completed their rout. Amidst the general tumult, a brave captain, named Schmidt, who still headed a few of the more resolute against the enemy, succeeded in driving them to the gates; here he fell mortally wounded, and with him expired the hopes of Magdeburg. Before noon, all the works were carried, and the town was in the enemy's hands.

Two gates were now opened by the storming party for the main body, and Tilly marched in with part of his infantry. Immediately occupying the principal streets, he drove the citizens with pointed cannon into their dwellings, there to await their destiny. They were not long held in suspense; a word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg.

Even a more humane general would in vain have recommended mercy to such soldiers; but Tilly never made the attempt. Left by their general's silence masters of the lives of all the citizens, the soldiery broke into the houses to satiate their

most brutal appetites. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the savage cruelty commenced, when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of the Croats, poured in upon the devoted inhabitants.

Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language—poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood, nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents; and the defenceless sex exposed to the double sacrifice of virtue and life. No situation, however obscure, or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. Some officers of the League, horror-struck at this dreadful scene, ventured to remind Tilly that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. "Return in an hour," was his answer; "I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils." These horrors lasted with unabated fury, till at last the smoke and flames proved a check to the plunderers. To augment the confusion and to divert the resistance of the inhabitants, the Imperialists had, in the commencement of the assault, fired the town in several places. The wind rising rapidly, spread the flames, till the blaze became universal. Fearful, indeed, was the tumult amid clouds of smoke, heaps of dead bodies, the clash of swords, the crash of falling ruins, and streams of blood. The atmosphere glowed; and the intolerable heat forced at last even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous, and flourishing city, one of the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses. The Administrator, Christian William, after receiving several wounds, was taken prisoner, with three of the burgomasters; most of the officers and magistrates had already met an enviable death. The avarice of the officers had saved 400 of the richest citizens, in the hope of extorting from them an exorbitant ransom. But

this humanity was confined to the officers of the League, whom the ruthless barbarity of the Imperialists caused to be regarded as guardian angels.

Scarcely had the fury of the flames abated, when the Imperialists returned to renew the pillage amid the ruins and ashes of the town. Many were suffocated by the smoke; many found rich booty in the cellars, where the citizens had concealed their more valuable effects. On the 13th of May, Tilly himself appeared in the town, after the streets had been cleared of ashes and dead bodies. Horrible and revolting to humanity was the scene that presented itself. The living crawling from under the dead, children wandering about with heart-rending cries, calling for their parents; and infants still sucking the breasts of their lifeless mothers. More than 6,000 bodies were thrown into the Elbe to clear the streets; a much greater number had been consumed by the flames. The whole number of the slain was reckoned at not less than 30,000.

The entrance of the general, which took place on the 14th, put a stop to the plunder, and saved the few who had hitherto contrived to escape. About a thousand people were taken out of the cathedral, where they had remained three days and two nights, without food, and in momentary fear of death. Tilly promised them quarter, and commanded bread to be distributed among them. The next day, a solemn mass was performed in the cathedral, and 'Te Deum' sung amidst the discharge of artillery. The imperial general rode through the streets, that he might be able, as an eyewitness, to inform his master that no such conquest had been made since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem. Nor was this an exaggeration, whether we consider the greatness, importance, and prosperity of the city razed, or the fury of its ravagers.

In Germany, the tidings of the dreadful fate of Magdeburg caused triumphant joy to the Roman Catholics, while it spread terror and consternation among the Protestants. Loudly and generally they complained against the king of Sweden, who, with so strong a force, and in the very neighbourhood, had left an allied city to its fate. Even the most reasonable deemed his inaction inexplicable; and lest he should lose irretrievably the good will of the people, for whose

deliverance he had engaged in this war, Gustavus was under the necessity of publishing to the world a justification of his own conduct.

He had attacked, and on the 16th April, carried Landsberg, when he was apprised of the danger of Magdeburg. He resolved immediately to march to the relief of that town; and he moved with all his cavalry, and ten regiments of infantry towards the Spree. But the position which he held in Germany, made it necessary that he should not move forward without securing his rear. In traversing a country where he was surrounded by suspicious friends and dangerous enemies, and where a single premature movement might cut off his communication with his own kingdom, the utmost vigilance and caution were necessary. The Elector of Brandenburg had already opened the fortress of Custrin to the flying Imperialists, and closed the gates against their pursuers. If now Gustavus should fail in his attack upon Tilly, the Elector might again open his fortresses to the Imperialists, and the king, with an enemy both in front and rear, would be irrecoverably lost. In order to prevent this contingency, he demanded that the Elector should allow him to hold the fortresses of Custrin and Spandau, till the siege of Magdeburg should be raised.

Nothing could be more reasonable than this demand. The services which Gustavus had lately rendered the Elector, by expelling the Imperialists from Brandenburg, claimed his gratitude, while the past conduct of the Swedes in Germany entitled them to confidence. But by the surrender of his fortresses, the Elector would in some measure make the King of Sweden master of his country; besides that, by such a step, he must at once break with the Emperor, and expose his States to his future vengeance. The Elector's struggle with himself was long and violent, but pusillanimity and self-interest for awhile prevailed. Unmoved by the fate of Magdeburg, cold in the cause of religion and the liberties of Germany, he saw nothing but his own danger; and this anxiety was greatly stimulated by his minister Von Schwartzburgh, who was secretly in the pay of Austria. In the mean time, the Swedish troops approached Berlin, and the king took up his residence with the Elector. When he witnessed the timorous hesitation of that

prince, he could not restrain his indignation: "My road is to Magdeburg," said he; "not for my own advantage, but for that of the Protestant religion. If no one will stand by me, I shall immediately retreat, conclude a peace with the Emperor, and return to Stockholm. I am convinced that Ferdinand will readily grant me whatever conditions I may require. But if Magdeburg is once lost, and the Emperor relieved from all fear of me, then it is for you to look to yourselves and the consequences." This timely threat, and perhaps, too, the aspect of the Swedish army, which was strong enough to obtain by force what was refused to entreaty, brought at last the Elector to his senses, and Spandau was delivered into the hands of the Swedes.

The king had now two routes to Magdeburg; one westward led through an exhausted country, and filled with the enemy's troops, who might dispute with him the passage of the Elbe; the other more to the southward, by Dessau and Wittenberg, where bridges were to be found for crossing the Elbe, and where supplies could easily be drawn from Saxony. But he could not avail himself of the latter without the consent of the Elector, whom Gustavus had good reason to distrust. Before setting out on his march, therefore, he demanded from that prince a free passage and liberty for purchasing provisions for his troops. His application was refused, and no remonstrances could prevail on the Elector to abandon his system of neutrality. While the point was still in dispute, the news of the dreadful fate of Magdeburg arrived.

Tilly announced its fall to the Protestant princes in the tone of a conqueror, and lost no time in making the most of the general consternation. The influence of the Emperor, which had sensibly declined during the rapid progress of Gustavus, after this decisive blow rose higher than ever; and the change was speedily visible in the imperious tone he adopted towards the Protestant states. The decrees of the Confederation of Leipzig were annulled by a proclamation, the Convention itself suppressed by an imperial decree, and all the refractory states threatened with the fate of Magdeburg. As the executor of this imperial mandate, Tilly immediately ordered troops to march against the Bishop of

Bremen, who was a member of the Confederacy, and had himself enlisted soldiers. The terrified bishop immediately gave up his forces to Tilly, and signed the revocation of the acts of the Confederation. An imperial army, which had lately returned from Italy, under the command of Count Furstenberg, acted in the same manner towards the Administrator of Wirtemberg. The duke was compelled to submit to the Edict of Restitution, and all the decrees of the Emperor, and even to pay a monthly subsidy of 100,000 dollars, for the maintenance of the imperial troops. Similar burdens were inflicted upon Ulm and Nuremberg, and the entire circles of Franconia and Swabia. The hand of the Emperor was stretched in terror over all Germany. The sudden preponderance, more in appearance, perhaps, than in reality, which he had obtained by this blow, carried him beyond the bounds even of the moderation which he had hitherto observed, and misled him into hasty and violent measures, which at last turned the wavering resolution of the German princes in favour of Gustavus Adolphus. Injurious as the immediate consequences of the fall of Magdeburg were to the Protestant cause, its remoter effects were most advantageous. The past surprise made way for active resentment, despair inspired courage, and the German freedom rose, like a phoenix, from the ashes of Magdeburg.

Among the princes of the Leipzig Confederation, the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse were the most powerful; and, until they were disarmed, the universal authority of the Emperor was unconfirmed. Against the Landgrave, therefore, Tilly first directed his attack, and marched straight from Magdeburg into Thuringia. During this march, the territories of Saxe Ernest and Schwartzburg were laid waste, and Frankenhausem plundered before the very eyes of Tilly, and laid in ashes with impunity. The unfortunate peasant paid dear for his master's attachment to the interests of Sweden. Erfurt, the key of Saxony and Franconia, was threatened with a siege, but redeemed itself by a voluntary contribution of money and provisions. From thence, Tilly despatched his emissaries to the Landgrave, demanding of him the immediate disbanding of his army, a renunciation of the league of Leipzig, the reception of imperial garrisons into his territories and fortresses, with the necessary contributions, and the

declaration of friendship or hostility. Such was the treatment which a prince of the Empire was compelled to submit to from a servant of the Emperor. But these extravagant demands acquired a formidable weight from the power which supported them; and the dreadful fate of Magdeburg, still fresh in the memory of the Landgrave, tended still farther to enforce them. Admirable, therefore, was the intrepidity of the Landgrave's answer: "To admit foreign troops into his capital and fortresses, the Landgrave is not disposed; his troops he requires for his own purposes; as for an attack, he can defend himself. If General Tilly wants money or provisions, let him go to Munich, where there is plenty of both." The irruption of two bodies of imperial troops into Hesse Cassel was the immediate result of this spirited reply, but the Landgrave gave them so warm a reception that they could effect nothing; and just as Tilly was preparing to follow with his whole army, to punish the unfortunate country for the firmness of its sovereign, the movements of the King of Sweden recalled him to another quarter.

Gustavus Adolphus had learned the fall of Magdeburg with deep regret; and the demand now made by the Elector, George William, in terms of their agreement, for the restoration of Spandau, greatly increased this feeling. The loss of Magdeburg had rather augmented than lessened the reasons which made the possession of this fortress so desirable; and the nearer became the necessity of a decisive battle between himself and Tilly, the more unwilling he felt to abandon the only place which, in the event of a defeat, could ensure him a refuge. After a vain endeavour, by entreaties and representations, to bring over the Elector to his views, whose coldness and lukewarmness daily increased, he gave orders to his general to evacuate Spandau, but at the same time declared to the Elector that he would henceforth regard him as an enemy.

To give weight to this declaration, he appeared with his whole force before Berlin. "I will not be worse treated than the imperial generals," was his reply to the ambassadors whom the bewildered Elector despatched to his camp. "Your master has received them into his territories, furnished them with all necessary supplies, ceded to them every place which they required, and yet, by all these

concessions, he could not prevail upon them to treat his subjects with common humanity. All that I require of him is security, a moderate sum of money, and provisions for my troops; in return, I promise to protect his country, and to keep the war at a distance from him. On these points, however, I must insist; and my brother, the Elector, must instantly determine to have me as a friend, or to see his capital plundered." This decisive tone produced a due impression; and the cannon pointed against the town put an end to the doubts of George William. In a few days, a treaty was signed, by which the Elector engaged to furnish a monthly subsidy of 30,000 dollars, to leave Spandau in the king's hands, and to open Custrin at all times to the Swedish troops. This now open alliance of the Elector of Brandenburg with the Swedes, excited no less displeasure at Vienna, than did formerly the similar procedure of the Duke of Pomerania; but the changed fortune which now attended his arms, obliged the Emperor to confine his resentment to words.

The king's satisfaction, on this favourable event, was increased by the agreeable intelligence that Griefswald, the only fortress which the Imperialists still held in Pomerania, had surrendered, and that the whole country was now free of the enemy. He appeared once more in this duchy, and was gratified at the sight of the general joy which he had caused to the people. A year had elapsed since Gustavus first entered Germany, and this event was now celebrated by all Pomerania as a national festival. Shortly before, the Czar of Moscow had sent ambassadors to congratulate him, to renew his alliance, and even to offer him troops. He had great reason to rejoice at the friendly disposition of Russia, as it was indispensable to his interests that Sweden itself should remain undisturbed by any dangerous neighbour during the war in which he himself was engaged. Soon after, his queen, Maria Eleonora, landed in Pomerania, with a reinforcement of 8000 Swedes; and the arrival of 6000 English, under the Marquis of Hamilton, requires more particular notice because this is all that history mentions of the English during the Thirty Years' War.

During Tilly's expedition into Thuringia, Pappenheim commanded in

Magdeburg; but was unable to prevent the Swedes from crossing the Elbe at various points, routing some imperial detachments, and seizing several posts. He himself, alarmed at the approach of the King of Sweden, anxiously recalled Tilly, and prevailed upon him to return by rapid marches to Magdeburg. Tilly encamped on this side of the river at Wolmerstadt; Gustavus on the same side, near Werben, not far from the confluence of the Havel and the Elbe. His very arrival portended no good to Tilly. The Swedes routed three of his regiments, which were posted in villages at some distance from the main body, carried off half their baggage, and burned the remainder. Tilly in vain advanced within cannon shot of the king's camp, and offered him battle. Gustavus, weaker by one-half than his adversary, prudently declined it; and his position was too strong for an attack. Nothing more ensued but a distant cannonade, and a few skirmishes, in which the Swedes had invariably the advantage. In his retreat to Wolmerstadt, Tilly's army was weakened by numerous desertions. Fortune seemed to have forsaken him since the carnage of Magdeburg.

The King of Sweden, on the contrary, was followed by uninterrupted success. While he himself was encamped in Werben, the whole of Mecklenburg, with the exception of a few towns, was conquered by his General Tott and the Duke Adolphus Frederick; and he enjoyed the satisfaction of reinstating both dukes in their dominions. He proceeded in person to Gustrow, where the reinstatement was solemnly to take place, to give additional dignity to the ceremony by his presence. The two dukes, with their deliverer between them, and attended by a splendid train of princes, made a public entry into the city, which the joy of their subjects converted into an affecting solemnity. Soon after his return to Werben, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel appeared in his camp, to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance; the first sovereign prince in Germany, who voluntarily and openly declared against the Emperor, though not wholly uninfluenced by strong motives. The Landgrave bound himself to act against the king's enemies as his own, to open to him his towns and territory, and to furnish his army with provisions and necessaries. The king, on the other hand, declared himself his ally and protector; and engaged to conclude no peace with the Emperor without first

obtaining for the Landgrave a full redress of grievances. Both parties honourably performed their agreement. Hesse Cassel adhered to the Swedish alliance during the whole of this tedious war; and at the peace of Westphalia had no reason to regret the friendship of Sweden.

Tilly, from whom this bold step on the part of the Landgrave was not long concealed, despatched Count Fugger with several regiments against him; and at the same time endeavoured to excite his subjects to rebellion by inflammatory letters. But these made as little impression as his troops, which subsequently failed him so decidedly at the battle of Breitenfield. The Estates of Hesse could not for a moment hesitate between their oppressor and their protector.

But the imperial general was far more disturbed by the equivocal conduct of the Elector of Saxony, who, in defiance of the imperial prohibition, continued his preparations, and adhered to the confederation of Leipzig. At this conjuncture, when the proximity of the King of Sweden made a decisive battle ere long inevitable, it appeared extremely dangerous to leave Saxony in arms, and ready in a moment to declare for the enemy. Tilly had just received a reinforcement of 25,000 veteran troops under Furstenberg, and, confident in his strength, he hoped either to disarm the Elector by the mere terror of his arrival, or at least to conquer him with little difficulty. Before quitting his camp at Wolmerstadt, he commanded the Elector, by a special messenger, to open his territories to the imperial troops; either to disband his own, or to join them to the imperial army; and to assist, in conjunction with himself, in driving the King of Sweden out of Germany. While he reminded him that, of all the German states, Saxony had hitherto been most respected, he threatened it, in case of refusal, with the most destructive ravages.

But Tilly had chosen an unfavourable moment for so imperious a requisition. The ill-treatment of his religious and political confederates, the destruction of Magdeburg, the excesses of the Imperialists in Lusatia, all combined to incense the Elector against the Emperor. The approach, too, of Gustavus Adolphus, (however slender his claims were to the protection of that prince,) tended to

fortify his resolution. He accordingly forbade the quartering of the imperial soldiers in his territories, and announced his firm determination to persist in his warlike preparations. However surprised he should be, he added, "to see an imperial army on its march against his territories, when that army had enough to do in watching the operations of the King of Sweden, nevertheless he did not expect, instead of the promised and well merited rewards, to be repaid with ingratitude and the ruin of his country." To Tilly's deputies, who were entertained in a princely style, he gave a still plainer answer on the occasion. "Gentlemen," said he, "I perceive that the Saxon confectionery, which has been so long kept back, is at length to be set upon the table. But as it is usual to mix with it nuts and garnish of all kinds, take care of your teeth."

Tilly instantly broke up his camp, and, with the most frightful devastation, advanced upon Halle; from this place he renewed his demands on the Elector, in a tone still more urgent and threatening. The previous policy of this prince, both from his own inclination, and the persuasions of his corrupt ministers had been to promote the interests of the Emperor, even at the expense of his own sacred obligations, and but very little tact had hitherto kept him inactive. All this but renders more astonishing the infatuation of the Emperor or his ministers in abandoning, at so critical a moment, the policy they had hitherto adopted, and by extreme measures, incensing a prince so easily led. Was this the very object which Tilly had in view? Was it his purpose to convert an equivocal friend into an open enemy, and thus to relieve himself from the necessity of that indulgence in the treatment of this prince, which the secret instructions of the Emperor had hitherto imposed upon him? Or was it the Emperor's wish, by driving the Elector to open hostilities, to get quit of his obligations to him, and so cleverly to break off at once the difficulty of a reckoning? In either case, we must be equally surprised at the daring presumption of Tilly, who hesitated not, in presence of one formidable enemy, to provoke another; and at his negligence in permitting, without opposition, the union of the two.

The Saxon Elector, rendered desperate by the entrance of Tilly into his

territories, threw himself, though not without a violent struggle, under the protection of Sweden.

Immediately after dismissing Tilly's first embassy, he had despatched his field-marshal Arnheim in all haste to the camp of Gustavus, to solicit the prompt assistance of that monarch whom he had so long neglected. The king concealed the inward satisfaction he felt at this long wished for result. "I am sorry for the Elector," said he, with dissembled coldness, to the ambassador; "had he heeded my repeated remonstrances, his country would never have seen the face of an enemy, and Magdeburg would not have fallen. Now, when necessity leaves him no alternative, he has recourse to my assistance. But tell him, that I cannot, for the sake of the Elector of Saxony, ruin my own cause, and that of my confederates. What pledge have I for the sincerity of a prince whose minister is in the pay of Austria, and who will abandon me as soon as the Emperor flatters him, and withdraws his troops from his frontiers? Tilly, it is true, has received a strong reinforcement; but this shall not prevent me from meeting him with confidence, as soon as I have covered my rear."

The Saxon minister could make no other reply to these reproaches, than that it was best to bury the past in oblivion.

He pressed the king to name the conditions, on which he would afford assistance to Saxony, and offered to guarantee their acceptance. "I require," said Gustavus, "that the Elector shall cede to me the fortress of Wittenberg, deliver to me his eldest sons as hostages, furnish my troops with three months' pay, and deliver up to me the traitors among his ministry."

"Not Wittenberg alone," said the Elector, when he received this answer, and hurried back his minister to the Swedish camp, "not Wittenberg alone, but Torgau, and all Saxony, shall be open to him; my whole family shall be his hostages, and if that is insufficient, I will place myself in his hands. Return and inform him I am ready to deliver to him any traitors he shall name, to furnish his army with the money he requires, and to venture my life and fortune in the good

cause."

The king had only desired to test the sincerity of the Elector's new sentiments. Convinced of it, he now retracted these harsh demands. "The distrust," said he, "which was shown to myself when advancing to the relief of Magdeburg, had naturally excited mine; the Elector's present confidence demands a return. I am satisfied, provided he grants my army one month's pay, and even for this advance I hope to indemnify him."

Immediately upon the conclusion of the treaty, the king crossed the Elbe, and next day joined the Saxons. Instead of preventing this junction, Tilly had advanced against Leipzig, which he summoned to receive an imperial garrison. In hopes of speedy relief, Hans Von der Pforta, the commandant, made preparations for his defence, and laid the suburb towards Halle in ashes. But the ill condition of the fortifications made resistance vain, and on the second day the gates were opened. Tilly had fixed his head quarters in the house of a gravedigger, the only one still standing in the suburb of Halle: here he signed the capitulation, and here, too, he arranged his attack on the King of Sweden. Tilly grew pale at the representation of the death's head and cross bones, with which the proprietor had decorated his house; and, contrary to all expectation, Leipzig experienced moderate treatment.

Meanwhile, a council of war was held at Torgau, between the King of Sweden and the Elector of Saxony, at which the Elector of Brandenburg was also present. The resolution which should now be adopted, was to decide irrevocably the fate of Germany and the Protestant religion, the happiness of nations and the destiny of their princes. The anxiety of suspense which, before every decisive resolve, oppresses even the hearts of heroes, appeared now for a moment to overshadow the great mind of Gustavus Adolphus. "If we decide upon battle," said he, "the stake will be nothing less than a crown and two electorates. Fortune is changeable, and the inscrutable decrees of Heaven may, for our sins, give the victory to our enemies. My kingdom, it is true, even after the loss of my life and my army, would still have a hope left. Far removed from the scene of action,

defended by a powerful fleet, a well-guarded frontier, and a warlike population, it would at least be safe from the worst consequences of a defeat. But what chances of escape are there for you, with an enemy so close at hand?" Gustavus Adolphus displayed the modest diffidence of a hero, whom an overweening belief of his own strength did not blind to the greatness of his danger; John George, the confidence of a weak man, who knows that he has a hero by his side. Impatient to rid his territories as soon as possible of the oppressive presence of two armies, he burned for a battle, in which he had no former laurels to lose. He was ready to march with his Saxons alone against Leipzig, and attack Tilly. At last Gustavus acceded to his opinion; and it was resolved that the attack should be made without delay, before the arrival of the reinforcements, which were on their way, under Altringer and Tiefenbach. The united Swedish and Saxon armies now crossed the Mulda, while the Elector returned homeward.

Early on the morning of the 7th September, 1631, the hostile armies came in sight of each other. Tilly, who, since he had neglected the opportunity of overpowering the Saxons before their union with the Swedes, was disposed to await the arrival of the reinforcements, had taken up a strong and advantageous position not far from Leipzig, where he expected he should be able to avoid the battle. But the impetuosity of Pappenheim obliged him, as soon as the enemy were in motion, to alter his plans, and to move to the left, in the direction of the hills which run from the village of Wahren towards Lindenthal. At the foot of these heights, his army was drawn up in a single line, and his artillery placed upon the heights behind, from which it could sweep the whole extensive plain of Breitenfeld. The Swedish and Saxon army advanced in two columns, having to pass the Lober near Podelwitz, in Tilly's front.

To defend the passage of this rivulet, Pappenheim advanced at the head of 2000 cuirassiers, though after great reluctance on the part of Tilly, and with express orders not to commence a battle. But, in disobedience to this command, Pappenheim attacked the vanguard of the Swedes, and after a brief struggle was driven to retreat. To check the progress of the enemy, he set fire to Podelwitz,

which, however, did not prevent the two columns from advancing and forming in order of battle.

On the right, the Swedes drew up in a double line, the infantry in the centre, divided into such small battalions as could be easily and rapidly manoeuvred without breaking their order; the cavalry upon their wings, divided in the same manner into small squadrons, interspersed with bodies of musqueteers, so as both to give an appearance of greater numerical force, and to annoy the enemy's horse. Colonel Teufel commanded the centre, Gustavus Horn the left, while the right was led by the king in person, opposed to Count Pappenheim.

On the left, the Saxons formed at a considerable distance from the Swedes,—by the advice of Gustavus, which was justified by the event. The order of battle had been arranged between the Elector and his field-marshal, and the king was content with merely signifying his approval. He was anxious apparently to separate the Swedish prowess from that of the Saxons, and fortune did not confound them.

The enemy was drawn up under the heights towards the west, in one immense line, long enough to outflank the Swedish army,—the infantry being divided in large battalions, the cavalry in equally unwieldy squadrons. The artillery being on the heights behind, the range of its fire was over the heads of his men. From this position of his artillery, it was evident that Tilly's purpose was to await rather than to attack the enemy; since this arrangement rendered it impossible for him to do so without exposing his men to the fire of his own cannons. Tilly himself commanded the centre, Count Furstenberg the right wing, and Pappenheim the left. The united troops of the Emperor and the League on this day did not amount to 34,000 or 35,000 men; the Swedes and Saxons were about the same number. But had a million been confronted with a million it could only have rendered the action more bloody, certainly not more important and decisive. For this day Gustavus had crossed the Baltic, to court danger in a distant country, and expose his crown and life to the caprice of fortune. The two greatest generals of the time, both hitherto invincible, were now to be matched

against each other in a contest which both had long avoided; and on this field of battle the hitherto untarnished laurels of one leader must droop for ever. The two parties in Germany had beheld the approach of this day with fear and trembling; and the whole age awaited with deep anxiety its issue, and posterity was either to bless or deplore it for ever.

Tilly's usual intrepidity and resolution seemed to forsake him on this eventful day. He had formed no regular plan for giving battle to the King, and he displayed as little firmness in avoiding it. Contrary to his own judgment, Pappenheim had forced him to action. Doubts which he had never before felt, struggled in his bosom; gloomy forebodings clouded his ever-open brow; the shade of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him.

A cannonade of two hours commenced the battle; the wind, which was from the west, blew thick clouds of smoke and dust from the newly-ploughed and parched fields into the faces of the Swedes. This compelled the king insensibly to wheel northwards, and the rapidity with which this movement was executed left no time to the enemy to prevent it.

Tilly at last left his heights, and began the first attack upon the Swedes; but to avoid their hot fire, he filed off towards the right, and fell upon the Saxons with such impetuosity that their line was broken, and the whole army thrown into confusion. The Elector himself retired to Eilenburg, though a few regiments still maintained their ground upon the field, and by a bold stand saved the honour of Saxony. Scarcely had the confusion began ere the Croats commenced plundering, and messengers were despatched to Munich and Vienna with the news of the victory.

Pappenheim had thrown himself with the whole force of his cavalry upon the right wing of the Swedes, but without being able to make it waver. The king commanded here in person, and under him General Banner. Seven times did Pappenheim renew the attack, and seven times was he repulsed. He fled at last with great loss, and abandoned the field to his conqueror.

In the mean time, Tilly, having routed the remainder of the Saxons, attacked with his victorious troops the left wing of the Swedes. To this wing the king, as soon as he perceived that the Saxons were thrown into disorder, had, with a ready foresight, detached a reinforcement of three regiments to cover its flank, which the flight of the Saxons had left exposed. Gustavus Horn, who commanded here, showed the enemy's cuirassiers a spirited resistance, which the infantry, interspersed among the squadrons of horse, materially assisted. The enemy were already beginning to relax the vigour of their attack, when Gustavus Adolphus appeared to terminate the contest. The left wing of the Imperialists had been routed; and the king's division, having no longer any enemy to oppose, could now turn their arms wherever it would be to the most advantage. Wheeling, therefore, with his right wing and main body to the left, he attacked the heights on which the enemy's artillery was planted. Gaining possession of them in a short time, he turned upon the enemy the full fire of their own cannon.

The play of artillery upon their flank, and the terrible onslaught of the Swedes in front, threw this hitherto invincible army into confusion. A sudden retreat was the only course left to Tilly, but even this was to be made through the midst of the enemy. The whole army was in disorder, with the exception of four regiments of veteran soldiers, who never as yet had fled from the field, and were resolved not to do so now. Closing their ranks, they broke through the thickest of the victorious army, and gained a small thicket, where they opposed a new front to the Swedes, and maintained their resistance till night, when their number was reduced to six hundred men. With them fled the wreck of Tilly's army, and the battle was decided.

Amid the dead and the wounded, Gustavus Adolphus threw himself on his knees; and the first joy of his victory gushed forth in fervent prayer. He ordered his cavalry to pursue the enemy as long as the darkness of the night would permit. The pealing of the alarm-bells set the inhabitants of all the neighbouring villages in motion, and utterly lost was the unhappy fugitive who fell into their hands. The king encamped with the rest of his army between the field of battle

and Leipzig, as it was impossible to attack the town the same night. Seven thousand of the enemy were killed in the field, and more than 5,000 either wounded or taken prisoners. Their whole artillery and camp fell into the hands of the Swedes, and more than a hundred standards and colours were taken. Of the Saxons about 2,000 had fallen, while the loss of the Swedes did not exceed 700. The rout of the Imperialists was so complete, that Tilly, on his retreat to Halle and Halberstadt, could not rally above 600 men, or Pappenheim more than 1,400—so rapidly was this formidable army dispersed, which so lately was the terror of Italy and Germany.

Tilly himself owed his escape merely to chance. Exhausted by his wounds, he still refused to surrender to a Swedish captain of horse, who summoned him to yield; but who, when he was on the point of putting him to death, was himself stretched on the ground by a timely pistol-shot. But more grievous than danger or wounds was the pain of surviving his reputation, and of losing in a single day the fruits of a long life. All former victories were as nothing, since he had failed in gaining the one that should have crowned them all. Nothing remained of all his past exploits, but the general execration which had followed them. From this period, he never recovered his cheerfulness or his good fortune. Even his last consolation, the hope of revenge, was denied to him, by the express command of the Emperor not to risk a decisive battle.

The disgrace of this day is to be ascribed principally to three mistakes; his planting the cannon on the hills behind him, his afterwards abandoning these heights, and his allowing the enemy, without opposition, to form in order of battle. But how easily might those mistakes have been rectified, had it not been for the cool presence of mind and superior genius of his adversary!

Tilly fled from Halle to Halberstadt, where he scarcely allowed time for the cure of his wounds, before he hurried towards the Weser to recruit his force by the imperial garrisons in Lower Saxony.

The Elector of Saxony had not failed, after the danger was over, to appear in

Gustavus's camp. The king thanked him for having advised a battle; and the Elector, charmed at his friendly reception, promised him, in the first transports of joy, the Roman crown. Gustavus set out next day for Merseburg, leaving the Elector to recover Leipzig. Five thousand Imperialists, who had collected together after the defeat, and whom he met on his march, were either cut in pieces or taken prisoners, of whom again the greater part entered into his service. Merseburg quickly surrendered; Halle was soon after taken, whither the Elector of Saxony, after making himself master of Leipzig, repaired to meet the king, and to concert their future plan of operations.

The victory was gained, but only a prudent use of it could render it decisive. The imperial armies were totally routed, Saxony free from the enemy, and Tilly had retired into Brunswick. To have followed him thither would have been to renew the war in Lower Saxony, which had scarcely recovered from the ravages of the last. It was therefore determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, which, open and defenceless as far as Vienna, invited attack. On their right, they might fall upon the territories of the Roman Catholic princes, or penetrate, on the left, into the hereditary dominions of Austria, and make the Emperor tremble in his palace. Both plans were resolved on; and the question that now remained was to assign its respective parts. Gustavus Adolphus, at the head of a victorious army, had little resistance to apprehend in his progress from Leipzig to Prague, Vienna, and Presburg. As to Bohemia, Moravia, Austria, and Hungary, they had been stripped of their defenders, while the oppressed Protestants in these countries were ripe for a revolt. Ferdinand was no longer secure in his capital: Vienna, on the first terror of surprise, would at once open its gates. The loss of his territories would deprive the enemy of the resources by which alone the war could be maintained; and Ferdinand would, in all probability, gladly accede, on the hardest conditions, to a peace which would remove a formidable enemy from the heart of his dominions. This bold plan of operations was flattering to a conqueror, and success perhaps might have justified it. But Gustavus Adolphus, as prudent as he was brave, and more a statesman than a conqueror, rejected it, because he had a higher end in view, and would not trust the issue either to

bravery or good fortune alone.

By marching towards Bohemia, Franconia and the Upper Rhine would be left to the Elector of Saxony. But Tilly had already begun to recruit his shattered army from the garrisons in Lower Saxony, and was likely to be at the head of a formidable force upon the Weser, and to lose no time in marching against the enemy. To so experienced a general, it would not do to oppose an Arnheim, of whose military skill the battle of Leipzig had afforded but equivocal proof; and of what avail would be the rapid and brilliant career of the king in Bohemia and Austria, if Tilly should recover his superiority in the Empire, animating the courage of the Roman Catholics, and disarming, by a new series of victories, the allies and confederates of the king? What would he gain by expelling the Emperor from his hereditary dominions, if Tilly succeeded in conquering for that Emperor the rest of Germany? Could he hope to reduce the Emperor more than had been done, twelve years before, by the insurrection of Bohemia, which had failed to shake the firmness or exhaust the resources of that prince, and from which he had risen more formidable than ever?

Less brilliant, but more solid, were the advantages which he had to expect from an incursion into the territories of the League. In this quarter, his appearance in arms would be decisive. At this very conjuncture, the princes were assembled in a Diet at Frankfort, to deliberate upon the Edict of Restitution, where Ferdinand employed all his artful policy to persuade the intimidated Protestants to accede to a speedy and disadvantageous arrangement. The advance of their protector could alone encourage them to a bold resistance, and disappoint the Emperor's designs. Gustavus Adolphus hoped, by his presence, to unite the discontented princes, or by the terror of his arms to detach them from the Emperor's party. Here, in the centre of Germany, he could paralyse the nerves of the imperial power, which, without the aid of the League, must soon fall—here, in the neighbourhood of France, he could watch the movements of a suspicious ally; and however important to his secret views it was to cultivate the friendship of the Roman Catholic electors, he saw the necessity of making

himself first of all master of their fate, in order to establish, by his magnanimous forbearance, a claim to their gratitude.

He accordingly chose the route to Franconia and the Rhine; and left the conquest of Bohemia to the Elector of Saxony.

Book III.

The glorious battle of Leipzig effected a great change in the conduct of Gustavus Adolphus, as well as in the opinion which both friends and foes entertained of him. Successfully had he confronted the greatest general of the age, and had matched the strength of his tactics and the courage of his Swedes against the elite of the imperial army, the most experienced troops in Europe. From this moment he felt a firm confidence in his own powers—self-confidence has always been the parent of great actions. In all his subsequent operations more boldness and decision are observable; greater determination, even amidst the most unfavourable circumstances, a more lofty tone towards his adversaries, a more dignified bearing towards his allies, and even in his clemency, something of the forbearance of a conqueror. His natural courage was farther heightened by the pious ardour of his imagination. He saw in his own cause that of heaven, and in the defeat of Tilly beheld the decisive interference of Providence against his enemies, and in himself the instrument of divine vengeance. Leaving his crown and his country far behind, he advanced on the wings of victory into the heart of Germany, which for centuries had seen no foreign conqueror within its bosom. The warlike spirit of its inhabitants, the vigilance of its numerous princes, the artful confederation of its states, the number of its strong castles, its many and broad rivers, had long restrained the ambition of its neighbours; and frequently as its extensive frontier had been attacked, its interior had been free from hostile invasion. The Empire had hitherto enjoyed the equivocal privilege of being its

own enemy, though invincible from without. Even now, it was merely the disunion of its members, and the intolerance of religious zeal, that paved the way for the Swedish invader. The bond of union between the states, which alone had rendered the Empire invincible, was now dissolved; and Gustavus derived from Germany itself the power by which he subdued it. With as much courage as prudence, he availed himself of all that the favourable moment afforded; and equally at home in the cabinet and the field, he tore asunder the web of the artful policy, with as much ease, as he shattered walls with the thunder of his cannon. Uninterruptedly he pursued his conquests from one end of Germany to the other, without breaking the line of posts which commanded a secure retreat at any moment; and whether on the banks of the Rhine, or at the mouth of the Lech, alike maintaining his communication with his hereditary dominions.

The consternation of the Emperor and the League at Tilly's defeat at Leipzig, was scarcely greater than the surprise and embarrassment of the allies of the King of Sweden at his unexpected success. It was beyond both their expectations and their wishes. Annihilated in a moment was that formidable army which, while it checked his progress and set bounds to his ambition, rendered him in some measure dependent on themselves. He now stood in the heart of Germany, alone, without a rival or without an adversary who was a match for him. Nothing could stop his progress, or check his pretensions, if the intoxication of success should tempt him to abuse his victory. If formerly they had dreaded the Emperor's irresistible power, there was no less cause now to fear every thing for the Empire, from the violence of a foreign conqueror, and for the Catholic Church, from the religious zeal of a Protestant king. The distrust and jealousy of some of the combined powers, which a stronger fear of the Emperor had for a time repressed, now revived; and scarcely had Gustavus Adolphus merited, by his courage and success, their confidence, when they began covertly to circumvent all his plans. Through a continual struggle with the arts of enemies, and the distrust of his own allies, must his victories henceforth be won; yet resolution, penetration, and prudence made their way through all impediments. But while his success excited the jealousy of his more powerful allies, France

and Saxony, it gave courage to the weaker, and emboldened them openly to declare their sentiments and join his party. Those who could neither vie with Gustavus Adolphus in importance, nor suffer from his ambition, expected the more from the magnanimity of their powerful ally, who enriched them with the spoils of their enemies, and protected them against the oppression of their stronger neighbours. His strength covered their weakness, and, inconsiderable in themselves, they acquired weight and influence from their union with the Swedish hero. This was the case with most of the free cities, and particularly with the weaker Protestant states. It was these that introduced the king into the heart of Germany; these covered his rear, supplied his troops with necessaries, received them into their fortresses, while they exposed their own lives in his battles. His prudent regard to their national pride, his popular deportment, some brilliant acts of justice, and his respect for the laws, were so many ties by which he bound the German Protestants to his cause; while the crying atrocities of the Imperialists, the Spaniards, and the troops of Lorraine, powerfully contributed to set his own conduct and that of his army in a favourable light.

If Gustavus Adolphus owed his success chiefly to his own genius, at the same time, it must be owned, he was greatly favoured by fortune and by circumstances. Two great advantages gave him a decided superiority over the enemy. While he removed the scene of war into the lands of the League, drew their youth as recruits, enriched himself with booty, and used the revenues of their fugitive princes as his own, he at once took from the enemy the means of effectual resistance, and maintained an expensive war with little cost to himself. And, moreover, while his opponents, the princes of the League, divided among themselves, and governed by different and often conflicting interests, acted without unanimity, and therefore without energy; while their generals were deficient in authority, their troops in obedience, the operations of their scattered armies without concert; while the general was separated from the lawgiver and the statesman; these several functions were united in Gustavus Adolphus, the only source from which authority flowed, the sole object to which the eye of the warrior turned; the soul of his party, the inventor as well as the executor of his

plans. In him, therefore, the Protestants had a centre of unity and harmony, which was altogether wanting to their opponents. No wonder, then, if favoured by such advantages, at the head of such an army, with such a genius to direct it, and guided by such political prudence, Gustavus Adolphus was irresistible.

With the sword in one hand, and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a judge, in as short a time almost as the tourist of pleasure. The keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him, as if to the native sovereign. No fortress was inaccessible; no river checked his victorious career. He conquered by the very terror of his name. The Swedish standards were planted along the whole stream of the Maine: the Lower Palatinate was free, the troops of Spain and Lorraine had fled across the Rhine and the Moselle. The Swedes and Hessians poured like a torrent into the territories of Mentz, of Wurtzburg, and Bamberg, and three fugitive bishops, at a distance from their sees, suffered dearly for their unfortunate attachment to the Emperor. It was now the turn for Maximilian, the leader of the League, to feel in his own dominions the miseries he had inflicted upon others. Neither the terrible fate of his allies, nor the peaceful overtures of Gustavus, who, in the midst of conquest, ever held out the hand of friendship, could conquer the obstinacy of this prince. The torrent of war now poured into Bavaria. Like the banks of the Rhine, those of the Lecke and the Donau were crowded with Swedish troops. Creeping into his fortresses, the defeated Elector abandoned to the ravages of the foe his dominions, hitherto unscathed by war, and on which the bigoted violence of the Bavarians seemed to invite retaliation. Munich itself opened its gates to the invincible monarch, and the fugitive Palatine, Frederick V., in the forsaken residence of his rival, consoled himself for a time for the loss of his dominions.

While Gustavus Adolphus was extending his conquests in the south, his generals and allies were gaining similar triumphs in the other provinces. Lower Saxony shook off the yoke of Austria, the enemy abandoned Mecklenburg, and the imperial garrisons retired from the banks of the Weser and the Elbe. In Westphalia and the Upper Rhine, William, Landgrave of Hesse, rendered

himself formidable; the Duke of Weimar in Thuringia, and the French in the Electorate of Treves; while to the eastward the whole kingdom of Bohemia was conquered by the Saxons. The Turks were preparing to attack Hungary, and in the heart of Austria a dangerous insurrection was threatened. In vain did the Emperor look around to the courts of Europe for support; in vain did he summon the Spaniards to his assistance, for the bravery of the Flemings afforded them ample employment beyond the Rhine; in vain did he call upon the Roman court and the whole church to come to his rescue. The offended Pope sported, in pompous processions and idle anathemas, with the embarrassments of Ferdinand, and instead of the desired subsidy he was shown the devastation of Mantua.

On all sides of his extensive monarchy hostile arms surrounded him. With the states of the League, now overrun by the enemy, those ramparts were thrown down, behind which Austria had so long defended herself, and the embers of war were now smouldering upon her unguarded frontiers. His most zealous allies were disarmed; Maximilian of Bavaria, his firmest support, was scarce able to defend himself. His armies, weakened by desertion and repeated defeat, and dispirited by continued misfortunes had unlearned, under beaten generals, that warlike impetuosity which, as it is the consequence, so it is the guarantee of success. The danger was extreme, and extraordinary means alone could raise the imperial power from the degradation into which it was fallen.

The most urgent want was that of a general; and the only one from whom he could hope for the revival of his former splendour, had been removed from his command by an envious cabal. So low had the Emperor now fallen, that he was forced to make the most humiliating proposals to his injured subject and servant, and meanly to press upon the imperious Duke of Friedland the acceptance of the powers which no less meanly had been taken from him. A new spirit began from this moment to animate the expiring body of Austria; and a sudden change in the aspect of affairs bespoke the firm hand which guided them. To the absolute King of Sweden, a general equally absolute was now opposed; and one victorious hero

was confronted with another. Both armies were again to engage in the doubtful struggle; and the prize of victory, already almost secured in the hands of Gustavus Adolphus, was to be the object of another and a severer trial. The storm of war gathered around Nuremberg; before its walls the hostile armies encamped; gazing on each other with dread and respect, longing for, and yet shrinking from, the moment that was to close them together in the shock of battle. The eyes of Europe turned to the scene in curiosity and alarm, while Nuremberg, in dismay, expected soon to lend its name to a more decisive battle than that of Leipzig. Suddenly the clouds broke, and the storm rolled away from Franconia, to burst upon the plains of Saxony. Near Lutzen fell the thunder that had menaced Nuremberg; the victory, half lost, was purchased by the death of the king. Fortune, which had never forsaken him in his lifetime, favoured the King of Sweden even in his death, with the rare privilege of falling in the fulness of his glory and an untarnished fame. By a timely death, his protecting genius rescued him from the inevitable fate of man—that of forgetting moderation in the intoxication of success, and justice in the plenitude of power. It may be doubted whether, had he lived longer, he would still have deserved the tears which Germany shed over his grave, or maintained his title to the admiration with which posterity regards him, as the first and only JUST conqueror that the world has produced. The untimely fall of their great leader seemed to threaten the ruin of his party; but to the Power which rules the world, no loss of a single man is irreparable. As the helm of war dropped from the hand of the falling hero, it was seized by two great statesmen, Oxenstiern and Richelieu. Destiny still pursued its relentless course, and for full sixteen years longer the flames of war blazed over the ashes of the long-forgotten king and soldier.

I may now be permitted to take a cursory retrospect of Gustavus Adolphus in his victorious career; glance at the scene in which he alone was the great actor; and then, when Austria becomes reduced to extremity by the successes of the Swedes, and by a series of disasters is driven to the most humiliating and desperate expedients, to return to the history of the Emperor.

As soon as the plan of operations had been concerted at Halle, between the King of Sweden and the Elector of Saxony; as soon as the alliance had been concluded with the neighbouring princes of Weimar and Anhalt, and preparations made for the recovery of the bishopric of Magdeburg, the king began his march into the empire. He had here no despicable foe to contend with. Within the empire, the Emperor was still powerful; throughout Franconia, Swabia, and the Palatinate, imperial garrisons were posted, with whom the possession of every place of importance must be disputed sword in hand. On the Rhine he was opposed by the Spaniards, who had overrun the territory of the banished Elector Palatine, seized all its strong places, and would everywhere dispute with him the passage over that river. On his rear was Tilly, who was fast recruiting his force, and would soon be joined by the auxiliaries from Lorraine. Every Papist presented an inveterate foe, while his connexion with France did not leave him at liberty to act with freedom against the Roman Catholics. Gustavus had foreseen all these obstacles, but at the same time the means by which they were to be overcome. The strength of the Imperialists was broken and divided among different garrisons, while he would bring against them one by one his whole united force. If he was to be opposed by the fanaticism of the Roman Catholics, and the awe in which the lesser states regarded the Emperor's power, he might depend on the active support of the Protestants, and their hatred to Austrian oppression. The ravages of the Imperialist and Spanish troops also powerfully aided him in these quarters; where the ill-treated husbandman and citizen sighed alike for a deliverer, and where the mere change of yoke seemed to promise a relief. Emissaries were despatched to gain over to the Swedish side the principal free cities, particularly Nuremberg and Frankfort. The first that lay in the king's march, and which he could not leave unoccupied in his rear, was Erfurt. Here the Protestant party among the citizens opened to him, without a blow, the gates of the town and the citadel. From the inhabitants of this, as of every important place which afterwards submitted, he exacted an oath of allegiance, while he secured its possession by a sufficient garrison. To his ally, Duke William of Weimar, he intrusted the command of an army to be raised in Thuringia. He also left his queen in Erfurt, and promised to increase its

privileges. The Swedish army now crossed the Thuringian forest in two columns, by Gotha and Arnstadt, and having delivered, in its march, the county of Henneberg from the Imperialists, formed a junction on the third day near Koenigshofen, on the frontiers of Franconia.

Francis, Bishop of Wurtzburg, the bitter enemy of the Protestants, and the most zealous member of the League, was the first to feel the indignation of Gustavus Adolphus. A few threats gained for the Swedes possession of his fortress of Koenigshofen, and with it the key of the whole province. At the news of this rapid conquest, dismay seized all the Roman Catholic towns of the circle. The Bishops of Wurtzburg and Bamberg trembled in their castles; they already saw their sees tottering, their churches profaned, and their religion degraded. The malice of his enemies had circulated the most frightful representations of the persecuting spirit and the mode of warfare pursued by the Swedish king and his soldiers, which neither the repeated assurances of the king, nor the most splendid examples of humanity and toleration, ever entirely effaced. Many feared to suffer at the hands of another what in similar circumstances they were conscious of inflicting themselves. Many of the richest Roman Catholics hastened to secure by flight their property, their religion, and their persons, from the sanguinary fanaticism of the Swedes. The bishop himself set the example. In the midst of the alarm, which his bigoted zeal had caused, he abandoned his dominions, and fled to Paris, to excite, if possible, the French ministry against the common enemy of religion.

The further progress of Gustavus Adolphus in the ecclesiastical territories agreed with this brilliant commencement. Schweinfurt, and soon afterwards Wurtzburg, abandoned by their Imperial garrisons, surrendered; but Marienberg he was obliged to carry by storm. In this place, which was believed to be impregnable, the enemy had collected a large store of provisions and ammunition, all of which fell into the hands of the Swedes. The king found a valuable prize in the library of the Jesuits, which he sent to Upsal, while his soldiers found a still more agreeable one in the prelate's well-filled cellars; his

treasures the bishop had in good time removed. The whole bishopric followed the example of the capital, and submitted to the Swedes. The king compelled all the bishop's subjects to swear allegiance to himself; and, in the absence of the lawful sovereign, appointed a regency, one half of whose members were Protestants. In every Roman Catholic town which Gustavus took, he opened the churches to the Protestant people, but without retaliating on the Papists the cruelties which they had practised on the former. On such only as sword in hand refused to submit, were the fearful rights of war enforced; and for the occasional acts of violence committed by a few of the more lawless soldiers, in the blind rage of the first attack, their humane leader is not justly responsible. Those who were peaceably disposed, or defenceless, were treated with mildness. It was a sacred principle of Gustavus to spare the blood of his enemies, as well as that of his own troops.

On the first news of the Swedish irruption, the Bishop of Wurtzburg, without regarding the treaty which he had entered into with the King of Sweden, had earnestly pressed the general of the League to hasten to the assistance of the bishopric. That defeated commander had, in the mean time, collected on the Weser the shattered remnant of his army, reinforced himself from the garrisons of Lower Saxony, and effected a junction in Hesse with Altringer and Fugger, who commanded under him. Again at the head of a considerable force, Tilly burned with impatience to wipe out the stain of his first defeat by a splendid victory. From his camp at Fulda, whither he had marched with his army, he earnestly requested permission from the Duke of Bavaria to give battle to Gustavus Adolphus. But, in the event of Tilly's defeat, the League had no second army to fall back upon, and Maximilian was too cautious to risk again the fate of his party on a single battle. With tears in his eyes, Tilly read the commands of his superior, which compelled him to inactivity. Thus his march to Franconia was delayed, and Gustavus Adolphus gained time to overrun the whole bishopric. It was in vain that Tilly, reinforced at Aschaffenburg by a body of 12,000 men from Lorraine, marched with an overwhelming force to the relief of Wurtzburg. The town and citadel were already in the hands of the Swedes, and

Maximilian of Bavaria was generally blamed (and not without cause, perhaps) for having, by his scruples, occasioned the loss of the bishopric. Commanded to avoid a battle, Tilly contented himself with checking the farther advance of the enemy; but he could save only a few of the towns from the impetuosity of the Swedes. Baffled in an attempt to reinforce the weak garrison of Hanau, which it was highly important to the Swedes to gain, he crossed the Maine, near Seligenstadt, and took the direction of the Bergstrasse, to protect the Palatinate from the conqueror.

Tilly, however, was not the sole enemy whom Gustavus Adolphus met in Franconia, and drove before him. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, celebrated in the annals of the time for his unsteadiness of character, his vain projects, and his misfortunes, ventured to raise a weak arm against the Swedish hero, in the hope of obtaining from the Emperor the electoral dignity. Deaf to the suggestions of a rational policy, he listened only to the dictates of heated ambition; by supporting the Emperor, he exasperated France, his formidable neighbour; and in the pursuit of a visionary phantom in another country, left undefended his own dominions, which were instantly overrun by a French army. Austria willingly conceded to him, as well as to the other princes of the League, the honour of being ruined in her cause. Intoxicated with vain hopes, this prince collected a force of 17,000 men, which he proposed to lead in person against the Swedes. If these troops were deficient in discipline and courage, they were at least attractive by the splendour of their accoutrements; and however sparing they were of their prowess against the foe, they were liberal enough with it against the defenceless citizens and peasantry, whom they were summoned to defend. Against the bravery, and the formidable discipline of the Swedes this splendidly attired army, however, made no long stand. On the first advance of the Swedish cavalry a panic seized them, and they were driven without difficulty from their cantonments in Wurtzburg; the defeat of a few regiments occasioned a general rout, and the scattered remnant sought a covert from the Swedish valour in the towns beyond the Rhine. Loaded with shame and ridicule, the duke hurried home by Strasburg, too fortunate in escaping, by a submissive written apology,

the indignation of his conqueror, who had first beaten him out of the field, and then called upon him to account for his hostilities. It is related upon this occasion that, in a village on the Rhine a peasant struck the horse of the duke as he rode past, exclaiming, "Haste, Sir, you must go quicker to escape the great King of Sweden!"

The example of his neighbours' misfortunes had taught the Bishop of Bamberg prudence. To avert the plundering of his territories, he made offers of peace, though these were intended only to delay the king's course till the arrival of assistance. Gustavus Adolphus, too honourable himself to suspect dishonesty in another, readily accepted the bishop's proposals, and named the conditions on which he was willing to save his territories from hostile treatment. He was the more inclined to peace, as he had no time to lose in the conquest of Bamberg, and his other designs called him to the Rhine. The rapidity with which he followed up these plans, cost him the loss of those pecuniary supplies which, by a longer residence in Franconia, he might easily have extorted from the weak and terrified bishop. This artful prelate broke off the negotiation the instant the storm of war passed away from his own territories. No sooner had Gustavus marched onwards than he threw himself under the protection of Tilly, and received the troops of the Emperor into the very towns and fortresses, which shortly before he had shown himself ready to open to the Swedes. By this stratagem, however, he only delayed for a brief interval the ruin of his bishopric. A Swedish general who had been left in Franconia, undertook to punish the perfidy of the bishop; and the ecclesiastical territory became the seat of war, and was ravaged alike by friends and foes.

The formidable presence of the Imperialists had hitherto been a check upon the Franconian States; but their retreat, and the humane conduct of the Swedish king, emboldened the nobility and other inhabitants of this circle to declare in his favour. Nuremberg joyfully committed itself to his protection; and the Franconian nobles were won to his cause by flattering proclamations, in which he condescended to apologize for his hostile appearance in the dominions. The

fertility of Franconia, and the rigorous honesty of the Swedish soldiers in their dealings with the inhabitants, brought abundance to the camp of the king. The high esteem which the nobility of the circle felt for Gustavus, the respect and admiration with which they regarded his brilliant exploits, the promises of rich booty which the service of this monarch held out, greatly facilitated the recruiting of his troops; a step which was made necessary by detaching so many garrisons from the main body. At the sound of his drums, recruits flocked to his standard from all quarters.

The king had scarcely spent more time in conquering Franconia, than he would have required to cross it. He now left behind him Gustavus Horn, one of his best generals, with a force of 8,000 men, to complete and retain his conquest. He himself with his main army, reinforced by the late recruits, hastened towards the Rhine in order to secure this frontier of the empire from the Spaniards; to disarm the ecclesiastical electors, and to obtain from their fertile territories new resources for the prosecution of the war. Following the course of the Maine, he subjected, in the course of his march, Seligenstadt, Aschaffenburg, Steinheim, the whole territory on both sides of the river. The imperial garrisons seldom awaited his approach, and never attempted resistance. In the meanwhile one of his colonels had been fortunate enough to take by surprise the town and citadel of Hanau, for whose preservation Tilly had shown such anxiety. Eager to be free of the oppressive burden of the Imperialists, the Count of Hanau gladly placed himself under the milder yoke of the King of Sweden.

Gustavus Adolphus now turned his whole attention to Frankfort, for it was his constant maxim to cover his rear by the friendship and possession of the more important towns. Frankfort was among the free cities which, even from Saxony, he had endeavoured to prepare for his reception; and he now called upon it, by a summons from Offenbach, to allow him a free passage, and to admit a Swedish garrison. Willingly would this city have dispensed with the necessity of choosing between the King of Sweden and the Emperor; for, whatever party they might embrace, the inhabitants had a like reason to fear for their privileges and trade.

The Emperor's vengeance would certainly fall heavily upon them, if they were in a hurry to submit to the King of Sweden, and afterwards he should prove unable to protect his adherents in Germany. But still more ruinous for them would be the displeasure of an irresistible conqueror, who, with a formidable army, was already before their gates, and who might punish their opposition by the ruin of their commerce and prosperity. In vain did their deputies plead the danger which menaced their fairs, their privileges, perhaps their constitution itself, if, by espousing the party of the Swedes, they were to incur the Emperor's displeasure. Gustavus Adolphus expressed to them his astonishment that, when the liberties of Germany and the Protestant religion were at stake, the citizens of Frankfort should talk of their annual fairs, and postpone for temporal interests the great cause of their country and their conscience. He had, he continued, in a menacing tone, found the keys of every town and fortress, from the Isle of Rugen to the Maine, and knew also where to find a key to Frankfort; the safety of Germany, and the freedom of the Protestant Church, were, he assured them, the sole objects of his invasion; conscious of the justice of his cause, he was determined not to allow any obstacle to impede his progress. "The inhabitants of Frankfort, he was well aware, wished to stretch out only a finger to him, but he must have the whole hand in order to have something to grasp." At the head of the army, he closely followed the deputies as they carried back his answer, and in order of battle awaited, near Saxenhausen, the decision of the council.

If Frankfort hesitated to submit to the Swedes, it was solely from fear of the Emperor; their own inclinations did not allow them a moment to doubt between the oppressor of Germany and its protector. The menacing preparations amidst which Gustavus Adolphus now compelled them to decide, would lessen the guilt of their revolt in the eyes of the Emperor, and by an appearance of compulsion justify the step which they willingly took. The gates were therefore opened to the King of Sweden, who marched his army through this imperial town in magnificent procession, and in admirable order. A garrison of 600 men was left in Saxenhausen; while the king himself advanced the same evening, with the rest of his army, against the town of Hoechst in Mentz, which surrendered to him

before night.

While Gustavus was thus extending his conquests along the Maine, fortune crowned also the efforts of his generals and allies in the north of Germany. Rostock, Wismar, and Doemitz, the only strong places in the Duchy of Mecklenburg which still sighed under the yoke of the Imperialists, were recovered by their legitimate sovereign, the Duke John Albert, under the Swedish general, Achatius Tott. In vain did the imperial general, Wolf Count von Mansfeld, endeavour to recover from the Swedes the territories of Halberstadt, of which they had taken possession immediately upon the victory of Leipzig; he was even compelled to leave Magdeburg itself in their hands. The Swedish general, Banner, who with 8,000 men remained upon the Elbe, closely blockaded that city, and had defeated several imperial regiments which had been sent to its relief. Count Mansfeld defended it in person with great resolution; but his garrison being too weak to oppose for any length of time the numerous force of the besiegers, he was already about to surrender on conditions, when Pappenheim advanced to his assistance, and gave employment elsewhere to the Swedish arms. Magdeburg, however, or rather the wretched huts that peeped out miserably from among the ruins of that once great town, was afterwards voluntarily abandoned by the Imperialists, and immediately taken possession of by the Swedes.

Even Lower Saxony, encouraged by the progress of the king, ventured to raise its head from the disasters of the unfortunate Danish war. They held a congress at Hamburg, and resolved upon raising three regiments, which they hoped would be sufficient to free them from the oppressive garrisons of the Imperialists. The Bishop of Bremen, a relation of Gustavus Adolphus, was not content even with this; but assembled troops of his own, and terrified the unfortunate monks and priests of the neighbourhood, but was quickly compelled by the imperial general, Count Gronsfeld, to lay down his arms. Even George, Duke of Lunenburg, formerly a colonel in the Emperor's service, embraced the party of Gustavus, for whom he raised several regiments, and by occupying the attention of the

Imperialists in Lower Saxony, materially assisted him.

But more important service was rendered to the king by the Landgrave William of Hesse Cassel, whose victorious arms struck with terror the greater part of Westphalia and Lower Saxony, the bishopric of Fulda, and even the Electorate of Cologne. It has been already stated that immediately after the conclusion of the alliance between the Landgrave and Gustavus Adolphus at Werben, two imperial generals, Fugger and Altringer, were ordered by Tilly to march into Hesse, to punish the Landgrave for his revolt from the Emperor. But this prince had as firmly withstood the arms of his enemies, as his subjects had the proclamations of Tilly inciting them to rebellion, and the battle of Leipzig presently relieved him of their presence. He availed himself of their absence with courage and resolution; in a short time, Vach, Muenden and Hoexter surrendered to him, while his rapid advance alarmed the bishoprics of Fulda, Paderborn, and the ecclesiastical territories which bordered on Hesse. The terrified states hastened by a speedy submission to set limits to his progress, and by considerable contributions to purchase exemption from plunder. After these successful enterprises, the Landgrave united his victorious army with that of Gustavus Adolphus, and concerted with him at Frankfort their future plan of operations.

In this city, a number of princes and ambassadors were assembled to congratulate Gustavus on his success, and either to conciliate his favour or to appease his indignation. Among them was the fugitive King of Bohemia, the Palatine Frederick V., who had hastened from Holland to throw himself into the arms of his avenger and protector. Gustavus gave him the unprofitable honour of greeting him as a crowned head, and endeavoured, by a respectful sympathy, to soften his sense of his misfortunes. But great as the advantages were, which Frederick had promised himself from the power and good fortune of his protector; and high as were the expectations he had built on his justice and magnanimity, the chance of this unfortunate prince's reinstatement in his kingdom was as distant as ever. The inactivity and contradictory politics of the

English court had abated the zeal of Gustavus Adolphus, and an irritability which he could not always repress, made him on this occasion forget the glorious vocation of protector of the oppressed, in which, on his invasion of Germany, he had so loudly announced himself.

The terrors of the king's irresistible strength, and the near prospect of his vengeance, had also compelled George, Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, to a timely submission. His connection with the Emperor, and his indifference to the Protestant cause, were no secret to the king, but he was satisfied with laughing at so impotent an enemy. As the Landgrave knew his own strength and the political situation of Germany so little, as to offer himself as mediator between the contending parties, Gustavus used jestingly to call him the peacemaker. He was frequently heard to say, when at play he was winning from the Landgrave, "that the money afforded double satisfaction, as it was Imperial coin." To his affinity with the Elector of Saxony, whom Gustavus had cause to treat with forbearance, the Landgrave was indebted for the favourable terms he obtained from the king, who contented himself with the surrender of his fortress of Russelheim, and his promise of observing a strict neutrality during the war. The Counts of Westerwald and Wetteran also visited the King in Frankfort, to offer him their assistance against the Spaniards, and to conclude an alliance, which was afterwards of great service to him. The town of Frankfort itself had reason to rejoice at the presence of this monarch, who took their commerce under his protection, and by the most effectual measures restored the fairs, which had been greatly interrupted by the war.

The Swedish army was now reinforced by ten thousand Hessians, which the Landgrave of Casse commanded. Gustavus Adolphus had already invested Koenigstein; Kostheim and Floersheim surrendered after a short siege; he was in command of the Maine; and transports were preparing with all speed at Hoechst to carry his troops across the Rhine. These preparations filled the Elector of Mentz, Anselm Casimir, with consternation; and he no longer doubted but that the storm of war would next fall upon him. As a partisan of the Emperor, and

one of the most active members of the League, he could expect no better treatment than his confederates, the Bishops of Wurtzburg and Bamberg, had already experienced. The situation of his territories upon the Rhine made it necessary for the enemy to secure them, while the fertility afforded an irresistible temptation to a necessitous army. Miscalculating his own strength and that of his adversaries, the Elector flattered himself that he was able to repel force by force, and weary out the valour of the Swedes by the strength of his fortresses. He ordered the fortifications of his capital to be repaired with all diligence, provided it with every necessary for sustaining a long siege, and received into the town a garrison of 2,000 Spaniards, under Don Philip de Sylva. To prevent the approach of the Swedish transports, he endeavoured to close the mouth of the Maine by driving piles, and sinking large heaps of stones and vessels. He himself, however, accompanied by the Bishop of Worms, and carrying with him his most precious effects, took refuge in Cologne, and abandoned his capital and territories to the rapacity of a tyrannical garrison. But these preparations, which bespoke less of true courage than of weak and overweening confidence, did not prevent the Swedes from marching against Mentz, and making serious preparations for an attack upon the city. While one body of their troops poured into the Rheingau, routed the Spaniards who remained there, and levied contributions on the inhabitants, another laid the Roman Catholic towns in Westerwald and Wetterau under similar contributions. The main army had encamped at Cassel, opposite Mentz; and Bernhard, Duke of Weimar, made himself master of the Maeusethurm and the Castle of Ehrenfels, on the other side of the Rhine. Gustavus was now actively preparing to cross the river, and to blockade the town on the land side, when the movements of Tilly in Franconia suddenly called him from the siege, and obtained for the Elector a short repose.

The danger of Nuremberg, which, during the absence of Gustavus Adolphus on the Rhine, Tilly had made a show of besieging, and, in the event of resistance, threatened with the cruel fate of Magdeburg, occasioned the king suddenly to retire from before Mentz. Lest he should expose himself a second

time to the reproaches of Germany, and the disgrace of abandoning a confederate city to a ferocious enemy, he hastened to its relief by forced marches. On his arrival at Frankfort, however, he heard of its spirited resistance, and of the retreat of Tilly, and lost not a moment in prosecuting his designs against Mentz. Failing in an attempt to cross the Rhine at Cassel, under the cannon of the besieged, he directed his march towards the Bergstrasse, with a view of approaching the town from an opposite quarter. Here he quickly made himself master of all the places of importance, and at Stockstadt, between Gernsheim and Oppenheim, appeared a second time upon the banks of the Rhine. The whole of the Bergstrasse was abandoned by the Spaniards, who endeavoured obstinately to defend the other bank of the river. For this purpose, they had burned or sunk all the vessels in the neighbourhood, and arranged a formidable force on the banks, in case the king should attempt the passage at that place.

On this occasion, the king's impetuosity exposed him to great danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. In order to reconnoitre the opposite bank, he crossed the river in a small boat; he had scarcely landed when he was attacked by a party of Spanish horse, from whose hands he only saved himself by a precipitate retreat. Having at last, with the assistance of the neighbouring fishermen, succeeded in procuring a few transports, he despatched two of them across the river, bearing Count Brahe and 300 Swedes. Scarcely had this officer time to entrench himself on the opposite bank, when he was attacked by 14 squadrons of Spanish dragoons and cuirassiers. Superior as the enemy was in number, Count Brahe, with his small force, bravely defended himself, and gained time for the king to support him with fresh troops. The Spaniards at last retired with the loss of 600 men, some taking refuge in Oppenheim, and others in Mentz. A lion of marble on a high pillar, holding a naked sword in his paw, and a helmet on his head, was erected seventy years after the event, to point out to the traveller the spot where the immortal monarch crossed the great river of Germany.

Gustavus Adolphus now conveyed his artillery and the greater part of his troops over the river, and laid siege to Oppenheim, which, after a brave resistance, was, on the 8th December, 1631, carried by storm. Five hundred Spaniards, who had so courageously defended the place, fell indiscriminately a sacrifice to the fury of the Swedes. The crossing of the Rhine by Gustavus struck terror into the Spaniards and Lorrainers, who had thought themselves protected by the river from the vengeance of the Swedes. Rapid flight was now their only security; every place incapable of an effectual defence was immediately abandoned. After a long train of outrages on the defenceless citizens, the troops of Lorraine evacuated Worms, which, before their departure, they treated with wanton cruelty. The Spaniards hastened to shut themselves up in Frankenthal, where they hoped to defy the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus.

The king lost no time in prosecuting his designs against Mentz, into which the flower of the Spanish troops had thrown themselves. While he advanced on the left bank of the Rhine, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel moved forward on the other, reducing several strong places on his march. The besieged Spaniards, though hemmed in on both sides, displayed at first a bold determination, and threw, for several days, a shower of bombs into the Swedish camp, which cost the king many of his bravest soldiers. But notwithstanding, the Swedes continually gained ground, and had at last advanced so close to the ditch that they prepared seriously for storming the place. The courage of the besieged now began to droop. They trembled before the furious impetuosity of the Swedish soldiers, of which Marienberg, in Wurtzburg, had afforded so fearful an example. The same dreadful fate awaited Mentz, if taken by storm; and the enemy might even be easily tempted to revenge the carnage of Magdeburg on this rich and magnificent residence of a Roman Catholic prince. To save the town, rather than their own lives, the Spanish garrison capitulated on the fourth day, and obtained from the magnanimity of Gustavus a safe conduct to Luxembourg; the greater part of them, however, following the example of many others, enlisted in the service of Sweden.

On the 13th December, 1631, the king made his entry into the conquered town, and fixed his quarters in the palace of the Elector. Eighty pieces of cannon fell into his hands, and the citizens were obliged to redeem their property from pillage, by a payment of 80,000 florins. The benefits of this redemption did not extend to the Jews and the clergy, who were obliged to make large and separate contributions for themselves. The library of the Elector was seized by the king as his share, and presented by him to his chancellor, Oxenstiern, who intended it for the Academy of Westerrah, but the vessel in which it was shipped to Sweden foundered at sea.

After the loss of Mentz, misfortune still pursued the Spaniards on the Rhine. Shortly before the capture of that city, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had taken Falkenstein and Reifenberg, and the fortress of Koningstein surrendered to the Hessians. The Rhinegrave, Otto Louis, one of the king's generals, defeated nine Spanish squadrons who were on their march for Frankenthal, and made himself master of the most important towns upon the Rhine, from Boppart to Bacharach. After the capture of the fortress of Braunfels, which was effected by the Count of Wetterau, with the co-operation of the Swedes, the Spaniards quickly lost every place in Wetterau, while in the Palatinate they retained few places besides Frankenthal. Landau and Kronweisenberg openly declared for the Swedes; Spires offered troops for the king's service; Manheim was gained through the prudence of the Duke Bernard of Weimar, and the negligence of its governor, who, for this misconduct, was tried before the council of war, at Heidelberg, and beheaded.

The king had protracted the campaign into the depth of winter, and the severity of the season was perhaps one cause of the advantage his soldiers gained over those of the enemy. But the exhausted troops now stood in need of the repose of winter quarters, which, after the surrender of Mentz, Gustavus assigned to them, in its neighbourhood. He himself employed the interval of inactivity in the field, which the season of the year enjoined, in arranging, with his chancellor, the affairs of his cabinet, in treating for a neutrality with some of

his enemies, and adjusting some political disputes which had sprung up with a neighbouring ally. He chose the city of Mentz for his winter quarters, and the settlement of these state affairs, and showed a greater partiality for this town, than seemed consistent with the interests of the German princes, or the shortness of his visit to the Empire. Not content with strongly fortifying it, he erected at the opposite angle which the Maine forms with the Rhine, a new citadel, which was named Gustavusburg from its founder, but which is better known under the title of Pfaffenraub or Pfaffenzwang.—[Priests' plunder; alluding to the means by which the expense of its erection had been defrayed.]

While Gustavus Adolphus made himself master of the Rhine, and threatened the three neighbouring electorates with his victorious arms, his vigilant enemies in Paris and St. Germain's made use of every artifice to deprive him of the support of France, and, if possible, to involve him in a war with that power. By his sudden and equivocal march to the Rhine, he had surprised his friends, and furnished his enemies with the means of exciting a distrust of his intentions. After the conquest of Wurtzburg, and of the greater part of Franconia, the road into Bavaria and Austria lay open to him through Bamberg and the Upper Palatinate; and the expectation was as general, as it was natural, that he would not delay to attack the Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria in the very centre of their power, and, by the reduction of his two principal enemies, bring the war immediately to an end. But to the surprise of both parties, Gustavus left the path which general expectation had thus marked out for him; and instead of advancing to the right, turned to the left, to make the less important and more innocent princes of the Rhine feel his power, while he gave time to his more formidable opponents to recruit their strength. Nothing but the paramount design of reinstating the unfortunate Palatine, Frederick V., in the possession of his territories, by the expulsion of the Spaniards, could seem to account for this strange step; and the belief that Gustavus was about to effect that restoration, silenced for a while the suspicions of his friends and the calumnies of his enemies. But the Lower Palatinate was now almost entirely cleared of the enemy; and yet Gustavus continued to form new schemes of conquest on the

Rhine, and to withhold the reconquered country from the Palatine, its rightful owner. In vain did the English ambassador remind him of what justice demanded, and what his own solemn engagement made a duty of honour; Gustavus replied to these demands with bitter complaints of the inactivity of the English court, and prepared to carry his victorious standard into Alsace, and even into Lorraine.

A distrust of the Swedish monarch was now loud and open, while the malice of his enemies busily circulated the most injurious reports as to his intentions. Richelieu, the minister of Louis XIII., had long witnessed with anxiety the king's progress towards the French frontier, and the suspicious temper of Louis rendered him but too accessible to the evil surmises which the occasion gave rise to. France was at this time involved in a civil war with her Protestant subjects, and the fear was not altogether groundless, that the approach of a victorious monarch of their party might revive their drooping spirit, and encourage them to a more desperate resistance. This might be the case, even if Gustavus Adolphus was far from showing a disposition to encourage them, or to act unfaithfully towards his ally, the King of France. But the vindictive Bishop of Wurtzburg, who was anxious to avenge the loss of his dominions, the envenomed rhetoric of the Jesuits and the active zeal of the Bavarian minister, represented this dreaded alliance between the Huguenots and the Swedes as an undoubted fact, and filled the timid mind of Louis with the most alarming fears. Not merely chimerical politicians, but many of the best informed Roman Catholics, fully believed that the king was on the point of breaking into the heart of France, to make common cause with the Huguenots, and to overturn the Catholic religion within the kingdom. Fanatical zealots already saw him, with his army, crossing the Alps, and dethroning the Viceregent of Christ in Italy. Such reports no doubt soon refute themselves; yet it cannot be denied that Gustavus, by his manoeuvres on the Rhine, gave a dangerous handle to the malice of his enemies, and in some measure justified the suspicion that he directed his arms, not so much against the Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria, as against the Roman Catholic religion itself.

The general clamour of discontent which the Jesuits raised in all the Catholic courts, against the alliance between France and the enemy of the church, at last compelled Cardinal Richelieu to take a decisive step for the security of his religion, and at once to convince the Roman Catholic world of the zeal of France, and of the selfish policy of the ecclesiastical states of Germany. Convinced that the views of the King of Sweden, like his own, aimed solely at the humiliation of the power of Austria, he hesitated not to promise to the princes of the League, on the part of Sweden, a complete neutrality, immediately they abandoned their alliance with the Emperor and withdrew their troops. Whatever the resolution these princes should adopt, Richelieu would equally attain his object. By their separation from the Austrian interest, Ferdinand would be exposed to the combined attack of France and Sweden; and Gustavus Adolphus, freed from his other enemies in Germany, would be able to direct his undivided force against the hereditary dominions of Austria. In that event, the fall of Austria was inevitable, and this great object of Richelieu's policy would be gained without injury to the church. If, on the other hand, the princes of the League persisted in their opposition, and adhered to the Austrian alliance, the result would indeed be more doubtful, but still France would have sufficiently proved to all Europe the sincerity of her attachment to the Catholic cause, and performed her duty as a member of the Roman Church. The princes of the League would then appear the sole authors of those evils, which the continuance of the war would unavoidably bring upon the Roman Catholics of Germany; they alone, by their wilful and obstinate adherence to the Emperor, would frustrate the measures employed for their protection, involve the church in danger, and themselves in ruin.

Richelieu pursued this plan with greater zeal, the more he was embarrassed by the repeated demands of the Elector of Bavaria for assistance from France; for this prince, as already stated, when he first began to entertain suspicions of the Emperor, entered immediately into a secret alliance with France, by which, in the event of any change in the Emperor's sentiments, he hoped to secure the possession of the Palatinate. But though the origin of the treaty clearly showed

against what enemy it was directed, Maximilian now thought proper to make use of it against the King of Sweden, and did not hesitate to demand from France that assistance against her ally, which she had simply promised against Austria. Richelieu, embarrassed by this conflicting alliance with two hostile powers, had no resource left but to endeavour to put a speedy termination to their hostilities; and as little inclined to sacrifice Bavaria, as he was disabled, by his treaty with Sweden, from assisting it, he set himself, with all diligence, to bring about a neutrality, as the only means of fulfilling his obligations to both. For this purpose, the Marquis of Breze was sent, as his plenipotentiary, to the King of Sweden at Mentz, to learn his sentiments on this point, and to procure from him favourable conditions for the allied princes. But if Louis XIII. had powerful motives for wishing for this neutrality, Gustavus Adolphus had as grave reasons for desiring the contrary. Convinced by numerous proofs that the hatred of the princes of the League to the Protestant religion was invincible, their aversion to the foreign power of the Swedes inextinguishable, and their attachment to the House of Austria irrevocable, he apprehended less danger from their open hostility, than from a neutrality which was so little in unison with their real inclinations; and, moreover, as he was constrained to carry on the war in Germany at the expense of the enemy, he manifestly sustained great loss if he diminished their number without increasing that of his friends. It was not surprising, therefore, if Gustavus evinced little inclination to purchase the neutrality of the League, by which he was likely to gain so little, at the expense of the advantages he had already obtained.

The conditions, accordingly, upon which he offered to adopt the neutrality towards Bavaria were severe, and suited to these views. He required of the whole League a full and entire cessation from all hostilities; the recall of their troops from the imperial army, from the conquered towns, and from all the Protestant countries; the reduction of their military force; the exclusion of the imperial armies from their territories, and from supplies either of men, provisions, or ammunition. Hard as the conditions were, which the victor thus imposed upon the vanquished, the French mediator flattered himself he should

be able to induce the Elector of Bavaria to accept them. In order to give time for an accommodation, Gustavus had agreed to a cessation of hostilities for a fortnight. But at the very time when this monarch was receiving from the French agents repeated assurances of the favourable progress of the negociation, an intercepted letter from the Elector to Pappenheim, the imperial general in Westphalia, revealed the perfidy of that prince, as having no other object in view by the whole negociation, than to gain time for his measures of defence. Far from intending to fetter his military operations by a truce with Sweden, the artful prince hastened his preparations, and employed the leisure which his enemy afforded him, in making the most active dispositions for resistance. The negociation accordingly failed, and served only to increase the animosity of the Bavarians and the Swedes.

Tilly's augmented force, with which he threatened to overrun Franconia, urgently required the king's presence in that circle; but it was necessary to expel previously the Spaniards from the Rhine, and to cut off their means of invading Germany from the Netherlands. With this view, Gustavus Adolphus had made an offer of neutrality to the Elector of Treves, Philip von Zeltern, on condition that the fortress of Hermanstein should be delivered up to him, and a free passage granted to his troops through Coblenz. But unwillingly as the Elector had beheld the Spaniards within his territories, he was still less disposed to commit his estates to the suspicious protection of a heretic, and to make the Swedish conqueror master of his destinies. Too weak to maintain his independence between two such powerful competitors, he took refuge in the protection of France. With his usual prudence, Richelieu profited by the embarrassments of this prince to augment the power of France, and to gain for her an important ally on the German frontier. A numerous French army was despatched to protect the territory of Treves, and a French garrison was received into Ehrenbreitstein. But the object which had moved the Elector to this bold step was not completely gained, for the offended pride of Gustavus Adolphus was not appeased till he had obtained a free passage for his troops through Treves.

Pending these negotiations with Treves and France, the king's generals had entirely cleared the territory of Mentz of the Spanish garrisons, and Gustavus himself completed the conquest of this district by the capture of Kreutznach. To protect these conquests, the chancellor Oxenstiern was left with a division of the army upon the Middle Rhine, while the main body, under the king himself, began its march against the enemy in Franconia.

The possession of this circle had, in the mean time, been disputed with variable success, between Count Tilly and the Swedish General Horn, whom Gustavus had left there with 8,000 men; and the Bishopric of Bamberg, in particular, was at once the prize and the scene of their struggle. Called away to the Rhine by his other projects, the king had left to his general the chastisement of the bishop, whose perfidy had excited his indignation, and the activity of Horn justified the choice. In a short time, he subdued the greater part of the bishopric; and the capital itself, abandoned by its imperial garrison, was carried by storm. The banished bishop urgently demanded assistance from the Elector of Bavaria, who was at length persuaded to put an end to Tilly's inactivity. Fully empowered by his master's order to restore the bishop to his possessions, this general collected his troops, who were scattered over the Upper Palatinate, and with an army of 20,000 men advanced upon Bamberg. Firmly resolved to maintain his conquest even against this overwhelming force, Horn awaited the enemy within the walls of Bamberg; but was obliged to yield to the vanguard of Tilly what he had thought to be able to dispute with his whole army. A panic which suddenly seized his troops, and which no presence of mind of their general could check, opened the gates to the enemy, and it was with difficulty that the troops, baggage, and artillery, were saved. The reconquest of Bamberg was the fruit of this victory; but Tilly, with all his activity, was unable to overtake the Swedish general, who retired in good order behind the Maine. The king's appearance in Franconia, and his junction with Gustavus Horn at Kitzingen, put a stop to Tilly's conquests, and compelled him to provide for his own safety by a rapid retreat.

The king made a general review of his troops at Aschaffenburg. After his junction with Gustavus Horn, Banner, and Duke William of Weimar, they amounted to nearly 40,000 men. His progress through Franconia was uninterrupted; for Tilly, far too weak to encounter an enemy so superior in numbers, had retreated, by rapid marches, towards the Danube. Bohemia and Bavaria were now equally near to the king, and, uncertain whither his victorious course might be directed, Maximilian could form no immediate resolution. The choice of the king, and the fate of both provinces, now depended on the road that should be left open to Count Tilly. It was dangerous, during the approach of so formidable an enemy, to leave Bavaria undefended, in order to protect Austria; still more dangerous, by receiving Tilly into Bavaria, to draw thither the enemy also, and to render it the seat of a destructive war. The cares of the sovereign finally overcame the scruples of the statesman, and Tilly received orders, at all hazards, to cover the frontiers of Bavaria with his army.

Nuremberg received with triumphant joy the protector of the Protestant religion and German freedom, and the enthusiasm of the citizens expressed itself on his arrival in loud transports of admiration and joy. Even Gustavus could not contain his astonishment, to see himself in this city, which was the very centre of Germany, where he had never expected to be able to penetrate. The noble appearance of his person, completed the impression produced by his glorious exploits, and the condescension with which he received the congratulations of this free city won all hearts. He now confirmed the alliance he had concluded with it on the shores of the Baltic, and excited the citizens to zealous activity and fraternal unity against the common enemy. After a short stay in Nuremberg, he followed his army to the Danube, and appeared unexpectedly before the frontier town of Donauwerth. A numerous Bavarian garrison defended the place; and their commander, Rodolph Maximilian, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, showed at first a resolute determination to defend it till the arrival of Tilly. But the vigour with which Gustavus Adolphus prosecuted the siege, soon compelled him to take measures for a speedy and secure retreat, which amidst a tremendous fire from the Swedish artillery he successfully executed.

The conquest of Donauwerth opened to the king the further side of the Danube, and now the small river Lech alone separated him from Bavaria. The immediate danger of his dominions aroused all Maximilian's activity; and however little he had hitherto disturbed the enemy's progress to his frontier, he now determined to dispute as resolutely the remainder of their course. On the opposite bank of the Lech, near the small town of Rain, Tilly occupied a strongly fortified camp, which, surrounded by three rivers, bade defiance to all attack. All the bridges over the Lech were destroyed; the whole course of the stream protected by strong garrisons as far as Augsburg; and that town itself, which had long betrayed its impatience to follow the example of Nuremberg and Frankfort, secured by a Bavarian garrison, and the disarming of its inhabitants. The Elector himself, with all the troops he could collect, threw himself into Tilly's camp, as if all his hopes centred on this single point, and here the good fortune of the Swedes was to suffer shipwreck for ever.

Gustavus Adolphus, after subduing the whole territory of Augsburg, on his own side of the river, and opening to his troops a rich supply of necessaries from that quarter, soon appeared on the bank opposite the Bavarian entrenchments. It was now the month of March, when the river, swollen by frequent rains, and the melting of the snow from the mountains of the Tyrol, flowed full and rapid between its steep banks. Its boiling current threatened the rash assailants with certain destruction, while from the opposite side the enemy's cannon showed their murderous mouths. If, in despite of the fury both of fire and water, they should accomplish this almost impossible passage, a fresh and vigorous enemy awaited the exhausted troops in an impregnable camp; and when they needed repose and refreshment they must prepare for battle. With exhausted powers they must ascend the hostile entrenchments, whose strength seemed to bid defiance to every assault. A defeat sustained upon this shore would be attended with inevitable destruction, since the same stream which impeded their advance would also cut off their retreat, if fortune should abandon them.

The Swedish council of war, which the king now assembled, strongly urged

upon him all these considerations, in order to deter him from this dangerous undertaking. The most intrepid were appalled, and a troop of honourable warriors, who had grown gray in the field, did not hesitate to express their alarm. But the king's resolution was fixed. "What!" said he to Gustavus Horn, who spoke for the rest, "have we crossed the Baltic, and so many great rivers of Germany, and shall we now be checked by a brook like the Lech?" Gustavus had already, at great personal risk, reconnoitred the whole country, and discovered that his own side of the river was higher than the other, and consequently gave a considerable advantage to the fire of the Swedish artillery over that of the enemy. With great presence of mind he determined to profit by this circumstance. At the point where the left bank of the Lech forms an angle with the right, he immediately caused three batteries to be erected, from which 72 field-pieces maintained a cross fire upon the enemy. While this tremendous cannonade drove the Bavarians from the opposite bank, he caused to be erected a bridge over the river with all possible rapidity. A thick smoke, kept up by burning wood and wet straw, concealed for some time the progress of the work from the enemy, while the continued thunder of the cannon overpowered the noise of the axes. He kept alive by his own example the courage of his troops, and discharged more than 60 cannon with his own hand. The cannonade was returned by the Bavarians with equal vivacity for two hours, though with less effect, as the Swedish batteries swept the lower opposite bank, while their height served as a breast-work to their own troops. In vain, therefore, did the Bavarians attempt to destroy these works; the superior fire of the Swedes threw them into disorder, and the bridge was completed under their very eyes. On this dreadful day, Tilly did every thing in his power to encourage his troops; and no danger could drive him from the bank. At length he found the death which he sought, a cannon ball shattered his leg; and Altringer, his brave companion-in-arms, was, soon after, dangerously wounded in the head. Deprived of the animating presence of their two generals, the Bavarians gave way at last, and Maximilian, in spite of his own judgment, was driven to adopt a pusillanimous resolve. Overcome by the persuasions of the dying Tilly, whose wonted firmness was overpowered by the near approach of death, he gave up his impregnable position

for lost; and the discovery by the Swedes of a ford, by which their cavalry were on the point of passing, accelerated his inglorious retreat. The same night, before a single soldier of the enemy had crossed the Lech, he broke up his camp, and, without giving time for the King to harass him in his march, retreated in good order to Neuburgh and Ingolstadt. With astonishment did Gustavus Adolphus, who completed the passage of the river on the following day behold the hostile camp abandoned; and the Elector's flight surprised him still more, when he saw the strength of the position he had quitted. "Had I been the Bavarian," said he, "though a cannon ball had carried away my beard and chin, never would I have abandoned a position like this, and laid open my territory to my enemies."

Bavaria now lay exposed to the conqueror; and, for the first time, the tide of war, which had hitherto only beat against its frontier, now flowed over its long swarded and fertile fields. Before, however, the King proceeded to the conquest of these provinces, he delivered the town of Augsburg from the yoke of Bavaria; exacted an oath of allegiance from the citizens; and to secure its observance, left a garrison in the town. He then advanced, by rapid marches, against Ingolstadt, in order, by the capture of this important fortress, which the Elector covered with the greater part of his army, to secure his conquests in Bavaria, and obtain a firm footing on the Danube.

Shortly after the appearance of the Swedish King before Ingolstadt, the wounded Tilly, after experiencing the caprice of unstable fortune, terminated his career within the walls of that town. Conquered by the superior generalship of Gustavus Adolphus, he lost, at the close of his days, all the laurels of his earlier victories, and appeased, by a series of misfortunes, the demands of justice, and the avenging manes of Magdeburg. In his death, the Imperial army and that of the League sustained an irreparable loss; the Roman Catholic religion was deprived of its most zealous defender, and Maximilian of Bavaria of the most faithful of his servants, who sealed his fidelity by his death, and even in his dying moments fulfilled the duties of a general. His last message to the Elector was an urgent advice to take possession of Ratisbon, in order to maintain the

command of the Danube, and to keep open the communication with Bohemia.

With the confidence which was the natural fruit of so many victories, Gustavus Adolphus commenced the siege of Ingolstadt, hoping to gain the town by the fury of his first assault. But the strength of its fortifications, and the bravery of its garrison, presented obstacles greater than any he had had to encounter since the battle of Breitenfeld, and the walls of Ingolstadt were near putting an end to his career. While reconnoitring the works, a 24-pounder killed his horse under him, and he fell to the ground, while almost immediately afterwards another ball struck his favourite, the young Margrave of Baden, by his side. With perfect self-possession the king rose, and quieted the fears of his troops by immediately mounting another horse.

The occupation of Ratisbon by the Bavarians, who, by the advice of Tilly, had surprised this town by stratagem, and placed in it a strong garrison, quickly changed the king's plan of operations. He had flattered himself with the hope of gaining this town, which favoured the Protestant cause, and to find in it an ally as devoted to him as Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Frankfort. Its seizure by the Bavarians seemed to postpone for a long time the fulfilment of his favourite project of making himself master of the Danube, and cutting off his adversaries' supplies from Bohemia. He suddenly raised the siege of Ingolstadt, before which he had wasted both his time and his troops, and penetrated into the interior of Bavaria, in order to draw the Elector into that quarter for the defence of his territories, and thus to strip the Danube of its defenders.

The whole country, as far as Munich, now lay open to the conqueror. Mosburg, Landshut, and the whole territory of Freysingen, submitted; nothing could resist his arms. But if he met with no regular force to oppose his progress, he had to contend against a still more implacable enemy in the heart of every Bavarian—religious fanaticism. Soldiers who did not believe in the Pope were, in this country, a new and unheard-of phenomenon; the blind zeal of the priests represented them to the peasantry as monsters, the children of hell, and their leader as Antichrist. No wonder, then, if they thought themselves released from

all the ties of nature and humanity towards this brood of Satan, and justified in committing the most savage atrocities upon them. Woe to the Swedish soldier who fell into their hands! All the torments which inventive malice could devise were exercised upon these unhappy victims; and the sight of their mangled bodies exasperated the army to a fearful retaliation. Gustavus Adolphus, alone, sullied the lustre of his heroic character by no act of revenge; and the aversion which the Bavarians felt towards his religion, far from making him depart from the obligations of humanity towards that unfortunate people, seemed to impose upon him the stricter duty to honour his religion by a more constant clemency.

The approach of the king spread terror and consternation in the capital, which, stripped of its defenders, and abandoned by its principal inhabitants, placed all its hopes in the magnanimity of the conqueror. By an unconditional and voluntary surrender, it hoped to disarm his vengeance; and sent deputies even to Freysingen to lay at his feet the keys of the city. Strongly as the king might have been tempted by the inhumanity of the Bavarians, and the hostility of their sovereign, to make a dreadful use of the rights of victory; pressed as he was by Germans to avenge the fate of Magdeburg on the capital of its destroyer, this great prince scorned this mean revenge; and the very helplessness of his enemies disarmed his severity. Contented with the more noble triumph of conducting the Palatine Frederick with the pomp of a victor into the very palace of the prince who had been the chief instrument of his ruin, and the usurper of his territories, he heightened the brilliancy of his triumphal entry by the brighter splendour of moderation and clemency.

The King found in Munich only a forsaken palace, for the Elector's treasures had been transported to Werfen. The magnificence of the building astonished him; and he asked the guide who showed the apartments who was the architect. "No other," replied he, "than the Elector himself."—"I wish," said the King, "I had this architect to send to Stockholm." "That," he was answered, "the architect will take care to prevent." When the arsenal was examined, they found nothing but carriages, stripped of their cannon. The latter had been so artfully concealed

under the floor, that no traces of them remained; and but for the treachery of a workman, the deceit would not have been detected. "Rise up from the dead," said the King, "and come to judgment." The floor was pulled up, and 140 pieces of cannon discovered, some of extraordinary calibre, which had been principally taken in the Palatinate and Bohemia. A treasure of 30,000 gold ducats, concealed in one of the largest, completed the pleasure which the King received from this valuable acquisition.

A far more welcome spectacle still would have been the Bavarian army itself; for his march into the heart of Bavaria had been undertaken chiefly with the view of luring them from their entrenchments. In this expectation he was disappointed. No enemy appeared; no entreaties, however urgent, on the part of his subjects, could induce the Elector to risk the remainder of his army to the chances of a battle. Shut up in Ratisbon, he awaited the reinforcements which Wallenstein was bringing from Bohemia; and endeavoured, in the mean time, to amuse his enemy and keep him inactive, by reviving the negotiation for a neutrality. But the King's distrust, too often and too justly excited by his previous conduct, frustrated this design; and the intentional delay of Wallenstein abandoned Bavaria to the Swedes.

Thus far had Gustavus advanced from victory to victory, without meeting with an enemy able to cope with him. A part of Bavaria and Swabia, the Bishoprics of Franconia, the Lower Palatinate, and the Archbishopric of Mentz, lay conquered in his rear. An uninterrupted career of conquest had conducted him to the threshold of Austria; and the most brilliant success had fully justified the plan of operations which he had formed after the battle of Breitenfeld. If he had not succeeded to his wish in promoting a confederacy among the Protestant States, he had at least disarmed or weakened the League, carried on the war chiefly at its expense, lessened the Emperor's resources, emboldened the weaker States, and while he laid under contribution the allies of the Emperor, forced a way through their territories into Austria itself. Where arms were unavailing, the greatest service was rendered by the friendship of the free cities, whose

affections he had gained, by the double ties of policy and religion; and, as long as he should maintain his superiority in the field, he might reckon on every thing from their zeal. By his conquests on the Rhine, the Spaniards were cut off from the Lower Palatinate, even if the state of the war in the Netherlands left them at liberty to interfere in the affairs of Germany. The Duke of Lorraine, too, after his unfortunate campaign, had been glad to adopt a neutrality. Even the numerous garrisons he had left behind him, in his progress through Germany, had not diminished his army; and, fresh and vigorous as when he first began his march, he now stood in the centre of Bavaria, determined and prepared to carry the war into the heart of Austria.

While Gustavus Adolphus thus maintained his superiority within the empire, fortune, in another quarter, had been no less favourable to his ally, the Elector of Saxony. By the arrangement concerted between these princes at Halle, after the battle of Leipzig, the conquest of Bohemia was intrusted to the Elector of Saxony, while the King reserved for himself the attack upon the territories of the League. The first fruits which the Elector reaped from the battle of Breitenfeld, was the reconquest of Leipzig, which was shortly followed by the expulsion of the Austrian garrisons from the entire circle. Reinforced by the troops who deserted to him from the hostile garrisons, the Saxon General, Arnheim, marched towards Lusatia, which had been overrun by an Imperial General, Rudolph von Tiefenbach, in order to chastise the Elector for embracing the cause of the enemy. He had already commenced in this weakly defended province the usual course of devastation, taken several towns, and terrified Dresden itself by his approach, when his destructive progress was suddenly stopped, by an express mandate from the Emperor to spare the possessions of the King of Saxony.

Ferdinand had perceived too late the errors of that policy, which reduced the Elector of Saxony to extremities, and forcibly driven this powerful monarch into an alliance with Sweden. By moderation, equally ill-timed, he now wished to repair if possible the consequences of his haughtiness; and thus committed a second error in endeavouring to repair the first. To deprive his enemy of so

powerful an ally, he had opened, through the intervention of Spain, a negotiation with the Elector; and in order to facilitate an accommodation, Tiefenbach was ordered immediately to retire from Saxony. But these concessions of the Emperor, far from producing the desired effect, only revealed to the Elector the embarrassment of his adversary and his own importance, and emboldened him the more to prosecute the advantages he had already obtained. How could he, moreover, without becoming chargeable with the most shameful ingratitude, abandon an ally to whom he had given the most solemn assurances of fidelity, and to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his dominions, and even of his Electoral dignity?

The Saxon army, now relieved from the necessity of marching into Lusatia, advanced towards Bohemia, where a combination of favourable circumstances seemed to ensure them an easy victory. In this kingdom, the first scene of this fatal war, the flames of dissension still smouldered beneath the ashes, while the discontent of the inhabitants was fomented by daily acts of oppression and tyranny. On every side, this unfortunate country showed signs of a mournful change. Whole districts had changed their proprietors, and groaned under the hated yoke of Roman Catholic masters, whom the favour of the Emperor and the Jesuits had enriched with the plunder and possessions of the exiled Protestants. Others, taking advantage themselves of the general distress, had purchased, at a low rate, the confiscated estates. The blood of the most eminent champions of liberty had been shed upon the scaffold; and such as by a timely flight avoided that fate, were wandering in misery far from their native land, while the obsequious slaves of despotism enjoyed their patrimony. Still more insupportable than the oppression of these petty tyrants, was the restraint of conscience which was imposed without distinction on all the Protestants of that kingdom. No external danger, no opposition on the part of the nation, however steadfast, not even the fearful lessons of past experience could check in the Jesuits the rage of proselytism; where fair means were ineffectual, recourse was had to military force to bring the deluded wanderers within the pale of the church. The inhabitants of Joachimsthal, on the frontiers between Bohemia and Meissen, were the chief sufferers from this violence. Two imperial commissaries, accompanied by as many Jesuits, and supported by fifteen musketeers, made their appearance in this peaceful valley to preach the gospel to the heretics. Where the rhetoric of the former was ineffectual, the forcibly quartering the latter upon the houses, and threats of banishment and fines were tried. But on this occasion, the good cause prevailed, and the bold resistance of this small district compelled the Emperor disgracefully to recall his mandate of conversion. The example of the court had, however, afforded a precedent to the Roman Catholics of the empire, and seemed to justify every act of oppression which their insolence tempted them to wreak upon the Protestants. It is not

surprising, then, if this persecuted party was favourable to a revolution, and saw with pleasure their deliverers on the frontiers.

The Saxon army was already on its march towards Prague, the imperial garrisons everywhere retired before them. Schloeckenau, Tetschen, Aussig, Leutmeritz, soon fell into the enemy's hands, and every Roman Catholic place was abandoned to plunder. Consternation seized all the Papists of the Empire; and conscious of the outrages which they themselves had committed on the Protestants, they did not venture to abide the vengeful arrival of a Protestant army. All the Roman Catholics, who had anything to lose, fled hastily from the country to the capital, which again they presently abandoned. Prague was unprepared for an attack, and was too weakly garrisoned to sustain a long siege. Too late had the Emperor resolved to despatch Field-Marshal Tiefenbach to the defence of this capital. Before the imperial orders could reach the head-quarters of that general, in Silesia, the Saxons were already close to Prague, the Protestant inhabitants of which showed little zeal, while the weakness of the garrison left no room to hope a long resistance. In this fearful state of embarrassment, the Roman Catholics of Prague looked for security to Wallenstein, who now lived in that city as a private individual. But far from lending his military experience, and the weight of his name, towards its defence, he seized the favourable opportunity to satiate his thirst for revenge. If he did not actually invite the Saxons to Prague, at least his conduct facilitated its capture. Though unprepared, the town might still hold out until succours could arrive; and an imperial colonel, Count Maradas, showed serious intentions of undertaking its defence. But without command and authority, and having no support but his own zeal and courage, he did not dare to venture upon such a step without the advice of a superior. He therefore consulted the Duke of Friedland, whose approbation might supply the want of authority from the Emperor, and to whom the Bohemian generals were referred by an express edict of the court in the last extremity. He, however, artfully excused himself, on the plea of holding no official appointment, and his long retirement from the political world; while he weakened the resolution of the subalterns by the

scruples which he suggested, and painted in the strongest colours. At last, to render the consternation general and complete, he quitted the capital with his whole court, however little he had to fear from its capture; and the city was lost, because, by his departure, he showed that he despaired of its safety. His example was followed by all the Roman Catholic nobility, the generals with their troops, the clergy, and all the officers of the crown. All night the people were employed in saving their persons and effects. The roads to Vienna were crowded with fugitives, who scarcely recovered from their consternation till they reached the imperial city. Maradas himself, despairing of the safety of Prague, followed the rest, and led his small detachment to Tabor, where he awaited the event.

Profound silence reigned in Prague, when the Saxons next morning appeared before it; no preparations were made for defence; not a single shot from the walls announced an intention of resistance. On the contrary, a crowd of spectators from the town, allured by curiosity, came flocking round, to behold the foreign army; and the peaceful confidence with which they advanced, resembled a friendly salutation, more than a hostile reception. From the concurrent reports of these people, the Saxons learned that the town had been deserted by the troops, and that the government had fled to Budweiss. This unexpected and inexplicable absence of resistance excited Arnheim's distrust the more, as the speedy approach of the Silesian succours was no secret to him, and as he knew that the Saxon army was too indifferently provided with materials for undertaking a siege, and by far too weak in numbers to attempt to take the place by storm. Apprehensive of stratagem, he redoubled his vigilance; and he continued in this conviction until Wallenstein's house-steward, whom he discovered among the crowd, confirmed to him this intelligence. "The town is ours without a blow!" exclaimed he in astonishment to his officers, and immediately summoned it by a trumpeter.

The citizens of Prague, thus shamefully abandoned by their defenders, had long taken their resolution; all that they had to do was to secure their properties and liberties by an advantageous capitulation. No sooner was the treaty signed

by the Saxon general, in his master's name, than the gates were opened, without farther opposition; and upon the 11th of November, 1631, the army made their triumphal entry. The Elector soon after followed in person, to receive the homage of those whom he had newly taken under his protection; for it was only in the character of protector that the three towns of Prague had surrendered to him. Their allegiance to the Austrian monarchy was not to be dissolved by the step they had taken. In proportion as the Papists' apprehensions of reprisals on the part of the Protestants had been exaggerated, so was their surprise great at the moderation of the Elector, and the discipline of his troops. Field-Marshal Arnheim plainly evinced, on this occasion, his respect for Wallenstein. Not content with sparing his estates on his march, he now placed guards over his palace, in Prague, to prevent the plunder of any of his effects. The Roman Catholics of the town were allowed the fullest liberty of conscience; and of all the churches they had wrested from the Protestants, four only were now taken back from them. From this general indulgence, none were excluded but the Jesuits, who were generally considered as the authors of all past grievances, and thus banished the kingdom.

John George belied not the submission and dependence with which the terror of the imperial name inspired him; nor did he indulge at Prague, in a course of conduct which would assuredly have been pursued against himself in Dresden, by imperial generals, such as Tilly or Wallenstein. He carefully distinguished between the enemy with whom he was at war, and the head of the Empire, to whom he owed obedience. He did not venture to touch the household furniture of the latter, while, without scruple, he appropriated and transported to Dresden the cannon of the former. He did not take up his residence in the imperial palace, but the house of Lichtenstein; too modest to use the apartments of one whom he had deprived of a kingdom. Had this trait been related of a great man and a hero, it would irresistibly excite our admiration; but the character of this prince leaves us in doubt whether this moderation ought to be ascribed to a noble self-command, or to the littleness of a weak mind, which even good fortune could not embolden, and liberty itself could not strip of its habituated fetters.

The surrender of Prague, which was quickly followed by that of most of the other towns, effected a great and sudden change in Bohemia. Many of the Protestant nobility, who had hitherto been wandering about in misery, now returned to their native country; and Count Thurn, the famous author of the Bohemian insurrection, enjoyed the triumph of returning as a conqueror to the scene of his crime and his condemnation. Over the very bridge where the heads of his adherents, exposed to view, held out a fearful picture of the fate which had threatened himself, he now made his triumphal entry; and to remove these ghastly objects was his first care. The exiles again took possession of their properties, without thinking of recompensing for the purchase money the present possessors, who had mostly taken to flight. Even though they had received a price for their estates, they seized on every thing which had once been their own; and many had reason to rejoice at the economy of the late possessors. The lands and cattle had greatly improved in their hands; the apartments were now decorated with the most costly furniture; the cellars, which had been left empty, were richly filled; the stables supplied; the magazines stored with provisions. But distrusting the constancy of that good fortune, which had so unexpectedly smiled upon them, they hastened to get quit of these insecure possessions, and to convert their immoveable into transferable property.

The presence of the Saxons inspired all the Protestants of the kingdom with courage; and, both in the country and the capital, crowds flocked to the newly opened Protestant churches. Many, whom fear alone had retained in their adherence to Popery, now openly professed the new doctrine; and many of the late converts to Roman Catholicism gladly renounced a compulsory persuasion, to follow the earlier conviction of their conscience. All the moderation of the new regency, could not restrain the manifestation of that just displeasure, which this persecuted people felt against their oppressors. They made a fearful and cruel use of their newly recovered rights; and, in many parts of the kingdom, their hatred of the religion which they had been compelled to profess, could be satiated only by the blood of its adherents.

Meantime the succours which the imperial generals, Goetz and Tiefenbach, were conducting from Silesia, had entered Bohemia, where they were joined by some of Tilly's regiments, from the Upper Palatinate. In order to disperse them before they should receive any further reinforcement, Arnheim advanced with part of his army from Prague, and made a vigorous attack on their entrenchments near Limburg, on the Elbe. After a severe action, not without great loss, he drove the enemy from their fortified camp, and forced them, by his heavy fire, to recross the Elbe, and to destroy the bridge which they had built over that river. Nevertheless, the Imperialists obtained the advantage in several skirmishes, and the Croats pushed their incursions to the very gates of Prague. Brilliant and promising as the opening of the Bohemian campaign had been, the issue by no means satisfied the expectations of Gustavus Adolphus. Instead of vigorously following up their advantages, by forcing a passage to the Swedish army through the conquered country, and then, with it, attacking the imperial power in its centre, the Saxons weakened themselves in a war of skirmishes, in which they were not always successful, while they lost the time which should have been devoted to greater undertakings. But the Elector's subsequent conduct betrayed the motives which had prevented him from pushing his advantage over the Emperor, and by consistent measures promoting the plans of the King of Sweden.

The Emperor had now lost the greater part of Bohemia, and the Saxons were advancing against Austria, while the Swedish monarch was rapidly moving to the same point through Franconia, Swabia, and Bavaria. A long war had exhausted the strength of the Austrian monarchy, wasted the country, and diminished its armies. The renown of its victories was no more, as well as the confidence inspired by constant success; its troops had lost the obedience and discipline to which those of the Swedish monarch owed all their superiority in the field. The confederates of the Emperor were disarmed, or their fidelity shaken by the danger which threatened themselves. Even Maximilian of Bavaria, Austria's most powerful ally, seemed disposed to yield to the seductive proposition of neutrality; while his suspicious alliance with France had long

been a subject of apprehension to the Emperor. The bishops of Wurtzburg and Bamberg, the Elector of Mentz, and the Duke of Lorraine, were either expelled from their territories, or threatened with immediate attack; Treves had placed itself under the protection of France. The bravery of the Hollanders gave full employment to the Spanish arms in the Netherlands; while Gustavus had driven them from the Rhine. Poland was still fettered by the truce which subsisted between that country and Sweden. The Hungarian frontier was threatened by the Transylvanian Prince, Ragotsky, a successor of Bethlen Gabor, and the inheritor of his restless mind; while the Porte was making great preparation to profit by the favourable conjuncture for aggression. Most of the Protestant states, encouraged by their protector's success, were openly and actively declaring against the Emperor. All the resources which had been obtained by the violent and oppressive extortions of Tilly and Wallenstein were exhausted; all these depots, magazines, and rallying-points, were now lost to the Emperor; and the war could no longer be carried on as before at the cost of others. To complete his embarrassment, a dangerous insurrection broke out in the territory of the Ens, where the ill-timed religious zeal of the government had provoked the Protestants to resistance; and thus fanaticism lit its torch within the empire, while a foreign enemy was already on its frontier. After so long a continuance of good fortune, such brilliant victories and extensive conquests, such fruitless effusion of blood, the Emperor saw himself a second time on the brink of that abyss, into which he was so near falling at the commencement of his reign. If Bavaria should embrace the neutrality; if Saxony should resist the tempting offers he had held out; and France resolve to attack the Spanish power at the same time in the Netherlands, in Italy and in Catalonia, the ruin of Austria would be complete; the allied powers would divide its spoils, and the political system of Germany would undergo a total change.

The chain of these disasters began with the battle of Breitenfeld, the unfortunate issue of which plainly revealed the long decided decline of the Austrian power, whose weakness had hitherto been concealed under the dazzling glitter of a grand name. The chief cause of the Swedes' superiority in the field,

was evidently to be ascribed to the unlimited power of their leader, who concentrated in himself the whole strength of his party; and, unfettered in his enterprises by any higher authority, was complete master of every favourable opportunity, could control all his means to the accomplishment of his ends, and was responsible to none but himself. But since Wallenstein's dismissal, and Tilly's defeat, the very reverse of this course was pursued by the Emperor and the League. The generals wanted authority over their troops, and liberty of acting at their discretion; the soldiers were deficient in discipline and obedience; the scattered corps in combined operation; the states in attachment to the cause; the leaders in harmony among themselves, in quickness to resolve, and firmness to execute. What gave the Emperor's enemy so decided an advantage over him, was not so much their superior power, as their manner of using it. The League and the Emperor did not want means, but a mind capable of directing them with energy and effect. Even had Count Tilly not lost his old renown, distrust of Bavaria would not allow the Emperor to place the fate of Austria in the hands of one who had never concealed his attachment to the Bavarian Elector. The urgent want which Ferdinand felt, was for a general possessed of sufficient experience to form and to command an army, and willing at the same time to dedicate his services, with blind devotion, to the Austrian monarchy.

This choice now occupied the attention of the Emperor's privy council, and divided the opinions of its members. In order to oppose one monarch to another, and by the presence of their sovereign to animate the courage of the troops, Ferdinand, in the ardour of the moment, had offered himself to be the leader of his army; but little trouble was required to overturn a resolution which was the offspring of despair alone, and which yielded at once to calm reflection. But the situation which his dignity, and the duties of administration, prevented the Emperor from holding, might be filled by his son, a youth of talents and bravery, and of whom the subjects of Austria had already formed great expectations. Called by his birth to the defence of a monarchy, of whose crowns he wore two already, Ferdinand III., King of Hungary and Bohemia, united, with the natural dignity of heir to the throne, the respect of the army, and the attachment of the

people, whose co-operation was indispensable to him in the conduct of the war. None but the beloved heir to the crown could venture to impose new burdens on a people already severely oppressed; his personal presence with the army could alone suppress the pernicious jealousies of the several leaders, and by the influence of his name, restore the neglected discipline of the troops to its former rigour. If so young a leader was devoid of the maturity of judgment, prudence, and military experience which practice alone could impart, this deficiency might be supplied by a judicious choice of counsellors and assistants, who, under the cover of his name, might be vested with supreme authority.

But plausible as were the arguments with which a part of the ministry supported this plan, it was met by difficulties not less serious, arising from the distrust, perhaps even the jealousy, of the Emperor, and also from the desperate state of affairs. How dangerous was it to entrust the fate of the monarchy to a youth, who was himself in need of counsel and support! How hazardous to oppose to the greatest general of his age, a tyro, whose fitness for so important a post had never yet been tested by experience; whose name, as yet unknown to fame, was far too powerless to inspire a dispirited army with the assurance of future victory! What a new burden on the country, to support the state a royal leader was required to maintain, and which the prejudices of the age considered as inseparable from his presence with the army! How serious a consideration for the prince himself, to commence his political career, with an office which must make him the scourge of his people, and the oppressor of the territories which he was hereafter to rule.

But not only was a general to be found for the army; an army must also be found for the general. Since the compulsory resignation of Wallenstein, the Emperor had defended himself more by the assistance of Bavaria and the League, than by his own armies; and it was this dependence on equivocal allies, which he was endeavouring to escape, by the appointment of a general of his own. But what possibility was there of raising an army out of nothing, without the all-powerful aid of gold, and the inspiring name of a victorious commander;

above all, an army which, by its discipline, warlike spirit, and activity, should be fit to cope with the experienced troops of the northern conqueror? In all Europe, there was but one man equal to this, and that one had been mortally affronted.

The moment had at last arrived, when more than ordinary satisfaction was to be done to the wounded pride of the Duke of Friedland. Fate itself had been his avenger, and an unbroken chain of disasters, which had assailed Austria from the day of his dismissal, had wrung from the Emperor the humiliating confession, that with this general he had lost his right arm. Every defeat of his troops opened afresh this wound; every town which he lost, revived in the mind of the deceived monarch the memory of his own weakness and ingratitude. It would have been well for him, if, in the offended general, he had only lost a leader of his troops, and a defender of his dominions; but he was destined to find in him an enemy, and the most dangerous of all, since he was least armed against the stroke of treason.

Removed from the theatre of war, and condemned to irksome inaction, while his rivals gathered laurels on the field of glory, the haughty duke had beheld these changes of fortune with affected composure, and concealed, under a glittering and theatrical pomp, the dark designs of his restless genius. Torn by burning passions within, while all without bespoke calmness and indifference, he brooded over projects of ambition and revenge, and slowly, but surely, advanced towards his end. All that he owed to the Emperor was effaced from his mind; what he himself had done for the Emperor was imprinted in burning characters on his memory. To his insatiable thirst for power, the Emperor's ingratitude was welcome, as it seemed to tear in pieces the record of past favours, to absolve him from every obligation towards his former benefactor. In the disguise of a righteous retaliation, the projects dictated by his ambition now appeared to him just and pure. In proportion as the external circle of his operations was narrowed, the world of hope expanded before him, and his dreamy imagination revelled in boundless projects, which, in any mind but such as his, madness alone could have given birth to. His services had raised him to the proudest height which it

was possible for a man, by his own efforts, to attain. Fortune had denied him nothing which the subject and the citizen could lawfully enjoy. Till the moment of his dismissal, his demands had met with no refusal, his ambition had met with no check; but the blow which, at the diet of Ratisbon, humbled him, showed him the difference between ORIGINAL and DEPUTED power, the distance between the subject and his sovereign. Roused from the intoxication of his own greatness by this sudden reverse of fortune, he compared the authority which he had possessed, with that which had deprived him of it; and his ambition marked the steps which it had yet to surmount upon the ladder of fortune. From the moment he had so bitterly experienced the weight of sovereign power, his efforts were directed to attain it for himself; the wrong which he himself had suffered made him a robber. Had he not been outraged by injustice, he might have obediently moved in his orbit round the majesty of the throne, satisfied with the glory of being the brightest of its satellites. It was only when violently forced from its sphere, that his wandering star threw in disorder the system to which it belonged, and came in destructive collision with its sun.

Gustavus Adolphus had overrun the north of Germany; one place after another was lost; and at Leipzig, the flower of the Austrian army had fallen. The intelligence of this defeat soon reached the ears of Wallenstein, who, in the retired obscurity of a private station in Prague, contemplated from a calm distance the tumult of war. The news, which filled the breasts of the Roman Catholics with dismay, announced to him the return of greatness and good fortune. For him was Gustavus Adolphus labouring. Scarce had the king begun to gain reputation by his exploits, when Wallenstein lost not a moment to court his friendship, and to make common cause with this successful enemy of Austria. The banished Count Thurn, who had long entered the service of Sweden, undertook to convey Wallenstein's congratulations to the king, and to invite him to a close alliance with the duke. Wallenstein required 15,000 men from the king; and with these, and the troops he himself engaged to raise, he undertook to conquer Bohemia and Moravia, to surprise Vienna, and drive his master, the Emperor, before him into Italy. Welcome as was this unexpected

proposition, its extravagant promises were naturally calculated to excite suspicion. Gustavus Adolphus was too good a judge of merit to reject with coldness the offers of one who might be so important a friend. But when Wallenstein, encouraged by the favourable reception of his first message, renewed it after the battle of Breitenfeld, and pressed for a decisive answer, the prudent monarch hesitated to trust his reputation to the chimerical projects of so daring an adventurer, and to commit so large a force to the honesty of a man who felt no shame in openly avowing himself a traitor. He excused himself, therefore, on the plea of the weakness of his army which, if diminished by so large a detachment, would certainly suffer in its march through the empire; and thus, perhaps, by excess of caution, lost an opportunity of putting an immediate end to the war. He afterwards endeavoured to renew the negotiation; but the favourable moment was past, and Wallenstein's offended pride never forgave the first neglect.

But the king's hesitation, perhaps, only accelerated the breach, which their characters made inevitable sooner or later. Both framed by nature to give laws, not to receive them, they could not long have co-operated in an enterprise, which eminently demanded mutual submission and sacrifices. Wallenstein was NOTHING where he was not EVERYTHING; he must either act with unlimited power, or not at all. So cordially, too, did Gustavus dislike control, that he had almost renounced his advantageous alliance with France, because it threatened to fetter his own independent judgment. Wallenstein was lost to a party, if he could not lead; the latter was, if possible, still less disposed to obey the instructions of another. If the pretensions of a rival would be so irksome to the Duke of Friedland, in the conduct of combined operations, in the division of the spoil they would be insupportable. The proud monarch might condescend to accept the assistance of a rebellious subject against the Emperor, and to reward his valuable services with regal munificence; but he never could so far lose sight of his own dignity, and the majesty of royalty, as to bestow the recompense which the extravagant ambition of Wallenstein demanded; and requite an act of treason, however useful, with a crown. In him, therefore, even if all Europe should tacitly

acquiesce, Wallenstein had reason to expect the most decided and formidable opponent to his views on the Bohemian crown; and in all Europe he was the only one who could enforce his opposition. Constituted Dictator in Germany by Wallenstein himself, he might turn his arms against him, and consider himself bound by no obligations to one who was himself a traitor. There was no room for a Wallenstein under such an ally; and it was, apparently, this conviction, and not any supposed designs upon the imperial throne, that he alluded to, when, after the death of the King of Sweden, he exclaimed, "It is well for him and me that he is gone. The German Empire does not require two such leaders."

His first scheme of revenge on the house of Austria had indeed failed; but the purpose itself remained unalterable; the choice of means alone was changed. What he had failed in effecting with the King of Sweden, he hoped to obtain with less difficulty and more advantage from the Elector of Saxony. Him he was as certain of being able to bend to his views, as he had always been doubtful of Gustavus Adolphus. Having always maintained a good understanding with his old friend Arnheim, he now made use of him to bring about an alliance with Saxony, by which he hoped to render himself equally formidable to the Emperor and the King of Sweden. He had reason to expect that a scheme, which, if successful, would deprive the Swedish monarch of his influence in Germany, would be welcomed by the Elector of Saxony, who he knew was jealous of the power and offended at the lofty pretensions of Gustavus Adolphus. If he succeeded in separating Saxony from the Swedish alliance, and in establishing, conjointly with that power, a third party in the Empire, the fate of the war would be placed in his hand; and by this single step he would succeed in gratifying his revenge against the Emperor, revenging the neglect of the Swedish monarch, and on the ruin of both, raising the edifice of his own greatness.

But whatever course he might follow in the prosecution of his designs, he could not carry them into effect without an army entirely devoted to him. Such a force could not be secretly raised without its coming to the knowledge of the imperial court, where it would naturally excite suspicion, and thus frustrate his

design in the very outset. From the army, too, the rebellious purposes for which it was destined, must be concealed till the very moment of execution, since it could scarcely be expected that they would at once be prepared to listen to the voice of a traitor, and serve against their legitimate sovereign. Wallenstein, therefore, must raise it publicly and in name of the Emperor, and be placed at its head, with unlimited authority, by the Emperor himself. But how could this be accomplished, otherwise than by his being appointed to the command of the army, and entrusted with full powers to conduct the war. Yet neither his pride, nor his interest, permitted him to sue in person for this post, and as a suppliant to accept from the favour of the Emperor a limited power, when an unlimited authority might be extorted from his fears. In order to make himself the master of the terms on which he would resume the command of the army, his course was to wait until the post should be forced upon him. This was the advice he received from Arnheim, and this the end for which he laboured with profound policy and restless activity.

Convinced that extreme necessity would alone conquer the Emperor's irresolution, and render powerless the opposition of his bitter enemies, Bavaria and Spain, he henceforth occupied himself in promoting the success of the enemy, and in increasing the embarrassments of his master. It was apparently by his instigation and advice, that the Saxons, when on the route to Lusatia and Silesia, had turned their march towards Bohemia, and overrun that defenceless kingdom, where their rapid conquests was partly the result of his measures. By the fears which he affected to entertain, he paralyzed every effort at resistance; and his precipitate retreat caused the delivery of the capital to the enemy. At a conference with the Saxon general, which was held at Kaunitz under the pretext of negotiating for a peace, the seal was put to the conspiracy, and the conquest of Bohemia was the first fruits of this mutual understanding. While Wallenstein was thus personally endeavouring to heighten the perplexities of Austria, and while the rapid movements of the Swedes upon the Rhine effectually promoted his designs, his friends and bribed adherents in Vienna uttered loud complaints of the public calamities, and represented the dismissal of the general as the sole

cause of all these misfortunes. "Had Wallenstein commanded, matters would never have come to this," exclaimed a thousand voices; while their opinions found supporters, even in the Emperor's privy council.

Their repeated remonstrances were not needed to convince the embarrassed Emperor of his general's merits, and of his own error. His dependence on Bavaria and the League had soon become insupportable; but hitherto this dependence permitted him not to show his distrust, or irritate the Elector by the recall of Wallenstein. But now when his necessities grew every day more pressing, and the weakness of Bavaria more apparent, he could no longer hesitate to listen to the friends of the duke, and to consider their overtures for his restoration to command. The immense riches Wallenstein possessed, the universal reputation he enjoyed, the rapidity with which six years before he had assembled an army of 40,000 men, the little expense at which he had maintained this formidable force, the actions he had performed at its head, and lastly, the zeal and fidelity he had displayed for his master's honour, still lived in the Emperor's recollection, and made Wallenstein seem to him the ablest instrument to restore the balance between the belligerent powers, to save Austria, and preserve the Catholic religion. However sensibly the imperial pride might feel the humiliation, in being forced to make so unequivocal an admission of past errors and present necessity; however painful it was to descend to humble entreaties, from the height of imperial command; however doubtful the fidelity of so deeply injured and implacable a character; however loudly and urgently the Spanish minister and the Elector of Bavaria protested against this step, the immediate pressure of necessity finally overcame every other consideration, and the friends of the duke were empowered to consult him on the subject, and to hold out the prospect of his restoration.

Informed of all that was transacted in the Emperor's cabinet to his advantage, Wallenstein possessed sufficient self-command to conceal his inward triumph and to assume the mask of indifference. The moment of vengeance was at last come, and his proud heart exulted in the prospect of repaying with interest the

injuries of the Emperor. With artful eloquence, he expatiated upon the happy tranquillity of a private station, which had blessed him since his retirement from a political stage. Too long, he said, had he tasted the pleasures of ease and independence, to sacrifice to the vain phantom of glory, the uncertain favour of princes. All his desire of power and distinction were extinct: tranquillity and repose were now the sole object of his wishes. The better to conceal his real impatience, he declined the Emperor's invitation to the court, but at the same time, to facilitate the negotiations, came to Znaim in Moravia.

At first, it was proposed to limit the authority to be intrusted to him, by the presence of a superior, in order, by this expedient, to silence the objections of the Elector of Bavaria. The imperial deputies, Questenberg and Werdenberg, who, as old friends of the duke, had been employed in this delicate mission, were instructed to propose that the King of Hungary should remain with the army, and learn the art of war under Wallenstein. But the very mention of his name threatened to put a period to the whole negotiation. "No! never," exclaimed Wallenstein, "will I submit to a colleague in my office. No—not even if it were God himself, with whom I should have to share my command." But even when this obnoxious point was given up, Prince Eggenberg, the Emperor's minister and favourite, who had always been the steady friend and zealous champion of Wallenstein, and was therefore expressly sent to him, exhausted his eloquence in vain to overcome the pretended reluctance of the duke. "The Emperor," he admitted, "had, in Wallenstein, thrown away the most costly jewel in his crown: but unwillingly and compulsorily only had he taken this step, which he had since deeply repented of; while his esteem for the duke had remained unaltered, his favour for him undiminished. Of these sentiments he now gave the most decisive proof, by reposing unlimited confidence in his fidelity and capacity to repair the mistakes of his predecessors, and to change the whole aspect of affairs. It would be great and noble to sacrifice his just indignation to the good of his country; dignified and worthy of him to refute the evil calumny of his enemies by the double warmth of his zeal. This victory over himself," concluded the prince, "would crown his other unparalleled services to the empire, and render him the

greatest man of his age."

These humiliating confessions, and flattering assurances, seemed at last to disarm the anger of the duke; but not before he had disburdened his heart of his reproaches against the Emperor, pompously dwelt upon his own services, and humbled to the utmost the monarch who solicited his assistance, did he condescend to listen to the attractive proposals of the minister. As if he yielded entirely to the force of their arguments, he condescended with a haughty reluctance to that which was the most ardent wish of his heart; and deigned to favour the ambassadors with a ray of hope. But far from putting an end to the Emperor's embarrassments, by giving at once a full and unconditional consent, he only acceded to a part of his demands, that he might exalt the value of that which still remained, and was of most importance. He accepted the command, but only for three months; merely for the purpose of raising, but not of leading, an army. He wished only to show his power and ability in its organization, and to display before the eyes of the Emperor, the greatness of that assistance, which he still retained in his hands. Convinced that an army raised by his name alone, would, if deprived of its creator, soon sink again into nothing, he intended it to serve only as a decoy to draw more important concessions from his master. And yet Ferdinand congratulated himself, even in having gained so much as he had.

Wallenstein did not long delay to fulfil those promises which all Germany regarded as chimerical, and which Gustavus Adolphus had considered as extravagant. But the foundation for the present enterprise had been long laid, and he now only put in motion the machinery, which many years had been prepared for the purpose. Scarcely had the news spread of Wallenstein's levies, when, from every quarter of the Austrian monarchy, crowds of soldiers repaired to try their fortunes under this experienced general. Many, who had before fought under his standards, had been admiring eye-witnesses of his great actions, and experienced his magnanimity, came forward from their retirement, to share with him a second time both booty and glory. The greatness of the pay he promised attracted thousands, and the plentiful supplies the soldier was likely to enjoy at

the cost of the peasant, was to the latter an irresistible inducement to embrace the military life at once, rather than be the victim of its oppression. All the Austrian provinces were compelled to assist in the equipment. No class was exempt from taxation—no dignity or privilege from capitation. The Spanish court, as well as the King of Hungary, agreed to contribute a considerable sum. The ministers made large presents, while Wallenstein himself advanced 200,000 dollars from his own income to hasten the armament. The poorer officers he supported out of his own revenues; and, by his own example, by brilliant promotions, and still more brilliant promises, he induced all, who were able, to raise troops at their own expense. Whoever raised a corps at his own cost was to be its commander. In the appointment of officers, religion made no difference. Riches, bravery and experience were more regarded than creed. By this uniform treatment of different religious sects, and still more by his express declaration, that his present levy had nothing to do with religion, the Protestant subjects of the empire were tranquillized, and reconciled to bear their share of the public burdens. The duke, at the same time, did not omit to treat, in his own name, with foreign states for men and money. He prevailed on the Duke of Lorraine, a second time, to espouse the cause of the Emperor. Poland was urged to supply him with Cossacks, and Italy with warlike necessaries. Before the three months were expired, the army which was assembled in Moravia, amounted to no less than 40,000 men, chiefly drawn from the unconquered parts of Bohemia, from Moravia, Silesia, and the German provinces of the House of Austria. What to every one had appeared impracticable, Wallenstein, to the astonishment of all Europe, had in a short time effected. The charm of his name, his treasures, and his genius, had assembled thousands in arms, where before Austria had only looked for hundreds. Furnished, even to superfluity, with all necessaries, commanded by experienced officers, and inflamed by enthusiasm which assured itself of victory, this newly created army only awaited the signal of their leader to show themselves, by the bravery of their deeds, worthy of his choice.

The duke had fulfilled his promise, and the troops were ready to take the field; he then retired, and left to the Emperor to choose a commander. But it would

have been as easy to raise a second army like the first, as to find any other commander for it than Wallenstein. This promising army, the last hope of the Emperor, was nothing but an illusion, as soon as the charm was dissolved which had called it into existence; by Wallenstein it had been raised, and, without him, it sank like a creation of magic into its original nothingness. Its officers were either bound to him as his debtors, or, as his creditors, closely connected with his interests, and the preservation of his power. The regiments he had entrusted to his own relations, creatures, and favourites. He, and he alone, could discharge to the troops the extravagant promises by which they had been lured into his service. His pledged word was the only security on which their bold expectations rested; a blind reliance on his omnipotence, the only tie which linked together in one common life and soul the various impulses of their zeal. There was an end of the good fortune of each individual, if he retired, who alone was the voucher of its fulfilment.

However little Wallenstein was serious in his refusal, he successfully employed this means to terrify the Emperor into consenting to his extravagant conditions. The progress of the enemy every day increased the pressure of the Emperor's difficulties, while the remedy was also close at hand; a word from him might terminate the general embarrassment. Prince Eggenberg at length received orders, for the third and last time, at any cost and sacrifice, to induce his friend, Wallenstein, to accept the command.

He found him at Znaim in Moravia, pompously surrounded by the troops, the possession of which he made the Emperor so earnestly to long for. As a suppliant did the haughty subject receive the deputy of his sovereign. "He never could trust," he said, "to a restoration to command, which he owed to the Emperor's necessities, and not to his sense of justice. He was now courted, because the danger had reached its height, and safety was hoped for from his arm only; but his successful services would soon cause the servant to be forgotten, and the return of security would bring back renewed ingratitude. If he deceived the expectations formed of him, his long earned renown would be

forfeited; even if he fulfilled them, his repose and happiness must be sacrificed. Soon would envy be excited anew, and the dependent monarch would not hesitate, a second time, to make an offering of convenience to a servant whom he could now dispense with. Better for him at once, and voluntarily, to resign a post from which sooner or later the intrigues of his enemies would expel him. Security and content were to be found in the bosom of private life; and nothing but the wish to oblige the Emperor had induced him, reluctantly enough, to relinquish for a time his blissful repose."

Tired of this long farce, the minister at last assumed a serious tone, and threatened the obstinate duke with the Emperor's resentment, if he persisted in his refusal. "Low enough had the imperial dignity," he added, "stooped already; and yet, instead of exciting his magnanimity by its condescension, had only flattered his pride and increased his obstinacy. If this sacrifice had been made in vain, he would not answer, but that the suppliant might be converted into the sovereign, and that the monarch might not avenge his injured dignity on his rebellious subject. However greatly Ferdinand may have erred, the Emperor at least had a claim to obedience; the man might be mistaken, but the monarch could not confess his error. If the Duke of Friedland had suffered by an unjust decree, he might yet be recompensed for all his losses; the wound which it had itself inflicted, the hand of Majesty might heal. If he asked security for his person and his dignities, the Emperor's equity would refuse him no reasonable demand. Majesty contemned, admitted not of any atonement; disobedience to its commands cancelled the most brilliant services. The Emperor required his services, and as emperor he demanded them. Whatever price Wallenstein might set upon them, the Emperor would readily agree to; but he demanded obedience, or the weight of his indignation should crush the refractory servant."

Wallenstein, whose extensive possessions within the Austrian monarchy were momentarily exposed to the power of the Emperor, was keenly sensible that this was no idle threat; yet it was not fear that at last overcame his affected reluctance. This imperious tone of itself, was to his mind a plain proof of the

weakness and despair which dictated it, while the Emperor's readiness to yield all his demands, convinced him that he had attained the summit of his wishes. He now made a show of yielding to the persuasions of Eggenberg; and left him, in order to write down the conditions on which he accepted the command.

Not without apprehension, did the minister receive the writing, in which the proudest of subjects had prescribed laws to the proudest of sovereigns. But however little confidence he had in the moderation of his friend, the extravagant contents of his writing surpassed even his worst expectations. Wallenstein required the uncontrolled command over all the German armies of Austria and Spain, with unlimited powers to reward and punish. Neither the King of Hungary, nor the Emperor himself, were to appear in the army, still less to exercise any act of authority over it. No commission in the army, no pension or letter of grace, was to be granted by the Emperor without Wallenstein's approval. All the conquests and confiscations that should take place, were to be placed entirely at Wallenstein's disposal, to the exclusion of every other tribunal. For his ordinary pay, an imperial hereditary estate was to be assigned him, with another of the conquered estates within the empire for his extraordinary expenses. Every Austrian province was to be opened to him if he required it in case of retreat. He farther demanded the assurance of the possession of the Duchy of Mecklenburg, in the event of a future peace; and a formal and timely intimation, if it should be deemed necessary a second time to deprive him of the command.

In vain the minister entreated him to moderate his demands, which, if granted, would deprive the Emperor of all authority over his own troops, and make him absolutely dependent on his general. The value placed on his services had been too plainly manifested to prevent him dictating the price at which they were to be purchased. If the pressure of circumstances compelled the Emperor to grant these demands, it was more than a mere feeling of haughtiness and desire of revenge which induced the duke to make them. His plans of rebellion were formed, to their success, every one of the conditions for which Wallenstein stipulated in this treaty with the court, was indispensable. Those plans required

that the Emperor should be deprived of all authority in Germany, and be placed at the mercy of his general; and this object would be attained, the moment Ferdinand subscribed the required conditions. The use which Wallenstein intended to make of his army, (widely different indeed from that for which it was entrusted to him,) brooked not of a divided power, and still less of an authority superior to his own. To be the sole master of the will of his troops, he must also be the sole master of their destinies; insensibly to supplant his sovereign, and to transfer permanently to his own person the rights of sovereignty, which were only lent to him for a time by a higher authority, he must cautiously keep the latter out of the view of the army. Hence his obstinate refusal to allow any prince of the house of Austria to be present with the army. The liberty of free disposal of all the conquered and confiscated estates in the empire, would also afford him fearful means of purchasing dependents and instruments of his plans, and of acting the dictator in Germany more absolutely than ever any Emperor did in time of peace. By the right to use any of the Austrian provinces as a place of refuge, in case of need, he had full power to hold the Emperor a prisoner by means of his own forces, and within his own dominions; to exhaust the strength and resources of these countries, and to undermine the power of Austria in its very foundation.

Whatever might be the issue, he had equally secured his own advantage, by the conditions he had extorted from the Emperor. If circumstances proved favourable to his daring project, this treaty with the Emperor facilitated its execution; if on the contrary, the course of things ran counter to it, it would at least afford him a brilliant compensation for the failure of his plans. But how could he consider an agreement valid, which was extorted from his sovereign, and based upon treason? How could he hope to bind the Emperor by a written agreement, in the face of a law which condemned to death every one who should have the presumption to impose conditions upon him? But this criminal was the most indispensable man in the empire, and Ferdinand, well practised in dissimulation, granted him for the present all he required.

At last, then, the imperial army had found a commander-in-chief worthy of the name. Every other authority in the army, even that of the Emperor himself, ceased from the moment Wallenstein assumed the commander's baton, and every act was invalid which did not proceed from him. From the banks of the Danube, to those of the Weser and the Oder, was felt the life-giving dawning of this new star; a new spirit seemed to inspire the troops of the emperor, a new epoch of the war began. The Papists form fresh hopes, the Protestant beholds with anxiety the changed course of affairs.

The greater the price at which the services of the new general had been purchased, the greater justly were the expectations from those which the court of the Emperor entertained. But the duke was in no hurry to fulfil these expectations. Already in the vicinity of Bohemia, and at the head of a formidable force, he had but to show himself there, in order to overpower the exhausted force of the Saxons, and brilliantly to commence his new career by the reconquest of that kingdom. But, contented with harassing the enemy with indecisive skirmishes of his Croats, he abandoned the best part of that kingdom to be plundered, and moved calmly forward in pursuit of his own selfish plans. His design was, not to conquer the Saxons, but to unite with them. Exclusively occupied with this important object, he remained inactive in the hope of conquering more surely by means of negotiation. He left no expedient untried, to detach this prince from the Swedish alliance; and Ferdinand himself, ever inclined to an accommodation with this prince, approved of this proceeding. But the great debt which Saxony owed to Sweden, was as yet too freshly remembered to allow of such an act of perfidy; and even had the Elector been disposed to yield to the temptation, the equivocal character of Wallenstein, and the bad character of Austrian policy, precluded any reliance in the integrity of its promises. Notorious already as a treacherous statesman, he met not with faith upon the very occasion when perhaps he intended to act honestly; and, moreover, was denied, by circumstances, the opportunity of proving the sincerity of his intentions, by the disclosure of his real motives.

He, therefore, unwillingly resolved to extort, by force of arms, what he could not obtain by negotiation. Suddenly assembling his troops, he appeared before Prague ere the Saxons had time to advance to its relief. After a short resistance, the treachery of some Capuchins opens the gates to one of his regiments; and the garrison, who had taken refuge in the citadel, soon laid down their arms upon disgraceful conditions. Master of the capital, he hoped to carry on more successfully his negotiations at the Saxon court; but even while he was renewing his proposals to Arnheim, he did not hesitate to give them weight by striking a decisive blow. He hastened to seize the narrow passes between Aussig and Pirna, with a view of cutting off the retreat of the Saxons into their own country; but the rapidity of Arnheim's operations fortunately extricated them from the danger. After the retreat of this general, Egra and Leutmeritz, the last strongholds of the Saxons, surrendered to the conqueror: and the whole kingdom was restored to its legitimate sovereign, in less time than it had been lost.

Wallenstein, less occupied with the interests of his master, than with the furtherance of his own plans, now purposed to carry the war into Saxony, and by ravaging his territories, compel the Elector to enter into a private treaty with the Emperor, or rather with himself. But, however little accustomed he was to make his will bend to circumstances, he now perceived the necessity of postponing his favourite scheme for a time, to a more pressing emergency. While he was driving the Saxons from Bohemia, Gustavus Adolphus had been gaining the victories, already detailed, on the Rhine and the Danube, and carried the war through Franconia and Swabia, to the frontiers of Bavaria. Maximilian, defeated on the Lech, and deprived by death of Count Tilly, his best support, urgently solicited the Emperor to send with all speed the Duke of Friedland to his assistance, from Bohemia, and by the defence of Bavaria, to avert the danger from Austria itself. He also made the same request to Wallenstein, and entreated him, till he could himself come with the main force, to despatch in the mean time a few regiments to his aid. Ferdinand seconded the request with all his influence, and one messenger after another was sent to Wallenstein, urging him to move towards the Danube.

It now appeared how completely the Emperor had sacrificed his authority, in surrendering to another the supreme command of his troops. Indifferent to Maximilian's entreaties, and deaf to the Emperor's repeated commands, Wallenstein remained inactive in Bohemia, and abandoned the Elector to his fate. The remembrance of the evil service which Maximilian had rendered him with the Emperor, at the Diet at Ratisbon, was deeply engraved on the implacable mind of the duke, and the Elector's late attempts to prevent his reinstatement, were no secret to him. The moment of revenging this affront had now arrived, and Maximilian was doomed to pay dearly for his folly, in provoking the most revengeful of men. Wallenstein maintained, that Bohemia ought not to be left exposed, and that Austria could not be better protected, than by allowing the Swedish army to waste its strength before the Bavarian fortress. Thus, by the arm of the Swedes, he chastised his enemy; and while one place after another fell into their hands, he allowed the Elector vainly to await his arrival in Ratisbon. It was only when the complete subjugation of Bohemia left him without excuse, and the conquests of Gustavus Adolphus in Bavaria threatened Austria itself, that he yielded to the pressing entreaties of the Elector and the Emperor, and determined to effect the long-expected union with the former; an event, which, according to the general anticipation of the Roman Catholics, would decide the fate of the campaign.

Gustavus Adolphus, too weak in numbers to cope even with Wallenstein's force alone, naturally dreaded the junction of such powerful armies, and the little energy he used to prevent it, was the occasion of great surprise. Apparently he reckoned too much on the hatred which alienated the leaders, and seemed to render their effectual co-operation improbable; when the event contradicted his views, it was too late to repair his error. On the first certain intelligence he received of their designs, he hastened to the Upper Palatinate, for the purpose of intercepting the Elector: but the latter had already arrived there, and the junction had been effected at Egra.

This frontier town had been chosen by Wallenstein, for the scene of his

triumph over his proud rival. Not content with having seen him, as it were, a suppliant at his feet, he imposed upon him the hard condition of leaving his territories in his rear exposed to the enemy, and declaring by this long march to meet him, the necessity and distress to which he was reduced. Even to this humiliation, the haughty prince patiently submitted. It had cost him a severe struggle to ask for protection of the man who, if his own wishes had been consulted, would never have had the power of granting it: but having once made up his mind to it, he was ready to bear all the annoyances which were inseparable from that resolve, and sufficiently master of himself to put up with petty grievances, when an important end was in view.

But whatever pains it had cost to effect this junction, it was equally difficult to settle the conditions on which it was to be maintained. The united army must be placed under the command of one individual, if any object was to be gained by the union, and each general was equally averse to yield to the superior authority of the other. If Maximilian rested his claim on his electoral dignity, the nobleness of his descent, and his influence in the empire, Wallenstein's military renown, and the unlimited command conferred on him by the Emperor, gave an equally strong title to it. If it was deeply humiliating to the pride of the former to serve under an imperial subject, the idea of imposing laws on so imperious a spirit, flattered in the same degree the haughtiness of Wallenstein. An obstinate dispute ensued, which, however, terminated in a mutual compromise to Wallenstein's advantage. To him was assigned the unlimited command of both armies, particularly in battle, while the Elector was deprived of all power of altering the order of battle, or even the route of the army. He retained only the bare right of punishing and rewarding his own troops, and the free use of these, when not acting in conjunction with the Imperialists.

After these preliminaries were settled, the two generals at last ventured upon an interview; but not until they had mutually promised to bury the past in oblivion, and all the outward formalities of a reconciliation had been settled. According to agreement, they publicly embraced in the sight of their troops, and

made mutual professions of friendship, while in reality the hearts of both were overflowing with malice. Maximilian, well versed in dissimulation, had sufficient command over himself, not to betray in a single feature his real feelings; but a malicious triumph sparkled in the eyes of Wallenstein, and the constraint which was visible in all his movements, betrayed the violence of the emotion which overpowered his proud soul.

The combined Imperial and Bavarian armies amounted to nearly 60,000 men, chiefly veterans. Before this force, the King of Sweden was not in a condition to keep the field. As his attempt to prevent their junction had failed, he commenced a rapid retreat into Franconia, and awaited there for some decisive movement on the part of the enemy, in order to form his own plans. The position of the combined armies between the frontiers of Saxony and Bavaria, left it for some time doubtful whether they would remove the war into the former, or endeavour to drive the Swedes from the Danube, and deliver Bavaria. Saxony had been stripped of troops by Arnheim, who was pursuing his conquests in Silesia; not without a secret design, it was generally supposed, of favouring the entrance of the Duke of Friedland into that electorate, and of thus driving the irresolute John George into peace with the Emperor. Gustavus Adolphus himself, fully persuaded that Wallenstein's views were directed against Saxony, hastily despatched a strong reinforcement to the assistance of his confederate, with the intention, as soon as circumstances would allow, of following with the main body. But the movements of Wallenstein's army soon led him to suspect that he himself was the object of attack; and the Duke's march through the Upper Palatinate, placed the matter beyond a doubt. The question now was, how to provide for his own security, and the prize was no longer his supremacy, but his very existence. His fertile genius must now supply the means, not of conquest, but of preservation. The approach of the enemy had surprised him before he had time to concentrate his troops, which were scattered all over Germany, or to summon his allies to his aid. Too weak to meet the enemy in the field, he had no choice left, but either to throw himself into Nuremberg, and run the risk of being shut up in its walls, or to sacrifice that city, and await a reinforcement under the

cannon of Donauwerth. Indifferent to danger or difficulty, while he obeyed the call of humanity or honour, he chose the first without hesitation, firmly resolved to bury himself with his whole army under the ruins of Nuremberg, rather than to purchase his own safety by the sacrifice of his confederates.

Measures were immediately taken to surround the city and suburbs with redoubts, and to form an entrenched camp. Several thousand workmen immediately commenced this extensive work, and an heroic determination to hazard life and property in the common cause, animated the inhabitants of Nuremberg. A trench, eight feet deep and twelve broad, surrounded the whole fortification; the lines were defended by redoubts and batteries, the gates by half moons. The river Pegnitz, which flows through Nuremberg, divided the whole camp into two semicircles, whose communication was secured by several bridges. About three hundred pieces of cannon defended the town-walls and the intrenchments. The peasantry from the neighbouring villages, and the inhabitants of Nuremberg, assisted the Swedish soldiers so zealously, that on the seventh day the army was able to enter the camp, and, in a fortnight, this great work was completed.

While these operations were carried on without the walls, the magistrates of Nuremberg were busily occupied in filling the magazines with provisions and ammunition for a long siege. Measures were taken, at the same time, to secure the health of the inhabitants, which was likely to be endangered by the conflux of so many people; cleanliness was enforced by the strictest regulations. In order, if necessary, to support the King, the youth of the city were embodied and trained to arms, the militia of the town considerably reinforced, and a new regiment raised, consisting of four-and-twenty names, according to the letters of the alphabet. Gustavus had, in the mean time, called to his assistance his allies, Duke William of Weimar, and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel; and ordered his generals on the Rhine, in Thuringia and Lower Saxony, to commence their march immediately, and join him with their troops in Nuremberg. His army, which was encamped within the lines, did not amount to more than 16,000 men,

scarcely a third of the enemy.

The Imperialists had, in the mean time, by slow marches, advanced to Neumark, where Wallenstein made a general review. At the sight of this formidable force, he could not refrain from indulging in a childish boast: "In four days," said he, "it will be shown whether I or the King of Sweden is to be master of the world." Yet, notwithstanding his superiority, he did nothing to fulfil his promise; and even let slip the opportunity of crushing his enemy, when the latter had the hardihood to leave his lines to meet him. "Battles enough have been fought," was his answer to those who advised him to attack the King, "it is now time to try another method." Wallenstein's well-founded reputation required not any of those rash enterprises on which younger soldiers rush, in the hope of gaining a name. Satisfied that the enemy's despair would dearly sell a victory, while a defeat would irretrievably ruin the Emperor's affairs, he resolved to wear out the ardour of his opponent by a tedious blockade, and by thus depriving him of every opportunity of availing himself of his impetuous bravery, take from him the very advantage which had hitherto rendered him invincible. Without making any attack, therefore, he erected a strong fortified camp on the other side of the Pegnitz, and opposite Nuremberg; and, by this well chosen position, cut off from the city and the camp of Gustavus all supplies from Franconia, Swabia, and Thuringia. Thus he held in siege at once the city and the King, and flattered himself with the hope of slowly, but surely, wearing out by famine and pestilence the courage of his opponent whom he had no wish to encounter in the field.

Little aware, however, of the resources and the strength of his adversary, Wallenstein had not taken sufficient precautions to avert from himself the fate he was designing for others. From the whole of the neighbouring country, the peasantry had fled with their property; and what little provision remained, must be obstinately contested with the Swedes. The King spared the magazines within the town, as long as it was possible to provision his army from without; and these forays produced constant skirmishes between the Croats and the Swedish

cavalry, of which the surrounding country exhibited the most melancholy traces. The necessaries of life must be obtained sword in hand; and the foraging parties could not venture out without a numerous escort. And when this supply failed, the town opened its magazines to the King, but Wallenstein had to support his troops from a distance. A large convoy from Bavaria was on its way to him, with an escort of a thousand men. Gustavus Adolphus having received intelligence of its approach, immediately sent out a regiment of cavalry to intercept it; and the darkness of the night favoured the enterprise. The whole convoy, with the town in which it was, fell into the hands of the Swedes; the Imperial escort was cut to pieces; about 1,200 cattle carried off; and a thousand waggons, loaded with bread, which could not be brought away, were set on fire. Seven regiments, which Wallenstein had sent forward to Altdorp to cover the entrance of the long and anxiously expected convoy, were attacked by the King, who had, in like manner, advanced to cover the retreat of his cavalry, and routed after an obstinate action, being driven back into the Imperial camp, with the loss of 400 men. So many checks and difficulties, and so firm and unexpected a resistance on the part of the King, made the Duke of Friedland repent that he had declined to hazard a battle. The strength of the Swedish camp rendered an attack impracticable; and the armed youth of Nuremberg served the King as a nursery from which he could supply his loss of troops. The want of provisions, which began to be felt in the Imperial camp as strongly as in the Swedish, rendered it uncertain which party would be first compelled to give way.

Fifteen days had the two armies now remained in view of each other, equally defended by inaccessible entrenchments, without attempting anything more than slight attacks and unimportant skirmishes. On both sides, infectious diseases, the natural consequence of bad food, and a crowded population, had occasioned a greater loss than the sword. And this evil daily increased. But at length, the long expected succours arrived in the Swedish camp; and by this strong reinforcement, the King was now enabled to obey the dictates of his native courage, and to break the chains which had hitherto fettered him.

In obedience to his requisitions, the Duke of Weimar had hastily drawn together a corps from the garrisons in Lower Saxony and Thuringia, which, at Schweinfurt in Franconia, was joined by four Saxon regiments, and at Kitzingen by the corps of the Rhine, which the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Palatine of Birkenfeld, despatched to the relief of the King. The Chancellor, Oxenstiern, undertook to lead this force to its destination. After being joined at Windsheim by the Duke of Weimar himself, and the Swedish General Banner, he advanced by rapid marches to Bruck and Eltersdorf, where he passed the Rednitz, and reached the Swedish camp in safety. This reinforcement amounted to nearly 50,000 men, and was attended by a train of 60 pieces of cannon, and 4,000 baggage waggons. Gustavus now saw himself at the head of an army of nearly 70,000 strong, without reckoning the militia of Nuremberg, which, in case of necessity, could bring into the field about 30,000 fighting men; a formidable force, opposed to another not less formidable. The war seemed at length compressed to the point of a single battle, which was to decide its fearful issue. With divided sympathies, Europe looked with anxiety to this scene, where the whole strength of the two contending parties was fearfully drawn, as it were, to a focus.

If, before the arrival of the Swedish succours, a want of provisions had been felt, the evil was now fearfully increased to a dreadful height in both camps, for Wallenstein had also received reinforcements from Bavaria. Besides the 120,000 men confronted to each other, and more than 50,000 horses, in the two armies, and besides the inhabitants of Nuremberg, whose number far exceeded the Swedish army, there were in the camp of Wallenstein about 15,000 women, with as many drivers, and nearly the same number in that of the Swedes. The custom of the time permitted the soldier to carry his family with him to the field. A number of prostitutes followed the Imperialists; while, with the view of preventing such excesses, Gustavus's care for the morals of his soldiers promoted marriages. For the rising generation, who had this camp for their home and country, regular military schools were established, which educated a race of excellent warriors, by which means the army might in a manner recruit itself in

the course of a long campaign. No wonder, then, if these wandering nations exhausted every territory in which they encamped, and by their immense consumption raised the necessaries of life to an exorbitant price. All the mills of Nuremberg were insufficient to grind the corn required for each day; and 15,000 pounds of bread, which were daily delivered, by the town into the Swedish camp, excited, without allaying, the hunger of the soldiers. The laudable exertions of the magistrates of Nuremberg could not prevent the greater part of the horses from dying for want of forage, while the increasing mortality in the camp consigned more than a hundred men daily to the grave.

To put an end to these distresses, Gustavus Adolphus, relying on his numerical superiority, left his lines on the 25th day, forming before the enemy in order of battle, while he cannonaded the duke's camp from three batteries erected on the side of the Rednitz. But the duke remained immovable in his entrenchments, and contented himself with answering this challenge by a distant fire of cannon and musketry. His plan was to wear out the king by his inactivity, and by the force of famine to overcome his resolute determination; and neither the remonstrances of Maximilian, and the impatience of his army, nor the ridicule of his opponent, could shake his purpose. Gustavus, deceived in his hope of forcing a battle, and compelled by his increasing necessities, now attempted impossibilities, and resolved to storm a position which art and nature had combined to render impregnable.

Intrusting his own camp to the militia of Nuremberg, on the fifty-eighth day of his encampment, (the festival of St. Bartholomew,) he advanced in full order of battle, and passing the Rednitz at Furth, easily drove the enemy's outposts before him. The main army of the Imperialists was posted on the steep heights between the Biber and the Rednitz, called the Old Fortress and Altenberg; while the camp itself, commanded by these eminences, spread out immeasurably along the plain. On these heights, the whole of the artillery was placed. Deep trenches surrounded inaccessible redoubts, while thick barricadoes, with pointed palisades, defended the approaches to the heights, from the summits of which,

Wallenstein calmly and securely discharged the lightnings of his artillery from amid the dark thunder-clouds of smoke. A destructive fire of musketry was maintained behind the breastworks, and a hundred pieces of cannon threatened the desperate assailant with certain destruction. Against this dangerous post Gustavus now directed his attack; five hundred musketeers, supported by a few infantry, (for a greater number could not act in the narrow space,) enjoyed the unenvied privilege of first throwing themselves into the open jaws of death. The assault was furious, the resistance obstinate. Exposed to the whole fire of the enemy's artillery, and infuriate by the prospect of inevitable death, these determined warriors rushed forward to storm the heights; which, in an instant, converted into a flaming volcano, discharged on them a shower of shot. At the same moment, the heavy cavalry rushed forward into the openings which the artillery had made in the close ranks of the assailants, and divided them; till the intrepid band, conquered by the strength of nature and of man, took to flight, leaving a hundred dead upon the field. To Germans had Gustavus yielded this post of honour. Exasperated at their retreat, he now led on his Finlanders to the attack, thinking, by their northern courage, to shame the cowardice of the Germans. But they, also, after a similar hot reception, yielded to the superiority of the enemy; and a third regiment succeeded them to experience the same fate. This was replaced by a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth; so that, during a ten hours' action, every regiment was brought to the attack to retire with bloody loss from the contest. A thousand mangled bodies covered the field; yet Gustavus undauntedly maintained the attack, and Wallenstein held his position unshaken.

In the mean time, a sharp contest had taken place between the imperial cavalry and the left wing of the Swedes, which was posted in a thicket on the Rednitz, with varying success, but with equal intrepidity and loss on both sides. The Duke of Friedland and Prince Bernard of Weimar had each a horse shot under them; the king himself had the sole of his boot carried off by a cannon ball. The combat was maintained with undiminished obstinacy, till the approach of night separated the combatants. But the Swedes had advanced too far to retreat without hazard. While the king was seeking an officer to convey to the regiments

the order to retreat, he met Colonel Hepburn, a brave Scotchman, whose native courage alone had drawn him from the camp to share in the dangers of the day. Offended with the king for having not long before preferred a younger officer for some post of danger, he had rashly vowed never again to draw his sword for the king. To him Gustavus now addressed himself, praising his courage, and requesting him to order the regiments to retreat. "Sire," replied the brave soldier, "it is the only service I cannot refuse to your Majesty; for it is a hazardous one,"—and immediately hastened to carry the command. One of the heights above the old fortress had, in the heat of the action, been carried by the Duke of Weimar. It commanded the hills and the whole camp. But the heavy rain which fell during the night, rendered it impossible to draw up the cannon; and this post, which had been gained with so much bloodshed, was also voluntarily abandoned. Diffident of fortune, which forsook him on this decisive day, the king did not venture the following morning to renew the attack with his exhausted troops; and vanquished for the first time, even because he was not victor, he led back his troops over the Rednitz. Two thousand dead which he left behind him on the field, testified to the extent of his loss; and the Duke of Friedland remained unconquered within his lines.

For fourteen days after this action, the two armies still continued in front of each other, each in the hope that the other would be the first to give way. Every day reduced their provisions, and as scarcity became greater, the excesses of the soldiers rendered furious, exercised the wildest outrages on the peasantry. The increasing distress broke up all discipline and order in the Swedish camp; and the German regiments, in particular, distinguished themselves for the ravages they practised indiscriminately on friend and foe. The weak hand of a single individual could not check excesses, encouraged by the silence, if not the actual example, of the inferior officers. These shameful breaches of discipline, on the maintenance of which he had hitherto justly prided himself, severely pained the king; and the vehemence with which he reproached the German officers for their negligence, bespoke the liveliness of his emotion. "It is you yourselves, Germans," said he, "that rob your native country, and ruin your own

confederates in the faith. As God is my judge, I abhor you, I loathe you; my heart sinks within me whenever I look upon you. Ye break my orders; ye are the cause that the world curses me, that the tears of poverty follow me, that complaints ring in my ear—"The king, our friend, does us more harm than even our worst enemies.' On your account I have stripped my own kingdom of its treasures, and spent upon you more than 40 tons of gold; —[A ton of gold in Sweden amounts to 100,000 rix dollars.]—while from your German empire I have not received the least aid. I gave you a share of all that God had given to me; and had ye regarded my orders, I would have gladly shared with you all my future acquisitions. Your want of discipline convinces me of your evil intentions, whatever cause I might otherwise have to applaud your bravery."

Nuremberg had exerted itself, almost beyond its power, to subsist for eleven weeks the vast crowd which was compressed within its boundaries; but its means were at length exhausted, and the king's more numerous party was obliged to determine on a retreat. By the casualties of war and sickness, Nuremberg had lost more than 10,000 of its inhabitants, and Gustavus Adolphus nearly 20,000 of his soldiers. The fields around the city were trampled down, the villages lay in ashes, the plundered peasantry lay faint and dying on the highways; foul odours infected the air, and bad food, the exhalations from so dense a population, and so many putrifying carcasses, together with the heat of the dog-days, produced a desolating pestilence which raged among men and beasts, and long after the retreat of both armies, continued to load the country with misery and distress. Affected by the general distress, and despairing of conquering the steady determination of the Duke of Friedland, the king broke up his camp on the 8th September, leaving in Nuremberg a sufficient garrison. He advanced in full order of battle before the enemy, who remained motionless, and did not attempt in the least to harass his retreat. His route lay by the Aisch and Windsheim towards Neustadt, where he halted five days to refresh his troops, and also to be near to Nuremberg, in case the enemy should make an attempt upon the town. But Wallenstein, as exhausted as himself, had only awaited the retreat of the Swedes to commence his own. Five days afterwards, he broke up his camp at Zirndorf, and set it on fire. A hundred columns of smoke, rising from all the burning villages in the neighbourhood, announced his retreat, and showed the city the fate it had escaped. His march, which was directed on Forchheim, was marked by the most frightful ravages; but he was too far advanced to be overtaken by the king. The latter now divided his army, which the exhausted country was unable to support, and leaving one division to protect Franconia, with the other he prosecuted in person his conquests in Bavaria.

In the mean time, the imperial Bavarian army had marched into the Bishopric of Bamberg, where the Duke of Friedland a second time mustered his troops. He found this force, which so lately had amounted to 60,000 men, diminished by the

sword, desertion, and disease, to about 24,000, and of these a fourth were Bavarians. Thus had the encampments before Nuremberg weakened both parties more than two great battles would have done, apparently without advancing the termination of the war, or satisfying, by any decisive result, the expectations of Europe. The king's conquests in Bavaria, were, it is true, checked for a time by this diversion before Nuremberg, and Austria itself secured against the danger of immediate invasion; but by the retreat of the king from that city, he was again left at full liberty to make Bavaria the seat of war. Indifferent towards the fate of that country, and weary of the restraint which his union with the Elector imposed upon him, the Duke of Friedland eagerly seized the opportunity of separating from this burdensome associate, and prosecuting, with renewed earnestness, his favourite plans. Still adhering to his purpose of detaching Saxony from its Swedish alliance, he selected that country for his winter quarters, hoping by his destructive presence to force the Elector the more readily into his views.

No conjuncture could be more favourable for his designs. The Saxons had invaded Silesia, where, reinforced by troops from Brandenburg and Sweden, they had gained several advantages over the Emperor's troops. Silesia would be saved by a diversion against the Elector in his own territories, and the attempt was the more easy, as Saxony, left undefended during the war in Silesia, lay open on every side to attack. The pretext of rescuing from the enemy an hereditary dominion of Austria, would silence the remonstrances of the Elector of Bavaria, and, under the mask of a patriotic zeal for the Emperor's interests, Maximilian might be sacrificed without much difficulty. By giving up the rich country of Bavaria to the Swedes, he hoped to be left unmolested by them in his enterprise against Saxony, while the increasing coldness between Gustavus and the Saxon Court, gave him little reason to apprehend any extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of John George. Thus a second time abandoned by his artful protector, the Elector separated from Wallenstein at Bamberg, to protect his defenceless territory with the small remains of his troops, while the imperial army, under Wallenstein, directed its march through Bayreuth and Coburg towards the Thuringian Forest.

An imperial general, Holk, had previously been sent into Vogtland with 6,000 men, to waste this defenceless province with fire and sword, he was soon followed by Gallas, another of the Duke's generals, and an equally faithful instrument of his inhuman orders. Finally, Pappenheim, too, was recalled from Lower Saxony, to reinforce the diminished army of the duke, and to complete the miseries of the devoted country. Ruined churches, villages in ashes, harvests wilfully destroyed, families plundered, and murdered peasants, marked the progress of these barbarians, under whose scourge the whole of Thuringia, Vogtland, and Meissen, lay defenceless. Yet this was but the prelude to greater sufferings, with which Wallenstein himself, at the head of the main army, threatened Saxony. After having left behind him fearful monuments of his fury, in his march through Franconia and Thuringia, he arrived with his whole army in the Circle of Leipzig, and compelled the city, after a short resistance, to surrender. His design was to push on to Dresden, and by the conquest of the whole country, to prescribe laws to the Elector. He had already approached the Mulda, threatening to overpower the Saxon army which had advanced as far as Torgau to meet him, when the King of Sweden's arrival at Erfurt gave an unexpected check to his operations. Placed between the Saxon and Swedish armies, which were likely to be farther reinforced by the troops of George, Duke of Luneburg, from Lower Saxony, he hastily retired upon Meresberg, to form a junction there with Count Pappenheim, and to repel the further advance of the Swedes.

Gustavus Adolphus had witnessed, with great uneasiness, the arts employed by Spain and Austria to detach his allies from him. The more important his alliance with Saxony, the more anxiety the inconstant temper of John George caused him. Between himself and the Elector, a sincere friendship could never subsist. A prince, proud of his political importance, and accustomed to consider himself as the head of his party, could not see without annoyance the interference of a foreign power in the affairs of the Empire; and nothing, but the extreme danger of his dominions, could overcome the aversion with which he had long witnessed the progress of this unwelcome intruder. The increasing

influence of the king in Germany, his authority with the Protestant states, the unambiguous proofs which he gave of his ambitious views, which were of a character calculated to excite the jealousies of all the states of the Empire, awakened in the Elector's breast a thousand anxieties, which the imperial emissaries did not fail skilfully to keep alive and cherish. Every arbitrary step on the part of the King, every demand, however reasonable, which he addressed to the princes of the Empire, was followed by bitter complaints from the Elector, which seemed to announce an approaching rupture. Even the generals of the two powers, whenever they were called upon to act in common, manifested the same jealousy as divided their leaders. John George's natural aversion to war, and a lingering attachment to Austria, favoured the efforts of Arnheim; who, maintaining a constant correspondence with Wallenstein, laboured incessantly to effect a private treaty between his master and the Emperor; and if his representations were long disregarded, still the event proved that they were not altogether without effect.

Gustavus Adolphus, naturally apprehensive of the consequences which the defection of so powerful an ally would produce on his future prospects in Germany, spared no pains to avert so pernicious an event; and his remonstrances had hitherto had some effect upon the Elector. But the formidable power with which the Emperor seconded his seductive proposals, and the miseries which, in the case of hesitation, he threatened to accumulate upon Saxony, might at length overcome the resolution of the Elector, should he be left exposed to the vengeance of his enemies; while an indifference to the fate of so powerful a confederate, would irreparably destroy the confidence of the other allies in their protector. This consideration induced the king a second time to yield to the pressing entreaties of the Elector, and to sacrifice his own brilliant prospects to the safety of this ally. He had already resolved upon a second attack on Ingoldstadt; and the weakness of the Elector of Bavaria gave him hopes of soon forcing this exhausted enemy to accede to a neutrality. An insurrection of the peasantry in Upper Austria, opened to him a passage into that country, and the capital might be in his possession, before Wallenstein could have time to

advance to its defence. All these views he now gave up for the sake of an ally, who, neither by his services nor his fidelity, was worthy of the sacrifice; who, on the pressing occasions of common good, had steadily adhered to his own selfish projects; and who was important, not for the services he was expected to render, but merely for the injuries he had it in his power to inflict. Is it possible, then, to refrain from indignation, when we know that, in this expedition, undertaken for the benefit of such an ally, the great king was destined to terminate his career?

Rapidly assembling his troops in Franconia, he followed the route of Wallenstein through Thuringia. Duke Bernard of Weimar, who had been despatched to act against Pappenheim, joined the king at Armstadt, who now saw himself at the head of 20,000 veterans. At Erfurt he took leave of his queen, who was not to behold him, save in his coffin, at Weissenfels. Their anxious adieus seemed to forbode an eternal separation.

He reached Naumburg on the 1st November, 1632, before the corps, which the Duke of Friedland had despatched for that purpose, could make itself master of that place. The inhabitants of the surrounding country flocked in crowds to look upon the hero, the avenger, the great king, who, a year before, had first appeared in that quarter, like a guardian angel. Shouts of joy everywhere attended his progress; the people knelt before him, and struggled for the honour of touching the sheath of his sword, or the hem of his garment. The modest hero disliked this innocent tribute which a sincerely grateful and admiring multitude paid him. "Is it not," said he, "as if this people would make a God of me? Our affairs prosper, indeed; but I fear the vengeance of Heaven will punish me for this presumption, and soon enough reveal to this deluded multitude my human weakness and mortality!" How amiable does Gustavus appear before us at this moment, when about to leave us for ever! Even in the plenitude of success, he honours an avenging Nemesis, declines that homage which is due only to the Immortal, and strengthens his title to our tears, the nearer the moment approaches that is to call them forth!

In the mean time, the Duke of Friedland had determined to advance to meet

the king, as far as Weissenfels, and even at the hazard of a battle, to secure his winter-quarters in Saxony. His inactivity before Nuremberg had occasioned a suspicion that he was unwilling to measure his powers with those of the Hero of the North, and his hard-earned reputation would be at stake, if, a second time, he should decline a battle. His present superiority in numbers, though much less than what it was at the beginning of the siege of Nuremberg, was still enough to give him hopes of victory, if he could compel the king to give battle before his junction with the Saxons. But his present reliance was not so much in his numerical superiority, as in the predictions of his astrologer Seni, who had read in the stars that the good fortune of the Swedish monarch would decline in the month of November. Besides, between Naumburg and Weissenfels there was also a range of narrow defiles, formed by a long mountainous ridge, and the river Saal, which ran at their foot, along which the Swedes could not advance without difficulty, and which might, with the assistance of a few troops, be rendered almost impassable. If attacked there, the king would have no choice but either to penetrate with great danger through the defiles, or commence a laborious retreat through Thuringia, and to expose the greater part of his army to a march through a desert country, deficient in every necessary for their support. But the rapidity with which Gustavus Adolphus had taken possession of Naumburg, disappointed this plan, and it was now Wallenstein himself who awaited the attack.

But in this expectation he was disappointed; for the king, instead of advancing to meet him at Weissenfels, made preparations for entrenching himself near Naumburg, with the intention of awaiting there the reinforcements which the Duke of Lunenburg was bringing up. Undecided whether to advance against the king through the narrow passes between Weissenfels and Naumburg, or to remain inactive in his camp, he called a council of war, in order to have the opinion of his most experienced generals. None of these thought it prudent to attack the king in his advantageous position. On the other hand, the preparations which the latter made to fortify his camp, plainly showed that it was not his intention soon to abandon it. But the approach of winter rendered it impossible to prolong the campaign, and by a continued encampment to exhaust the strength

of the army, already so much in need of repose. All voices were in favour of immediately terminating the campaign: and, the more so, as the important city of Cologne upon the Rhine was threatened by the Dutch, while the progress of the enemy in Westphalia and the Lower Rhine called for effective reinforcements in that quarter. Wallenstein yielded to the weight of these arguments, and almost convinced that, at this season, he had no reason to apprehend an attack from the King, he put his troops into winter-quarters, but so that, if necessary, they might be rapidly assembled. Count Pappenheim was despatched, with great part of the army, to the assistance of Cologne, with orders to take possession, on his march, of the fortress of Moritzburg, in the territory of Halle. Different corps took up their winter-quarters in the neighbouring towns, to watch, on all sides, the motions of the enemy. Count Colloredo guarded the castle of Weissenfels, and Wallenstein himself encamped with the remainder not far from Merseburg, between Flotzgaben and the Saal, from whence he purposed to march to Leipzig, and to cut off the communication between the Saxons and the Swedish army.

Scarcely had Gustavus Adolphus been informed of Pappenheim's departure, when suddenly breaking up his camp at Naumburg, he hastened with his whole force to attack the enemy, now weakened to one half. He advanced, by rapid marches, towards Weissenfels, from whence the news of his arrival quickly reached the enemy, and greatly astonished the Duke of Friedland. But a speedy resolution was now necessary; and the measures of Wallenstein were soon taken. Though he had little more than 12,000 men to oppose to the 20,000 of the enemy, he might hope to maintain his ground until the return of Pappenheim, who could not have advanced farther than Halle, five miles distant. Messengers were hastily despatched to recall him, while Wallenstein moved forward into the wide plain between the Canal and Lutzen, where he awaited the King in full order of battle, and, by this position, cut off his communication with Leipzig and the Saxon auxiliaries.

Three cannon shots, fired by Count Colloredo from the castle of Weissenfels, announced the king's approach; and at this concerted signal, the light troops of

the Duke of Friedland, under the command of the Croatian General Isolani, moved forward to possess themselves of the villages lying upon the Rippach. Their weak resistance did not impede the advance of the enemy, who crossed the Rippach, near the village of that name, and formed in line below Lutzen, opposite the Imperialists. The high road which goes from Weissenfels to Leipzig, is intersected between Lutzen and Markranstadt by the canal which extends from Zeitz to Merseburg, and unites the Elster with the Saal. On this canal, rested the left wing of the Imperialists, and the right of the King of Sweden; but so that the cavalry of both extended themselves along the opposite side. To the northward, behind Lutzen, was Wallenstein's right wing, and to the south of that town was posted the left wing of the Swedes; both armies fronted the high road, which ran between them, and divided their order of battle; but the evening before the battle, Wallenstein, to the great disadvantage of his opponent, had possessed himself of this highway, deepened the trenches which ran along its sides, and planted them with musketeers, so as to make the crossing of it both difficult and dangerous. Behind these, again, was erected a battery of seven large pieces of cannon, to support the fire from the trenches; and at the windmills, close behind Lutzen, fourteen smaller field pieces were ranged on an eminence, from which they could sweep the greater part of the plain. The infantry, divided into no more than five unwieldy brigades, was drawn up at the distance of 300 paces from the road, and the cavalry covered the flanks. All the baggage was sent to Leipzig, that it might not impede the movements of the army; and the ammunition-waggons alone remained, which were placed in rear of the line. To conceal the weakness of the Imperialists, all the camp-followers and sutlers were mounted, and posted on the left wing, but only until Pappenheim's troops arrived. These arrangements were made during the darkness of the night; and when the morning dawned, all was ready for the reception of the enemy.

On the evening of the same day, Gustavus Adolphus appeared on the opposite plain, and formed his troops in the order of attack. His disposition was the same as that which had been so successful the year before at Leipzig. Small squadrons of horse were interspersed among the divisions of the infantry, and troops of

musketeers placed here and there among the cavalry. The army was arranged in two lines, the canal on the right and in its rear, the high road in front, and the town on the left. In the centre, the infantry was formed, under the command of Count Brahe; the cavalry on the wings; the artillery in front. To the German hero, Bernard, Duke of Weimar, was intrusted the command of the German cavalry of the left wing; while, on the right, the king led on the Swedes in person, in order to excite the emulation of the two nations to a noble competition. The second line was formed in the same manner; and behind these was placed the reserve, commanded by Henderson, a Scotchman.

In this position, they awaited the eventful dawn of morning, to begin a contest, which long delay, rather than the probability of decisive consequences, and the picked body, rather than the number of the combatants, was to render so terrible and remarkable. The strained expectation of Europe, so disappointed before Nuremberg, was now to be gratified on the plains of Lutzen. During the whole course of the war, two such generals, so equally matched in renown and ability, had not before been pitted against each other. Never, as yet, had daring been cooled by so awful a hazard, or hope animated by so glorious a prize. Europe was next day to learn who was her greatest general:—to-morrow, the leader, who had hitherto been invincible, must acknowledge a victor. This morning was to place it beyond a doubt, whether the victories of Gustavus at Leipzig and on the Lech, were owing to his own military genius, or to the incompetency of his opponent; whether the services of Wallenstein were to vindicate the Emperor's choice, and justify the high price at which they had been purchased. The victory was as yet doubtful, but certain were the labour and the bloodshed by which it must be earned. Every private in both armies, felt a jealous share in their leader's reputation, and under every corslet beat the same emotions that inflamed the bosoms of the generals. Each army knew the enemy to which it was to be opposed: and the anxiety which each in vain attempted to repress, was a convincing proof of their opponent's strength.

At last the fateful morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which spread

over the plain, delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling in front of his lines, the king offered up his devotions; and the whole army, at the same moment dropping on their knees, burst into a moving hymn, accompanied by the military music. The king then mounted his horse, and clad only in a leathern doublet and surtout, (for a wound he had formerly received prevented his wearing armour,) rode along the ranks, to animate the courage of his troops with a joyful confidence, which, however, the forboding presentiment of his own bosom contradicted. "God with us!" was the war-cry of the Swedes; "Jesus Maria!" that of the Imperialists. About eleven the fog began to disperse, and the enemy became visible. At the same moment Lutzen was seen in flames, having been set on fire by command of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was now sounded; the cavalry rushed upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced against the trenches.

Received by a tremendous fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack with undaunted courage, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried and turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five imperial brigades was immediately routed, the second soon after, and the third put to flight. But here the genius of Wallenstein opposed itself to their progress. With the rapidity of lightning he was on the spot to rally his discomfited troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades, forming anew, faced the enemy, and pressed vigorously into the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for fire-arms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man was matched to man, the useless musket exchanged for the sword and pike, and science gave way to desperation. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retire beyond the trenches; and the captured battery is again lost by the retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewed the plain, and as yet not a single step of ground had been won.

In the mean time, the king's right wing, led by himself, had fallen upon the enemy's left. The first impetuous shock of the heavy Finland cuirassiers dispersed the lightly-mounted Poles and Croats, who were posted here, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice was brought the king, that his infantry were retreating over the trenches, and also that his left wing, exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's cannon posted at the windmills was beginning to give way. With rapid decision he committed to General Horn the pursuit of the enemy's left, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His noble charger bore him with the velocity of lightning across the trenches, but the squadrons that followed could not come on with the same speed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He rode directly to the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he was reconnoitring the enemy's line for an exposed point of attack, the shortness of his sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An imperial Gefreyter,—[A person exempt from watching duty, nearly corresponding to the corporal.]—remarking that every one respectfully made way for him as he rode along, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. "Fire at him yonder," said he, "that must be a man of consequence." The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadron came hurrying up, and a confused cry of "the king bleeds! the king is shot!" spread terror and consternation through all the ranks. "It is nothing—follow me," cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the Duke of Lauenburg, in French, to lead him unobserved out of the tumult. While the duke proceeded towards the right wing with the king, making a long circuit to keep this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, his majesty received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his remaining strength. "Brother," said he, with a dying voice, "I have enough! look only to your own life." At the same moment he fell from his horse pierced by several more shots; and abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amidst the plundering hands of the Croats. His charger, flying without its rider,

and covered with blood, soon made known to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his sacred remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict ensued over the body, till his mangled remains were buried beneath a heap of slain.

The mournful tidings soon ran through the Swedish army; but instead of destroying the courage of these brave troops, it but excited it into a new, a wild, and consuming flame. Life had lessened in value, now that the most sacred life of all was gone; death had no terrors for the lowly since the anointed head was not spared. With the fury of lions the Upland, Smaeland, Finland, East and West Gothland regiments rushed a second time upon the left wing of the enemy, which, already making but feeble resistance to General Horn, was now entirely beaten from the field. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the bereaved Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus led his victorious squadrons anew. The left wing quickly formed again, and vigorously pressed the right of the Imperialists. The artillery at the windmills, which had maintained so murderous a fire upon the Swedes, was captured and turned against the enemy. The centre, also, of the Swedish infantry, commanded by the duke and Knyphausen, advanced a second time against the trenches, which they successfully passed, and retook the battery of seven cannons. The attack was now renewed with redoubled fury upon the heavy battalions of the enemy's centre; their resistance became gradually less, and chance conspired with Swedish valour to complete the defeat. The imperial powder-waggons took fire, and, with a tremendous explosion, grenades and bombs filled the air. The enemy, now in confusion, thought they were attacked in the rear, while the Swedish brigades pressed them in front. Their courage began to fail them. Their left wing was already beaten, their right wavering, and their artillery in the enemy's hands. The battle seemed to be almost decided; another moment would decide the fate of the day, when Pappenheim appeared on the field, with his cuirassiers and dragoons; all the advantages already gained were lost, and the battle was to be fought anew.

The order which recalled that general to Lutzen had reached him in Halle, while his troops were still plundering the town. It was impossible to collect the scattered infantry with that rapidity, which the urgency of the order, and Pappenheim's impatience required. Without waiting for it, therefore, he ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount; and at their head he galloped at full speed for Lutzen, to share in the battle. He arrived in time to witness the flight of the imperial right wing, which Gustavus Horn was driving from the field, and to be at first involved in their rout. But with rapid presence of mind he rallied the flying troops, and led them once more against the enemy. Carried away by his wild bravery, and impatient to encounter the king, who he supposed was at the head of this wing, he burst furiously upon the Swedish ranks, which, exhausted by victory, and inferior in numbers, were, after a noble resistance, overpowered by this fresh body of enemies. Pappenheim's unexpected appearance revived the drooping courage of the Imperialists, and the Duke of Friedland quickly availed himself of the favourable moment to re-form his line. The closely serried battalions of the Swedes were, after a tremendous conflict, again driven across the trenches; and the battery, which had been twice lost, again rescued from their hands. The whole yellow regiment, the finest of all that distinguished themselves in this dreadful day, lay dead on the field, covering the ground almost in the same excellent order which, when alive, they maintained with such unyielding courage. The same fate befel another regiment of Blues, which Count Piccolomini attacked with the imperial cavalry, and cut down after a desperate contest. Seven times did this intrepid general renew the attack; seven horses were shot under him, and he himself was pierced with six musket balls; yet he would not leave the field, until he was carried along in the general rout of the whole army. Wallenstein himself was seen riding through his ranks with cool intrepidity, amidst a shower of balls, assisting the distressed, encouraging the valiant with praise, and the wavering by his fearful glance. Around and close by him his men were falling thick, and his own mantle was perforated by several shots. But avenging destiny this day protected that breast, for which another weapon was reserved; on the same field where the noble Gustavus expired, Wallenstein was not allowed to terminate his guilty career.

Less fortunate was Pappenheim, the Telamon of the army, the bravest soldier of Austria and the church. An ardent desire to encounter the king in person, carried this daring leader into the thickest of the fight, where he thought his noble opponent was most surely to be met. Gustavus had also expressed a wish to meet his brave antagonist, but these hostile wishes remained ungratified; death first brought together these two great heroes. Two musket-balls pierced the breast of Pappenheim; and his men forcibly carried him from the field. While they were conveying him to the rear, a murmur reached him, that he whom he had sought, lay dead upon the plain. When the truth of the report was confirmed to him, his look became brighter, his dying eye sparkled with a last gleam of joy. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," said he, "that I lie without hope of life, but that I die happy, since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day."

With Pappenheim, the good fortune of the Imperialists departed. The cavalry of the left wing, already beaten, and only rallied by his exertions, no sooner missed their victorious leader, than they gave up everything for lost, and abandoned the field of battle in spiritless despair. The right wing fell into the same confusion, with the exception of a few regiments, which the bravery of their colonels Gotz, Terzky, Colloredo, and Piccolomini, compelled to keep their ground. The Swedish infantry, with prompt determination, profited by the enemy's confusion. To fill up the gaps which death had made in the front line, they formed both lines into one, and with it made the final and decisive charge. A third time they crossed the trenches, and a third time they captured the battery. The sun was setting when the two lines closed. The strife grew hotter as it drew to an end; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and skill and courage did their utmost to repair in these precious moments the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair endows every one with superhuman strength; no one can conquer, no one will give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers on one side, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill on the other. Night and darkness at last put an end to the fight, before the fury of the combatants was exhausted; and the contest only ceased, when no one could any

longer find an antagonist. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party claiming the victory, quitted the field.

The artillery on both sides, as the horses could not be found, remained all night upon the field, at once the reward and the evidence of victory to him who should hold it. Wallenstein, in his haste to leave Leipzig and Saxony, forgot to remove his part. Not long after the battle was ended, Pappenheim's infantry, who had been unable to follow the rapid movements of their general, and who amounted to six regiments, marched on the field, but the work was done. A few hours earlier, so considerable a reinforcement would perhaps have decided the day in favour of the Imperialists; and, even now, by remaining on the field, they might have saved the duke's artillery, and made a prize of that of the Swedes. But they had received no orders to act; and, uncertain as to the issue of the battle, they retired to Leipzig, where they hoped to join the main body.

The Duke of Friedland had retreated thither, and was followed on the morrow by the scattered remains of his army, without artillery, without colours, and almost without arms. The Duke of Weimar, it appears, after the toils of this bloody day, allowed the Swedish army some repose, between Lutzen and Weissenfels, near enough to the field of battle to oppose any attempt the enemy might make to recover it. Of the two armies, more than 9,000 men lay dead; a still greater number were wounded, and among the Imperialists, scarcely a man escaped from the field uninjured. The entire plain from Lutzen to the Canal was strewn with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Many of the principal nobility had fallen on both sides. Even the Abbot of Fulda, who had mingled in the combat as a spectator, paid for his curiosity and his ill-timed zeal with his life. History says nothing of prisoners; a further proof of the animosity of the combatants, who neither gave nor took quarter.

Pappenheim died the next day of his wounds at Leipzig; an irreparable loss to the imperial army, which this brave warrior had so often led on to victory. The battle of Prague, where, together with Wallenstein, he was present as colonel, was the beginning of his heroic career. Dangerously wounded, with a few troops,

he made an impetuous attack on a regiment of the enemy, and lay for several hours mixed with the dead upon the field, beneath the weight of his horse, till he was discovered by some of his own men in plundering. With a small force he defeated, in three different engagements, the rebels in Upper Austria, though 40,000 strong. At the battle of Leipzig, he for a long time delayed the defeat of Tilly by his bravery, and led the arms of the Emperor on the Elbe and the Weser to victory. The wild impetuous fire of his temperament, which no danger, however apparent, could cool, or impossibilities check, made him the most powerful arm of the imperial force, but unfitted him for acting at its head. The battle of Leipzig, if Tilly may be believed, was lost through his rash ardour. At the destruction of Magdeburg, his hands were deeply steeped in blood; war rendered savage and ferocious his disposition, which had been cultivated by youthful studies and various travels. On his forehead, two red streaks, like swords, were perceptible, with which nature had marked him at his very birth. Even in his later years, these became visible, as often as his blood was stirred by passion; and superstition easily persuaded itself, that the future destiny of the man was thus impressed upon the forehead of the child. As a faithful servant of the House of Austria, he had the strongest claims on the gratitude of both its lines, but he did not survive to enjoy the most brilliant proof of their regard. A messenger was already on his way from Madrid, bearing to him the order of the Golden Fleece, when death overtook him at Leipzig.

Though *Te Deum*, in all Spanish and Austrian lands, was sung in honour of a victory, Wallenstein himself, by the haste with which he quitted Leipzig, and soon after all Saxony, and by renouncing his original design of fixing there his winter quarters, openly confessed his defeat. It is true he made one more feeble attempt to dispute, even in his flight, the honour of victory, by sending out his Croats next morning to the field; but the sight of the Swedish army drawn up in order of battle, immediately dispersed these flying bands, and Duke Bernard, by keeping possession of the field, and soon after by the capture of Leipzig, maintained indisputably his claim to the title of victor.

But it was a dear conquest, a dearer triumph! It was not till the fury of the contest was over, that the full weight of the loss sustained was felt, and the shout of triumph died away into a silent gloom of despair. He, who had led them to the charge, returned not with them; there he lay upon the field which he had won, mingled with the dead bodies of the common crowd. After a long and almost fruitless search, the corpse of the king was discovered, not far from the great stone, which, for a hundred years before, had stood between Lutzen and the Canal, and which, from the memorable disaster of that day, still bears the name of the Stone of the Swede. Covered with blood and wounds, so as scarcely to be recognised, trampled beneath the horses' hoofs, stripped by the rude hands of plunderers of its ornaments and clothes, his body was drawn from beneath a heap of dead, conveyed to Weissenfels, and there delivered up to the lamentations of his soldiers, and the last embraces of his queen. The first tribute had been paid to revenge, and blood had atoned for the blood of the monarch; but now affection assumes its rights, and tears of grief must flow for the man. The universal sorrow absorbs all individual woes. The generals, still stupefied by the unexpected blow, stood speechless and motionless around his bier, and no one trusted himself enough to contemplate the full extent of their loss.

The Emperor, we are told by Khevenhuller, showed symptoms of deep, and apparently sincere feeling, at the sight of the king's doublet stained with blood, which had been stripped from him during the battle, and carried to Vienna. "Willingly," said he, "would I have granted to the unfortunate prince a longer life, and a safe return to his kingdom, had Germany been at peace." But when a trait, which is nothing more than a proof of a yet lingering humanity, and which a mere regard to appearances and even self-love, would have extorted from the most insensible, and the absence of which could exist only in the most inhuman heart, has, by a Roman Catholic writer of modern times and acknowledged merit, been made the subject of the highest eulogium, and compared with the magnanimous tears of Alexander, for the fall of Darius, our distrust is excited of the other virtues of the writer's hero, and what is still worse, of his own ideas of moral dignity. But even such praise, whatever its amount, is much for one,

whose memory his biographer has to clear from the suspicion of being privy to the assassination of a king.

It was scarcely to be expected, that the strong leaning of mankind to the marvellous, would leave to the common course of nature the glory of ending the career of Gustavus Adolphus. The death of so formidable a rival was too important an event for the Emperor, not to excite in his bitter opponent a ready suspicion, that what was so much to his interests, was also the result of his instigation. For the execution, however, of this dark deed, the Emperor would require the aid of a foreign arm, and this it was generally believed he had found in Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg. The rank of the latter permitted him a free access to the king's person, while it at the same time seemed to place him above the suspicion of so foul a deed. This prince, however, was in fact not incapable of this atrocity, and he had moreover sufficient motives for its commission.

Francis Albert, the youngest of four sons of Francis II, Duke of Lauenburg, and related by the mother's side to the race of Vasa, had, in his early years, found a most friendly reception at the Swedish court. Some offence which he had committed against Gustavus Adolphus, in the queen's chamber, was, it is said, repaid by this fiery youth with a box on the ear; which, though immediately repented of, and amply apologized for, laid the foundation of an irreconcilable hate in the vindictive heart of the duke. Francis Albert subsequently entered the imperial service, where he rose to the command of a regiment, and formed a close intimacy with Wallenstein, and condescended to be the instrument of a secret negotiation with the Saxon court, which did little honour to his rank. Without any sufficient cause being assigned, he suddenly quitted the Austrian service, and appeared in the king's camp at Nuremberg, to offer his services as a volunteer. By his show of zeal for the Protestant cause, and prepossessing and flattering deportment, he gained the heart of the king, who, warned in vain by Oxenstiern, continued to lavish his favour and friendship on this suspicious new comer. The battle of Lutzen soon followed, in which Francis Albert, like an evil

genius, kept close to the king's side and did not leave him till he fell. He owed, it was thought, his own safety amidst the fire of the enemy, to a green sash which he wore, the colour of the Imperialists. He was at any rate the first to convey to his friend Wallenstein the intelligence of the king's death. After the battle, he exchanged the Swedish service for the Saxon; and, after the murder of Wallenstein, being charged with being an accomplice of that general, he only escaped the sword of justice by abjuring his faith. His last appearance in life was as commander of an imperial army in Silesia, where he died of the wounds he had received before Schweidnitz. It requires some effort to believe in the innocence of a man, who had run through a career like this, of the act charged against him; but, however great may be the moral and physical possibility of his committing such a crime, it must still be allowed that there are no certain grounds for imputing it to him. Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, exposed himself to danger, like the meanest soldier in his army, and where thousands fell, he, too, might naturally meet his death. How it reached him, remains indeed buried in mystery; but here, more than anywhere, does the maxim apply, that where the ordinary course of things is fully sufficient to account for the fact, the honour of human nature ought not to be stained by any suspicion of moral atrocity.

But by whatever hand he fell, his extraordinary destiny must appear a great interposition of Providence. History, too often confined to the ungrateful task of analyzing the uniform play of human passions, is occasionally rewarded by the appearance of events, which strike like a hand from heaven, into the nicely adjusted machinery of human plans, and carry the contemplative mind to a higher order of things. Of this kind, is the sudden retirement of Gustavus Adolphus from the scene;—stopping for a time the whole movement of the political machine, and disappointing all the calculations of human prudence. Yesterday, the very soul, the great and animating principle of his own creation; to-day, struck unpitiably to the ground in the very midst of his eagle flight; untimely torn from a whole world of great designs, and from the ripening harvest of his expectations, he left his bereaved party disconsolate; and the proud edifice

of his past greatness sunk into ruins. The Protestant party had identified its hopes with its invincible leader, and scarcely can it now separate them from him; with him, they now fear all good fortune is buried. But it was no longer the benefactor of Germany who fell at Lutzen: the beneficent part of his career, Gustavus Adolphus had already terminated; and now the greatest service which he could render to the liberties of Germany was—to die. The all-engrossing power of an individual was at an end, but many came forward to essay their strength; the equivocal assistance of an over-powerful protector, gave place to a more noble self-exertion on the part of the Estates; and those who were formerly the mere instruments of his aggrandizement, now began to work for themselves. They now looked to their own exertions for the emancipation, which could not be received without danger from the hand of the mighty; and the Swedish power, now incapable of sinking into the oppressor, was henceforth restricted to the more modest part of an ally.

The ambition of the Swedish monarch aspired unquestionably to establish a power within Germany, and to attain a firm footing in the centre of the empire, which was inconsistent with the liberties of the Estates. His aim was the imperial crown; and this dignity, supported by his power, and maintained by his energy and activity, would in his hands be liable to more abuse than had ever been feared from the House of Austria. Born in a foreign country, educated in the maxims of arbitrary power, and by principles and enthusiasm a determined enemy to Popery, he was ill qualified to maintain inviolate the constitution of the German States, or to respect their liberties. The coercive homage which Augsburg, with many other cities, was forced to pay to the Swedish crown, bespoke the conqueror, rather than the protector of the empire; and this town, prouder of the title of a royal city, than of the higher dignity of the freedom of the empire, flattered itself with the anticipation of becoming the capital of his future kingdom. His ill-disguised attempts upon the Electorate of Mentz, which he first intended to bestow upon the Elector of Brandenburg, as the dower of his daughter Christina, and afterwards destined for his chancellor and friend Oxenstiern, evinced plainly what liberties he was disposed to take with the

constitution of the empire. His allies, the Protestant princes, had claims on his gratitude, which could be satisfied only at the expense of their Roman Catholic neighbours, and particularly of the immediate Ecclesiastical Chapters; and it seems probable a plan was early formed for dividing the conquered provinces, (after the precedent of the barbarian hordes who overran the German empire,) as a common spoil, among the German and Swedish confederates. In his treatment of the Elector Palatine, he entirely belied the magnanimity of the hero, and forgot the sacred character of a protector. The Palatinate was in his hands, and the obligations both of justice and honour demanded its full and immediate restoration to the legitimate sovereign. But, by a subtlety unworthy of a great mind, and disgraceful to the honourable title of protector of the oppressed, he eluded that obligation. He treated the Palatinate as a conquest wrested from the enemy, and thought that this circumstance gave him a right to deal with it as he pleased. He surrendered it to the Elector as a favour, not as a debt; and that, too, as a Swedish fief, fettered by conditions which diminished half its value, and degraded this unfortunate prince into a humble vassal of Sweden. One of these conditions obliged the Elector, after the conclusion of the war, to furnish, along with the other princes, his contribution towards the maintenance of the Swedish army, a condition which plainly indicates the fate which, in the event of the ultimate success of the king, awaited Germany. His sudden disappearance secured the liberties of Germany, and saved his reputation, while it probably spared him the mortification of seeing his own allies in arms against him, and all the fruits of his victories torn from him by a disadvantageous peace. Saxony was already disposed to abandon him, Denmark viewed his success with alarm and jealousy; and even France, the firmest and most potent of his allies, terrified at the rapid growth of his power and the imperious tone which he assumed, looked around at the very moment he past the Lech, for foreign alliances, in order to check the progress of the Goths, and restore to Europe the balance of power.

Book IV.

The weak bond of union, by which Gustavus Adolphus contrived to hold together the Protestant members of the empire, was dissolved by his death: the allies were now again at liberty, and their alliance, to last, must be formed anew. By the former event, if unremedied, they would lose all the advantages they had gained at the cost of so much bloodshed, and expose themselves to the inevitable danger of becoming one after the other the prey of an enemy, whom, by their union alone, they had been able to oppose and to master. Neither Sweden, nor any of the states of the empire, was singly a match with the Emperor and the League; and, by seeking a peace under the present state of things, they would necessarily be obliged to receive laws from the enemy. Union was, therefore, equally indispensable, either for concluding a peace or continuing the war. But a peace, sought under the present circumstances, could not fail to be disadvantageous to the allied powers. With the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the enemy had formed new hopes; and however gloomy might be the situation of his affairs after the battle of Lutzen, still the death of his dreaded rival was an event too disastrous to the allies, and too favourable for the Emperor, not to justify him in entertaining the most brilliant expectations, and not to encourage him to the prosecution of the war. Its inevitable consequence, for the moment at least, must be want of union among the allies, and what might not the Emperor and the League gain from such a division of their enemies? He was not likely to sacrifice such prospects, as the present turn of affairs held out to him, for any peace, not

highly beneficial to himself; and such a peace the allies would not be disposed to accept. They naturally determined, therefore, to continue the war, and for this purpose, the maintenance of the existing union was acknowledged to be indispensable.

But how was this union to be renewed? and whence were to be derived the necessary means for continuing the war? It was not the power of Sweden, but the talents and personal influence of its late king, which had given him so overwhelming an influence in Germany, so great a command over the minds of men; and even he had innumerable difficulties to overcome, before he could establish among the states even a weak and wavering alliance. With his death vanished all, which his personal qualities alone had rendered practicable; and the mutual obligation of the states seemed to cease with the hopes on which it had been founded. Several impatiently threw off the yoke which had always been irksome; others hastened to seize the helm which they had unwillingly seen in the hands of Gustavus, but which, during his lifetime, they did not dare to dispute with him. Some were tempted, by the seductive promises of the Emperor, to abandon the alliance; others, oppressed by the heavy burdens of a fourteen years' war, longed for the repose of peace, upon any conditions, however ruinous. The generals of the army, partly German princes, acknowledged no common head, and no one would stoop to receive orders from another. Unanimity vanished alike from the cabinet and the field, and their common weal was threatened with ruin, by the spirit of disunion.

Gustavus had left no male heir to the crown of Sweden: his daughter Christina, then six years old, was the natural heir. The unavoidable weakness of a regency, suited ill with that energy and resolution, which Sweden would be called upon to display in this trying conjuncture. The wide reaching mind of Gustavus Adolphus had raised this unimportant, and hitherto unknown kingdom, to a rank among the powers of Europe, which it could not retain without the fortune and genius of its author, and from which it could not recede, without a humiliating confession of weakness. Though the German war had been

conducted chiefly on the resources of Germany, yet even the small contribution of men and money, which Sweden furnished, had sufficed to exhaust the finances of that poor kingdom, and the peasantry groaned beneath the imposts necessarily laid upon them. The plunder gained in Germany enriched only a few individuals, among the nobles and the soldiers, while Sweden itself remained poor as before. For a time, it is true, the national glory reconciled the subject to these burdens, and the sums exacted, seemed but as a loan placed at interest, in the fortunate hand of Gustavus Adolphus, to be richly repaid by the grateful monarch at the conclusion of a glorious peace. But with the king's death this hope vanished, and the deluded people now loudly demanded relief from their burdens.

But the spirit of Gustavus Adolphus still lived in the men to whom he had confided the administration of the kingdom. However dreadful to them, and unexpected, was the intelligence of his death, it did not deprive them of their manly courage; and the spirit of ancient Rome, under the invasion of Brennus and Hannibal, animated this noble assembly. The greater the price, at which these hard-gained advantages had been purchased, the less readily could they reconcile themselves to renounce them: not unrevenged was a king to be sacrificed. Called on to choose between a doubtful and exhausting war, and a profitable but disgraceful peace, the Swedish council of state boldly espoused the side of danger and honour; and with agreeable surprise, men beheld this venerable senate acting with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth. Surrounded with watchful enemies, both within and without, and threatened on every side with danger, they armed themselves against them all, with equal prudence and heroism, and laboured to extend their kingdom, even at the moment when they had to struggle for its existence.

The decease of the king, and the minority of his daughter Christina, renewed the claims of Poland to the Swedish throne; and King Ladislaus, the son of Sigismund, spared no intrigues to gain a party in Sweden. On this ground, the regency lost no time in proclaiming the young queen, and arranging the

administration of the regency. All the officers of the kingdom were summoned to do homage to their new princess; all correspondence with Poland prohibited, and the edicts of previous monarchs against the heirs of Sigismund, confirmed by a solemn act of the nation. The alliance with the Czar of Muscovy was carefully renewed, in order, by the arms of this prince, to keep the hostile Poles in check. The death of Gustavus Adolphus had put an end to the jealousy of Denmark, and removed the grounds of alarm which had stood in the way of a good understanding between the two states. The representations by which the enemy sought to stir up Christian IV. against Sweden were no longer listened to; and the strong wish the Danish monarch entertained for the marriage of his son Ulrick with the young princess, combined, with the dictates of a sounder policy, to incline him to a neutrality. At the same time, England, Holland, and France came forward with the gratifying assurances to the regency of continued friendship and support, and encouraged them, with one voice, to prosecute with activity the war, which hitherto had been conducted with so much glory. Whatever reason France might have to congratulate itself on the death of the Swedish conqueror, it was as fully sensible of the expediency of maintaining the alliance with Sweden. Without exposing itself to great danger, it could not allow the power of Sweden to sink in Germany. Want of resources of its own, would either drive Sweden to conclude a hasty and disadvantageous peace with Austria, and then all the past efforts to lower the ascendancy of this dangerous power would be thrown away; or necessity and despair would drive the armies to extort from the Roman Catholic states the means of support, and France would then be regarded as the betrayer of those very states, who had placed themselves under her powerful protection. The death of Gustavus, far from breaking up the alliance between France and Sweden, had only rendered it more necessary for both, and more profitable for France. Now, for the first time, since he was dead who had stretched his protecting arm over Germany, and guarded its frontiers against the encroaching designs of France, could the latter safely pursue its designs upon Alsace, and thus be enabled to sell its aid to the German Protestants at a dearer rate.

Strengthened by these alliances, secured in its interior, and defended from without by strong frontier garrisons and fleets, the regency did not delay an instant to continue a war, by which Sweden had little of its own to lose, while, if success attended its arms, one or more of the German provinces might be won, either as a conquest, or indemnification of its expenses. Secure amidst its seas, Sweden, even if driven out of Germany, would scarcely be exposed to greater peril, than if it voluntarily retired from the contest, while the former measure was as honourable, as the latter was disgraceful. The more boldness the regency displayed, the more confidence would they inspire among their confederates, the more respect among their enemies, and the more favourable conditions might they anticipate in the event of peace. If they found themselves too weak to execute the wide-ranging projects of Gustavus, they at least owed it to this lofty model to do their utmost, and to yield to no difficulty short of absolute necessity. Alas, that motives of self-interest had too great a share in this noble determination, to demand our unqualified admiration! For those who had nothing themselves to suffer from the calamities of war, but were rather to be enriched by it, it was an easy matter to resolve upon its continuation; for the German empire was, in the end, to defray the expenses; and the provinces on which they reckoned, would be cheaply purchased with the few troops they sacrificed to them, and with the generals who were placed at the head of armies, composed for the most part of Germans, and with the honourable superintendence of all the operations, both military and political.

But this superintendence was irreconcilable with the distance of the Swedish regency from the scene of action, and with the slowness which necessarily accompanies all the movements of a council.

To one comprehensive mind must be intrusted the management of Swedish interests in Germany, and with full powers to determine at discretion all questions of war and peace, the necessary alliances, or the acquisitions made. With dictatorial power, and with the whole influence of the crown which he was to represent, must this important magistrate be invested, in order to maintain its

dignity, to enforce united and combined operations, to give effect to his orders, and to supply the place of the monarch whom he succeeded. Such a man was found in the Chancellor Oxenstiern, the first minister, and what is more, the friend of the deceased king, who, acquainted with all the secrets of his master, versed in the politics of Germany, and in the relations of all the states of Europe, was unquestionably the fittest instrument to carry out the plans of Gustavus Adolphus in their full extent.

Oxenstiern was on his way to Upper Germany, in order to assemble the four Upper Circles, when the news of the king's death reached him at Hanau. This was a heavy blow, both to the friend and the statesman. Sweden, indeed, had lost but a king, Germany a protector; but Oxenstiern, the author of his fortunes, the friend of his soul, and the object of his admiration. Though the greatest sufferer in the general loss, he was the first who by his energy rose from the blow, and the only one qualified to repair it. His penetrating glance foresaw all the obstacles which would oppose the execution of his plans, the discouragement of the estates, the intrigues of hostile courts, the breaking up of the confederacy, the jealousy of the leaders, and the dislike of princes of the empire to submit to foreign authority. But even this deep insight into the existing state of things, which revealed the whole extent of the evil, showed him also the means by which it might be overcome. It was essential to revive the drooping courage of the weaker states, to meet the secret machinations of the enemy, to allay the jealousy of the more powerful allies, to rouse the friendly powers, and France in particular, to active assistance; but above all, to repair the ruined edifice of the German alliance, and to reunite the scattered strength of the party by a close and permanent bond of union. The dismay which the loss of their leader occasioned the German Protestants, might as readily dispose them to a closer alliance with Sweden, as to a hasty peace with the Emperor; and it depended entirely upon the course pursued, which of these alternatives they would adopt. Every thing might be lost by the slightest sign of despondency; nothing, but the confidence which Sweden showed in herself, could kindle among the Germans a noble feeling of self-confidence. All the attempts of Austria, to detach these princes from the

Swedish alliance, would be unavailing, the moment their eyes became opened to their true interests, and they were instigated to a public and formal breach with the Emperor.

Before these measures could be taken, and the necessary points settled between the regency and their minister, a precious opportunity of action would, it is true, be lost to the Swedish army, of which the enemy would be sure to take the utmost advantage. It was, in short, in the power of the Emperor totally to ruin the Swedish interest in Germany, and to this he was actually invited by the prudent councils of the Duke of Friedland. Wallenstein advised him to proclaim a universal amnesty, and to meet the Protestant states with favourable conditions. In the first consternation produced by the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, such a declaration would have had the most powerful effects, and probably would have brought the wavering states back to their allegiance. But blinded by this unexpected turn of fortune, and infatuated by Spanish counsels, he anticipated a more brilliant issue from war, and, instead of listening to these propositions of an accommodation, he hastened to augment his forces. Spain, enriched by the grant of the tenth of the ecclesiastical possessions, which the pope confirmed, sent him considerable supplies, negotiated for him at the Saxon court, and hastily levied troops for him in Italy to be employed in Germany. The Elector of Bavaria also considerably increased his military force; and the restless disposition of the Duke of Lorraine did not permit him to remain inactive in this favourable change of fortune. But while the enemy were thus busy to profit by the disaster of Sweden, Oxenstiern was diligent to avert its most fatal consequences.

Less apprehensive of open enemies, than of the jealousy of the friendly powers, he left Upper Germany, which he had secured by conquests and alliances, and set out in person to prevent a total defection of the Lower German states, or, what would have been almost equally ruinous to Sweden, a private alliance among themselves. Offended at the boldness with which the chancellor assumed the direction of affairs, and inwardly exasperated at the thought of

being dictated to by a Swedish nobleman, the Elector of Saxony again meditated a dangerous separation from Sweden; and the only question in his mind was, whether he should make full terms with the Emperor, or place himself at the head of the Protestants and form a third party in Germany. Similar ideas were cherished by Duke Ulric of Brunswick, who, indeed, showed them openly enough by forbidding the Swedes from recruiting within his dominions, and inviting the Lower Saxon states to Luneburg, for the purpose of forming a confederacy among themselves. The Elector of Brandenburg, jealous of the influence which Saxony was likely to attain in Lower Germany, alone manifested any zeal for the interests of the Swedish throne, which, in thought, he already destined for his son. At the court of Saxony, Oxenstiern was no doubt honourably received; but, notwithstanding the personal efforts of the Elector of Brandenburg, empty promises of continued friendship were all which he could obtain. With the Duke of Brunswick he was more successful, for with him he ventured to assume a bolder tone. Sweden was at the time in possession of the See of Magdeburg, the bishop of which had the power of assembling the Lower Saxon circle. The chancellor now asserted the rights of the crown, and by this spirited proceeding, put a stop for the present to this dangerous assembly designed by the duke. The main object, however, of his present journey and of his future endeavours, a general confederacy of the Protestants, miscarried entirely, and he was obliged to content himself with some unsteady alliances in the Saxon circles, and with the weaker assistance of Upper Germany.

As the Bavarians were too powerful on the Danube, the assembly of the four Upper Circles, which should have been held at Ulm, was removed to Heilbronn, where deputies of more than twelve cities of the empire, with a brilliant crowd of doctors, counts, and princes, attended. The ambassadors of foreign powers likewise, France, England, and Holland, attended this Congress, at which Oxenstiern appeared in person, with all the splendour of the crown whose representative he was. He himself opened the proceedings, and conducted the deliberations. After receiving from all the assembled estates assurances of unshaken fidelity, perseverance, and unity, he required of them solemnly and

formally to declare the Emperor and the league as enemies. But desirable as it was for Sweden to exasperate the ill-feeling between the emperor and the estates into a formal rupture, the latter, on the other hand, were equally indisposed to shut out the possibility of reconciliation, by so decided a step, and to place themselves entirely in the hands of the Swedes. They maintained, that any formal declaration of war was useless and superfluous, where the act would speak for itself, and their firmness on this point silenced at last the chancellor. Warmer disputes arose on the third and principal article of the treaty, concerning the means of prosecuting the war, and the quota which the several states ought to furnish for the support of the army. Oxenstiern's maxim, to throw as much as possible of the common burden on the states, did not suit very well with their determination to give as little as possible. The Swedish chancellor now experienced, what had been felt by thirty emperors before him, to their cost, that of all difficult undertakings, the most difficult was to extort money from the Germans. Instead of granting the necessary sums for the new armies to be raised, they eloquently dwelt upon the calamities occasioned by the former, and demanded relief from the old burdens, when they were required to submit to new. The irritation which the chancellor's demand for money raised among the states, gave rise to a thousand complaints; and the outrages committed by the troops, in their marches and quarters, were dwelt upon with a startling minuteness and truth.

In the service of two absolute monarchs, Oxenstiern had but little opportunity to become accustomed to the formalities and cautious proceedings of republican deliberations, or to bear opposition with patience. Ready to act, the instant the necessity of action was apparent, and inflexible in his resolution, when he had once taken it, he was at a loss to comprehend the inconsistency of most men, who, while they desire the end, are yet averse to the means. Prompt and impetuous by nature, he was so on this occasion from principle; for every thing depended on concealing the weakness of Sweden, under a firm and confident speech, and by assuming the tone of a lawgiver, really to become so. It was nothing wonderful, therefore, if, amidst these interminable discussions with

German doctors and deputies, he was entirely out of his sphere, and if the deliberateness which distinguishes the character of the Germans in their public deliberations, had driven him almost to despair. Without respecting a custom, to which even the most powerful of the emperors had been obliged to conform, he rejected all written deliberations which suited so well with the national slowness of resolve. He could not conceive how ten days could be spent in debating a measure, which with himself was decided upon its bare suggestion. Harshly, however, as he treated the States, he found them ready enough to assent to his fourth motion, which concerned himself. When he pointed out the necessity of giving a head and a director to the new confederation, that honour was unanimously assigned to Sweden, and he himself was humbly requested to give to the common cause the benefit of his enlightened experience, and to take upon himself the burden of the supreme command. But in order to prevent his abusing the great powers thus conferred upon him, it was proposed, not without French influence, to appoint a number of overseers, in fact, under the name of assistants, to control the expenditure of the common treasure, and to consult with him as to the levies, marches, and quarterings of the troops. Oxenstiern long and strenuously resisted this limitation of his authority, which could not fail to trammel him in the execution of every enterprise requiring promptitude or secrecy, and at last succeeded, with difficulty, in obtaining so far a modification of it, that his management in affairs of war was to be uncontrolled. The chancellor finally approached the delicate point of the indemnification which Sweden was to expect at the conclusion of the war, from the gratitude of the allies, and flattered himself with the hope that Pomerania, the main object of Sweden, would be assigned to her, and that he would obtain from the provinces, assurances of effectual cooperation in its acquisition. But he could obtain nothing more than a vague assurance, that in a general peace the interests of all parties would be attended to. That on this point, the caution of the estates was not owing to any regard for the constitution of the empire, became manifest from the liberality they evinced towards the chancellor, at the expense of the most sacred laws of the empire. They were ready to grant him the archbishopric of Mentz, (which he already held as a conquest,) and only with difficulty did the

French ambassador succeed in preventing a step, which was as impolitic as it was disgraceful. Though on the whole, the result of the congress had fallen far short of Oxenstiern's expectations, he had at least gained for himself and his crown his main object, namely, the direction of the whole confederacy; he had also succeeded in strengthening the bond of union between the four upper circles, and obtained from the states a yearly contribution of two millions and a half of dollars, for the maintenance of the army.

These concessions on the part of the States, demanded some return from Sweden. A few weeks after the death of Gustavus Adolphus, sorrow ended the days of the unfortunate Elector Palatine. For eight months he had swelled the pomp of his protector's court, and expended on it the small remainder of his patrimony. He was, at last, approaching the goal of his wishes, and the prospect of a brighter future was opening, when death deprived him of his protector. But what he regarded as the greatest calamity, was highly favourable to his heirs. Gustavus might venture to delay the restoration of his dominions, or to load the gift with hard conditions; but Oxenstiern, to whom the friendship of England, Holland, and Brandenburg, and the good opinion of the Reformed States were indispensable, felt the necessity of immediately fulfilling the obligations of justice. At this assembly, at Heilbronn, therefore, he engaged to surrender to Frederick's heirs the whole Palatinate, both the part already conquered, and that which remained to be conquered, with the exception of Manheim, which the Swedes were to hold, until they should be indemnified for their expenses. The Chancellor did not confine his liberality to the family of the Palatine alone; the other allied princes received proofs, though at a later period, of the gratitude of Sweden, which, however, she dispensed at little cost to herself.

Impartiality, the most sacred obligation of the historian, here compels us to an admission, not much to the honour of the champions of German liberty. However the Protestant Princes might boast of the justice of their cause, and the sincerity of their conviction, still the motives from which they acted were selfish enough; and the desire of stripping others of their possessions, had at least as

great a share in the commencement of hostilities, as the fear of being deprived of their own. Gustavus soon found that he might reckon much more on these selfish motives, than on their patriotic zeal, and did not fail to avail himself of them. Each of his confederates received from him the promise of some possession, either already wrested, or to be afterwards taken from the enemy; and death alone prevented him from fulfilling these engagements. What prudence had suggested to the king, necessity now prescribed to his successor. If it was his object to continue the war, he must be ready to divide the spoil among the allies, and promise them advantages from the confusion which it was his object to continue. Thus he promised to the Landgrave of Hesse, the abbacies of Paderborn, Corvey, Munster, and Fulda; to Duke Bernard of Weimar, the Franconian Bishoprics; to the Duke of Wirtemberg, the Ecclesiastical domains, and the Austrian counties lying within his territories, all under the title of fiefs of Sweden. This spectacle, so strange and so dishonourable to the German character, surprised the Chancellor, who found it difficult to repress his contempt, and on one occasion exclaimed, "Let it be writ in our records, for an everlasting memorial, that a German prince made such a request of a Swedish nobleman, and that the Swedish nobleman granted it to the German upon German ground!"

After these successful measures, he was in a condition to take the field, and prosecute the war with fresh vigour. Soon after the victory at Lutzen, the troops of Saxony and Lunenburg united with the Swedish main body; and the Imperialists were, in a short time, totally driven from Saxony. The united army again divided: the Saxons marched towards Lusatia and Silesia, to act in conjunction with Count Thurn against the Austrians in that quarter; a part of the Swedish army was led by the Duke of Weimar into Franconia, and the other by George, Duke of Brunswick, into Westphalia and Lower Saxony.

The conquests on the Lech and the Danube, during Gustavus's expedition into Saxony, had been maintained by the Palatine of Birkenfeld, and the Swedish General Banner, against the Bavarians; but unable to hold their ground against

the victorious progress of the latter, supported as they were by the bravery and military experience of the Imperial General Altringer, they were under the necessity of summoning the Swedish General Horn to their assistance, from Alsace. This experienced general having captured the towns of Benfeld, Schlettstadt, Colmar, and Hagenau, committed the defence of them to the Rhinegrave Otto Louis, and hastily crossed the Rhine to form a junction with Banner's army. But although the combined force amounted to more than 16,000, they could not prevent the enemy from obtaining a strong position on the Swabian frontier, taking Kempten, and being joined by seven regiments from Bohemia. In order to retain the command of the important banks of the Lech and the Danube, they were under the necessity of recalling the Rhinegrave Otto Louis from Alsace, where he had, after the departure of Horn, found it difficult to defend himself against the exasperated peasantry. With his army, he was now summoned to strengthen the army on the Danube; and as even this reinforcement was insufficient, Duke Bernard of Weimar was earnestly pressed to turn his arms into this quarter.

Duke Bernard, soon after the opening of the campaign of 1633, had made himself master of the town and territory of Bamberg, and was now threatening Wurtzburg. But on receiving the summons of General Horn, without delay he began his march towards the Danube, defeated on his way a Bavarian army under John de Werth, and joined the Swedes near Donauwerth. This numerous force, commanded by excellent generals, now threatened Bavaria with a fearful inroad. The bishopric of Eichstadt was completely overrun, and Ingoldstadt was on the point of being delivered up by treachery to the Swedes. Altringer, fettered in his movements by the express order of the Duke of Friedland, and left without assistance from Bohemia, was unable to check the progress of the enemy. The most favourable circumstances combined to further the progress of the Swedish arms in this quarter, when the operations of the army were at once stopped by a mutiny among the officers.

All the previous successes in Germany were owing altogether to arms; the

greatness of Gustavus himself was the work of the army, the fruit of their discipline, their bravery, and their persevering courage under numberless dangers and privations. However wisely his plans were laid in the cabinet, it was to the army ultimately that he was indebted for their execution; and the expanding designs of the general did but continually impose new burdens on the soldiers. All the decisive advantages of the war, had been violently gained by a barbarous sacrifice of the soldiers' lives in winter campaigns, forced marches, stormings, and pitched battles; for it was Gustavus's maxim never to decline a battle, so long as it cost him nothing but men. The soldiers could not long be kept ignorant of their own importance, and they justly demanded a share in the spoil which had been won by their own blood. Yet, frequently, they hardly received their pay; and the rapacity of individual generals, or the wants of the state, generally swallowed up the greater part of the sums raised by contributions, or levied upon the conquered provinces. For all the privations he endured, the soldier had no other recompense than the doubtful chance either of plunder or promotion, in both of which he was often disappointed. During the lifetime of Gustavus Adolphus, the combined influence of fear and hope had suppressed any open complaint, but after his death, the murmurs were loud and universal; and the soldiery seized the most dangerous moment to impress their superiors with a sense of their importance. Two officers, Pfuhl and Mitschefal, notorious as restless characters, even during the King's life, set the example in the camp on the Danube, which in a few days was imitated by almost all the officers of the army. They solemnly bound themselves to obey no orders, till these arrears, now outstanding for months, and even years, should be paid up, and a gratuity, either in money or lands, made to each man, according to his services. "Immense sums," they said, "were daily raised by contributions, and all dissipated by a few. They were called out to serve amidst frost and snow, and no reward requited their incessant labours. The soldiers' excesses at Heilbronn had been blamed, but no one ever talked of their services. The world rung with the tidings of conquests and victories, but it was by their hands that they had been fought and won."

The number of the malcontents daily increased; and they even attempted by letters, (which were fortunately intercepted,) to seduce the armies on the Rhine and in Saxony. Neither the representations of Bernard of Weimar, nor the stern reproaches of his harsher associate in command, could suppress this mutiny, while the vehemence of Horn seemed only to increase the insolence of the insurgents. The conditions they insisted on, were that certain towns should be assigned to each regiment for the payment of arrears. Four weeks were allowed to the Swedish Chancellor to comply with these demands; and in case of refusal, they announced that they would pay themselves, and never more draw a sword for Sweden.

These pressing demands, made at the very time when the military chest was exhausted, and credit at a low ebb, greatly embarrassed the chancellor. The remedy, he saw, must be found quickly, before the contagion should spread to the other troops, and he should be deserted by all his armies at once. Among all the Swedish generals, there was only one of sufficient authority and influence with the soldiers to put an end to this dispute. The Duke of Weimar was the favourite of the army, and his prudent moderation had won the good-will of the soldiers, while his military experience had excited their admiration. He now undertook the task of appeasing the discontented troops; but, aware of his importance, he embraced the opportunity to make advantageous stipulations for himself, and to make the embarrassment of the chancellor subservient to his own views.

Gustavus Adolphus had flattered him with the promise of the Duchy of Franconia, to be formed out of the Bishoprics of Wurtzburg and Bamberg, and he now insisted on the performance of this pledge. He at the same time demanded the chief command, as generalissimo of Sweden. The abuse which the Duke of Weimar thus made of his influence, so irritated Oxenstiern, that, in the first moment of his displeasure, he gave him his dismissal from the Swedish service. But he soon thought better of it, and determined, instead of sacrificing so important a leader, to attach him to the Swedish interests at any cost. He

therefore granted to him the Franconian bishoprics, as a fief of the Swedish crown, reserving, however, the two fortresses of Wurtzburg and Koenigshofen, which were to be garrisoned by the Swedes; and also engaged, in name of the Swedish crown, to secure these territories to the duke. His demand of the supreme authority was evaded on some specious pretext. The duke did not delay to display his gratitude for this valuable grant, and by his influence and activity soon restored tranquillity to the army. Large sums of money, and still more extensive estates, were divided among the officers, amounting in value to about five millions of dollars, and to which they had no other right but that of conquest. In the mean time, however, the opportunity for a great undertaking had been lost, and the united generals divided their forces to oppose the enemy in other quarters.

Gustavus Horn, after a short inroad into the Upper Palatinate, and the capture of Neumark, directed his march towards the Swabian frontier, where the Imperialists, strongly reinforced, threatened Wuerttemberg. At his approach, the enemy retired to the Lake of Constance, but only to show the Swedes the road into a district hitherto unvisited by war. A post on the entrance to Switzerland, would be highly serviceable to the Swedes, and the town of Kostnitz seemed peculiarly well fitted to be a point of communication between him and the confederated cantons. Accordingly, Gustavus Horn immediately commenced the siege of it; but destitute of artillery, for which he was obliged to send to Wirtemberg, he could not press the attack with sufficient vigour, to prevent the enemy from throwing supplies into the town, which the lake afforded them convenient opportunity of doing. He, therefore, after an ineffectual attempt, quitted the place and its neighbourhood, and hastened to meet a more threatening danger upon the Danube.

At the Emperor's instigation, the Cardinal Infante, the brother of Philip IV. of Spain, and the Viceroy of Milan, had raised an army of 14,000 men, intended to act upon the Rhine, independently of Wallenstein, and to protect Alsace. This force now appeared in Bavaria, under the command of the Duke of Feria, a

Spaniard; and, that they might be directly employed against the Swedes, Altringer was ordered to join them with his corps. Upon the first intelligence of their approach, Horn had summoned to his assistance the Palsgrave of Birkenfeld, from the Rhine; and being joined by him at Stockach, boldly advanced to meet the enemy's army of 30,000 men.

The latter had taken the route across the Danube into Swabia, where Gustavus Horn came so close upon them, that the two armies were only separated from each other by half a German mile. But, instead of accepting the offer of battle, the Imperialists moved by the Forest towns towards Briesgau and Alsace, where they arrived in time to relieve Breysack, and to arrest the victorious progress of the Rhinegrave, Otto Louis. The latter had, shortly before, taken the Forest towns, and, supported by the Palatine of Birkenfeld, who had liberated the Lower Palatinate and beaten the Duke of Lorraine out of the field, had once more given the superiority to the Swedish arms in that quarter. He was now forced to retire before the superior numbers of the enemy; but Horn and Birkenfeld quickly advanced to his support, and the Imperialists, after a brief triumph, were again expelled from Alsace. The severity of the autumn, in which this hapless retreat had to be conducted, proved fatal to most of the Italians; and their leader, the Duke of Feria, died of grief at the failure of his enterprise.

In the mean time, Duke Bernard of Weimar had taken up his position on the Danube, with eighteen regiments of infantry and 140 squadrons of horse, to cover Franconia, and to watch the movements of the Imperial-Bavarian army upon that river. No sooner had Altringer departed, to join the Italians under Feria, than Bernard, profiting by his absence, hastened across the Danube, and with the rapidity of lightning appeared before Ratisbon. The possession of this town would ensure the success of the Swedish designs upon Bavaria and Austria; it would establish them firmly on the Danube, and provide a safe refuge in case of defeat, while it alone could give permanence to their conquests in that quarter. To defend Ratisbon, was the urgent advice which the dying Tilly left to the Elector; and Gustavus Adolphus had lamented it as an irreparable loss, that

the Bavarians had anticipated him in taking possession of this place. Indescribable, therefore, was the consternation of Maximilian, when Duke Bernard suddenly appeared before the town, and prepared in earnest to besiege it.

The garrison consisted of not more than fifteen companies, mostly newly-raised soldiers; although that number was more than sufficient to weary out an enemy of far superior force, if supported by well-disposed and warlike inhabitants. But this was not the greatest danger which the Bavarian garrison had to contend against. The Protestant inhabitants of Ratisbon, equally jealous of their civil and religious freedom, had unwillingly submitted to the yoke of Bavaria, and had long looked with impatience for the appearance of a deliverer. Bernard's arrival before the walls filled them with lively joy; and there was much reason to fear that they would support the attempts of the besiegers without, by exciting a tumult within. In this perplexity, the Elector addressed the most pressing entreaties to the Emperor and the Duke of Friedland to assist him, were it only with 5,000 men. Seven messengers in succession were despatched by Ferdinand to Wallenstein, who promised immediate succours, and even announced to the Elector the near advance of 12,000 men under Gallas; but at the same time forbade that general, under pain of death, to march. Meanwhile the Bavarian commandant of Ratisbon, in the hope of speedy assistance, made the best preparations for defence, armed the Roman Catholic peasants, disarmed and carefully watched the Protestant citizens, lest they should attempt any hostile design against the garrison. But as no relief arrived, and the enemy's artillery incessantly battered the walls, he consulted his own safety, and that of the garrison, by an honourable capitulation, and abandoned the Bavarian officials and ecclesiastics to the conqueror's mercy.

The possession of Ratisbon, enlarged the projects of the duke, and Bavaria itself now appeared too narrow a field for his bold designs. He determined to penetrate to the frontiers of Austria, to arm the Protestant peasantry against the Emperor, and restore to them their religious liberty. He had already taken

Straubingen, while another Swedish army was advancing successfully along the northern bank of the Danube. At the head of his Swedes, bidding defiance to the severity of the weather, he reached the mouth of the Iser, which he passed in the presence of the Bavarian General Werth, who was encamped on that river. Passau and Lintz trembled for their fate; the terrified Emperor redoubled his entreaties and commands to Wallenstein, to hasten with all speed to the relief of the hard-pressed Bavarians. But here the victorious Bernard, of his own accord, checked his career of conquest. Having in front of him the river Inn, guarded by a number of strong fortresses, and behind him two hostile armies, a disaffected country, and the river Iser, while his rear was covered by no tenable position, and no entrenchment could be made in the frozen ground, and threatened by the whole force of Wallenstein, who had at last resolved to march to the Danube, by a timely retreat he escaped the danger of being cut off from Ratisbon, and surrounded by the enemy. He hastened across the Iser to the Danube, to defend the conquests he had made in the Upper Palatinate against Wallenstein, and fully resolved not to decline a battle, if necessary, with that general. But Wallenstein, who was not disposed for any great exploits on the Danube, did not wait for his approach; and before the Bavarians could congratulate themselves on his arrival, he suddenly withdrew again into Bohemia. The duke thus ended his victorious campaign, and allowed his troops their well-earned repose in winter quarters upon an enemy's country.

While in Swabia the war was thus successfully conducted by Gustavus Horn, and on the Upper and Lower Rhine by the Palatine of Birkenfeld, General Baudissen, and the Rhinegrave Otto Louis, and by Duke Bernard on the Danube; the reputation of the Swedish arms was as gloriously sustained in Lower Saxony and Westphalia by the Duke of Lunenburg and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The fortress of Hamel was taken by Duke George, after a brave defence, and a brilliant victory obtained over the imperial General Gronsfeld, by the united Swedish and Hessian armies, near Oldendorf. Count Wasaburg, a natural son of Gustavus Adolphus, showed himself in this battle worthy of his descent. Sixteen pieces of cannon, the whole baggage of the Imperialists, together with 74

colours, fell into the hands of the Swedes; 3,000 of the enemy perished on the field, and nearly the same number were taken prisoners. The town of Osnaburg surrendered to the Swedish Colonel Knyphausen, and Paderborn to the Landgrave of Hesse; while, on the other hand, Bueckeberg, a very important place for the Swedes, fell into the hands of the Imperialists. The Swedish banners were victorious in almost every quarter of Germany; and the year after the death of Gustavus, left no trace of the loss which had been sustained in the person of that great leader.

In a review of the important events which signalized the campaign of 1633, the inactivity of a man, of whom the highest expectations had been formed, justly excites astonishment. Among all the generals who distinguished themselves in this campaign, none could be compared with Wallenstein, in experience, talents, and reputation; and yet, after the battle of Lutzen, we lose sight of him entirely. The fall of his great rival had left the whole theatre of glory open to him; all Europe was now attentively awaiting those exploits, which should efface the remembrance of his defeat, and still prove to the world his military superiority. Nevertheless, he continued inactive in Bohemia, while the Emperor's losses in Bavaria, Lower Saxony, and the Rhine, pressing called for his presence—a conduct equally unintelligible to friend and foe—the terror, and, at the same time, the last hope of the Emperor. After the defeat of Lutzen he had hastened into Bohemia, where he instituted the strictest inquiry into the conduct of his officers in that battle. Those whom the council of war declared guilty of misconduct, were put to death without mercy, those who had behaved with bravery, rewarded with princely munificence, and the memory of the dead honoured by splendid monuments. During the winter, he oppressed the imperial provinces by enormous contributions, and exhausted the Austrian territories by his winter quarters, which he purposely avoided taking up in an enemy's country. And in the spring of 1633, instead of being the first to open the campaign, with this well-chosen and well-appointed army, and to make a worthy display of his great abilities, he was the last who appeared in the field; and even then, it was an hereditary province of Austria, which he selected as the seat of war.

Of all the Austrian provinces, Silesia was most exposed to danger. Three different armies, a Swedish under Count Thurn, a Saxon under Arnheim and the Duke of Lauenburg, and one of Brandenburg under Borgsdorf, had at the same time carried the war into this country; they had already taken possession of the most important places, and even Breslau had embraced the cause of the allies. But this crowd of commanders and armies was the very means of saving this province to the Emperor; for the jealousy of the generals, and the mutual hatred of the Saxons and the Swedes, never allowed them to act with unanimity. Arnheim and Thurn contended for the chief command; the troops of Brandenburg and Saxony combined against the Swedes, whom they looked upon as troublesome strangers who ought to be got rid of as soon as possible. The Saxons, on the contrary, lived on a very intimate footing with the Imperialists, and the officers of both these hostile armies often visited and entertained each other. The Imperialists were allowed to remove their property without hindrance, and many did not affect to conceal that they had received large sums from Vienna. Among such equivocal allies, the Swedes saw themselves sold and betrayed; and any great enterprise was out of the question, while so bad an understanding prevailed between the troops. General Arnheim, too, was absent the greater part of the time; and when he at last returned, Wallenstein was fast approaching the frontiers with a formidable force.

His army amounted to 40,000 men, while to oppose him the allies had only 24,000. They nevertheless resolved to give him battle, and marched to Munsterberg, where he had formed an intrenched camp. But Wallenstein remained inactive for eight days; he then left his intrenchments, and marched slowly and with composure to the enemy's camp. But even after quitting his position, and when the enemy, emboldened by his past delay, manfully prepared to receive him, he declined the opportunity of fighting. The caution with which he avoided a battle was imputed to fear; but the well-established reputation of Wallenstein enabled him to despise this suspicion. The vanity of the allies allowed them not to see that he purposely saved them a defeat, because a victory at that time would not have served his own ends. To convince them of his

superior power, and that his inactivity proceeded not from any fear of them, he put to death the commander of a castle that fell into his hands, because he had refused at once to surrender an untenable place.

For nine days, did the two armies remain within musket-shot of each other, when Count Terzky, from the camp of the Imperialists, appeared with a trumpeter in that of the allies, inviting General Arnheim to a conference. The purport was, that Wallenstein, notwithstanding his superiority, was willing to agree to a cessation of arms for six weeks. "He was come," he said, "to conclude a lasting peace with the Swedes, and with the princes of the empire, to pay the soldiers, and to satisfy every one. All this was in his power; and if the Austrian court hesitated to confirm his agreement, he would unite with the allies, and (as he privately whispered to Arnheim) hunt the Emperor to the devil." At the second conference, he expressed himself still more plainly to Count Thurn. "All the privileges of the Bohemians," he engaged, "should be confirmed anew, the exiles recalled and restored to their estates, and he himself would be the first to resign his share of them. The Jesuits, as the authors of all past grievances, should be banished, the Swedish crown indemnified by stated payments, and all the superfluous troops on both sides employed against the Turks." The last article explained the whole mystery. "If," he continued, "HE should obtain the crown of Bohemia, all the exiles would have reason to applaud his generosity; perfect toleration of religions should be established within the kingdom, the Palatine family be reinstated in its rights, and he would accept the Margraviate of Moravia as a compensation for Mecklenburg. The allied armies would then, under his command, advance upon Vienna, and sword in hand, compel the Emperor to ratify the treaty."

Thus was the veil at last removed from the schemes, over which he had brooded for years in mysterious silence. Every circumstance now convinced him that not a moment was to be lost in its execution. Nothing but a blind confidence in the good fortune and military genius of the Duke of Friedland, had induced the Emperor, in the face of the remonstrances of Bavaria and Spain, and at the

expense of his own reputation, to confer upon this imperious leader such an unlimited command. But this belief in Wallenstein's being invincible, had been much weakened by his inaction, and almost entirely overthrown by the defeat at Lutzen. His enemies at the imperial court now renewed their intrigues; and the Emperor's disappointment at the failure of his hopes, procured for their remonstrances a favourable reception. Wallenstein's whole conduct was now reviewed with the most malicious criticism; his ambitious haughtiness, his disobedience to the Emperor's orders, were recalled to the recollection of that jealous prince, as well as the complaints of the Austrian subjects against his boundless oppression; his fidelity was questioned, and alarming hints thrown out as to his secret views. These insinuations, which the conduct of the duke seemed but too well to justify, failed not to make a deep impression on Ferdinand; but the step had been taken, and the great power with which Wallenstein had been invested, could not be taken from him without danger. Insensibly to diminish that power, was the only course that now remained, and, to effect this, it must in the first place be divided; but, above all, the Emperor's present dependence on the good will of his general put an end to. But even this right had been resigned in his engagement with Wallenstein, and the Emperor's own handwriting secured him against every attempt to unite another general with him in the command, or to exercise any immediate act of authority over the troops. As this disadvantageous contract could neither be kept nor broken, recourse was had to artifice. Wallenstein was Imperial Generalissimo in Germany, but his command extended no further, and he could not presume to exercise any authority over a foreign army. A Spanish army was accordingly raised in Milan, and marched into Germany under a Spanish general. Wallenstein now ceased to be indispensable because he was no longer supreme, and in case of necessity, the Emperor was now provided with the means of support even against him.

The duke quickly and deeply felt whence this blow came, and whither it was aimed. In vain did he protest against this violation of the compact, to the Cardinal Infante; the Italian army continued its march, and he was forced to detach General Altringer to join it with a reinforcement. He took care, indeed, so

closely to fetter the latter, as to prevent the Italian army from acquiring any great reputation in Alsace and Swabia; but this bold step of the court awakened him from his security, and warned him of the approach of danger. That he might not a second time be deprived of his command, and lose the fruit of all his labours, he must accelerate the accomplishment of his long meditated designs. He secured the attachment of his troops by removing the doubtful officers, and by his liberality to the rest. He had sacrificed to the welfare of the army every other order in the state, every consideration of justice and humanity, and therefore he reckoned upon their gratitude. At the very moment when he meditated an unparalleled act of ingratitude against the author of his own good fortune, he founded all his hopes upon the gratitude which was due to himself.

The leaders of the Silesian armies had no authority from their principals to consent, on their own discretion, to such important proposals as those of Wallenstein, and they did not even feel themselves warranted in granting, for more than a fortnight, the cessation of hostilities which he demanded. Before the duke disclosed his designs to Sweden and Saxony, he had deemed it advisable to secure the sanction of France to his bold undertaking. For this purpose, a secret negotiation had been carried on with the greatest possible caution and distrust, by Count Kinsky with Feuquieres, the French ambassador at Dresden, and had terminated according to his wishes. Feuquieres received orders from his court to promise every assistance on the part of France, and to offer the duke a considerable pecuniary aid in case of need.

But it was this excessive caution to secure himself on all sides, that led to his ruin. The French ambassador with astonishment discovered that a plan, which, more than any other, required secrecy, had been communicated to the Swedes and the Saxons. And yet it was generally known that the Saxon ministry was in the interests of the Emperor, and on the other hand, the conditions offered to the Swedes fell too far short of their expectations to be likely to be accepted. Feuquieres, therefore, could not believe that the duke could be serious in calculating upon the aid of the latter, and the silence of the former. He

communicated accordingly his doubts and anxieties to the Swedish chancellor, who equally distrusted the views of Wallenstein, and disliked his plans. Although it was no secret to Oxenstiern, that the duke had formerly entered into a similar negotiation with Gustavus Adolphus, he could not credit the possibility of inducing a whole army to revolt, and of his extravagant promises. So daring a design, and such imprudent conduct, seemed not to be consistent with the duke's reserved and suspicious temper, and he was the more inclined to consider the whole as the result of dissimulation and treachery, because he had less reason to doubt his prudence than his honesty.

Oxenstiern's doubts at last affected Arnheim himself, who, in full confidence in Wallenstein's sincerity, had repaired to the chancellor at Gelnhausen, to persuade him to lend some of his best regiments to the duke, to aid him in the execution of the plan. They began to suspect that the whole proposal was only a snare to disarm the allies, and to betray the flower of their troops into the hands of the Emperor. Wallenstein's well-known character did not contradict the suspicion, and the inconsistencies in which he afterwards involved himself, entirely destroyed all confidence in his sincerity. While he was endeavouring to draw the Swedes into this alliance, and requiring the help of their best troops, he declared to Arnheim that they must begin with expelling the Swedes from the empire; and while the Saxon officers, relying upon the security of the truce, repaired in great numbers to his camp, he made an unsuccessful attempt to seize them. He was the first to break the truce, which some months afterwards he renewed, though not without great difficulty. All confidence in his sincerity was lost; his whole conduct was regarded as a tissue of deceit and low cunning, devised to weaken the allies and repair his own strength. This indeed he actually did effect, as his own army daily augmented, while that of the allies was reduced nearly one half by desertion and bad provisions. But he did not make that use of his superiority which Vienna expected. When all men were looking for a decisive blow to be struck, he suddenly renewed the negotiations; and when the truce lulled the allies into security, he as suddenly recommenced hostilities. All these contradictions arose out of the double and irreconcilable designs to ruin at

once the Emperor and the Swedes, and to conclude a separate peace with the Saxons.

Impatient at the ill success of his negotiations, he at last determined to display his strength; the more so, as the pressing distress within the empire, and the growing dissatisfaction of the Imperial court, admitted not of his making any longer delay. Before the last cessation of hostilities, General Holk, from Bohemia, had attacked the circle of Meissen, laid waste every thing on his route with fire and sword, driven the Elector into his fortresses, and taken the town of Leipzig. But the truce in Silesia put a period to his ravages, and the consequences of his excesses brought him to the grave at Adorf. As soon as hostilities were recommenced, Wallenstein made a movement, as if he designed to penetrate through Lusatia into Saxony, and circulated the report that Piccolomini had already invaded that country. Arnheim immediately broke up his camp in Silesia, to follow him, and hastened to the assistance of the Electorate. By this means the Swedes were left exposed, who were encamped in small force under Count Thurn, at Steinau, on the Oder, and this was exactly what Wallenstein desired. He allowed the Saxon general to advance sixteen miles towards Meissen, and then suddenly turning towards the Oder, surprised the Swedish army in the most complete security. Their cavalry were first beaten by General Schafgotsch, who was sent against them, and the infantry completely surrounded at Steinau by the duke's army which followed. Wallenstein gave Count Thurn half an hour to deliberate whether he would defend himself with 2,500 men, against more than 20,000, or surrender at discretion. But there was no room for deliberation. The army surrendered, and the most complete victory was obtained without bloodshed. Colours, baggage, and artillery all fell into the hands of the victors, the officers were taken into custody, the privates drafted into the army of Wallenstein. And now at last, after a banishment of fourteen years, after numberless changes of fortune, the author of the Bohemian insurrection, and the remote origin of this destructive war, the notorious Count Thurn, was in the power of his enemies. With blood-thirsty impatience, the arrival of this great criminal was looked for in Vienna, where they already

anticipated the malicious triumph of sacrificing so distinguished a victim to public justice. But to deprive the Jesuits of this pleasure, was a still sweeter triumph to Wallenstein, and Thurn was set at liberty. Fortunately for him, he knew more than it was prudent to have divulged in Vienna, and his enemies were also those of Wallenstein. A defeat might have been forgiven in Vienna, but this disappointment of their hopes they could not pardon. "What should I have done with this madman?" he writes, with a malicious sneer, to the minister who called him to account for this unseasonable magnanimity. "Would to Heaven the enemy had no generals but such as he. At the head of the Swedish army, he will render us much better service than in prison."

The victory of Steinau was followed by the capture of Liegnitz, Grossglogau, and even of Frankfort on the Oder. Schafgotsch, who remained in Silesia to complete the subjugation of that province, blockaded Brieg, and threatened Breslau, though in vain, as that free town was jealous of its privileges, and devoted to the Swedes. Colonels Illo and Goetz were ordered by Wallenstein to the Warta, to push forwards into Pomerania, and to the coasts of the Baltic, and actually obtained possession of Landsberg, the key of Pomerania. While thus the Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Pomerania were made to tremble for their dominions, Wallenstein himself, with the remainder of his army, burst suddenly into Lusatia, where he took Goerlitz by storm, and forced Bautzen to surrender. But his object was merely to alarm the Elector of Saxony, not to follow up the advantages already obtained; and therefore, even with the sword in his hand, he continued his negotiations for peace with Brandenburg and Saxony, but with no better success than before, as the inconsistencies of his conduct had destroyed all confidence in his sincerity. He was therefore on the point of turning his whole force in earnest against the unfortunate Saxons, and effecting his object by force of arms, when circumstances compelled him to leave these territories. The conquests of Duke Bernard upon the Danube, which threatened Austria itself with immediate danger, urgently demanded his presence in Bavaria; and the expulsion of the Saxons and Swedes from Silesia, deprived him of every pretext for longer resisting the Imperial orders, and leaving the Elector

of Bavaria without assistance. With his main body, therefore, he immediately set out for the Upper Palatinate, and his retreat freed Upper Saxony for ever of this formidable enemy.

So long as was possible, he had delayed to move to the rescue of Bavaria, and on every pretext evaded the commands of the Emperor. He had, indeed, after reiterated remonstrances, despatched from Bohemia a reinforcement of some regiments to Count Altringer, who was defending the Lech and the Danube against Horn and Bernard, but under the express condition of his acting merely on the defensive. He referred the Emperor and the Elector, whenever they applied to him for aid, to Altringer, who, as he publicly gave out, had received unlimited powers; secretly, however, he tied up his hands by the strictest injunctions, and even threatened him with death, if he exceeded his orders. When Duke Bernard had appeared before Ratisbon, and the Emperor as well as the Elector repeated still more urgently their demand for succour, he pretended he was about to despatch General Gallas with a considerable army to the Danube; but this movement also was delayed, and Ratisbon, Straubing, and Cham, as well as the bishopric of Eichstaedt, fell into the hands of the Swedes. When at last he could no longer neglect the orders of the Court, he marched slowly toward the Bavarian frontier, where he invested the town of Cham, which had been taken by the Swedes. But no sooner did he learn that on the Swedish side a diversion was contemplated, by an inroad of the Saxons into Bohemia, than he availed himself of the report, as a pretext for immediately retreating into that kingdom. Every consideration, he urged, must be postponed to the defence and preservation of the hereditary dominions of the Emperor; and on this plea, he remained firmly fixed in Bohemia, which he guarded as if it had been his own property. And when the Emperor laid upon him his commands to move towards the Danube, and prevent the Duke of Weimar from establishing himself in so dangerous a position on the frontiers of Austria, Wallenstein thought proper to conclude the campaign a second time, and quartered his troops for the winter in this exhausted kingdom.

Such continued insolence and unexampled contempt of the Imperial orders, as well as obvious neglect of the common cause, joined to his equivocal behaviour towards the enemy, tended at last to convince the Emperor of the truth of those unfavourable reports with regard to the Duke, which were current through Germany. The latter had, for a long time, succeeded in glozing over his criminal correspondence with the enemy, and persuading the Emperor, still prepossessed in his favour, that the sole object of his secret conferences was to obtain peace for Germany. But impenetrable as he himself believed his proceedings to be, in the course of his conduct, enough transpired to justify the insinuations with which his rivals incessantly loaded the ear of the Emperor. In order to satisfy himself of the truth or falsehood of these rumours, Ferdinand had already, at different times, sent spies into Wallenstein's camp; but as the Duke took the precaution never to commit anything to writing, they returned with nothing but conjectures. But when, at last, those ministers who formerly had been his champions at the court, in consequence of their estates not being exempted by Wallenstein from the general exactions, joined his enemies; when the Elector of Bavaria threatened, in case of Wallenstein being any longer retained in the supreme command, to unite with the Swedes; when the Spanish ambassador insisted on his dismissal, and threatened, in case of refusal, to withdraw the subsidies furnished by his Crown, the Emperor found himself a second time compelled to deprive him of the command.

The Emperor's authoritative and direct interference with the army, soon convinced the Duke that the compact with himself was regarded as at an end, and that his dismissal was inevitable. One of his inferior generals in Austria, whom he had forbidden, under pain of death, to obey the orders of the court, received the positive commands of the Emperor to join the Elector of Bavaria; and Wallenstein himself was imperiously ordered to send some regiments to reinforce the army of the Cardinal Infante, who was on his march from Italy. All these measures convinced him that the plan was finally arranged to disarm him by degrees, and at once, when he was weak and defenceless, to complete his ruin.

In self-defence, must he now hasten to carry into execution the plans which he had originally formed only with the view to aggrandizement. He had delayed too long, either because the favourable configuration of the stars had not yet presented itself, or, as he used to say, to check the impatience of his friends, because THE TIME WAS NOT YET COME. The time, even now, was not come: but the pressure of circumstances no longer allowed him to await the favour of the stars. The first step was to assure himself of the sentiments of his principal officers, and then to try the attachment of the army, which he had so long confidently reckoned on. Three of them, Colonels Kinsky, Terzky, and Illo, had long been in his secrets, and the two first were further united to his interests by the ties of relationship. The same wild ambition, the same bitter hatred of the government, and the hope of enormous rewards, bound them in the closest manner to Wallenstein, who, to increase the number of his adherents, could stoop to the lowest means. He had once advised Colonel Illo to solicit, in Vienna, the title of Count, and had promised to back his application with his powerful mediation. But he secretly wrote to the ministry, advising them to refuse his request, as to grant it would give rise to similar demands from others, whose services and claims were equal to his. On Illo's return to the camp, Wallenstein immediately demanded to know the success of his mission; and when informed by Illo of its failure, he broke out into the bitterest complaints against the court. "Thus," said he, "are our faithful services rewarded. My recommendation is disregarded, and your merit denied so trifling a reward! Who would any longer devote his services to so ungrateful a master? No, for my part, I am henceforth the determined foe of Austria." Illo agreed with him, and a close alliance was cemented between them.

But what was known to these three confidants of the duke, was long an impenetrable secret to the rest; and the confidence with which Wallenstein spoke of the devotion of his officers, was founded merely on the favours he had lavished on them, and on their known dissatisfaction with the Court. But this vague presumption must be converted into certainty, before he could venture to lay aside the mask, or take any open step against the Emperor. Count

Piccolomini, who had distinguished himself by his unparalleled bravery at Lutzen, was the first whose fidelity he put to the proof. He had, he thought, gained the attachment of this general by large presents, and preferred him to all others, because born under the same constellations with himself. He disclosed to him, that, in consequence of the Emperor's ingratitude, and the near approach of his own danger, he had irrevocably determined entirely to abandon the party of Austria, to join the enemy with the best part of his army, and to make war upon the House of Austria, on all sides of its dominions, till he had wholly extirpated it. In the execution of this plan, he principally reckoned on the services of Piccolomini, and had beforehand promised him the greatest rewards. When the latter, to conceal his amazement at this extraordinary communication, spoke of the dangers and obstacles which would oppose so hazardous an enterprise, Wallenstein ridiculed his fears. "In such enterprises," he maintained, "nothing was difficult but the commencement. The stars were propitious to him, the opportunity the best that could be wished for, and something must always be trusted to fortune. His resolution was taken, and if it could not be otherwise, he would encounter the hazard at the head of a thousand horse." Piccolomini was careful not to excite Wallenstein's suspicions by longer opposition, and yielded apparently to the force of his reasoning. Such was the infatuation of the Duke, that notwithstanding the warnings of Count Terzky, he never doubted the sincerity of this man, who lost not a moment in communicating to the court at Vienna this important conversation.

Preparatory to taking the last decisive step, he, in January 1634, called a meeting of all the commanders of the army at Pilsen, whither he had marched after his retreat from Bavaria. The Emperor's recent orders to spare his hereditary dominions from winter quarterings, to recover Ratisbon in the middle of winter, and to reduce the army by a detachment of six thousand horse to the Cardinal Infante, were matters sufficiently grave to be laid before a council of war; and this plausible pretext served to conceal from the curious the real object of the meeting. Sweden and Saxony received invitations to be present, in order to treat with the Duke of Friedland for a peace; to the leaders of more distant

armies, written communications were made. Of the commanders thus summoned, twenty appeared; but three most influential, Gallas, Colloredo, and Altringer, were absent. The Duke reiterated his summons to them, and in the mean time, in expectation of their speedy arrival, proceeded to execute his designs.

It was no light task that he had to perform: a nobleman, proud, brave, and jealous of his honour, was to declare himself capable of the basest treachery, in the very presence of those who had been accustomed to regard him as the representative of majesty, the judge of their actions, and the supporter of their laws, and to show himself suddenly as a traitor, a cheat, and a rebel. It was no easy task, either, to shake to its foundations a legitimate sovereignty, strengthened by time and consecrated by laws and religion; to dissolve all the charms of the senses and the imagination, those formidable guardians of an established throne, and to attempt forcibly to uproot those invincible feelings of duty, which plead so loudly and so powerfully in the breast of the subject, in favour of his sovereign. But, blinded by the splendour of a crown, Wallenstein observed not the precipice that yawned beneath his feet; and in full reliance on his own strength, the common case with energetic and daring minds, he stopped not to consider the magnitude and the number of the difficulties that opposed him. Wallenstein saw nothing but an army, partly indifferent and partly exasperated against the court, accustomed, with a blind submission, to do homage to his great name, to bow to him as their legislator and judge, and with trembling reverence to follow his orders as the decrees of fate. In the extravagant flatteries which were paid to his omnipotence, in the bold abuse of the court government, in which a lawless soldiery indulged, and which the wild licence of the camp excused, he thought he read the sentiments of the army; and the boldness with which they were ready to censure the monarch's measures, passed with him for a readiness to renounce their allegiance to a sovereign so little respected. But that which he had regarded as the lightest matter, proved the most formidable obstacle with which he had to contend; the soldiers' feelings of allegiance were the rock on which his hopes were wrecked. Deceived by the

profound respect in which he was held by these lawless bands, he ascribed the whole to his own personal greatness, without distinguishing how much he owed to himself, and how much to the dignity with which he was invested. All trembled before him, while he exercised a legitimate authority, while obedience to him was a duty, and while his consequence was supported by the majesty of the sovereign. Greatness, in and of itself, may excite terror and admiration; but legitimate greatness alone can inspire reverence and submission; and of this decisive advantage he deprived himself, the instant he avowed himself a traitor.

Field-Marshal Illo undertook to learn the sentiments of the officers, and to prepare them for the step which was expected of them. He began by laying before them the new orders of the court to the general and the army; and by the obnoxious turn he skilfully gave to them, he found it easy to excite the indignation of the assembly. After this well chosen introduction, he expatiated with much eloquence upon the merits of the army and the general, and the ingratitude with which the Emperor was accustomed to requite them. "Spanish influence," he maintained, "governed the court; the ministry were in the pay of Spain; the Duke of Friedland alone had hitherto opposed this tyranny, and had thus drawn down upon himself the deadly enmity of the Spaniards. To remove him from the command, or to make away with him entirely," he continued, "had long been the end of their desires; and, until they could succeed in one or other, they endeavoured to abridge his power in the field. The command was to be placed in the hands of the King of Hungary, for no other reason than the better to promote the Spanish power in Germany; because this prince, as the ready instrument of foreign counsels, might be led at pleasure. It was merely with the view of weakening the army, that the six thousand troops were required for the Cardinal Infante; it was solely for the purpose of harassing it by a winter campaign, that they were now called on, in this inhospitable season, to undertake the recovery of Ratisbon. The means of subsistence were everywhere rendered difficult, while the Jesuits and the ministry enriched themselves with the sweat of the provinces, and squandered the money intended for the pay of the troops. The general, abandoned by the court, acknowledges his inability to keep his

engagements to the army. For all the services which, for two and twenty years, he had rendered the House of Austria; for all the difficulties with which he had struggled; for all the treasures of his own, which he had expended in the imperial service, a second disgraceful dismissal awaited him. But he was resolved the matter should not come to this; he was determined voluntarily to resign the command, before it should be wrested from his hands; and this," continued the orator, "is what, through me, he now makes known to his officers. It was now for them to say whether it would be advisable to lose such a general. Let each consider who was to refund him the sums he had expended in the Emperor's service, and where he was now to reap the reward of their bravery, when he who was their evidence removed from the scene."

A universal cry, that they would not allow their general to be taken from them, interrupted the speaker. Four of the principal officers were deputed to lay before him the wish of the assembly, and earnestly to request that he would not leave the army. The duke made a show of resistance, and only yielded after the second deputation. This concession on his side, seemed to demand a return on theirs; as he engaged not to quit the service without the knowledge and consent of the generals, he required of them, on the other hand, a written promise to truly and firmly adhere to him, neither to separate nor to allow themselves to be separated from him, and to shed their last drop of blood in his defence. Whoever should break this covenant, was to be regarded as a perfidious traitor, and treated by the rest as a common enemy. The express condition which was added, "AS LONG AS WALLENSTEIN SHALL EMPLOY THE ARMY IN THE EMPEROR'S SERVICE," seemed to exclude all misconception, and none of the assembled generals hesitated at once to accede to a demand, apparently so innocent and so reasonable.

This document was publicly read before an entertainment, which Field-Marshal Illo had expressly prepared for the purpose; it was to be signed, after they rose from table. The host did his utmost to stupify his guests by strong potations; and it was not until he saw them affected with the wine, that he

produced the paper for signature. Most of them wrote their names, without knowing what they were subscribing; a few only, more curious or more distrustful, read the paper over again, and discovered with astonishment that the clause "as long as Wallenstein shall employ the army for the Emperor's service" was omitted. Illo had, in fact, artfully contrived to substitute for the first another copy, in which these words were wanting. The trick was manifest, and many refused now to sign. Piccolomini, who had seen through the whole cheat, and had been present at this scene merely with the view of giving information of the whole to the court, forgot himself so far in his cups as to drink the Emperor's health. But Count Terzky now rose, and declared that all were perjured villains who should recede from their engagement. His menaces, the idea of the inevitable danger to which they who resisted any longer would be exposed, the example of the rest, and Illo's rhetoric, at last overcame their scruples; and the paper was signed by all without exception.

Wallenstein had now effected his purpose; but the unexpected resistance he had met with from the commanders roused him at last from the fond illusions in which he had hitherto indulged. Besides, most of the names were scrawled so illegibly, that some deceit was evidently intended. But instead of being recalled to his discretion by this warning, he gave vent to his injured pride in undignified complaints and reproaches. He assembled the generals the next day, and undertook personally to confirm the whole tenor of the agreement which Illo had submitted to them the day before. After pouring out the bitterest reproaches and abuse against the court, he reminded them of their opposition to the proposition of the previous day, and declared that this circumstance had induced him to retract his own promise. The generals withdrew in silence and confusion; but after a short consultation in the antichamber, they returned to apologize for their late conduct, and offered to sign the paper anew.

Nothing now remained, but to obtain a similar assurance from the absent generals, or, on their refusal, to seize their persons. Wallenstein renewed his invitation to them, and earnestly urged them to hasten their arrival. But a rumour of the doings at Pilsen reached them on their journey, and suddenly stopped their further progress. Altringer, on pretence of sickness, remained in the strong fortress of Frauenberg. Gallas made his appearance, but merely with the design of better qualifying himself as an eyewitness, to keep the Emperor informed of all Wallenstein's proceedings. The intelligence which he and Piccolomini gave, at once converted the suspicions of the court into an alarming certainty. Similar disclosures, which were at the same time made from other quarters, left no room for farther doubt; and the sudden change of the commanders in Austria and Silesia, appeared to be the prelude to some important enterprise. The danger was pressing, and the remedy must be speedy, but the court was unwilling to proceed at once to the execution of the sentence, till the regular forms of justice were complied with. Secret instructions were therefore issued to the principal officers, on whose fidelity reliance could be placed, to seize the persons of the Duke of Friedland and of his two associates, Illo and Terzky, and keep them in close

confinement, till they should have an opportunity of being heard, and of answering for their conduct; but if this could not be accomplished quietly, the public danger required that they should be taken dead or live. At the same time, General Gallas received a patent commission, by which these orders of the Emperor were made known to the colonels and officers, and the army was released from its obedience to the traitor, and placed under Lieutenant-General Gallas, till a new generalissimo could be appointed. In order to bring back the seduced and deluded to their duty, and not to drive the guilty to despair, a general amnesty was proclaimed, in regard to all offences against the imperial majesty committed at Pilsen.

General Gallas was not pleased with the honour which was done him. He was at Pilsen, under the eye of the person whose fate he was to dispose of; in the power of an enemy, who had a hundred eyes to watch his motions. If Wallenstein once discovered the secret of his commission, nothing could save him from the effects of his vengeance and despair. But if it was thus dangerous to be the secret depository of such a commission, how much more so to execute it? The sentiments of the generals were uncertain; and it was at least doubtful whether, after the step they had taken, they would be ready to trust the Emperor's promises, and at once to abandon the brilliant expectations they had built upon Wallenstein's enterprise. It was also hazardous to attempt to lay hands on the person of a man who, till now, had been considered inviolable; who from long exercise of supreme power, and from habitual obedience, had become the object of deepest respect; who was invested with every attribute of outward majesty and inward greatness; whose very aspect inspired terror, and who by a nod disposed of life and death! To seize such a man, like a common criminal, in the midst of the guards by whom he was surrounded, and in a city apparently devoted to him; to convert the object of this deep and habitual veneration into a subject of compassion, or of contempt, was a commission calculated to make even the boldest hesitate. So deeply was fear and veneration for their general engraven in the breasts of the soldiers, that even the atrocious crime of high treason could not wholly eradicate these sentiments.

Gallas perceived the impossibility of executing his commission under the eyes of the duke; and his most anxious wish was, before venturing on any steps, to have an interview with Altringer. As the long absence of the latter had already begun to excite the duke's suspicions, Gallas offered to repair in person to Frauenberg, and to prevail on Altringer, his relation, to return with him. Wallenstein was so pleased with this proof of his zeal, that he even lent him his own equipage for the journey. Rejoicing at the success of his stratagem, he left Pilsen without delay, leaving to Count Piccolomini the task of watching Wallenstein's further movements. He did not fail, as he went along, to make use of the imperial patent, and the sentiments of the troops proved more favourable than he had expected. Instead of taking back his friend to Pilsen, he despatched him to Vienna, to warn the Emperor against the intended attack, while he himself repaired to Upper Austria, of which the safety was threatened by the near approach of Duke Bernard. In Bohemia, the towns of Budweiss and Tabor were again garrisoned for the Emperor, and every precaution taken to oppose with energy the designs of the traitor.

As Gallas did not appear disposed to return, Piccolomini determined to put Wallenstein's credulity once more to the test. He begged to be sent to bring back Gallas, and Wallenstein suffered himself a second time to be overreached. This inconceivable blindness can only be accounted for as the result of his pride, which never retracted the opinion it had once formed of any person, and would not acknowledge, even to itself, the possibility of being deceived. He conveyed Count Piccolomini in his own carriage to Lintz, where the latter immediately followed the example of Gallas, and even went a step farther. He had promised the duke to return. He did so, but it was at the head of an army, intending to surprise the duke in Pilsen. Another army under General Suys hastened to Prague, to secure that capital in its allegiance, and to defend it against the rebels. Gallas, at the same time, announced himself to the different imperial armies as the commander-in-chief, from whom they were henceforth to receive orders. Placards were circulated through all the imperial camps, denouncing the duke and his four confidants, and absolving the soldiers from all obedience to him.

The example which had been set at Lintz, was universally followed; imprecations were showered on the traitor, and he was forsaken by all the armies. At last, when even Piccolomini returned no more, the mist fell from Wallenstein's eyes, and in consternation he awoke from his dream. Yet his faith in the truth of astrology, and in the fidelity of the army was unshaken. Immediately after the intelligence of Piccolomini's defection, he issued orders, that in future no commands were to be obeyed, which did not proceed directly from himself, or from Terzky, or Illo. He prepared, in all haste, to advance upon Prague, where he intended to throw off the mask, and openly to declare against the Emperor. All the troops were to assemble before that city, and from thence to pour down with rapidity upon Austria. Duke Bernard, who had joined the conspiracy, was to support the operations of the duke, with the Swedish troops, and to effect a diversion upon the Danube.

Terzky was already upon his march towards Prague; and nothing, but the want of horses, prevented the duke from following him with the regiments who still adhered faithfully to him. But when, with the most anxious expectation, he awaited the intelligence from Prague, he suddenly received information of the loss of that town, the defection of his generals, the desertion of his troops, the discovery of his whole plot, and the rapid advance of Piccolomini, who was sworn to his destruction. Suddenly and fearfully had all his projects been ruined—all his hopes annihilated. He stood alone, abandoned by all to whom he had been a benefactor, betrayed by all on whom he had depended. But it is under such circumstances that great minds reveal themselves. Though deceived in all his expectations, he refused to abandon one of his designs; he despaired of nothing, so long as life remained. The time was now come, when he absolutely required that assistance, which he had so often solicited from the Swedes and the Saxons, and when all doubts of the sincerity of his purposes must be dispelled. And now, when Oxenstiern and Arnheim were convinced of the sincerity of his intentions, and were aware of his necessities, they no longer hesitated to embrace the favourable opportunity, and to offer him their protection. On the part of Saxony, the Duke Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenberg was to join him with 4,000

men; and Duke Bernard, and the Palatine Christian of Birkenfeld, with 6,000 from Sweden, all chosen troops.

Wallenstein left Pilsen, with Terzky's regiment, and the few who either were, or pretended to be, faithful to him, and hastened to Egra, on the frontiers of the kingdom, in order to be near the Upper Palatinate, and to facilitate his junction with Duke Bernard. He was not yet informed of the decree by which he was proclaimed a public enemy and traitor; this thunder-stroke awaited him at Egra. He still reckoned on the army, which General Schafgotsch was preparing for him in Silesia, and flattered himself with the hope that many even of those who had forsaken him, would return with the first dawning of success. Even during his flight to Egra (so little humility had he learned from melancholy experience) he was still occupied with the colossal scheme of dethroning the Emperor. It was under these circumstances, that one of his suite asked leave to offer him his advice. "Under the Emperor," said he, "your highness is certain of being a great and respected noble; with the enemy, you are at best but a precarious king. It is unwise to risk certainty for uncertainty. The enemy will avail themselves of your personal influence, while the opportunity lasts; but you will ever be regarded with suspicion, and they will always be fearful lest you should treat them as you have done the Emperor. Return, then, to your allegiance, while there is yet time."—"And how is that to be done?" said Wallenstein, interrupting him: "You have 40,000 men-at-arms," rejoined he, (meaning ducats, which were stamped with the figure of an armed man,) "take them with you, and go straight to the Imperial Court; then declare that the steps you have hitherto taken were merely designed to test the fidelity of the Emperor's servants, and of distinguishing the loyal from the doubtful; and since most have shown a disposition to revolt, say you are come to warn his Imperial Majesty against those dangerous men. Thus you will make those appear as traitors, who are labouring to represent you as a false villain. At the Imperial Court, a man is sure to be welcome with 40,000 ducats, and Friedland will be again as he was at the first."—"The advice is good," said Wallenstein, after a pause, "but let the devil trust to it."

While the duke, in his retirement in Egra, was energetically pushing his negotiations with the enemy, consulting the stars, and indulging in new hopes, the dagger which was to put an end to his existence was unsheathed almost under his very eyes. The imperial decree which proclaimed him an outlaw, had not failed of its effect; and an avenging Nemesis ordained that the ungrateful should fall beneath the blow of ingratitude. Among his officers, Wallenstein had particularly distinguished one Leslie, an Irishman, and had made his fortune.

[Schiller is mistaken as to this point. Leslie was a Scotchman, and Buttler an Irishman and a papist. He died a general in the Emperor's service, and founded, at Prague, a convent of Irish Franciscans which still exists.—Ed.]

This was the man who now felt himself called on to execute the sentence against him, and to earn the price of blood. No sooner had he reached Egra, in the suite of the duke, than he disclosed to the commandant of the town, Colonel Buttler, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, two Protestant Scotchmen, the treasonable designs of the duke, which the latter had imprudently enough communicated to him during the journey. In these two individuals, he had found men capable of a determined resolution. They were now called on to choose between treason and duty, between their legitimate sovereign and a fugitive abandoned rebel; and though the latter was their common benefactor, the choice could not remain for a moment doubtful. They were solemnly pledged to the allegiance of the Emperor, and this duty required them to take the most rapid measures against the public enemy. The opportunity was favourable; his evil genius seemed to have delivered him into the hands of vengeance. But not to encroach on the province of justice, they resolved to deliver up their victim alive; and they parted with the bold resolve to take their general prisoner. This dark plot was buried in the deepest silence; and Wallenstein, far from suspecting his impending ruin, flattered himself that in the garrison of Egra he possessed his bravest and most faithful champions.

At this time, he became acquainted with the Imperial proclamations

containing his sentence, and which had been published in all the camps. He now became aware of the full extent of the danger which encompassed him, the utter impossibility of retracing his steps, his fearfully forlorn condition, and the absolute necessity of at once trusting himself to the faith and honour of the Emperor's enemies. To Leslie he poured forth all the anguish of his wounded spirit, and the vehemence of his agitation extracted from him his last remaining secret. He disclosed to this officer his intention to deliver up Egra and Ellenbogen, the passes of the kingdom, to the Palatine of Birkenfeld, and at the same time, informed him of the near approach of Duke Bernard, of whose arrival he hoped to receive tidings that very night. These disclosures, which Leslie immediately communicated to the conspirators, made them change their original plan. The urgency of the danger admitted not of half measures. Egra might in a moment be in the enemy's hands, and a sudden revolution set their prisoner at liberty. To anticipate this mischance, they resolved to assassinate him and his associates the following night.

In order to execute this design with less noise, it was arranged that the fearful deed should be perpetrated at an entertainment which Colonel Buttler should give in the Castle of Egra. All the guests, except Wallenstein, made their appearance, who being in too great anxiety of mind to enjoy company excused himself. With regard to him, therefore, their plan must be again changed; but they resolved to execute their design against the others. The three Colonels, Illo, Terzky, and William Kinsky, came in with careless confidence, and with them Captain Neumann, an officer of ability, whose advice Terzky sought in every intricate affair. Previous to their arrival, trusty soldiers of the garrison, to whom the plot had been communicated, were admitted into the Castle, all the avenues leading from it guarded, and six of Buttler's dragoons concealed in an apartment close to the banqueting-room, who, on a concerted signal, were to rush in and kill the traitors. Without suspecting the danger that hung over them, the guests gaily abandoned themselves to the pleasures of the table, and Wallenstein's health was drunk in full bumpers, not as a servant of the Emperor, but as a sovereign prince. The wine opened their hearts, and Illo, with exultation, boasted

that in three days an army would arrive, such as Wallenstein had never before been at the head of. "Yes," cried Neumann, "and then he hopes to bathe his hands in Austrian blood." During this conversation, the dessert was brought in, and Leslie gave the concerted signal to raise the drawbridges, while he himself received the keys of the gates. In an instant, the hall was filled with armed men, who, with the unexpected greeting of "Long live Ferdinand!" placed themselves behind the chairs of the marked guests. Surprised, and with a presentiment of their fate, they sprang from the table. Kinsky and Terzky were killed upon the spot, and before they could put themselves upon their guard. Neumann, during the confusion in the hall, escaped into the court, where, however, he was instantly recognised and cut down. Illo alone had the presence of mind to defend himself. He placed his back against a window, from whence he poured the bitterest reproaches upon Gordon, and challenged him to fight him fairly and honourably. After a gallant resistance, in which he slew two of his assailants, he fell to the ground overpowered by numbers, and pierced with ten wounds. The deed was no sooner accomplished, than Leslie hastened into the town to prevent a tumult. The sentinels at the castle gate, seeing him running and out of breath, and believing he belonged to the rebels, fired their muskets after him, but without effect. The firing, however, aroused the town-guard, and all Leslie's presence of mind was requisite to allay the tumult. He hastily detailed to them all the circumstances of Wallenstein's conspiracy, the measures which had been already taken to counteract it, the fate of the four rebels, as well as that which awaited their chief. Finding the troops well disposed, he exacted from them a new oath of fidelity to the Emperor, and to live and die for the good cause. A hundred of Buttler's dragoons were sent from the Castle into the town to patrol the streets, to overawe the partisans of the Duke, and to prevent tumult. All the gates of Egra were at the same time seized, and every avenue to Wallenstein's residence, which adjoined the market-place, guarded by a numerous and trusty body of troops, sufficient to prevent either his escape or his receiving any assistance from without.

But before they proceeded finally to execute the deed, a long conference was

held among the conspirators in the Castle, whether they should kill him, or content themselves with making him prisoner. Besprinkled as they were with the blood, and deliberating almost over the very corpses of his murdered associates, even these furious men yet shuddered at the horror of taking away so illustrious a life. They saw before their mind's eye him their leader in battle, in the days of his good fortune, surrounded by his victorious army, clothed with all the pomp of military greatness, and long-accustomed awe again seized their minds. But this transitory emotion was soon effaced by the thought of the immediate danger. They remembered the hints which Neumann and Illo had thrown out at table, the near approach of a formidable army of Swedes and Saxons, and they clearly saw that the death of the traitor was their only chance of safety. They adhered, therefore, to their first resolution, and Captain Deveroux, an Irishman, who had already been retained for the murderous purpose, received decisive orders to act.

While these three officers were thus deciding upon his fate in the castle of Egra, Wallenstein was occupied in reading the stars with Seni. "The danger is not yet over," said the astrologer with prophetic spirit. "IT IS," replied the Duke, who would give the law even to heaven. "But," he continued with equally prophetic spirit, "that thou friend Seni thyself shall soon be thrown into prison, that also is written in the stars." The astrologer had taken his leave, and Wallenstein had retired to bed, when Captain Deveroux appeared before his residence with six halberdiers, and was immediately admitted by the guard, who were accustomed to see him visit the general at all hours. A page who met him upon the stairs, and attempted to raise an alarm, was run through the body with a pike. In the antichamber, the assassins met a servant, who had just come out of the sleeping-room of his master, and had taken with him the key. Putting his finger upon his mouth, the terrified domestic made a sign to them to make no noise, as the Duke was asleep. "Friend," cried Deveroux, "it is time to awake him;" and with these words he rushed against the door, which was also bolted from within, and burst it open.

Wallenstein had been roused from his first sleep, by the report of a musket

which had accidentally gone off, and had sprung to the window to call the guard. At the same moment, he heard, from the adjoining building, the shrieks of the Countesses Terzky and Kinsky, who had just learnt the violent fate of their husbands. Ere he had time to reflect on these terrible events, Deveroux, with the other murderers, was in his chamber. The Duke was in his shirt, as he had leaped out of bed, and leaning on a table near the window. "Art thou the villain," cried Deveroux to him, "who intends to deliver up the Emperor's troops to the enemy, and to tear the crown from the head of his Majesty? Now thou must die!" He paused for a few moments, as if expecting an answer; but scorn and astonishment kept Wallenstein silent. Throwing his arms wide open, he received in his breast, the deadly blow of the halberds, and without uttering a groan, fell weltering in his blood.

The next day, an express arrived from the Duke of Lauenburg, announcing his approach. The messenger was secured, and another in Wallenstein's livery despatched to the Duke, to decoy him into Egra. The stratagem succeeded, and Francis Albert fell into the hands of the enemy. Duke Bernard of Weimar, who was on his march towards Egra, was nearly sharing the same fate. Fortunately, he heard of Wallenstein's death in time to save himself by a retreat. Ferdinand shed a tear over the fate of his general, and ordered three thousand masses to be said for his soul at Vienna; but, at the same time, he did not forget to reward his assassins with gold chains, chamberlains' keys, dignities, and estates.

Thus did Wallenstein, at the age of fifty, terminate his active and extraordinary life. To ambition, he owed both his greatness and his ruin; with all his failings, he possessed great and admirable qualities, and had he kept himself within due bounds, he would have lived and died without an equal. The virtues of the ruler and of the hero, prudence, justice, firmness, and courage, are strikingly prominent features in his character; but he wanted the gentler virtues of the man, which adorn the hero, and make the ruler beloved. Terror was the talisman with which he worked; extreme in his punishments as in his rewards, he knew how to keep alive the zeal of his followers, while no general of ancient or

modern times could boast of being obeyed with equal alacrity. Submission to his will was more prized by him than bravery; for, if the soldiers work by the latter, it is on the former that the general depends. He continually kept up the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, and profusely rewarded the readiness to obey even in trifles; because he looked rather to the act itself, than its object. He once issued a decree, with the penalty of death on disobedience, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order, than pulling off his gold-embroidered sash, he trampled it under foot; Wallenstein, on being informed of the circumstance, promoted him on the spot to the rank of Colonel. His comprehensive glance was always directed to the whole, and in all his apparent caprice, he steadily kept in view some general scope or bearing. The robberies committed by the soldiers in a friendly country, had led to the severest orders against marauders; and all who should be caught thieving, were threatened with the halter. Wallenstein himself having met a straggler in the open country upon the field, commanded him to be seized without trial, as a transgressor of the law, and in his usual voice of thunder, exclaimed, "Hang the fellow," against which no opposition ever availed. The soldier pleaded and proved his innocence, but the irrevocable sentence had gone forth. "Hang then innocent," cried the inexorable Wallenstein, "the guilty will have then more reason to tremble." Preparations were already making to execute the sentence, when the soldier, who gave himself up for lost, formed the desperate resolution of not dying without revenge. He fell furiously upon his judge, but was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed before he could fulfil his design. "Now let him go," said the Duke, "it will excite sufficient terror."

His munificence was supported by an immense income, which was estimated at three millions of florins yearly, without reckoning the enormous sums which he raised under the name of contributions. His liberality and clearness of understanding, raised him above the religious prejudices of his age; and the Jesuits never forgave him for having seen through their system, and for regarding the pope as nothing more than a bishop of Rome.

But as no one ever yet came to a fortunate end who quarrelled with the Church, Wallenstein also must augment the number of its victims. Through the intrigues of monks, he lost at Ratisbon the command of the army, and at Egra his life; by the same arts, perhaps, he lost what was of more consequence, his honourable name and good repute with posterity.

For in justice it must be admitted, that the pens which have traced the history of this extraordinary man are not untinged with partiality, and that the treachery of the duke, and his designs upon the throne of Bohemia, rest not so much upon proven facts, as upon probable conjecture. No documents have yet been brought to light, which disclose with historical certainty the secret motives of his conduct; and among all his public and well attested actions, there is, perhaps, not one which could not have had an innocent end. Many of his most obnoxious measures proved nothing but the earnest wish he entertained for peace; most of the others are explained and justified by the well-founded distrust he entertained of the Emperor, and the excusable wish of maintaining his own importance. It is true, that his conduct towards the Elector of Bavaria looks too like an unworthy revenge, and the dictates of an implacable spirit; but still, none of his actions perhaps warrant us in holding his treason to be proved. If necessity and despair at last forced him to deserve the sentence which had been pronounced against him while innocent, still this, if true, will not justify that sentence. Thus Wallenstein fell, not because he was a rebel, but he became a rebel because he fell. Unfortunate in life that he made a victorious party his enemy, and still more unfortunate in death, that the same party survived him and wrote his history.

Book V.

Wallenstein's death rendered necessary the appointment of a new generalissimo; and the Emperor yielded at last to the advice of the Spaniards, to raise his son Ferdinand, King of Hungary, to that dignity. Under him, Count Gallas commanded, who performed the functions of commander-in-chief, while the prince brought to this post nothing but his name and dignity. A considerable force was soon assembled under Ferdinand; the Duke of Lorraine brought up a considerable body of auxiliaries in person, and the Cardinal Infante joined him from Italy with 10,000 men. In order to drive the enemy from the Danube, the new general undertook the enterprise in which his predecessor had failed, the siege of Ratisbon. In vain did Duke Bernard of Weimar penetrate into the interior of Bavaria, with a view to draw the enemy from the town; Ferdinand continued to press the siege with vigour, and the city, after a most obstinate resistance, was obliged to open its gates to him. Donauwerth soon shared the same fate, and Nordlingen in Swabia was now invested. The loss of so many of the imperial cities was severely felt by the Swedish party; as the friendship of these towns had so largely contributed to the success of their arms, indifference to their fate would have been inexcusable. It would have been an indelible disgrace, had they deserted their confederates in their need, and abandoned them to the revenge of an implacable conqueror. Moved by these considerations, the Swedish army, under the command of Horn, and Bernard of Weimar, advanced upon Nordlingen, determined to relieve it even at the expense of a battle.

The undertaking was a dangerous one, for in numbers the enemy was greatly superior to that of the Swedes. There was also a further reason for avoiding a battle at present; the enemy's force was likely soon to divide, the Italian troops being destined for the Netherlands. In the mean time, such a position might be taken up, as to cover Nordlingen, and cut off their supplies. All these grounds were strongly urged by Gustavus Horn, in the Swedish council of war; but his remonstrances were disregarded by men who, intoxicated by a long career of success, mistook the suggestions of prudence for the voice of timidity. Overborne by the superior influence of Duke Bernard, Gustavus Horn was compelled to risk a contest, whose unfavourable issue, a dark foreboding seemed already to announce. The fate of the battle depended upon the possession of a height which commanded the imperial camp. An attempt to occupy it during the night failed, as the tedious transport of the artillery through woods and hollow ways delayed the arrival of the troops. When the Swedes arrived about midnight, they found the heights in possession of the enemy, strongly entrenched. They waited, therefore, for daybreak, to carry them by storm. Their impetuous courage surmounted every obstacle; the entrenchments, which were in the form of a crescent, were successfully scaled by each of the two brigades appointed to the service; but as they entered at the same moment from opposite sides, they met and threw each other into confusion. At this unfortunate moment, a barrel of powder blew up, and created the greatest disorder among the Swedes. The imperial cavalry charged upon their broken ranks, and the flight became universal. No persuasion on the part of their general could induce the fugitives to renew the assault.

He resolved, therefore, in order to carry this important post, to lead fresh troops to the attack. But in the interim, some Spanish regiments had marched in, and every attempt to gain it was repulsed by their heroic intrepidity. One of the duke's own regiments advanced seven times, and was as often driven back. The disadvantage of not occupying this post in time, was quickly and sensibly felt. The fire of the enemy's artillery from the heights, caused such slaughter in the adjacent wing of the Swedes, that Horn, who commanded there, was forced to

give orders to retire. Instead of being able to cover the retreat of his colleague, and to check the pursuit of the enemy, Duke Bernard, overpowered by numbers, was himself driven into the plain, where his routed cavalry spread confusion among Horn's brigade, and rendered the defeat complete. Almost the entire infantry were killed or taken prisoners. More than 12,000 men remained dead upon the field of battle; 80 field pieces, about 4,000 waggons, and 300 standards and colours fell into the hands of the Imperialists. Horn himself, with three other generals, were taken prisoners. Duke Bernard with difficulty saved a feeble remnant of his army, which joined him at Frankfort.

The defeat at Nordlingen, cost the Swedish Chancellor the second sleepless night he had passed in Germany.—[The first was occasioned by the death of Gustavus Adolphus.]—The consequences of this disaster were terrible. The Swedes had lost by it at once their superiority in the field, and with it the confidence of their confederates, which they had gained solely by their previous military success. A dangerous division threatened the Protestant Confederation with ruin. Consternation and terror seized upon the whole party; while the Papists arose with exulting triumph from the deep humiliation into which they had sunk. Swabia and the adjacent circles first felt the consequences of the defeat of Nordlingen; and Wirtemberg, in particular, was overrun by the conquering army. All the members of the League of Heilbronn trembled at the prospect of the Emperor's revenge; those who could, fled to Strasburg, while the helpless free cities awaited their fate with alarm. A little more of moderation towards the conquered, would have quickly reduced all the weaker states under the Emperor's authority; but the severity which was practised, even against those who voluntarily surrendered, drove the rest to despair, and roused them to a vigorous resistance.

In this perplexity, all looked to Oxenstiern for counsel and assistance; Oxenstiern applied for both to the German States. Troops were wanted; money likewise, to raise new levies, and to pay to the old the arrears which the men were clamorously demanding. Oxenstiern addressed himself to the Elector of

Saxony; but he shamefully abandoned the Swedish cause, to negotiate for a separate peace with the Emperor at Pirna. He solicited aid from the Lower Saxon States; but they, long wearied of the Swedish pretensions and demands for money, now thought only of themselves; and George, Duke of Lunenburg, in place of flying to the assistance of Upper Germany, laid siege to Minden, with the intention of keeping possession of it for himself. Abandoned by his German allies, the chancellor exerted himself to obtain the assistance of foreign powers. England, Holland, and Venice were applied to for troops and money; and, driven to the last extremity, the chancellor reluctantly resolved to take the disagreeable step which he had so long avoided, and to throw himself under the protection of France.

The moment had at last arrived which Richelieu had long waited for with impatience. Nothing, he was aware, but the impossibility of saving themselves by any other means, could induce the Protestant States in Germany to support the pretensions of France upon Alsace. This extreme necessity had now arrived; the assistance of that power was indispensable, and she was resolved to be well paid for the active part which she was about to take in the German war. Full of lustre and dignity, it now came upon the political stage. Oxenstiern, who felt little reluctance in bestowing the rights and possessions of the empire, had already ceded the fortress of Philipsburg, and the other long coveted places. The Protestants of Upper Germany now, in their own names, sent a special embassy to Richelieu, requesting him to take Alsace, the fortress of Breyssach, which was still to be recovered from the enemy, and all the places upon the Upper Rhine, which were the keys of Germany, under the protection of France. What was implied by French protection had been seen in the conduct of France towards the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, which it had held for centuries against the rightful owners. Treves was already in the possession of French garrisons; Lorraine was in a manner conquered, as it might at any time be overrun by an army, and could not, alone, and with its own strength, withstand its formidable neighbour. France now entertained the hope of adding Alsace to its large and numerous possessions, and,—since a treaty was soon to be concluded with the

Dutch for the partition of the Spanish Netherlands—the prospect of making the Rhine its natural boundary towards Germany. Thus shamefully were the rights of Germany sacrificed by the German States to this treacherous and grasping power, which, under the mask of a disinterested friendship, aimed only at its own aggrandizement; and while it boldly claimed the honourable title of a Protectress, was solely occupied with promoting its own schemes, and advancing its own interests amid the general confusion.

In return for these important cessions, France engaged to effect a diversion in favour of the Swedes, by commencing hostilities against the Spaniards; and if this should lead to an open breach with the Emperor, to maintain an army upon the German side of the Rhine, which was to act in conjunction with the Swedes and Germans against Austria. For a war with Spain, the Spaniards themselves soon afforded the desired pretext. Making an inroad from the Netherlands, upon the city of Treves, they cut in pieces the French garrison; and, in open violation of the law of nations, made prisoner the Elector, who had placed himself under the protection of France, and carried him into Flanders. When the Cardinal Infante, as Viceroy of the Spanish Netherlands, refused satisfaction for these injuries, and delayed to restore the prince to liberty, Richelieu, after the old custom, formally proclaimed war at Brussels by a herald, and the war was at once opened by three different armies in Milan, in the Valteline, and in Flanders. The French minister was less anxious to commence hostilities with the Emperor, which promised fewer advantages, and threatened greater difficulties. A fourth army, however, was detached across the Rhine into Germany, under the command of Cardinal Lavalette, which was to act in conjunction with Duke Bernard, against the Emperor, without a previous declaration of war.

A heavier blow for the Swedes, than even the defeat of Nordlingen, was the reconciliation of the Elector of Saxony with the Emperor. After many fruitless attempts both to bring about and to prevent it, it was at last effected in 1634, at Pirna, and, the following year, reduced into a formal treaty of peace, at Prague. The Elector of Saxony had always viewed with jealousy the pretensions of the

Swedes in Germany; and his aversion to this foreign power, which now gave laws within the Empire, had grown with every fresh requisition that Oxenstiern was obliged to make upon the German states. This ill feeling was kept alive by the Spanish court, who laboured earnestly to effect a peace between Saxony and the Emperor. Wearied with the calamities of a long and destructive contest, which had selected Saxony above all others for its theatre; grieved by the miseries which both friend and foe inflicted upon his subjects, and seduced by the tempting propositions of the House of Austria, the Elector at last abandoned the common cause, and, caring little for the fate of his confederates, or the liberties of Germany, thought only of securing his own advantages, even at the expense of the whole body.

In fact, the misery of Germany had risen to such a height, that all clamorously vociferated for peace; and even the most disadvantageous pacification would have been hailed as a blessing from heaven. The plains, which formerly had been thronged with a happy and industrious population, where nature had lavished her choicest gifts, and plenty and prosperity had reigned, were now a wild and desolate wilderness. The fields, abandoned by the industrious husbandman, lay waste and uncultivated; and no sooner had the young crops given the promise of a smiling harvest, than a single march destroyed the labours of a year, and blasted the last hope of an afflicted peasantry. Burnt castles, wasted fields, villages in ashes, were to be seen extending far and wide on all sides, while the ruined peasantry had no resource left but to swell the horde of incendiaries, and fearfully to retaliate upon their fellows, who had hitherto been spared the miseries which they themselves had suffered. The only safeguard against oppression was to become an oppressor. The towns groaned under the licentiousness of undisciplined and plundering garrisons, who seized and wasted the property of the citizens, and, under the license of their position, committed the most remorseless devastation and cruelty. If the march of an army converted whole provinces into deserts, if others were impoverished by winter quarters, or exhausted by contributions, these still were but passing evils, and the industry of a year might efface the miseries of a few months. But there was no relief for

those who had a garrison within their walls, or in the neighbourhood; even the change of fortune could not improve their unfortunate fate, since the victor trod in the steps of the vanquished, and friends were not more merciful than enemies. The neglected farms, the destruction of the crops, and the numerous armies which overran the exhausted country, were inevitably followed by scarcity and the high price of provisions, which in the later years was still further increased by a general failure in the crops. The crowding together of men in camps and quarters—want upon one side, and excess on the other, occasioned contagious distempers, which were more fatal than even the sword. In this long and general confusion, all the bonds of social life were broken up;—respect for the rights of their fellow men, the fear of the laws, purity of morals, honour, and religion, were laid aside, where might ruled supreme with iron sceptre. Under the shelter of anarchy and impunity, every vice flourished, and men became as wild as the country. No station was too dignified for outrage, no property too holy for rapine and avarice. In a word, the soldier reigned supreme; and that most brutal of despots often made his own officer feel his power. The leader of an army was a far more important person within any country where he appeared, than its lawful governor, who was frequently obliged to fly before him into his own castles for safety. Germany swarmed with these petty tyrants, and the country suffered equally from its enemies and its protectors. These wounds rankled the deeper, when the unhappy victims recollected that Germany was sacrificed to the ambition of foreign powers, who, for their own ends, prolonged the miseries of war. Germany bled under the scourge, to extend the conquests and influence of Sweden; and the torch of discord was kept alive within the Empire, that the services of Richelieu might be rendered indispensable in France.

But, in truth, it was not merely interested voices which opposed a peace; and if both Sweden and the German states were anxious, from corrupt motives, to prolong the conflict, they were seconded in their views by sound policy. After the defeat of Nordlingen, an equitable peace was not to be expected from the Emperor; and, this being the case, was it not too great a sacrifice, after seventeen years of war, with all its miseries, to abandon the contest, not only without

advantage, but even with loss? What would avail so much bloodshed, if all was to remain as it had been; if their rights and pretensions were neither larger nor safer; if all that had been won with so much difficulty was to be surrendered for a peace at any cost? Would it not be better to endure, for two or three years more, the burdens they had borne so long, and to reap at last some recompense for twenty years of suffering? Neither was it doubtful, that peace might at last be obtained on favourable terms, if only the Swedes and the German Protestants should continue united in the cabinet and in the field, and pursued their common interests with a reciprocal sympathy and zeal. Their divisions alone, had rendered the enemy formidable, and protracted the acquisition of a lasting and general peace. And this great evil the Elector of Saxony had brought upon the Protestant cause by concluding a separate treaty with Austria.

He, indeed, had commenced his negotiations with the Emperor, even before the battle of Nordlingen; and the unfortunate issue of that battle only accelerated their conclusion. By it, all his confidence in the Swedes was lost; and it was even doubted whether they would ever recover from the blow. The jealousies among their generals, the insubordination of the army, and the exhaustion of the Swedish kingdom, shut out any reasonable prospect of effective assistance on their part. The Elector hastened, therefore, to profit by the Emperor's magnanimity, who, even after the battle of Nordlingen, did not recall the conditions previously offered. While Oxenstiern, who had assembled the estates in Frankfort, made further demands upon them and him, the Emperor, on the contrary, made concessions; and therefore it required no long consideration to decide between them.

In the mean time, however, he was anxious to escape the charge of sacrificing the common cause and attending only to his own interests. All the German states, and even the Swedes, were publicly invited to become parties to this peace, although Saxony and the Emperor were the only powers who deliberated upon it, and who assumed the right to give law to Germany. By this self-appointed tribunal, the grievances of the Protestants were discussed, their rights

and privileges decided, and even the fate of religions determined, without the presence of those who were most deeply interested in it. Between them, a general peace was resolved on, and it was to be enforced by an imperial army of execution, as a formal decree of the Empire. Whoever opposed it, was to be treated as a public enemy; and thus, contrary to their rights, the states were to be compelled to acknowledge a law, in the passing of which they had no share. Thus, even in form, the pacification at Prague was an arbitrary measure; nor was it less so in its contents. The Edict of Restitution had been the chief cause of dispute between the Elector and the Emperor; and therefore it was first considered in their deliberations. Without formally annulling it, it was determined by the treaty of Prague, that all the ecclesiastical domains holding immediately of the Empire, and, among the mediate ones, those which had been seized by the Protestants subsequently to the treaty at Passau, should, for forty years, remain in the same position as they had been in before the Edict of Restitution, but without any formal decision of the diet to that effect. Before the expiration of this term a commission, composed of equal numbers of both religions, should proceed to settle the matter peaceably and according to law; and if this commission should be unable to come to a decision, each party should remain in possession of the rights which it had exercised before the Edict of Restitution. This arrangement, therefore, far from removing the grounds of dissension, only suspended the dispute for a time; and this article of the treaty of Prague only covered the embers of a future war.

The archbishopric of Magdeburg remained in possession of Prince Augustus of Saxony, and Halberstadt in that of the Archduke Leopold William. Four estates were taken from the territory of Magdeburg, and given to Saxony, for which the Administrator of Magdeburg, Christian William of Brandenburg, was otherwise to be indemnified. The Dukes of Mecklenburg, upon acceding to this treaty, were to be acknowledged as rightful possessors of their territories, in which the magnanimity of Gustavus Adolphus had long ago reinstated them. Donauwerth recovered its liberties. The important claims of the heirs of the Palatine, however important it might be for the Protestant cause not to lose this

electorate vote in the diet, were passed over in consequence of the animosity subsisting between the Lutherans and the Calvinists. All the conquests which, in the course of the war, had been made by the German states, or by the League and the Emperor, were to be mutually restored; all which had been appropriated by the foreign powers of France and Sweden, was to be forcibly wrested from them by the united powers. The troops of the contracting parties were to be formed into one imperial army, which, supported and paid by the Empire, was, by force of arms, to carry into execution the covenants of the treaty.

As the peace of Prague was intended to serve as a general law of the Empire, those points, which did not immediately affect the latter, formed the subject of a separate treaty. By it, Lusatia was ceded to the Elector of Saxony as a fief of Bohemia, and special articles guaranteed the freedom of religion of this country and of Silesia.

All the Protestant states were invited to accede to the treaty of Prague, and on that condition were to benefit by the amnesty. The princes of Wurtemberg and Baden, whose territories the Emperor was already in possession of, and which he was not disposed to restore unconditionally; and such vassals of Austria as had borne arms against their sovereign; and those states which, under the direction of Oxenstiern, composed the council of the Upper German Circle, were excluded from the treaty,—not so much with the view of continuing the war against them, as of compelling them to purchase peace at a dearer rate. Their territories were to be retained in pledge, till every thing should be restored to its former footing. Such was the treaty of Prague. Equal justice, however, towards all, might perhaps have restored confidence between the head of the Empire and its members— between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics—between the Reformed and the Lutheran party; and the Swedes, abandoned by all their allies, would in all probability have been driven from Germany with disgrace. But this inequality strengthened, in those who were more severely treated, the spirit of mistrust and opposition, and made it an easier task for the Swedes to keep alive the flame of war, and to maintain a party in Germany.

The peace of Prague, as might have been expected, was received with very various feelings throughout Germany. The attempt to conciliate both parties, had rendered it obnoxious to both. The Protestants complained of the restraints imposed upon them; the Roman Catholics thought that these hated sectaries had been favoured at the expense of the true church. In the opinion of the latter, the church had been deprived of its inalienable rights, by the concession to the Protestants of forty years' undisturbed possession of the ecclesiastical benefices; while the former murmured that the interests of the Protestant church had been betrayed, because toleration had not been granted to their co-religionists in the Austrian dominions. But no one was so bitterly reproached as the Elector of Saxony, who was publicly denounced as a deserter, a traitor to religion and the liberties of the Empire, and a confederate of the Emperor.

In the mean time, he consoled himself with the triumph of seeing most of the Protestant states compelled by necessity to embrace this peace. The Elector of Brandenburg, Duke William of Weimar, the princes of Anhalt, the dukes of Mecklenburg, the dukes of Brunswick Lunenburg, the Hanse towns, and most of the imperial cities, acceded to it. The Landgrave William of Hesse long wavered, or affected to do so, in order to gain time, and to regulate his measures by the course of events. He had conquered several fertile provinces of Westphalia, and derived from them principally the means of continuing the war; these, by the terms of the treaty, he was bound to restore. Bernard, Duke of Weimar, whose states, as yet, existed only on paper, as a belligerent power was not affected by the treaty, but as a general was so materially; and, in either view, he must equally be disposed to reject it. His whole riches consisted in his bravery, his possessions in his sword. War alone gave him greatness and importance, and war alone could realize the projects which his ambition suggested.

But of all who declaimed against the treaty of Prague, none were so loud in their clamours as the Swedes, and none had so much reason for their opposition. Invited to Germany by the Germans themselves, the champions of the Protestant Church, and the freedom of the States, which they had defended with so much

bloodshed, and with the sacred life of their king, they now saw themselves suddenly and shamefully abandoned, disappointed in all their hopes, without reward and without gratitude driven from the empire for which they had toiled and bled, and exposed to the ridicule of the enemy by the very princes who owed every thing to them. No satisfaction, no indemnification for the expenses which they had incurred, no equivalent for the conquests which they were to leave behind them, was provided by the treaty of Prague. They were to be dismissed poorer than they came, or, if they resisted, to be expelled by the very powers who had invited them. The Elector of Saxony at last spoke of a pecuniary indemnification, and mentioned the small sum of two millions five hundred thousand florins; but the Swedes had already expended considerably more, and this disgraceful equivalent in money was both contrary to their true interests, and injurious to their pride. "The Electors of Bavaria and Saxony," replied Oxenstiern, "have been paid for their services, which, as vassals, they were bound to render the Emperor, with the possession of important provinces; and shall we, who have sacrificed our king for Germany, be dismissed with the miserable sum of 2,500,000 florins?" The disappointment of their expectations was the more severe, because the Swedes had calculated upon being recompensed with the Duchy of Pomerania, the present possessor of which was old and without heirs. But the succession of this territory was confirmed by the treaty of Prague to the Elector of Brandenburg; and all the neighbouring powers declared against allowing the Swedes to obtain a footing within the empire.

Never, in the whole course of the war, had the prospects of the Swedes looked more gloomy, than in the year 1635, immediately after the conclusion of the treaty of Prague. Many of their allies, particularly among the free cities, abandoned them to benefit by the peace; others were compelled to accede to it by the victorious arms of the Emperor. Augsburg, subdued by famine, surrendered under the severest conditions; Wurtzburg and Coburg were lost to the Austrians. The League of Heilbronn was formally dissolved. Nearly the whole of Upper Germany, the chief seat of the Swedish power, was reduced under the Emperor. Saxony, on the strength of the treaty of Prague, demanded

the evacuation of Thuringia, Halberstadt, and Magdeburg. Philipsburg, the military depot of France, was surprised by the Austrians, with all the stores it contained; and this severe loss checked the activity of France. To complete the embarrassments of Sweden, the truce with Poland was drawing to a close. To support a war at the same time with Poland and in Germany, was far beyond the power of Sweden; and all that remained was to choose between them. Pride and ambition declared in favour of continuing the German war, at whatever sacrifice on the side of Poland. An army, however, was necessary to command the respect of Poland, and to give weight to Sweden in any negotiations for a truce or a peace.

The mind of Oxenstiern, firm, and inexhaustible in expedients, set itself manfully to meet these calamities, which all combined to overwhelm Sweden; and his shrewd understanding taught him how to turn even misfortunes to his advantage. The defection of so many German cities of the empire deprived him, it is true, of a great part of his former allies, but at the same time it freed him from the necessity of paying any regard to their interests. The more the number of his enemies increased, the more provinces and magazines were opened to his troops. The gross ingratitude of the States, and the haughty contempt with which the Emperor behaved, (who did not even condescend to treat directly with him about a peace,) excited in him the courage of despair, and a noble determination to maintain the struggle to the last. The continuance of war, however unfortunate it might prove, could not render the situation of Sweden worse than it now was; and if Germany was to be evacuated, it was at least better and nobler to do so sword in hand, and to yield to force rather than to fear.

In the extremity in which the Swedes were now placed by the desertion of their allies, they addressed themselves to France, who met them with the greatest encouragement. The interests of the two crowns were closely united, and France would have injured herself by allowing the Swedish power in Germany to decline. The helpless situation of the Swedes, was rather an additional motive with France to cement more closely their alliance, and to take a more active part

in the German war. Since the alliance with Sweden, at Beerwald, in 1632, France had maintained the war against the Emperor, by the arms of Gustavus Adolphus, without any open or formal breach, by furnishing subsidies and increasing the number of his enemies. But alarmed at the unexpected rapidity and success of the Swedish arms, France, in anxiety to restore the balance of power, which was disturbed by the preponderance of the Swedes, seemed, for a time, to have lost sight of her original designs. She endeavoured to protect the Roman Catholic princes of the empire against the Swedish conqueror, by the treaties of neutrality, and when this plan failed, she even meditated herself to declare war against him. But no sooner had the death of Gustavus Adolphus, and the desperate situation of the Swedish affairs, dispelled this apprehension, than she returned with fresh zeal to her first design, and readily afforded in this misfortune the aid which in the hour of success she had refused. Freed from the checks which the ambition and vigilance of Gustavus Adolphus placed upon her plans of aggrandizement, France availed herself of the favourable opportunity afforded by the defeat of Nordlingen, to obtain the entire direction of the war, and to prescribe laws to those who sued for her powerful protection. The moment seemed to smile upon her boldest plans, and those which had formerly seemed chimerical, now appeared to be justified by circumstances. She now turned her whole attention to the war in Germany; and, as soon as she had secured her own private ends by a treaty with the Germans, she suddenly entered the political arena as an active and a commanding power. While the other belligerent states had been exhausting themselves in a tedious contest, France had been reserving her strength, and maintained the contest by money alone; but now, when the state of things called for more active measures, she seized the sword, and astonished Europe by the boldness and magnitude of her undertakings. At the same moment, she fitted out two fleets, and sent six different armies into the field, while she subsidized a foreign crown and several of the German princes. Animated by this powerful co-operation, the Swedes and Germans awoke from the consternation, and hoped, sword in hand, to obtain a more honourable peace than that of Prague. Abandoned by their confederates, who had been reconciled to the Emperor, they formed a still closer alliance with

France, which increased her support with their growing necessities, at the same time taking a more active, although secret share in the German war, until at last, she threw off the mask altogether, and in her own name made an unequivocal declaration of war against the Emperor.

To leave Sweden at full liberty to act against Austria, France commenced her operations by liberating it from all fear of a Polish war. By means of the Count d'Avaux, its minister, an agreement was concluded between the two powers at Stummsdorf in Prussia, by which the truce was prolonged for twenty-six years, though not without a great sacrifice on the part of the Swedes, who ceded by a single stroke of the pen almost the whole of Polish Prussia, the dear-bought conquest of Gustavus Adolphus. The treaty of Beerwald was, with certain modifications, which circumstances rendered necessary, renewed at different times at Compiègne, and afterwards at Wismar and Hamburg. France had already come to a rupture with Spain, in May, 1635, and the vigorous attack which it made upon that power, deprived the Emperor of his most valuable auxiliaries from the Netherlands. By supporting the Landgrave William of Cassel, and Duke Bernard of Weimar, the Swedes were enabled to act with more vigour upon the Elbe and the Danube, and a diversion upon the Rhine compelled the Emperor to divide his force.

The war was now prosecuted with increasing activity. By the treaty of Prague, the Emperor had lessened the number of his adversaries within the Empire; though, at the same time, the zeal and activity of his foreign enemies had been augmented by it. In Germany, his influence was almost unlimited, for, with the exception of a few states, he had rendered himself absolute master of the German body and its resources, and was again enabled to act in the character of emperor and sovereign. The first fruit of his power was the elevation of his son, Ferdinand III., to the dignity of King of the Romans, to which he was elected by a decided majority of votes, notwithstanding the opposition of Treves, and of the heirs of the Elector Palatine. But, on the other hand, he had exasperated the Swedes to desperation, had armed the power of France against him, and drawn

its troops into the heart of the kingdom. France and Sweden, with their German allies, formed, from this moment, one firm and compactly united power; the Emperor, with the German states which adhered to him, were equally firm and united. The Swedes, who no longer fought for Germany, but for their own lives, showed no more indulgence; relieved from the necessity of consulting their German allies, or accounting to them for the plans which they adopted, they acted with more precipitation, rapidity, and boldness. Battles, though less decisive, became more obstinate and bloody; greater achievements, both in bravery and military skill, were performed; but they were but insulated efforts; and being neither dictated by any consistent plan, nor improved by any commanding spirit, had comparatively little influence upon the course of the war.

Saxony had bound herself, by the treaty of Prague, to expel the Swedes from Germany. From this moment, the banners of the Saxons and Imperialists were united: the former confederates were converted into implacable enemies. The archbishopric of Magdeburg which, by the treaty, was ceded to the prince of Saxony, was still held by the Swedes, and every attempt to acquire it by negociation had proved ineffectual. Hostilities commenced, by the Elector of Saxony recalling all his subjects from the army of Banner, which was encamped upon the Elbe. The officers, long irritated by the accumulation of their arrears, obeyed the summons, and evacuated one quarter after another. As the Saxons, at the same time, made a movement towards Mecklenburg, to take Doemitz, and to drive the Swedes from Pomerania and the Baltic, Banner suddenly marched thither, relieved Doemitz, and totally defeated the Saxon General Baudissin, with 7000 men, of whom 1000 were slain, and about the same number taken prisoners. Reinforced by the troops and artillery, which had hitherto been employed in Polish Prussia, but which the treaty of Stummsdorf rendered unnecessary, this brave and impetuous general made, the following year (1636), a sudden inroad into the Electorate of Saxony, where he gratified his inveterate hatred of the Saxons by the most destructive ravages. Irritated by the memory of old grievances which, during their common campaigns, he and the Swedes had

suffered from the haughtiness of the Saxons, and now exasperated to the utmost by the late defection of the Elector, they wreaked upon the unfortunate inhabitants all their rancour. Against Austria and Bavaria, the Swedish soldier had fought from a sense, as it were, of duty; but against the Saxons, they contended with all the energy of private animosity and personal revenge, detesting them as deserters and traitors; for the hatred of former friends is of all the most fierce and irreconcilable. The powerful diversion made by the Duke of Weimar, and the Landgrave of Hesse, upon the Rhine and in Westphalia, prevented the Emperor from affording the necessary assistance to Saxony, and left the whole Electorate exposed to the destructive ravages of Banner's army.

At length, the Elector, having formed a junction with the Imperial General Hatzfeld, advanced against Magdeburg, which Banner in vain hastened to relieve. The united army of the Imperialists and the Saxons now spread itself over Brandenburg, wrested several places from the Swedes, and almost drove them to the Baltic. But, contrary to all expectation, Banner, who had been given up as lost, attacked the allies, on the 24th of September, 1636, at Wittstock, where a bloody battle took place. The onset was terrific; and the whole force of the enemy was directed against the right wing of the Swedes, which was led by Banner in person. The contest was long maintained with equal animosity and obstinacy on both sides. There was not a squadron among the Swedes, which did not return ten times to the charge, to be as often repulsed; when at last, Banner was obliged to retire before the superior numbers of the enemy. His left wing sustained the combat until night, and the second line of the Swedes, which had not as yet been engaged, was prepared to renew it the next morning. But the Elector did not wait for a second attack. His army was exhausted by the efforts of the preceding day; and, as the drivers had fled with the horses, his artillery was unserviceable. He accordingly retreated in the night, with Count Hatzfeld, and relinquished the ground to the Swedes. About 5000 of the allies fell upon the field, exclusive of those who were killed in the pursuit, or who fell into the hands of the exasperated peasantry. One hundred and fifty standards and colours, twenty-three pieces of cannon, the whole baggage and silver plate of the Elector,

were captured, and more than 2000 men taken prisoners. This brilliant victory, achieved over an enemy far superior in numbers, and in a very advantageous position, restored the Swedes at once to their former reputation; their enemies were discouraged, and their friends inspired with new hopes. Banner instantly followed up this decisive success, and hastily crossing the Elbe, drove the Imperialists before him, through Thuringia and Hesse, into Westphalia. He then returned, and took up his winter quarters in Saxony.

But, without the material aid furnished by the diversion upon the Rhine, and the activity there of Duke Bernard and the French, these important successes would have been unattainable. Duke Bernard, after the defeat of Nordlingen, reorganized his broken army at Wetterau; but, abandoned by the confederates of the League of Heilbronn, which had been dissolved by the peace of Prague, and receiving little support from the Swedes, he found himself unable to maintain an army, or to perform any enterprise of importance. The defeat at Nordlingen had terminated all his hopes on the Duchy of Franconia, while the weakness of the Swedes, destroyed the chance of retrieving his fortunes through their assistance. Tired, too, of the constraint imposed upon him by the imperious chancellor, he turned his attention to France, who could easily supply him with money, the only aid which he required, and France readily acceded to his proposals. Richelieu desired nothing so much as to diminish the influence of the Swedes in the German war, and to obtain the direction of it for himself. To secure this end, nothing appeared more effectual than to detach from the Swedes their bravest general, to win him to the interests of France, and to secure for the execution of its projects the services of his arm. From a prince like Bernard, who could not maintain himself without foreign support, France had nothing to fear, since no success, however brilliant, could render him independent of that crown. Bernard himself came into France, and in October, 1635, concluded a treaty at St. Germaine en Laye, not as a Swedish general, but in his own name, by which it was stipulated that he should receive for himself a yearly pension of one million five hundred thousand livres, and four millions for the support of his army, which he was to command under the orders of the French king. To inflame his

zeal, and to accelerate the conquest of Alsace, France did not hesitate, by a secret article, to promise him that province for his services; a promise which Richelieu had little intention of performing, and which the duke also estimated at its real worth. But Bernard confided in his good fortune, and in his arms, and met artifice with dissimulation. If he could once succeed in wresting Alsace from the enemy, he did not despair of being able, in case of need, to maintain it also against a friend. He now raised an army at the expense of France, which he commanded nominally under the orders of that power, but in reality without any limitation whatever, and without having wholly abandoned his engagements with Sweden. He began his operations upon the Rhine, where another French army, under Cardinal Lavalette, had already, in 1635, commenced hostilities against the Emperor.

Against this force, the main body of the Imperialists, after the great victory of Nordlingen, and the reduction of Swabia and Franconia had advanced under the command of Gallas, had driven them as far as Metz, cleared the Rhine, and took from the Swedes the towns of Metz and Frankenthal, of which they were in possession. But frustrated by the vigorous resistance of the French, in his main object, of taking up his winter quarters in France, he led back his exhausted troops into Alsace and Swabia. At the opening of the next campaign, he passed the Rhine at Breysach, and prepared to carry the war into the interior of France. He actually entered Burgundy, while the Spaniards from the Netherlands made progress in Picardy; and John De Werth, a formidable general of the League, and a celebrated partisan, pushed his march into Champagne, and spread consternation even to the gates of Paris. But an insignificant fortress in Franche Comte completely checked the Imperialists, and they were obliged, a second time, to abandon their enterprise.

The activity of Duke Bernard had hitherto been impeded by his dependence on a French general, more suited to the priestly robe, than to the baton of command; and although, in conjunction with him, he conquered Alsace Saverne, he found himself unable, in the years 1636 and 1637, to maintain his position

upon the Rhine. The ill success of the French arms in the Netherlands had checked the activity of operations in Alsace and Breisgau; but in 1638, the war in that quarter took a more brilliant turn. Relieved from his former restraint, and with unlimited command of his troops, Duke Bernard, in the beginning of February, left his winter quarters in the bishopric of Basle, and unexpectedly appeared upon the Rhine, where, at this rude season of the year, an attack was little anticipated. The forest towns of Laufenburg, Waldshut, and Seckingen, were surprised, and Rhinefeldt besieged. The Duke of Savelli, the Imperial general who commanded in that quarter, hastened by forced marches to the relief of this important place, succeeded in raising the siege, and compelled the Duke of Weimar, with great loss to retire. But, contrary to all human expectation, he appeared on the third day after, (21st February, 1638,) before the Imperialists, in order of battle, and defeated them in a bloody engagement, in which the four Imperial generals, Savelli, John De Werth, Enkeford, and Sperreuter, with 2000 men, were taken prisoners. Two of these, De Werth and Enkeford, were afterwards sent by Richelieu's orders into France, in order to flatter the vanity of the French by the sight of such distinguished prisoners, and by the pomp of military trophies, to withdraw the attention of the populace from the public distress. The captured standards and colours were, with the same view, carried in solemn procession to the church of Notre Dame, thrice exhibited before the altar, and committed to sacred custody.

The taking of Rhinefeldt, Roeteln, and Fribourg, was the immediate consequence of the duke's victory. His army now increased by considerable recruits, and his projects expanded in proportion as fortune favoured him. The fortress of Breysach upon the Rhine was looked upon as holding the command of that river, and as the key of Alsace. No place in this quarter was of more importance to the Emperor, and upon none had more care been bestowed. To protect Breysach, was the principal destination of the Italian army, under the Duke of Feria; the strength of its works, and its natural defences, bade defiance to assault, while the Imperial generals who commanded in that quarter had orders to retain it at any cost. But the duke, trusting to his good fortune, resolved

to attempt the siege. Its strength rendered it impregnable; it could, therefore, only be starved into a surrender; and this was facilitated by the carelessness of the commandant, who, expecting no attack, had been selling off his stores. As under these circumstances the town could not long hold out, it must be immediately relieved or victualled. Accordingly, the Imperial General Goetz rapidly advanced at the head of 12,000 men, accompanied by 3000 waggons loaded with provisions, which he intended to throw into the place. But he was attacked with such vigour by Duke Bernard at Witteweyer, that he lost his whole force, except 3000 men, together with the entire transport. A similar fate at Ochsenfeld, near Thann, overtook the Duke of Lorraine, who, with 5000 or 6000 men, advanced to relieve the fortress. After a third attempt of general Goetz for the relief of Breysach had proved ineffectual, the fortress, reduced to the greatest extremity by famine, surrendered, after a blockade of four months, on the 17th December 1638, to its equally persevering and humane conqueror.

The capture of Breysach opened a boundless field to the ambition of the Duke of Weimar, and the romance of his hopes was fast approaching to reality. Far from intending to surrender his conquests to France, he destined Breysach for himself, and revealed this intention, by exacting allegiance from the vanquished, in his own name, and not in that of any other power. Intoxicated by his past success, and excited by the boldest hopes, he believed that he should be able to maintain his conquests, even against France herself. At a time when everything depended upon bravery, when even personal strength was of importance, when troops and generals were of more value than territories, it was natural for a hero like Bernard to place confidence in his own powers, and, at the head of an excellent army, who under his command had proved invincible, to believe himself capable of accomplishing the boldest and largest designs. In order to secure himself one friend among the crowd of enemies whom he was about to provoke, he turned his eyes upon the Landgravine Amelia of Hesse, the widow of the lately deceased Landgrave William, a princess whose talents were equal to her courage, and who, along with her hand, would bestow valuable conquests, an extensive principality, and a well disciplined army. By the union of the

conquests of Hesse, with his own upon the Rhine, and the junction of their forces, a power of some importance, and perhaps a third party, might be formed in Germany, which might decide the fate of the war. But a premature death put a period to these extensive schemes.

"Courage, Father Joseph, Breysach is ours!" whispered Richelieu in the ear of the Capuchin, who had long held himself in readiness to be despatched into that quarter; so delighted was he with this joyful intelligence. Already in imagination he held Alsace, Breisgau, and all the frontiers of Austria in that quarter, without regard to his promise to Duke Bernard. But the firm determination which the latter had unequivocally shown, to keep Breysach for himself, greatly embarrassed the cardinal, and no efforts were spared to retain the victorious Bernard in the interests of France. He was invited to court, to witness the honours by which his triumph was to be commemorated; but he perceived and shunned the seductive snare. The cardinal even went so far as to offer him the hand of his niece in marriage; but the proud German prince declined the offer, and refused to sully the blood of Saxony by a misalliance. He was now considered as a dangerous enemy, and treated as such. His subsidies were withdrawn; and the Governor of Breysach and his principal officers were bribed, at least upon the event of the duke's death, to take possession of his conquests, and to secure his troops. These intrigues were no secret to the duke, and the precautions he took in the conquered places, clearly bespoke the distrust of France. But this misunderstanding with the French court had the most prejudicial influence upon his future operations. The preparations he was obliged to make, in order to secure his conquests against an attack on the side of France, compelled him to divide his military strength, while the stoppage of his subsidies delayed his appearance in the field. It had been his intention to cross the Rhine, to support the Swedes, and to act against the Emperor and Bavaria on the banks of the Danube. He had already communicated his plan of operations to Banner, who was about to carry the war into the Austrian territories, and had promised to relieve him so, when a sudden death cut short his heroic career, in the 36th year of his age, at Neuburgh upon the Rhine (in July, 1639).

He died of a pestilential disorder, which, in the course of two days, had carried off nearly 400 men in his camp. The black spots which appeared upon his body, his own dying expressions, and the advantages which France was likely to reap from his sudden decease, gave rise to a suspicion that he had been removed by poison—a suspicion sufficiently refuted by the symptoms of his disorder. In him, the allies lost their greatest general after Gustavus Adolphus, France a formidable competitor for Alsace, and the Emperor his most dangerous enemy. Trained to the duties of a soldier and a general in the school of Gustavus Adolphus, he successfully imitated his eminent model, and wanted only a longer life to equal, if not to surpass it. With the bravery of the soldier, he united the calm and cool penetration of the general and the persevering fortitude of the man, with the daring resolution of youth; with the wild ardour of the warrior, the sober dignity of the prince, the moderation of the sage, and the conscientiousness of the man of honour. Discouraged by no misfortune, he quickly rose again in full vigour from the severest defeats; no obstacles could check his enterprise, no disappointments conquer his indomitable perseverance. His genius, perhaps, soared after unattainable objects; but the prudence of such men, is to be measured by a different standard from that of ordinary people. Capable of accomplishing more, he might venture to form more daring plans. Bernard affords, in modern history, a splendid example of those days of chivalry, when personal greatness had its full weight and influence, when individual bravery could conquer provinces, and the heroic exploits of a German knight raised him even to the Imperial throne.

The best part of the duke's possessions were his army, which, together with Alsace, he bequeathed to his brother William. But to this army, both France and Sweden thought that they had well-grounded claims; the latter, because it had been raised in name of that crown, and had done homage to it; the former, because it had been supported by its subsidies. The Electoral Prince of the Palatinate also negotiated for its services, and attempted, first by his agents, and latterly in his own person, to win it over to his interests, with the view of employing it in the reconquest of his territories. Even the Emperor endeavoured to secure it, a circumstance the less surprising, when we reflect that at this time the justice of the cause was comparatively unimportant, and the extent of the recompense the main object to which the soldier looked; and when bravery, like every other commodity, was disposed of to the highest bidder. But France, richer and more determined, outbade all competitors: it bought over General Erlach, the commander of Breysach, and the other officers, who soon placed that fortress, with the whole army, in their hands.

The young Palatine, Prince Charles Louis, who had already made an unsuccessful campaign against the Emperor, saw his hopes again deceived. Although intending to do France so ill a service, as to compete with her for Bernard's army, he had the imprudence to travel through that kingdom. The cardinal, who dreaded the justice of the Palatine's cause, was glad to seize any opportunity to frustrate his views. He accordingly caused him to be seized at Moulin, in violation of the law of nations, and did not set him at liberty, until he learned that the army of the Duke of Weimar had been secured. France was now in possession of a numerous and well disciplined army in Germany, and from this moment began to make open war upon the Emperor.

But it was no longer against Ferdinand II. that its hostilities were to be conducted; for that prince had died in February, 1637, in the 59th year of his age. The war which his ambition had kindled, however, survived him. During a reign of eighteen years he had never once laid aside the sword, nor tasted the blessings of peace as long as his hand swayed the imperial sceptre. Endowed with the

qualities of a good sovereign, adorned with many of those virtues which ensure the happiness of a people, and by nature gentle and humane, we see him, from erroneous ideas of the monarch's duty, become at once the instrument and the victim of the evil passions of others; his benevolent intentions frustrated, and the friend of justice converted into the oppressor of mankind, the enemy of peace, and the scourge of his people. Amiable in domestic life, and respectable as a sovereign, but in his policy ill advised, while he gained the love of his Roman Catholic subjects, he incurred the execration of the Protestants. History exhibits many and greater despots than Ferdinand II., yet he alone has had the unfortunate celebrity of kindling a thirty years' war; but to produce its lamentable consequences, his ambition must have been seconded by a kindred spirit of the age, a congenial state of previous circumstances, and existing seeds of discord. At a less turbulent period, the spark would have found no fuel; and the peacefulness of the age would have choked the voice of individual ambition; but now the flash fell upon a pile of accumulated combustibles, and Europe was in flames.

His son, Ferdinand III., who, a few months before his father's death, had been raised to the dignity of King of the Romans, inherited his throne, his principles, and the war which he had caused. But Ferdinand III. had been a closer witness of the sufferings of the people, and the devastation of the country, and felt more keenly and ardently the necessity of peace. Less influenced by the Jesuits and the Spaniards, and more moderate towards the religious views of others, he was more likely than his father to listen to the voice of reason. He did so, and ultimately restored to Europe the blessing of peace, but not till after a contest of eleven years waged with sword and pen; not till after he had experienced the impossibility of resistance, and necessity had laid upon him its stern laws.

Fortune favoured him at the commencement of his reign, and his arms were victorious against the Swedes. The latter, under the command of the victorious Banner, had, after their success at Wittstock, taken up their winter quarters in Saxony; and the campaign of 1637 opened with the siege of Leipzig. The

vigorous resistance of the garrison, and the approach of the Electoral and Imperial armies, saved the town, and Banner, to prevent his communication with the Elbe being cut off, was compelled to retreat into Torgau. But the superior number of the Imperialists drove him even from that quarter; and, surrounded by the enemy, hemmed in by rivers, and suffering from famine, he had no course open to him but to attempt a highly dangerous retreat into Pomerania, of which, the boldness and successful issue border upon romance. The whole army crossed the Oder, at a ford near Furstenberg; and the soldiers, wading up to the neck in water, dragged the artillery across, when the horses refused to draw. Banner had expected to be joined by General Wrangel, on the farther side of the Oder in Pomerania; and, in conjunction with him, to be able to make head against the enemy. But Wrangel did not appear; and in his stead, he found an Imperial army posted at Landsberg, with a view to cut off the retreat of the Swedes. Banner now saw that he had fallen into a dangerous snare, from which escape appeared impossible. In his rear lay an exhausted country, the Imperialists, and the Oder on his left; the Oder, too, guarded by the Imperial General Bucheim, offered no retreat; in front, Landsberg, Custrin, the Warta, and a hostile army; and on the right, Poland, in which, notwithstanding the truce, little confidence could be placed. In these circumstances, his position seemed hopeless, and the Imperialists were already triumphing in the certainty of his fall. Banner, with just indignation, accused the French as the authors of this misfortune. They had neglected to make, according to their promise, a diversion upon the Rhine; and, by their inaction, allowed the Emperor to combine his whole force upon the Swedes. "When the day comes," cried the incensed General to the French Commissioner, who followed the camp, "that the Swedes and Germans join their arms against France, we shall cross the Rhine with less ceremony." But reproaches were now useless; what the emergency demanded was energy and resolution. In the hope of drawing the enemy by stratagem from the Oder, Banner pretended to march towards Poland, and despatched the greater part of his baggage in this direction, with his own wife, and those of the other officers. The Imperialists immediately broke up their camp, and hurried towards the Polish frontier to block up the route; Bucheim left his station, and the Oder was

stripped of its defenders. On a sudden, and under cloud of night, Banner turned towards that river, and crossed it about a mile above Custrin, with his troops, baggage, and artillery, without bridges or vessels, as he had done before at Furstenberg. He reached Pomerania without loss, and prepared to share with Wrangel the defence of that province.

But the Imperialists, under the command of Gallas, entered that duchy at Ribses, and overran it by their superior strength. Usedom and Wolgast were taken by storm, Demmin capitulated, and the Swedes were driven far into Lower Pomerania. It was, too, more important for them at this moment than ever, to maintain a footing in that country, for Bogislaus XIV. had died that year, and Sweden must prepare to establish its title to Pomerania. To prevent the Elector of Brandenburg from making good the title to that duchy, which the treaty of Prague had given him, Sweden exerted her utmost energies, and supported its generals to the extent of her ability, both with troops and money. In other quarters of the kingdom, the affairs of the Swedes began to wear a more favourable aspect, and to recover from the humiliation into which they had been thrown by the inaction of France, and the desertion of their allies. For, after their hasty retreat into Pomerania, they had lost one place after another in Upper Saxony; the princes of Mecklenburg, closely pressed by the troops of the Emperor, began to lean to the side of Austria, and even George, Duke of Lunenburg, declared against them. Ehrenbreitstein was starved into a surrender by the Bavarian General de Werth, and the Austrians possessed themselves of all the works which had been thrown up on the Rhine. France had been the sufferer in the contest with Spain; and the event had by no means justified the pompous expectations which had accompanied the opening of the campaign. Every place which the Swedes had held in the interior of Germany was lost; and only the principal towns in Pomerania still remained in their hands. But a single campaign raised them from this state of humiliation; and the vigorous diversion, which the victorious Bernard had effected upon the Rhine, gave quite a new turn to affairs.

The misunderstandings between France and Sweden were now at last adjusted, and the old treaty between these powers confirmed at Hamburg, with fresh advantages for Sweden. In Hesse, the politic Landgravine Amelia had, with the approbation of the Estates, assumed the government after the death of her husband, and resolutely maintained her rights against the Emperor and the House of Darmstadt. Already zealously attached to the Swedish Protestant party, on religious grounds, she only awaited a favourable opportunity openly to declare herself. By artful delays, and by prolonging the negotiations with the Emperor, she had succeeded in keeping him inactive, till she had concluded a secret compact with France, and the victories of Duke Bernard had given a favourable turn to the affairs of the Protestants. She now at once threw off the mask, and renewed her former alliance with the Swedish crown. The Electoral Prince of the Palatinate was also stimulated, by the success of Bernard, to try his fortune against the common enemy. Raising troops in Holland with English money, he formed a magazine at Meppen, and joined the Swedes in Westphalia. His magazine was, however, quickly lost; his army defeated near Flotha, by Count Hatzfeld; but his attempt served to occupy for some time the attention of the enemy, and thereby facilitated the operations of the Swedes in other quarters. Other friends began to appear, as fortune declared in their favour, and the circumstance, that the States of Lower Saxony embraced a neutrality, was of itself no inconsiderable advantage.

Under these advantages, and reinforced by 14,000 fresh troops from Sweden and Livonia. Banner opened, with the most favourable prospects, the campaign of 1638. The Imperialists who were in possession of Upper Pomerania and Mecklenburg, either abandoned their positions, or deserted in crowds to the Swedes, to avoid the horrors of famine, the most formidable enemy in this exhausted country. The whole country betwixt the Elbe and the Oder was so desolated by the past marchings and quarterings of the troops, that, in order to support his army on its march into Saxony and Bohemia, Banner was obliged to take a circuitous route from Lower Pomerania into Lower Saxony, and then into the Electorate of Saxony through the territory of Halberstadt. The impatience of

the Lower Saxon States to get rid of such troublesome guests, procured him so plentiful a supply of provisions, that he was provided with bread in Magdeburg itself, where famine had even overcome the natural antipathy of men to human flesh. His approach spread consternation among the Saxons; but his views were directed not against this exhausted country, but against the hereditary dominions of the Emperor. The victories of Bernard encouraged him, while the prosperity of the Austrian provinces excited his hopes of booty. After defeating the Imperial General Salis, at Elsterberg, totally routing the Saxon army at Chemnitz, and taking Pirna, he penetrated with irresistible impetuosity into Bohemia, crossed the Elbe, threatened Prague, took Brandeis and Leutmeritz, defeated General Hofkirchen with ten regiments, and spread terror and devastation through that defenceless kingdom. Booty was his sole object, and whatever he could not carry off he destroyed. In order to remove more of the corn, the ears were cut from the stalks, and the latter burnt. Above a thousand castles, hamlets, and villages were laid in ashes; sometimes more than a hundred were seen burning in one night. From Bohemia he crossed into Silesia, and it was his intention to carry his ravages even into Moravia and Austria. But to prevent this, Count Hatzfeld was summoned from Westphalia, and Piccolomini from the Netherlands, to hasten with all speed to this quarter. The Archduke Leopold, brother to the Emperor, assumed the command, in order to repair the errors of his predecessor Gallas, and to raise the army from the low ebb to which it had fallen.

The result justified the change, and the campaign of 1640 appeared to take a most unfortunate turn for the Swedes. They were successively driven out of all their posts in Bohemia, and anxious only to secure their plunder, they precipitately crossed the heights of Meissen. But being followed into Saxony by the pursuing enemy, and defeated at Plauen, they were obliged to take refuge in Thuringia. Made masters of the field in a single summer, they were as rapidly dispossessed; but only to acquire it a second time, and to hurry from one extreme to another. The army of Banner, weakened and on the brink of destruction in its camp at Erfurt, suddenly recovered itself. The Duke of Lunenburg abandoned

the treaty of Prague, and joined Banner with the very troops which, the year before, had fought against him. Hesse Cassel sent reinforcements, and the Duke of Longueville came to his support with the army of the late Duke Bernard. Once more numerically superior to the Imperialists, Banner offered them battle near Saalfeld; but their leader, Piccolomini, prudently declined an engagement, having chosen too strong a position to be forced. When the Bavarians at length separated from the Imperialists, and marched towards Franconia, Banner attempted an attack upon this divided corps, but the attempt was frustrated by the skill of the Bavarian General Von Mercy, and the near approach of the main body of the Imperialists. Both armies now moved into the exhausted territory of Hesse, where they formed intrenched camps near each other, till at last famine and the severity of the winter compelled them both to retire. Piccolomini chose the fertile banks of the Weser for his winter quarters; but being outflanked by Banner, he was obliged to give way to the Swedes, and to impose on the Franconian sees the burden of maintaining his army.

At this period, a diet was held in Ratisbon, where the complaints of the States were to be heard, measures taken for securing the repose of the Empire, and the question of peace or war finally settled. The presence of the Emperor, the majority of the Roman Catholic voices in the Electoral College, the great number of bishops, and the withdrawal of several of the Protestant votes, gave the Emperor a complete command of the deliberations of the assembly, and rendered this diet any thing but a fair representative of the opinions of the German Empire. The Protestants, with reason, considered it as a mere combination of Austria and its creatures against their party; and it seemed to them a laudable effort to interrupt its deliberations, and to dissolve the diet itself.

Banner undertook this bold enterprise. His military reputation had suffered by his last retreat from Bohemia, and it stood in need of some great exploit to restore its former lustre. Without communicating his designs to any one, in the depth of the winter of 1641, as soon as the roads and rivers were frozen, he broke up from his quarters in Lunenburg. Accompanied by Marshal Guebriant,

who commanded the armies of France and Weimar, he took the route towards the Danube, through Thuringia and Vogtland, and appeared before Ratisbon, ere the Diet could be apprised of his approach. The consternation of the assembly was indescribable; and, in the first alarm, the deputies prepared for flight. The Emperor alone declared that he would not leave the town, and encouraged the rest by his example. Unfortunately for the Swedes, a thaw came on, which broke up the ice upon the Danube, so that it was no longer passable on foot, while no boats could cross it, on account of the quantities of ice which were swept down by the current. In order to perform something, and to humble the pride of the Emperor, Banner discourteously fired 500 cannon shots into the town, which, however, did little mischief. Baffled in his designs, he resolved to penetrate farther into Bavaria, and the defenceless province of Moravia, where a rich booty and comfortable quarters awaited his troops. Guebriant, however, began to fear that the purpose of the Swedes was to draw the army of Bernard away from the Rhine, and to cut off its communication with France, till it should be either entirely won over, or incapacitated from acting independently. He therefore separated from Banner to return to the Maine; and the latter was exposed to the whole force of the Imperialists, which had been secretly drawn together between Ratisbon and Ingoldstadt, and was on its march against him. It was now time to think of a rapid retreat, which, having to be effected in the face of an army superior in cavalry, and betwixt woods and rivers, through a country entirely hostile, appeared almost impracticable. He hastily retired towards the Forest, intending to penetrate through Bohemia into Saxony; but he was obliged to sacrifice three regiments at Neuburg. These with a truly Spartan courage, defended themselves for four days behind an old wall, and gained time for Banner to escape. He retreated by Egra to Annaberg; Piccolomini took a shorter route in pursuit, by Schlakenwald; and Banner succeeded, only by a single half hour, in clearing the Pass of Prsnitz, and saving his whole army from the Imperialists. At Zwickau he was again joined by Guebriant; and both generals directed their march towards Halberstadt, after in vain attempting to defend the Saal, and to prevent the passage of the Imperialists.

Banner, at length, terminated his career at Halberstadt, in May 1641, a victim to vexation and disappointment. He sustained with great renown, though with varying success, the reputation of the Swedish arms in Germany, and by a train of victories showed himself worthy of his great master in the art of war. He was fertile in expedients, which he planned with secrecy, and executed with boldness; cautious in the midst of dangers, greater in adversity than in prosperity, and never more formidable than when upon the brink of destruction. But the virtues of the hero were united with all the railings and vices which a military life creates, or at least fosters. As imperious in private life as he was at the head of his army, rude as his profession, and proud as a conqueror; he oppressed the German princes no less by his haughtiness, than their country by his contributions. He consoled himself for the toils of war in voluptuousness and the pleasures of the table, in which he indulged to excess, and was thus brought to an early grave. But though as much addicted to pleasure as Alexander or Mahomet the Second, he hurried from the arms of luxury into the hardest fatigues, and placed himself in all his vigour at the head of his army, at the very moment his soldiers were murmuring at his luxurious excesses. Nearly 80,000 men fell in the numerous battles which he fought, and about 600 hostile standards and colours, which he sent to Stockholm, were the trophies of his victories. The want of this great general was soon severely felt by the Swedes, who feared, with justice, that the loss would not readily be replaced. The spirit of rebellion and insubordination, which had been overawed by the imperious demeanour of this dreaded commander, awoke upon his death. The officers, with an alarming unanimity, demanded payment of their arrears; and none of the four generals who shared the command, possessed influence enough to satisfy these demands, or to silence the malcontents. All discipline was at an end, increasing want, and the imperial citations were daily diminishing the number of the army; the troops of France and Weimar showed little zeal; those of Lunenburg forsook the Swedish colours; the Princes also of the House of Brunswick, after the death of Duke George, had formed a separate treaty with the Emperor; and at last even those of Hesse quitted them, to seek better quarters in Westphalia. The enemy profited by these calamitous divisions; and although defeated with loss in two

pitched battles, succeeded in making considerable progress in Lower Saxony.

At length appeared the new Swedish generalissimo, with fresh troops and money. This was Bernard Torstensohn, a pupil of Gustavus Adolphus, and his most successful imitator, who had been his page during the Polish war. Though a martyr to the gout, and confined to a litter, he surpassed all his opponents in activity; and his enterprises had wings, while his body was held by the most frightful of fetters. Under him, the scene of war was changed, and new maxims adopted, which necessity dictated, and the issue justified. All the countries in which the contest had hitherto raged were exhausted; while the House of Austria, safe in its more distant territories, felt not the miseries of the war under which the rest of Germany groaned. Torstensohn first furnished them with this bitter experience, glutted his Swedes on the fertile produce of Austria, and carried the torch of war to the very footsteps of the imperial throne.

In Silesia, the enemy had gained considerable advantages over the Swedish general Stalhantsch, and driven him as far as Neumark. Torstensohn, who had joined the main body of the Swedes in Lunenburg, summoned him to unite with his force, and in the year 1642 hastily marched into Silesia through Brandenburg, which, under its great Elector, had begun to maintain an armed neutrality. Glogau was carried, sword in hand, without a breach, or formal approaches; the Duke Francis Albert of Lauenburg defeated and killed at Schweidnitz; and Schweidnitz itself with almost all the towns on that side of the Oder, taken. He now penetrated with irresistible violence into the interior of Moravia, where no enemy of Austria had hitherto appeared, took Olmutz, and threw Vienna itself into consternation.

But, in the mean time, Piccolomini and the Archduke Leopold had collected a superior force, which speedily drove the Swedish conquerors from Moravia, and after a fruitless attempt upon Brieg, from Silesia. Reinforced by Wrangel, the Swedes again attempted to make head against the enemy, and relieved Grossglogau; but could neither bring the Imperialists to an engagement, nor carry into effect their own views upon Bohemia. Overrunning Lusatia, they took

Zittau, in presence of the enemy, and after a short stay in that country, directed their march towards the Elbe, which they passed at Torgau. Torstensohn now threatened Leipzig with a siege, and hoped to raise a large supply of provisions and contributions from that prosperous town, which for ten years had been unvisited with the scourge of war.

The Imperialists, under Leopold and Piccolomini, immediately hastened by Dresden to its relief, and Torstensohn, to avoid being inclosed between this army and the town, boldly advanced to meet them in order of battle. By a strange coincidence, the two armies met upon the very spot which, eleven years before, Gustavus Adolphus had rendered remarkable by a decisive victory; and the heroism of their predecessors, now kindled in the Swedes a noble emulation on this consecrated ground. The Swedish generals, Stahlhantsch and Wellenberg, led their divisions with such impetuosity upon the left wing of the Imperialists, before it was completely formed, that the whole cavalry that covered it were dispersed and rendered unserviceable. But the left of the Swedes was threatened with a similar fate, when the victorious right advanced to its assistance, took the enemy in flank and rear, and divided the Austrian line. The infantry on both sides stood firm as a wall, and when their ammunition was exhausted, maintained the combat with the butt-ends of their muskets, till at last the Imperialists, completely surrounded, after a contest of three hours, were compelled to abandon the field. The generals on both sides had more than once to rally their flying troops; and the Archduke Leopold, with his regiment, was the first in the attack and last in flight. But this bloody victory cost the Swedes more than 3000 men, and two of their best generals, Schlangen and Lilienhoeck. More than 5000 of the Imperialists were left upon the field, and nearly as many taken prisoners. Their whole artillery, consisting of 46 field-pieces, the silver plate and portfolio of the archduke, with the whole baggage of the army, fell into the hands of the victors. Torstensohn, too greatly disabled by his victory to pursue the enemy, moved upon Leipzig. The defeated army retired into Bohemia, where its shattered regiments reassembled. The Archduke Leopold could not recover from the vexation caused by this defeat; and the regiment of

cavalry which, by its premature flight, had occasioned the disaster, experienced the effects of his indignation. At Raconitz in Bohemia, in presence of the whole army, he publicly declared it infamous, deprived it of its horses, arms, and ensigns, ordered its standards to be torn, condemned to death several of the officers, and decimated the privates.

The surrender of Leipzig, three weeks after the battle, was its brilliant result. The city was obliged to clothe the Swedish troops anew, and to purchase an exemption from plunder, by a contribution of 300,000 rix-dollars, to which all the foreign merchants, who had warehouses in the city, were to furnish their quota. In the middle of winter, Torstensohn advanced against Freyberg, and for several weeks defied the inclemency of the season, hoping by his perseverance to weary out the obstinacy of the besieged. But he found that he was merely sacrificing the lives of his soldiers; and at last, the approach of the imperial general, Piccolomini, compelled him, with his weakened army, to retire. He considered it, however, as equivalent to a victory, to have disturbed the repose of the enemy in their winter quarters, who, by the severity of the weather, sustained a loss of 3000 horses. He now made a movement towards the Oder, as if with the view of reinforcing himself with the garrisons of Pomerania and Silesia; but, with the rapidity of lightning, he again appeared upon the Bohemian frontier, penetrated through that kingdom, and relieved Olmutz in Moravia, which was hard pressed by the Imperialists. His camp at Dobitschau, two miles from Olmutz, commanded the whole of Moravia, on which he levied heavy contributions, and carried his ravages almost to the gates of Vienna. In vain did the Emperor attempt to arm the Hungarian nobility in defence of this province; they appealed to their privileges, and refused to serve beyond the limits of their own country. Thus, the time that should have been spent in active resistance, was lost in fruitless negociation, and the entire province was abandoned to the ravages of the Swedes.

While Torstensohn, by his marches and his victories, astonished friend and foe, the armies of the allies had not been inactive in other parts of the empire.

The troops of Hesse, under Count Eberstein, and those of Weimar, under Mareschal de Guebriant, had fallen into the Electorate of Cologne, in order to take up their winter quarters there. To get rid of these troublesome guests, the Elector called to his assistance the imperial general Hatzfeldt, and assembled his own troops under General Lamboy. The latter was attacked by the allies in January, 1642, and in a decisive action near Kempen, defeated, with the loss of about 2000 men killed, and about twice as many prisoners. This important victory opened to them the whole Electorate and neighbouring territories, so that the allies were not only enabled to maintain their winter quarters there, but drew from the country large supplies of men and horses.

Guebriant left the Hessians to defend their conquests on the Lower Rhine against Hatzfeldt, and advanced towards Thuringia, as if to second the operations of Torstensohn in Saxony. But instead of joining the Swedes, he soon hurried back to the Rhine and the Maine, from which he seemed to think he had removed farther than was expedient. But being anticipated in the Margraviate of Baden, by the Bavarians under Mercy and John de Werth, he was obliged to wander about for several weeks, exposed, without shelter, to the inclemency of the winter, and generally encamping upon the snow, till he found a miserable refuge in Breisgau. He at last took the field; and, in the next summer, by keeping the Bavarian army employed in Suabia, prevented it from relieving Thionville, which was besieged by Conde. But the superiority of the enemy soon drove him back to Alsace, where he awaited a reinforcement.

The death of Cardinal Richelieu took place in November, 1642, and the subsequent change in the throne and in the ministry, occasioned by the death of Louis XIII., had for some time withdrawn the attention of France from the German war, and was the cause of the inaction of its troops in the field. But Mazarin, the inheritor, not only of Richelieu's power, but also of his principles and his projects, followed out with renewed zeal the plans of his predecessor, though the French subject was destined to pay dearly enough for the political greatness of his country. The main strength of its armies, which Richelieu had

employed against the Spaniards, was by Mazarin directed against the Emperor; and the anxiety with which he carried on the war in Germany, proved the sincerity of his opinion, that the German army was the right arm of his king, and a wall of safety around France. Immediately upon the surrender of Thionville, he sent a considerable reinforcement to Field-Marshal Guebriant in Alsace; and to encourage the troops to bear the fatigues of the German war, the celebrated victor of Rocroi, the Duke of Enghien, afterwards Prince of Conde, was placed at their head. Guebriant now felt himself strong enough to appear again in Germany with repute. He hastened across the Rhine with the view of procuring better winter quarters in Suabia, and actually made himself master of Rothweil, where a Bavarian magazine fell into his hands. But the place was too dearly purchased for its worth, and was again lost even more speedily than it had been taken. Guebriant received a wound in the arm, which the surgeon's unskilfulness rendered mortal, and the extent of his loss was felt on the very day of his death.

The French army, sensibly weakened by an expedition undertaken at so severe a season of the year, had, after the taking of Rothweil, withdrawn into the neighbourhood of Duttlingen, where it lay in complete security, without expectation of a hostile attack. In the mean time, the enemy collected a considerable force, with a view to prevent the French from establishing themselves beyond the Rhine and so near to Bavaria, and to protect that quarter from their ravages. The Imperialists, under Hatzfeldt, had formed a junction with the Bavarians under Mercy; and the Duke of Lorraine, who, during the whole course of the war, was generally found everywhere except in his own duchy, joined their united forces. It was resolved to force the quarters of the French in Duttlingen, and the neighbouring villages, by surprise; a favourite mode of proceeding in this war, and which, being commonly accompanied by confusion, occasioned more bloodshed than a regular battle. On the present occasion, there was the more to justify it, as the French soldiers, unaccustomed to such enterprises, conceived themselves protected by the severity of the winter against any surprise. John de Werth, a master in this species of warfare, which he had often put in practice against Gustavus Horn, conducted the enterprise, and

succeeded, contrary to all expectation.

The attack was made on a side where it was least looked for, on account of the woods and narrow passes, and a heavy snow storm which fell upon the same day, (the 24th November, 1643,) concealed the approach of the vanguard till it halted before Duttlingen. The whole of the artillery without the place, as well as the neighbouring Castle of Honberg, were taken without resistance, Duttlingen itself was gradually surrounded by the enemy, and all connexion with the other quarters in the adjacent villages silently and suddenly cut off. The French were vanquished without firing a cannon. The cavalry owed their escape to the swiftness of their horses, and the few minutes in advance, which they had gained upon their pursuers. The infantry were cut to pieces, or voluntarily laid down their arms. About 2,000 men were killed, and 7,000, with 25 staff-officers and 90 captains, taken prisoners. This was, perhaps, the only battle, in the whole course of the war, which produced nearly the same effect upon the party which gained, and that which lost;—both these parties were Germans; the French disgraced themselves. The memory of this unfortunate day, which was renewed 100 years after at Rosbach, was indeed erased by the subsequent heroism of a Turenne and Conde; but the Germans may be pardoned, if they indemnified themselves for the miseries which the policy of France had heaped upon them, by these severe reflections upon her intrepidity.

Meantime, this defeat of the French was calculated to prove highly disastrous to Sweden, as the whole power of the Emperor might now act against them, while the number of their enemies was increased by a formidable accession. Torstensohn had, in September, 1643, suddenly left Moravia, and moved into Silesia. The cause of this step was a secret, and the frequent changes which took place in the direction of his march, contributed to increase this perplexity. From Silesia, after numberless circuits, he advanced towards the Elbe, while the Imperialists followed him into Lusatia. Throwing a bridge across the Elbe at Torgau, he gave out that he intended to penetrate through Meissen into the Upper Palatinate in Bavaria; at Barby he also made a movement, as if to pass

that river, but continued to move down the Elbe as far as Havelburg, where he astonished his troops by informing them that he was leading them against the Danes in Holstein.

The partiality which Christian IV. had displayed against the Swedes in his office of mediator, the jealousy which led him to do all in his power to hinder the progress of their arms, the restraints which he laid upon their navigation of the Sound, and the burdens which he imposed upon their commerce, had long roused the indignation of Sweden; and, at last, when these grievances increased daily, had determined the Regency to measures of retaliation. Dangerous as it seemed, to involve the nation in a new war, when, even amidst its conquests, it was almost exhausted by the old, the desire of revenge, and the deep-rooted hatred which subsisted between Danes and Swedes, prevailed over all other considerations; and even the embarrassment in which hostilities with Germany had plunged it, only served as an additional motive to try its fortune against Denmark.

Matters were, in fact, arrived at last to that extremity, that the war was prosecuted merely for the purpose of furnishing food and employment to the troops; that good winter quarters formed the chief subject of contention; and that success, in this point, was more valued than a decisive victory. But now the provinces of Germany were almost all exhausted and laid waste. They were wholly destitute of provisions, horses, and men, which in Holstein were to be found in profusion. If by this movement, Torstenson should succeed merely in recruiting his army, providing subsistence for his horses and soldiers, and remounting his cavalry, all the danger and difficulty would be well repaid. Besides, it was highly important, on the eve of negotiations for peace, to diminish the injurious influence which Denmark might exercise upon these deliberations, to delay the treaty itself, which threatened to be prejudicial to the Swedish interests, by sowing confusion among the parties interested, and with a view to the amount of indemnification, to increase the number of her conquests, in order to be the more sure of securing those which alone she was anxious to

retain. Moreover, the present state of Denmark justified even greater hopes, if only the attempt were executed with rapidity and silence. The secret was in fact so well kept in Stockholm, that the Danish minister had not the slightest suspicion of it; and neither France nor Holland were let into the scheme. Actual hostilities commenced with the declaration of war; and Torstensohn was in Holstein, before even an attack was expected. The Swedish troops, meeting with no resistance, quickly overran this duchy, and made themselves masters of all its strong places, except Rensburg and Gluckstadt. Another army penetrated into Schonen, which made as little opposition; and nothing but the severity of the season prevented the enemy from passing the Lesser Baltic, and carrying the war into Funen and Zealand. The Danish fleet was unsuccessful at Femern; and Christian himself, who was on board, lost his right eye by a splinter. Cut off from all communication with the distant force of the Emperor, his ally, this king was on the point of seeing his whole kingdom overrun by the Swedes; and all things threatened the speedy fulfilment of the old prophecy of the famous Tycho Brahe, that in the year 1644, Christian IV. should wander in the greatest misery from his dominions.

But the Emperor could not look on with indifference, while Denmark was sacrificed to Sweden, and the latter strengthened by so great an acquisition. Notwithstanding great difficulties lay in the way of so long a march through desolated provinces, he did not hesitate to despatch an army into Holstein under Count Gallas, who, after Piccolomini's retirement, had resumed the supreme command of the troops. Gallas accordingly appeared in the duchy, took Keil, and hoped, by forming a junction with the Danes, to be able to shut up the Swedish army in Jutland. Meantime, the Hessians, and the Swedish General Koenigsmark, were kept in check by Hatzfeldt, and the Archbishop of Bremen, the son of Christian IV.; and afterwards the Swedes drawn into Saxony by an attack upon Meissen. But Torstensohn, with his augmented army, penetrated through the unoccupied pass betwixt Schleswig and Stapelholm, met Gallas, and drove him along the whole course of the Elbe, as far as Bernburg, where the Imperialists took up an entrenched position. Torstensohn passed the Saal, and by

posting himself in the rear of the enemy, cut off their communication with Saxony and Bohemia. Scarcity and famine began now to destroy them in great numbers, and forced them to retreat to Magdeburg, where, however, they were not much better off. The cavalry, which endeavoured to escape into Silesia, was overtaken and routed by Torstensohn, near Juterbock; the rest of the army, after a vain attempt to fight its way through the Swedish lines, was almost wholly destroyed near Magdeburg. From this expedition, Gallas brought back only a few thousand men of all his formidable force, and the reputation of being a consummate master in the art of ruining an army. The King of Denmark, after this unsuccessful effort to relieve him, sued for peace, which he obtained at Bremsebor in the year 1645, under very unfavourable conditions.

Torstensohn rapidly followed up his victory; and while Axel Lilienstern, one of the generals who commanded under him, overawed Saxony, and Koenigsmark subdued the whole of Bremen, he himself penetrated into Bohemia with 16,000 men and 80 pieces of artillery, and endeavoured a second time to remove the seat of war into the hereditary dominions of Austria. Ferdinand, upon this intelligence, hastened in person to Prague, in order to animate the courage of the people by his presence; and as a skilful general was much required, and so little unanimity prevailed among the numerous leaders, he hoped in the immediate neighbourhood of the war to be able to give more energy and activity. In obedience to his orders, Hatzfeldt assembled the whole Austrian and Bavarian force, and contrary to his own inclination and advice, formed the Emperor's last army, and the last bulwark of his states, in order of battle, to meet the enemy, who were approaching, at Jankowitz, on the 24th of February, 1645. Ferdinand depended upon his cavalry, which outnumbered that of the enemy by 3000, and upon the promise of the Virgin Mary, who had appeared to him in a dream, and given him the strongest assurances of a complete victory.

The superiority of the Imperialists did not intimidate Torstensohn, who was not accustomed to number his antagonists. On the very first onset, the left wing, which Goetz, the general of the League, had entangled in a disadvantageous

position among marshes and thickets, was totally routed; the general, with the greater part of his men, killed, and almost the whole ammunition of the army taken. This unfortunate commencement decided the fate of the day. The Swedes, constantly advancing, successively carried all the most commanding heights. After a bloody engagement of eight hours, a desperate attack on the part of the Imperial cavalry, and a vigorous resistance by the Swedish infantry, the latter remained in possession of the field. 2,000 Austrians were killed upon the spot, and Hatzfeldt himself, with 3,000 men, taken prisoners. Thus, on the same day, did the Emperor lose his best general and his last army.

This decisive victory at Jancowitz, at once exposed all the Austrian territory to the enemy. Ferdinand hastily fled to Vienna, to provide for its defence, and to save his family and his treasures. In a very short time, the victorious Swedes poured, like an inundation, upon Moravia and Austria. After they had subdued nearly the whole of Moravia, invested Brunn, and taken all the strongholds as far as the Danube, and carried the intrenchments at the Wolf's Bridge, near Vienna, they at last appeared in sight of that capital, while the care which they had taken to fortify their conquests, showed that their visit was not likely to be a short one. After a long and destructive circuit through every province of Germany, the stream of war had at last rolled backwards to its source, and the roar of the Swedish artillery now reminded the terrified inhabitants of those balls which, twenty-seven years before, the Bohemian rebels had fired into Vienna. The same theatre of war brought again similar actors on the scene. Torstensohn invited Ragotsky, the successor of Bethlen Gabor, to his assistance, as the Bohemian rebels had solicited that of his predecessor; Upper Hungary was already inundated by his troops, and his union with the Swedes was daily apprehended. The Elector of Saxony, driven to despair by the Swedes taking up their quarters within his territories, and abandoned by the Emperor, who, after the defeat at Jankowitz, was unable to defend himself, at length adopted the last and only expedient which remained, and concluded a truce with Sweden, which was renewed from year to year, till the general peace. The Emperor thus lost a friend, while a new enemy was appearing at his very gates, his armies dispersed, and his

allies in other quarters of Germany defeated. The French army had effaced the disgrace of their defeat at Deutlingen by a brilliant campaign, and had kept the whole force of Bavaria employed upon the Rhine and in Suabia. Reinforced with fresh troops from France, which the great Turenne, already distinguished by his victories in Italy, brought to the assistance of the Duke of Enghien, they appeared on the 3rd of August, 1644, before Friburg, which Mercy had lately taken, and now covered, with his whole army strongly intrenched. But against the steady firmness of the Bavarians, all the impetuous valour of the French was exerted in vain, and after a fruitless sacrifice of 6,000 men, the Duke of Enghien was compelled to retreat. Mazarin shed tears over this great loss, which Conde, who had no feeling for anything but glory, disregarded. "A single night in Paris," said he, "gives birth to more men than this action has destroyed." The Bavarians, however, were so disabled by this murderous battle, that, far from being in a condition to relieve Austria from the menaced dangers, they were too weak even to defend the banks of the Rhine. Spires, Worms, and Manheim capitulated; the strong fortress of Philipsburg was forced to surrender by famine; and, by a timely submission, Mentz hastened to disarm the conquerors.

Austria and Moravia, however, were now freed from Torstensohn, by a similar means of deliverance, as in the beginning of the war had saved them from the Bohemians. Ragotzky, at the head of 25,000 men, had advanced into the neighbourhood of the Swedish quarters upon the Danube. But these wild undisciplined hordes, instead of seconding the operations of Torstensohn by any vigorous enterprise, only ravaged the country, and increased the distress which, even before their arrival, had begun to be felt in the Swedish camp. To extort tribute from the Emperor, and money and plunder from his subjects, was the sole object that had allured Ragotzky, or his predecessor, Bethlen Gabor, into the field; and both departed as soon as they had gained their end. To get rid of him, Ferdinand granted the barbarian whatever he asked, and, by a small sacrifice, freed his states of this formidable enemy.

In the mean time, the main body of the Swedes had been greatly weakened by

a tedious encampment before Brunn. Torstensohn, who commanded in person, for four entire months employed in vain all his knowledge of military tactics; the obstinacy of the resistance was equal to that of the assault; while despair roused the courage of Souches, the commandant, a Swedish deserter, who had no hope of pardon. The ravages caused by pestilence, arising from famine, want of cleanliness, and the use of unripe fruit, during their tedious and unhealthy encampment, with the sudden retreat of the Prince of Transylvania, at last compelled the Swedish leader to raise the siege. As all the passes upon the Danube were occupied, and his army greatly weakened by famine and sickness, he at last relinquished his intended plan of operations against Austria and Moravia, and contented himself with securing a key to these provinces, by leaving behind him Swedish garrisons in the conquered fortresses. He then directed his march into Bohemia, whither he was followed by the Imperialists, under the Archduke Leopold. Such of the lost places as had not been retaken by the latter, were recovered, after his departure, by the Austrian General Bucheim; so that, in the course of the following year, the Austrian frontier was again cleared of the enemy, and Vienna escaped with mere alarm. In Bohemia and Silesia too, the Swedes maintained themselves only with a very variable fortune; they traversed both countries, without being able to hold their ground in either. But if the designs of Torstensohn were not crowned with all the success which they were promised at the commencement, they were, nevertheless, productive of the most important consequences to the Swedish party. Denmark had been compelled to a peace, Saxony to a truce. The Emperor, in the deliberations for a peace, offered greater concessions; France became more manageable; and Sweden itself bolder and more confident in its bearing towards these two crowns. Having thus nobly performed his duty, the author of these advantages retired, adorned with laurels, into the tranquillity of private life, and endeavoured to restore his shattered health.

By the retreat of Torstensohn, the Emperor was relieved from all fears of an irruption on the side of Bohemia. But a new danger soon threatened the Austrian frontier from Suabia and Bavaria. Turenne, who had separated from Conde, and

taken the direction of Suabia, had, in the year 1645, been totally defeated by Mercy, near Mergentheim; and the victorious Bavarians, under their brave leader, poured into Hesse. But the Duke of Enghien hastened with considerable succours from Alsace, Koenigsmark from Moravia, and the Hessians from the Rhine, to recruit the defeated army, and the Bavarians were in turn compelled to retire to the extreme limits of Suabia. Here they posted themselves at the village of Allersheim, near Nordlingen, in order to cover the Bavarian frontier. But no obstacle could check the impetuosity of the Duke of Enghien. In person, he led on his troops against the enemy's entrenchments, and a battle took place, which the heroic resistance of the Bavarians rendered most obstinate and bloody; till at last the death of the great Mercy, the skill of Turenne, and the iron firmness of the Hessians, decided the day in favour of the allies. But even this second barbarous sacrifice of life had little effect either on the course of the war, or on the negotiations for peace. The French army, exhausted by this bloody engagement, was still farther weakened by the departure of the Hessians, and the Bavarians being reinforced by the Archduke Leopold, Turenne was again obliged hastily to recross the Rhine.

The retreat of the French, enabled the enemy to turn his whole force upon the Swedes in Bohemia. Gustavus Wrangel, no unworthy successor of Banner and Torstensohn, had, in 1646, been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Swedish army, which, besides Koenigsmark's flying corps and the numerous garrisons disposed throughout the empire, amounted to about 8,000 horse, and 15,000 foot. The Archduke, after reinforcing his army, which already amounted to 24,000 men, with twelve Bavarian regiments of cavalry, and eighteen regiments of infantry, moved against Wrangel, in the hope of being able to overwhelm him by his superior force before Koenigsmark could join him, or the French effect a diversion in his favour. Wrangel, however, did not await him, but hastened through Upper Saxony to the Weser, where he took Hoester and Paderborn. From thence he marched into Hesse, in order to join Turenne, and at his camp at Wetzlar, was joined by the flying corps of Koenigsmark. But Turenne, fettered by the instructions of Mazarin, who had seen with jealousy the warlike prowess

and increasing power of the Swedes, excused himself on the plea of a pressing necessity to defend the frontier of France on the side of the Netherlands, in consequence of the Flemings having failed to make the promised diversion. But as Wrangel continued to press his just demand, and a longer opposition might have excited distrust on the part of the Swedes, or induce them to conclude a private treaty with Austria, Turenne at last obtained the wished for permission to join the Swedish army.

The junction took place at Giessen, and they now felt themselves strong enough to meet the enemy. The latter had followed the Swedes into Hesse, in order to intercept their commissariat, and to prevent their union with Turenne. In both designs they had been unsuccessful; and the Imperialists now saw themselves cut off from the Maine, and exposed to great scarcity and want from the loss of their magazines. Wrangel took advantage of their weakness, to execute a plan by which he hoped to give a new turn to the war. He, too, had adopted the maxim of his predecessor, to carry the war into the Austrian States. But discouraged by the ill success of Torstensohn's enterprise, he hoped to gain his end with more certainty by another way. He determined to follow the course of the Danube, and to break into the Austrian territories through the midst of Bavaria. A similar design had been formerly conceived by Gustavus Adolphus, which he had been prevented carrying into effect by the approach of Wallenstein's army, and the danger of Saxony. Duke Bernard moving in his footsteps, and more fortunate than Gustavus, had spread his victorious banners between the Iser and the Inn; but the near approach of the enemy, vastly superior in force, obliged him to halt in his victorious career, and lead back his troops. Wrangel now hoped to accomplish the object in which his predecessors had failed, the more so, as the Imperial and Bavarian army was far in his rear upon the Lahn, and could only reach Bavaria by a long march through Franconia and the Upper Palatinate. He moved hastily upon the Danube, defeated a Bavarian corps near Donauwerth, and passed that river, as well as the Lech, unopposed. But by wasting his time in the unsuccessful siege of Augsburg, he gave opportunity to the Imperialists, not only to relieve that city, but also to repulse

him as far as Lauingen. No sooner, however, had they turned towards Suabia, with a view to remove the war from Bavaria, than, seizing the opportunity, he repassed the Lech, and guarded the passage of it against the Imperialists themselves. Bavaria now lay open and defenceless before him; the French and Swedes quickly overran it; and the soldiery indemnified themselves for all dangers by frightful outrages, robberies, and extortions. The arrival of the Imperial troops, who at last succeeded in passing the Lech at Thierhaupten, only increased the misery of this country, which friend and foe indiscriminately plundered.

And now, for the first time during the whole course of this war, the courage of Maximilian, which for eight-and-twenty years had stood unshaken amidst fearful dangers, began to waver. Ferdinand II., his school-companion at Ingoldstadt, and the friend of his youth, was no more; and with the death of his friend and benefactor, the strong tie was dissolved which had linked the Elector to the House of Austria. To the father, habit, inclination, and gratitude had attached him; the son was a stranger to his heart, and political interests alone could preserve his fidelity to the latter prince.

Accordingly, the motives which the artifices of France now put in operation, in order to detach him from the Austrian alliance, and to induce him to lay down his arms, were drawn entirely from political considerations. It was not without a selfish object that Mazarin had so far overcome his jealousy of the growing power of the Swedes, as to allow the French to accompany them into Bavaria. His intention was to expose Bavaria to all the horrors of war, in the hope that the persevering fortitude of Maximilian might be subdued by necessity and despair, and the Emperor deprived of his first and last ally. Brandenburg had, under its great sovereign, embraced the neutrality; Saxony had been forced to accede to it; the war with France prevented the Spaniards from taking any part in that of Germany; the peace with Sweden had removed Denmark from the theatre of war; and Poland had been disarmed by a long truce. If they could succeed in detaching the Elector of Bavaria also from the Austrian alliance, the Emperor

would be without a friend in Germany and left to the mercy of the allied powers.

Ferdinand III. saw his danger, and left no means untried to avert it. But the Elector of Bavaria was unfortunately led to believe that the Spaniards alone were disinclined to peace, and that nothing, but Spanish influence, had induced the Emperor so long to resist a cessation of hostilities. Maximilian detested the Spaniards, and could never forgive their having opposed his application for the Palatine Electorate. Could it then be supposed that, in order to gratify this hated power, he would see his people sacrificed, his country laid waste, and himself ruined, when, by a cessation of hostilities, he could at once emancipate himself from all these distresses, procure for his people the repose of which they stood so much in need, and perhaps accelerate the arrival of a general peace? All doubts disappeared; and, convinced of the necessity of this step, he thought he should sufficiently discharge his obligations to the Emperor, if he invited him also to share in the benefit of the truce.

The deputies of the three crowns, and of Bavaria, met at Ulm, to adjust the conditions. But it was soon evident, from the instructions of the Austrian ambassadors that it was not the intention of the Emperor to second the conclusion of a truce, but if possible to prevent it. It was obviously necessary to make the terms acceptable to the Swedes, who had the advantage, and had more to hope than to fear from the continuance of the war. They were the conquerors; and yet the Emperor presumed to dictate to them. In the first transports of their indignation, the Swedish ambassadors were on the point of leaving the congress, and the French were obliged to have recourse to threats in order to detain them.

The good intentions of the Elector of Bavaria, to include the Emperor in the benefit of the truce, having been thus rendered unavailing, he felt himself justified in providing for his own safety. However hard were the conditions on which the truce was to be purchased, he did not hesitate to accept it on any terms. He agreed to the Swedes extending their quarters in Suabia and Franconia, and to his own being restricted to Bavaria and the Palatinate. The conquests which he had made in Suabia were ceded to the allies, who, on their

part, restored to him what they had taken from Bavaria. Cologne and Hesse Cassel were also included in the truce. After the conclusion of this treaty, upon the 14th March, 1647, the French and Swedes left Bavaria, and in order not to interfere with each other, took up different quarters; the former in Wuerttemberg, the latter in Upper Suabia, in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Constance. On the extreme north of this lake, and on the most southern frontier of Suabia, the Austrian town of Bregentz, by its steep and narrow passes, seemed to defy attack; and in this persuasion, the whole peasantry of the surrounding villages had with their property taken refuge in this natural fortress. The rich booty, which the store of provisions it contained, gave reason to expect, and the advantage of possessing a pass into the Tyrol, Switzerland and Italy, induced the Swedish general to venture an attack upon this supposed impregnable post and town, in which he succeeded. Meantime, Turenne, according to agreement, marched into Wuerttemberg, where he forced the Landgrave of Darmstadt and the Elector of Mentz to imitate the example of Bavaria, and to embrace the neutrality.

And now, at last, France seemed to have attained the great object of its policy, that of depriving the Emperor of the support of the League, and of his Protestant allies, and of dictating to him, sword in hand, the conditions of peace. Of all his once formidable power, an army, not exceeding 12,000, was all that remained to him; and this force he was driven to the necessity of entrusting to the command of a Calvinist, the Hessian deserter Melander, as the casualties of war had stripped him of his best generals. But as this war had been remarkable for the sudden changes of fortune it displayed; and as every calculation of state policy had been frequently baffled by some unforeseen event, in this case also the issue disappointed expectation; and after a brief crisis, the fallen power of Austria rose again to a formidable strength. The jealousy which France entertained of Sweden, prevented it from permitting the total ruin of the Emperor, or allowing the Swedes to obtain such a preponderance in Germany, as might have been destructive to France herself. Accordingly, the French minister declined to take advantage of the distresses of Austria; and the army of Turenne, separating from

that of Wrangel, retired to the frontiers of the Netherlands. Wrangel, indeed, after moving from Suabia into Franconia, taking Schweinfurt, and incorporating the imperial garrison of that place with his own army, attempted to make his way into Bohemia, and laid siege to Egra, the key of that kingdom. To relieve this fortress, the Emperor put his last army in motion, and placed himself at its head. But obliged to take a long circuit, in order to spare the lands of Von Schlick, the president of the council of war, he protracted his march; and on his arrival, Egra was already taken. Both armies were now in sight of each other; and a decisive battle was momentarily expected, as both were suffering from want, and the two camps were only separated from each other by the space of the entrenchments. But the Imperialists, although superior in numbers, contented themselves with keeping close to the enemy, and harassing them by skirmishes, by fatiguing marches and famine, until the negotiations which had been opened with Bavaria were brought to a bearing.

The neutrality of Bavaria, was a wound under which the Imperial court writhed impatiently; and after in vain attempting to prevent it, Austria now determined, if possible, to turn it to advantage. Several officers of the Bavarian army had been offended by this step of their master, which at once reduced them to inaction, and imposed a burdensome restraint on their restless disposition. Even the brave John de Werth was at the head of the malcontents, and encouraged by the Emperor, he formed a plot to seduce the whole army from their allegiance to the Elector, and lead it over to the Emperor. Ferdinand did not blush to patronize this act of treachery against his father's most trusty ally. He formally issued a proclamation to the Bavarian troops, in which he recalled them to himself, reminded them that they were the troops of the empire, which the Elector had merely commanded in name of the Emperor. Fortunately for Maximilian, he detected the conspiracy in time enough to anticipate and prevent it by the most rapid and effective measures.

This disgraceful conduct of the Emperor might have justified a reprisal, but Maximilian was too old a statesman to listen to the voice of passion, where

policy alone ought to be heard. He had not derived from the truce the advantages he expected. Far from tending to accelerate a general peace, it had a pernicious influence upon the negotiations at Munster and Osnaburg, and had made the allies bolder in their demands. The French and Swedes had indeed removed from Bavaria; but, by the loss of his quarters in the Suabian circle, he found himself compelled either to exhaust his own territories by the subsistence of his troops, or at once to disband them, and to throw aside the shield and spear, at the very moment when the sword alone seemed to be the arbiter of right. Before embracing either of these certain evils, he determined to try a third step, the unfavourable issue of which was at least not so certain, viz., to renounce the truce and resume the war.

This resolution, and the assistance which he immediately despatched to the Emperor in Bohemia, threatened materially to injure the Swedes, and Wrangel was compelled in haste to evacuate that kingdom. He retired through Thuringia into Westphalia and Lunenburg, in the hope of forming a junction with the French army under Turenne, while the Imperial and Bavarian army followed him to the Weser, under Melander and Gronsfeld. His ruin was inevitable, if the enemy should overtake him before his junction with Turenne; but the same consideration which had just saved the Emperor, now proved the salvation of the Swedes. Even amidst all the fury of the conquest, cold calculations of prudence guided the course of the war, and the vigilance of the different courts increased, as the prospect of peace approached. The Elector of Bavaria could not allow the Emperor to obtain so decisive a preponderance as, by the sudden alteration of affairs, might delay the chances of a general peace. Every change of fortune was important now, when a pacification was so ardently desired by all, and when the disturbance of the balance of power among the contracting parties might at once annihilate the work of years, destroy the fruit of long and tedious negotiations, and indefinitely protract the repose of Europe. If France sought to restrain the Swedish crown within due bounds, and measured out her assistance according to her successes and defeats, the Elector of Bavaria silently undertook the same task with the Emperor his ally, and determined, by prudently dealing out his aid,

to hold the fate of Austria in his own hands. And now that the power of the Emperor threatened once more to attain a dangerous superiority, Maximilian at once ceased to pursue the Swedes. He was also afraid of reprisals from France, who had threatened to direct Turenne's whole force against him if he allowed his troops to cross the Weser.

Melander, prevented by the Bavarians from further pursuing Wrangel, crossed by Jena and Erfurt into Hesse, and now appeared as a dangerous enemy in the country which he had formerly defended. If it was the desire of revenge upon his former sovereign, which led him to choose Hesse for the scene of his ravage, he certainly had his full gratification. Under this scourge, the miseries of that unfortunate state reached their height. But he had soon reason to regret that, in the choice of his quarters, he had listened to the dictates of revenge rather than of prudence. In this exhausted country, his army was oppressed by want, while Wrangel was recruiting his strength, and remounting his cavalry in Lunenburg. Too weak to maintain his wretched quarters against the Swedish general, when he opened the campaign in the winter of 1648, and marched against Hesse, he was obliged to retire with disgrace, and take refuge on the banks of the Danube.

France had once more disappointed the expectations of Sweden; and the army of Turenne, disregarding the remonstrances of Wrangel, had remained upon the Rhine. The Swedish leader revenged himself, by drawing into his service the cavalry of Weimar, which had abandoned the standard of France, though, by this step, he farther increased the jealousy of that power. Turenne received permission to join the Swedes; and the last campaign of this eventful war was now opened by the united armies. Driving Melander before them along the Danube, they threw supplies into Egra, which was besieged by the Imperialists, and defeated the Imperial and Bavarian armies on the Danube, which ventured to oppose them at Susmarshausen, where Melander was mortally wounded. After this overthrow, the Bavarian general, Gronsfeld, placed himself on the farther side of the Lech, in order to guard Bavaria from the enemy.

But Gronsfeld was not more fortunate than Tilly, who, in this same position,

had sacrificed his life for Bavaria. Wrangel and Turenne chose the same spot for passing the river, which was so gloriously marked by the victory of Gustavus Adolphus, and accomplished it by the same means, too, which had favoured their predecessor. Bavaria was now a second time overrun, and the breach of the truce punished by the severest treatment of its inhabitants. Maximilian sought shelter in Salzburg, while the Swedes crossed the Iser, and forced their way as far as the Inn. A violent and continued rain, which in a few days swelled this inconsiderable stream into a broad river, saved Austria once more from the threatened danger. The enemy ten times attempted to form a bridge of boats over the Inn, and as often it was destroyed by the current. Never, during the whole course of the war, had the Imperialists been in so great consternation as at present, when the enemy were in the centre of Bavaria, and when they had no longer a general left who could be matched against a Turenne, a Wrangel, and a Koenigsmark. At last the brave Piccolomini arrived from the Netherlands, to assume the command of the feeble wreck of the Imperialists. By their own ravages in Bohemia, the allies had rendered their subsistence in that country impracticable, and were at last driven by scarcity to retreat into the Upper Palatinate, where the news of the peace put a period to their activity.

Koenigsmark, with his flying corps, advanced towards Bohemia, where Ernest Odowalsky, a disbanded captain, who, after being disabled in the imperial service, had been dismissed without a pension, laid before him a plan for surprising the lesser side of the city of Prague. Koenigsmark successfully accomplished the bold enterprise, and acquired the reputation of closing the thirty years' war by the last brilliant achievement. This decisive stroke, which vanquished the Emperor's irresolution, cost the Swedes only the loss of a single man. But the old town, the larger half of Prague, which is divided into two parts by the Moldau, by its vigorous resistance wearied out the efforts of the Palatine, Charles Gustavus, the successor of Christina on the throne, who had arrived from Sweden with fresh troops, and had assembled the whole Swedish force in Bohemia and Silesia before its walls. The approach of winter at last drove the besiegers into their quarters, and in the mean time, the intelligence arrived that a

peace had been signed at Munster, on the 24th October.

The colossal labour of concluding this solemn, and ever memorable and sacred treaty, which is known by the name of the peace of Westphalia; the endless obstacles which were to be surmounted; the contending interests which it was necessary to reconcile; the concatenation of circumstances which must have co-operated to bring to a favourable termination this tedious, but precious and permanent work of policy; the difficulties which beset the very opening of the negotiations, and maintaining them, when opened, during the ever-fluctuating vicissitudes of the war; finally, arranging the conditions of peace, and still more, the carrying them into effect; what were the conditions of this peace; what each contending power gained or lost, by the toils and sufferings of a thirty years' war; what modification it wrought upon the general system of European policy; —these are matters which must be relinquished to another pen. The history of the peace of Westphalia constitutes a whole, as important as the history of the war itself. A mere abridgment of it, would reduce to a mere skeleton one of the most interesting and characteristic monuments of human policy and passions, and deprive it of every feature calculated to fix the attention of the public, for which I write, and of which I now respectfully take my leave.

[Note From the first PG etext of this work: Separate sources indicate that at the beginning of this war there were about 15 million people in Germany, and at the end of the war there were about 4 million. If this is not surprising enough, war broke out again only 10 years after the conclusion of this war.]

THE WORKS

OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER

Translated from the German

Illustrated

PREFACE TO THE EDITION.

The present is the best collected edition of the important works of Schiller

which is accessible to readers in the English language. Detached poems or dramas have been translated at various times since the first publication of the original works; and in several instances these versions have been incorporated into this collection. Schiller was not less efficiently qualified by nature for an historian than for a dramatist. He was formed to excel in all departments of literature, and the admirable lucidity of style and soundness and impartiality of judgment displayed in his historical writings will not easily be surpassed, and will always recommend them as popular expositions of the periods of which they treat.

Since the publication of the first English edition many corrections and improvements have been made, with a view to rendering it as acceptable as possible to English readers; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a translation, the publishers feel sure that Schiller will be heartily acceptable to English readers, and that the influence of his writings will continue to increase.

THE HISTORY OF THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS was translated by Lieut. E. B. Eastwick, and originally published abroad for students' use. But this translation was too strictly literal for general readers. It has been carefully revised, and some portions have been entirely rewritten by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, who also has so ably translated the HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS WAR.

THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN was translated by Mr. James Churchill, and first appeared in "Frazer's Magazine." It is an exceedingly happy version of what has always been deemed the most untranslatable of Schiller's works.

THE PICCOLOMINI and DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN are the admirable version of S. T. Coleridge, completed by the addition of all those passages which he has omitted, and by a restoration of Schiller's own arrangement of the acts and scenes. It is said, in defence of the variations which exist between the German original and the version given by Coleridge, that he translated from a prompter's copy in manuscript, before the drama had been printed, and that

Schiller himself subsequently altered it, by omitting some passages, adding others, and even engrafting several of Coleridge's adaptations.

WILHELM TELL is translated by Theodore Martin, Esq., whose well-known position as a writer, and whose special acquaintance with German literature make any recommendation superfluous.

DON CARLOS is translated by R. D. Boylan, Esq., and, in the opinion of competent judges, the version is eminently successful. Mr. Theodore Martin kindly gave some assistance, and, it is but justice to state, has enhanced the value of the work by his judicious suggestions.

The translation of MARY STUART is that by the late Joseph Mellish, who appears to have been on terms of intimate friendship with Schiller. His version was made from the prompter's copy, before the play was published, and, like Coleridge's Wallenstein, contains many passages not found in the printed edition. These are distinguished by brackets. On the other hand, Mr. Mellish omitted many passages which now form part of the printed drama, all of which are now added. The translation, as a whole, stands out from similar works of the time (1800) in almost as marked a degree as Coleridge's Wallenstein, and some passages exhibit powers of a high order; a few, however, especially in the earlier scenes, seemed capable of improvement, and these have been revised, but, in deference to the translator, with a sparing hand.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS is contributed by Miss Anna Swanwick, whose translation of Faust has since become well known. It has been carefully revised, and is now, for the first time, published complete.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA, which has been regarded as the poetical masterpiece of Schiller, and, perhaps of all his works, presents the greatest difficulties to the translator, is rendered by A. Lodge, Esq., M. A. This version, on its first publication in England, a few years ago, was received with deserved eulogy by distinguished critics. To the present edition has been prefixed

Schiller's Essay on the Use of the Chorus in Tragedy, in which the author's favorite theory of the "Ideal of Art" is enforced with great ingenuity and eloquence.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

CONTENTS.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

INTRODUCTION

BOOK I.—Earlier History of The Netherlands up to the Sixteenth Century

BOOK II.—Cardinal Granvella

BOOK III.—Conspiracy of the Nobles

BOOK IV.—The Iconoclasts Trial and Execution of Counts Egmont and Horn Siege of Antwerp by the Prince of Parma, in the Years 1584 and 1585

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Many years ago, when I read the History of the Belgian Revolution in Watson's excellent work, I was seized with an enthusiasm which political events but rarely excite. On further reflection I felt that this enthusiastic feeling had arisen less from the book itself than from the ardent workings of my own imagination, which had imparted to the recorded materials the particular form that so fascinated me. These imaginations, therefore, I felt a wish to fix, to multiply, and to strengthen; these exalted sentiments I was anxious to extend by communicating them to others. This was my principal motive for commencing the present history, my only vocation to write it. The execution of this design carried me farther than in the beginning I had expected. A closer acquaintance with my materials enabled me to discover defects previously unnoticed, long waste tracts to be filled up, apparent contradictions to be reconciled, and isolated facts to be brought into connection with the rest of the subject. Not so much with the view of enriching my history with new facts as of seeking a key to old ones, I betook myself to the original sources, and thus what was originally intended to be only a general outline expanded under my hands into an elaborate history. The first part, which concludes with the Duchess of Parma's departure from the Netherlands, must be looked upon only as the introduction to the history of the Revolution itself, which did not come to an open outbreak till the government of her successor. I have bestowed the more care and attention upon this introductory period the more the generality of writers who had previously treated of it seemed to me deficient in these very qualities. Moreover, it is in my opinion the more important as being the root and source of all the subsequent events. If,

then, the first volume should appear to any as barren in important incident, dwelling prolixly on trifles, or, rather, should seem at first sight profuse of reflections, and in general tediously minute, it must be remembered that it was precisely out of small beginnings that the Revolution was gradually developed; and that all the great results which follow sprang out of a countless number of trifling and little circumstances.

A nation like the one before us invariably takes its first steps with doubts and uncertainty, to move afterwards only the more rapidly for its previous hesitation. I proposed, therefore, to follow the same method in describing this rebellion. The longer the reader delays on the introduction the more familiar he becomes with the actors in this history, and the scene in which they took a part, so much the more rapidly and unerringly shall I be able to lead him through the subsequent periods, where the accumulation of materials will forbid a slowness of step or minuteness of attention.

As for the authorities of our history there is not so much cause to complain of their paucity as of their extreme abundance, since it is indispensable to read them all to obtain that clear view of the whole subject to which the perusal of a part, however large, is always prejudicial. From the unequal, partial, and often contradictory narratives of the same occurrences it is often extremely difficult to seize the truth, which in all is alike partly concealed and to be found complete in none. In this first volume, besides de Thou, Strada, Reyd, Grotius, Meteren, Burgundius, Meursius, Bentivoglio, and some moderns, the Memoirs of Counsellor Hopper, the life and correspondence of his friend Viglius, the records of the trials of the Counts of Hoorne and Egmont, the defence of the Prince of Orange, and some few others have been my guides. I must here acknowledge my obligations to a work compiled with much industry and critical acumen, and written with singular truthfulness and impartiality. I allude to the general history of the United Netherlands which was published in Holland during the present century. Besides many original documents which I could not otherwise have had access to, it has abstracted all that is valuable in the excellent works of Bos,

Hooft, Brandt, Le Clerc, which either were impossible for me to procure or were not available to my use, as being written in Dutch, which I do not understand. An otherwise ordinary writer, Richard Dinoth, has also been of service to me by the many extracts he gives from the pamphlets of the day, which have been long lost. I have in vain endeavored to procure the correspondence of Cardinal Granvella, which also would no doubt have thrown much light upon the history of these times. The lately published work on the Spanish Inquisition by my excellent countryman, Professor Spittler of Gottingen, reached me too late for its sagacious and important contents to be available for my purpose.

The more I am convinced of the importance of the French history, the more I lament that it was not in my power to study, as I could have wished, its copious annals in the original sources and contemporary documents, and to reproduce it abstracted of the form in which it was transmitted to me by the more intelligent of my predecessors, and thereby emancipate myself from the influence which every talented author exercises more or less upon his readers. But to effect this the work of a few years must have become the labor of a life. My aim in making this attempt will be more than attained if it should convince a portion of the reading public of the possibility of writing a history with historic truth without making a trial of patience to the reader; and if it should extort from another portion the confession that history can borrow from a cognate art without thereby, of necessity, becoming a romance.

WEIMAR, Michaelmas Fair, 1788.

INTRODUCTION.

Of those important political events which make the sixteenth century to take rank among the brightest of the world's epochs, the foundation of the freedom of the Netherlands appears to me one of the most remarkable. If the glittering exploits of ambition and the pernicious lust of power claim our admiration, how much more so should an event in which oppressed humanity struggled for its noblest rights, where with the good cause unwonted powers were united, and the resources of resolute despair triumphed in unequal contest over the terrible arts of tyranny.

Great and encouraging is the reflection that there is a resource left us against the arrogant usurpations of despotic power; that its best-contrived plans against the liberty of mankind may be frustrated; that resolute opposition can weaken even the outstretched arm of tyranny; and that heroic perseverance can eventually exhaust its fearful resources. Never did this truth affect me so sensibly as in tracing the history of that memorable rebellion which forever severed the United Netherlands from the Spanish Crown. Therefore I thought it not unworth the while to attempt to exhibit to the world this grand memorial of social union, in the hope that it may awaken in the breast of my reader a spirit-stirring consciousness of his own powers, and give a new and irrefragible example of what in a good cause men may both dare and venture, and what by union they may accomplish. It is not the extraordinary or heroic features of this event that induce me to describe it. The annals of the world record perhaps many similar enterprises, which may have been even bolder in the conception and more brilliant in the execution. Some states have fallen after a nobler struggle;

others have risen with more exalted strides. Nor are we here to look for eminent heroes, colossal talents, or those marvellous exploits which the history of past times presents in such rich abundance. Those times are gone; such men are no more. In the soft lap of refinement we have suffered the energetic powers to become enervate which those ages called into action and rendered indispensable. With admiring awe we wonder at these gigantic images of the past as a feeble old man gazes on the athletic sports of youth.

Not so, however, in the history before us. The people here presented to our notice were the most peaceful in our quarter of the globe, and less capable than their neighbors of that heroic spirit which stamps a lofty character even on the most insignificant actions. The pressure of circumstances with its peculiar influence surprised them and forced a transitory greatness upon them, which they never could have possessed and perhaps will never possess again. It is, indeed, exactly this want of heroic grandeur which renders this event peculiarly instructive; and while others aim at showing the superiority of genius over chance, I shall here paint a scene where necessity creates genius and accident makes heroes.

If in any case it be allowable to recognize the intervention of Providence in human affairs it is certainly so in the present history, its course appears so contradictory to reason and experience. Philip II., the most powerful sovereign of his line—whose dreaded supremacy menaced the independence of Europe—whose treasures surpassed the collective wealth of all the monarchs of Christendom besides—whose ambitious projects were backed by numerous and well-disciplined armies—whose troops, hardened by long and bloody wars, and confident in past victories and in the irresistible prowess of this nation, were eager for any enterprise that promised glory and spoil, and ready to second with prompt obedience the daring genius of their leaders—this dreaded potentate here appears before us obstinately pursuing one favorite project, devoting to it the untiring efforts of a long reign, and bringing all these terrible resources to bear upon it; but forced, in the evening of his reign, to abandon it—here we see the

mighty Philip II. engaging in combat with a few weak and powerless adversaries, and retiring from it at last with disgrace.

And with what adversaries? Here, a peaceful tribe of fishermen and shepherds, in an almost-forgotten corner of Europe, which with difficulty they had rescued from the ocean; the sea their profession, and at once their wealth and their plague; poverty with freedom their highest blessing, their glory, their virtue. There, a harmless, moral, commercial people, revelling in the abundant fruits of thriving industry, and jealous of the maintenance of laws which had proved their benefactors. In the happy leisure of affluence they forsake the narrow circle of immediate wants and learn to thirst after higher and nobler gratifications. The new views of truth, whose benignant dawn now broke over Europe, cast a fertilizing beam on this favored clime, and the free burgher admitted with joy the light which oppressed and miserable slaves shut out. A spirit of independence, which is the ordinary companion of prosperity and freedom, lured this people on to examine the authority of antiquated opinions and to break an ignominious chain. But the stern rod of despotism was held suspended over them; arbitrary power threatened to tear away the foundation of their happiness; the guardian of their laws became their tyrant. Simple in their statecraft no less than in their manners, they dared to appeal to ancient treaties and to remind the lord of both Indies of the rights of nature. A name decides the whole issue of things. In Madrid that was called rebellion which in Brussels was simply styled a lawful remonstrance. The complaints of Brabant required a prudent mediator; Philip II. sent an executioner. The signal for war was given. An unparalleled tyranny assailed both property and life. The despairing citizens, to whom the choice of deaths was all that was left, chose the nobler one on the battle-field. A wealthy and luxurious nation loves peace, but becomes warlike as soon as it becomes poor. Then it ceases to tremble for a life which is deprived of everything that had made it desirable. In an instant the contagion of rebellion seizes at once the most distant provinces; trade and commerce are at a standstill, the ships disappear from the harbors, the artisan abandons his workshop, the rustic his uncultivated fields. Thousands fled to distant lands, a thousand victims

fell on the bloody field, and fresh thousands pressed on. Divine, indeed, must that doctrine be for which men could die so joyfully. All that was wanting was the last finishing hand, the enlightened, enterprising spirit, to seize on this great political crisis and to mould the offspring of chance into the ripe creation of wisdom. William the Silent, like a second Brutus, devoted himself to the great cause of liberty. Superior to all selfishness, he resigned honorable offices which entailed on him objectionable duties, and, magnanimously divesting himself of all his princely dignities, he descended to a state of voluntary poverty, and became but a citizen of the world. The cause of justice was staked upon the hazardous game of battle; but the newly-raised levies of mercenaries and peaceful husbandmen were unable to withstand the terrible onset of an experienced force. Twice did the brave William lead his dispirited troops against the tyrant. Twice was he abandoned by them, but not by his courage.

Philip II. sent as many reinforcements as the dreadful importunity of his viceroy demanded. Fugitives, whom their country rejected, sought a new home on the ocean, and turned to the ships of their enemy to satisfy the cravings both of vengeance and of want. Naval heroes were now formed out of corsairs, and a marine collected out of piratical vessels; out of morasses arose a republic. Seven provinces threw off the yoke at the same time, to form a new, youthful state, powerful by its waters and its union and despair. A solemn decree of the whole nation deposed the tyrant, and the Spanish name was erased from all its laws.

For such acts no forgiveness remained; the republic became formidable only because it was impossible for her to retrace her steps. But factions distracted her within; without, her terrible element, the sea itself, leaguings with her oppressors, threatened her very infancy with a premature grave. She felt herself succumb to the superior force of the enemy, and cast herself a suppliant before the most powerful thrones of Europe, begging them to accept a dominion which she herself could no longer protect. At last, but with difficulty—so despised at first was this state that even the rapacity of foreign monarchs spurned her opening bloom—a stranger deigned to accept their importunate offer of a dangerous

crown. New hopes began to revive her sinking courage; but in this new father of his country destiny gave her a traitor, and in the critical emergency, when the foe was in full force before her very gates, Charles of Anjou invaded the liberties which he had been called to protect. In the midst of the tempest, too, the assassin's hand tore the steersman from the helm, and with William of Orange the career of the infant republic was seemingly at an end, and all her guardian angels fled. But the ship continued to scud along before the storm, and the swelling canvas carried her safe without the pilot's help.

Philip II. missed the fruits of a deed which cost him his royal honor, and perhaps, also, his self-respect. Liberty struggled on still with despotism in obstinate and dubious contest; sanguinary battles were fought; a brilliant array of heroes succeeded each other on the field of glory, and Flanders and Brabant were the schools which educated generals for the coming century. A long, devastating war laid waste the open country; victor and vanquished alike waded through blood; while the rising republic of the waters gave a welcome to fugitive industry, and out of the ruins of despotism erected the noble edifice of its own greatness. For forty years lasted the war whose happy termination was not to bless the dying eye of Philip; which destroyed one paradise in Europe to form a new one out of its shattered fragments; which destroyed the choicest flower of military youth, and while it enriched more than a quarter of the globe impoverished the possessor of the golden Peru. This monarch, who could expend nine hundred tons of gold without oppressing his subjects, and by tyrannical measures extorted far more, heaped, moreover, on his exhausted people a debt of one hundred and forty millions of ducats. An implacable hatred of liberty swallowed up all these treasures, and consumed on the fruitless task the labor of a royal life. But the Reformation throve amidst the devastations of the sword, and over the blood of her citizens the banner of the new republic floated victorious.

This improbable turn of affairs seems to border on a miracle; many circumstances, however, combined to break the power of Philip, and to favor the

progress of the infant state. Had the whole weight of his power fallen on the United Provinces there had been no hope for their religion or their liberty. His own ambition, by tempting him to divide his strength, came to the aid of their weakness. The expensive policy of maintaining traitors in every cabinet of Europe; the support of the League in France; the revolt of the Moors in Granada; the conquest of Portugal, and the magnificent fabric of the Escorial, drained at last his apparently inexhaustible treasury, and prevented his acting in the field with spirit and energy. The German and Italian troops, whom the hope of gain alone allured to his banner, mutinied when he could no longer pay them, and faithlessly abandoned their leaders in the decisive moment of action. These terrible instruments of oppression now turned their dangerous power against their employer, and wreaked their vindictive rage on the provinces which remained faithful to him. The unfortunate armament against England, on which, like a desperate gamester, he had staked the whole strength of his kingdom, completed his ruin; with the armada sank the wealth of the two Indies, and the flower of Spanish chivalry.

But in the very same proportion that the Spanish power declined the republic rose in fresh vigor. The ravages which the fanaticism of the new religion, the tyranny of the Inquisition, the furious rapacity of the soldiery, and the miseries of a long war unbroken by any interval of peace, made in the provinces of Brabant, Flanders, and Hainault, at once the arsenals and the magazines of this expensive contest, naturally rendered it every year more difficult to support and recruit the royal armies. The Catholic Netherlands had already lost a million of citizens, and the trodden fields maintained their husbandmen no longer. Spain itself had but few more men to spare. That country, surprised by a sudden affluence which brought idleness with it, had lost much of its population, and could not long support the continual drafts of men which were required both for the New World and the Netherlands. Of these conscripts few ever saw their country again; and these few having left it as youths returned to it infirm and old. Gold, which had become more common, made soldiers proportionately dearer; the growing charm of effeminacy enhanced the price of the opposite virtues.

Wholly different was the posture of affairs with the rebels. The thousands whom the cruelty of the viceroy expelled from the southern Netherlands, the Huguenots whom the wars of persecution drove from France, as well as every one whom constraint of conscience exiled from the other parts of Europe, all alike flocked to unite themselves with the Belgian insurgents. The whole Christian world was their recruiting ground. The fanaticism both of the persecutor and the persecuted worked in their behalf. The enthusiasm of a doctrine newly embraced, revenge, want, and hopeless misery drew to their standard adventurers from every part of Europe. All whom the new doctrine had won, all who had suffered, or had still cause of fear from despotism, linked their own fortunes with those of the new republic. Every injury inflicted by a tyrant gave a right of citizenship in Holland. Men pressed towards a country where liberty raised her spirit-stirring banner, where respect and security were insured to a fugitive religion, and even revenge on the oppressor. If we consider the conflux in the present day of people to Holland, seeking by their entrance upon her territory to be reinvested in their rights as men, what must it have been at a time when the rest of Europe groaned under a heavy bondage, when Amsterdam was nearly the only free port for all opinions? Many hundred families sought a refuge for their wealth in a land which the ocean and domestic concord powerfully combined to protect. The republican army maintained its full complement without the plough being stripped of hands to work it. Amid the clash of arms trade and industry flourished, and the peaceful citizen enjoyed in anticipation the fruits of liberty which foreign blood was to purchase for them. At the very time when the republic of Holland was struggling for existence she extended her dominions beyond the ocean, and was quietly occupied in erecting her East Indian Empire.

Moreover, Spain maintained this expensive war with dead, unfructifying gold, that never returned into the hand which gave it away, while it raised to her the price of every necessary. The treasuries of the republic were industry and commerce. Time lessened the one whilst it multiplied the other, and exactly in the same proportion that the resources of the Spanish government became exhausted by the long continuance of the war the republic began to reap a richer

harvest. Its field was sown sparingly with the choice seed which bore fruit, though late, yet a hundredfold; but the tree from which Philip gathered fruit was a fallen trunk which never again became verdant.

Philip's adverse destiny decreed that all the treasures which he lavished for the oppression of the Provinces should contribute to enrich them. The continual outlay of Spanish gold had diffused riches and luxury throughout Europe; but the increasing wants of Europe were supplied chiefly by the Netherlanders, who were masters of the commerce of the known world, and who by their dealings fixed the price of all merchandise. Even during the war Philip could not prohibit his own subjects from trading with the republic; nay, he could not even desire it. He himself furnished the rebels with the means of defraying the expenses of their own defence; for the very war which was to ruin them increased the sale of their goods. The enormous sums expended on his fleets and armies flowed for the most part into the exchequer of the republic, which was more or less connected with the commercial places of Flanders and Brabant. Whatever Philip attempted against the rebels operated indirectly to their advantage.

The sluggish progress of this war did the king as much injury as it benefited the rebels. His army was composed for the most part of the remains of those victorious troops which had gathered their laurels under Charles V. Old and long services entitled them to repose; many of them, whom the war had enriched, impatiently longed for their homes, where they might end in ease a life of hardship. Their former zeal, their heroic spirit, and their discipline relaxed in the same proportion as they thought they had fully satisfied their honor and their duty, and as they began to reap at last the reward of so many battles. Besides, the troops which had been accustomed by their irresistible impetuosity to vanquish all opponents were necessarily wearied out by a war which was carried on not so much against men as against the elements; which exercised their patience more than it gratified their love of glory; and where there was less of danger than of difficulty and want to contend with. Neither personal courage nor long military experience was of avail in a country whose peculiar features gave the most

dastardly the advantage. Lastly, a single discomfiture on foreign ground did them more injury than any victories gained over an enemy at home could profit them. With the rebels the case was exactly the reverse. In so protracted a war, in which no decisive battle took place, the weaker party must naturally learn at last the art of defence from the stronger; slight defeats accustomed him to danger; slight victories animated his confidence.

At the beginning of the war the republican army scarcely dared to show itself in the field; the long continuance of the struggle practised and hardened it. As the royal armies grew wearied of victory, the confidence of the rebels rose with their improved discipline and experience. At last, at the end of half a century, master and pupil separated, unsubdued, and equal in the fight.

Again, throughout the war the rebels acted with more concord and unanimity than the royalists. Before the former had lost their first leader the government of the Netherlands had passed through as many as five hands. The Duchess of Parma's indecision soon imparted itself to the cabinet of Madrid, which in a short time tried in succession almost every system of policy. Duke Alva's inflexible sternness, the mildness of his successor Requesens, Don John of Austria's insidious cunning, and the active and imperious mind of the Prince of Parma gave as many opposite directions to the war, while the plan of rebellion remained the same in a single head, who, as he saw it clearly, pursued it with vigor. The king's greatest misfortune was that right principles of action generally missed the right moment of application. In the commencement of the troubles, when the advantage was as yet clearly on the king's side, when prompt resolution and manly firmness might have crushed the rebellion in the cradle, the reigns of government were allowed to hang loose in the hands of a woman. After the outbreak had come to an open revolt, and when the strength of the factious and the power of the king stood more equally balanced, and when a skilful flexible prudence could alone have averted the impending civil war, the government devolved on a man who was eminently deficient in this necessary qualification. So watchful an observer as William the Silent failed not to improve every

advantage which the faulty policy of his adversary presented, and with quiet silent industry he slowly but surely pushed on the great enterprise to its accomplishment.

But why did not Philip II. himself appear in the Netherlands? Why did he prefer to employ every other means, however improbable, rather than make trial of the only remedy which could insure success? To curb the overgrown power and insolence of the nobility there was no expedient more natural than the presence of their master. Before royalty itself all secondary dignities must necessarily have sunk in the shade, all other splendor be dimmed. Instead of the truth being left to flow slowly and obscurely through impure channels to the distant throne, so that procrastinated measures of redress gave time to ripen ebullitions of the moment into acts of deliberation, his own penetrating glance would at once have been able to separate truth from error; and cold policy alone, not to speak of his humanity, would have saved the land a million citizens. The nearer to their source the more weighty would his edicts have been; the thicker they fell on their objects the weaker and the more dispirited would have become the efforts of the rebels. It costs infinitely more to do an evil to an enemy in his presence than in his absence. At first the rebellion appeared to tremble at its own name, and long sheltered itself under the ingenious pretext of defending the cause of its sovereign against the arbitrary assumptions of his own viceroy. Philip's appearance in Brussels would have put an end at once to this juggling. In that case, the rebels would have been compelled to act up to their pretence, or to cast aside the mask, and so, by appearing in their true shape, condemn themselves. And what a relief for the Netherlands if the king's presence had only spared them those evils which were inflicted upon them without his knowledge, and contrary to his will. [1] What gain, too, even if it had only enabled him to watch over the expenditure of the vast sums which, illegally raised on the plea of meeting the exigencies of the war, disappeared in the plundering hands of his deputies.

What the latter were compelled to extort by the unnatural expedient of terror,

the nation would have been disposed to grant to the sovereign majesty. That which made his ministers detested would have rendered the monarch feared; for the abuse of hereditary power is less painfully oppressive than the abuse of delegated authority. His presence would have saved his exchequer thousands had he been nothing more than an economical despot; and even had he been less, the awe of his person would have preserved a territory which was lost through hatred and contempt for his instruments.

In the same manner, as the oppression of the people of the Netherlands excited the sympathy of all who valued their own rights, it might have been expected that their disobedience and defection would have been a call to all princes to maintain their own prerogatives in the case of their neighbors. But jealousy of Spain got the better of political sympathies, and the first powers of Europe arranged themselves more or less openly on the side of freedom.

Although bound to the house of Spain by the ties of relationship, the Emperor Maximilian II. gave it just cause for its charge against him of secretly favoring the rebels. By the offer of his mediation he implicitly acknowledged the partial justice of their complaints, and thereby encouraged them to a resolute perseverance in their demands. Under an emperor sincerely devoted to the interests of the Spanish house, William of Orange could scarcely have drawn so many troops and so much money from Germany. France, without openly and formally breaking the peace, placed a prince of the blood at the head of the Netherlandish rebels; and it was with French gold and French troops that the operations of the latter were chiefly conducted. [2] Elizabeth of England, too, did but exercise a just retaliation and revenge in protecting the rebels against their legitimate sovereign; and although her meagre and sparing aid availed no farther than to ward off utter ruin from the republic, still even this was infinitely valuable at a moment when nothing but hope could have supported their exhausted courage. With both these powers Philip at the time was at peace, but both betrayed him. Between the weak and the strong honesty often ceases to appear a virtue; the delicate ties which bind equals are seldom observed towards

him whom all men fear. Philip had banished truth from political intercourse; he himself had dissolved all morality between kings, and had made artifice the divinity of cabinets. Without once enjoying the advantages of his preponderating greatness, he had, throughout life, to contend with the jealousy which it awakened in others. Europe made him atone for the possible abuses of a power of which in fact he never had the full possession.

If against the disparity between the two combatants, which, at first sight, is so astounding, we weigh all the incidental circumstances which were adverse to Spain, but favorable to the Netherlands, that which is supernatural in this event will disappear, while that which is extraordinary will still remain—and a just standard will be furnished by which to estimate the real merit of these republicans in working out their freedom. It must not, however, be thought that so accurate a calculation of the opposing forces could have preceded the undertaking itself, or that, on entering this unknown sea, they already knew the shore on which they would ultimately be landed. The work did not present itself to the mind of its originator in the exact form which it assumed when completed, any more than the mind of Luther foresaw the eternal separation of creeds when he began to oppose the sale of indulgences. What a difference between the modest procession of those suitors in Brussels, who prayed for a more humane treatment as a favor, and the dreaded majesty of a free state, which treated with kings as equals, and in less than a century disposed of the throne of its former tyrant. The unseen hand of fate gave to the discharged arrow a higher flight, and quite a different direction from that which it first received from the bowstring. In the womb of happy Brabant that liberty had its birth which, torn from its mother in its earliest infancy, was to gladden the so despised Holland. But the enterprise must not be less thought of because its issue differed from the first design. Man works up, smooths, and fashions the rough stone which the times bring to him; the moment and the instant may belong to him, but accident develops the history of the world. If the passions which co-operated actively in bringing about this event were only not unworthy of the great work to which they were unconsciously subservient—if only the powers which aided in its

accomplishment were intrinsically noble, if only the single actions out of whose great concatenation it wonderfully arose were beautiful then is the event grand, interesting, and fruitful for us, and we are at liberty to wonder at the bold offspring of chance, or rather offer up our admiration to a higher intelligence.

The history of the world, like the laws of nature, is consistent with itself, and simple as the soul of man. Like conditions produce like phenomena. On the same soil where now the Netherlanders were to resist their Spanish tyrants, their forefathers, the Batavi and Belgee, fifteen centuries before, combated against their Roman oppressors. Like the former, submitting reluctantly to a haughty master, and misgoverned by rapacious satraps, they broke off their chain with like resolution, and tried their fortune in a similar unequal combat. The same pride of conquest, the same national grandeur, marked the Spaniard of the sixteenth century and the Roman of the first; the same valor and discipline distinguished the armies of both, their battle array inspired the same terror. There as here we see stratagem in combat with superior force, and firmness, strengthened by unanimity, wearying out a mighty power weakened by division; then as now private hatred armed a whole nation; a single man, born for his times, revealed to his fellow-slaves the dangerous Secret of their power, and brought their mute grief to a bloody announcement. "Confess, Batavians," cries Claudius Civilis to his countrymen in the sacred grove, "we are no longer treated, as formerly, by these Romans as allies, but rather as slaves. We are handed over to their prefects and centurions, who, when satiated with our plunder and with our blood, make way for others, who, under different names, renew the same outrages. If even at last Rome deigns to send us a legate, he oppresses us with an ostentatious and costly retinue, and with still more intolerable pride. The levies are again at hand which tear forever children from their parents, brothers from brothers. Now, Batavians, is our time. Never did Rome lie so prostrate as now. Let not their names of legions terrify you. There is nothing in their camps but old men and plunder. Our infantry and horsemen are strong; Germany is allied to us by blood, and Gaul is ready to throw off its yoke. Let Syria serve them, and Asia and the East, who are used to bow before kings;

many still live who were born among us before tribute was paid to the Romans. The gods are ever with the brave." Solemn religious rites hallowed this conspiracy, like the League of the Gueux; like that, it craftily wrapped itself in the veil of submissiveness, in the majesty of a great name. The cohorts of Civilis swear allegiance on the Rhine to Vespasian in Syria, as the League did to Philip II. The same arena furnished the same plan of defence, the same refuge to despair. Both confided their wavering fortunes to a friendly element; in the same distress Civilis preserves his island, as fifteen centuries after him William of Orange did the town of Leyden—through an artificial inundation. The valor of the Batavi disclosed the impotency of the world's ruler, as the noble courage of their descendants revealed to the whole of Europe the decay of Spanish greatness. The same fecundity of genius in the generals of both times gave to the war a similarly obstinate continuance, and nearly as doubtful an issue; one difference, nevertheless, distinguishes them: the Romans and Batavians fought humanely, for they did not fight for religion.

[1] More modern historians, with access to the records of the Spanish Inquisition and the private communications between Phillip II. and his various appointees to power in the Netherlands, rebut Shiller's kind but naive thought. To the contrary, Phillip II. was most critical of his envoys lack of severity. See in particular the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and the other works of John Motley on the history of the Netherlands all of which are available at Project Gutenberg.—D.W.

[2] A few French generals who were by and large ineffective; and many promises of gold which were undelivered.—D.W.

BOOK I.

EARLIER HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS UP TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Before we consider the immediate history of this great revolution, it will be advisable to go a few steps back into the ancient records of the country, and to trace the origin of that constitution which we find it possessed of at the time of this remarkable change.

The first appearance of this people in the history of the world is the moment of its fall; their conquerors first gave them a political existence. The extensive region which is bounded by Germany on the east, on the south by France, on the north and northwest by the North Sea, and which we comprehend under the general name of the Netherlands, was, at the time when the Romans invaded Gaul, divided amongst three principal nations, all originally of German descent, German institutions, and German spirit. The Rhine formed its boundaries. On the left of the river dwelt the Belgae, on its right the Frisii, and the Batavi on the island which its two arms then formed with the ocean. All these several nations were sooner or later reduced into subjection by the Romans, but the conquerors themselves give us the most glorious testimony to their valor. The Belgae, writes Caesar, were the only people amongst the Gauls who repulsed the invasion of the Teutones and Cimbri. The Batavi, Tacitus tells us, surpassed all the tribes on the Rhine in bravery. This fierce nation paid its tribute in soldiers, and was

reserved by its conquerors, like arrow and sword, only for battle. The Romans themselves acknowledged the Batavian horsemen to be their best cavalry. Like the Swiss at this day, they formed for a long time the body-guard of the Roman Emperor; their wild courage terrified the Dacians, as they saw them, in full armor, swimming across the Danube. The Batavi accompanied Agricola in his expedition against Britain, and helped him to conquer that island. The Frieses were, of all, the last subdued, and the first to regain their liberty. The morasses among which they dwelt attracted the conquerors later, and enhanced the price of conquest. The Roman Drusus, who made war in these regions, had a canal cut from the Rhine into the Flevo, the present Zuyder Zee, through which the Roman fleet penetrated into the North Sea, and from thence, entering the mouths of the Ems and the Weser, found an easy passage into the interior of Germany.

Through four centuries we find Batavian troops in the Roman armies, but after the time of Honorius their name disappears from history. Presently we discover their island overrun by the Franks, who again lost themselves in the adjoining country of Belgium. The Frieses threw off the yoke of their distant and powerless rulers, and again appeared as a free, and even a conquering people, who governed themselves by their own customs and a remnant of Roman laws, and extended their limits beyond the left bank of the Rhine. Of all the provinces of the Netherlands, Friesland especially had suffered the least from the irruptions of strange tribes and foreign customs, and for centuries retained traces of its original institutions, of its national spirit and manners, which have not, even at the present day, entirely disappeared.

The epoch of the immigration of nations destroyed the original form of most of these tribes; other mixed races arose in their place, with other constitutions. In the general irruption the towns and encampments of the Romans disappeared, and with them the memorials of their wise government, which they had employed the natives to execute. The neglected dikes once more yielded to the violence of the streams and to the encroachments of the ocean. Those wonders of labor, and creations of human skill, the canals, dried up, the rivers changed their

course, the continent and the sea confounded their olden limits, and the nature of the soil changed with its inhabitants. So, too, the connection of the two eras seems effaced, and with a new race a new history commences.

The monarchy of the Franks, which arose out of the ruins of Roman Gaul, had, in the sixth and seventh centuries, seized all the provinces of the Netherlands, and planted there the Christian faith. After an obstinate war Charles Martel subdued to the French crown Friesland, the last of all the free provinces, and by his victories paved a way for the gospel. Charlemagne united all these countries, and formed of them one division of the mighty empire which he had constructed out of Germany, France, and Lombardy. As under his descendants this vast dominion was again torn into fragments, so the Netherlands became at times German, at others French, or then again Lotharingian Provinces; and at last we find them under both the names of Friesland and Lower Lotharingia.

With the Franks the feudal system, the offspring of the North, also came into these lands, and here, too, as in all other countries, it degenerated. The more powerful vassals gradually made themselves independent of the crown, and the royal governors usurped the countries they were appointed to govern. But the rebellious vassals could not maintain their usurpations without the aid of their own dependants, whose assistance they were compelled to purchase by new concessions. At the same time the church became powerful through pious usurpations and donations, and its abbey lands and episcopal sees acquired an independent existence. Thus were the Netherlands in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries split up into several small sovereignties, whose possessors did homage at one time to the German Emperor, at another to the kings of France. By purchase, marriages, legacies, and also by conquest, several of these provinces were often united under one suzerain, and thus in the fifteenth century we see the house of Burgundy in possession of the chief part of the Netherlands. With more or less right Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had united as many as eleven provinces under his authority, and to these his son, Charles the Bold, added two others, acquired by force of arms. Thus

imperceptibly a new state arose in Europe, which wanted nothing but the name to be the most flourishing kingdom in this quarter of the globe. These extensive possessions made the Dukes of Burgundy formidable neighbors to France, and tempted the restless spirit of Charles the Bold to devise a scheme of conquest, embracing the whole line of country from the Zuyder Zee and the mouth of the Rhine down to Alsace. The almost inexhaustible resources of this prince justify in some measure this bold project. A formidable army threatened to carry it into execution. Already Switzerland trembled for her liberty; but deceitful fortune abandoned him in three terrible battles, and the infatuated hero was lost in the melee of the living and the dead.

[A page who had seen him fall a few days after the battle conducted the victors to the spot, and saved his remains from an ignominious oblivion. His body was dragged from out of a pool, in which it was fast frozen, naked, and so disfigured with wounds that with great difficulty he was recognized, by the well-known deficiency of some of his teeth, and by remarkably long finger-nails. But that, notwithstanding the marks, there were still incredulous people who doubted his death, and looked for his reappearance, is proved by the missive in which Louis XI. called upon the Burgundian States to return to their allegiance to the Crown of France. "If," the passage runs, "Duke Charles should still be living, you shall be released from your oath to me." Comines, t. iii., Preuves des Memoires, 495, 497.]

The sole heiress of Charles the Bold, Maria, at once the richest princess and the unhappy Helen of that time, whose wooing brought misery on her inheritance, was now the centre of attraction to the whole known world. Among her suitors appeared two great princes, King Louis XI. of France, for his son, the young Dauphin, and Maximilian of Austria, son of the Emperor Frederic III. The successful suitor was to become the most powerful prince in Europe; and now, for the first time, this quarter of the globe began to fear for its balance of power. Louis, the more powerful of the two, was ready to back his suit by force of arms;

but the people of the Netherlands, who disposed of the hand of their princess, passed by this dreaded neighbor, and decided in favor of Maximilian, whose more remote territories and more limited power seemed less to threaten the liberty of their country. A deceitful, unfortunate policy, which, through a strange dispensation of heaven, only accelerated the melancholy fate which it was intended to prevent.

To Philip the Fair, the son of Maria and Maximilian, a Spanish bride brought as her portion that extensive kingdom which Ferdinand and Isabella had recently founded; and Charles of Austria, his son, was born lord of the kingdoms of Spain, of the two Sicilies, of the New World, and of the Netherlands. In the latter country the commonalty emancipated themselves much earlier than in other; feudal states, and quickly attained to an independent political existence. The favorable situation of the country on the North Sea and on great navigable rivers early awakened the spirit of commerce, which rapidly peopled the towns, encouraged industry and the arts, attracted foreigners, and diffused prosperity and affluence among them. However contemptuously the warlike policy of those times looked down upon every peaceful and useful occupation, the rulers of the country could not fail altogether to perceive the essential advantages they derived from such pursuits. The increasing population of their territories, the different imposts which they extorted from natives and foreigners under the various titles of tolls, customs, highway rates, escort money, bridge tolls, market fees, escheats, and so forth, were too valuable considerations to allow them to remain indifferent to the sources from which they were derived.. Their own rapacity made them promoters of trade, and, as often happens, barbarism itself rudely nursed it, until at last a healthier policy assumed its place. In the course of time they invited the Lombard merchants to settle among them, and accorded to the towns some valuable privileges and an independent jurisdiction, by which the latter acquired uncommon extraordinary credit and influence. The numerous wars which the counts and dukes carried on with one another, or with their neighbors, made them in some measure dependent on the good-will of the towns, who by their wealth obtained weight and consideration, and for the subsidies

which they afforded failed not to extort important privileges in return. These privileges of the commonalties increased as the crusades with their expensive equipment augmented the necessities of the nobles; as a new road to Europe was opened for the productions of the East, and as wide-spreading luxury created new wants to their princes. Thus as early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries we find in these lands a mixed form of government, in which the prerogative of the sovereign is greatly limited by the privileges of the estates; that is to say, of the nobility, the clergy, and the municipalities.

These, under the name of States, assembled as often as the wants of the province required it. Without their consent no new laws were valid, no war could be carried on, and no taxes levied, no change made in the coinage, and no foreigner admitted to any office of government. All the provinces enjoyed these privileges in common; others were peculiar to the various districts. The supreme government was hereditary, but the son did not enter on the rights of his father before he had solemnly sworn to maintain the existing constitution.

Necessity is the first lawgiver; all the wants which had to be met by this constitution were originally of a commercial nature. Thus the whole constitution was founded on commerce, and the laws of the nation were adapted to its pursuits. The last clause, which excluded foreigners from all offices of trust, was a natural consequence of the preceding articles. So complicated and artificial a relation between the sovereign and his people, which in many provinces was further modified according to the peculiar wants of each, and frequently of some single city, required for its maintenance the liveliest zeal for the liberties of the country, combined with an intimate acquaintance with them. From a foreigner neither could well be expected. This law, besides, was enforced reciprocally in each particular province; so that in Brabant no Fleming, in Zealand no Hollander, could hold office; and it continued in force even after all these provinces were united under one government.

Above all others, Brabant enjoyed the highest degree of freedom. Its privileges were esteemed so valuable that many mothers from the adjacent

provinces removed thither about the time of their accouchment, in order to entitle their children to participate, by birth, in all the immunities of that favored country; just as, says Strada, one improves the plants of a rude climate by removing them to the soil of a milder.

After the House of Burgundy had united several provinces under its dominion, the separate provincial assemblies which, up to that time, had been independent tribunals, were made subject to a supreme court at Malines, which incorporated the various judicatures into one body, and decided in the last resort all civil and criminal appeals. The separate independence of the provinces was thus abolished, and the supreme power vested in the senate at Malines.

After the death of Charles the Bold the states did not neglect to avail themselves of the embarrassment of their duchess, who, threatened by France, was consequently in their power. Holland and Zealand compelled her to sign a great charter, which secured to them the most important sovereign rights. The people of Ghent carried their insolence to such a pitch that they arbitrarily dragged the favorites of Maria, who had the misfortune to displease them, before their own tribunals, and beheaded them before the eyes of that princess. During the short government of the Duchess Maria, from her father's death to her marriage, the commons obtained powers which few free states enjoyed. After her death her husband, Maximilian, illegally assumed the government as guardian of his son. Offended by this invasion of their rights, the estates refused to acknowledge his authority, and could only be brought to receive him as a viceroy for a stated period, and under conditions ratified by oath.

Maximilian, after he became Roman Emperor, fancied that he might safely venture to violate the constitution. He imposed extraordinary taxes on the provinces, gave official appointments to Burgundians and Germans, and introduced foreign troops into the provinces. But the jealousy of these republicans kept pace with the power of their regent. As he entered Bruges with a large retinue of foreigners, the people flew to arms, made themselves masters of his person, and placed him in confinement in the castle. In spite of the

intercession of the Imperial and Roman courts, he did not again obtain his freedom until security had been given to the people on all the disputed points.

The security of life and property arising from mild laws, and, an equal administration of justice, had encouraged activity and industry. In continual contest with the ocean and rapid rivers, which poured their violence on the neighboring lowlands, and whose force it was requisite to break by embankments and canals, this people had early learned to observe the natural objects around them; by industry and perseverance to defy an element of superior power; and like the Egyptian, instructed by his Nile, to exercise their inventive genius and acuteness in self-defence. The natural fertility of their soil, which favored agriculture and the breeding of cattle, tended at the same time to increase the population. Their happy position on the sea and the great navigable rivers of Germany and France, many of which debouched on their coasts; the numerous artificial canals which intersected the land in all directions, imparted life to navigation; and the facility of internal communication between the provinces, soon created and fostered a commercial spirit among these people.

The neighboring coasts, Denmark and Britain, were the first visited by their vessels. The English wool which they brought back employed thousands of industrious hands in Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp; and as early as the middle of the twelfth century cloths of Flanders were extensively worn in France and Germany. In the eleventh century we find ships of Friesland in the Belt, and even in the Levant. This enterprising people ventured, without a compass, to steer under the North Pole round to the most northerly point of Russia. From the Wendish towns the Netherlands received a share in the Levant trade, which, at that time, still passed from the Black Sea through the Russian territories to the Baltic. When, in the thirteenth century, this trade began to decline, the Crusades having opened a new road through the Mediterranean for Indian merchandise, and after the Italian towns had usurped this lucrative branch of commerce, and the great Hanseatic League had been formed in Germany, the Netherlands became the most important emporium between the north and south. As yet the

use of the compass was not general, and the merchantmen sailed slowly and laboriously along the coasts. The ports on the Baltic were, during the winter months, for the most part frozen and inaccessible. Ships, therefore, which could not well accomplish within the year the long voyage from the Mediterranean to the Belt, gladly availed themselves of harbors which lay half-way between the two.

With an immense continent behind them with which navigable streams kept up their communication, and towards the west and north open to the ocean by commodious harbors, this country appeared to be expressly formed for a place of resort for different nations, and for a centre of commerce. The principal towns of the Netherlands were established marts. Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, French, Britons, Germans, Danes, and Swedes thronged to them with the produce of every country in the world. Competition insured cheapness; industry was stimulated as it found a ready market for its productions. With the necessary exchange of money arose the commerce in bills, which opened a new and fruitful source of wealth. The princes of the country, acquainted at last with their true interest, encouraged the merchant by important immunities, and neglected not to protect their commerce by advantageous treaties with foreign powers. When, in the fifteenth century, several provinces were united under one rule, they discontinued their private wars, which had proved so injurious, and their separate interests were now more intimately connected by a common government. Their commerce and affluence prospered in the lap of a long peace, which the formidable power of their princes extorted from the neighboring monarchs. The Burgundian flag was feared in every sea, the dignity of their sovereign gave support to their undertakings, and the enterprise of a private individual became the affair of a powerful state. Such vigorous protection soon placed them in a position even to renounce the Hanseatic League, and to pursue this daring enemy through every sea. The Hanseatic merchants, against whom the coasts of Spain were closed, were compelled at last, however reluctantly, to visit the Flemish fairs, and purchase their Spanish goods in the markets of the Netherlands.

Bruges, in Flanders, was, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the central point of the whole commerce of Europe, and the great market of all nations. In the year 1468 a hundred and fifty merchant vessels were counted entering the harbor of Sluys it one time. Besides the rich factories of the Hanseatic League, there were here fifteen trading companies, with their countinghouses, and many factories and merchants' families from every European country. Here was established the market of all northern products for the south, and of all southern and Levantine products for the north. These passed through the Sound, and up the Rhine, in Hanseatic vessels to Upper Germany, or were transported by landcarriage to Brunswick and Luneburg.

As in the common course of human affairs, so here also a licentious luxury followed prosperity. The seductive example of Philip the Good could not but accelerate its approach. The court of the Burgundian dukes was the most voluptuous and magnificent in Europe, Italy itself not excepted. The costly dress of the higher classes, which afterwards served as patterns to the Spaniards, and eventually, with other Burgundian customs, passed over to the court of Austria, soon descended to the lower orders, and the meanest citizen nursed his person in velvet and silk.

[Philip the Good was too profuse a prince to amass treasures; nevertheless Charles the Bold found accumulated among his effects, a greater store of table services, jewels, carpets, and linen than three rich principedoms of that time together possessed, and over and above all a treasure of three hundred thousand dollars in ready money. The riches of this prince, and of the Burgundian people, lay exposed on the battle-fields of Granson, Murten and Nancy. Here a Swiss soldier drew from the finger of Charles the Bold, that celebrated diamond which was long esteemed the largest in Europe, which even now sparkles in the crown of France as the second in size, but which the unwitting finder sold for a florin. The Swiss exchanged the silver they found for tin, and the gold for copper, and tore into pieces the costly tents of cloth of gold. The value of the spoil of

silver, gold, and jewels which was taken has been estimated at three millions. Charles and his army had advanced to the combat, not like foes who purpose battle, but like conquerors who adorn themselves after victory.]

Comines, an author who travelled through the Netherlands about the middle of the fifteenth century, tells us that pride had already attended their prosperity. The pomp and vanity of dress was carried by both sexes to extravagance. The luxury of the table had never reached so great a height among any other people. The immoral assemblage of both sexes at bathing-places, and such other places of reunion for pleasure and enjoyment, had banished all shame—and we are not here speaking of the usual luxuriousness of the higher ranks; the females of the common class abandoned themselves to such extravagances without limit or measure.

But how much more cheering to the philanthropist is this extravagance than the miserable frugality of want, and the barbarous virtues of ignorance, which at that time oppressed nearly the whole of Europe! The Burgundian era shines pleasingly forth from those dark ages, like a lovely spring day amid the showers of February. But this flourishing condition tempted the Flemish towns at last to their ruin; Ghent and Bruges, giddy with liberty and success, declared war against Philip the Good, the ruler of eleven provinces, which ended as unfortunately as it was presumptuously commenced. Ghent alone lost many thousand men in an engagement near Havre, and was compelled to appease the wrath of the victor by a contribution of four hundred thousand gold florins. All the municipal functionaries, and two thousand of the principal citizens, went, stripped to their shirts, barefooted, and with heads uncovered, a mile out of the town to meet the duke, and on their knees supplicated for pardon. On this occasion they were deprived of several valuable privileges, all irreparable loss for their future commerce. In the year 1482 they engaged in a war, with no better success, against Maximilian of Austria, with a view to, deprive him of the guardianship of his son, which, in contravention of his charter, he had unjustly

assumed. In 1487 the town of Bruges placed the archduke himself in confinement, and put some of his most eminent ministers to death. To avenge his son the Emperor Frederic III. entered their territory with an army, and, blockading for ten years the harbor of Sluys, put a stop to their entire trade. On this occasion Amsterdam and Antwerp, whose jealousy had long been roused by the flourishing condition of the Flemish towns, lent him the most important assistance. The Italians began to bring their own silk-stuffs to Antwerp for sale, and the Flemish cloth-workers likewise, who had settled in England, sent their goods thither; and thus the town of Bruges lost two important branches of trade. The Hanseatic League had long been offended at their overweening pride; and it now left them and removed its factory to Antwerp. In the year 1516 all the foreign merchants left the town except only a few Spaniards; but its prosperity faded as slowly as it had bloomed.

Antwerp received, in the sixteenth century, the trade which the luxuriousness of the Flemish towns had banished; and under the government of Charles V. Antwerp was the most stirring and splendid city in the Christian world. A stream like the Scheldt, whose broad mouth, in the immediate vicinity, shared with the North Sea the ebb and flow of the tide, and could carry vessels of the largest tonnage under the walls of Antwerp, made it the natural resort for all vessels which visited that coast. Its free fairs attracted men of business from all countries.

[Two such fairs lasted forty days, and all the goods sold there were duty free.]

The industry of the nation had, in the beginning of this century, reached its greatest height. The culture of grain, flax, the breeding of cattle, the chase, and fisheries, enriched the peasant; arts, manufactures, and trade gave wealth to the burghers. Flemish and Brabantine manufactures were long to be seen in Arabia, Persia, and India. Their ships covered the ocean, and in the Black Sea contended with the Genoese for supremacy. It was the distinctive characteristic of the seaman of the Netherlands that he made sail at all seasons of the year, and never

laid up for the winter.

When the new route by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, and the East India trade of Portugal undermined that of the Levant, the Netherlands did not feel the blow which was inflicted on the Italian republics. The Portuguese established their mart in Brabant, and the spices of Calicut were displayed for sale in the markets of Antwerp. Hither poured the West Indian merchandise, with which the indolent pride of Spain repaid the industry of the Netherlands. The East Indian market attracted the most celebrated commercial houses from Florence, Lucca, and Genoa; and the Fuggers and Welsers from Augsburg. Here the Hanse towns brought the wares of the north, and here the English company had a factory. Here art and nature seemed to expose to view all their riches; it was a splendid exhibition of the works of the Creator and of the creature.

Their renown soon diffused itself through the world. Even a company of Turkish merchants, towards the end of this century, solicited permission to settle here, and to supply the products of the East by way of Greece. With the trade in goods they held also the exchange of money. Their bills passed current in the farthest parts of the globe. Antwerp, it is asserted, then transacted more extensive and more important business in a single month than Venice, at its most flourishing period, in two whole years.

In the year 1491 the Hanseatic League held its solemn meetings in this town, which had formerly assembled in Lubeck alone. In 1531 the exchange was erected, at that time the most splendid in all Europe, and which fulfilled its proud inscription. The town now reckoned one hundred thousand inhabitants. The tide of human beings, which incessantly poured into it, exceeds all belief. Between two hundred and two hundred and fifty ships were often seen loading at one time in its harbor; no day passed on which the boats entering inwards and outwards did not amount to more than five hundred; on market days the number amounted to eight or nine hundred. Daily more than two hundred carriages drove through its gates; above two thousand loaded wagons arrived every week from Germany, France, and Lorraine, without reckoning the farmers' carts and corn-vans, which

were seldom less than ten thousand in number. Thirty thousand hands were employed by the English company alone. The market dues, tolls, and excise brought millions to the government annually. We can form some idea of the resources of the nation from the fact that the extraordinary taxes which they were obliged to pay to Charles V. towards his numerous wars were computed at forty millions of gold ducats.

For this affluence the Netherlands were as much indebted to their liberty as to the natural advantages of their country. Uncertain laws and the despotic sway of a rapacious prince would quickly have blighted all the blessings which propitious nature had so abundantly lavished on them. The inviolable sanctity of the laws can alone secure to the citizen the fruits of his industry, and inspire him with that happy confidence which is the soul of all activity.

The genius of this people, developed by the spirit of commerce, and by the intercourse with so many nations, shone in useful inventions; in the lap of abundance and liberty all the noble arts were carefully cultivated and carried to perfection. From Italy, to which Cosmo de Medici had lately restored its golden age, painting, architecture, and the arts of carving and of engraving on copper, were transplanted into the Netherlands, where, in a new soil, they flourished with fresh vigor. The Flemish school, a daughter of the Italian, soon vied with its mother for the prize; and, in common with it, gave laws to the whole of Europe in the fine arts. The manufactures and arts, on which the Netherlanders principally founded their prosperity, and still partly base it, require no particular enumeration. The weaving of tapestry, oil painting, the art of painting on glass, even pocketwatches and sun-dials were, as Guicciardini asserts, originally invented in the Netherlands. To them we are indebted for the improvement of the compass, the points of which are still known by Flemish names. About the year 1430 the invention of typography is ascribed to Laurence Koster, of Haarlem; and whether or not he is entitled to this honorable distinction, certain it is that the Dutch were among the first to engraft this useful art among them; and fate ordained that a century later it should reward its country with liberty. The people

of the Netherlands united with the most fertile genius for inventions a happy talent for improving the discoveries of others; there are probably few mechanical arts and manufactures which they did not either produce or at least carry to a higher degree of perfection.

Up to this time these provinces had formed the most enviable state in Europe. Not one of the Burgundian dukes had ventured to indulge a thought of overturning the constitution; it had remained sacred even to the daring spirit of Charles the Bold, while he was preparing fetters for foreign liberty. All these princes grew up with no higher hope than to be the heads of a republic, and none of their territories afforded them experience of a higher authority. Besides, these princes possessed nothing but what the Netherlands gave them; no armies but those which the nation sent into the field; no riches but what the estates granted to them. Now all was changed. The Netherlands had fallen to a master who had at his command other instruments and other resources, who could arm against them a foreign power.

[The unnatural union of two such different nations as the Belgians and Spaniards could not possibly be prosperous. I cannot here refrain from quoting the comparison which Grotius, in energetic language, has drawn between the two. "With the neighboring nations," says he, "the people of the Netherlands could easily maintain a good understanding, for they were of a similar origin with themselves, and had grown up in the same manner. But the people of Spain and of the Netherlands differed in almost every respect from one another, and therefore, when they were brought together clashed the more violently. Both had for many centuries been distinguished in war, only the latter had, in luxurious repose, become disused to arms, while the former had been inured to war in the Italian and African campaigns; the desire of gain made the Belgians more inclined to peace, but not less sensitive of offence. No people were more free from the lust of conquest, but none defended its own more zealously. Hence the numerous towns, closely pressed together in a confined tract of country;

densely crowded with a foreign and native population; fortified near the sea and the great rivers. Hence for eight centuries after the northern immigration foreign arms could not prevail against them. Spain, on the contrary, often changed its masters; and when at last it fell into the hands of the Goths, its character and its manners had suffered more or less from each new conqueror. The people thus formed at last out of these several admixtures is described as patient in labor, imperturbable in danger, equally eager for riches and honor, proud of itself even to contempt of others, devout and grateful to strangers for any act of kindness, but also revengeful, and of such ungovernable passions in victory as so regard neither conscience nor honor in the case of an enemy. All this is foreign to the character of the Belgian, who is astute but not insidious, who, placed midway between France and Germany, combines in moderation the faults and good qualities of both. He is not easily to be imposed upon, nor is he to be insulted with impunity. In veneration for the Deity, too, he does not yield to the Spaniard; the arms of the Northmen could not make him apostatize from Christianity when he had once professed it. No opinion which the church condemns had, up to this time, empoisoned the purity of his faith. Nay, his pious extravagance went so far that it became requisite to curb by laws the rapacity of his clergy. In both people loyalty to their rulers is equally innate, with this difference, that the Belgian places the law above kings. Of all the Spaniards the Castilians require to be, governed with the most caution; but the liberties which they arrogate for themselves they do not willingly accord to others. Hence the difficult task to their common ruler, so to distribute his attention, and care between the two nations that neither the preference shown to the Castilian should offend the Belgian, nor the equal treatment of the Belgian affront the haughty spirit of the Castilian."—Grotii Annal. Belg. L. 1. 4. 5. seq.]

Charles V. was an absolute monarch in his Spanish dominions; in the Netherlands he was no more than the first citizen. In the southern portion of his empire he might have learned contempt for the rights of individuals; here he was taught to respect them. The more he there tasted the pleasures of unlimited power, and the higher he raised his opinion of his own greatness, the more reluctant he must have felt to descend elsewhere to the ordinary level of humanity, and to tolerate any check upon his arbitrary authority. It requires, indeed, no ordinary degree of virtue to abstain from warring against the power which imposes a curb on our most cherished wishes.

The superior power of Charles awakened at the same time in the Netherlands that distrust which always accompanies inferiority. Never were they so alive to their constitutional rights, never so jealous of the royal prerogative, or more observant in their proceedings. Under, his reign we see the most violent outbreaks of republican spirit, and the pretensions of the people carried to an excess which nothing but the increasing encroachments of the royal power could in the least justify. A Sovereign will always regard the freedom of the citizen as an alienated fief, which he is bound to recover. To the citizen the authority of a sovereign is a torrent, which, by its inundation, threatens to sweep away his rights. The Belgians sought to protect themselves against the ocean by embankments, and against their princes by constitutional enactments. The whole history of the world is a perpetually recurring struggle between liberty and the lust of power and possession; as the history of nature is nothing but the contest of the elements and organic bodies for space. The Netherlands soon found to their cost that they had become but a province of a great monarchy. So long as their former masters had no higher aim than to promote their prosperity, their condition resembled the tranquil happiness of a secluded family, whose head is its ruler. Charles V. introduced them upon the arena of the political world. They now formed a member of that gigantic body which the ambition of an individual employed as his instrument. They ceased to have their own good for their aim; the centre of their existence was transported to the soul of their ruler. As his

whole government was but one tissue of plans and manoeuvres to advance his power, so it was, above all things, necessary that he should be completely master of the various limbs of his mighty empire in order to move them effectually and suddenly. It was impossible, therefore, for him to embarrass himself with the tiresome mechanism of their interior political organization, or to extend to their peculiar privileges the conscientious respect which their republican jealousy demanded. It was expedient for him to facilitate the exercise of their powers by concentration and unity. The tribunal at Malines had been under his predecessor an independent court of judicature; he subjected its decrees to the revision of a royal council, which he established in Brussels, and which was the mere organ of his will. He introduced foreigners into the most vital functions of their constitution, and confided to them the most important offices. These men, whose only support was the royal favor, would be but bad guardians of privileges which, moreover, were little known to them. The ever-increasing expenses of his warlike government compelled him as steadily to augment his resources. In disregard of their most sacred privileges he imposed new and strange taxes on the provinces. To preserve their olden consideration the estates were forced to grant what he had been so modest as not to extort; the whole history of the government of this monarch in the Netherlands is almost one continued list of imposts demanded, refused, and finally accorded. Contrary to the constitution, he introduced foreign troops into their territories, directed the recruiting of his armies in the provinces, and involved them in wars, which could not advance even if they did not injure their interest, and to which they had not given their consent. He punished the offences of a free state as a monarch; and the terrible chastisement of Ghent announced to the other provinces the great change which their constitution had already undergone.

The welfare of the country was so far secured as was necessary to the political schemes of its master; the intelligent policy of Charles would certainly not violate the salutary regimen of the body whose energies he found himself necessitated to exert. Fortunately, the opposite pursuits of selfish ambition, and of disinterested philanthropy, often bring about the same end; and the well-being

of a state, which a Marcus Aurelius might propose to himself as a rational object of pursuit, is occasionally promoted by an Augustus or a Louis.

Charles V. was perfectly aware that commerce was the strength of the nation, and that the foundation of their commerce was liberty. He spared its liberty because he needed its strength. Of greater political wisdom, though not more just than his son, he adapted his principles to the exigencies of time and place, and recalled an ordinance in Antwerp and in Madrid which he would under other circumstances have enforced with all the terrors of his power. That which makes the reign of Charles V. particularly remarkable in regard to the Netherlands is the great religious revolution which occurred under it; and which, as the principal cause of the subsequent rebellion, demands a somewhat circumstantial notice. This it was that first brought arbitrary power into the innermost sanctuary of the constitution; taught it to give a dreadful specimen of its might; and, in a measure, legalized it, while it placed republican spirit on a dangerous eminence. And as the latter sank into anarchy and rebellion monarchical power rose to the height of despotism.

Nothing is more natural than the transition from civil liberty to religious freedom. Individuals, as well as communities, who, favored by a happy political constitution, have become acquainted with the rights of man, and accustomed to examine, if not also to create, the law which is to govern them; whose minds have been enlightened by activity, and feelings expanded by the enjoyments of life; whose natural courage has been exalted by internal security and prosperity; such men will not easily surrender themselves to the blind domination of a dull arbitrary creed, and will be the first to emancipate themselves from its yoke. Another circumstance, however, must have greatly tended to diffuse the new religion in these countries. Italy, it might be objected, the seat of the greatest intellectual culture, formerly the scene of the most violent political factions, where a burning climate kindles the blood with the wildest passions—Italy, among all the European countries, remained the freest from this change. But to a romantic people, whom a warm and lovely sky, a luxurious, ever young and ever

smiling nature, and the multifarious witcheries of art, rendered keenly susceptible of sensuous enjoyment, that form of religion must naturally have been better adapted, which by its splendid pomp captivates the senses, by its mysterious enigmas opens an unbounded range to the fancy; and which, through the most picturesque forms, labors to insinuate important doctrines into the soul. On the contrary, to a people whom the ordinary employments of civil life have drawn down to an unpoetical reality, who live more in plain notions than in images, and who cultivate their common sense at the expense of their imagination—to such a people that creed will best recommend itself which dreads not investigation, which lays less stress on mysticism than on morals, and which is rather to be understood than to be dwelt upon in meditation. In few words, the Roman Catholic religion will, on the whole, be found more adapted to a nation of artists, the Protestant more fitted to a nation of merchants.

On this supposition the new doctrines which Luther diffused in Germany, and Calvin in Switzerland, must have found a congenial soil in the Netherlands. The first seeds of it were sown in the Netherlands by the Protestant merchants, who assembled at Amsterdam and Antwerp. The German and Swiss troops, which Charles introduced into these countries, and the crowd of French, German, and English fugitives who, under the protection of the liberties of Flanders, sought to escape the sword of persecution which threatened them at home, promoted their diffusion. A great portion of the Belgian nobility studied at that time at Geneva, as the University of Louvain was not yet in repute, and that of Douai not yet founded. The new tenets publicly taught there were transplanted by the students to their various countries. In an isolated people these first germs might easily have been crushed; but in the market-towns of Holland and Brabant, the resort of so many different nations, their first growth would escape the notice of government, and be accelerated under the veil of obscurity. A difference in opinion might easily spring up and gain ground amongst those who already were divided in national character, in manners, customs, and laws. Moreover, in a country where industry was the most lauded virtue, mendicancy the most abhorred vice, a slothful body of men, like that of the monks, must have been an object of

long and deep aversion. Hence, the new religion, which opposed these orders, derived an immense advantage from having the popular opinion on its side. Occasional pamphlets, full of bitterness and satire, to which the newly-discovered art of printing secured a rapid circulation, and several bands of strolling orators, called Rederiker, who at that time made the circuit of the provinces, ridiculing in theatrical representations or songs the abuses of their times, contributed not a little to diminish respect for the Romish Church, and to prepare the people for the reception of the new dogmas.

The first conquests of this doctrine were astonishingly rapid. The number of those who in a short time avowed themselves its adherents, especially in the northern provinces, was prodigious; but among these the foreigners far outnumbered the natives. Charles V., who, in this hostile array of religious tenets, had taken the side which a despot could not fail to take, opposed to the increasing torrent of innovation the most effectual remedies. Unhappily for the reformed religion political justice was on the side of its persecutor. The dam which, for so many centuries, had repelled human understanding from truth was too suddenly torn away for the outbreking torrent not to overflow its appointed channel. The reviving spirit of liberty and of inquiry, which ought to have remained within the limits of religious questions, began also to examine into the rights of kings. While in the commencement iron fetters were justly broken off, a desire was eventually shown to rend asunder the most legitimate and most indispensable of ties. Even the Holy Scriptures, which were now circulated everywhere, while they imparted light and nurture to the sincere inquirer after truth, were the source also whence an eccentric fanaticism contrived to extort the virulent poison. The good cause had been compelled to choose the evil road of rebellion, and the result was what in such cases it ever will be so long as men remain men. The bad cause, too, which had nothing in common with the good but the employment of illegal means, emboldened by this slight point of connection, appeared in the same company, and was mistaken for it. Luther had written against the invocation of saints; every audacious varlet who broke into the churches and cloisters, and plundered the altars, called himself Lutheran.

Faction, rapine, fanaticism, licentiousness robed themselves in his colors; the most enormous offenders, when brought before the judges, avowed themselves his followers. The Reformation had drawn down the Roman prelate to a level with fallible humanity; an insane band, stimulated by hunger and want, sought to annihilate all distinction of ranks. It was natural that a doctrine, which to the state showed itself only in its most unfavorable aspect, should not have been able to reconcile a monarch who had already so many reasons to extirpate it; and it is no wonder, therefore, that he employed against it the arms it had itself forced upon him.

Charles must already have looked upon himself as absolute in the Netherlands since he did not think it necessary to extend to these countries the religious liberty which he had accorded to Germany. While, compelled by the effectual resistance of the German princes, he assured to the former country a free exercise of the new religion, in the latter he published the most cruel edicts for its repression. By these the reading of the Evangelists and Apostles; all open or secret meetings to which religion gave its name in ever so slight a degree; all conversations on the subject, at home or at the table, were forbidden under severe penalties. In every province special courts of judicature were established to watch over the execution of the edicts. Whoever held these erroneous opinions was to forfeit his office without regard to his rank. Whoever should be convicted of diffusing heretical doctrines, or even of simply attending the secret meetings of the Reformers, was to be condemned to death, and if a male, to be executed by the sword, if a female, buried alive. Backsliding heretics were to be committed to the flames. Not even the recantation of the offender could annul these appalling sentences. Whoever abjured his errors gained nothing by his apostacy but at farthest a milder kind of death.

The fiefs of the condemned were also confiscated, contrary to the privileges of the nation, which permitted the heir to redeem them for a trifling fine; and in defiance of an express and valuable privilege of the citizens of Holland, by which they were not to be tried out of their province, culprits were conveyed

beyond the limits of the native judicature, and condemned by foreign tribunals. Thus did religion guide the hand of despotism to attack with its sacred weapon, and without danger or opposition, the liberties which were inviolable to the secular arm.

Charles V., emboldened by the fortunate progress of his arms in Germany, thought that he might now venture on everything, and seriously meditated the introduction of the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands. But the terror of its very name alone reduced commerce in Antwerp to a standstill. The principal foreign merchants prepared to quit the city. All buying and selling ceased, the value of houses fell, the employment of artisans stopped. Money disappeared from the hands of the citizen. The ruin of that flourishing commercial city was inevitable had not Charles V. listened to the representations of the Duchess of Parma, and abandoned this perilous resolve. The tribunal, therefore, was ordered not to interfere with the foreign merchants, and the title of Inquisitor was changed unto the milder appellation of Spiritual Judge. But in the other provinces that tribunal proceeded to rage with the inhuman despotism which has ever been peculiar to it. It has been computed that during the reign of Charles V. fifty thousand persons perished by the hand of the executioner for religion alone.

When we glance at the violent proceedings of this monarch we are quite at a loss to comprehend what it was that kept the rebellion within bounds during his reign, which broke out with so much violence under his successor. A closer investigation will clear up this seeming anomaly. Charles's dreaded supremacy in Europe had raised the commerce of the Netherlands to a height which it had never before attained. The majesty of his name opened all harbors, cleared all seas for their vessels, and obtained for them the most favorable commercial treaties with foreign powers. Through him, in particular, they destroyed the dominion of the Hanse towns in the Baltic. Through him, also, the New World, Spain, Italy, Germany, which now shared with them a common ruler, were, in a measure, to be considered as provinces of their own country, and opened new channels for their commerce. He had, moreover, united the remaining six

provinces with the hereditary states of Burgundy, and thus given to them an extent and political importance which placed them by the side of the first kingdoms of Europe.

[He had, too, at one time the intention of raising it to a kingdom; but the essential points of difference between the provinces, which extended from constitution and manners to measures and weights, soon made him abandon this design. More important was the service which he designed them in the Burgundian treaty, which settled its relation to the German empire. According to this treaty the seventeen provinces were to contribute to the common wants of the German empire twice as much as an electoral prince; in case of a Turkish war three times as much; in return for which, however, they were to enjoy the powerful protection of this empire, and not to be injured in any of their various privileges. The revolution, which under Charles' son altered the political constitution of the provinces, again annulled this compact, which, on account of the trifling advantage that it conferred, deserves no further notice.]

By all this he flattered the national pride of this people. Moreover, by the incorporation of Gueldres, Utrecht, Friesland, and Groningen with these provinces, he put an end to the private wars which had so long disturbed their commerce; an unbroken internal peace now allowed them to enjoy the full fruits of their industry. Charles was therefore a benefactor of this people. At the same time, the splendor of his victories dazzled their eyes; the glory of their sovereign, which was reflected upon them also, had bribed their republican vigilance; while the awe-inspiring halo of invincibility which encircled the conqueror of Germany, France, Italy, and Africa terrified the factious. And then, who knows not on how much may venture the man, be he a private individual or a prince, who has succeeded in enchaining the admiration of his fellow-creatures! His repeated personal visits to these lands, which he, according to his own confession, visited as often as ten different times, kept the disaffected within bounds; the constant exercise of severe and prompt justice maintained the awe of

the royal power. Finally, Charles was born in the Netherlands, and loved the nation in whose lap he had grown up. Their manners pleased him, the simplicity of their character and social intercourse formed for him a pleasing recreation from the severe Spanish gravity. He spoke their language, and followed their customs in his private life. The burdensome ceremonies which form the unnatural barriers between king and people were banished from Brussels. No jealous foreigner debarred natives from access to their prince; their way to him was through their own countrymen, to whom he entrusted his person. He spoke much and courteously with them; his deportment was engaging, his discourse obliging. These simple artifices won for him their love, and while his armies trod down their cornfields, while his rapacious imposts diminished their property, while his governors oppressed, his executioners slaughtered, he secured their hearts by a friendly demeanor.

Gladly would Charles have seen this affection of the nation for himself descend upon his son. On this account he sent for him in his youth from Spain, and showed him in Brussels to his future subjects. On the solemn day of his abdication he recommended to him these lands as the richest jewel in his crown, and earnestly exhorted him to respect their laws and privileges.

Philip II. was in all the direct opposite of his father. As ambitious as Charles, but with less knowledge of men and of the rights of man, he had formed to himself a notion of royal authority which regarded men as simply the servile instruments of despotic will, and was outraged by every symptom of liberty. Born in Spain, and educated under the iron discipline of the monks, he demanded of others the same gloomy formality and reserve as marked his own character. The cheerful merriment of his Flemish subjects was as uncongenial to his disposition and temper as their privileges were offensive to his imperious will. He spoke no other language but the Spanish, endured none but Spaniards about his person, and obstinately adhered to all their customs. In vain did the loyal ingenuity of the Flemish towns through which he passed vie with each other in solemnizing his arrival with costly festivities.

[The town of Antwerp alone expended on an occasion of this kind two hundred and sixty thousand gold florins.]

Philip's eye remained dark; all the profusion of magnificence, all the loud and hearty effusions of the sincerest joy could not win from him one approving smile.

Charles entirely missed his aim by presenting his son to the Flemings. They might eventually have endured his yoke with less impatience if he had never set his foot in their land. But his look forewarned them what they had to expect; his entry into Brussels lost him all hearts. The Emperor's gracious affability with his people only served to throw a darker shade on the haughty gravity of his son. They read in his countenance the destructive purpose against their liberties which, even then, he already revolved in his breast. Forewarned to find in him a tyrant they were forearmed to resist him.

The throne of the Netherlands was the first which Charles V. abdicated. Before a solemn convention in Brussels he absolved the States-General of their oath, and transferred their allegiance to King Philip, his son. "If my death," addressing the latter, as he concluded, "had placed you in possession of these countries, even in that case so valuable a bequest would have given me great claims on your gratitude. But now that of my free will I transfer them to you, now that I die in order to hasten your enjoyment of them, I only require of you to pay to the people the increased obligation which the voluntary surrender of my dignity lays upon you. Other princes esteem it a peculiar felicity to bequeath to their children the crown which death is already ravishing from them. This happiness I am anxious to enjoy during my life. I wish to be a spectator of your reign. Few will follow my example, as few have preceded me in it. But this my deed will be praised if your future life should justify my expectations, if you continue to be guided by that wisdom which you have hitherto evinced, if you remain inviolably attached to the pure faith which is the main pillar of your throne. One thing more I have to add: may Heaven grant you also a son, to whom you may transmit your power by choice, and not by necessity."

After the Emperor had concluded his address Philip kneeled down before him, kissed his hand, and received his paternal blessing. His eyes for the last time were moistened with a tear. All present wept. It was an hour never to be forgotten.

This affecting farce was soon followed by another. Philip received the homage of the assembled states. He took the oath administered in the following words: "I, Philip, by the grace of God, Prince of Spain, of the two Sicilies, etc., do vow and swear that I will be a good and just lord in these countries, counties, and duchies, etc.; that I will well and truly hold, and cause to be held, the privileges and liberties of all the nobles, towns, commons, and subjects which have been conferred upon them by my predecessors, and also the customs, usages and rights which they now have and enjoy, jointly and severally, and, moreover, that I will do all that by law and right pertains to a good and just prince and lord, so help me God and all His Saints."

The alarm which the arbitrary government of the Emperor had inspired, and the distrust of his son, are already visible in the formula of this oath, which was drawn up in far more guarded and explicit terms than that which had been administered to Charles V. himself and all the Dukes in Burgundy. Philip, for instance, was compelled to swear to the maintenance of their customs and usages, what before his time had never been required. In the oath which the states took to him no other obedience was promised than such as should be consistent with the privileges of the country. His officers then were only to reckon on submission and support so long as they legally discharged the duties entrusted to them. Lastly, in this oath of allegiance, Philip is simply styled the natural, the hereditary prince, and not, as the Emperor had desired, sovereign or lord; proof enough how little confidence was placed in the justice and liberality of the new sovereign.

PHILIP II., RULER OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Philip II. received the lordship of the Netherlands in the brightest period of their prosperity. He was the first of their princes who united them all under his authority. They now consisted of seventeen provinces; the duchies of Brabant, Limburg, Luxembourg, and Gueldres, the seven counties of Artois, Hainault, Flanders, Namur, Zutphen, Holland, and Zealand, the margravate of Antwerp, and the five lordships of Friesland, Mechlin (Malines), Utrecht, Overysse, and Groningen, which, collectively, formed a great and powerful state able to contend with monarchies. Higher than it then stood their commerce could not rise. The sources of their wealth were above the earth's surface, but they were more valuable and inexhaustible and richer than all the mines in America. These seventeen provinces which, taken together, scarcely comprised the fifth part of Italy, and do not extend beyond three hundred Flemish miles, yielded an annual revenue to their lord, not much inferior to that which Britain formerly paid to its kings before the latter had annexed so many of the ecclesiastical domains to their crown. Three hundred and fifty cities, alive with industry and pleasure, many of them fortified by their natural position and secure without bulwarks or walls; six thousand three hundred market towns of a larger size; smaller villages, farms, and castles innumerable, imparted to this territory the aspect of one unbroken flourishing landscape. The nation had now reached the meridian of its splendor; industry and abundance had exalted the genius of the citizen, enlightened his ideas, ennobled his affections; every flower of the intellect had opened with the flourishing condition of the country. A happy temperament under a severe climate cooled the ardor of their blood, and moderated the rage of their passions;

equanimity, moderation, and enduring patience, the gifts of a northern clime; integrity, justice, and faith, the necessary virtues of their profession; and the delightful fruits of liberty, truth, benevolence, and a patriotic pride were blended in their character, with a slight admixture of human frailties. No people on earth was more easily governed by a prudent prince, and none with more difficulty by a charlatan or a tyrant. Nowhere was the popular voice so infallible a test of good government as here. True statesmanship could be tried in no nobler school, and a sickly artificial policy had none worse to fear.

A state constituted like this could act and endure with gigantic energy whenever pressing emergencies called forth its powers and a skilful and provident administration elicited its resources. Charles V. bequeathed to his successor an authority in these provinces little inferior to that of a limited monarchy. The prerogative of the crown had gained a visible ascendancy over the republican spirit, and that complicated machine could now be set in motion, almost as certainly and rapidly as the most absolutely governed nation. The numerous nobility, formerly so powerful, cheerfully accompanied their sovereign in his wars, or, on the civil changes of the state, courted the approving smile of royalty. The crafty policy of the crown had created a new and imaginary good, of which it was the exclusive dispenser. New passions and new ideas of happiness supplanted at last the rude simplicity of republican virtue. Pride gave place to vanity, true liberty to titles of Honor, a needy independence to a luxurious servitude. To oppress or to plunder their native land as the absolute satraps of an absolute lord was a more powerful allurements for the avarice and ambition of the great, than in the general assembly of the state to share with the monarch a hundredth part of the supreme power. A large portion, moreover, of the nobility were deeply sunk in poverty and debt. Charles V. had crippled all the most dangerous vassals of the crown by expensive embassies to foreign courts, under the specious pretext of honorary distinctions. Thus, William of Orange was despatched to Germany with the imperial crown, and Count Egmont to conclude the marriage contract between Philip and Queen Mary. Both also afterwards accompanied the Duke of Alva to France to

negotiate the peace between the two crowns, and the new alliance of their sovereign with Madame Elizabeth. The expenses of these journeys amounted to three hundred thousand florins, towards which the king did not contribute a single penny. When the Prince of Orange was appointed generalissimo in the place of the Duke of Savoy he was obliged to defray all the necessary expenses of his office. When foreign ambassadors or princes came to Brussels it was made incumbent on the nobles to maintain the honor of their king, who himself always dined alone, and never kept open table. Spanish policy had devised a still more ingenious contrivance gradually to impoverish the richest families of the land. Every year one of the Castilian nobles made his appearance in Brussels, where he displayed a lavish magnificence. In Brussels it was accounted an indelible disgrace to be distanced by a stranger in such munificence. All vied to surpass him, and exhausted their fortunes in this costly emulation, while the Spaniard made a timely retreat to his native country, and by the frugality of four years repaired the extravagance of one year. It was the foible of the Netherlandish nobility to contest with every stranger the credit of superior wealth, and of this weakness the government studiously availed itself. Certainly these arts did not in the sequel produce the exact result that had been calculated on; for these pecuniary burdens only made the nobility the more disposed for innovation, since he who has lost all can only be a gainer in the general ruin.

The Roman Church had ever been a main support of the royal power, and it was only natural that it should be so. Its golden time was the bondage of the human intellect, and, like royalty, it had gained by the ignorance and weakness of men. Civil oppression made religion more necessary and more dear; submission to tyrannical power prepares the mind for a blind, convenient faith, and the hierarchy repaid with usury the services of despotism. In the provinces the bishops and prelates were zealous supporters of royalty, and ever ready to sacrifice the welfare of the citizen to the temporal advancement of the church and the political interests of the sovereign.

Numerous and brave garrisons also held the cities in awe, which were at the

same time divided by religious squabbles and factions, and consequently deprived of their strongest support—union among themselves. How little, therefore, did it require to insure this preponderance of Philip's power, and how fatal must have been the folly by which it was lost.

But Philip's authority in these provinces, however great, did not surpass the influence which the Spanish monarchy at that time enjoyed throughout Europe. No state ventured to enter the arena of contest with it. France, its most dangerous neighbor, weakened by a destructive war, and still more by internal factions, which boldly raised their heads during the feeble government of a child, was advancing rapidly to that unhappy condition which, for nearly half a century, made it a theatre of the most enormous crimes and the most fearful calamities. In England Elizabeth could with difficulty protect her still tottering throne against the furious storms of faction, and her new church establishment against the insidious arts of the Romanists. That country still awaited her mighty call before it could emerge from a humble obscurity, and had not yet been awakened by the faulty policy of her rival to that vigor and energy with which it finally overthrew him. The imperial family of Germany was united with that of Spain by the double ties of blood and political interest; and the victorious progress of Soliman drew its attention more to the east than to the west of Europe. Gratitude and fear secured to Philip the Italian princes, and his creatures ruled the Conclave. The monarchies of the North still lay in barbarous darkness and obscurity, or only just began to acquire form and strength, and were as yet unrecognized in the political system of Europe. The most skilful generals, numerous armies accustomed to victory, a formidable marine, and the golden tribute from the West Indies, which now first began to come in regularly and certainly—what terrible instruments were these in the firm and steady hand of a talented prince Under such auspicious stars did King Philip commence his reign.

Before we see him act we must first look hastily into the deep recesses of his soul, and we shall there find a key to his political life. Joy and benevolence were wholly wanting in the composition of his character. His temperament, and the

gloomy years of his early childhood, denied him the former; the latter could not be imparted to him by men who had renounced the sweetest and most powerful of the social ties. Two ideas, his own self and what was above that self, engrossed his narrow and contracted mind. Egotism and religion were the contents and the title-page of the history of his whole life. He was a king and a Christian, and was bad in both characters; he never was a man among men, because he never condescended but only ascended. His belief was dark and cruel; for his divinity was a being of terror, from whom he had nothing to hope but everything to fear. To the ordinary man the divinity appears as a comforter, as a Saviour; before his mind it was set up as an image of fear, a painful, humiliating check to his human omnipotence. His veneration for this being was so much the more profound and deeply rooted the less it extended to other objects. He trembled servilely before God because God was the only being before whom he had to tremble. Charles V. was zealous for religion because religion promoted his objects. Philip was so because he had real faith in it. The former let loose the fire and the sword upon thousands for the sake of a dogma, while he himself, in the person of the pope, his captive, derided the very doctrine for which he had sacrificed so much human blood. It was only with repugnance and scruples of conscience that Philip resolved on the most just war against the pope, and resigned all the fruits of his victory as a penitent malefactor surrenders his booty. The Emperor was cruel from calculation, his son from impulse. The first possessed a strong and enlightened spirit, and was, perhaps, so much the worse as a man; the second was narrow-minded and weak, but the more upright.

Both, however, as it appears to me, might have been better men than they actually were, and still, on the whole, have acted on the very same principles. What we lay to the charge of personal character of an individual is very often the infirmity, the necessary imperfection of universal human nature. A monarchy so great and so powerful was too great a trial for human pride, and too mighty a charge for human power. To combine universal happiness with the highest liberty of the individual is the sole prerogative of infinite intelligence, which diffuses itself omnipresently over all. But what resource has man when placed in

the position of omnipotence? Man can only aid his circumscribed powers by classification; like the naturalist, he establishes certain marks and rules by which to facilitate his own feeble survey of the whole, to which all individualities must conform. All this is accomplished for him by religion. She finds hope and fear planted in every human breast; by making herself mistress of these emotions, and directing their affections to a single object, she virtually transforms millions of independent beings into one uniform abstract. The endless diversity of the human will no longer embarrasses its ruler—now there exists one universal good, one universal evil, which he can bring forward or withdraw at pleasure, and which works in unison with himself even when absent. Now a boundary is established before which liberty must halt; a venerable, hallowed line, towards which all the various conflicting inclinations of the will must finally converge. The common aim of despotism and of priestcraft is uniformity, and uniformity is a necessary expedient of human poverty and imperfection. Philip became a greater despot than his father because his mind was more contracted, or, in other words, he was forced to adhere the more scrupulously to general rules the less capable he was of descending to special and individual exceptions. What conclusion could we draw from these principles but that Philip II. could not possibly have any higher object of his solicitude than uniformity, both in religion and in laws, because without these he could not reign?

And yet he would have shown more mildness and forbearance in his government if he had entered upon it earlier. In the judgment which is usually formed of this prince one circumstance does not appear to be sufficiently considered in the history of his mind and heart, which, however, in all fairness, ought to be duly weighed. Philip counted nearly thirty years when he ascended the Spanish throne, and the early maturity of his understanding had anticipated the period of his majority. A mind like his, conscious of its powers, and only too early acquainted with his high expectations, could not brook the yoke of childish subjection in which he stood; the superior genius of the father, and the absolute authority of the autocrat, must have weighed heavily on the self-satisfied pride of such a son. The share which the former allowed him in the government of the

empire was just important enough to disengage his mind from petty passions and to confirm the austere gravity of his character, but also meagre enough to kindle a fiercer longing for unlimited power. When he actually became possessed of uncontrolled authority it had lost the charm of novelty. The sweet intoxication of a young monarch in the sudden and early possession of supreme power; that joyous tumult of emotions which opens the soul to every softer sentiment, and to which humanity has owed so many of the most valuable and the most prized of its institutions; this pleasing moment had for him long passed by, or had never existed. His character was already hardened when fortune put him to this severe test, and his settled principles withstood the collision of occasional emotion. He had had time, during fifteen years, to prepare himself for the change; and instead of youthful dallying with the external symbols of his new station, or of losing the morning of his government in the intoxication of an idle vanity, he remained composed and serious enough to enter at once on the full possession of his power so as to revenge himself through the most extensive employment of it for its having been so long withheld from him.

THE TRIBUNAL OF THE INQUISITION

Philip II. no sooner saw himself, through the peace of Chateau-Cambray, in undisturbed enjoyment of his immense territory than he turned his whole attention to the great work of purifying religion, and verified the fears of his Netherlandish subjects. The ordinances which his father had caused to be promulgated against heretics were renewed in all their rigor, and terrible tribunals, to whom nothing but the name of inquisition was wanting, were appointed to watch over their execution. But his plan appeared to him scarcely more than half-fulfilled so long as he could not transplant into these countries the Spanish Inquisition in its perfect form—a design in which the Emperor had already suffered shipwreck.

The Spanish Inquisition is an institution of a new and peculiar kind, which finds no prototype in the whole course of time, and admits of comparison with no ecclesiastical or civil tribunal. Inquisition had existed from the time when reason meddled with what is holy, and from the very commencement of scepticism and innovation; but it was in the middle of the thirteenth century, after some examples of apostasy had alarmed the hierarchy, that Innocent III. first erected for it a peculiar tribunal, and separated, in an unnatural manner, ecclesiastical superintendence and instruction from its judicial and retributive office. In order to be the more sure that no human sensibilities or natural tenderness should thwart the stern severity of its statutes, he took it out of the hands of the bishops and secular clergy, who, by the ties of civil life, were still too much attached to humanity for his purpose, and consigned it to those of the monks, a half-denaturalized race of beings who had abjured the sacred feelings,

of nature, and were the servile tools of the Roman See. The Inquisition was received in Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France; a Franciscan monk sat as judge in the terrible court, which passed sentence on the Templars. A few states succeeded either in totally excluding or else in subjecting it to civil authority. The Netherlands had remained free from it until the government of Charles V.; their bishops exercised the spiritual censorship, and in extraordinary cases reference was made to foreign courts of inquisition; by the French provinces to that of Paris, by the Germans to that of Cologne.

But the Inquisition which we are here speaking of came from the west of Europe, and was of a different origin and form. The last Moorish throne in Granada had fallen in the fifteenth century, and the false faith of the Saracens had finally succumbed before the fortunes of Christianity. But the gospel was still new, and but imperfectly established in this youngest of Christian kingdoms, and in the confused mixture of heterogeneous laws and manners the religions had become mixed. It is true the sword of persecution had driven many thousand families to Africa, but a far larger portion, detained by the love of climate and home, purchased remission from this dreadful necessity by a show of conversion, and continued at Christian altars to serve Mohammed and Moses. So long as prayers were offered towards Mecca, Granada was not subdued; so long as the new Christian, in the retirement of his house, became again a Jew or a Moslem, he was as little secured to the throne as to the Romish See. It was no longer deemed sufficient to compel a perverse people to adopt the exterior forms of a new faith, or to wed it to the victorious church by the weak bands of ceremonials; the object now was to extirpate the roots of an old religion, and to subdue an obstinate bias which, by the slow operation of centuries, had been implanted in their manners, their language, and their laws, and by the enduring influence of a paternal soil and sky was still maintained in its full extent and vigor.

If the church wished to triumph completely over the opposing worship, and to secure her new conquest beyond all chance of relapse, it was indispensable that

she should undermine the foundation itself on which the old religion was built. It was necessary to break to pieces the entire form of moral character to which it was so closely and intimately attached. It was requisite to loosen its secret roots from the hold they had taken in the innermost depths of the soul; to extinguish all traces of it, both in domestic life and in the civil world; to cause all recollection of it to perish; and, if possible, to destroy the very susceptibility for its impressions. Country and family, conscience and honor, the sacred feelings of society and of nature, are ever the first and immediate ties to which religion attaches itself; from these it derives while it imparts strength. This connection was now to be dissolved; the old religion was violently to be severed from the holy feelings of nature, even at the expense of the sanctity itself of these emotions. Thus arose that Inquisition which, to distinguish it from the more humane tribunals of the same name, we usually call the Spanish. Its founder was Cardinal Ximenes, a Dominican monk. Torquemada was the first who ascended its bloody throne, who established its statutes, and forever cursed his order with this bequest. Sworn to the degradation of the understanding and the murder of intellect, the instruments it employed were terror and infamy. Every evil passion was in its pay; its snare was set in every joy of life. Solitude itself was not safe from it; the fear of its omnipresence fettered the freedom of the soul in its inmost and deepest recesses. It prostrated all the instincts of human nature before it yielded all the ties which otherwise man held most sacred. A heretic forfeited all claims upon his race; the most trivial infidelity to his mother church divested him of the rights of his nature. A modest doubt in the infallibility of the pope met with the punishment of parricide and the infamy of sodomy; its sentences resembled the frightful corruption of the plague, which turns the most healthy body into rapid putrefaction. Even the inanimate things belonging to a heretic were accursed. No destiny could snatch the victim of the Inquisition from its sentence. Its decrees were carried in force on corpses and on pictures, and the grave itself was no asylum from its tremendous arm. The presumptuous arrogance of its decrees could only be surpassed by the inhumanity which executed them. By coupling the ludicrous with the terrible, and by amusing the eye with the strangeness of its processions, it weakened compassion by the

gratification of another feeling; it drowned sympathy in derision and contempt. The delinquent was conducted with solemn pomp to the place of execution, a blood-red flag was displayed before him, the universal clang of all the bells accompanied the procession. First came the priests, in the robes of the Mass and singing a sacred hymn; next followed the condemned sinner, clothed in a yellow vest, covered with figures of black devils. On his head he wore a paper cap, surmounted by a human figure, around which played lambent flames of fire, and ghastly demons flitted. The image of the crucified Saviour was carried before, but turned away from the eternally condemned sinner, for whom salvation was no longer available. His mortal body belonged to the material fire, his immortal soul to the flames of hell. A gag closed his mouth, and prevented him from alleviating his pain by lamentations, from awakening compassion by his affecting tale, and from divulging the secrets of the holy tribunal. He was followed by the clergy in festive robes, by the magistrates, and the nobility; the fathers who had been his judges closed the awful procession. It seemed like a solemn funeral procession, but on looking for the corpse on its way to the grave, behold! it was a living body whose groans are now to afford such shuddering entertainment to the people. The executions were generally held on the high festivals, for which a number of such unfortunate sufferers were reserved in the prisons of the holy house, in order to enhance the rejoicing by the multitude of the victims, and on these occasions the king himself was usually present. He sat with uncovered head, on a lower chair than that of the Grand Inquisitor, to whom, on such occasions, he yielded precedence; who, then, would not tremble before a tribunal at which majesty must humble itself?

The great revolution in the church accomplished by Luther and Calvin renewed the causes to which this tribunal owed its first origin; and that which, at its commencement, was invented to clear the petty kingdom of Granada from the feeble remnant of Saracens and Jews was now required for the whole of Christendom. All the Inquisitions in Portugal, Italy, Germany, and France adopted the form of the Spanish; it followed Europeans to the Indies, and established in Goa a fearful tribunal, whose inhuman proceedings make us

shudder even at the bare recital. Wherever it planted its foot devastation followed; but in no part of the world did it rage so violently as in Spain. The victims are forgotten whom it immolated; the human race renews itself, and the lands, too, flourish again which it has devastated and depopulated by its fury; but centuries will elapse before its traces disappear from the Spanish character. A generous and enlightened nation has been stopped by it on its road to perfection; it has banished genius from a region where it was indigenious, and a stillness like that which hangs over the grave has been left in the mind of a people who, beyond most others of our world, were framed for happiness and enjoyment.

The first Inquisitor in Brabant was appointed by Charles V. in the year 1522. Some priests were associated with him as coadjutors; but he himself was a layman. After the death of Adrian VI., his successor, Clement VII., appointed three Inquisitors for all the Netherlands; and Paul III. again reduced them to two, which number continued until the commencement of the troubles. In the year 1530, with the aid and approbation of the states, the edicts against heretics were promulgated, which formed the foundation of all that followed, and in which, also, express mention is made of the Inquisition. In the year 1550, in consequence of the rapid increase of sects, Charles V. was under the necessity of reviving and enforcing these edicts, and it was on this occasion that the town of Antwerp opposed the establishment of the Inquisition, and obtained an exemption from its jurisdiction. But the spirit of the Inquisition in the Netherlands, in accordance with the genius of the country, was more humane than in Spain, and as yet had never been administered by a foreigner, much less by a Dominican. The edicts which were known to everybody served it as the rule of its decisions. On this very account it was less obnoxious; because, however severe its sentence, it did not appear a tool of arbitrary power, and it did not, like the Spanish Inquisition, veil itself in secrecy.

Philip, however, was desirous of introducing the latter tribunal into the Netherlands, since it appeared to him the instrument best adapted to destroy the spirit of this people, and to prepare them for a despotic government. He began,

therefore, by increasing the rigor of the religious ordinances of his father; by gradually extending the power of the inquisitors; by making the proceedings more arbitrary, and more independent of the civil jurisdiction. The tribunal soon wanted little more than the name and the Dominicans to resemble in every point the Spanish Inquisition. Bare suspicion was enough to snatch a citizen from the bosom of public tranquillity, and from his domestic circle; and the weakest evidence was a sufficient justification for the use of the rack. Whoever fell into its abyss returned no more to the world. All the benefits of the laws ceased for him; the maternal care of justice no longer noticed him; beyond the pale of his former world malice and stupidity judged him according to laws which were never intended for man. The delinquent never knew his accuser, and very seldom his crime, —a flagitious, devilish artifice which constrained the unhappy victim to guess at his error, and in the delirium of the rack, or in the weariness of a long living interment, to acknowledge transgressions which, perhaps, had never been committed, or at least had never come to the knowledge of his judges. The goods of the condemned were confiscated, and the informer encouraged by letters of grace and rewards. No privilege, no civil jurisdiction was valid against the holy power; the secular arm lost forever all whom that power had once touched. Its only share in the judicial duties of the latter was to execute its sentences with humble submissiveness. The consequences of such an institution were, of necessity, unnatural and horrible; the whole temporal happiness, the life itself, of an innocent man was at the mercy of any worthless fellow. Every secret enemy, every envious person, had now the perilous temptation of an unseen and unfailing revenge. The security of property, the sincerity of intercourse were gone; all the ties of interest were dissolved; all of blood and of affection were irreparably broken. An infectious distrust envenomed social life; the dreaded presence of a spy terrified the eye from seeing, and choked the voice in the midst of utterance. No one believed in the existence of an honest man, or passed for one himself. Good name, the ties of country, brotherhood, even oaths, and all that man holds sacred, were fallen in estimation. Such was the destiny to which a great and flourishing commercial town was subjected, where one hundred thousand industrious men had been brought together by the single tie of mutual

confidence,—every one indispensable to his neighbor, yet every one distrusted and distrustful,—all attracted by the spirit of gain, and repelled from each other by fear,—all the props of society torn away, where social union was the basis of all life and all existence.

OTHER ENCROACHMENTS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NETHERLANDS.

No wonder if so unnatural a tribunal, which had proved intolerable even to the more submissive spirit of the Spaniard, drove a free state to rebellion. But the terror which it inspired was increased by the Spanish troops, which, even after the restoration of peace, were kept in the country, and, in violation of the constitution, garrisoned border towns. Charles V. had been forgiven for this introduction of foreign troops so long as the necessity of it was evident, and his good intentions were less distrusted. But now men saw in these troops only the alarming preparations of oppression and the instruments of a detested hierarchy. Moreover, a considerable body of cavalry, composed of natives, and fully adequate for the protection of the country, made these foreigners superfluous. The licentiousness and rapacity, too, of the Spaniards, whose pay was long in arrear, and who indemnified themselves at the expense of the citizens, completed the exasperation of the people, and drove the lower orders to despair. Subsequently, when the general murmur induced the government to move them from the frontiers and transport them into the islands of Zealand, where ships were prepared for their deportation, their excesses were carried to such a pitch that the inhabitants left off working at the embankments, and preferred to abandon their native country to the fury of the sea rather than to submit any longer to the wanton brutality of these lawless bands.

Philip, indeed, would have wished to retain these Spaniards in the country, in order by their presence to give weight to his edicts, and to support the

innovations which he had resolved to make in the constitution of the Netherlands. He regarded them as a guarantee for the submission of the nation and as a chain by which he held it captive. Accordingly, he left no expedient untried to evade the persevering importunity of the states, who demanded the withdrawal of these troops; and for this end he exhausted all the resources of chicanery and persuasion. At one time he pretended to dread a sudden invasion by France, although, torn by furious factions, that country could scarce support itself against a domestic enemy; at another time they were, he said, to receive his son, Don Carlos, on the frontiers; whom, however, he never intended should leave Castile. Their maintenance should not be a burden to the nation; he himself would disburse all their expenses from his private purse. In order to detain them with the more appearance of reason he purposely kept back from them their arrears of pay; for otherwise he would assuredly have preferred them to the troops of the country, whose demands he fully satisfied. To lull the fears of the nation, and to appease the general discontent, he offered the chief command of these troops to the two favorites of the people, the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont. Both, however, declined his offer, with the noble-minded declaration that they could never make up their minds to serve contrary to the laws of the country. The more desire the king showed to have his Spaniards in the country the more obstinately the states insisted on their removal. In the following Diet at Ghent he was compelled, in the very midst of his courtiers, to listen to republican truth. "Why are foreign hands needed for our defence?" demanded the Syndic of Ghent. "Is it that the rest of the world should consider us too stupid, or too cowardly, to protect ourselves? Why have we made peace if the burdens of war are still to oppress us? In war necessity enforced endurance; in peace our patience is exhausted by its burdens. Or shall we be able to keep in order these licentious bands which thine own presence could not restrain? Here, Cambray and Antwerp cry for redress; there, Thionville and Marienburg lie waste; and, surely, thou hast not bestowed upon us peace that our cities should become deserts, as they necessarily must if thou freest them not from these destroyers? Perhaps then art anxious to guard against surprise from our neighbors? This precaution is wise; but the report of their preparations will long

outrun their hostilities. Why incur a heavy expense to engage foreigners who will not care for a country which they must leave to-morrow? Hast thou not still at thy command the same brave Netherlanders to whom thy father entrusted the republic in far more troubled times? Why shouldst thou now doubt their loyalty, which, to thy ancestors, they have preserved for so many centuries inviolate? Will not they be sufficient to sustain the war long enough to give time to thy confederates to join their banners, or to thyself to send succor from the neighboring country?" This language was too new to the king, and its truth too obvious for him to be able at once to reply to it. "I, also, am a foreigner," he at length exclaimed, "and they would like, I suppose, to expel me from the country!" At the same time he descended from the throne, and left the assembly; but the speaker was pardoned for his boldness. Two days afterwards he sent a message to the states that if he had been apprised earlier that these troops were a burden to them he would have immediately made preparation to remove them with himself to Spain. Now it was too late, for they would not depart unpaid; but he pledged them his most sacred promise that they should not be oppressed with this burden more than four months. Nevertheless, the troops remained in this country eighteen months instead of four; and would not, perhaps, even then have left it so soon if the exigencies of the state had not made their presence indispensable in another part of the world.

The illegal appointment of foreigners to the most important offices of the country afforded further occasion of complaint against the government. Of all the privileges of the provinces none was so obnoxious to the Spaniards as that which excluded strangers from office, and none they had so zealously sought to abrogate. Italy, the two Indies, and all the provinces of this vast Empire, were indeed open to their rapacity and ambition; but from the richest of them all an inexorable fundamental law excluded them. They artfully persuaded their sovereign that his power in these countries would never be firmly established so long as he could not employ foreigners as his instruments. The Bishop of Arras, a Burgundian by birth, had already been illegally forced upon the Flemings; and now the Count of Feria, a Castilian, was to receive a seat and voice in the

council of state. But this attempt met with a bolder resistance than the king's flatterers had led him to expect, and his despotic omnipotence was this time wrecked by the politic measures of William of Orange and the firmness of the states.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND COUNT EGMONT.

By such measures, did Philip usher in his government of the Netherlands, and such were the grievances of the nation when he was preparing to leave them. He had long been impatient to quit a country where he was a stranger, where there was so much that opposed his secret wishes, and where his despotic mind found such undaunted monitors to remind him of the laws of freedom. The peace with France at last rendered a longer stay unnecessary; the armaments of Soliman required his presence in the south, and the Spaniards also began to miss their long-absent king. The choice of a supreme Stadtholder for the Netherlands was the principal matter which still detained him. Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, had filled this place since the resignation of Mary, Queen of Hungary, which, however, so long as the king himself was present, conferred more honor than real influence. His absence would make it the most important office in the monarchy, and the most splendid aim for the ambition of a subject. It had now become vacant through the departure of the duke, whom the peace of Chateau-Cambray had restored to his dominions. The almost unlimited power with which the supreme Statholder would be entrusted, the capacity and experience which so extensive and delicate an appointment required, but, especially, the daring designs which the government had in contemplation against the freedom of the country, the execution of which would devolve on him, necessarily embarrassed the choice. The law, which excluded all foreigners from office, made an exception in the case of the supreme Stadtholder. As he could not be at the same time a native of all the provinces, it was allowable for him not to belong to any one of them; for the jealousy of the man of Brabant would concede no greater

right to a Fleming, whose home was half a mile from his frontier, than to a Sicilian, who lived in another soil and under a different sky. But here the interests of the crown itself seemed to favor the appointment of a native. A Brabanter, for instance, who enjoyed the full confidence of his countrymen if he were a traitor would have half accomplished his treason before a foreign governor could have overcome the mistrust with which his most insignificant measures would be watched. If the government should succeed in carrying through its designs in one province, the opposition of the rest would then be a temerity, which it would be justified in punishing in the severest manner. In the common whole which the provinces now formed their individual constitutions were, in a measure, destroyed; the obedience of one would be a law for all, and the privilege, which one knew not how to preserve, was lost for the rest.

Among the Flemish nobles who could lay claim to the Chief Stadtholdership, the expectations and wishes of the nation were divided between Count Egmont and the Prince of Orange, who were alike qualified for this high dignity by illustrious birth and personal merits, and by an equal share in the affections of the people. Their high rank placed them both near to the throne, and if the choice of the monarch was to rest on the worthiest it must necessarily fall upon one of these two. As, in the course of our history, we shall often have occasion to mention both names, the reader cannot be too early made acquainted with their characters.

William I., Prince of Orange, was descended from the princely German house of Nassau, which had already flourished eight centuries, had long disputed the preeminence with Austria, and had given one Emperor to Germany. Besides several extensive domains in the Netherlands, which made him a citizen of this republic and a vassal of the Spanish monarchy, he possessed also in France the independent principedom of Orange. William was born in the year 1533, at Dillenburg, in the country of Nassau, of a Countess Stolberg. His father, the Count of Nassau, of the same name, had embraced the Protestant religion, and caused his son also to be educated in it; but Charles V., who early formed an

attachment for the boy, took him when quite young to his court, and had him brought up in the Romish church. This monarch, who already in the child discovered the future greatness of the man, kept him nine years about his person, thought him worthy of his personal instruction in the affairs of government, and honored him with a confidence beyond his years. He alone was permitted to remain in the Emperor's presence when he gave audience to foreign ambassadors—a proof that, even as a boy, he had already begun to merit the surname of the Silent. The Emperor was not ashamed even to confess openly, on one occasion, that this young man had often made suggestions which would have escaped his own sagacity. What expectations might not be formed of the intellect of a man who was disciplined in such a school.

William was twenty-three years old when Charles abdicated the government, and had already received from the latter two public marks of the highest esteem. The Emperor had entrusted to him, in preference to all the nobles of his court, the honorable office of conveying to his brother Ferdinand the imperial crown. When the Duke of Savoy, who commanded the imperial army in the Netherlands, was called away to Italy by the exigency of his domestic affairs, the Emperor appointed him commander-in-chief against the united representations of his military council, who declared it altogether hazardous to oppose so young a tyro in arms to the experienced generals of France. Absent, and unrecommended by any, he was preferred by the monarch to the laurel-crowned band of his heroes, and the result gave him no cause to repent of his choice.

The marked favor which the prince had enjoyed with the father was in itself a sufficient ground for his exclusion from the confidence of the son. Philip, it appears, had laid it down for himself as a rule to avenge the wrongs of the Spanish nobility for the preference which Charles V. had on all important occasions shown to his Flemish nobles. Still stronger, however, were the secret motives which alienated him from the prince. William of Orange was one of those lean and pale men who, according to Caesar's words, "sleep not at night, and think too much," and before whom the most fearless spirits quail.

The calm tranquillity of a never-varying countenance concealed a busy, ardent soul, which never ruffled even the veil behind which it worked, and was alike inaccessible to artifice and love; a versatile, formidable, indefatigable mind, soft, and ductile enough to be instantaneously moulded into all forms; guarded enough to lose itself in none; and strong enough to endure every vicissitude of fortune. A greater master in reading and in winning men's hearts never existed than William. Not that, after the fashion of courts, his lips avowed a servility to which his proud heart gave the lie; but because he was neither too sparing nor too lavish of the marks of his esteem, and through a skilful economy of the favors which mostly bind men, he increased his real stock in them. The fruits of his meditation were as perfect as they were slowly formed; his resolves were as steadily and indomitably accomplished as they were long in maturing. No obstacles could defeat the plan which he had once adopted as the best; no accidents frustrated it, for they all had been foreseen before they actually occurred. High as his feelings were raised above terror and joy, they were, nevertheless, subject in the same degree to fear; but his fear was earlier than the danger, and he was calm in tumult because he had trembled in repose. William lavished his gold with a profuse hand, but he was a niggard of his movements. The hours of repast were the sole hours of relaxation, but these were exclusively devoted to his heart, his family, and his friends; this the modest deduction he allowed himself from the cares of his country. Here his brow was cleared with wine, seasoned by temperance and a cheerful disposition; and no serious cares were permitted to enter this recess of enjoyment. His household was magnificent; the splendor of a numerous retinue, the number and respectability of those who surrounded his person, made his habitation resemble the court of a sovereign prince. A sumptuous hospitality, that master-spell of demagogues, was the goddess of his palace. Foreign princes and ambassadors found here a fitting reception and entertainment, which surpassed all that luxurious Belgium could elsewhere offer. A humble submissiveness to the government bought off the blame and suspicion which this munificence might have thrown on his intentions. But this liberality secured for him the affections of the people, whom nothing gratified so much as to see the riches of their country displayed before

admiring foreigners, and the high pinnacle of fortune on which he stood enhanced the value of the courtesy to which he condescended. No one, probably, was better fitted by nature for the leader of a conspiracy than William the Silent. A comprehensive and intuitive glance into the past, the present, and the future; the talent for improving every favorable opportunity; a commanding influence over the minds of men, vast schemes which only when viewed from a distance show form and symmetry; and bold calculations which were wound up in the long chain of futurity; all these faculties he possessed, and kept, moreover, under the control of that free and enlightened virtue which moves with firm step even on the very edge of the abyss.

A man like this might at other times have remained unfathomed by his whole generation; but not so by the distrustful spirit of the age in which he lived. Philip II. saw quickly and deeply into a character which, among good ones, most resembled his own. If he had not seen through him so clearly his distrust of a man, in whom were united nearly all the qualities which he prized highest and could best appreciate, would be quite inexplicable. But William had another and still more important point of contact with Philip II. He had learned his policy from the same master, and had become, it was to be feared, a more apt scholar. Not by making Machiavelli's 'Prince' his study, but by having enjoyed the living instruction of a monarch who reduced the book to practice, had he become versed in the perilous arts by which thrones rise and fall. In him Philip had to deal with an antagonist who was armed against his policy, and who in a good cause could also command the resources of a bad one. And it was exactly this last circumstance which accounts for his having hated this man so implacably above all others of his day, and his having had so supernatural a dread of him.

The suspicion which already attached to the prince was increased by the doubts which were entertained of his religious bias. So long as the Emperor, his benefactor, lived, William believed in the pope; but it was feared, with good ground, that the predilection for the reformed religion, which had been imparted into his young heart, had never entirely left it. Whatever church he may at

certain periods of his life have preferred each might console itself with the reflection that none other possessed him more entirely. In later years he went over to Calvinism with almost as little scruple as in his early childhood he deserted the Lutheran profession for the Romish. He defended the rights of the Protestants rather than their opinions against Spanish oppression; not their faith, but their wrongs, had made him their brother.

These general grounds for suspicion appeared to be justified by a discovery of his real intentions which accident had made. William had remained in France as hostage for the peace of Chateau-Cambray, in concluding which he had borne a part; and here, through the imprudence of Henry II., who imagined he spoke with a confidant of the King of Spain, he became acquainted with a secret plot which the French and Spanish courts had formed against Protestants of both kingdoms. The prince hastened to communicate this important discovery to his friends in Brussels, whom it so nearly concerned, and the letters which he exchanged on the subject fell, unfortunately, into the hands of the King of Spain. Philip was less surprised at this decisive disclosure of William's sentiments than incensed at the disappointment of his scheme; and the Spanish nobles, who had never forgiven the prince that moment, when in the last act of his life the greatest of Emperors leaned upon his shoulders, did not neglect this favorable opportunity of finally ruining, in the good opinion of their king, the betrayer of a state secret.

Of a lineage no less noble than that of William was Lamoral, Count Egmont and Prince of Gavre, a descendant of the Dukes of Gueldres, whose martial courage had wearied out the arms of Austria. His family was highly distinguished in the annals of the country; one of his ancestors, had, under Maximilian, already filled the office of Stadtholder over Holland. Egmont's marriage with the Duchess Sabina of Bavaria reflected additional lustre on the splendor of his birth, and made him powerful through the greatness of this alliance. Charles V. had, in the year 1516, conferred on him at Utrecht the order of the Golden Fleece; the wars of this Emperor were the school of his military

genius, and the battle of St. Quentin and Gravelines made him the hero of his age. Every blessing of peace, for which a commercial people feel most grateful, brought to mind the remembrance of the victory by which it was accelerated, and Flemish pride, like a fond mother, exulted over the illustrious son of their country, who had filled all Europe with admiration. Nine children who grew up under the eyes of their fellow-citizens, multiplied and drew closer the ties between him and his fatherland, and the people's grateful affection for the father was kept alive by the sight of those who were dearest to him. Every appearance of Egmont in public was a triumphal procession; every eye which was fastened upon him recounted his history; his deeds lived in the plaudits of his companions-in-arms; at the games of chivalry mothers pointed him out to their children. Affability, a noble and courteous demeanor, the amiable virtues of chivalry, adorned and graced his merits. His liberal soul shone forth on his open brow; his frank-heartedness managed his secrets no better than his benevolence did his estate, and a thought was no sooner his than it was the property of all. His religion was gentle and humane, but not very enlightened, because it derived its light from the heart and not from, his understanding. Egmont possessed more of conscience than of fixed principles; his head had not given him a code of its own, but had merely learnt it by rote; the mere name of any action, therefore, was often with him sufficient for its condemnation. In his judgment men were wholly bad or wholly good, and had not something bad or something good; in this system of morals there was no middle term between vice and virtue; and consequently a single good trait often decided his opinion of men. Egmont united all the eminent qualities which form the hero; he was a better soldier than the Prince of Orange, but far inferior to him as a statesman; the latter saw the world as it really was; Egmont viewed it in the magic mirror of an imagination that embellished all that it reflected. Men, whom fortune has surprised with a reward for which they can find no adequate ground in their actions, are, for the most part, very apt to forget the necessary connection between cause and effect, and to insert in the natural consequences of things a higher miraculous power to which, as Caesar to his fortune, they at last insanelly trust. Such a character was Egmont. Intoxicated with the idea of his own merits, which the love and

gratitude of his fellow-citizens had exaggerated, he staggered on in this sweet reverie as in a delightful world of dreams. He feared not, because he trusted to the deceitful pledge which destiny had given him of her favor, in the general love of the people; and he believed in its justice because he himself was prosperous. Even the most terrible experience of Spanish perfidy could not afterwards eradicate this confidence from his soul, and on the scaffold itself his latest feeling was hope. A tender fear for his family kept his patriotic courage fettered by lower duties. Because he trembled for property and life he could not venture much for the republic. William of Orange broke with the throne because its arbitrary power was offensive to his pride; Egmont was vain, and therefore valued the favors of the monarch. The former was a citizen of the world; Egmont had never been more than a Fleming.

Philip II. still stood indebted to the hero of St. Quentin, and the supreme stadtholdership of the Netherlands appeared the only appropriate reward for such great services. Birth and high station, the voice of the nation and personal abilities, spoke as loudly for Egmont as for Orange; and if the latter was to be passed by it seemed that the former alone could supplant him.

Two such competitors, so equal in merit, might have embarrassed Philip in his choice if he had ever seriously thought of selecting either of them for the appointment. But the pre-eminent qualities by which they supported their claim to this office were the very cause of their rejection; and it was precisely the ardent desire of the nation for their election to it that irrevocably annulled their title to the appointment. Philip's purpose would not be answered by a stadtholder in the Netherlands who could command the good-will and the energies of the people. Egmont's descent from the Duke of Gueldres made him an hereditary foe of the house of Spain, and it seemed impolitic to place the supreme power in the hands of a man to whom the idea might occur of revenging on the son of the oppressor the oppression of his ancestor. The slight put on their favorites could give no just offence either to the nation or to themselves, for it might be pretended that the king passed over both because he would not show a preference to either.

The disappointment of his hopes of gaining the regency did not deprive the Prince of Orange of all expectation of establishing more firmly his influence in the Netherlands. Among the other candidates for this office was also Christina, Duchess of Lorraine, and aunt of the king, who, as mediatrix of the peace of Chateau-Cambray, had rendered important service to the crown. William aimed at the hand of her daughter, and he hoped to promote his suit by actively interposing his good offices for the mother; but he did not reflect that through this very intercession he ruined her cause. The Duchess Christina was rejected, not so much for the reason alleged, namely, the dependence of her territories on France made her an object of suspicion to the Spanish court, as because she was acceptable to the people of the Netherlands and the Prince of Orange.

MARGARET OF PARMA REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

While the general expectation was on the stretch as to whom the future destinies of the provinces would be committed, there appeared on the frontiers of the country the Duchess Margaret of Parma, having been summoned by the king from Italy to assume the government.

Margaret was a natural daughter of Charles V. and of a noble Flemish lady named Vangeest, and born in 1522.

Out of regard for the honor of her mother's house she was at first educated in obscurity; but her mother, who possessed more vanity than honor, was not very anxious to preserve the secret of her origin, and a princely education betrayed the daughter of the Emperor. While yet a child she was entrusted to the Regent Margaret, her great-aunt, to be brought up at Brussels under her eye. This guardian she lost in her eighth year, and the care of her education devolved on Queen Mary of Hungary, the successor of Margaret in the regency. Her father had already affianced her, while yet in her fourth year, to a Prince of Ferrara; but this alliance being subsequently dissolved, she was betrothed to Alexander de Medicis, the new Duke of Florence, which marriage was, after the victorious return of the Emperor from Africa, actually consummated in Naples. In the first year of this unfortunate union, a violent death removed from her a husband who could not love her, and for the third time her hand was disposed of to serve the policy of her father. Octavius Farnese, a prince of thirteen years of age and nephew of Paul III., obtained, with her person, the Duchies of Parma and

Piacenza as her portion. Thus, by a strange destiny, Margaret at the age of maturity was contracted to a boy, as in the years of infancy she had been sold to a man. Her disposition, which was anything but feminine, made this last alliance still more unnatural, for her taste and inclinations were masculine, and the whole tenor of her life belied her sex. After the example of her instructress, the Queen of Hungary, and her great-aunt, the Duchess Mary of Burgundy, who met her death in this favorite sport, she was passionately fond of hunting, and had acquired in this pursuit such bodily vigor that few men were better able to undergo its hardships and fatigues.

Her gait itself was so devoid of grace that one was far more tempted to take her for a disguised man than for a masculine woman; and Nature, whom she had derided by thus transgressing the limits of her sex, revenged itself finally upon her by a disease peculiar to men—the gout.

These unusual qualities were crowned by a monkish superstition which was infused into her mind by Ignatius Loyola, her confessor and teacher. Among the charitable works and penances with which she mortified her vanity, one of the most remarkable was that, during Passion-Week she yearly washed, with her own hands, the feet of a number of poor men (who were most strictly forbidden to cleanse themselves beforehand), waited on them at table like a servant, and sent them away with rich presents.

Nothing more is requisite than this last feature in her character to account for the preference which the king gave her over all her rivals; but his choice was at the same time justified by excellent reasons of state. Margaret was born and also educated in the Netherlands. She had spent her early youth among the people, and had acquired much of their national manners. Two regents (Duchess Margaret and Queen Mary of Hungary), under whose eyes she had grown up, had gradually initiated her into the maxims by which this peculiar people might be most easily governed; and they would also serve her as models. She did not want either in talents; and possessed, moreover, a particular turn for business, which she had acquired from her instructors, and had afterwards carried to

greater perfection in the Italian school. The Netherlands had been for a number of years accustomed to female government; and Philip hoped, perhaps, that the sharp iron of tyranny which he was about to use against them would cut more gently if wielded by the hands of a woman. Some regard for his father, who at the time was still living, and was much attached to Margaret, may have in a measure, as it is asserted, influenced this choice; as it is also probable that the king wished to oblige the Duke of Parma, through this mark of attention to his wife, and thus to compensate for denying a request which he was just then compelled to refuse him. As the territories of the duchess were surrounded by Philip's Italian states, and at all times exposed to his arms, he could, with the less danger, entrust the supreme power into her hands. For his full security her son, Alexander Farnese, was to remain at his court as a pledge for her loyalty. All these reasons were alone sufficiently weighty to turn the king's decision in her favor; but they became irresistible when supported by the Bishop of Arras and the Duke of Alva. The latter, as it appears, because he hated or envied all the other competitors, the former, because even then, in all probability, he anticipated from the wavering disposition of this princess abundant gratification for his ambition.

Philip received the new regent on the frontiers with a splendid cortege, and conducted her with magnificent pomp to Ghent, where the States General had been convoked. As he did not intend to return soon to the Netherlands, he desired, before he left them, to gratify the nation for once by holding a solemn Diet, and thus giving a solemn sanction and the force of law to his previous regulations. For the last time he showed himself to his Netherlandish people, whose destinies were from henceforth to be dispensed from a mysterious distance. To enhance the splendor of this solemn day, Philip invested eleven knights with the Order of the Golden Fleece, his sister being seated on a chair near himself, while he showed her to the nation as their future ruler. All the grievances of the people, touching the edicts, the Inquisition, the detention of the Spanish troops, the taxes, and the illegal introduction of foreigners into the offices and administration of the country were brought forward in this Diet, and

were hotly discussed by both parties; some of them were skilfully evaded, or apparently removed, others arbitrarily repelled. As the king was unacquainted with the language of the country, he addressed the nation through the mouth of the Bishop of Arras, recounted to them with vain-glorious ostentation all the benefits of his government, assured them of his favor for the future, and once more recommended to the estates in the most earnest manner the preservation of the Catholic faith and the extirpation of heresy. The Spanish troops, he promised, should in a few months evacuate the Netherlands, if only they would allow him time to recover from the numerous burdens of the last war, in order that he might be enabled to collect the means for paying the arrears of these troops; the fundamental laws of the nation should remain inviolate, the imposts should not be grievously burdensome, and the Inquisition should administer its duties with justice and moderation. In the choice of a supreme Stadtholder, he added, he had especially consulted the wishes of the nation, and had decided for a native of the country, who had been brought up in their manners and customs, and was attached to them by a love to her native land. He exhorted them, therefore, to show their gratitude by honoring his choice, and obeying his sister, the duchess, as himself. Should, he concluded, unexpected obstacles oppose his return, he would send in his place his son, Prince Charles, who should reside in Brussels.

A few members of this assembly, more courageous than the rest, once more ventured on a final effort for liberty of conscience. Every people, they argued, ought to be treated according to their natural character, as every individual must in accordance to his bodily constitution. Thus, for example, the south may be considered happy under a certain degree of constraint which would press intolerably on the north. Never, they added, would the Flemings consent to a yoke under which, perhaps, the Spaniards bowed with patience, and rather than submit to it would they undergo any extremity if it was sought to force such a yoke upon them. This remonstrance was supported by some of the king's counsellors, who strongly urged the policy of mitigating the rigor of religious edicts. But Philip remained inexorable. Better not reign at all, was his answer,

than reign over heretics!

According to an arrangement already made by Charles V., three councils or chambers were added to the regent, to assist her in the administration of state affairs. As long as Philip was himself present in the Netherlands these courts had lost much of their power, and the functions of the first of them, the state council, were almost entirely suspended. Now that he quitted the reins of government, they recovered their former importance. In the state council, which was to deliberate upon war and peace, and security against external foes, sat the Bishop of Arras, the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, the President of the Privy Council, Viglius Van Zuichem Van Aytta, and the Count of Barlaimont, President of the Chamber of Finance. All knights of the Golden Fleece, all privy counsellors and counsellors of finance, as also the members of the great senate at Malines, which had been subjected by Charles V. to the Privy Council in Brussels, had a seat and vote in the Council of State, if expressly invited by the regent. The management of the royal revenues and crown lands was vested in the Chamber of Finance, and the Privy Council was occupied with the administration of justice, and the civil regulation of the country, and issued all letters of grace and pardon. The governments of the provinces which had fallen vacant were either filled up afresh or the former governors were confirmed. Count Egmont received Flanders and Artois; the Prince of Orange, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and West Friesland; the Count of Aremberg, East Friesland, Overysse, and Groningen; the Count of Mansfeld, Luxemburg; Barlaimont, Namur; the Marquis of Bergen, Hainault, Chateau-Cambray, and Valenciennes; the Baron of Montigny, Tournay and its dependencies. Other provinces were given to some who have less claim to our attention. Philip of Montmorency, Count of Hoorn, who had been succeeded by the Count of Megen in the government of Gueldres and Zittphen, was confirmed as admiral of the Belgian navy. Every governor of a province was at the same time a knight of the Golden Fleece and member of the Council of State. Each had, in the province over which he presided, the command of the military force which protected it, the superintendence of the civil administration and the judicature; the governor of

Flanders alone excepted, who was not allowed to interfere with the administration of justice. Brabant alone was placed under the immediate jurisdiction of the regent, who, according to custom, chose Brussels for her constant residence. The induction of the Prince of Orange into his governments was, properly speaking, an infraction of the constitution, since he was a foreigner; but several estates which he either himself possessed in the provinces, or managed as guardian of his son, his long residence in the country, and above all the unlimited confidence the nation reposed in him, gave him substantial claims in default of a real title of citizenship.

The military force of the Low Countries consisted, in its full complement, of three thousand horse. At present it did not much exceed two thousand, and was divided into fourteen squadrons, over which, besides the governors of the provinces, the Duke of Arschot, the Counts of Hoogstraten, Bossu, Roeux, and Brederode held the chief command. This cavalry, which was scattered through all the seventeen provinces, was only to be called out on sudden emergencies. Insufficient as it was for any great undertaking, it was, nevertheless, fully adequate for the maintenance of internal order. Its courage had been approved in former wars, and the fame of its valor was diffused through the whole of Europe. In addition to this cavalry it was also proposed to levy a body of infantry, but hitherto the states had refused their consent to it. Of foreign troops there were still some German regiments in the service, which were waiting for their pay. The four thousand Spaniards, respecting whom so many complaints had been made, were under two Spanish generals, Mendoza and Romero, and were in garrison in the frontier towns.

Among the Belgian nobles whom the king especially distinguished in these new appointments, the names of Count Egmont and William of Orange stand conspicuous. However inveterate his hatred was of both, and particularly of the latter, Philip nevertheless gave them these public marks of his favor, because his scheme of vengeance was not yet fully ripe, and the people were enthusiastic in their devotion to them. The estates of both were declared exempt from taxes, the

most lucrative governments were entrusted to them, and by offering them the command of the Spaniards whom he left behind in the country the king flattered them with a confidence which he was very far from really reposing in them. But at the very time when he obliged the prince with these public marks of his esteem he privately inflicted the most cruel injury on him. Apprehensive lest an alliance with the powerful house of Lorraine might encourage this suspected vassal to bolder measures, he thwarted the negotiation for a marriage between him and a princess of that family, and crushed his hopes on the very eve of their accomplishment,—an injury which the prince never forgave. Nay, his hatred to the prince on one occasion even got completely the better of his natural dissimulation, and seduced him into a step in which we entirely lose sight of Philip II. When he was about to embark at Flushing, and the nobles of the country attended him to the shore, he so far forgot himself as roughly to accost the prince, and openly to accuse him of being the author of the Flemish troubles. The prince answered temperately that what had happened had been done by the provinces of their own suggestion and on legitimate grounds. No, said Philip, seizing his hated, and shaking it violently, not the provinces, but You! You! You! The prince stood mute with astonishment, and without waiting for the king's embarkation, wished him a safe journey, and went back to the town.

Thus the enmity which William had long harbored in his breast against the oppressor of a free people was now rendered irreconcilable by private hatred; and this double incentive accelerated the great enterprise which tore from the Spanish crown seven of its brightest jewels.

Philip had greatly deviated from his true character in taking so gracious a leave of the Netherlands. The legal form of a diet, his promise to remove the Spaniards from the frontiers, the consideration of the popular wishes, which had led him to fill the most important offices of the country with the favorites of the people, and, finally, the sacrifice which he made to the constitution in withdrawing the Count of Feria from the council of state, were marks of condescension of which his magnanimity was never again guilty. But in fact he

never stood in greater need of the good-will of the states, that with their aid he might, if possible, clear off the great burden of debt which was still attached to the Netherlands from the former war. He hoped, therefore, by propitiating them through smaller sacrifices to win approval of more important usurpations. He marked his departure with grace, for he knew in what hands he left them. The frightful scenes of death which he intended for this unhappy people were not to stain the splendor of majesty which, like the Godhead, marks its course only with beneficence; that terrible distinction was reserved for his representatives. The establishment of the council of state was, however, intended rather to flatter the vanity of the Belgian nobility than to impart to them any real influence. The historian Strada (who drew his information with regard to the regent from her own papers) has preserved a few articles of the secret instructions which the Spanish ministry gave her. Amongst other things it is there stated if she observed that the councils were divided by factions, or, what would be far worse, prepared by private conferences before the session, and in league with one another, then she was to prorogue all the chambers and dispose arbitrarily of the disputed articles in a more select council or committee. In this select committee, which was called the Consulta, sat the Archbishop of Arras, the President Viglius, and the Count of Barlaimont. She was to act in the same manner if emergent cases required a prompt decision. Had this arrangement not been the work of an arbitrary despotism it would perhaps have been justified by sound policy, and republican liberty itself might have tolerated it. In great assemblies where many private interests and passions co-operate, where a numerous audience presents so great a temptation to the vanity of the orator, and parties often assail one another with unmannerly warmth, a decree can seldom be passed with that sobriety and mature deliberation which, if the members are properly selected, a smaller body readily admits of. In a numerous body of men, too, there is, we must suppose, a greater number of limited than of enlightened intellects, who through their equal right of vote frequently turn the majority on the side of ignorance. A second maxim which the regent was especially to observe, was to select the very members of council who had voted against any decree to carry it into execution. By this means not only would the people be kept in ignorance of the originators

of such a law, but the private quarrels also of the members would be restrained, and a greater freedom insured in voting in compliance with the wishes of the court.

In spite of all these precautions Philip would never have been able to leave the Netherlands with a quiet mind so long as he knew that the chief power in the council of state, and the obedience of the provinces, were in the hands of the suspected nobles. In order, therefore, to appease his fears from this quarter, and also at the same time to assure himself of the fidelity of the regent, he subjected her, and through her all the affairs of the judicature, to the higher control of the Bishop of Arras. In this single individual he possessed an adequate counterpoise to the most dreaded cabal. To him, as to an infallible oracle of majesty, the duchess was referred, and in him there watched a stern supervisor of her administration. Among all his contemporaries Granvella was the only one whom Philip II. appears to have excepted from his universal distrust; as long as he knew that this man was in Brussels he could sleep calmly in Segovia. He left the Netherlands in September, 1559, was saved from a storm which sank his fleet, and landed at Laredo in Biscay, and in his gloomy joy thanked the Deity who had preserved him by a detestable vow. In the hands of a priest and of a woman was placed the dangerous helm of the Netherlands; and the dastardly tyrant escaped in his oratory at Madrid the supplications, the complaints, and the curses of the people.

BOOK II.

CARDINAL GRANVELLA.

ANTHONY PERENOT, Bishop of Arras, subsequently Archbishop of Malines, and Metropolitan of all the Netherlands, who, under the name of Cardinal Granvella, has been immortalized by the hatred of his contemporaries, was born in the year 1516, at Besancon in Burgundy. His father, Nicolaus Perenot, the son of a blacksmith, had risen by his own merits to be the private secretary of Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, at that time regent of the Netherlands. In this post he was noticed for his habits of business by Charles V., who took him into his own service and employed him in several important negotiations. For twenty years he was a member of the Emperor's cabinet, and filled the offices of privy counsellor and keeper of the king's seal, and shared in all the state secrets of that monarch. He acquired a large fortune. His honors, his influence, and his political knowledge were inherited by his son, Anthony Perenot, who in his early years gave proofs of the great capacity which subsequently opened to him so distinguished a career. Anthony had cultivated at several colleges the talents with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and in some respects had an advantage over his father. He soon showed that his own abilities were sufficient to maintain the advantageous position which the merits of another had procured him. He was twenty-four years old when the Emperor

sent him as his plenipotentiary to the ecclesiastical council of Trent, where he delivered the first specimen of that eloquence which in the sequel gave him so complete an ascendancy over two kings. Charles employed him in several difficult embassies, the duties of which he fulfilled to the satisfaction of his sovereign, and when finally that Emperor resigned the sceptre to his son he made that costly present complete by giving him a minister who could help him to wield it.

Granvella opened his new career at once with the greatest masterpiece of political genius, in passing so easily from the favor of such a father into equal consideration with such a son. And he soon proved himself deserving of it. At the secret negotiations of which the Duchess of Lorraine had, in 1558, been the medium between the French and Spanish ministers at Peronne, he planned, conjointly with the Cardinal of Lorraine, that conspiracy against the Protestants which was afterwards matured, but also betrayed, at Chateau-Cambray, where Pererot likewise assisted in effecting the so-called peace.

A deeply penetrating, comprehensive intellect, an unusual facility in conducting great and intricate affairs, and the most extensive learning, were wonderfully united in this man with persevering industry and never-wearying patience, while his enterprising genius was associated with thoughtful mechanical regularity. Day and night the state found him vigilant and collected; the most important and the most insignificant things were alike weighed by him with scrupulous attention. Not unfrequently he employed five secretaries at one time, dictating to them in different languages, of which he is said to have spoken seven. What his penetrating mind had slowly matured acquired in his lips both force and grace, and truth, set forth by his persuasive eloquence, irresistibly carried away all hearers. He was tempted by none of the passions which make slaves of most men. His integrity was incorruptible. With shrewd penetration he saw through the disposition of his master, and could read in his features his whole train of thought, and, as it were, the approaching form in the shadow which outran it. With an artifice rich in resources he came to the aid of Philip's

more inactive mind, formed into perfect thought his master's crude ideas while they yet hung on his lips, and liberally allowed him the glory of the invention. Granvella understood the difficult and useful art of depreciating his own talents; of making his own genius the seeming slave of another; thus he ruled while he concealed his sway. In this manner only could Philip II. be governed. Content with a silent but real power, Granvella did not grasp insatiably at new and outward marks of it, which with lesser minds are ever the most coveted objects; but every new distinction seemed to sit upon him as easily as the oldest. No wonder if such extraordinary endowments had alone gained him the favor of his master; but a large and valuable treasure of political secrets and experiences, which the active life of Charles V. had accumulated, and had deposited in the mind of this man, made him indispensable to his successor. Self-sufficient as the latter was, and accustomed to confide in his own understanding, his timid and crouching policy was fain to lean on a superior mind, and to aid its own irresolution not only by precedent but also by the influence and example of another. No political matter which concerned the royal interest, even when Philip himself was in the Netherlands, was decided without the intervention of Granvella; and when the king embarked for Spain he made the new regent the same valuable present of the minister which he himself had received from the Emperor, his father.

Common as it is for despotic princes to bestow unlimited confidence on the creatures whom they have raised from the dust, and of whose greatness they themselves are, in a measure, the creators, the present is no ordinary instance; pre-eminent must have been the qualities which could so far conquer the selfish reserve of such a character as Philip's as to gain his confidence, nay, even to win him into familiarity. The slightest ebullition of the most allowable self-respect, which might have tempted him to assert, however slightly, his claim to any idea which the king had once ennobled as his own, would have cost him his whole influence. He might gratify without restraint the lowest passions of voluptuousness, of rapacity, and of revenge, but the only one in which he really took delight, the sweet consciousness of his own superiority and power, he was

constrained carefully to conceal from the suspicious glance of the despot. He voluntarily disclaimed all the eminent qualities, which were already his own, in order, as it were, to receive them a second time from the generosity of the king. His happiness seemed to flow from no other source, no other person could have a claim upon his gratitude. The purple, which was sent to him from Rome, was not assumed until the royal permission reached him from Spain; by laying it down on the steps of the throne he appeared, in a measure, to receive it first from the hands of majesty. Less politic, Alva erected a trophy in Antwerp, and inscribed his own name under the victory, which he had won as the servant of the crown—but Alva carried with him to the grave the displeasure of his master. He had invaded with audacious hand the royal prerogative by drawing immediately at the fountain of immortality.

Three times Granvella changed his master, and three times he succeeded in rising to the highest favor. With the same facility with which he had guided the settled pride of an autocrat, and the sly egotism of a despot, he knew how to manage the delicate vanity of a woman. His business between himself and the regent, even when they were in the same house, was, for the most part, transacted by the medium of notes, a custom which draws its date from the times of Augustus and Tiberius. When the regent was in any perplexity these notes were interchanged from hour to hour. He probably adopted this expedient in the hope of eluding the watchful jealousy of the nobility, and concealing from them, in part at least, his influence over the regent. Perhaps, too, he also believed that by this means his advice would become more permanent; and, in case of need, this written testimony would be at hand to shield him from blame. But the vigilance of the nobles made this caution vain, and it was soon known in all the provinces that nothing was determined upon without the minister's advice.

Granvella possessed all the qualities requisite for a perfect statesman in a monarchy governed by despotic principles, but was absolutely unqualified for republics which are governed by kings. Educated between the throne and the confessional, he knew of no other relation between man and man than that of

rule and subjection; and the innate consciousness of his own superiority gave him a contempt for others. His policy wanted pliability, the only virtue which was here indispensable to its success. He was naturally overbearing and insolent, and the royal authority only gave arms to the natural impetuosity of his disposition and the imperiousness of his order. He veiled his own ambition beneath the interests of the crown, and made the breach between the nation and the king incurable, because it would render him indispensable to the latter. He revenged on the nobility the lowliness of his own origin; and, after the fashion of all those who have risen by their own merits, he valued the advantages of birth below those by which he had raised himself to distinction. The Protestants saw in him their most implacable foe; to his charge were laid all the burdens which oppressed the country, and they pressed the more heavily because they came from him. Nay, he was even accused of having brought back to severity the milder sentiments to which the urgent remonstrances of the provinces had at last disposed the monarch. The Netherlands execrated him as the most terrible enemy of their liberties, and the originator of all the misery which subsequently came upon them.

1559. Philip had evidently left the provinces too soon. The new measures of the government were still strange to the people, and could receive sanction and authority from his presence alone; the new machines which he had brought into play required to be kept in motion by a dreaded and powerful hand, and to have their first movements watched and regulated. He now exposed his minister to all the angry passions of the people, who no longer felt restrained by the fetters of the royal presence; and he delegated to the weak arm of a subject the execution of projects in which majesty itself, with all its powerful supports, might have failed.

The land, indeed, flourished; and a general prosperity appeared to testify to the blessings of the peace which had so lately been bestowed upon it. An external repose deceived the eye, for within raged all the elements of discord. If the foundations of religion totter in a country they totter not alone; the audacity

which begins with things sacred ends with things profane. The successful attack upon the hierarchy had awakened a spirit of boldness, and a desire to assail authority in general, and to test laws as well as dogmas—duties as well as opinions. The fanatical boldness with which men had learned to discuss and decide upon the affairs of eternity might change its subject matter; the contempt for life and property which religious enthusiasm had taught could metamorphose timid citizens into foolhardy rebels. A female government of nearly forty years had given the nation room to assert their liberty; continual wars, of which the Netherlands had been the theatre, had introduced a license with them, and the right of the stronger had usurped the place of law and order. The provinces were filled with foreign adventurers and fugitives; generally men bound by no ties of country, family, or property, who had brought with them from their unhappy homes the seeds of insubordination and rebellion. The repeated spectacles of torture and of death had rudely burst the tenderer threads of moral feeling, and had given an unnatural harshness to the national character.

Still the rebellion would have crouched timorously and silently on the ground if it had not found a support in the nobility. Charles V. had spoiled the Flemish nobles of the Netherlands by making them the participators of his glory, by fostering their national pride, by the marked preference he showed for them over the Castilian nobles, and by opening an arena to their ambition in every part of his empire. In the late war with France they had really deserved this preference from Philip; the advantages which the king reaped from the peace of Chateau-Cambray were for the most part the fruits of their valor, and they now sensibly missed the gratitude on which they had so confidently reckoned. Moreover, the separation of the German empire from the Spanish monarchy, and the less warlike spirit of the new government, had greatly narrowed their sphere of action, and, except in their own country, little remained for them to gain. And Philip now appointed his Spaniards where Charles V. had employed the Flemings. All the passions which the preceding government had raised and kept employed still survived in peace; and in default of a legitimate object these unruly feelings found, unfortunately, ample scope in the grievances of their

country. Accordingly, the claims and wrongs which had been long supplanted by new passions were now drawn from oblivion. By his late appointments the king had satisfied no party; for those even who obtained offices were not much more content than those who were entirely passed over, because they had calculated on something better than they got. William of Orange had received four governments (not to reckon some smaller dependencies which, taken together, were equivalent to a fifth), but William had nourished hopes of Flanders and Brabant. He and Count Egmont forgot what had really fallen to their share, and only remembered that they had lost the regency. The majority of the nobles were either plunged into debt by their own extravagance, or had willingly enough been drawn into it by the government. Now that they were excluded from the prospect of lucrative appointments, they at once saw themselves exposed to poverty, which pained them the more sensibly when they contrasted the splendor of the affluent citizens with their own necessities. In the extremities to which they were reduced many would have readily assisted in the commission even of crimes; how then could they resist the seductive offers of the Calvinists, who liberally repaid them for their intercession and protection? Lastly, many whose estates were past redemption placed their last hope in a general devastation, and stood prepared at the first favorable moment to cast the torch of discord into the republic.

This threatening aspect of the public mind was rendered still more alarming by the unfortunate vicinity of France. What Philip dreaded for the provinces was there already accomplished. The fate of that kingdom prefigured to him the destiny of his Netherlands, and the spirit of rebellion found there a seductive example. A similar state of things had under Francis I. and Henry II. scattered the seeds of innovation in that kingdom; a similar fury of persecution and a like spirit of faction had encouraged its growth. Now Huguenots and Catholics were struggling in a dubious contest; furious parties disorganized the whole monarchy, and were violently hurrying this once-powerful state to the brink of destruction. Here, as there, private interest, ambition, and party feeling might veil themselves under the names of religion and patriotism, and the passions of a

few citizens drive the entire nation to take up arms. The frontiers of both countries merged in Walloon Flanders; the rebellion might, like an agitated sea, cast its waves as far as this: would a country be closed against it whose language, manners, and character wavered between those of France and Belgium? As yet the government had taken no census of its Protestant subjects in these countries, but the new sect, it was aware, was a vast, compact republic, which extended its roots through all the monarchies of Christendom, and the slightest disturbance in any of its most distant members vibrated to its centre. It was, as it were, a chain of threatening volcanoes, which, united by subterraneous passages, ignite at the same moment with alarming sympathy. The Netherlands were, necessarily, open to all nations, because they derived their support from all. Was it possible for Philip to close a commercial state as easily as he could Spain? If he wished to purify these provinces from heresy it was necessary for him to commence by extirpating it in France.

It was in this state that Granvella found the Netherlands at the beginning of his administration (1560).

To restore to these countries the uniformity of papistry, to break the coordinate power of the nobility and the states, and to exalt the royal authority on the ruins of republican freedom, was the great object of Spanish policy and the express commission of the new minister. But obstacles stood in the way of its accomplishment; to conquer these demanded the invention of new resources, the application of new machinery. The Inquisition, indeed, and the religious edicts appeared sufficient to check the contagion of heresy; but the latter required superintendence, and the former able instruments for its now extended jurisdiction. The church constitution continued the same as it had been in earlier times, when the provinces were less populous, when the church still enjoyed universal repose, and could be more easily overlooked and controlled. A succession of several centuries, which changed the whole interior form of the provinces, had left the form of the hierarchy unaltered, which, moreover, was protected from the arbitrary will of its ruler by the particular privileges of the

provinces. All the seventeen provinces were parcelled out under four bishops, who had their seats at Arras, Tournay, Cambray, and Utrecht, and were subject to the primates of Rheims and Cologne. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had, indeed, meditated an increase in the number of bishops to meet the wants of the increasing population; but, unfortunately, in the excitement of a life of pleasure had abandoned the project. Ambition and lust of conquest withdrew the mind of Charles the Bold from the internal concerns of his kingdom, and Maximilian had already too many subjects of dispute with the states to venture to add to their number by proposing this change. A stormy reign prevented Charles V. from the execution of this extensive plan, which Philip II. now undertook as a bequest from all these princes. The moment had now arrived when the urgent necessities of the church would excuse the innovation, and the leisure of peace favored its accomplishment. With the prodigious crowd of people from all the countries of Europe who were crowded together in the towns of the Netherlands, a multitude of religious opinions had also grown up; and it was impossible that religion could any longer be effectually superintended by so few eyes as were formerly sufficient. While the number of bishops was so small their districts must, of necessity, have been proportionally extensive, and four men could not be adequate to maintain the purity of the faith through so wide a district.

The jurisdiction which the Archbishops of Cologne and Rheims exercised over the Netherlands had long been a stumbling-block to the government, which could not look on this territory as really its own property so long as such an important branch of power was still wielded by foreign hands. To snatch this prerogative from the alien archbishops; by new and active agents to give fresh life and vigor to the superintendence of the faith, and at the same time to strengthen the number of the partisans of government at the diet, no more effectual means could be devised than to increase the number of bishops. Resolved upon doing this Philip II. ascended the throne; but he soon found that a change in the hierarchy would inevitably meet with warm opposition from the provinces, without whose consent, nevertheless, it would be vain to attempt it.

Philip foresaw that the nobility would never approve of a measure which would so strongly augment the royal party, and take from the aristocracy the preponderance of power in the diet. The revenues, too, for the maintenance of these new bishops must be diverted from the abbots and monks, and these formed a considerable part of the states of the realm. He had, besides, to fear the opposition of the Protestants, who would not fail to act secretly in the diet against him. On these accounts the whole affair was discussed at Rome with the greatest possible secrecy. Instructed by, and as the agent of, Granvella, Francis Sonnoi, a priest of Louvain, came before Paul IV. to inform him how extensive the provinces were, how thriving and populous, how luxurious in their prosperity. But, he continued, in the immoderate enjoyment of liberty the true faith is neglected, and heretics prosper. To obviate this evil the Romish See must have recourse to extraordinary measures. It was not difficult to prevail on the Romish pontiff to make a change which would enlarge the sphere of his own jurisdiction.

Paul IV. appointed a tribunal of seven cardinals to deliberate upon this important matter; but death called him away, and he left to his successor, Pius IV., the duty of carrying their advice into execution. The welcome tidings of the pope's determination reached the king in Zealand when he was just on the point of setting sail for Spain, and the minister was secretly charged with the dangerous reform. The new constitution of the hierarchy was published in 1560; in addition to the then existing four bishoprics thirteen new ones were established, according to the number of seventeen provinces, and four of them were raised into archbishoprics. Six of these episcopal sees, viz., in Antwerp, Herzogenbusch, Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, and Ruremonde, were placed under the Archbishopric of Malines; five others, Haarlem, Middelburg, Leuwarden, Deventer, and Groningen, under the Archbishopric of Utrecht; and the remaining four, Arras, Tournay, St. Omer, and Namur, which lie nearest to France, and have language, character, and manners in common with that country, under the Archbishopric of Cambray. Malines, situated in the middle of Brabant and in the centre of all the seventeen provinces, was made the primacy of all the rest, and

was, with several rich abbeys, the reward of Granvella. The revenues of the new bishoprics were provided by an appropriation of the treasures of the cloisters and abbeys which had accumulated from pious benefactions during centuries. Some of the abbots were raised to the episcopal throne, and with the possession of their cloisters and prelacies retained also the vote at the diet which was attached to them. At the same time to every bishopric nine prebends were attached, and bestowed on the most learned juris-consultists and theologians, who were to support the Inquisition and the bishop in his spiritual office. Of these, the two who were most deserving by knowledge, experience, and unblemished life were to be constituted actual inquisitors, and to have the first voice in the Synods. To the Archbishop of Malines, as metropolitan of all the seventeen provinces, the full authority was given to appoint, or at discretion depose, archbishops and bishops; and the Romish See was only to give its ratification to his acts.

At any other period the nation would have received with gratitude and approved of such a measure of church reform since it was fully called for by circumstances, was conducive to the interests of religion, and absolutely indispensable for the moral reformation of the monkhood. Now the temper of the times saw in it nothing but a hateful change. Universal was the indignation with which it was received. A cry was raised that the constitution was trampled under foot, the rights of the nation violated, and that the Inquisition was already at the door, and would soon open here, as in Spain, its bloody tribunal. The people beheld with dismay these new servants of arbitrary power and of persecution. The nobility saw in it nothing but a strengthening of the royal authority by the addition of fourteen votes in the states' assembly, and a withdrawal of the firmest prop of their freedom, the balance of the royal and the civil power. The old bishops complained of the diminution of their incomes and the circumscription of their sees; the abbots and monks had not only lost power and income, but had received in exchange rigid censors of their morals. Noble and simple, laity and clergy, united against the common foe, and while all singly struggled for some petty private interest, the cry appeared to come from the formidable voice of patriotism.

Among all the provinces Brabant was loudest in its opposition. The inviolability of its church constitution was one of the important privileges which it had reserved in the remarkable charter of the "Joyful Entry,"—statutes which the sovereign could not violate without releasing the nation from its allegiance to him. In vain did the university of Louvain assert that in disturbed times of the church a privilege lost its power which had been granted in the period of its tranquillity. The introduction of the new bishoprics into the constitution was thought to shake the whole fabric of liberty. The prelacies, which were now transferred to the bishops, must henceforth serve another rule than the advantage of the province of whose states they had been members. The once free patriotic citizens were to be instruments of the Romish See and obedient tools of the archbishop, who again, as first prelate of Brabant, had the immediate control over them. The freedom of voting was gone, because the bishops, as servile spies of the crown, made every one fearful. "Who," it was asked, "will after this venture to raise his voice in parliament before such observers, or in their presence dare to protect the rights of the nation against the rapacious hands of the government? They will trace out the resources of the provinces, and betray to the crown the secrets of our freedom and our property. They will obstruct the way to all offices of honor; we shall soon see the courtiers of the king succeed the present men; the children of foreigners will, for the future, fill the parliament, and the private interest of their patron will guide their venal votes." "What an act of oppression," rejoined the monks, "to pervert to other objects the pious designs of our holy institutions, to contemn the inviolable wishes of the dead, and to take that which a devout charity had deposited in our chests for the relief of the unfortunate and make it subservient to the luxury of the bishops, thus inflating their arrogant pomp with the plunder of the poor?" Not only the abbots and monks, who really did suffer by this act of appropriation, but every family which could flatter itself with the slightest hope of enjoying, at some time or other, even in the most remote posterity, the benefit of this monastic foundation, felt this disappointment of their distant expectations as much as if they had suffered an actual injury, and the wrongs of a few abbot-prelates became the concern of a whole nation.

Historians have not omitted to record the covert proceedings of William of Orange during this general commotion, who labored to conduct to one end these various and conflicting passions. At his instigation the people of Brabant petitioned the regent for an advocate and protector, since they alone, of all his Flemish subjects, had the misfortune to unite, in one and the same person, their counsel and their ruler. Had the demand been granted, their choice could fall on no other than the Prince of Orange. But Granvella, with his usual presence of mind, broke through the snare. "The man who receives this office," he declared in the state council, "will, I hope, see that he divides Brabant with the king!" The long delay of the papal bull, which was kept back by a misunderstanding between the Romish and Spanish courts, gave the disaffected an opportunity to combine for a common object. In perfect secrecy the states of Brabant despatched an extraordinary messenger to Pius IV. to urge their wishes in Rome itself. The ambassador was provided with important letters of recommendation from the Prince of Orange, and carried with him considerable sums to pave his way to the father of the church. At the same time a public letter was forwarded from the city of Antwerp to the King of Spain containing the most urgent representations, and supplicating him to spare that flourishing commercial town from the threatened innovation. They knew, it was stated, that the intentions of the monarch were the best, and that the institution of the new bishops was likely to be highly conducive to the maintenance of true religion; but the foreigners could not be convinced of this, and on them depended the prosperity of their town. Among them the most groundless rumors would be as perilous as the most true. The first embassy was discovered in time, and its object disappointed by the prudence of the regent; by the second the town of Antwerp gained so far its point that it was to remain without a bishop, at least until the personal arrival of the king, which was talked of.

The example and success of Antwerp gave the signal of opposition to all the other towns for which a new bishop was intended. It is a remarkable proof of the hatred to the Inquisition and the unanimity of the Flemish towns at this date that they preferred to renounce all the advantages which the residence of a bishop

would necessarily bring to their local trade rather than by their consent promote that abhorred tribunal, and thus act in opposition to the interests of the whole nation. Deventer, Ruremond, and Leuwarden placed themselves in determined opposition, and (1561) successfully carried their point; in the other towns the bishops were, in spite of all remonstrances, forcibly inducted. Utrecht, Haarlem, St. Omer, and Middelburg were among the first which opened their gates to them; the remaining towns followed their example; but in Malines and Herzogenbusch the bishops were received with very little respect. When Granvella made his solemn entry into the former town not a single nobleman showed himself, and his triumph was wanting in everything that could make it real, because those remained away over whom it was meant to be celebrated.

In the meantime, too, the period had elapsed within which the Spanish troops were to have left the country, and as yet there was no appearance of their being withdrawn. People perceived with terror the real cause of the delay, and suspicion lent it a fatal connection with the Inquisition. The detention of these troops, as it rendered the nation more vigilant and distrustful, made it more difficult for the minister to proceed with the other innovations, and yet he would fain not deprive himself of this powerful and apparently indispensable aid in a country where all hated him, and in the execution of a commission to which all were opposed. At last, however, the regent saw herself compelled by the universal murmurs of discontent, to urge most earnestly upon the king the necessity of the withdrawal of the troops. "The provinces," she writes to Madrid, "have unanimously declared that they would never again be induced to grant the extraordinary taxes required by the government as long as word was not kept with them in this matter. The danger of a revolt was far more imminent than that of an attack by the French Protestants, and if a rebellion was to take place in the Netherlands these forces would be too weak to repress it, and there was not sufficient money in the treasury to enlist new." By delaying his answer the king still sought at least to gain time, and the reiterated representations of the regent would still have remained ineffectual, if, fortunately for the provinces, a loss which he had lately suffered from the Turks had not compelled him to employ

these troops in the Mediterranean. He, therefore, at last consented to their departure: they were embarked in 1561 in Zealand, and the exulting shouts of all the provinces accompanied their departure.

Meanwhile Granvella ruled in the council of state almost uncontrolled. All offices, secular and spiritual, were given away through him; his opinion prevailed against the unanimous voice of the whole assembly. The regent herself was governed by him. He had contrived to manage so that her appointment was made out for two years only, and by this expedient he kept her always in his power. It seldom happened that any important affair was submitted to the other members, and if it really did occur it was only such as had been long before decided, to which it was only necessary for formality's sake to gain their sanction. Whenever a royal letter was read Viglius received instructions to omit all such passages as were underlined by the minister. It often happened that this correspondence with Spain laid open the weakness of the government, or the anxiety felt by the regent, with which it was not expedient to inform the members, whose loyalty was distrusted. If again it occurred that the opposition gained a majority over the minister, and insisted with determination on an article which he could not well put off any longer, he sent it to the ministry at Madrid for their decision, by which he at least gained time, and in any case was certain to find support.—With the exception of the Count of Barlaimont, the President Viglius, and a few others, all the other counsellors were but superfluous figures in the senate, and the minister's behavior to them marked the small value which he placed upon their friendship and adherence. No wonder that men whose pride had been so greatly indulged by the flattering attentions of sovereign princes, and to whom, as to the idols of their country, their fellow-citizens paid the most reverential submission, should be highly indignant at this arrogance of a plebeian. Many of them had been personally insulted by Granvella.

The Prince of Orange was well aware that it was he who had prevented his marriage with the Princess of Lorraine, and that he had also endeavored to break off the negotiations for another alliance with the Princess of Savoy. He had

deprived Count Horn of the government of Gueldres and Zutphen, and had kept for himself an abbey which Count Egmont had in vain exerted himself to obtain for a relation. Confident of his superior power, he did not even think it worth while to conceal from the nobility his contempt for them, and which, as a rule, marked his whole administration; William of Orange was the only one with whom he deemed it advisable to dissemble. Although he really believed himself to be raised far above all the laws of fear and decorum, still in this point, however, his confident arrogance misled him, and he erred no less against policy than he shined against propriety. In the existing posture of affairs the government could hardly have adopted a worse measure than that of throwing disrespect on the nobility. It had it in its power to flatter the prejudices and feelings of the aristocracy, and thus artfully and imperceptibly win them over to its plans, and through them subvert the edifice of national liberty. Now it admonished them, most inopportunately, of their duties, their dignity, and their power; calling upon them even to be patriots, and to devote to the cause of true greatness an ambition which hitherto it had inconsiderately repelled. To carry into effect the ordinances it required the active co-operation of the lieutenant-governors; no wonder, however, that the latter showed but little zeal to afford this assistance. On the contrary, it is highly probable that they silently labored to augment the difficulties of the minister, and to subvert his measures, and through his ill-success to diminish the king's confidence in him, and expose his administration to contempt. The rapid progress which in spite of those horrible edicts the Reformation made during Granvella's administration in the Netherlands, is evidently to be ascribed to the lukewarmness of the nobility in opposing it. If the minister had been sure of the nobles he might have despised the fury of the mob, which would have impotently dashed itself against the dreaded barriers of the throne. The sufferings of the citizens lingered long in tears and sighs, until the arts and the example of the nobility called forth a louder expression of them.

Meanwhile the inquisitions into religion were carried on with renewed vigor by the crowd of new laborers (1561, 1562), and the edicts against heretics were

enforced with fearful obedience. But the critical moment when this detestable remedy might have been applied was allowed to pass by; the nation had become too strong and vigorous for such rough treatment. The new religion could now be extirpated only by the death of all its professors. The present executions were but so many alluring exhibitions of its excellence, so many scenes of its triumphs and radiant virtue. The heroic greatness with which the victims died made converts to the opinions for which they perished. One martyr gained ten new proselytes. Not in towns only, or villages, but on the very highways, in the boats and public carriages disputes were held touching the dignity of the pope, the saints, purgatory, and indulgences, and sermons were preached and men converted. From the country and from the towns the common people rushed in crowds to rescue the prisoners of the Holy Tribunal from the hands of its satellites, and the municipal officers who ventured to support it with the civil forces were pelted with stones. Multitudes accompanied the Protestant preachers whom the Inquisition pursued, bore them on their shoulders to and from church, and at the risk of their lives concealed them from their persecutors. The first province which was seized with the fanatical spirit of rebellion was, as had been expected, Walloon Flanders. A French Calvinist, by name Lannoi, set himself up in Tournay as a worker of miracles, where he hired a few women to simulate diseases, and to pretend to be cured by him. He preached in the woods near the town, drew the people in great numbers after him, and scattered in their minds the seeds of rebellion. Similar teachers appeared in Lille and Valenciennes, but in the latter place the municipal functionaries succeeded in seizing the persons of these incendiaries; while, however, they delayed to execute them their followers increased so rapidly that they became sufficiently strong to break open the prisons and forcibly deprive justice of its victims. Troops at last were brought into the town and order restored. But this trifling occurrence had for a moment withdrawn the veil which had hitherto concealed the strength of the Protestant party, and allowed the minister to compute their prodigious numbers. In Tournay alone five thousand at one time had been seen attending the sermons, and not many less in Valenciennes. What might not be expected from the northern provinces, where liberty was greater, and the seat of government more remote,

and where the vicinity of Germany and Denmark multiplied the sources of contagion? One slight provocation had sufficed to draw from its concealment so formidable a multitude. How much greater was, perhaps, the number of those who in their hearts acknowledged the new sect, and only waited for a favorable opportunity to publish their adhesion to it. This discovery greatly alarmed the regent. The scanty obedience paid to the edicts, the wants of the exhausted treasury, which compelled her to impose new taxes, and the suspicious movements of the Huguenots on the French frontiers still further increased her anxiety. At the same time she received a command from Madrid to send off two thousand Flemish cavalry to the army of the Queen Mother in France, who, in the distresses of the civil war, had recourse to Philip II. for assistance. Every affair of faith, in whatever land it might be, was made by Philip his own business. He felt it as keenly as any catastrophe which could befall his own house, and in such cases always stood ready to sacrifice his means to foreign necessities. If it were interested motives that here swayed him they were at least kingly and grand, and the bold support of his principles wins our admiration as much as their cruelty withholds our esteem.

The regent laid before the council of state the royal will on the subject of these troops, but with a very warm opposition on the part of the nobility. Count Egmont and the Prince of Orange declared that the time was illchosen for stripping the Netherlands of troops, when the aspect of affairs rendered rather the enlistment of new levies advisable. The movements of the troops in France momentarily threatened a surprise, and the commotions within the provinces demanded, more than ever, the utmost vigilance on the part of the government. Hitherto, they said, the German Protestants had looked idly on during the struggles of their brethren in the faith; but will they continue to do so, especially when we are lending our aid to strengthen their enemy? By thus acting shall we not rouse their vengeance against us, and call their arms into the northern Netherlands? Nearly the whole council of state joined in this opinion; their representations were energetic and not to be gainsaid. The regent herself, as well as the minister, could not but feel their truth, and their own interests appeared to

forbid obedience to the royal mandate. Would it not be impolitic to withdraw from the Inquisition its sole prop by removing the larger portion of the army, and in a rebellious country to leave themselves without defence, dependent on the arbitrary will of an arrogant aristocracy? While the regent, divided between the royal commands, the urgent importunity of her council, and her own fears, could not venture to come to a decision, William of Orange rose and proposed the assembling of the States General. But nothing could have inflicted a more fatal blow on the supremacy of the crown than by yielding to this advice to put the nation in mind of its power and its rights. No measure could be more hazardous at the present moment. The danger which was thus gathering over the minister did not escape him; a sign from him warned the regent to break off the consultation and adjourn the council. "The government," he writes to Madrid, "can do nothing more injurious to itself than to consent to the assembling of the states. Such a step is at all times perilous, because it tempts the nation to test and restrict the rights of the crown; but it is many times more objectionable at the present moment, when the spirit of rebellion is already widely spread amongst us; when the abbots, exasperated at the loss of their income, will neglect nothing to impair the dignity of the bishops; when the whole nobility and all the deputies from the towns are led by the arts of the Prince of Orange, and the disaffected can securely reckon on the assistance of the nation." This representation, which at least was not wanting in sound sense, did not fail in having the desired effect on the king's mind. The assembling of the states was rejected once and forever, the penal statutes against the heretics were renewed in all their rigor, and the regent was directed to hasten the despatch of the required auxiliaries.

But to this the council of state would not consent. All that she obtained was, instead of the troops, a supply of money for the Queen Mother, which at this crisis was still more welcome to her. In place, however, of assembling the states, and in order to beguile the nation with, at least, the semblance of republican freedom, the regent summoned the governors of the provinces and the knights of the Golden Fleece to a special congress at Brussels, to consult on the present dangers and necessities of the state. When the President, Viglius, had laid before

them the matters on which they were summoned to deliberate, three days were given to them for consideration. During this time the Prince of Orange assembled them in his palace, where he represented to them the necessity of coming to some unanimous resolution before the next sitting, and of agreeing on the measures which ought to be followed in the present dangerous state of affairs.

The majority assented to the propriety of this course; only Barlaimont, with a few of the dependents of the cardinal, had the courage to plead for the interests of the crown and of the minister. "It did not behove them," he said, "to interfere in the concerns of the government, and this previous agreement of votes was an illegal and culpable assumption, in the guilt of which he would not participate;"—a declaration which broke up the meeting without any conclusion being come to. The regent, apprised of it by the Count Barlaimont, artfully contrived to keep the knights so well employed during their stay in the town that they could find no time for coming to any further secret understanding; in this session, however, it was arranged, with their concurrence, that Florence of Montmorency, Lord of Montigny, should make a journey to Spain, in order to acquaint the king with the present posture of affairs. But the regent sent before him another messenger to Madrid, who previously informed the king of all that had been debated between the Prince of Orange and the knights at the secret conference.

The Flemish ambassador was flattered in Madrid with empty protestations of the king's favor and paternal sentiments towards the Netherlands, while the regent was commanded to thwart, to the utmost of her power, the secret combinations of the nobility, and, if possible, to sow discord among their most eminent members. Jealousy, private interest, and religious differences had long divided many of the nobles; their share in the common neglect and contempt with which they were treated, and a general hatred of the minister had again united them. So long as Count Egmont and the Prince of Orange were suitors for the regency it could not fail but that at times their competing claims should have

brought them into collision. Both had met each other on the road to glory and before the throne; both again met in the republic, where they strove for the same prize, the favor of their fellow-citizens. Such opposite characters soon became estranged, but the powerful sympathy of necessity as quickly reconciled them. Each was now indispensable to the other, and the emergency united these two men together with a bond which their hearts would never have furnished. But it was on this very uncongeniality of disposition that the regent based her plans; if she could fortunately succeed in separating them she would at the same time divide the whole Flemish nobility into two parties. Through the presents and small attentions by which she exclusively honored these two she also sought to excite against them the envy and distrust of the rest, and by appearing to give Count Egmont a preference over the Prince of Orange she hoped to make the latter suspicious of Egmont's good faith. It happened that at this very time she was obliged to send an extraordinary ambassador to Frankfort, to be present at the election of a Roman emperor. She chose for this office the Duke of Arschot, the avowed enemy of the prince, in order in some degree to show in his case how splendid was the reward which hatred against the latter might look for. The Orange faction, however, instead of suffering any diminution, had gained an important accession in Count Horn, who, as admiral of the Flemish marine, had convoyed the king to Biscay, and now again took his seat in the council of state. Horn's restless and republican spirit readily met the daring schemes of Orange and Egmont, and a dangerous Triumvirate was soon formed by these three friends, which shook the royal power in the Netherlands, but which terminated very differently for each of its members.

(1562.) Meanwhile Montigny had returned from his embassy, and brought back to the council of state the most gracious assurance of the monarch. But the Prince of Orange had, through his own secret channels of intelligence, received more credible information from Madrid, which entirely contradicted this report. By these means he learnt all the ill services which Granvella had done him and his friends with the king, and the odious appellations which were there applied to

the Flemish nobility. There was no help for them so long as the minister retained the helm of government, and to procure his dismissal was the scheme, however rash and adventurous it appeared, which wholly occupied the mind of the prince. It was agreed between him and Counts Horn and Egmont to despatch a joint letter to the king, and, in the name of the whole nobility, formally to accuse the minister, and press energetically for his removal. The Duke of Arschot, to whom this proposition was communicated by Count Egmont, refused to concur in it, haughtily declaring that he was not disposed to receive laws from Egmont and Orange; that he had no cause of complaint against Granvella, and that he thought it very presumptuous to prescribe to the king what ministers he ought to employ. Orange received a similar answer from the Count of Aremberg. Either the seeds of distrust which the regent had scattered amongst the nobility had already taken root, or the fear of the minister's power outweighed the abhorrence of his measures; at any rate, the whole nobility shrunk back timidly and irresolutely from the proposal. This disappointment did not, however, discourage them. The letter was written and subscribed by all three (1563).

In it Granvella was represented as the prime cause of all the disorders in the Netherlands. So long as the highest power should be entrusted to him it would, they declared, be impossible for them to serve the nation and king effectually; on the other hand, all would revert to its former tranquillity, all opposition be discontinued, and the government regain the affections of the people as soon as his majesty should be pleased to remove this man from the helm of the state. In that case, they added, neither exertion nor zeal would be wanting on their part to maintain in these countries the dignity of the king and the purity of the faith, which was no less sacred to them than to the cardinal, Granvella.

Secretly as this letter was prepared still the duchess was informed of it in sufficient time to anticipate it by another despatch, and to counteract the effect which it might have had on the king's mind. Some months passed ere an answer came from Madrid. It was mild, but vague. "The king," such was its import, "was not used to condemn his ministers unheard on the mere accusations of their

enemies. Common justice alone required that the accusers of the cardinal should descend from general imputations to special proofs, and if they were not inclined to do this in writing, one of them might come to Spain, where he should be treated with all respect." Besides this letter, which was equally directed to all three, Count Egmont further received an autograph letter from the king, wherein his majesty expressed a wish to learn from him in particular what in the common letter had been only generally touched upon. The regent, also, was specially instructed how she was to answer the three collectively, and the count singly. The king knew his man. He felt it was easy to manage Count Egmont alone; for this reason he sought to entice him to Madrid, where he would be removed from the commanding guidance of a higher intellect. In distinguishing him above his two friends by so flattering a mark of his confidence, he made a difference in the relation in which they severally stood to the throne; how could they, then, unite with equal zeal for the same object when the inducements were no longer the same? This time, indeed, the vigilance of Orange frustrated the scheme; but the sequel of the history will show that the seed which was now scattered was not altogether lost.

(1563.) The king's answer gave no satisfaction to the three confederates; they boldly determined to venture a second attempt. "It had," they wrote, "surprised them not a little, that his majesty had thought their representations so unworthy of attention. It was not as accusers of the minister, but as counsellors of his majesty, whose duty it was to inform their master of the condition of his states, that they had despatched that letter to him. They sought not the ruin of the minister, indeed it would gratify them to see him contented and happy in any other part of the world than here in the Netherlands. They were, however, fully persuaded of this, that his continued presence there was absolutely incompatible with the general tranquillity. The present dangerous condition of their native country would allow none of them to leave it, much less to take so long a journey as to Spain on Granvella's account. If, therefore, his majesty did not please to comply with their written request, they hoped to be excused for the

future from attendance in the senate, where they were only exposed to the mortification of meeting the minister, and where they could be of no service either to the king or the state, but only appeared contemptible in their own sight. In conclusion, they begged his majesty would not take ill the plain simplicity of their language, since persons of their character set more value on acting well than on speaking finely." To the same purport was a separate letter from Count Egmont, in which he returned thanks for the royal autograph. This second address was followed by an answer to the effect that "their representations should be taken into consideration, meanwhile they were requested to attend the council of state as heretofore."

It was evident that the monarch was far from intending to grant their request; they, therefore, from this time forth absented themselves from the state council, and even left Brussels. Not having succeeded in removing the minister by lawful means they sought to accomplish this end by a new mode from which more might be expected. On every occasion they and their adherents openly showed the contempt which they felt for him, and contrived to throw ridicule on everything he undertook. By this contemptuous treatment they hoped to harass the haughty spirit of the priest, and to obtain through his mortified self-love what they had failed in by other means. In this, indeed, they did not succeed; but the expedient on which they had fallen led in the end to the ruin of the minister.

The popular voice was raised more loudly against him so soon as it was perceived that he had forfeited the good opinion of the nobles, and that men whose sentiments they had been used blindly to echo preceded them in detestation of him. The contemptuous manner in which the nobility now treated him devoted him in a measure to the general scorn and emboldened calumny which never spares even what is holiest and purest, to lay its sacrilegious hand on his honor. The new constitution of the church, which was the great grievance of the nation, had been the basis of his fortunes. This was a crime that could not be forgiven. Every fresh execution—and with such spectacles the activity of the inquisitors was only too liberal—kept alive and furnished dreadful exercise to

the bitter animosity against him, and at last custom and usage inscribed his name on every act of oppression. A stranger in a land into which he had been introduced against its will; alone among millions of enemies; uncertain of all his tools; supported only by the weak arm of distant royalty; maintaining his intercourse with the nation, which he had to gain, only by means of faithless instruments, all of whom made it their highest object to falsify his actions and misrepresent his motives; lastly, with a woman for his coadjutor who could not share with him the burden of the general execration—thus he stood exposed to the wantonness, the ingratitude, the faction, the envy, and all the evil passions of a licentious, insubordinate people. It is worthy of remark that the hatred which he had incurred far outran the demerits which could be laid to his charge; that it was difficult, nay impossible, for his accusers to substantiate by proof the general condemnation which fell upon him from all sides. Before and after him fanaticism dragged its victims to the altar; before and after him civil blood flowed, the rights of men were made a mock of, and men themselves rendered wretched. Under Charles V. tyranny ought to have pained more acutely through its novelty; under the Duke of Alva it was carried to far more unnatural lengths, insomuch that Granvella's administration, in comparison with that of his successor, was even merciful; and yet we do not find that his contemporaries ever evinced the same degree of personal exasperation and spite against the latter in which they indulged against his predecessor. To cloak the meanness of his birth in the splendor of high dignities, and by an exalted station to place him if possible above the malice of his enemies, the regent had made interest at Rome to procure for him the cardinal's hat; but this very honor, which connected him more closely with the papal court, made him so much the more an alien in the provinces. The purple was a new crime in Brussels, and an obnoxious, detested garb, which in a measure publicly held forth to view the principles on which his future conduct would be governed. Neither his honorable rank, which alone often consecrates the most infamous caitiff, nor his talents, which commanded esteem, nor even his terrible omnipotence, which daily revealed itself in so many bloody manifestations, could screen him from derision. Terror and scorn, the fearful and the ludicrous, were in his instance unnaturally blended.

[The nobility, at the suggestion of Count Egmont, caused their servants to wear a common livery, on which was embroidered a fool's cap. All Brussels interpreted it for the cardinal's hat, and every appearance of such a servant renewed their laughter; this badge of a fool's cap, which was offensive to the court, was subsequently changed into a bundle of arrows—an accidental jest which took a very serious end, and probably was the origin of the arms of the republic. Vit. Vigl. T. II. 35 Thuan. 489. The respect for the cardinal sunk at last so low that a caricature was publicly placed in his own hand, in which he was represented seated on a heap of eggs, out of which bishops were crawling. Over him hovered a devil with the inscription—"This is my son, hear ye him!"]

Odious rumors branded his honor; murderous attempts on the lives of Egmont and Orange were ascribed to him; the most incredible things found credence; the most monstrous, if they referred to him or were said to emanate from him, surprised no longer. The nation had already become uncivilized to that degree where the most contradictory sentiments prevail side by side, and the finer boundary lines of decorum and moral feeling are erased. This belief in extraordinary crimes is almost invariably their immediate precursor.

But with this gloomy prospect the strange destiny of this man opens at the same time a grander view, which impresses the unprejudiced observer with pleasure and admiration. Here he beholds a nation dazzled by no splendor, and restrained by no fear, firmly, inexorably, and unpremeditatedly unanimous in punishing the crime which had been committed against its dignity by the violent introduction of a stranger into the heart of its political constitution. We see him ever aloof and ever isolated, like a foreign hostile body hovering over a surface which repels its contact. The strong hand itself of the monarch, who was his friend and protector, could not support him against the antipathies of the nation which had once resolved to withhold from him all its sympathy. The voice of national hatred was all powerful, and was ready to forego even private interest, its certain gains; his alms even were shunned, like the fruit of an accursed tree.

Like pestilential vapor, the infamy of universal reprobation hung over him. In his case gratitude believed itself absolved from its duties; his adherents shunned him; his friends were dumb in his behalf. So terribly did the people avenge the insulted majesty of their nobles and their nation on the greatest monarch of the earth.

History has repeated this memorable example only once, in Cardinal Mazarin; but the instance differed according to the spirit of the two periods and nations. The highest power could not protect either from derision; but if France found vent for its indignation in laughing at its pantaloon, the Netherlands hurried from scorn to rebellion. The former, after a long bondage under the vigorous administration of Richelieu, saw itself placed suddenly in unwonted liberty; the latter had passed from ancient hereditary freedom into strange and unusual servitude; it was as natural that the Fronde should end again in subjection as that the Belgian troubles should issue in republican independence. The revolt of the Parisians was the offspring of poverty; unbridled, but not bold, arrogant, but without energy, base and plebeian, like the source from which it sprang. The murmur of the Netherlands was the proud and powerful voice of wealth. Licentiousness and hunger inspired the former; revenge, life, property, and religion were the animating motives of the latter. Rapacity was Mazarin's spring of action; Granvella's lust of power. The former was humane and mild; the latter harsh, imperious, cruel. The French minister sought in the favor of his queen an asylum from the hatred of the magnates and the fury of the people; the Netherlandish minister provoked the hatred of a whole nation in order to please one man. Against Mazarin were only a few factions and the mob they could arm; an entire and united nation against Granvella. Under the former parliament attempted to obtain, by stealth, a power which did not belong to them; under the latter it struggled for a lawful authority which he insidiously had endeavored to wrest from them. The former had to contend with the princes of the blood and the peers of the realm, as the latter had with the native nobility and the states, but instead of endeavoring, like the former, to overthrow the common enemy, in the hope of stepping themselves into his place, the latter wished to destroy the place

itself, and to divide a power which no single man ought to possess entire.

While these feelings were spreading among the people the influence of the minister at the court of the regent began to totter. The repeated complaints against the extent of his power must at last have made her sensible how little faith was placed in her own; perhaps, too, she began to fear that the universal abhorrence which attached to him would soon include herself also, or that his longer stay would inevitably provoke the menaced revolt. Long intercourse with him, his instruction and example, had qualified her to govern without him. His dignity began to be more oppressive to her as he became less necessary, and his faults, to which her friendship had hitherto lent a veil, became visible as it was withdrawn. She was now as much disposed to search out and enumerate these faults as she formerly had been to conceal them. In this unfavorable state of her feelings towards the cardinal the urgent and accumulated representations of the nobles began at last to find access to her mind, and the more easily, as they contrived to mix up her own fears with their own. "It was matter of great astonishment," said Count Egmont to her, "that to gratify a man who was not even a Fleming, and of whom, therefore, it must be well known that his happiness could not be dependent on the prosperity of this country, the king could be content to see all his Netherlandish subjects suffer, and this to please a foreigner, who if his birth made him a subject of the Emperor, the purple had made a creature of the court of Rome." "To the king alone," added the count, "was Granvella indebted for his being still among the living; for the future, however, he would leave that care of him to the regent, and he hereby gave her warning." As the majority of the nobles, disgusted with the contemptuous treatment which they met with in the council of state, gradually withdrew from it, the arbitrary proceedings of the minister lost the last semblance of republican deliberation which had hitherto softened the odious aspect, and the empty desolation of the council chamber made his domineering rule appear in all its obnoxiousness. The regent now felt that she had a master over her, and from that moment the banishment of the minister was decided upon.

With this object she despatched her private secretary, Thomas Armenteros, to Spain, to acquaint the king with the circumstances in which the cardinal was placed, to apprise him of the intimations she had received of the intentions of the nobles, and in this manner to cause the resolution for his recall to appear to emanate from the king himself. What she did not like to trust to a letter Armenteros was ordered ingeniously to interweave in the oral communication which the king would probably require from him. Armenteros fulfilled his commission with all the ability of a consummate courtier; but an audience of four hours could not overthrow the work of many years, nor destroy in Philip's mind his opinion of his minister, which was there unalterably established. Long did the monarch hold counsel with his policy and his interest, until Granvella himself came to the aid of his wavering resolution and voluntarily solicited a dismissal, which, he feared, could not much longer be deferred. What the detestation of all the Netherlands could not effect the contemptuous treatment of the nobility accomplished; he was at last weary of a power which was no longer feared, and exposed him less to envy than to infamy.

Perhaps as some have believed he trembled for his life, which was certainly in more than imaginary danger; perhaps he wished to receive his dismissal from the king under the shape of a boon rather than of a sentence, and after the example of the Romans meet with dignity a fate which he could no longer avoid. Philip too, it would appear, preferred generously to accord to the nation a request rather than to yield at a later period to a demand, and hoped at least to merit their thanks by voluntarily conceding now what necessity would ere long extort. His fears prevailed over his obstinacy, and prudence overcame pride.

Granvella doubted not for a moment what the decision of the king would be. A few days after the return of Armenteros he saw humility and flattery disappear from the few faces which had till then servilely smiled upon him; the last small crowd of base flatterers and eyeservants vanished from around his person; his threshold was forsaken; he perceived that the fructifying warmth of royal favor had left him.

Detraction, which had assailed him during his whole administration, did not spare him even in the moment of resignation. People did not scruple to assert that a short time before he laid down his office he had expressed a wish to be reconciled to the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, and even offered, if their forgiveness could be hoped for on no other terms, to ask pardon of them on his knees. It was base and contemptible to sully the memory of a great and extraordinary man with such a charge, but it is still more so to hand it down uncontradicted to posterity. Granvella submitted to the royal command with a dignified composure. Already had he written, a few months previously, to the Duke of Alva in Spain, to prepare him a place of refuge in Madrid, in case of his having to quit the Netherlands. The latter long bethought himself whether it was advisable to bring thither so dangerous a rival for the favor of his king, or to deny so important a friend such a valuable means of indulging his old hatred of the Flemish nobles. Revenge prevailed over fear, and he strenuously supported Granvella's request with the monarch. But his intercession was fruitless. Armenteros had persuaded the king that the minister's residence in Madrid would only revive, with increased violence, all the complaints of the Belgian nation, to which his ministry had been sacrificed; for then, he said, he would be suspected of poisoning the very source of that power, whose outlets only he had hitherto been charged with corrupting. He therefore sent him to Burgundy, his native place, for which a decent pretext fortunately presented itself. The cardinal gave to his departure from Brussels the appearance of an unimportant journey, from which he would return in a few days. At the same time, however, all the state counsellors, who, under his administration, had voluntarily excluded themselves from its sittings, received a command from the court to resume their seats in the senate at Brussels. Although the latter circumstance made his return not very credible, nevertheless the remotest possibility of it sobered the triumph which celebrated his departure. The regent herself appears to have been undecided what to think about the report; for, in a fresh letter to the king, she repeated all the representations and arguments which ought to restrain him from restoring this minister. Granvella himself, in his correspondence with Barlaimont and Viglius, endeavored to keep alive this rumor, and at least to alarm with

fears, however unsubstantial, the enemies whom he could no longer punish by his presence. Indeed, the dread of the influence of this extraordinary man was so exceedingly great that, to appease it, he was at last driven even from his home and his country.

After the death of Pius IV., Granvella went to Rome, to be present at the election of a new pope, and at the same time to discharge some commissions of his master, whose confidence in him remained unshaken. Soon after, Philip made him viceroy of Naples, where he succumbed to the seductions of the climate, and the spirit which no vicissitudes could bend voluptuousness overcame. He was sixty-two years old when the king allowed him to revisit Spain, where he continued with unlimited powers to administer the affairs of Italy. A gloomy old age, and the self-satisfied pride of a sexagenarian administration made him a harsh and rigid judge of the opinions of others, a slave of custom, and a tedious panegyrist of past times. But the policy of the closing century had ceased to be the policy of the opening one. A new and younger ministry were soon weary of so imperious a superintendent, and Philip himself began to shun the aged counsellor, who found nothing worthy of praise but the deeds of his father. Nevertheless, when the conquest of Portugal called Philip to Lisbon, he confided to the cardinal the care of his Spanish territories. Finally, on an Italian tour, in the town of Mantua, in the seventy-third year of his life, Granvella terminated his long existence in the full enjoyment of his glory, and after possessing for forty years the uninterrupted confidence of his king.

(1564.) Immediately upon the departure of the minister, all the happy results which were promised from his withdrawal were fulfilled. The disaffected nobles resumed their seats in the council, and again devoted themselves to the affairs of the state with redoubled zeal, in order to give no room for regret for him whom they had driven away, and to prove, by the fortunate administration of the state, that his services were not indispensable. The crowd round the duchess was great. All vied with one another in readiness, in submission, and zeal in her service; the hours of night were not allowed to stop the transaction of pressing business of

state; the greatest unanimity existed between the three councils, the best understanding between the court and the states. From the obliging temper of the Flemish nobility everything was to be had, as soon as their pride and self-will was flattered by confidence and obliging treatment. The regent took advantage of the first joy of the nation to beguile them into a vote of certain taxes, which, under the preceding administration, she could not have hoped to extort. In this, the great credit of the nobility effectually supported her, and she soon learned from this nation the secret, which had been so often verified in the German diet—that much must be demanded in order to get a little.

With pleasure did the regent see herself emancipated from her long thralldom; the emulous industry of the nobility lightened for her the burden of business, and their insinuating humility allowed her to feel the full sweetness of power.

(1564). Granvella had been overthrown, but his party still remained. His policy lived in his creatures, whom he left behind him in the privy council and in the chamber of finance. Hatred still smouldered amongst the factious long after the leader was banished, and the names of the Orange and Royalist parties, of the Patriots and Cardinalists still continued to divide the senate and to keep up the flames of discord. Viglius Van Zuichem Van Aytta, president of the privy council, state counsellor and keeper of the seal, was now looked upon as the most important person in the senate, and the most powerful prop of the crown and the tiara. This highly meritorious old man, whom we have to thank for some valuable contributions towards the history of the rebellion of the Low Countries, and whose confidential correspondence with his friends has generally been the guide of our narrative, was one of the greatest lawyers of his time, as well as a theologian and priest, and had already, under the Emperor, filled the most important offices. Familiar intercourse with the learned men who adorned the age, and at the head of whom stood Erasmus of Rotterdam, combined with frequent travels in the imperial service, had extended the sphere of his information and experience, and in many points raised him in his principles and opinions above his contemporaries. The fame of his erudition filled the whole

century in which he lived, and has handed his name down to posterity. When, in the year 1548, the connection of the Netherlands with the German empire was to be settled at the Diet of Augsburg, Charles V. sent hither this statesman to manage the interests of the provinces; and his ability principally succeeded in turning the negotiations to the advantage of the Netherlands. After the death of the Emperor, Viglius was one of the many eminent ministers bequeathed to Philip by his father, and one of the few in whom he honored his memory. The fortune of the minister, Granvella, with whom he was united by the ties of an early acquaintance, raised him likewise to greatness; but he did not share the fall of his patron, because he had not participated in his lust of power; nor, consequently, the hatred which attached to him. A residence of twenty years in the provinces, where the most important affairs were entrusted to him, approved loyalty to his king, and zealous attachment to the Roman Catholic tenets, made him one of the most distinguished instruments of royalty in the Netherlands.

Viglius was a man of learning, but no thinker; an experienced statesman, but without an enlightened mind; of an intellect not sufficiently powerful to break, like his friend Erasmus, the fetters of error, yet not sufficiently bad to employ it, like his predecessor, Granvella, in the service of his own passions. Too weak and timid to follow boldly the guidance of his reason, he preferred trusting to the more convenient path of conscience; a thing was just so soon as it became his duty; he belonged to those honest men who are indispensable to bad ones; fraud reckoned on his honesty. Half a century later he would have received his immortality from the freedom which he now helped to subvert. In the privy council at Brussels he was the servant of tyranny; in the parliament in London, or in the senate at Amsterdam, he would have died, perhaps, like Thomas More or Olden Barneveldt.

In the Count Barlaimont, the president of the council of finance, the opposition had a no less formidable antagonist than in Viglius. Historians have transmitted but little information regarding the services and the opinions of this man. In the first part of his career the dazzling greatness of Cardinal Granvella

seems to have cast a shade over him; after the latter had disappeared from the stage the superiority of the opposite party kept him down, but still the little that we do find respecting him throws a favorable light over his character. More than once the Prince of Orange exerted himself to detach him from the interests of the cardinal, and to join him to his own party—sufficient proof that he placed a value on the prize. All his efforts failed, which shows that he had to do with no vacillating character. More than once we see him alone, of all the members of the council, stepping forward to oppose the dominant faction, and protecting against universal opposition the interests of the crown, which were in momentary peril of being sacrificed. When the Prince of Orange had assembled the knights of the Golden Fleece in his own palace, with a view to induce them to come to a preparatory resolution for the abolition of the Inquisition, Barlaimont was the first to denounce the illegality of this proceeding and to inform the regent of it. Some time after the prince asked him if the regent knew of that assembly, and Barlaimont hesitated not a moment to avow to him the truth. All the steps which have been ascribed to him bespeak a man whom neither influence nor fear could tempt, who, with a firm courage and indomitable constancy, remained faithful to the party which he had once chosen, but who, it must at the same time be confessed, entertained too proud and too despotic notions to have selected any other.

Amongst the adherents of the royal party at Brussels, we have, further, the names of the Duke of Arschot, the Counts of Mansfeld, Megen, and Aremberg—all three native Netherlanders; and therefore, as it appeared, bound equally with the whole Netherlandish nobility to oppose the hierarchy and the royal power in their native country. So much the more surprised must we feel at their contrary behavior, and which is indeed the more remarkable, since we find them on terms of friendship with the most eminent members of the faction, and anything but insensible to the common grievances of their country.

But they had not self-confidence or heroism enough to venture on an unequal contest with so superior an antagonist. With a cowardly prudence they made

their just discontent submit to the stern law of necessity, and imposed a hard sacrifice on their pride because their pampered vanity was capable of nothing better. Too thrifty and too discreet to wish to extort from the justice or the fear of their sovereign the certain good which they already possessed from his voluntary generosity, or to resign a real happiness in order to preserve the shadow of another, they rather employed the propitious moment to drive a traffic with their constancy, which, from the general defection of the nobility, had now risen in value. Caring little for true glory, they allowed their ambition to decide which party they should take; for the ambition of base minds prefers to bow beneath the hard yoke of compulsion rather than submit to the gentle sway of a superior intellect. Small would have been the value of the favor conferred had they bestowed themselves on the Prince of Orange; but their connection with royalty made them so much the more formidable as opponents. There their names would have been lost among his numerous adherents and in the splendor of their rival. On the almost deserted side of the court their insignificant merit acquired lustre.

The families of Nassau and Croi (to the latter belonged the Duke of Arschot) had for several reigns been competitors for influence and honor, and their rivalry had kept up an old feud between their families, which religious differences finally made irreconcilable. The house of Croi from time immemorial had been renowned for its devout and strict observance of papistic rites and ceremonies; the Counts of Nassau had gone over to the new sect—sufficient reasons why Philip of Croi, Duke of Arschot, should prefer a party which placed him the most decidedly in opposition to the Prince of Orange. The court did not fail to take advantage of this private feud, and to oppose so important an enemy to the increasing influence of the house of Nassau in the republic. The Counts Mansfeld and Megen had till lately been the confidential friends of Count Egmont. In common with him they had raised their voice against the minister, had joined him in resisting the Inquisition and the edicts, and had hitherto held with him as far as honor and duty would permit. But at these limits the three friends now separated. Egmont's unsuspecting virtue incessantly hurried him forwards on the road to ruin; Mansfeld and Megen, admonished of the danger,

began in good time to think of a safe retreat. There still exist letters which were interchanged between the Counts Egmont and Mansfeld, and which, although written at a later period, give us a true picture of their former friendship. "If," replied Count Mansfeld to his friend, who in an amicable manner had reproved him for his defection to the king, "if formerly I was of opinion that the general good made the abolition of the Inquisition, the mitigation of the edicts, and the removal of the Cardinal Granvella necessary, the king has now acquiesced in this wish and removed the cause of complaint. We have already done too much against the majesty of the sovereign and the authority of the church; it is high time for us to turn, if we would wish to meet the king, when he comes, with open brow and without anxiety. As regards my own person, I do not dread his vengeance; with confident courage I would at his first summons present myself in Spain, and boldly abide my sentence from his justice and goodness. I do not say this as if I doubted whether Count Egmont can assert the same, but he will act prudently in looking more to his own safety, and in removing suspicion from his actions. If I hear," he says, in conclusion, "that he has allowed my admonitions to have their due weight, our friendship continues; if not, I feel myself in that case strong enough to sacrifice all human ties to my duty and to honor."

The enlarged power of the nobility exposed the republic to almost a greater evil than that which it had just escaped by the removal of the minister. Impoverished by long habits of luxury, which at the same time had relaxed their morals, and to which they were now too much addicted to be able to renounce them, they yielded to the perilous opportunity of indulging their ruling inclination, and of again repairing the expiring lustre of their fortunes. Extravagance brought on the thirst for gain, and this introduced bribery. Secular and ecclesiastical offices were publicly put up to sale; posts of honor, privileges, and patents were sold to the highest bidder; even justice was made a trade. Whom the privy council had condemned was acquitted by the council of state, and what the former refused to grant was to be purchased from the latter. The council of state, indeed, subsequently retorted the charge on the two other

councils, but it forgot that it was its own example that corrupted them. The shrewdness of rapacity opened new sources of gain. Life, liberty, and religion were insured for a certain sum, like landed estates; for gold, murderers and malefactors were free, and the nation was plundered by a lottery. The servants and creatures of the state, counsellors and governors of provinces, were, without regard to rank or merit, pushed into the most important posts; whoever had a petition to present at court had to make his way through the governors of provinces and their inferior servants. No artifice of seduction was spared to implicate in these excesses the private secretary of the duchess, Thomas Armenteros, a man up to this time of irreproachable character. By pretended professions of attachment and friendship a successful attempt was made to gain his confidence, and by luxurious entertainments to undermine his principles; the seductive example infected his morals, and new wants overcame his hitherto incorruptible integrity. He was now blind to abuses in which he was an accomplice, and drew a veil over the crimes of others in order at the same time to cloak his own. With his knowledge the royal exchequer was robbed, and the objects of the government were defeated through a corrupt administration of its revenues. Meanwhile the regent wandered on in a fond dream of power and activity, which the flattery of the nobles artfully knew how to foster. The ambition of the factious played with the foibles of a woman, and with empty signs and an humble show of submission purchased real power from her. She soon belonged entirely to the faction, and had imperceptibly changed her principles. Diametrically opposing all her former proceedings, even in direct violation of her duty, she now brought before the council of state, which was swayed by the faction, not only questions which belonged to the other councils, but also the suggestions which Viglius had made to her in private, in the same way as formerly, under Granvella's administration, she had improperly neglected to consult it at all. Nearly all business and all influence were now diverted to the governors of provinces. All petitions were directed to them, by them all lucrative appointments were bestowed. Their usurpations were indeed carried so far that law proceedings were withdrawn from the municipal authorities of the towns and brought before their own tribunals. The respectability of the provincial

courts decreased as theirs extended, and with the respectability of the municipal functionaries the administration of justice and civil order declined. The smaller courts soon followed the example of the government of the country. The spirit which ruled the council of state at Brussels soon diffused itself through the provinces. Bribery, indulgences, robbery, venality of justice, were universal in the courts of judicature of the country; morals degenerated, and the new sects availed themselves of this all-pervading licentiousness to propagate their opinions. The religious indifference or toleration of the nobles, who, either themselves inclined to the side of the innovators, or, at least, detested the Inquisition as an instrument of despotism, had mitigated the rigor of the religious edicts, and through the letters of indemnity, which were bestowed on many Protestants, the holy office was deprived of its best victims. In no way could the nobility more agreeably announce to the nation its present share in the government of the country than by sacrificing to it the hated tribunal of the Inquisition—and to this inclination impelled them still more than the dictates of policy. The nation passed in a moment from the most oppressive constraint of intolerance into a state of freedom, to which, however, it had already become too unaccustomed to support it with moderation. The inquisitors, deprived of the support of the municipal authorities, found themselves an object of derision rather than of fear. In Bruges the town council caused even some of their own servants to be placed in confinement, and kept on bread and water, for attempting to lay hands upon a supposed heretic. About this very time the mob in Antwerp, having made a futile attempt to rescue a person charged with heresy from the holy office, there was placarded in the public market-place an inscription, written in blood, to the effect that a number of persons had bound themselves by oath to avenge the death of that innocent person.

From the corruption which pervaded the whole council of state, the privy council, and the chamber of finance, in which Viglius and Barlaimont were presidents, had as yet, for the most part, kept themselves pure.

As the faction could not succeed in insinuating their adherents into those two

councils the only course open to them was, if possible, to render both inefficient, and to transfer their business to the council of state. To carry out this design the Prince of Orange sought to secure the co-operation of the other state counsellors. "They were called, indeed, senators," he frequently declared to his adherents, "but others possessed the power. If gold was wanted to pay the troops, or when the question was how the spreading heresy was to be repressed, or the people kept in order, then they were consulted; although in fact they were the guardians neither of the treasury nor of the laws, but only the organs through which the other two councils operated on the state. And yet alone they were equal to the whole administration of the country, which had been uselessly portioned out amongst three separate chambers. If they would among themselves only agree to reunite to the council of state these two important branches of government, which had been dissevered from it, one soul might animate the whole body." A plan was preliminarily and secretly agreed on, in accordance with which twelve new Knights of the Fleece were to be added to the council of state, the administration of justice restored to the tribunal at Malines, to which it originally belonged, the granting of letters of grace, patents, and so forth, assigned to the president, Viglius, while the management of the finances should be committed to it. All the difficulties, indeed, which the distrust of the court and its jealousy of the increasing power of the nobility would oppose to this innovation were foreseen and provided against. In order to constrain the regent's assent, some of the principal officers of the army were put forward as a cloak, who were to annoy the court at Brussels with boisterous demands for their arrears of pay, and in case of refusal to threaten a rebellion. It was also contrived to have the regent assailed with numerous petitions and memorials complaining of the delays of justice, and exaggerating the danger which was to be apprehended from the daily growth of heresy. Nothing was omitted to darken the picture of the disorganized state of society, of the abuse of justice, and of the deficiency in the finances, which was made so alarming that she awoke with terror from the delusion of prosperity in which she had hitherto cradled herself. She called the three councils together to consult them on the means by which these disorders were to be remedied. The majority was in favor of sending an extraordinary ambassador

to Spain, who by a circumstantial and vivid delineation should make the king acquainted with the true position of affairs, and if possible prevail on him to adopt efficient measures of reform. This proposition was opposed by Viglius, who, however, had not the slightest suspicion of the secret designs of the faction. "The evil complained of," he said, "is undoubtedly great, and one which can no longer be neglected with impunity, but it is not irremediable by ourselves. The administration of justice is certainly crippled, but the blame of this lies with the nobles themselves; by their contemptuous treatment they have thrown discredit on the municipal authorities, who, moreover, are very inadequately supported by the governors of provinces. If heresy is on the increase it is because the secular arm has deserted the spiritual judges, and because the lower orders, following the example of the nobles, have thrown off all respect for those in authority. The provinces are undoubtedly oppressed by a heavy debt, but it has not been accumulated, as alleged, by any malversation of the revenues, but by the expenses of former wars and the king's present exigences; still wise and prudent measures of finance might in a short time remove the burden. If the council of state would not be so profuse of its indulgences, its charters of immunity, and its exemptions; if it would commence the reformation of morals with itself, show greater respect to the laws, and do what lies in its power to restore to the municipal functionaries their former consideration; in short, if the councils and the governors of provinces would only fulfil their own duties the present grounds of complaint would soon be removed. Why, then, send an ambassador to Spain, when as yet nothing has occurred to justify so extraordinary an expedient? If, however, the council thinks otherwise, he would not oppose the general voice; only he must make it a condition of his concurrence that the principal instruction of the envoy should be to entreat the king to make them a speedy visit."

There was but one voice as to the choice of an envoy. Of all the Flemish nobles Count Egmont was the only one whose appointment would give equal satisfaction to both parties. His hatred of the Inquisition, his patriotic and liberal sentiments, and the unblemished integrity of his character, gave to the republic sufficient surety for his conduct, while for the reasons already mentioned he

could not fail to be welcome to the king. Moreover, Egmont's personal figure and demeanor were calculated on his first appearance to make that favorable impression which goes so far towards winning the hearts of princes; and his engaging carriage would come to the aid of his eloquence, and enforce his petition with those persuasive arts which are indispensable to the success of even the most trifling suits to royalty. Egmont himself, too, wished for the embassy, as it would afford him the opportunity of adjusting, personally, matters with his sovereign.

About this time the Council, or rather synod, of Trent closed its sittings, and published its decrees to the whole of Christendom. But these canons, far from accomplishing the object for which the synod was originally convened, and satisfying the expectation of religious parties, had rather widened the breach between them, and made the schism irremediable and eternal.

The labors of the synod instead of purifying the Romish Church from its corruptions had only reduced the latter to greater definiteness and precision, and invested them with the sanction of authority. All the subtleties of its teaching, all the arts and usurpations of the Roman See, which had hitherto rested more on arbitrary usage, were now passed into laws and raised into a system. The uses and abuses which during the barbarous times of ignorance and superstition had crept into Christianity were now declared essential parts of its worship, and anathemas were denounced upon all who should dare to contradict the dogmas or neglect the observances of the Romish communion. All were anathematized who should either presume to doubt the miraculous power of relics, and refuse to honor the bones of martyrs, or should be so bold as to doubt the availing efficacy of the intercession of saints. The power of granting indulgences, the first source of the defection from the See of Rome, was now propounded in an irrefragable article of faith; and the principle of monasticism sanctioned by an express decree of the synod, which allowed males to take the vows at sixteen and females at twelve. And while all the opinions of the Protestants were, without exception, condemned, no indulgence was shown to their errors or weaknesses, nor a single

step taken to win them back by mildness to the bosom of the mother church. Amongst the Protestants the wearisome records of the subtle deliberations of the synod, and the absurdity of its decisions, increased, if possible, the hearty contempt which they had long entertained for popery, and laid open to their controversialists new and hitherto unnoticed points of attack. It was an ill-judged step to bring the mysteries of the church too close to the glaring torch of reason, and to fight with syllogisms for the tenets of a blind belief.

Moreover, the decrees of the Council of Trent were not satisfactory even to all the powers in communion with Rome. France rejected them entirely, both because she did not wish to displease the Huguenots, and also because she was offended by the supremacy which the pope arrogated to himself over the council; some of the Roman Catholic princes of Germany likewise declared against it. Little, however, as Philip II. was pleased with many of its articles, which trenched too closely upon his own rights, for no monarch was ever more jealous of his prerogative; highly as the pope's assumption of control over the council, and its arbitrary, precipitate dissolution had offended him; just as was his indignation at the slight which the pope had put upon his ambassador; he nevertheless acknowledged the decrees of the synod, even in its present form, because it favored his darling object—the extirpation of heresy. Political considerations were all postponed to this one religious object, and he commanded the publication and enforcement of its canons throughout his dominions.

The spirit of revolt, which was diffused through the Belgian provinces, scarcely required this new stimulus. There the minds of men were in a ferment, and the character of the Romish Church had sunk almost to the lowest point of contempt in the general opinion. Under such circumstances the imperious and frequently injudicious decrees of the council could not fail of being highly offensive; but Philip II. could not belie his religious character so far as to allow a different religion to a portion of his subjects, even though they might live on a different soil and under different laws from the rest. The regent was strictly

enjoined to exact in the Netherlands the same obedience to the decrees of Trent which was yielded to them in Spain and Italy.

They met, however, with the warmest opposition in the council of state at Brussels. "The nation," William of Orange declared, "neither would nor could acknowledge them, since they were, for the most part, opposed to the fundamental principles of their constitution; and, for similar reasons, they had even been rejected by several Roman Catholic princes." The whole council nearly was on the side of Orange; a decided majority were for entreating the king either to recall the decrees entirely or at least to publish them under certain limitations. This proposition was resisted by Viglius, who insisted on a strict and literal obedience to the royal commands. "The church," he said, "had in all ages maintained the purity of its doctrines and the strictness of its discipline by means of such general councils. No more efficacious remedy could be opposed to the errors of opinion which had so long distracted their country than these very decrees, the rejection of which is now urged by the council of state. Even if they are occasionally at variance with the constitutional rights of the citizens this is an evil which can easily be met by a judicious and temperate application of them. For the rest it redounds to the honor of our sovereign, the King of Spain, that he alone, of all the princes of his time, refuses to yield his better judgment to necessity, and will not, for any fear of consequences, reject measures which the welfare of the church demands, and which the happiness of his subjects makes a duty."

But the decrees also contained several matters which affected the rights of the crown itself. Occasion was therefore taken of this fact to propose that these sections at least should be omitted from the proclamation. By this means the king might, it was argued, be relieved from these obnoxious and degrading articles by a happy expedient; the national liberties of the Netherlands might be advanced as the pretext for the omission, and the name of the republic lent to cover this encroachment on the authority of the synod. But the king had caused the decrees to be received and enforced in his other dominions unconditionally;

and it was not to be expected that he would give the other Roman Catholic powers such an example of opposition, and himself undermine the edifice whose foundation he had been so assiduous in laying.

COUNT EGMONT IN SPAIN.

Count Egmont was despatched to Spain to make a forcible representation to the king on the subject of these decrees; to persuade him, if possible, to adopt a milder policy towards his Protestant subjects, and to propose to him the incorporation of the three councils, was the commission he received from the malcontents. By the regent he was charged to apprise the monarch of the refractory spirit of the people; to convince him of the impossibility of enforcing these edicts of religion in their full severity; and lastly to acquaint him with the bad state of the military defences and the exhausted condition of the exchequer.

The count's public instructions were drawn up by the President Viglius. They contained heavy complaints of the decay of justice, the growth of heresy, and the exhaustion of the treasury. He was also to press urgently a personal visit from the king to the Netherlands. The rest was left to the eloquence of the envoy, who received a hint from the regent not to let so fair an opportunity escape of establishing himself in the favor of his sovereign.

The terms in which the count's instructions and the representations which he was to make to the king were drawn up appeared to the Prince of Orange far too vague and general. "The president's statement," he said, "of our grievances comes very far short of the truth. How can the king apply the suitable remedies if we conceal from him the full extent of the evil? Let us not represent the numbers of the heretics inferior to what it is in reality. Let us candidly acknowledge that they swarm in every province and in every hamlet, however small. Neither let us disguise from him the truth that they despise the penal statutes and entertain but

little reverence for the government. What good can come of this concealment? Let us rather openly avow to the king that the republic cannot long continue in its present condition. The privy council indeed will perhaps pronounce differently, for to them the existing disorders are welcome. For what else is the source of the abuse of justice and the universal corruption of the courts of law but its insatiable rapacity? How otherwise can the pomp and scandalous luxury of its members, whom we have seen rise from the dust, be supported if not by bribery? Do not the people daily complain that no other key but gold can open an access to them; and do not even their quarrels prove how little they are swayed by a care for the common weal? Are they likely to consult the public good who are the slaves of their private passions? Do they think forsooth that we, the governors of the provinces are, with our soldiers, to stand ready at the beck and call of an infamous lictor? Let them set bounds to their indulgences and free pardons which they so lavishly bestow on the very persons to whom we think it just and expedient to deny them. No one can remit the punishment of a crime without sinning against the society and contributing to the increase of the general evil. To my mind, and I have no hesitation to avow it, the distribution amongst so many councils of the state secrets and the affairs of government has always appeared highly objectionable. The council of state is sufficient for all the duties of the administration; several patriots have already felt this in silence, and I now openly declare it. It is my decided conviction that the only sufficient remedy for all the evils complained of is to merge the other two chambers in the council of state. This is the point which we must endeavor to obtain from the king, or the present embassy, like all others, will be entirely useless and ineffectual." The prince now laid before the assembled senate the plan which we have already described. Viglius, against whom this new proposition was individually and mainly directed, and whose eyes were now suddenly opened, was overcome by the violence of his vexation. The agitation of his feelings was too much for his feeble body, and he was found, on the following morning, paralyzed by apoplexy, and in danger of his life.

His place was supplied by Jaachim Hopper, a member of the privy council at

Brussels, a man of old-fashioned morals and unblemished integrity, the president's most trusted and worthiest friend.

[Vita Vigl. 89. The person from whose memoirs I have already drawn so many illustrations of the times of this epoch. His subsequent journey to Spain gave rise to the correspondence between him and the president, which is one of the most valuable documents for our history.]

To meet the wishes of the Orange party he made some additions to the instructions of the ambassador, relating chiefly to the abolition of the Inquisition and the incorporation of the three councils, not so much with the consent of the regent as in the absence of her prohibition. Upon Count Egmont taking leave of the president, who had recovered from his attack, the latter requested him to procure in Spain permission to resign his appointment. His day, he declared, was past; like the example of his friend and predecessor, Granvella, he wished to retire into the quiet of private life, and to anticipate the uncertainty of fortune. His genius warned him of impending storm, by which he could have no desire to be overtaken.

Count Egmont embarked on his journey to Spain in January, 1565, and was received there with a kindness and respect which none of his rank had ever before experienced. The nobles of Castile, taught by the king's example to conquer their feelings, or rather, true to his policy, seemed to have laid aside their ancient grudge against the Flemish nobility, and vied with one another in winning his heart by their affability. All his private matters were immediately settled to his wishes by the king, nay, even his expectations exceeded; and during the whole period of his stay he had ample cause to boast of the hospitality of the monarch. The latter assured him in the strongest terms of his love for his Belgian subjects, and held out hopes of his acceding eventually to the general wish, and remitting somewhat of the severity of the religious edicts. At the same time, however, he appointed in Madrid a commission of theologians to whom he propounded the question, "Is it necessary to grant to the provinces the religious

toleration they demand?" As the majority of them were of opinion that the peculiar constitution of the Netherlands, and the fear of a rebellion might well excuse a degree of forbearance in their case, the question was repeated more pointedly. "He did not seek to know," he said, "if he might do so, but if he must." When the latter question was answered in the negative, he rose from his seat, and kneeling down before a crucifix prayed in these words: "Almighty Majesty, suffer me not at any time to fall so low as to consent to reign over those who reject thee!" In perfect accordance with the spirit of this prayer were the measures which he resolved to adopt in the Netherlands. On the article of religion this monarch had taken his resolution once forever; urgent necessity might, perhaps, have constrained him temporarily to suspend the execution of the penal statutes, but never, formally, to repeal them entirely, or even to modify them. In vain did Egmont represent to him that the public execution of the heretics daily augmented the number of their followers, while the courage and even joy with which they met their death filled the spectators with the deepest admiration, and awakened in them high opinions of a doctrine which could make such heroes of its disciples. This representation was not indeed lost upon the king, but it had a very different effect from what it was intended to produce. In order to prevent these seductive scenes, without, however, compromising the severity of the edicts, he fell upon an expedient, and ordered that in future the executions should take place in private. The answer of the king on the subject of the embassy was given to the count in writing, and addressed to the regent. The king, when he granted him an audience to take leave, did not omit to call him to account for his behavior to Granvella, and alluded particularly to the livery invented in derision of the cardinal. Egmont protested that the whole affair had originated in a convivial joke, and nothing was further from their meaning than to derogate in the least from the respect that was due to royalty. "If he knew," he said, "that any individual among them had entertained such disloyal thoughts he himself would challenge him to answer for it with his life."

At his departure the monarch made him a present of fifty thousand florins, and engaged, moreover, to furnish a portion for his daughter on her marriage. He

also consigned to his care the young Farnese of Parma, whom, to gratify the regent, his mother, he was sending to Brussels. The king's pretended mildness, and his professions of regard for the Belgian nation, deceived the open-hearted Fleming. Happy in the idea of being the bearer of so much felicity to his native country, when in fact it was more remote than ever, he quitted Madrid satisfied beyond measure to think of the joy with which the provinces would welcome the message of their good king; but the opening of the royal answer in the council of state at Brussels disappointed all these pleasing hopes. "Although in regard to the religious edicts," this was its tenor, "his resolve was firm and immovable, and he would rather lose a thousand lives than consent to alter a single letter of it, still, moved by the representations of Count Egmont, he was, on the other hand, equally determined not to leave any gentle means untried to guard the people against the delusions of heresy, and so to avert from them that punishment which must otherwise infallibly overtake them. As he had now learned from the count that the principal source of the existing errors in the faith was in the moral depravity of the clergy, the bad instruction and the neglected education of the young, he hereby empowered the regent to appoint a special commission of three bishops, and a convenient number of learned theologians, whose business it should be to consult about the necessary reforms, in order that the people might no longer be led astray through scandal, nor plunge into error through ignorance. As, moreover, he had been informed that the public executions of the heretics did but afford them an opportunity of boastfully displaying a foolhardy courage, and of deluding the common herd by an affectation of the glory of martyrdom, the commission was to devise means for putting in force the final sentence of the Inquisition with greater privacy, and thereby depriving condemned heretics of the honor of their obduracy." In order, however, to provide against the commission going beyond its prescribed limits Philip expressly required that the Bishop of Ypres, a man whom he could rely on as a determined zealot for the Romish faith, should be one of the body. Their deliberations were to be conducted, if possible, in secrecy, while the object publicly assigned to them should be the introduction of the Tridentine decrees. For this his motive seems to have been twofold; on the one hand, not to alarm

the court of Rome by the assembling of a private council; nor, on the other, to afford any encouragement to the spirit of rebellion in the provinces. At its sessions the duchess was to preside, assisted by some of the more loyally disposed of her counsellors, and regularly transmit to Philip a written account of its transactions. To meet her most pressing wants he sent her a small supply in money. He also gave her hopes of a visit from himself; first, however, it was necessary that the war with the Turks, who were then expected in hostile force before Malta, should be terminated. As to the proposed augmentation of the council of state, and its union with the privy council and chamber of finance, it was passed over in perfect silence. The Duke of Arschot, however, who is already known to us as a zealous royalist, obtained a voice and seat in the latter. Viglius, indeed, was allowed to retire from the presidency of the privy council, but he was obliged, nevertheless, to continue to discharge its duties for four more years, because his successor, Carl Tyssenaque, of the council for Netherlandish affairs in Madrid, could not sooner be spared.

SEVERER RELIGIOUS EDICTS—UNIVERSAL OPPOSITION OF THE NATION.

Scarcely was Egmont returned when severer edicts against heretics, which, as it were, pursued him from Spain, contradicted the joyful tidings which he had brought of a happy change in the sentiments of the monarch. They were at the same time accompanied with a transcript of the decrees of Trent, as they were acknowledged in Spain, and were now to be proclaimed in the Netherlands also; with it came likewise the death warrants of some Anabaptists and other kinds of heretics. "The count has been beguiled," William the Silent was now heard to say, "and deluded by Spanish cunning. Self-love and vanity have blinded his penetration; for his own advantage he has forgotten the general welfare." The treachery of the Spanish ministry was now exposed, and this dishonest proceeding roused the indignation of the noblest in the land. But no one felt it more acutely than Count Egmont, who now perceived himself to have been the tool of Spanish duplicity, and to have become unwittingly the betrayer of his own country. "These specious favors then," he exclaimed, loudly and bitterly, "were nothing but an artifice to expose me to the ridicule of my fellow-citizens, and to destroy my good name. If this is the fashion after which the king purposes to keep the promises which he made to me in Spain, let who will take Flanders; for my part, I will prove by my retirement from public business that I have no share in this breach of faith." In fact, the Spanish ministry could not have adopted a surer method of breaking the credit of so important a man—than by exhibiting him to his fellow citizens, who adored him, as one whom they had succeeded in deluding.

Meanwhile the commission had been appointed, and had unanimously come to the following decision: "Whether for the moral reformation of the clergy, or for the religious instruction of the people, or for the education of youth, such abundant provision had already been made in the decrees of Trent that nothing now was requisite but to put these decrees in force as speedily as possible. The imperial edicts against the heretics already ought on no account to be recalled or modified; the courts of justice, however, might be secretly instructed to punish with death none but obstinate heretics or preachers, to make a difference between the different sects, and to show consideration to the age, rank, sex, or disposition of the accused. If it were really the case that public executions did but inflame fanaticism, then, perhaps, the unheroic, less observed, but still equally severe punishment of the galleys, would be well-adapted to bring down all high notions of martyrdom. As to the delinquencies which might have arisen out of mere levity, curiosity, and thoughtlessness it would perhaps be sufficient to punish them by fines, exile, or even corporal chastisement."

During these deliberations, which, moreover, it was requisite to submit to the king at Madrid, and to wait for the notification of his approval of them, the time passed away unprofitably, the proceedings against the sectaries being either suspended, or at least conducted very supinely. Since the recall of Granvella the disunion which prevailed in the higher councils, and from thence had extended to the provincial courts of justice, combined with the mild feelings generally of the nobles on the subject of religion, had raised the courage of the sects, and allowed free scope to the proselytizing mania of their apostles. The inquisitors, too, had fallen into contempt in consequence of the secular arm withdrawing its support, and in many places even openly taking their victims under its protection. The Roman Catholic part of the nation. had formed great expectations from the decrees of the synod of Trent, as well as from Egmont's embassy to Spain; but in the latter case their hopes had scarcely been justified by the joyous tidings which the count had brought back, and, in the integrity of his heart, left nothing undone to make known as widely as possible. The more disused the nation had become to severity in matters pertaining to religion the

more acutely was it likely to feel the sudden adoption of even still more rigorous measures. In this position of affairs the royal rescript arrived from Spain in answer to the proposition of the bishops and the last despatches of the regent. "Whatever interpretation (such was its tenor) Count Egmont may have given to the king's verbal communications, it had never in the remotest manner entered his mind to think of altering in the slightest degree the penal statutes which the Emperor, his father, had five-and-thirty years ago published in the provinces. These edicts he therefore commanded should henceforth be carried rigidly into effect, the Inquisition should receive the most active support from the secular arm, and the decrees of the council of Trent be irrevocably and unconditionally acknowledged in all the provinces of his Netherlands. He acquiesced fully in the opinion of the bishops and canonists as to the sufficiency of the Tridentine decrees as guides in all points of reformation of the clergy or instruction of the people; but he could not concur with them as to the mitigation of punishment which they proposed in consideration either of the age, sex, or character of individuals, since he was of opinion that his edicts were in no degree wanting in moderation. To nothing but want of zeal and disloyalty on the part of judges could he ascribe the progress which heresy had already made in the country. In future, therefore, whoever among them should be thus wanting in zeal must be removed from his office and make room for a more honest judge. The Inquisition ought to pursue its appointed path firmly, fearlessly, and dispassionately, without regard to or consideration of human feelings, and was to look neither before nor behind. He would always be ready to approve of all its measures however extreme if it only avoided public scandal."

This letter of the king, to which the Orange party have ascribed all the subsequent troubles of the Netherlands, caused the most violent excitement amongst the state counsellors, and the expressions which in society they either accidentally or intentionally let fall from them with regard to it spread terror and alarm amongst the people. The dread of the Spanish Inquisition returned with new force, and with it came fresh apprehensions of the subversion of their liberties. Already the people fancied they could hear prisons building, chains and

fetters forging, and see piles of fagots collecting. Society was occupied with this one theme of conversation, and fear kept no longer within bounds. Placards were affixed to houses of the nobles in which they were called upon, as formerly Rome called on her Brutus, to come forward and save expiring freedom. Biting pasquinades were published against the new bishops—tormentors as they were called; the clergy were ridiculed in comedies, and abuse spared the throne as little as the Romish see.

Terrified by the rumors which were afloat, the regent called together all the counsellors of state to consult them on the course she ought to adopt in this perilous crisis. Opinion varied and disputes were violent. Undecided between fear and duty they hesitated to come to a conclusion, until at last the aged senator, Viglius, rose and surprised the whole assembly by his opinion. "It would," he said, "be the height of folly in us to think of promulgating the royal edict at the present moment; the king must be informed of the reception which, in all probability, it will now meet. In the meantime the inquisitors must be enjoined to use their power with moderation, and to abstain from severity." But if these words of the aged president surprised the whole assembly, still greater was the astonishment when the Prince of Orange stood up and opposed his advice. "The royal will," he said, "is too clearly and too precisely stated; it is the result of too long and too mature deliberation for us to venture to delay its execution without bringing on ourselves the reproach of the most culpable obstinacy." "That I take on myself," interrupted Viglius; "I oppose myself to, his displeasure. If by this delay we purchase for him the peace of the Netherlands our opposition will eventually secure for us the lasting gratitude of the king." The regent already began to incline to the advice of Viglius, when the prince vehemently interposing, "What," he demanded, "what have the many representations which we have already made effected? of what avail was the embassy we so lately despatched? Nothing! And what then do we wait for more? Shall we, his state counsellors, bring upon ourselves the whole weight of his displeasure by determining, at our own peril, to render him a service for which he will never thank us?" Undecided and uncertain the whole assembly remained

silent; but no one had courage enough to assent to or reply to him. But the prince had appealed to the fears of the regent, and these left her no choice. The consequences of her unfortunate obedience to the king's command will soon appear. But, on the other hand, if by a wise disobedience she had avoided these fatal consequences, is it clear that the result would not have been the same? However she had adopted the most fatal of the two counsels: happen what would the royal ordinance was to be promulgated. This time, therefore, faction prevailed, and the advice of the only true friend of the government, who, to serve his monarch, was ready to incur his displeasure, was disregarded. With this session terminated the peace of the regent: from this day the Netherlands dated all the trouble which uninterruptedly visited their country. As the counsellors separated the Prince of Orange said to one who stood nearest to him, "Now will soon be acted a great tragedy."

[The conduct of the Prince of Orange in this meeting of the council has been appealed to by historians of the Spanish party as a proof of his dishonesty, and they have availed themselves over and over again to blacken his character. "He," say they, "who had, invariably up to this period, both by word and deed, opposed the measures of the court so long as he had any ground to fear that the king's measures could be successfully carried out, supported them now for the first time when he was convinced that a scrupulous obedience to the royal orders would inevitably prejudice him. In order to convince the king of his folly in disregarding his warnings; in order to be able to boast, 'this I foresaw,' and 'I foretold that,' he was willing to risk the welfare of his nation, for which alone he had hitherto professed to struggle. The whole tenor of his previous conduct proved that he held the enforcement of the edicts to be an evil; nevertheless, he at once becomes false to his own convictions and follows an opposite course; although, so far as the nation was concerned, the same grounds existed as had dictated his former measures; and he changed his conduct simply that the result might be different to the king." "It is clear, therefore," continue his adversaries, "that the welfare of the

nation had less weight with him than his animosity to his sovereign. In order to gratify his hatred to the latter he does not hesitate to sacrifice the former." But is it then true that by calling for the promulgation of these edicts he sacrificed the nation? or, to speak more correctly, did he carry the edicts into effect by insisting on their promulgation? Can it not, on the contrary, be shown with far more probability that this was really the only way effectually to frustrate them? The nation was in a ferment, and the indignant people would (there was reason to expect, and as Viglius himself seems to have apprehended) show so decided a spirit of opposition as must compel the king to yield. "Now," says Orange, "my country feels all the impulse necessary for it to contend successfully with tyranny! If I neglect the present moment the tyrant will, by secret negotiation and intrigue, find means to obtain by stealth what by open force he could not. The some object will be steadily pursued, only with greater caution and forbearance; but extremity alone can combine the people to unity of purpose, and move them to bold measures." It is clear, therefore, that with regard to the king the prince did but change his language only; but that as far as the people was concerned his conduct was perfectly consistent. And what duties did he owe the king apart from those he owed the republic? Was he to oppose an arbitrary act in the very moment when it was about to entail a just retribution on its author? Would he have done his duty to his country if he had deterred its oppressor from a precipitate step which alone could save it from its otherwise unavoidable misery?]

An edict, therefore, was issued to all the governors of provinces, commanding them rigorously to enforce the mandates of the Emperor against heretics, as well as those which had been passed under the present government, the decrees of the council of Trent, and those of the episcopal commission, which had lately sat to give all the aid of the civil force to the Inquisition, and also to enjoin a similar line of conduct on the officers of government under them. More effectually to secure their object, every governor was to select from his own council an

efficient officer who should frequently make the circuit of the province and institute strict inquiries into the obedience shown by the inferior officers to these commands, and then transmit quarterly, to the capital an exact report of their visitation. A copy of the Tridentine decrees, according to the Spanish original, was also sent to the archbishops and bishops, with an intimation that in case of their needing the assistance of the secular power, the governors of their diocese, with their troops, were placed at their disposal. Against these decrees no privilege was to avail; however, the king willed and commanded that the particular territorial rights of the provinces and towns should in no case be infringed.

These commands, which were publicly read in every town by a herald, produced an effect on the people which in the fullest manner verified the fears of the President Viglius and the hopes of the Prince of Orange.

Nearly all the governors of provinces refused compliance with them, and threatened to throw up their appointments if the attempt should be made to compel their obedience. "The ordinance," they wrote back, "was based on a statement of the numbers of the sectaries, which was altogether false."

[The number of the heretics was very unequally computed by the two parties according as the interests and passions of either made its increase or diminution desirable, and the same party often contradicted itself when its interest changed. If the question related to new measures of oppression, to the introduction of the inquisitional tribunals, etc., the numbers of the Protestants were countless and interminable. If, on the other hand, the question was of lenity towards them, of ordinances to their advantage, they were now reduced to such an insignificant number that it would not repay the trouble of making an innovation for this small body of ill-minded people.]

"Justice was appalled at the prodigious crowd of victims which daily accumulated under its hands; to destroy by the flames fifty thousand or sixty

thousand persons from their districts was no commission for them." The inferior clergy too, in particular, were loud in their outcries against the decrees of Trent, which cruelly assailed their ignorance and corruption, and which moreover threatened them with a reform they so much detested. Sacrificing, therefore, the highest interests of their church to their own private advantage, they bitterly reviled the decrees and the whole council, and with liberal hand scattered the seeds of revolt in the minds of the people. The same outcry was now revived which the monks had formerly raised against the new bishops. The Archbishop of Cambray succeeded at last, but not without great opposition, in causing the decrees to be proclaimed. It cost more labor to effect this in Malines and Utrecht, where the archbishops were at strife with their clergy, who, as they were accused, preferred to involve the whole church in ruin rather than submit to a reformation of morals.

Of all the provinces Brabant raised its voice the loudest. The states of this province appealed to their great privilege, which protected their members from being brought before a foreign court of justice. They spoke loudly of the oath by which the king had bound himself to observe all their statutes, and of the conditions under which they alone had sworn allegiance to him. Louvain, Antwerp, Brussels, and Herzogenbusch solemnly protested against the decrees, and transmitted their protests in distinct memorials to the regent. The latter, always hesitating and wavering, too timid to obey the king, and far more afraid to disobey him, again summoned her council, again listened to the arguments for and against the question, and at last again gave her assent to the opinion which of all others was the most perilous for her to adopt. A new reference to the king in Spain was proposed; the next moment it was asserted that so urgent a crisis did not admit of so dilatory a remedy; it was necessary for the regent to act on her own responsibility, and either defy the threatening aspect of despair, or to yield to it by modifying or retracting the royal ordinance. She finally caused the annals of Brabant to be examined in order to discover if possible a precedent for the present case in the instructions of the first inquisitor whom Charles V. had appointed to the province. These instructions indeed did not exactly correspond

with those now given; but had not the king declared that he introduced no innovation? This was precedent enough, and it was declared that the new edicts must also be interpreted in accordance with the old and existing statutes of the province. This explanation gave indeed no satisfaction to the states of Brabant, who had loudly demanded the entire abolition of the inquisition, but it was an encouragement to the other provinces to make similar protests and an equally bold opposition. Without giving the duchess time to decide upon their remonstrances they, on their own authority, ceased to obey the inquisition, and withdrew their aid from it. The inquisitors, who had so recently been expressly urged to a more rigid execution of their duties now saw themselves suddenly deserted by the secular arm, and robbed of all authority, while in answer to their application for assistance the court could give them only empty promises. The regent by thus endeavoring to satisfy all parties had displeased all.

During these negotiations between the court, the councils, and the states a universal spirit of revolt pervaded the whole nation. Men began to investigate the rights of the subject, and to scrutinize the prerogative of kings. "The Netherlanders were not so stupid," many were heard to say with very little attempt at secrecy, "as not to know right well what was due from the subject to the sovereign, and from the king to the subject; and that perhaps means would yet be found to repel force with force, although at present there might be no appearance of it." In Antwerp a placard was set up in several places calling upon the town council to accuse the King of Spain before the supreme court at Spire of having broken his oath and violated the liberties of the country, for, Brabant being a portion of the Burgundian circle, was included in the religious peace of Passau and Augsburg. About this time too the Calvinists published their confession of faith, and in a preamble addressed to the king, declared that they, although a hundred thousand strong, kept themselves nevertheless quiet, and like the rest of his subjects, contributed to all the taxes of the country; from which it was evident, they added, that of themselves they entertained no ideas of insurrection. Bold and incendiary writings were publicly disseminated, which depicted the Spanish tyranny in the most odious colors, and reminded the nation

of its privileges, and occasionally also of its powers.

[The regent mentioned to the king a number (three thousand) of these writings. Strada 117. It is remarkable how important a part printing, and publicity in general, played in the rebellion of the Netherlands. Through this organ one restless spirit spoke to millions. Besides the lampoons, which for the most part were composed with all the low scurrility and brutality which was the distinguishing character of most of the Protestant polemical writings of the time, works were occasionally published which defended religious liberty in the fullest sense of the word.]

The warlike preparations of Philip against the Porte, as well as those which, for no intelligible reason, Eric, Duke of Brunswick, about this time made in the vicinity, contributed to strengthen the general suspicion that the Inquisition was to be forcibly imposed on the Netherlands. Many of the most eminent merchants already spoke of quitting their houses and business to seek in some other part of the world the liberty of which they were here deprived; others looked about for a leader, and let fall hints of forcible resistance and of foreign aid.

That in this distressing position of affairs the regent might be left entirely without an adviser and without support, she was now deserted by the only person who was at the present moment indispensable to her, and who had contributed to plunge her into this embarrassment. "Without kindling a civil war," wrote to her William of Orange, "it was absolutely impossible to comply now with the orders of the king. If, however, obedience was to be insisted upon, he must beg that his place might be supplied by another who would better answer the expectations of his majesty, and have more power than he had over the minds of the nation. The zeal which on every other occasion he had shown in the service of the crown, would, he hoped, secure his present proceeding from misconstruction; for, as the case now stood, he had no alternative between disobeying the king and injuring his country and himself." From this time forth William of Orange retired from the council of state to his town of Breda, where in observant but scarcely inactive repose he watched the course of affairs. Count Horn followed his

example. Egmont, ever vacillating between the republic and the throne, ever wearying himself in the vain attempt to unite the good citizen with the obedient subject—Egmont, who was less able than the rest to dispense with the favor of the monarch, and to whom, therefore, it was less an object of indifference, could not bring himself to abandon the bright prospects which were now opening for him at the court of the regent. The Prince of Orange had, by his superior intellect, gained an influence over the regent—which great minds cannot fail to command from inferior spirits. His retirement had opened a void in her confidence which Count Egmont was now to fill by virtue of that sympathy which so naturally subsists between timidity, weakness, and good-nature. As she was as much afraid of exasperating the people by an exclusive confidence in the adherents to the crown, as she was fearful of displeasing the king by too close an understanding with the declared leaders of the faction, a better object for her confidence could now hardly be presented than this very Count Egmont, of whom it could not be said that he belonged to either of the two conflicting parties.

BOOK III.

CONSPIRACY OF THE NOBLES

1565. Up to this point the general peace had it appears been the sincere wish of the Prince of Orange, the Counts Egmont and Horn, and their friends. They had pursued the true interests of their sovereign as much as the general weal; at least their exertions and their actions had been as little at variance with the former as with the latter. Nothing bad as yet occurred to make their motives suspected, or to manifest in them a rebellious spirit. What they had done they had done in discharge of their bounden duty as members of a free state, as the representatives of the nation, as advisers of the king, as men of integrity and honor. The only weapons they had used to oppose the encroachments of the court had been remonstrances, modest complaints, petitions. They had never allowed themselves to be so far carried away by a just zeal for their good cause as to transgress the limits of prudence and moderation which on many occasions are so easily overstepped by party spirit. But all the nobles of the republic did not now listen to the voice of that prudence; all did not abide within the bounds of moderation.

While in the council of state the great question was discussed whether the nation was to be miserable or not, while its sworn deputies summoned to their assistance all the arguments of reason and of equity, and while the middle-

classes and the people contented themselves with empty complaints, menaces, and curses, that part of the nation which of all seemed least called upon, and on whose support least reliance had been placed, began to take more active measures. We have already described a class of the nobility whose services and wants Philip at his accession had not considered it necessary to remember. Of these by far the greater number had asked for promotion from a much more urgent reason than a love of the mere honor. Many of them were deeply sunk in debt, from which by their own resources they could not hope to emancipate themselves. When then, in filling up appointments, Philip passed them over he wounded them in a point far more sensitive than their pride. In these suitors he had by his neglect raised up so many idle spies and merciless judges of his actions, so many collectors and propagators of malicious rumor. As their pride did not quit them with their prosperity, so now, driven by necessity, they trafficked with the sole capital which they could not alienate—their nobility and the political influence of their names; and brought into circulation a coin which only in such a period could have found currency—their protection. With a self-pride to which they gave the more scope as it was all they could now call their own, they looked upon themselves as a strong intermediate power between the sovereign and the citizen, and believed themselves called upon to hasten to the rescue of the oppressed state, which looked imploringly to them for succor. This idea was ludicrous only so far as their self-conceit was concerned in it; the advantages which they contrived to draw from it were substantial enough. The Protestant merchants, who held in their hands the chief part of the wealth of the Netherlands, and who believed they could not at any price purchase too dearly the undisturbed exercise of their religion, did not fail to make use of this class of people who stood idle in the market and ready to be hired. These very men whom at any other time the merchants, in the pride of riches, would most probably have looked down upon, now appeared likely to do them good service through their numbers, their courage, their credit with the populace, their enmity to the government, nay, through their beggarly pride itself and their despair. On these grounds they zealously endeavored to form a close union with them, and diligently fostered the disposition for rebellion, while they also used every

means to keep alive their high opinions of themselves, and, what was most important, lured their poverty by well-applied pecuniary assistance and glittering promises. Few of them were so utterly insignificant as not to possess some influence, if not personally, yet at least by their relationship with higher and more powerful nobles; and if united they would be able to raise a formidable voice against the crown. Many of them had either already joined the new sect or were secretly inclined to it; and even those who were zealous Roman Catholics had political or private grounds enough to set them against the decrees of Trent and the Inquisition. All, in fine, felt the call of vanity sufficiently powerful not to allow the only moment to escape them in which they might possibly make some figure in the republic.

But much as might be expected from the co-operation of these men in a body it would have been futile and ridiculous to build any hopes on any one of them singly; and the great difficulty was to effect a union among them. Even to bring them together some unusual occurrence was necessary, and fortunately such an incident presented itself. The nuptials of Baron Montigny, one of the Belgian nobles, as also those of the Prince Alexander of Parma, which took place about this time in Brussels, assembled in that town a great number of the Belgian nobles. On this occasion relations met relations; new friendships were formed and old renewed; and while the distress of the country was the topic of conversation wine and mirth unlocked lips and hearts, hints were dropped of union among themselves, and of an alliance with foreign powers. These accidental meetings soon led to concealed ones, and public discussions gave rise to secret consultations. Two German barons, moreover, a Count of Holle and a Count of Schwarzenberg, who at this time were on a visit to the Netherlands, omitted nothing to awaken expectations of assistance from their neighbors. Count Louis of Nassau, too, had also a short time before visited several German courts to ascertain their sentiments.

[It was not without cause that the Prince of Orange suddenly disappeared from Brussels in order to be present at the election of a king

of Rome in Frankfort. An assembly of so many German princes must have greatly favored a negotiation.]

It has even been asserted that secret emissaries of the Admiral Coligny were seen at this time in Brabant, but this, however, may be reasonably doubted.

If ever a political crisis was favorable to an attempt at revolution it was the present. A woman at the helm of government; the governors of provinces disaffected themselves and disposed to wink at insubordination in others; most of the state counsellors quite inefficient; no army to fall back upon; the few troops there were long since discontented on account of the outstanding arrears of pay, and already too often deceived by false promises to be enticed by new; commanded, moreover, by officers who despised the Inquisition from their hearts, and would have blushed to draw a sword in its behalf; and, lastly, no money in the treasury to enlist new troops or to hire foreigners. The court at Brussels, as well as the three councils, not only divided by internal dissensions, but in the highest degree—venal and corrupt; the regent without full powers to act on the spot, and the king at a distance; his adherents in the provinces few, uncertain, and dispirited; the faction numerous and powerful; two-thirds of the people irritated against popery and desirous of a change—such was the unfortunate weakness of the government, and the more unfortunate still that this weakness was so well known to its enemies!

In order to unite so many minds in the prosecution of a common object a leader was still wanting, and a few influential names to give political weight to their enterprise. The two were supplied by Count Louis of Nassau and Henry Count Brederode, both members of the most illustrious houses of the Belgian nobility, who voluntarily placed themselves at the head of the undertaking. Louis of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange, united many splendid qualities which made him worthy of appearing on so noble and important a stage. In Geneva, where he studied, he had imbibed at once a hatred to the hierarchy and a love to the new religion, and on his return to his native country had not failed to enlist proselytes to his opinions. The republican bias which his mind had received in

that school kindled in him a bitter hatred of the Spanish name, which animated his whole conduct and only left him with his latest breath. Popery and Spanish rule were in his mind identical— as indeed they were in reality—and the abhorrence which he entertained for the one helped to strengthen his dislike for the other. Closely as the brothers agreed in their inclinations and aversions the ways by which each sought to gratify them were widely dissimilar. Youth and an ardent temperament did not allow the younger brother to follow the tortuous course through which the elder wound himself to his object. A cold, calm circumspection carried the latter slowly but surely to his aim, and with a pliable subtilty he made all things subserve his purpose; with a foolhardy impetuosity which overthrew all obstacles, the other at times compelled success, but oftener accelerated disaster. For this reason William was a general and Louis never more than an adventurer; a sure and powerful arm if only it were directed by a wise head. Louis' pledge once given was good forever; his alliances survived every vicissitude, for they were mostly formed in the pressing moment of necessity, and misfortune binds more firmly than thoughtless joy. He loved his brother as dearly as he did his cause, and for the latter he died.

Henry of Brederode, Baron of Viane and Burgrave of Utrecht, was descended from the old Dutch counts who formerly ruled that province as sovereign princes. So ancient a title endeared him to the people, among whom the memory of their former lords still survived, and was the more treasured the less they felt they had gained by the change. This hereditary splendor increased the self-conceit of a man upon whose tongue the glory of his ancestors continually hung, and who dwelt the more on former greatness, even amidst its ruins, the more unpromising the aspect of his own condition became. Excluded from the honors and employments to which, in his opinion, his own merits and his noble ancestry fully entitled him (a squadron of light cavalry being all which was entrusted to him), he hated the government, and did not scruple boldly to canvass and to rail at its measures. By these means he won the hearts of the people. He also favored in secret the evangelical belief; less, however, as a conviction of his better reason than as an opposition to the government. With more loquacity than

eloquence, and more audacity than courage, he was brave rather from not believing in danger than from being superior to it. Louis of Nassau burned for the cause which he defended, Brederode for the glory of being its defender; the former was satisfied in acting for his party, the latter discontented if he did not stand at its head. No one was more fit to lead off the dance in a rebellion, but it could hardly have a worse ballet-master. Contemptible as his threatened designs really were, the illusion of the multitude might have imparted to them weight and terror if it had occurred to them to set up a pretender in his person. His claim to the possessions of his ancestors was an empty name; but even a name was now sufficient for the general disaffection to rally round. A pamphlet which was at the time disseminated amongst the people openly called him the heir of Holland; and his engraved portrait, which was publicly exhibited, bore the boastful inscription:—

Sum Brederodus ego, Batavae non infima gentis
Gloria, virtutem non unica pagina claudit.

(1565.) Besides these two, there were others also from among the most illustrious of the Flemish nobles the young Count Charles of Mansfeld, a son of that nobleman whom we have found among the most zealous royalists; the Count Kinlemburg; two Counts of Bergen and of Battenburg; John of Marnix, Baron of Toulouse; Philip of Marnix, Baron of St. Aldegonde; with several others who joined the league, which, about the middle of November, in the year 1565, was formed at the house of Von Hanimes, king at arms of the Golden Fleece. Here it was that six men decided the destiny of their country as formerly a few confederates consummated the liberty of Switzerland, kindled the torch of a forty years' war, and laid the basis of a freedom which they themselves were never to enjoy. The objects of the league were set forth in the following declaration, to which Philip of Marnix was the first to subscribe his name: "Whereas certain ill-disposed persons, under the mask of a pious zeal, but in reality under the impulse of avarice and ambition, have by their evil counsels persuaded our most gracious sovereign the king to introduce into these countries

the abominable tribunal of the Inquisition, a tribunal diametrically opposed to all laws, human and divine, and in cruelty far surpassing the barbarous institutions of heathenism; which raises the inquisitors above every other power, and debases man to a perpetual bondage, and by its snares exposes the honest citizen to a constant fear of death, inasmuch as any one (priest, it may be, or a faithless friend, a Spaniard or a reprobate), has it in his power at any moment to cause whom he will to be dragged before that tribunal, to be placed in confinement, condemned, and executed without the accused ever being allowed to face his accuser, or to adduce proof of his innocence; we, therefore, the undersigned, have bound ourselves to watch over the safety of our families, our estates, and our own persons. To this we hereby pledge ourselves, and to this end bind ourselves as a sacred fraternity, and vow with a solemn oath to oppose to the best of our power the introduction of this tribunal into these countries, whether it be attempted openly or secretly, and under whatever name it may be disguised. We at the same time declare that we are far from intending anything unlawful against the king our sovereign; rather is it our unalterable purpose to support and defend the royal prerogative, and to maintain peace, and, as far as lies in our power, to put down all rebellion. In accordance with this purpose we have sworn, and now again swear, to hold sacred the government, and to respect it both in word and deed, which witness Almighty God!

"Further, we vow and swear to protect and defend one another, in all times and places, against all attacks whatsoever touching the articles which are set forth in this covenant. We hereby bind ourselves that no accusation of any of our followers, in whatever name it may be clothed, whether rebellion, sedition, or otherwise, shall avail to annul our oath towards the accused, or absolve us from our obligation towards him. No act which is directed against the Inquisition can deserve the name of a rebellion. Whoever, therefore, shall be placed in arrest on any such charge, we here pledge ourselves to assist him to the utmost of our ability, and to endeavor by every allowable means to effect his liberation. In this, however, as in all matters, but especially in the conduct of all measures against the tribunal of the Inquisition, we submit ourselves to the general regulations of

the league, or to the decision of those whom we may unanimously appoint our counsellors and leaders.

"In witness hereof, and in confirmation of this our common league and covenant, we call upon the holy name of the living God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all that are therein, who searches the hearts, the consciences, and the thoughts, and knows the purity of ours. We implore the aid of the Holy Spirit, that success and honor may crown our undertaking, to the glory of His name, and to the peace and blessing of our country!"

This covenant was immediately translated into several languages, and quickly disseminated through the provinces. To swell the league as speedily as possible each of the confederates assembled all his friends, relations, adherents, and retainers. Great banquets were held, which lasted whole days—irresistible temptations for a sensual, luxurious people, in whom the deepest wretchedness could not stifle the propensity for voluptuous living. Whoever repaired to these banquets—and every one was welcome—was plied with officious assurances of friendship, and, when heated with wine, carried away by the example of numbers, and overcome by the fire of a wild eloquence. The hands of many were guided while they subscribed their signatures; the hesitating were derided, the pusillanimous threatened, the scruples of loyalty clamored down; some even were quite ignorant what they were signing, and were ashamed afterwards to inquire. To many whom mere levity brought to the entertainment the general enthusiasm left no choice, while the splendor of the confederacy allured the mean, and its numbers encouraged the timorous. The abettors of the league had not scrupled at the artifice of counterfeiting the signature and seals of the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Horn, Megen, and others, a trick which won them hundreds of adherents. This was done especially with a view of influencing the officers of the army, in order to be safe in this quarter, if matters should come at last to violence. The device succeeded with many, especially with subalterns, and Count Brederode even drew his sword upon an ensign who wished time for consideration. Men of all classes and conditions signed it. Religion made no

difference. Roman Catholic priests even were associates of the league. The motives were not the same with all, but the pretext was similar. The Roman Catholics desired simply the abolition of the Inquisition, and a mitigation of the edicts; the Protestants aimed at unlimited freedom of conscience. A few daring spirits only entertained so bold a project as the overthrow of the present government, while the needy and indigent based the vilest hopes on a general anarchy. A farewell entertainment, which about this time was given to the Counts Schwarzenberg and Holle in Breda, and another shortly afterwards in Hogstraten, drew many of the principal nobility to these two places, and of these several had already signed the covenant. The Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Horn, and Megen were present at the latter banquet, but without any concert or design, and without having themselves any share in the league, although one of Egmont's own secretaries and some of the servants of the other three noblemen had openly joined it. At this entertainment three hundred persons gave in their adhesion to the covenant, and the question was mooted whether the whole body should present themselves before the regent armed or unarmed, with a declaration or with a petition? Horn and Orange (Egmont would not countenance the business in any way) were called in as arbiters upon this point, and they decided in favor of the more moderate and submissive procedure. By taking this office upon them they exposed themselves to the charge of having in no very covert manner lent their sanction to the enterprise of the confederates. In compliance, therefore, with their advice, it was determined to present their address unarmed, and in the form of a petition, and a day was appointed on which they should assemble in Brussels.

The first intimation the regent received of this conspiracy of the nobles was given by the Count of Megen soon after his return to the capital. "There was," he said, "an enterprise on foot; no less than three hundred of the nobles were implicated in it; it referred to religion; the members of it had bound themselves together by an oath; they reckoned much on foreign aid; she would soon know more about it." Though urgently pressed, he would give her no further information. "A nobleman," he said, "had confided it to him under the seal of

secrecy, and he had pledged his word of honor to him." What really withheld him from giving her any further explanation was, in all probability, not so much any delicacy about his honor, as his hatred of the Inquisition, which he would not willingly do anything to advance. Soon after him, Count Egmont delivered to the regent a copy of the covenant, and also gave her the names of the conspirators, with some few exceptions. Nearly about the same time the Prince of Orange wrote to her: "There was, as he had heard, an army enlisted, four hundred officers were already named, and twenty thousand men would presently appear in arms." Thus the rumor was intentionally exaggerated, and the danger was multiplied in every mouth.

The regent, petrified with alarm at the first announcement of these tidings, and guided solely by her fears, hastily called together all the members of the council of state who happened to be then in Brussels, and at the same time sent a pressing summons to the Prince of Orange and Count Horn, inviting them to resume their seats in the senate. Before the latter could arrive she consulted with Egmont, Megen, and Barlaimont what course was to be adopted in the present dangerous posture of affairs. The question debated was whether it would be better to have recourse to arms or to yield to the emergency and grant the demands of the confederates; or whether they should be put off with promises, and an appearance of compliance, in order to gain time for procuring instructions from Spain, and obtaining money and troops? For the first plan the requisite supplies were wanting, and, what was equally requisite, confidence in the army, of which there seemed reason to doubt whether it had not been already gained by the conspirators. The second expedient would it was quite clear never be sanctioned by the king; besides it would serve rather to raise than depress the courage of the confederates; while, on the other hand, a compliance with their reasonable demands and a ready unconditional pardon of the past would in all probability stifle the rebellion in the cradle. The last opinion was supported by Megen and Egmont but opposed by Barlaimont. "Rumor," said the latter, "had exaggerated the matter; it is impossible that so formidable an armament could have been prepared so secretly and, so rapidly. It was but a band of a few

outcasts and desperadoes, instigated by two or three enthusiasts, nothing more. All will be quiet after a few heads have been struck off." The regent determined to await the opinion of the council of state, which was shortly to assemble; in the meanwhile, however, she was not inactive. The fortifications in the most important places were inspected and the necessary repairs speedily executed; her ambassadors at foreign courts received orders to redouble their vigilance; expresses were sent off to Spain. At the same time she caused the report to be revived of the near advent of the king, and in her external deportment put on a show of that imperturbable firmness which awaits attack without intending easily to yield to it. At the end of March (four whole months consequently from the framing of the covenant), the whole state council assembled in Brussels. There were present the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Arschot, Counts Egmont, Bergen, Megen, Aremberg, Horn, Hosstraten, Barlaimont, and others; the Barons Montigny and Hachicourt, all the knights of the Golden Fleece, with the President Viglius, State Counsellor Bruxelles, and the other assessors of the privy council. Several letters were produced which gave a clearer insight into the nature and objects of the conspiracy. The extremity to which the regent was reduced gave the disaffected a power which on the present occasion they did not neglect to use. Venting their long suppressed indignation, they indulged in bitter complaints against the court and against the government. "But lately," said the Prince of Orange, "the king sent forty thousand gold florins to the Queen of Scotland to support her in her undertakings against England, and he allows his Netherlands to be burdened with debt. Not to mention the unseasonableness of this subsidy and its fruitless expenditure, why should he bring upon us the resentment of a queen, who is both so important to us as a friend and as an enemy so much to be dreaded?" The prince did not even refrain on the present occasion from glancing at the concealed hatred which the king was suspected of cherishing against the family of Nassau and against him in particular. "It is well known," he said, "that he has plotted with the hereditary enemies of my house to take away my life, and that he waits with impatience only for a suitable opportunity." His example opened the lips of Count Horn also, and of many others besides, who with passionate vehemence descanted on their own merits

and the ingratitude of the king. With difficulty did the regent succeed in silencing the tumult and in recalling attention to the proper subject of the debate. The question was whether the confederates, of whom it was now known that they intended to appear at court with a petition, should be admitted or not? The Duke of Arschot, Counts Aremberg, Megen, and Barlaimont gave their negative to the proposition. "What need of five hundred persons," said the latter, "to deliver a small memorial? This paradox of humility and defiance implies no good. Let them send to us one respectable man from among their number without pomp, without assumption, and so submit their application to us. Otherwise, shut the gates upon them, or if some insist on their admission let them be closely watched, and let the first act of insolence which any one of them shall be guilty of be punished with death." In this advice concurred Count Mansfeld, whose own son was among the conspirators; he had even threatened to disinherit his son if he did not quickly abandon the league.

Counts Megen, also, and Aremberg hesitated to receive the petition; the Prince of Orange, however, Counts Egmont, Horn, Hogstraten, and others voted emphatically for it. "The confederates," they declared, "were known to them as men of integrity and honor; a great part of them were connected with themselves by friendship and relationship, and they dared vouch for their behavior. Every subject was allowed to petition; a right which was enjoyed by the meanest individual in the state could not without injustice be denied to so respectable a body of men." It was therefore resolved by a majority of votes to admit the confederates on the condition that they should appear unarmed and conduct themselves temperately. The squabbles of the members of council had occupied the greater part of the sitting, so that it was necessary to adjourn the discussion to the following day. In order that the principal matter in debate might not again be lost sight of in useless complaints the regent at once hastened to the point: "Brederode, we are informed," she said, "is coming to us, with an address in the name of the league, demanding the abolition of the Inquisition and a mitigation of the edicts. The advice of my senate is to guide me in my answer to him; but before you give your opinions on this point permit me to premise a few words. I

am told that there are many even amongst yourselves who load the religious edicts of the Emperor, my father, with open reproaches, and describe them to the people as inhuman and barbarous. Now I ask you, lords and gentlemen, knights of the Fleece, counsellors of his majesty and of the state, whether you did not yourselves vote for these edicts, whether the states of the realm have not recognized them as lawful? Why is that now blamed, which was formerly declared right? Is it because they have now become even more necessary than they then were? Since when is the Inquisition a new thing in the Netherlands? Is it not full sixteen years ago since the Emperor established it? And wherein is it more cruel than the edicts? If it be allowed that the latter were the work of wisdom, if the universal consent of the states has sanctioned them— why this opposition to the former, which is nevertheless far more humane than the edicts, if they are to be observed to the letter? Speak now freely; I am not desirous of fettering your decision; but it is your business to see that it is not misled by passion and prejudice." The council of state was again, as it always had been, divided between two opinions; but the few who spoke for the Inquisition and the literal execution of the edicts were outvoted by the opposite party with the Prince of Orange at its head. "Would to heaven," he began,— "that my representations had been then thought worthy of attention, when as yet the grounds of apprehension were remote; things would in that case never have been carried so far as to make recourse to extreme measures indispensable, nor would men have been plunged deeper in error by the very means which were intended to beguile them from their delusion. We are all unanimous on the one main point. We all wish to see the Catholic religion safe; if this end can be secured without the aid of the Inquisition, it is well, and we offer our wealth and our blood to its service; but on this very point it is that our opinions are divided.

"There are two kinds of inquisition: the see of Rome lays claim to one, the other has, from time immemorial, been exercised by the bishops. The force of prejudice and of custom has made the latter light and supportable to us. It will find little opposition in the Netherlands, and the augmented numbers of the bishops will make it effective. To what purpose then insist on the former, the

mere name of which is revolting to all the feelings of our minds? When so many nations exist without it why should it be imposed on us? Before Luther appeared it was never heard of; but the troubles with Luther happened at a time when there was an inadequate number of spiritual overseers, and when the few bishops were, moreover, indolent, and the licentiousness of the clergy excluded them from the office of judges. Now all is changed; we now count as many bishops as there are provinces. Why should not the policy of the government adjust itself to the altered circumstances of the times? We want leniency, not severity. The repugnance of the people is manifest—this we must seek to appease if we would not have it burst out into rebellion. With the death of Pius IV. the full powers of the inquisitors have expired; the new pope has as yet sent no ratification of their authority, without which no one formerly ventured to exercise his office. Now, therefore, is the time when it can be suspended without infringing the rights of any party.

"What I have stated with regard to the Inquisition holds equally good in respect to the edicts also. The exigency of the times called them forth, but are not those times passed? So long an experience of them ought at last to have taught us that against heresy no means are less successful than the fagot and sword. What incredible progress has not the new religion made during only the last few years in the provinces; and if we investigate the cause of this increase we shall find it principally in the glorious constancy of those who have fallen sacrifices to the truth of their opinions. Carried away by sympathy and admiration, men begin to weigh in silence whether what is maintained with such invincible courage may not really be the truth. In France and in England the same severities may have been inflicted on the Protestants, but have they been attended with any better success there than here? The very earliest Christians boasted that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. The Emperor Julian, the most terrible enemy that Christianity ever experienced, was fully persuaded of this. Convinced that persecution did but kindle enthusiasm he betook himself to ridicule and derision, and found these weapons far more effective than force. In the Greek empire different teachers of heresy have arisen

at different times. Arius under Constantine, Aetius under Constantius, Nestorius under Theodosius. But even against these arch-heretics and their disciples such cruel measures were never resorted to as are thought necessary against our unfortunate country—and yet where are all those sects now which once a whole world, I had almost said, could not contain? This is the natural course of heresy. If it is treated with contempt it crumbles into insignificance. It is as iron, which, if it lies idle, corrodes, and only becomes sharp by use. Let no notice be paid to it, and it loses its most powerful attraction, the magic of what is new and what is forbidden. Why will we not content ourselves with the measures which have been approved of by the wisdom of such great rulers? Example is ever the safest guide.

"But what need to go to pagan antiquity for guidance and example when we have near at hand the glorious precedent of Charles V., the greatest of kings, who taught at last by experience, abandoned the bloody path of persecution, and for many years before his abdication adopted milder measures. And Philip himself, our most gracious sovereign, seemed at first strongly inclined to leniency until the counsels of Granvella and of others like him changed these views; but with what right or wisdom they may settle between themselves. To me, however, it has always appeared indispensable that legislation to be wise and successful must adjust itself to the manners and maxims of the times. In conclusion, I would beg to remind you of the close understanding which subsists between the Huguenots and the Flemish Protestants. Let us beware of exasperating them any further. Let us not act the part of French Catholics towards them, lest they should play the Huguenots against us, and, like the latter, plunge their country into the horrors of a civil war."

[No one need wonder, says Burgundias (a vehement stickler for the Roman Catholic religion and the Spanish party), that the speech of this prince evinced so much acquaintance with philosophy; he had acquired it in his intercourse with Balduin. 180. Barry, 174-178. Hopper, 72. Strada, 123,124.]

It was, perhaps, not so much the irresistible truth of his arguments, which, moreover, were supported by a decisive majority in the senate, as rather the ruinous state of the military resources, and the exhaustion of the treasury, that prevented the adoption of the opposite opinion which recommended an appeal to the force of arms that the Prince of Orange had chiefly to thank for the attention which now at last was paid to his representations. In order to avert at first the violence of the storm, and to gain time, which was so necessary to place the government in a better state of preparation, it was agreed that a portion of the demands should be accorded to the confederates. It was also resolved to mitigate the penal statutes of the Emperor, as he himself would certainly mitigate them, were he again to appear among them at that day—and as, indeed, he had once shown under circumstances very similar to the present that he did not think it derogatory to his high dignity to do. The Inquisition was not to be introduced in any place where it did not already exist, and where it had been it should adopt a milder system, or even be entirely suspended, especially since the inquisitors had not yet been confirmed in their office by the pope. The latter reason was put prominently forward, in order to deprive the Protestants of the gratification of ascribing the concessions to any fear of their own power, or to the justice of their demands. The privy council was commissioned to draw out this decree of the senate without delay. Thus prepared the confederates were awaited.

THE GUEUX.

The members of the senate had not yet dispersed, when all Brussels resounded with the report that the confederates were approaching the town. They consisted of no more than two hundred horse, but rumor greatly exaggerated their numbers. Filled with consternation, the regent consulted with her ministers whether it was best to close the gates on the approaching party or to seek safety in flight? Both suggestions were rejected as dishonorable; and the peaceable entry of the nobles soon allayed all fears of violence. The first morning after

their arrival they assembled at Kuilemberg house, where Brederode administered to them a second oath, binding them before all other duties to stand by one another, and even with arms if necessary. At this meeting a letter from Spain was produced, in which it was stated that a certain Protestant, whom, they all knew and valued, had been burned alive in that country by a slow fire. After these and similar preliminaries he called on them one after another by name to take the new oath and renew the old one in their own names and in those of the absent. The next day, the 5th of April, 1556, was fixed for the presentation of the petition. Their numbers now amounted to between three and four hundred. Amongst them were many retainers of the high nobility, as also several servants of the king himself and of the duchess.

With the Counts of Nassau and Brederode at their head, and formed in ranks of four by four, they advanced in procession to the palace; all Brussels attended the unwonted spectacle in silent astonishment. Here were to be seen a body of men advancing with too much boldness and confidence to look like supplicants, and led by two men who were not wont to be petitioners; and, on the other hand, with so much order and stillness as do not usually accompany rebellion. The regent received the procession surrounded by all her counsellors and the Knights of the Fleece. "These noble Netherlanders," thus Brederode respectfully addressed her, "who here present themselves before your highness, wish in their own name, and of many others besides who are shortly to arrive, to present to you a petition of whose importance as well as of their own humility this solemn procession must convince you. I, as speaker of this body, entreat you to receive our petition, which contains nothing but what is in unison with the laws of our country and the honor of the king."

"If this petition," replied Margaret, "really contains nothing which is at variance either with the good of the country, or with the authority of the king, there is no doubt that it will be favorably considered." "They had learnt," continued the spokesman, "with indignation and regret that suspicious objects had been imputed to their association, and that interested parties had endeavored

to prejudice her highness against him; they therefore craved that she would name the authors of so grave an accusation, and compel them to bring their charges publicly, and in due form, in order that he who should be found guilty might suffer the punishment of his demerits." "Undoubtedly," replied the regent, "she had received unfavorable rumors of their designs and alliance. She could not be blamed, if in consequence she had thought it requisite to call the attention of the governors of the provinces to the matter; but, as to giving up the names of her informants to betray state secrets," she added, with an appearance of displeasure, "that could not in justice be required of her." She then appointed the next day for answering their petition; and in the meantime she proceeded to consult the members of her council upon it.

"Never" (so ran the petition which, according to some, was drawn up by the celebrated Balduin), "never had they failed in their loyalty to their king, and nothing now could be farther from their hearts; but they would rather run the risk of incurring the displeasure of their sovereign than allow him to remain longer in ignorance of the evils with which their native country was menaced, by the forcible introduction of the Inquisition and the continued enforcement of the edicts. They had long remained consoling themselves with the expectation that a general assembly of the states would be summoned to remedy these grievances; but now that even this hope was extinguished, they held it to be their duty to give timely warning to the regent. They, therefore, entreated her highness to send to Madrid an envoy, well disposed, and fully acquainted with the state and temper of the times, who should endeavor to persuade the king to comply with the demands of the whole nation, and abolish the Inquisition, to revoke the edicts, and in their stead cause new and more humane ones to be drawn up at a general assembly of the states. But, in the meanwhile, until they could learn the king's decision, they prayed that the edicts and the operations of the Inquisition be suspended." "If," they concluded, "no attention should be paid to their humble request, they took God, the king, the regent, and all her counsellors to witness that they had done their part, and were not responsible for any unfortunate result that might happen."

The following day the confederates, marching in the same order of procession, but in still greater numbers (Counts Bergen and Kuilemberg having, in the interim, joined them with their adherents), appeared before the regent in order to receive her answer. It was written on the margin of the petition, and was to the effect, "that entirely to suspend the Inquisition and the edicts, even temporarily, was beyond her powers; but in compliance with the wishes of the confederates she was ready to despatch one of the nobles to the king in Spain, and also to support their petition with all her influence. In the meantime, she would recommend the inquisitors to administer their office with moderation; but in return she should expect on the part of the league that they should abstain from all acts of violence, and undertake nothing to the prejudice of the Catholic faith." Little as these vague and general promises satisfied the confederates, they were, nevertheless, as much as they could have reasonably expected to gain at first. The granting or refusing of the petition had nothing to do with the primary object of the league. Enough for them at present that it was once recognized, enough that it was now, as it were, an established body, which by its power and threats might, if necessary, overawe the government. The confederates, therefore, acted quite consistently with their designs, in contenting themselves with this answer, and referring the rest to the good pleasure of the king. As, indeed, the whole pantomime of petitioning had only been invented to cover the more daring plan of the league, until it should have strength enough to show itself in its true light, they felt that much more depended on their being able to continue this mask, and on the favorable reception of their petition, than on its speedily being granted. In a new memorial, which they delivered three days after, they pressed for an express testimonial from the regent that they had done no more than their duty, and been guided simply by their zeal for the service of the king. When the duchess evaded a declaration, they even sent a person to repeat this request in a private interview. "Time alone and their future behavior," she replied to this person, "would enable her to judge of their designs."

The league had its origin in banquets, and a banquet gave it form and perfection. On the very day that the second petition was presented Brederode

entertained the confederates in Kuilemberg house. About three hundred guests assembled; intoxication gave them courage, and their audacity rose with their numbers. During the conversation one of their number happened to remark that he had overheard the Count of Barlaimont whisper in French to the regent, who was seen to turn pale on the delivery of the petitions, that "she need not be afraid of a band of beggars (gueux);" (in fact, the majority of them had by their bad management of their incomes only too well deserved this appellation.) Now, as the very name for their fraternity was the very thing which had most perplexed them, an expression was eagerly caught up, which, while it cloaked the presumption of their enterprise in humility, was at the same time appropriate to them as petitioners. Immediately they drank to one another under this name, and the cry "long live the Gueux!" was accompanied with a general shout of applause. After the cloth had been removed Brederode appeared with a wallet over his shoulder similar to that which the vagrant pilgrims and mendicant monks of the time used to carry, and after returning thanks to all for their accession to the league, and boldly assuring them that he was ready to venture life and limb for every individual present, he drank to the health of the whole company out of a wooden beaker. The cup went round and every one uttered the same vow as he set it to his lips. Then one after the other they received the beggar's purse, and each hung it on a nail which he had appropriated to himself. The shouts and uproar attending this buffoonery attracted the Prince of Orange and Counts Egmont and Horn, who by chance were passing the spot at the very moment, and on entering the house were boisterously pressed by Brederode, as host, to remain and drink a glass with them.

["But," Egmont asserted in his written defence "we drank only one single small glass, and thereupon they cried 'long live the king and the Gueux!' This was the first time that I heard that appellation, and it certainly did not please me. But the times were so bad that one was often compelled to share in much that was against one's inclination, and I knew not but I was doing an innocent thing." *Proces criminels des Comtes d'Egmont, etc.*. 7. 1. Egmont's defence, Hopper, 94. Strada, 127-130.

Burgund., 185, 187.]

The entrance of three such influential personages renewed the mirth of the guests, and their festivities soon passed the bounds of moderation. Many were intoxicated; guests and attendants mingled together without distinction; the serious and the ludicrous, drunken fancies and affairs of state were blended one with another in a burlesque medley; and the discussions on the general distress of the country ended in the wild uproar of a bacchanalian revel. But it did not stop here; what they had resolved on in the moment of intoxication they attempted when sober to carry into execution. It was necessary to manifest to the people in some striking shape the existence of their protectors, and likewise to fan the zeal of the faction by a visible emblem; for this end nothing could be better than to adopt publicly this name of Gueux, and to borrow from it the tokens of the association. In a few days the town of Brussels swarmed with ash-gray garments such as were usually worn by mendicant friars and penitents. Every confederate put his whole family and domestics in this dress. Some carried wooden bowls thinly overlaid with plates of silver, cups of the same kind, and wooden knives; in short the whole paraphernalia of the beggar tribe, which they either fixed around their hats or suspended from their girdles: Round the neck they wore a golden or silver coin, afterwards called the Geusen penny, of which one side bore the effigy of the king, with the inscription, "True to the king;" on the other side were seen two hands folded together holding a wallet, with the words "as far as the beggar's scrip." Hence the origin of the name "Gueux," which was subsequently borne in the Netherlands by all who seceded from popery and took up arms against the king.

Before the confederates separated and dispersed among the provinces they presented themselves once more before the duchess, in order to remind her of the necessity of leniency towards the heretics until the arrival of the king's answer from Spain, if she did not wish to drive the people to extremities. "If, however," they added, "a contrary behavior should give rise to any evils they at least must be regarded as having done their duty."

To this the regent replied, "she hoped to be able to adopt such measures as would render it impossible for disorders to ensue; but if, nevertheless, they did occur, she could ascribe them to no one but the confederates. She therefore earnestly admonished them on their part to fulfil their engagements, but especially to receive no new members into the league, to hold no more private assemblies, and generally not to attempt any novel and unconstitutional measures." And in order to tranquillize their minds she commanded her private secretary, Berti, to show them the letters to the inquisitors and secular judges, wherein they were enjoined to observe moderation towards all those who had not aggravated their heretical offences by any civil crime. Before their departure from Brussels they named four presidents from among their number who were to take care of the affairs of the league, and also particular administrators for each province. A few were left behind in Brussels to keep a watchful eye on all the movements of the court. Brederode, Kuilemberg, and Bergen at last quitted the town, attended by five hundred and fifty horsemen, saluted it once more beyond the walls with a discharge of musketry, and then the three leaders parted, Brederode taking the road to Antwerp, and the two others to Guelders. The regent had sent off an express to Antwerp to warn the magistrate of that town against him. On his arrival more than a thousand persons thronged to the hotel where he had taken up his abode. Showing himself at a window, with a full wineglass in his hand, he thus addressed them: "Citizens of Antwerp! I am here at the hazard of my life and my property to relieve you from the oppressive burden of the Inquisition. If you are ready to share this enterprise with me, and to acknowledge me as your leader, accept the health which I here drink to you, and hold up your hands in testimony of your approbation." Hereupon he drank to their health, and all hands were raised amidst clamorous shouts of exultation. After this heroic deed he quitted Antwerp.

Immediately after the delivery of the "petition of the nobles," the regent had caused a new form of the edicts to be drawn up in the privy council, which should keep the mean between the commands of the king and the demands of the confederates. But the next question that arose was to determine whether it would

be advisable immediately to promulgate this mitigated form, or moderation, as it was commonly called, or to submit it first to the king for his ratification. The privy council who maintained that it would be presumptuous to take a step so important and so contrary to the declared sentiments of the monarch without having first obtained his sanction, opposed the vote of the Prince of Orange who supported the former proposition. Besides, they urged, there was cause to fear that it would not even content the nation.

A "moderation" devised with the assent of the states was what they particularly insisted on. In order, therefore, to gain the consent of the states, or rather to obtain it from them by stealth, the regent artfully propounded the question to the provinces singly, and first of all to those which possessed the least freedom, such as Artois, Namur, and Luxemburg. Thus she not only prevented one province encouraging another in opposition, but also gained this advantage by it, that the freer provinces, such as Flanders and Brabant, which were prudently reserved to the last, allowed themselves to be carried away by the example of the others. By a very illegal procedure the representatives of the towns were taken by surprise, and their consent exacted before they could confer with their constituents, while complete silence was imposed upon them with regard to the whole transaction. By these means the regent obtained the unconditional consent of some of the provinces to the "moderation," and, with a few slight changes, that of other provinces. Luxemburg and Namur subscribed it without scruple. The states of Artois simply added the condition that false informers should be subjected to a retributive penalty; those of Hainault demanded that instead of confiscation of the estates, which directly militated against their privileges, another discretionary punishment should be introduced. Flanders called for the entire abolition of the Inquisition, and desired that the accused might be secured in right of appeal to their own province. The states of Brabant were outwitted by the intrigues of the court. Zealand, Holland, Utrecht, Guelders, and Friesland as being provinces which enjoyed the most important privileges, and which, moreover, watched over them with the greatest jealousy, were never asked for their opinion. The provincial courts of judicature had also

been required to make a report on the projected amendment of the law, but we may well suppose that it was unfavorable, as it never reached Spain. From the principal cause of this "moderation," which, however, really deserved its name, we may form a judgment of the general character of the edicts themselves. "Sectarian writers," it ran, "the heads and teachers of sects, as also those who conceal heretical meetings, or cause any other public scandal, shall be punished with the gallows, and their estates, where the law of the province permit it, confiscated; but if they abjure their errors, their punishment shall be commuted into decapitation with the sword, and their effects shall be preserved to their families." A cruel snare for parental affection! Less grievous heretics, it was further enacted, shall, if penitent, be pardoned; and if impenitent shall be compelled to leave the country, without, however, forfeiting their estates, unless by continuing to lead others astray they deprive themselves of the benefit of this provision. The Anabaptists, however, were expressly excluded from benefiting by this clause; these, if they did not clear themselves by the most thorough repentance, were to forfeit their possessions; and if, on the other hand, they relapsed after penitence, that is, were backsliding heretics, they were to be put to death without mercy. The greater regard for life and property which is observable in this ordinance as compared with the edicts, and which we might be tempted to ascribe to a change of intention in the Spanish ministry, was nothing more than a compulsory step extorted by the determined opposition of the nobles. So little, too, were the people in the Netherlands satisfied by this "moderation," which fundamentally did not remove a single abuse, that instead of "moderation" (mitigation), they indignantly called it "moorderation," that is, murdering.

After the consent of the states had in this manner been extorted from them, the "moderation" was submitted to the council of the state, and, after receiving their signatures, forwarded to the king in Spain in order to receive from his ratification the force of law.

The embassy to Madrid, which had been agreed upon with the confederates,

was at the outset entrusted to the Marquis of Bergen, who, however, from a distrust of the present disposition of the king, which was only too well grounded, and from reluctance to engage alone in so delicate a business, begged for a coadjutor.

[This Marquis of Bergen is to be distinguished from Count William of Bergen, who was among the first who subscribed the covenant. *Vigi. ad Hopper, Letter VII.*]

He obtained one in the Baron of Montigny, who had previously been employed in a similar duty, and had discharged it with high credit. As, however, circumstances had since altered so much that he had just anxiety as to his present reception in Madrid for his greater safety, he stipulated with the duchess that she should write to the monarch previously; and that he, with his companion, should, in the meanwhile, travel slowly enough to give time for the king's answer reaching him en route. His good genius wished, as it appeared, to save him from the terrible fate which awaited him in Madrid, for his departure was delayed by an unexpected obstacle, the Marquis of Bergen being disabled from setting out immediately through a wound which he received from the blow of a tennis-ball. At last, however, yielding to the pressing importunities of the regent, who was anxious to expedite the business, he set out alone, not, as he hoped, to carry the cause of his nation, but to die for it.

In the meantime the posture of affairs had changed so greatly in the Netherlands, the step which the nobles had recently taken had so nearly brought on a complete rupture with the government, that it seemed impossible for the Prince of Orange and his friends to maintain any longer the intermediate and delicate position which they had hitherto held between the country and the court, or to reconcile the contradictory duties to which it gave rise. Great must have been the restraint which, with their mode of thinking, they had to put on themselves not to take part in this contest; much, too, must their natural love of liberty, their patriotism, and their principles of toleration have suffered from the constraint which their official station imposed upon them. On the other hand,

Philip's distrust, the little regard which now for a long time had been paid to their advice, and the marked slights which the duchess publicly put upon them, had greatly contributed to cool their zeal for the service, and to render irksome the longer continuance of a part which they played with so much repugnance and with so little thanks. This feeling was strengthened by several intimations they received from Spain which placed beyond doubt the great displeasure of the king at the petition of the nobles, and his little satisfaction with their own behavior on that occasion, while they were also led to expect that he was about to enter upon measures, to which, as favorable to the liberties of their country, and for the most part friends or blood relations of the confederates; they could never lend their countenance or support. On the name which should be applied in Spain to the confederacy of the nobles it principally depended what course they should follow for the future. If the petition should be called rebellion no alternative would be left them but either to come prematurely to a dangerous explanation with the court, or to aid it in treating as enemies those with whom they had both a fellow-feeling and a common interest. This perilous alternative could only be avoided by withdrawing entirely from public affairs; this plan they had once before practically adopted, and under present circumstances it was something more than a simple expedient. The whole nation had their eyes upon them. An unlimited confidence in their integrity, and the universal veneration for their persons, which closely bordered on idolatry, would ennoble the cause which they might make their own and ruin that which they should abandon. Their share in the administration of the state, though it were nothing more than nominal, kept the opposite party in check; while they attended the senate violent measures were avoided because their continued presence still favored some expectations of succeeding by gentle means. The withholding of their approbation, even if it did not proceed from their hearts, dispirited the faction, which, on the contrary, would exert its full strength so soon as it could reckon even distantly on obtaining so weighty a sanction. The very measures of the government which, if they came through their hands, were certain of a favorable reception and issue, would without them prove suspected and futile; even the royal concessions, if they were not obtained by the mediation of these friends of the people, would

fail of the chief part of their efficacy. Besides, their retirement from public affairs would deprive the regent of the benefit of their advice at a time when counsel was most indispensable to her; it would, moreover, leave the preponderance with a party which, blindly dependent on the court, and ignorant of the peculiarities of republican character, would neglect nothing to aggravate the evil, and to drive to extremity the already exasperated mind of the public.

All these motives (and it is open to every one, according to his good or bad opinion of the prince, to say which was the most influential) tended alike to move him to desert the regent, and to divest himself of all share in public affairs. An opportunity for putting this resolve into execution soon presented itself. The prince had voted for the immediate promulgation of the newly-revised edicts; but the regent, following the suggestion of her privy council, had determined to transmit them first to the king. "I now see clearly," he broke out with well-acted vehemence, "that all the advice which I give is distrusted. The king requires no servants whose loyalty he is determined to doubt; and far be it from me to thrust my services upon a sovereign who is unwilling to receive them. Better, therefore, for him and me that I withdraw from public affairs." Count Horn expressed himself nearly to the same effect. Egmont requested permission to visit the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, the use of which had been prescribed to him by his physician, although (as it is stated in his accusation) he appeared health itself. The regent, terrified at the consequences which must inevitably follow this step, spoke sharply to the prince. "If neither my representations, nor the general welfare can prevail upon you, so far as to induce you to relinquish this intention, let me advise you to be more careful, at least, of your own reputation. Louis of Nassau is your brother; he and Count Brederode, the heads of the confederacy, have publicly been your guests. The petition is in substance identical with your own representations in the council of state. If you now suddenly desert the cause of your king will it not be universally said that you favor the conspiracy?" We do not find it anywhere stated whether the prince really withdrew at this time from the council of state; at all events, if he did, he must soon have altered his mind, for shortly after he appears again in public transactions. Egmont allowed himself

to be overcome by the remonstrances of the regent; Horn alone actually withdrew himself to one of his estates,—[Where he remained three months inactive.]—with the resolution of never more serving either emperor or king. Meanwhile the Gueux had dispersed themselves through the provinces, and spread everywhere the most favorable reports of their success. According to their assertions, religious freedom was finally assured; and in order to confirm their statements they helped themselves, where the truth failed, with falsehood. For example, they produced a forged letter of the Knights of the Fleece, in which the latter were made solemnly to declare that for the future no one need fear imprisonment, or banishment, or death on account of religion, unless he also committed a political crime; and even in that case the confederates alone were to be his judges; and this regulation was to be in force until the king, with the consent and advice of the states of the realm, should otherwise dispose. Earnestly as the knights applied themselves upon the first information of the fraud to rescue the nation from their delusion, still it had already in this short interval done good service to the faction. If there are truths whose effect is limited to a single instant, then inventions which last so long can easily assume their place. Besides, the report, however false, was calculated both to awaken distrust between the regent and the knights, and to support the courage of the Protestants by fresh hopes, while it also furnished those who were meditating innovation an appearance of right, which, however unsubstantial they themselves knew it to be, served as a colorable pretext for their proceedings. Quickly as this delusion was dispelled, still, in the short space of time that it obtained belief, it had occasioned so many extravagances, had introduced so much irregularity and license, that a return to the former state of things became impossible, and continuance in the course already commenced was rendered necessary as well by habit as by despair. On the very first news of this happy result the fugitive Protestants had returned to their homes, which they had so unwillingly abandoned; those who had been in concealment came forth from their hiding-places; those who had hitherto paid homage to the new religion in their hearts alone, emboldened by these pretended acts of toleration, now gave in their adhesion to it publicly and decidedly. The name of the "Gueux" was

extolled in all the provinces; they were called the pillars of religion and liberty; their party increased daily, and many of the merchants began to wear their insignia. The latter made an alteration in the "Gueux" penny, by introducing two travellers' staffs, laid crosswise, to intimate that they stood prepared and ready at any instant to forsake house and hearth for the sake of religion. The Gueux league, in short, had now given to things an entirely different form. The murmurs of the people, hitherto impotent and despised, as being the cries of individuals, had, now that they were concentrated, become formidable; and had gained power, direction, and firmness through union. Every one who was rebelliously disposed now looked on himself as the member of a venerable and powerful body, and believed that by carrying his own complaints to the general stock of discontent he secured the free expression of them. To be called an important acquisition to the league flattered the vain; to be lost, unnoticed, and irresponsible in the crowd was an inducement to the timid. The face which the confederacy showed to the nation was very unlike that which it had turned to the court. But had its objects been the purest, had it really been as well disposed towards the throne as it wished to appear, still the multitude would have regarded only what was illegal in its proceedings, and upon them its better intentions would have been entirely lost.

PUBLIC PREACHING.

No moment could be more favorable to the Huguenots and the German Protestants than the present to seek a market for their dangerous commodity in the Netherlands. Accordingly, every considerable town now swarmed with suspicious arrivals, masked spies, and the apostles of every description of heresy. Of the religious parties, which had sprung up by secession from the ruling church, three chiefly had made considerable progress in the provinces. Friesland and the adjoining districts were overrun by the Anabaptists, who, however, as the most indigent, without organization and government, destitute of

military resources, and moreover at strife amongst themselves, awakened the least apprehension. Of far more importance were the Calvinists, who prevailed in the southern provinces, and above all in Flanders, who were powerfully supported by their neighbors the Huguenots, the republic of Geneva, the Swiss Cantons, and part of Germany, and whose opinions, with the exception of a slight difference, were also held by the throne in England. They were also the most numerous party, especially among the merchants and common citizens. The Huguenots, expelled from France, had been the chief disseminators of the tenets of this party. The Lutherans were inferior both in numbers and wealth, but derived weight from having many adherents among the nobility. They occupied, for the most part, the eastern portion of the Netherlands, which borders on Germany, and were also to be found in some of the northern territories. Some of the most powerful princes of Germany were their allies; and the religious freedom of that empire, of which by the Burgundian treaty the Netherlands formed an integral part, was claimed by them with some appearance of right. These three religious denominations met together in Antwerp, where the crowded population concealed them, and the mingling of all nations favored liberty. They had nothing in common, except an equally inextinguishable hatred of popery, of the Inquisition in particular, and of the Spanish government, whose instrument it was; while, on the other hand, they watched each other with a jealousy which kept their zeal in exercise, and prevented the glowing ardor of fanaticism from waxing dull.

The regent, in expectation that the projected "moderation" would be sanctioned by the king, had, in the meantime, to gratify the Gueux, recommended the governors and municipal officers of the provinces to be as moderate as possible in their proceedings against heretics; instructions which were eagerly followed, and interpreted in the widest sense by the majority, who had hitherto administered the painful duty of punishment with extreme repugnance. Most of the chief magistrates were in their hearts averse to the Inquisition and the Spanish tyranny, and many were even secretly attached to one or other of the religious parties; even the others were unwilling to inflict

punishment on their countrymen to gratify their sworn enemies, the Spaniards. All, therefore, purposely misunderstood the regent, and allowed the Inquisition and the edicts to fall almost entirely into disuse. This forbearance of the government, combined with the brilliant representations of the Gueux, lured from their obscurity the Protestants, who, however, had now grown too powerful to be any longer concealed. Hitherto they had contented themselves with secret assemblies by night; now they thought themselves numerous and formidable enough to venture to these meetings openly and publicly. This license commenced somewhere between Oudenarde and Ghent, and soon spread through the rest of Flanders. A certain Herrmann Stricker, born at Overyssele, formerly a monk, a daring enthusiast of able mind, imposing figure, and ready tongue, was the first who collected the people for a sermon in the open air. The novelty of the thing gathered together a crowd of about seven thousand persons. A magistrate of the neighborhood, more courageous than wise, rushed amongst the crowd with his drawn sword, and attempted to seize the preacher, but was so roughly handled by the multitude, who for want of other weapons took up stones and felled him to the ground, that he was glad to beg for his life.

[The unheard-of foolhardiness of a single man rushing into the midst of a fanatical crowd of seven thousand people to seize before their eyes one whom they adored, proves, more than all that can be said on the subject the insolent contempt with which the Roman Catholics of the time looked down upon the so-called heretics as an inferior race of beings.]

This success of the first attempt inspired courage for a second. In the vicinity of Aalst they assembled again in still greater numbers; but on this occasion they provided themselves with rapiers, firearms, and halberds, placed sentries at all the approaches, which they also barricaded with carts and carriages. All passers-by were obliged, whether willing or otherwise, to take part in the religious service, and to enforce this object lookout parties were posted at certain distances round the place of meeting. At the entrance booksellers stationed themselves, offering for sale Protestant catechisms, religious tracts, and

pasquinades on the bishops. The preacher, Hermann Stricker, held forth from a pulpit which was hastily constructed for the occasion out of carts and trunks of trees. A canvas awning drawn over it protected him from the sun and the rain; the preacher's position was in the quarter of the wind that the people might not lose any part of his sermon, which consisted principally of revilings against popery. Here the sacraments were administered after the Calvinistic fashion, and water was procured from the nearest river to baptize infants without further ceremony, after the practice, it was pretended, of the earliest times of Christianity. Couples were also united in wedlock, and the marriage ties dissolved between others. To be present at this meeting half the population of Ghent had left its gates; their example was soon followed in other parts, and ere long spread over the whole of East Flanders. In like manner Peter Dathen, another renegade monk, from Poperingen, stirred up West Flanders; as many as fifteen thousand persons at a time attended his preaching from the villages and hamlets; their number made them bold, and they broke into the prisons, where some Anabaptists were reserved for martyrdom. In Tournay the Protestants were excited to a similar pitch of daring by Ambrosius Ville, a French Calvinist. They demanded the release of the prisoners of their sect, and repeatedly threatened if their demands were not complied with to deliver up the town to the French. It was entirely destitute of a garrison, for the commandant, from fear of treason, had withdrawn it into the castle, and the soldiers, moreover, refused to act against their fellow-citizens. The sectarians carried their audacity to such great lengths as to require one of the churches within the town to be assigned to them; and when this was refused they entered into a league with Valenciennes and Antwerp to obtain a legal recognition of their worship, after the example of the other towns, by open force. These three towns maintained a close connection with each other, and the Protestant party was equally powerful in all. While, however, no one would venture singly to commence the disturbance, they agreed simultaneously to make a beginning with public preaching. Brederode's appearance in Antwerp at last gave them courage. Six thousand persons, men and women, poured forth from the town on an appointed day, on which the same thing happened in Tournay and Valenciennes. The place of meeting was closed

in with a line of vehicles, firmly fastened together, and behind them armed men were secretly posted, with a view to protect the service from any surprise. Of the preachers, most of whom were men of the very lowest class—some were Germans, some were Huguenots—and spoke in the Walloon dialect; some even of the citizens felt themselves called upon to take a part in this sacred work, now that no fears of the officers of justice alarmed them. Many were drawn to the spot by mere curiosity to hear what kind of new and unheard-of doctrines these foreign teachers, whose arrival had caused so much talk, would set forth. Others were attracted by the melody of the psalms, which were sung in a French version, after the custom in Geneva. A great number came to hear these sermons as so many amusing comedies such was the buffoonery with which the pope, the fathers of the ecclesiastical council of Trent, purgatory, and other dogmas of the ruling church were abused in them. And, in fact, the more extravagant was this abuse and ridicule the more it tickled the ears of the lower orders; and a universal clapping of hands, as in a theatre, rewarded the speaker who had surpassed others in the wildness of his jokes and denunciations. But the ridicule which was thus cast upon the ruling church was, nevertheless, not entirely lost on the minds of the hearers, as neither were the few grains of truth or reason which occasionally slipped in among it; and many a one, who had sought from these sermons anything but conviction, unconsciously carried away a little also of it.

These assemblies were several times repeated, and each day augmented the boldness of the sectarians; till at last they even ventured, after concluding the service to conduct their preachers home in triumph, with an escort of armed horsemen, and ostentatiously to brave the law. The town council sent express after express to the duchess, entreating her to visit them in person, and if possible to reside for a short time in Antwerp, as the only expedient to curb the arrogance of the populace; and assuring her that the most eminent merchants, afraid of being plundered, were already preparing to quit it. Fear of staking the royal dignity on so hazardous a stroke of policy forbade her compliance; but she despatched in her stead Count Megen, in order to treat with the magistrate for

the introduction of a garrison. The rebellious mob, who quickly got an inkling of the object of his visit, gathered around him with tumultuous cries, shouting, "He was known to them as a sworn enemy of the Gueux; that it was notorious he was bringing upon them prisons and the Inquisition, and that he should leave the town instantly." Nor was the tumult quieted till Megen was beyond the gates. The Calvinists now handed in to the magistrate a memorial, in which they showed that their great numbers made it impossible for them henceforward to assemble in secrecy, and requested a separate place of worship to be allowed them inside the town. The town council renewed its entreaties to the duchess to assist, by her personal presence, their perplexities, or at least to send to them the Prince of Orange, as the only person for whom the people still had any respect, and, moreover, as specially bound to the town of Antwerp by his hereditary title of its burgrave. In order to escape the greater evil she was compelled to consent to the second demand, however much against her inclination to entrust Antwerp to the prince. After allowing himself to be long and fruitlessly entreated, for he had all at once resolved to take no further share in public affairs, he yielded at last to the earnest persuasions of the regent and the boisterous wishes of the people. Brederode, with a numerous retinue, came half a mile out of the town to meet him, and both parties saluted each other with a discharge of pistols. Antwerp appeared to have poured out all her inhabitants to welcome her deliverer. The high road swarmed with multitudes; the roofs were taken off the houses in order that they might accommodate more spectators; behind fences, from churchyard walls, even out of graves started up men. The attachment of the people to the prince showed itself in childish effusions. "Long live the Gueux!" was the shout with which young and old received him. "Behold," cried others, "the man who shall give us liberty." "He brings us," cried the Lutherans, "the Confession of Augsburg!" "We don't want the Gueux now!" exclaimed others; "we have no more need of the troublesome journey to Brussels. He alone is everything to us!" Those who knew not what to say vented their extravagant joy in psalms, which they vociferously chanted as they moved along. He, however, maintained his gravity, beckoned for silence, and at last, when no one would listen to him, exclaimed with indignation, half real and half affected, "By God,

they ought to consider what they did, or they would one day repent what they had now done." The shouting increased even as he rode into the town. The first conference of the prince with the heads of the different religious sects, whom he sent for and separately interrogated, presently convinced him that the chief source of the evil was the mutual distrust of the several parties, and the suspicions which the citizens entertained of the designs of the government, and that therefore it must be his first business to restore confidence among them all. First of all he attempted, both by persuasion and artifice, to induce the Calvinists, as the most numerous body, to lay down their weapons, and in this he at last, with much labor, succeeded. When, however, some wagons were soon afterwards seen laden with ammunition in Malines, and the high bailiff of Brabant showed himself frequently in the neighborhood of Antwerp with an armed force, the Calvinists, fearing hostile interruption of their religious worship, besought the prince to allot them a place within the walls for their sermons, which should be secure from a surprise. He succeeded once more in pacifying them, and his presence fortunately prevented an outbreak on the Assumption of the Virgin, which, as usual, had drawn a crowd to the town, and from whose sentiments there was but too much reason for alarm. The image of the Virgin was, with the usual pomp, carried round the town without interruption; a few words of abuse, and a suppressed murmur about idolatry, was all that the disapproving multitudes indulged in against the procession.

1566. While the regent received from one province after another the most melancholy accounts of the excesses of the Protestants, and while she trembled for Antwerp, which she was compelled to leave in the dangerous hands of the Prince of Orange, a new terror assailed her from another quarter. Upon the first authentic tidings of the public preaching she immediately called upon the league to fulfil its promises and to assist her in restoring order. Count Brederode used this pretext to summon a general meeting of the whole league, for which he could not have selected a more dangerous moment than the present. So ostentatious a display of the strength of the league, whose existence and protection had alone encouraged the Protestant mob to go the length it had already gone, would now raise the confidence of the sectarians, while in the same degree it depressed the courage of the regent. The convention took place in the town of Liege St. Truyen, into which Brederode and Louis of Nassau had thrown themselves at the head of two thousand confederates. As the long delay of the royal answer from Madrid seemed to presage no good from that quarter, they considered it advisable in any case to extort from the regent a letter of indemnity for their persons.

Those among them who were conscious of a disloyal sympathy with the Protestant mob looked on its licentiousness as a favorable circumstance for the league; the apparent success of those to whose degrading fellowship they had deigned to stoop led them to alter their tone; their former laudable zeal began to degenerate into insolence and defiance. Many thought that they ought to avail themselves of the general confusion and the perplexity of the duchess to assume a bolder tone and heap demand upon demand. The Roman Catholic members of the league, among whom many were in their hearts still strongly inclined to the royal cause, and who had been drawn into a connection with the league by occasion and example, rather than from feeling and conviction, now heard to their astonishment propositions for establishing universal freedom of religion, and were not a little shocked to discover in how perilous an enterprise they had hastily implicated themselves. On this discovery the young Count Mansfeld

withdrew immediately from it, and internal dissensions already began to undermine the work of precipitation and haste, and imperceptibly to loosen the joints of the league.

Count Egmont and William of Orange were empowered by the regent to treat with the confederates. Twelve of the latter, among whom were Louis of Nassau, Brederode, and Kuilemberg, conferred with them in Duffle, a village near Malines. "Wherefore this new step?" demanded the regent by the mouth of these two noblemen. "I was required to despatch ambassadors to Spain; and I sent them. The edicts and the Inquisition were complained of as too rigorous; I have rendered both more lenient. A general assembly of the states of the realm was proposed; I have submitted this request to the king because I could not grant it from my own authority. What, then, have I unwittingly either omitted or done that should render necessary this assembling in St. Truyen? Is it perhaps fear of the king's anger and of its consequences that disturbs the confederates? The provocation certainly is great, but his mercy is even greater. Where now is the promise of the league to excite no disturbances amongst the people? Where those high-sounding professions that they were ready to die at my feet rather, than offend against any of the prerogatives of the crown? The innovators already venture on things which border closely on rebellion, and threaten the state with destruction; and it is to the league that they appeal. If it continues silently to tolerate this it will justly bring on itself the charge of participating in the guilt of their offences; if it is honestly disposed towards the sovereign it cannot remain longer inactive in this licentiousness of the mob. But, in truth, does it not itself outstrip the insane population by its dangerous example, concluding, as it is known to do, alliances with the enemies of the country, and confirming the evil report of its designs by the present illegal meeting?"

Against these reproaches the league formally justified itself in a memorial which it deputed three of its members to deliver to the council of state at Brussels.

"All," it commenced, "that your highness has done in respect to our petition

we have felt with the most lively gratitude; and we cannot complain of any new measure, subsequently adopted, inconsistent with your promise; but we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the orders of your highness are by the judicial courts, at least, very little regarded; for we are continually hearing—and our own eyes attest to the truth of the report—that in all quarters our fellow-citizens are in spite of the orders of your highness still mercilessly dragged before the courts of justice and condemned to death for religion. What the league engaged on its part to do it has honestly fulfilled; it has, too, to the utmost of its power endeavored to prevent the public preachings; but it certainly is no wonder if the long delay of an answer from Madrid fills the mind of the people with distrust, and if the disappointed hopes of a general assembly of the states disposes them to put little faith in any further assurances. The league has never allied, nor ever felt any temptation to ally, itself with the enemies of the country. If the arms of France were to appear in the provinces we, the confederates, would be the first to mount and drive them back again. The league, however, desires to be candid with your highness. We thought we read marks of displeasure in your countenance; we see men in exclusive possession of your favor who are notorious for their hatred against us. We daily hear that persons are warned from associating with us, as with those infected with the plague, while we are denounced with the arrival of the king as with the opening of a day of judgment—what is more natural than that such distrust shown to us should at last rouse our own? That the attempt to blacken our league with the reproach of treason, that the warlike preparations of the Duke of Savoy and of other princes, which, according to common report, are directed against ourselves; the negotiations of the king with the French court to obtain a passage through that kingdom for a Spanish army, which is destined, it is said, for the Netherlands—what wonder if these and similar occurrences should have stimulated us to think in time of the means of self-defence, and to strengthen ourselves by an alliance with our friends beyond the frontier? On a general, uncertain, and vague rumor we are accused of a share in this licentiousness of the Protestant mob; but who is safe from general rumor? True it is, certainly, that of our numbers some are Protestants, to whom religious toleration would be a welcome boon; but even they have never forgotten what

they owe to their sovereign. It is not fear of the king's anger which instigated us to hold this assembly. The king is good, and we still hope that he is also just. It cannot, therefore, be pardon that we seek from him, and just as little can it be oblivion that we solicit for our actions, which are far from being the least considerable of the services we have at different times rendered his majesty. Again, it is true, that the delegates of the Lutherans and Calvinists are with us in St. Truyen; nay, more, they have delivered to us a petition which, annexed to this memorial, we here present to your highness. In it they offer to go unarmed to their preachings if the league will tender its security to them, and be willing to engage for a general meeting of the states. We have thought it incumbent upon us to communicate both these matters to you, for our guarantee can have no force unless it is at the same time confirmed by your highness and some of your principal counsellors. Among these no one can be so well acquainted with the circumstances of our cause, or be so upright in intention towards us, as the Prince of Orange and Counts Horn and Egmont. We gladly accept these three as mediators if the necessary powers are given to them, and assurance is afforded us that no troops will be enlisted without their knowledge. This guarantee, however, we only require for a given period, before the expiration of which it will rest with the king whether he will cancel or confirm it for the future. If the first should be his will it will then be but fair that time should be allowed us to place our persons and our property in security; for this three weeks will be sufficient. Finally, and in conclusion, we on our part also pledge ourselves to undertake nothing new without the concurrence of those three persons, our mediators."

The league would not have ventured to hold such bold language if it had not reckoned on powerful support and protection; but the regent was as little in a condition to concede their demands as she was incapable of vigorously opposing them. Deserted in Brussels by most of her counsellors of state, who had either departed to their provinces, or under some pretext or other had altogether withdrawn from public affairs; destitute as well of advisers as of money (the latter want had compelled her, in the first instance, to appeal to the liberality of

the clergy; when this proved insufficient, to have recourse to a lottery), dependent on orders from Spain, which were ever expected and never received, she was at last reduced to the degrading expedient of entering into a negotiation with the confederates in St. Truyen, that they should wait twenty-four days longer for the king's resolution before they took any further steps. It was certainly surprising that the king still continued to delay a decisive answer to the petition, although it was universally known that he had answered letters of a much later date, and that the regent earnestly importuned him on this head. She had also, on the commencement of the public preaching, immediately despatched the Marquis of Bergen after the Baron of Montigny, who, as an eye-witness of these new occurrences, could confirm her written statements, to move the king to an earlier decision.

1566. In the meanwhile, the Flemish ambassador, Florence of Montigny, had arrived in Madrid, where he was received with a great show of consideration. His instructions were to press for the abolition of the Inquisition and the mitigation of the edicts; the augmentation of the council of state, and the incorporation with it of the two other councils; the calling of a general assembly of the states, and, lastly, to urge the solicitations of the regent for a personal visit from the king. As the latter, however, was only desirous of gaining time, Montigny was put off with fair words until the arrival of his coadjutor, without whom the king was not willing to come to any final determination. In the meantime, Montigny had every day and at any hour that he desired, an audience with the king, who also commanded that on all occasions the despatches of the duchess and the answers to them should be communicated to himself. He was, too, frequently admitted to the council for Belgian affairs, where he never omitted to call the king's attention to the necessity of a general assembly of the states, as being the only means of successfully meeting the troubles which had arisen, and as likely to supersede the necessity of any other measure. He moreover impressed upon him that a general and unreserved indemnity for the past would alone eradicate the distrust, which was the source of all existing

complaints, and would always counteract the good effects of every measure, however well advised. He ventured, from a thorough acquaintance with circumstances and accurate knowledge of the character of his countrymen, to pledge himself to the king for their inviolable loyalty, as soon as they should be convinced of the honesty of his intentions by the straightforwardness of his proceedings; while, on the contrary, he assured him that there would be no hopes of it as long as they were not relieved of the fear of being made the victims of the oppression, and sacrificed to the envy of the Spanish nobles. At last Montigny's coadjutor made his appearance, and the objects of their embassy were made the subject of repeated deliberations.

1566. The king was at that time at his palace at Segovia, where also he assembled his state council. The members were: the Duke of Alva; Don Gomez de Figueroa; the Count of Feria; Don Antonio of Toledo, Grand Commander of St. John; Don John Manriquez of Lara, Lord Steward to the Queen; Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli and Count of Melito; Louis of Quixada, Master of the Horse to the Prince; Charles Tyssenacque, President of the Council for the Netherlands; Hopper, State Counsellor and Keeper of the Seal; and State Counsellor Corteville. The sitting of the council was protracted for several days; both ambassadors were in attendance, but the king was not himself present. Here, then, the conduct of the Belgian nobles was examined by Spanish eyes; step by step it was traced back to the most distant source; circumstances were brought into relation with others which, in reality, never had any connection; and what had been the offspring of the moment was made out to be a well-matured and far-sighted plan. All the different transactions and attempts of the nobles which had been governed solely by chance, and to which the natural order of events alone assigned their particular shape and succession, were said to be the result of a preconcerted scheme for introducing universal liberty in religion, and for placing all the power of the state in the hands of the nobles. The first step to this end was, it was said, the violent expulsion of the minister Granvella, against whom nothing could be charged, except that he was in possession of an authority

which they preferred to exercise themselves. The second step was sending Count Egmont to Spain to urge the abolition of the Inquisition and the mitigation of the penal statutes, and to prevail on the king to consent to an augmentation of the council of state. As, however, this could not be surreptitiously obtained in so quiet a manner, the attempt was made to extort it from the court by a third and more daring step—by a formal conspiracy, the league of the Gueux. The fourth step to the same end was the present embassy, which at length boldly cast aside the mask, and by the insane proposals which they were not ashamed to make to their king, clearly brought to light the object to which all the preceding steps had tended. Could the abolition of the Inquisition, they exclaimed, lead to anything less than a complete freedom of belief? Would not the guiding helm of conscience be lost with it? Did not the proposed "moderation" introduce an absolute impunity for all heresies? What was the project of augmenting the council of state and of suppressing the two other councils but a complete remodelling of the government of the country in favor of the nobles?—a general constitution for all the provinces of the Netherlands? Again, what was this compact of the ecclesiastics in their public preachings but a third conspiracy, entered into with the very same objects which the league of the nobles in the council of state and that of the Gueux had failed to effect?

However, it was confessed that whatever might be the source of the evil it was not on that account the less important and imminent. The immediate personal presence of the king in Brussels was, indubitably, the most efficacious means speedily and thoroughly to remedy it. As, however, it was already so late in the year, and the preparations alone for the journey would occupy the short time which was to elapse before the winter set in; as the stormy season of the year, as well as the danger from French and English ships, which rendered the sea unsafe, did not allow of the king's taking the northern route, which was the shorter of the two; as the rebels themselves meanwhile might become possessed of the island of Walcheren, and oppose the landing of the king; for all these reasons, the journey was not to be thought of before the spring, and in absence of the only complete remedy it was necessary to rest satisfied with a partial

expedient. The council, therefore, agreed to propose to the king, in the first place, that he should recall the papal Inquisition from the provinces and rest satisfied with that of the bishops; in the second place, that a new plan for the mitigation of the edicts should be projected, by which the honor of religion and of the king would be better preserved than it had been in the transmitted "moderation;" thirdly, that in order to reassure the minds of the people, and to leave no means untried, the king should impart to the regent full powers to extend free grace and pardon to all those who had not already committed any heinous crime, or who had not as yet been condemned by any judicial process; but from the benefit of this indemnity the preachers and all who harbored them were to be excepted. On the other hand, all leagues, associations, public assemblies, and preachings were to be henceforth prohibited under heavy penalties; if, however, this prohibition should be infringed, the regent was to be at liberty to employ the regular troops and garrisons for the forcible reduction of the refractory, and also, in case of necessity, to enlist new troops, and to name the commanders over them according as should be deemed advisable. Finally, it would have a good effect if his majesty would write to the most eminent towns, prelates, and leaders of the nobility, to some in his own hand, and to all in a gracious tone, in order to stimulate their zeal in his service.

When this resolution of his council of state was submitted to the king his first measure was to command public processions and prayers in all the most considerable places of the kingdom and also of the Netherlands, imploring the Divine guidance in his decision. He appeared in his own person in the council of state in order to approve this resolution and render it effective. He declared the general assembly of the states to be useless and entirely abolished it. He, however, bound himself to retain some German regiments in his pay, and, that they might serve with the more zeal, to pay them their long-standing arrears. He commanded the regent in a private letter to prepare secretly for war; three thousand horse and ten thousand infantry were to be assembled by her in Germany, to which end he furnished her with the necessary letters and transmitted to her a sum of three hundred thousand gold florins. He also

accompanied this resolution with several autograph letters to some private individuals and towns, in which he thanked them in the most gracious terms for the zeal which they had already displayed in his service and called upon them to manifest the same for the future. Notwithstanding that he was inexorable on the most important point, and the very one on which the nation most particularly insisted—the convocation of the states, notwithstanding that his limited and ambiguous pardon was as good as none, and depended too much on arbitrary will to calm the public mind; notwithstanding, in fine, that he rejected, as too lenient, the proposed "moderation," but which, on the part of the people, was complained of as too severe; still he had this time made an unwonted step in the favor of the nation; he had sacrificed to it the papal Inquisition and left only the episcopal, to which it was accustomed. The nation had found more equitable judges in the Spanish council than they could reasonably have hoped for. Whether at another time and under other circumstances this wise concession would have had the desired effect we will not pretend to say. It came too late; when (1566) the royal letters reached Brussels the attack on images had already commenced.

BOOK IV.

THE ICONOCLASTS.

The springs of this extraordinary occurrence are plainly not to be sought for so far back as many historians affect to trace them. It is certainly possible, and very probable, that the French Protestants did industriously exert themselves to raise in the Netherlands a nursery for their religion, and to prevent by all means in their power an amicable adjustment of differences between their brethren in the faith in that quarter and the King of Spain, in order to give that implacable foe of their party enough to do in his own country. It is natural, therefore, to suppose that their agents in the provinces left nothing undone to encourage their oppressed brethren with daring hopes, to nourish their animosity against the ruling church, and by exaggerating the oppression under which they sighed to hurry them imperceptibly into illegal courses. It is possible, too, that there were many among the confederates who thought to help out their own lost cause by increasing the number of their partners in guilt; who thought they could not otherwise maintain the legal character of their league unless the unfortunate results against which they had warned the king really came to pass, and who hoped in the general guilt of all to conceal their own individual criminality. It is, however, incredible that the outbreak of the Iconoclasts was the fruit of a

deliberate plan, preconcerted, as it is alleged, at the convent of St. Truyen. It does not seem likely that in a solemn assembly of so many nobles and warriors, of whom the greater part were the adherents of popery, an individual should be found insane enough to propose an act of positive infamy, which did not so much injure any religious party in particular, as rather tread under foot all respect for religion in general, and even all morality too, and which could have been conceived only in the mind of the vilest reprobate. Besides, this outrage was too sudden in its outbreak, too vehement in its execution altogether, too monstrous to have been anything more than the offspring of the moment in which it saw the light; it seemed to flow so naturally from the circumstances which preceded it that it does not require to be traced far back to remount to its origin.

A rude mob, consisting of the very dregs of the populace, made brutal by harsh treatment, by sanguinary decrees which dogged them in every town, scared from place to place and driven almost to despair, were compelled to worship their God, and to hide like a work of darkness the universal, sacred privilege of humanity. Before their eyes proudly rose the temples of the dominant church, in which their haughty brethren indulged in ease their magnificent devotion, while they themselves were driven from the walls, expelled, too, by the weaker number perhaps, and forced, here in the wild woods, under the burning heat of noon, in disgraceful secrecy to worship the same God; cast out from civil society into a state of nature, and reminded in one dread moment of the rights of that state! The greater their superiority of numbers the more unnatural did their lot appear; with wonder they perceive the truth. The free heaven, the arms lying ready, the frenzy in their brains and fury in their hearts combine to aid the suggestions of some preaching fanatic; the occasion calls; no premeditation is necessary where all eyes at once declare consent; the resolution is formed ere yet the word is scarcely uttered; ready for any unlawful act, no one yet clearly knows what, the furious band rushes onwards. The smiling prosperity of the hostile religion insults the poverty of their own; the pomp of the authorized temples casts contempt on their proscribed belief; every

cross they set up upon the highway, every image of the saints that they meet, is a trophy erected over their own humiliation, and they all must be removed by their avenging hands. Fanaticism suggests these detestable proceedings, but base passions carry them into execution.

1566. The commencement of the attack on images took place in West Flanders and Artois, in the districts between Lys and the sea. A frantic herd of artisans, boatmen, and peasants, mixed with prostitutes, beggars, vagabonds, and thieves, about three hundred in number, furnished with clubs, axes, hammers, ladders, and cords (a few only were provided with swords or fire arms), cast themselves, with fanatical fury, into the villages and hamlets near St. Omer, and breaking open the gates of such churches and cloisters as they find locked, overthrow everywhere the altars, break to pieces the images of the saints, and trample them under foot. With their excitement increased by its indulgence, and reinforced by newcomers, they press on by the direct road to Ypres, where they can count on the support of a strong body of Calvinists. Unopposed, they break into the cathedral, and mounting on ladders they hammer to pieces the pictures, hew down with axes the pulpits and pews, despoil the altars of their ornaments, and steal the holy vessels. This example was quickly followed in Menin, Comines, Verrich, Lille, and Oudenard; in a few days the same fury spreads through the whole of Flanders. At the very time when the first tidings of this occurrence arrived Antwerp was swarming with a crowd of houseless people, which the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin had brought together in that city. Even the presence of the Prince of Orange was hardly sufficient to restrain the licentious mob, who burned to imitate the doings of their brethren in St. Omer; but an order from the court which summoned him to Brussels, where the regent was just assembling her council of state, in order to lay before them the royal letters, obliged him to abandon Antwerp to the outrages of this band. His departure was the signal for tumult. Apprehensive of the lawless violence of which, on the very first day of the festival, the mob had given indications in derisory allusions, the priests, after carrying about the image of the Virgin for a

short time, brought it for safety to the choir, without, as formerly, setting it up in the middle of the church. This incited some mischievous boys from among the people to pay it a visit there, and jokingly inquire why she had so soon absented herself from among them? Others mounting the pulpit, mimicked the preacher, and challenged the papists to a dispute. A Roman Catholic waterman, indignant at this jest, attempted to pull them down, and blows were exchanged in the preacher's seat. Similar scenes occurred on the following evening. The numbers increased, and many came already provided with suspicious implements and secret weapons. At last it came into the head of one of them to cry, "Long live the Gueux!" immediately the whole band took up the cry, and the image of the Virgin was called upon to do the same. The few Roman Catholics who were present, and who had given up the hope of effecting anything against these desperadoes, left the church after locking all the doors except one. So soon as they found themselves alone it was proposed to sing one of the psalms in the new version, which was prohibited by the government. While they were yet singing they all, as at a given signal, rushed furiously upon the image of the Virgin, piercing it with swords and daggers, and striking off its head; thieves and prostitutes tore the great wax-lights from the altar, and lighted them to the work. The beautiful organ of the church, a masterpiece of the art of that period, was broken to pieces, all the paintings were effaced, the statues smashed to atoms. A crucifix, the size of life, which was set up between the two thieves, opposite the high altar, an ancient and highly valued piece of workmanship, was pulled to the ground with cords, and cut to pieces with axes, while the two malefactors at its side were respectfully spared. The holy wafers were strewed on the ground and trodden under foot; in the wine used for the Lord's Supper, which was accidentally found there, the health of the Gueux was drunk, while with the holy oil they rubbed their shoes. The very tombs were opened, and the half-decayed corpses torn up and trampled on. All this was done with as much wonderful regularity as if each had previously had his part assigned to him; every one worked into his neighbor's hands; no one, dangerous as the work was, met with injury; in the midst of thick darkness, which the tapers only served to render more sensible, with heavy masses falling on all sides, and though on the very

topmost steps of the ladders, they scuffled with each other for the honors of demolition—yet no one suffered the least injury. In spite of the many tapers which lighted them below in their villanous work not a single individual was recognized. With incredible rapidity was the dark deed accomplished; a number of men, at most a hundred, despoiled in a few hours a temple of seventy altars—after St. Peter's at Rome, perhaps the largest and most magnificent in Christendom.

The devastation of the cathedral did not content them; with torches and tapers purloined from it they set out at midnight to perform a similar work of havoc on the remaining churches, cloisters, and chapels. The destructive hordes increased with every fresh exploit of infamy, and thieves were allured by the opportunity. They carried away whatever they found of value—the consecrated vessels, altar-cloths, money, and vestments; in the cellars of the cloisters they drank to intoxication; to escape greater indignities the monks and nuns abandoned everything to them. The confused noises of these riotous acts had startled the citizens from their first sleep; but night made the danger appear more alarming than it really was, and instead of hastening to defend their churches the citizens fortified themselves in their houses, and in terror and anxiety awaited the dawn of morning. The rising sun at length revealed the devastation which had been going on during the night; but the havoc did not terminate with the darkness. Some churches and cloisters still remained uninjured; the same fate soon overtook them also. The work of destruction lasted three whole days. Alarmed at last lest the frantic mob, when it could no longer find anything sacred to destroy, should make a similar attack on lay property and plunder their ware houses; and encouraged, too, by discovering how small was the number of the depredators, the wealthier citizens ventured to show themselves in arms at the doors of their houses. All the gates of the town were locked but one, through which the Iconoclasts broke forth to renew the same atrocities in the rural districts. On one occasion only during all this time did the municipal officers venture to exert their authority, so strongly were they held in awe by the superior power of the Calvinists, by whom, as it was believed, this mob of miscreants was hired. The

injury inflicted by this work of devastation was incalculable. In the church of the Virgin it was estimated at not less than four hundred thousand gold florins. Many precious works of art were destroyed; many valuable manuscripts; many monuments of importance to history and to diplomacy were thereby lost. The city magistrate ordered the plundered articles to be restored on pain of death; in enforcing this restitution he was effectually assisted by the preachers of the Reformers, who blushed for their followers. Much was in this manner recovered, and the ringleaders of the mob, less animated, perhaps, by the desire of plunder than by fanaticism and revenge, or perhaps being ruled by some unseen head, resolved for the future to guard against these excesses, and to make their attacks in regular bands and in better order.

The town of Ghent, meanwhile, trembled for a like destiny. Immediately on the first news of the outbreak of the Iconoclasts in Antwerp the magistrate of the former town with the most eminent citizens had bound themselves to repel by force the church spoilers; when this oath was proposed to the commonalty also the voices were divided, and many declared openly that they were by no means disposed to hinder so devout a work. In this state of affairs the Roman Catholic clergy found it advisable to deposit in the citadel the most precious movables of their churches, and private families were permitted in like manner to provide for the safety of offerings which had been made by their ancestors. Meanwhile all the services were discontinued, the courts of justice were closed; and, like a town in momentary danger of being stormed by the enemy, men trembled in expectation of what was to come. At last an insane band of rioters ventured to send delegates to the governor with this impudent message: "They were ordered," they said, "by their chiefs to take the images out of the churches, as had been done in the other towns. If they were not opposed it should be done quietly and with as little injury as possible, but otherwise they would storm the churches;" nay, they went so far in their audacity as to ask the aid of the officers of justice therein. At first the magistrate was astounded at this demand; upon reflection, however, and in the hope that the presence of the officers of law would perhaps restrain their excesses, he did not scruple to grant their request.

In Tournay the churches were despoiled of their ornaments within sight of the garrison, who could not be induced to march against the Iconoclasts. As the latter had been told that the gold and silver vessels and other ornaments of the church were buried underground, they turned up the whole floor, and exposed, among others, the body of the Duke Adolph of Gueldres, who fell in battle at the head of the rebellious burghers of Ghent, and had been buried herein Tournay. This Adolph had waged war against his father, and had dragged the vanquished old man some miles barefoot to prison—an indignity which Charles the Bold afterwards retaliated on him. And now, again, after more than half a century fate avenged a crime against nature by another against religion; fanaticism was to desecrate that which was holy in order to expose once more to execration the bones of a parricide. Other Iconoclasts from Valenciennes united themselves with those of Tournay to despoil all the cloisters of the surrounding district, during which a valuable library, the accumulation of centuries, was destroyed by fire. The evil soon penetrated into Brabant, also Malines, Herzogenbusch, Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom experienced the same fate. The provinces, Namur and Luxemburg, with a part of Artois and of Hainault, had alone the good fortune to escape the contagion of those outrages. In the short period of four or five days four hundred cloisters were plundered in Brabant and Flanders alone.

The northern Netherlands were soon seized with the same mania which had raged so violently through the southern. The Dutch towns, Amsterdam, Leyden, and Gravenhaag, had the alternative of either voluntarily stripping their churches of their ornaments, or of seeing them violently torn from there; the determination of their magistrates saved Delft, Haarlem, Gouda, and Rotterdam from the devastation. The same acts of violence were practised also in the islands of Zeeland; the town of Utrecht and many places in Overijssel and Groningen suffered the same storms. Friesland was protected by the Count of Aremberg, and Gueldres by the Count of Megen from a like fate. An exaggerated report of these disturbances which came in from the provinces spread the alarm to Brussels, where the regent had just made preparations for an extraordinary session of the council of state. Swarms of Iconoclasts already penetrated into

Brabant; and the metropolis, where they were certain of powerful support, was threatened by them with a renewal of the same atrocities then under the very eyes of majesty. The regent, in fear for her personal safety, which, even in the heart of the country, surrounded by provincial governors and Knights of the Fleece, she fancied insecure, was already meditating a flight to Mons, in Hainault, which town the Duke of Arschot held for her as a place of refuge, that she might not be driven to any undignified concession by falling into the power of the Iconoclasts. In vain did the knights pledge life and blood for her safety, and urgently beseech her not to expose them to disgrace by so dishonorable a flight, as though they were wanting in courage or zeal to protect their princess; to no purpose did the town of Brussels itself supplicate her not to abandon them in this extremity, and vainly did the council of state make the most impressive representations that so pusillanimous a step would not fail to encourage still more the insolence of the rebels; she remained immovable in this desperate condition. As messenger after messenger arrived to warn her that the Iconoclasts were advancing against the metropolis, she issued orders to hold everything in readiness for her flight, which was to take place quietly with the first approach of morning. At break of day the aged Viglius presented himself before her, whom, with the view of gratifying the nobles, she had been long accustomed to neglect. He demanded to know the meaning of the preparations he observed, upon which she at last confessed that she intended to make her escape, and assured him that he would himself do well to secure his own safety by accompanying her. "It is now two years," said the old man to her, "that you might have anticipated these results. Because I have spoken more freely than your courtiers you have closed your princely ear to me, which has been open only to pernicious suggestions." The regent allowed that she had been in fault, and had been blinded by an appearance of probity; but that she was now driven by necessity. "Are you resolved," answered Viglius, "resolutely to insist upon obedience to the royal commands?" "I am," answered the duchess. "Then have recourse to the great secret of the art of government, to dissimulation, and pretend to join the princes until, with their assistance, you have repelled this storm. Show them a confidence which you are far from feeling in your heart.

Make them take an oath to you that they will make common cause in resisting these disorders. Trust those as your friends who show themselves willing to do it; but be careful to avoid frightening away the others by contemptuous treatment." Viglius kept the regent engaged in conversation until the princes arrived, who he was quite certain would in nowise consent to her flight. When they appeared he quietly withdrew in order to issue commands to the town council to close the gates of the city and prohibit egress to every one connected with the court. This last measure effected more than all the representations had done. The regent, who saw herself a prisoner in her own capital, now yielded to the persuasions of the nobles, who pledged themselves to stand by her to the last drop of blood. She made Count Mansfeld commandant of the town, who hastily increased the garrison and armed her whole court.

The state council was now held, who finally came to a resolution that it was expedient to yield to the emergency; to permit the preachings in those places where they had already commenced; to make known the abolition of the papal Inquisition; to declare the old edicts against the heretics repealed, and before all things to grant the required indemnity to the confederate nobles, without limitation or condition. At the same time the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, with some others, were appointed to confer on this head with the deputies of the league. Solemnly and in the most unequivocal terms the members of the league were declared free from all responsibility by reason of the petition which had been presented, and all royal officers and authorities were enjoined to act in conformity with this assurance, and neither now nor for the future to inflict any injury upon any of the confederates on account of the said petition. In return, the confederates bound themselves to be true and loyal servants of his majesty, to contribute to the utmost of their power to the re-establishment of order and the punishment of the Iconiclasts, to prevail on the people to lay down their arms, and to afford active assistance to the king against internal and foreign enemies. Securities, formally drawn up and subscribed by the plenipotentiaries of both sides, were exchanged between them; the letter of indemnity, in particular, was signed by the duchess with her own hand and attested by her seal. It was only

after a severe struggle, and with tears in her eyes, that the regent, as she tremblingly confessed to the king, was at last induced to consent to this painful step. She threw the whole blame upon the nobles, who had kept her a prisoner in Brussels and compelled her to it by force. Above all she complained bitterly of the Prince of Orange.

This business accomplished, all the governors hastened to their provinces; Egmont to Flanders, Orange to Antwerp. In the latter city the Protestants had seized the despoiled and plundered churches, and, as if by the rights of war, had taken possession of them. The prince restored them to their lawful owners, gave orders for their repair, and re-established in them the Roman Catholic form of worship. Three of the Iconoclasts, who had been convicted, paid the penalty of their sacrilege on the gallows; some of the rioters were banished, and many others underwent punishment. Afterwards he assembled four deputies of each dialect, or nations, as they were termed, and agreed with them that, as the approaching winter made preaching in the open air impossible, three places within the town should be granted them, where they might either erect new churches, or convert private houses to that purpose. That they should there perform their service every Sunday and holiday, and always at the same hour, but on no other days. If, however, no holiday happened in the week, Wednesday should be kept by them instead. No religious party should maintain more than two clergymen, and these must be native Netherlanders, or at least have received naturalization from some considerable town of the provinces. All should take an oath to submit in civil matters to the municipal authorities and the Prince of Orange. They should be liable, like the other citizens, to all imposts. No one should attend sermons armed; a sword, however, should be allowed to each. No preacher should assail the ruling religion from the pulpit, nor enter upon controverted points, beyond what the doctrine itself rendered unavoidable, or what might refer to morals. No psalm should be sung by them out of their appointed district. At the election of their preachers, churchwardens, and deacons, as also at all their other consistorial meetings, a person from the government should on each occasion be present to report their proceedings to the

prince and the magistrate. As to all other points they should enjoy the same protection as the ruling religion. This arrangement was to hold good until the king, with consent of the states, should determine otherwise; but then it should be free to every one to quit the country with his family and his property. From Antwerp the prince hastened to Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, in order to make there similar arrangements for the restoration of peace; Antwerp, however, was, during his absence, entrusted to the superintendence of Count Howstraten, who was a mild man, and although an adherent of the league, had never failed in loyalty to the king. It is evident that in this agreement the prince had far overstepped the powers entrusted to him, and though in the service of the king had acted exactly like a sovereign lord. But he alleged in excuse that it would be far easier to the magistrate to watch these numerous and powerful sects if he himself interfered in their worship, and if this took place under his eyes, than if he were to leave the sectarians to themselves in the open air.

In Gueldres Count Megen showed more severity, and entirely suppressed the Protestant sects and banished all their preachers. In Brussels the regent availed herself of the advantage derived from her personal presence to put a stop to the public preaching, even outside the town. When, in reference to this, Count Nassau reminded her in the name of the confederates of the compact which had been entered into, and demanded if the town of Brussels had inferior rights to the other towns? she answered, if there were public preachings in Brussels before the treaty, it was not her work if they were now discontinued. At the same time, however, she secretly gave the citizens to understand that the first who should venture to attend a public sermon should certainly be hung. Thus she kept the capital at least faithful to her.

It was more difficult to quiet Tournay, which office was committed to Count Horn, in the place of Montigny, to whose government the town properly belonged. Horn commanded the Protestants to vacate the churches immediately, and to content themselves with a house of worship outside the walls. To this their preachers objected that the churches were erected for the use of the people,

by which terms, they said, not the heads but the majority were meant. If they were expelled from the Roman Catholic churches it was at least fair that they should be furnished with money for erecting churches of their own. To this the magistrate replied even if the Catholic party was the weaker it was indisputably the better. The erection of churches should not be forbidden them; they could not, however, after the injury which the town had already suffered from their brethren, the Iconoclasts, very well expect that it should be further burdened by the erection of their churches. After long quarrelling on both sides, the Protestants contrived to retain possession of some churches, which, for greater security, they occupied with guards. In Valenciennes, too, the Protestants refused submission to the conditions which were offered to them through Philip St. Aldegonde, Baron of Noircarnes, to whom, in the absence of the Marquis of Bergen, the government of that place was entrusted. A reformed preacher, La Grange, a Frenchman by birth, who by his eloquence had gained a complete command over them, urged them to insist on having churches of their own within the town, and to threaten in case of refusal to deliver it up to the Huguenots. A sense of the superior numbers of the Calvinists, and of their understanding with the Huguenots, prevented the governor adopting forcible measures against them.

Count Egmont, also to manifest his zeal for the king's service, did violence to his natural kind-heartedness. Introducing a garrison into the town of Ghent, he caused some of the most refractory rebels to be put to death. The churches were reopened, the Roman Catholic worship renewed, and all foreigners, without exception, ordered to quit the province. To the Calvinists, but to them alone, a site was granted outside the town for the erection of a church. In return they were compelled to pledge themselves to the most rigid obedience to the municipal authorities, and to active co-operation in the proceedings against the Iconoclasts. He pursued similar measures through all Flanders and Artois. One of his noblemen, John Cassembrot, Baron of Beckerzeel, and a leaguer, pursuing the Iconoclasts at the head of some horsemen of the league, surprised a band of them just as they were about to break into a town of Hainault, near Grammont,

in Flanders, and took thirty of them prisoners, of whom twenty-two were hung upon the spot, and the rest whipped out of the province.

Services of such importance one would have thought scarcely deserved to be rewarded with the displeasure of the king; what Orange, Egmont, and Horn performed on this occasion evinced at least as much zeal and had as beneficial a result as anything that was accomplished by Noircarnes, Megen, and Aremberg, to whom the king vouchsafed to show his gratitude both by words and deeds. But their zeal, their services came too late. They had spoken too loudly against his edicts, had been too vehement in their opposition to his measures, had insulted him too grossly in the person of his minister Granvella, to leave room for forgiveness. No time, no repentance, no atonement, however great, could efface this one offence from the memory of their sovereign.

Philip lay sick at Segovia when the news of the outbreak of the Iconoclasts and the uncatholic agreement entered into with the Reformers reached him. At the same time the regent renewed her urgent entreaty for his personal visit, of which also all the letters treated, which the President Viglius exchanged with his friend Hopper. Many also of the Belgian nobles addressed special letters to the king, as, for instance, Egmont, Mansfeld, Megen, Aremberg, Noircarnes, and Barlaimont, in which they reported the state of their provinces, and at once explained and justified the arrangements they had made with the disaffected. Just at this period a letter arrived from the German Emperor, in which he recommended Philip to act with clemency towards his Belgian subjects, and offered his mediation in the matter. He had also written direct to the regent herself in Brussels, and added letters to the several leaders of the nobility, which, however, were never delivered. Having conquered the first anger which this hateful occurrence had excited, the king referred the whole matter to his council.

The party of Granvella, which had the preponderance in the council, was diligent in tracing a close connection between the behavior of the Flemish nobles and the excesses of the church desecrators, which showed itself in similarity of the demands of both parties, and especially the time which the latter chose for

their outbreak. In the same month, they observed, in which the nobles had sent in their three articles of pacification, the Iconoclasts had commenced their work; on the evening of the very day that Orange quitted Antwerp the churches too were plundered. During the whole tumult not a finger was lifted to take up arms; all the expedients employed were invariably such as turned to the advantage of the sects, while, on the contrary, all others were neglected which tended to the maintenance of the pure faith. Many of the Iconoclasts, it was further said, had confessed that all that they had done was with the knowledge and consent of the princes; though surely nothing was more natural, than for such worthless wretches to seek to screen with great names a crime which they had undertaken solely on their own account. A writing also was produced in which the high nobility were made to promise their services to the "Gueux," to procure the assembly of the states general, the genuineness of which, however, the former strenuously denied. Four different seditious parties were, they said, to be noticed in the Netherlands, which were all more or less connected with one another, and all worked towards a common end. One of these was those bands of reprobates who desecrated the churches; a second consisted of the various sects who had hired the former to perform their infamous acts; the "Gueux," who had raised themselves to be the defenders of the sects were the third; and the leading nobles who were inclined to the "Gueux" by feudal connections, relationship, and friendship, composed the fourth. All, consequently, were alike fatally infected, and all equally guilty. The government had not merely to guard against a few isolated members; it had to contend with the whole body. Since, then, it was ascertained that the people were the seduced party, and the encouragement to rebellion came from higher quarters, it would be wise and expedient to alter the plan hitherto adopted, which now appeared defective in several respects. Inasmuch as all classes had been oppressed without distinction, and as much of severity shown to the lower orders as of contempt to the nobles, both had been compelled to lend support to one another; a party had been given to the latter and leaders to the former. Unequal treatment seemed an infallible expedient to separate them; the mob, always timid and indolent when not goaded by the extremity of distress, would very soon desert its adored protectors and quickly

learn to see in their fate well-merited retribution if only it was not driven to share it with them. It was therefore proposed to the king to treat the great multitude for the future with more leniency, and to direct all measures of severity against the leaders of the faction. In order, however, to avoid the appearance of a disgraceful concession, it was considered advisable to accept the mediation of the Emperor, and to impute to it alone and not to the justice of their demands, that the king out of pure generosity had granted to his Belgian subjects as much as they asked.

The question of the king's personal visit to the provinces was now again mooted, and all the difficulties which had formerly been raised on this head appeared to vanish before the present emergency. "Now," said Tyssenacque and Hopper, "the juncture has really arrived at which the king, according to his own declaration formerly made to Count Egmont, will be ready to risk a thousand lives. To restore quiet to Ghent Charles V. had undertaken a troublesome and dangerous journey through an enemy's country. This was done for the sake of a single town; and now the peace, perhaps even the possession, of all the United Provinces was at stake." This was the opinion of the majority; and the journey of the king was looked upon as a matter from which he could not possibly any longer escape.

The question now was, whether he should enter upon it with a numerous body of attendants or with few; and here the Prince of Eboli and Count Figueroa were at issue with the Duke of Alva, as their private interests clashed. If the king journeyed at the head of an army the presence of the Duke of Alva would be indispensable, who, on the other hand, if matters were peaceably adjusted, would be less required, and must make room for his rivals. "An army," said Figueroa, who spoke first, "would alarm the princes through whose territories it must march, and perhaps even be opposed by them; it would, moreover, unnecessarily burden the provinces for whose tranquillization it was intended, and add a new grievance to the many which had already driven the people to such lengths. It would press indiscriminately upon all of the king's subjects, whereas a court of justice, peaceably administering its office, would observe a marked distinction

between the innocent and the guilty. The unwonted violence of the former course would tempt the leaders of the faction to take a more alarming view of their behavior, in which wantonness and levity had the chief share, and consequently induce them to proceed with deliberation and union; the thought of having forced the king to such lengths would plunge them into despair, in which they would be ready to undertake anything. If the king placed himself in arms against the rebels he would forfeit the most important advantage which he possessed over them, namely, his authority as sovereign of the country, which would prove the more powerful in proportion as he showed his reliance upon that alone. He would place himself thereby, as it were, on a level with the rebels, who on their side would not be at a loss to raise an army, as the universal hatred of the Spanish forces would operate in their favor with the nation. By this procedure the king would exchange the certain advantage which his position as sovereign of the country conferred upon him for the uncertain result of military operations, which, result as they might, would of necessity destroy a portion of his own subjects. The rumor of his hostile approach would outrun him time enough to allow all who were conscious of a bad cause to place themselves in a posture of defence, and to combine and render availing both their foreign and domestic resources. Here again the general alarm would do them important service; the uncertainty who would be the first object of this warlike approach would drive even the less guilty to the general mass of the rebels, and force those to become enemies to the king who otherwise would never have been so. If, however, he was coming among them without such a formidable accompaniment; if his appearance was less that of a sanguinary judge than of an angry parent, the courage of all good men would rise, and the bad would perish in their own security. They would persuade themselves what had happened was unimportant; that it did not appear to the king of sufficient moment to call for strong measures. They wished if they could to avoid the chance of ruining, by acts of open violence, a cause which might perhaps yet be saved; consequently, by this quiet, peaceable method everything would be gained which by the other would be irretrievably lost; the loyal subject would in no degree be involved in the same punishment with the culpable rebel; on the latter alone would the whole

weight of the royal indignation descend. Lastly, the enormous expenses would be avoided which the transport of a Spanish army to those distant regions would occasion.

"But," began the Duke of Alva, "ought the injury of some few citizens to be considered when danger impends over the whole? Because a few of the loyally-disposed may suffer wrong are the rebels therefore not to be chastised? The offence has been universal, why then should not the punishment be the same? What the rebels have incurred by their actions the rest have incurred equally by their supineness. Whose fault is it but theirs that the former have so far succeeded? Why did they not promptly oppose their first attempts? It is said that circumstances were not so desperate as to justify this violent remedy; but who will insure us that they will not be so by the time the king arrives, especially when, according to every fresh despatch of the regent, all is hastening with rapid strides to a-ruinous consummation? Is it a hazard we ought to run to leave the king to discover on his entrance into the provinces the necessity of his having brought with him a military force? It is a fact only too well-established that the rebels have secured foreign succors, which stand ready at their command on the first signal; will it then be time to think of preparing for war when the enemy pass the frontiers? Is it a wise risk to rely for aid upon the nearest Belgian troops when their loyalty is so little to be depended upon? And is not the regent perpetually reverting in her despatches to the fact that nothing but the want of a suitable military force has hitherto hindered her from enforcing the edicts, and stopping the progress of the rebels? A well-disciplined and formidable army alone will disappoint all their hopes of maintaining themselves in opposition to their lawful sovereign, and nothing but the certain prospect of destruction will make them lower their demands. Besides, without an adequate force, the king cannot venture his person in hostile countries; he cannot enter into any treaties with his rebellious subjects which would not be derogatory to his honor."

The authority of the speaker gave preponderance to his arguments, and the next question was, when the king should commence his journey and what road

he should take. As the voyage by sea was on every account extremely hazardous, he had no other alternative but either to proceed thither through the passes near Trent across Germany, or to penetrate from Savoy over the Apennine Alps. The first route would expose him to the danger of the attack of the German Protestants, who were not likely to view with indifference the objects of his journey, and a passage over the Apennines was at this late season of the year not to be attempted. Moreover, it would be necessary to send for the requisite galleys from Italy, and repair them, which would take several months. Finally, as the assembly of the Cortes of Castile, from which he could not well be absent, was already appointed for December, the journey could not be undertaken before the spring. Meanwhile the regent pressed for explicit instructions how she was to extricate herself from her present embarrassment, without compromising the royal dignity too far; and it was necessary to do something in the interval till the king could undertake to appease the troubles by his personal presence. Two separate letters were therefore despatched to the duchess; one public, which she could lay before the states and the council chambers, and one private, which was intended for herself alone. In the first, the king announced to her his restoration to health, and the fortunate birth of the Infanta Clara Isabella Eugenia, afterwards wife of the Archduke Albert of Austria and Princess of the Netherlands. He declared to her his present firm intention to visit the Netherlands in person, for which he was already making the necessary preparations. The assembling of the states he refused, as he had previously done. No mention was made in this letter of the agreement which she had entered into with the Protestants and with the league, because he did not deem it advisable at present absolutely to reject it, and he was still less disposed to acknowledge its validity. On the other hand, he ordered her to reinforce the army, to draw together new regiments from Germany, and to meet the refractory with force. For the rest, he concluded, he relied upon the loyalty of the leading nobility, among whom he knew many who were sincere in their attachment both to their religion and their king. In the secret letter she was again enjoined to do all in her power to prevent the assembling of the states; but if the general voice should become irresistible, and she was compelled to yield, she was at least to manage

so cautiously that the royal dignity should not suffer, and no one learn the king's consent to their assembly.

While these consultations were held in Spain the Protestants in the Netherlands made the most extensive use of the privileges which had been compulsorily granted to them. The erection of churches wherever it was permitted was completed with incredible rapidity; young and old, gentle and simple, assisted in carrying stones; women sacrificed even their ornaments in order to accelerate the work. The two religious parties established in several towns consistories, and a church council of their own, the first move of the kind being made in Antwerp, and placed their form of worship on a well-regulated footing. It was also proposed to raise a common fund by subscription to meet any sudden emergency of the Protestant church in general. In Antwerp a memorial was presented by the Calvinists of that town to the Count of Hogstraten, in which they offered to pay three millions of dollars to secure the free exercise of their religion. Many copies of this writing were circulated in the Netherlands; and in order to stimulate others, many had ostentatiously subscribed their names to large sums. Various interpretations of this extravagant offer were made by the enemies of the Reformers, and all had some appearance of reason. For instance, it was urged that under the pretext of collecting the requisite sum for fulfilling this engagement they hoped, without suspicion, to raise funds for military purposes; for whether they should be called upon to contribute for or against they would, it was thought, be more ready to burden themselves with a view of preserving peace than for an oppressive and devastating war. Others saw in this offer nothing more than a temporary stratagem of the Protestants by which they hoped to bind the court and keep it irresolute until they should have gained sufficient strength to confront it. Others again declared it to be a downright bravado in order to alarm the regent, and to raise the courage of their own party by the display of such rich resources. But whatever was the true motive of this proposition, its originators gained little by it; the contributions flowed in scantily and slowly, and the court answered the proposal with silent contempt. The excesses, too, of the Iconoclasts, far from promoting

the cause of the league and advancing the Protestants interests, had done irreparable injury to both. The sight of their ruined churches, which, in the language of Viglius, resembled stables more than houses of God, enraged the Roman Catholics, and above all the clergy. All of that religion, who had hitherto been members of the league, now forsook it, alleging that even if it had not intentionally excited and encouraged the excesses of the Iconoclasts it had beyond question remotely led to them. The intolerance of the Calvinists who, wherever they were the ruling party, cruelly oppressed the Roman Catholics, completely expelled the delusion in which the latter had long indulged, and they withdrew their support from a party from which, if they obtained the upper hand, their own religion had so much cause to fear. Thus the league lost many of its best members; the friends and patrons, too, which it had hitherto found amongst the well-disposed citizens now deserted it, and its character began perceptibly to decline. The severity with which some of its members had acted against the Iconoclasts in order to prove their good disposition towards the regent, and to remove the suspicion of any connection with the malcontents, had also injured them with the people who favored the latter, and thus the league was in danger of ruining itself with both parties at the same time. The regent had no sooner become acquainted with this change in the public mind than she devised a plan by which she hoped gradually to dissolve the whole league, or at least to enfeeble it through internal dissensions. For this end she availed herself of the private letters which the king had addressed to some of the nobles, and enclosed to her with full liberty to use them at her discretion. These letters, which overflowed with kind expressions were presented to those for whom they were intended, with an attempt at secrecy, which designedly miscarried, so that on each occasion some one or other of those who had received nothing of the sort got a hint of them. In order to spread suspicion the more widely numerous copies of the letters were circulated. This artifice attained its object. Many members of the league began to doubt the honesty of those to whom such brilliant promises were made; through fear of being deserted by their principal members and supporters, they eagerly accepted the conditions which were offered them by the regent, and evinced great anxiety for a speedy reconciliation with the court. The

general rumor of the impending visit of the king, which the regent took care to have widely circulated, was also of great service to her in this matter; many who could not augur much good to themselves from the royal presence did not hesitate to accept a pardon, which, perhaps, for what they could tell, was offered them for the last time. Among those who thus received private letters were Egmont and Prince of Orange. Both had complained to the king of the evil reports with which designing persons in Spain had labored to brand their names, and to throw suspicion on their motives and intentions; Egmont, in particular, with the honest simplicity which was peculiar to his character, had asked the monarch only to point out to him what he most desired, to determine the particular action by which his favor could be best obtained and zeal in his service evinced, and it should, he assured him, be done. The king in reply caused the president, Von Tyssenacque, to tell him that he could do nothing better to refute his traducers than to show perfect submission to the royal orders, which were so clearly and precisely drawn up, that no further exposition of them was required, nor any particular instruction. It was the sovereign's part to deliberate, to examine, and to decide; unconditionally to obey was the duty of the subject; the honor of the latter consisted in his obedience. It did not become a member to hold itself wiser than the head. He was assuredly to be blamed for not having done his utmost to curb the unruliness of his sectarians; but it was even yet in his power to make up for past negligence by at least maintaining peace and order until the actual arrival of the king. In thus punishing Count Egmont with reproofs like a disobedient child, the king treated him in accordance with what he knew of his character; with his friend he found it necessary to call in the aid of artifice and deceit. Orange, too, in his letter, had alluded to the suspicions which the king entertained of his loyalty and attachment, but not, like Egmont, in the vain hope of removing them; for this, he had long given up; but in order to pass from these complaints to a request for permission to resign his offices. He had already frequently made this request to the regent, but had always received from her a refusal, accompanied with the strongest assurance of her regard. The king also, to whom he now at last addressed a direct application, returned him the same answer, graced with similar strong assurances of his satisfaction and

gratitude. In particular he expressed the high satisfaction he entertained of his services, which he had lately rendered the crown in Antwerp, and lamented deeply that the private affairs of the prince (which the latter had made his chief plea for demanding his dismissal) should have fallen into such disorder; but ended with the declaration that it was impossible for him to dispense with his valuable services at a crisis which demanded the increase, rather than diminution, of his good and honest servants. He had thought, he added, that the prince entertained a better opinion of him than to suppose him capable of giving credit to the idle talk of certain persons, who were friends neither to the prince nor to himself. But, at the same time, to give him a proof of his sincerity, he complained to him in confidence of his brother, the Count of Nassau, pretended to ask his advice in the matter, and finally expressed a wish to have the count removed for a period from the Netherlands.

But Philip had here to do with a head which in cunning was superior to his own. The Prince of Orange had for a long time held watch over him and his privy council in Madrid and Segovia, through a host of spies, who reported to him everything of importance that was transacted there. The court of this most secret of all despots had become accessible to his intriguing spirit and his money; in this manner he had gained possession of several autograph letters of the regent, which she had secretly written to Madrid, and had caused copies to be circulated in triumph in Brussels, and in a measure under her own eyes, insomuch that she saw with astonishment in everybody's hands what she thought was preserved with so much care, and entreated the king for the future to destroy her despatches immediately they were read. William's vigilance did not confine itself simply to the court of Spain; he had spies in France, and even at more distant courts. He is also charged with not being over scrupulous as to the means by which he acquired his intelligence. But the most important disclosure was made by an intercepted letter of the Spanish ambassador in France, Francis Von Alava, to the duchess, in which the former descanted on the fair opportunity which was now afforded to the king, through the guilt of the Netherlandish people, of establishing an arbitrary power in that country. He therefore advised

her to deceive the nobles by the very arts which they had hitherto employed against herself, and to secure them through smooth words and an obliging behavior. The king, he concluded, who knew the nobles to be the hidden springs of all the previous troubles, would take good care to lay hands upon them at the first favorable opportunity, as well as the two whom he had already in Spain; and did not mean to let them go again, having sworn to make an example in them which should horrify the whole of Christendom, even if it should cost him his hereditary dominions. This piece of evil news was strongly corroborated by the letters which Bergen and Montigny wrote from Spain, and in which they bitterly complained of the contemptuous behavior of the grandees and the altered deportment of the monarch towards them; and the Prince of Orange was now fully sensible what he had to expect from the fair promises of the king.

The letter of the minister, Alava, together with some others from Spain, which gave a circumstantial account of the approaching warlike visit of the king, and of his evil intentions against the nobles, was laid by the prince before his brother, Count Louis of Nassau, Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hogstraten, at a meeting at Dendermonde in Flanders, whither these five knights had repaired to confer on the measures necessary for their security. Count Louis, who listened only to his feelings of indignation, foolhardily maintained that they ought, without loss of time, to take up arms and seize some strongholds. That they ought at all risks to prevent the king's armed entrance into the provinces. That they should endeavor to prevail on the Swiss, the Protestant princes of Germany, and the Huguenots to arm and obstruct his passage through their territories; and if, notwithstanding, he should force his way through these impediments, that the Flemings should meet him with an army on the frontiers. He would take upon himself to negotiate a defensive alliance in France, in Switzerland, and in Germany, and to raise in the latter empire four thousand horse, together with a proportionate body of infantry. Pretexts would not be wanting for collecting the requisite supplies of money, and the merchants of the reformed sect would, he felt assured, not fail them. But William, more cautious and more wise, declared himself against this proposal, which, in the execution, would be exposed to numberless difficulties, and had as

yet nothing to justify it. The Inquisition, he represented, was in fact abolished, the edicts were nearly sunk into oblivion, and a fair degree of religious liberty accorded. Hitherto, therefore, there existed no valid or adequate excuse for adopting this hostile method; he did not doubt, however, that one would be presented to them before long, and in good time for preparation. His own opinion consequently was that they should await this opportunity with patience, and in the meanwhile still keep a watchful eye upon everything, and contrive to give the people a hint of the threatened danger, that they might be ready to act if circumstances should call for their co-operation. If all present had assented to the opinion of the Prince of Orange, there is no doubt but so powerful a league, formidable both by the influence and the high character of its members, would have opposed obstacles to the designs of the king which would have compelled him to abandon them entirely. But the determination of the assembled knights was much shaken by the declaration with which Count Egmont surprised them. "Rather," said he, "may all that is evil befall me than that I should tempt fortune so rashly. The idle talk of the Spaniard, Alava, does not move me; how should such a person be able to read the mind of a sovereign so reserved as Philip, and to decipher his secrets? The intelligence which Montigny gives us goes to prove nothing more than that the king has a very doubtful opinion of our zeal for his service, and believes he has cause to distrust our loyalty; and for this I for my part must confess that we have given him only too much cause. And it is my serious purpose, by redoubling my zeal, to regain his good opinion, and by my future behavior to remove, if possible, the distrust which my actions have hitherto excited. How could I tear myself from the arms of my numerous and dependent family to wander as an exile at foreign courts, a burden to every one who received me, the slave of every one who condescended to assist me, a servant of foreigners, in order to escape a slight degree of constraint at home? Never can the monarch act unkindly towards a servant who was once beloved and dear to him, and who has established a well-grounded claim to his gratitude. Never shall I be persuaded that he who has expressed such favorable, such gracious sentiments towards his Belgian subjects, and with his own mouth gave me such emphatic, such solemn assurances, can be now devising, as it is

pretended, such tyrannical schemes against them. If we do but restore to the country its former repose, chastise the rebels, and re-establish the Roman Catholic form of worship wherever it has been violently suppressed, then, believe me, we shall hear no more of Spanish troops. This is the course to which I now invite you all by my counsel and my example, and to which also most of our brethren already incline. I, for my part, fear nothing from the anger of the king. My conscience acquits me. I trust my fate and fortunes to his justice and clemency." In vain did Nassau, Horn, and Orange labor to shake his resolution, and to open his eyes to the near and inevitable danger. Egmont was really attached to the king; the royal favors, and the condescension with which they were conferred, were still fresh in his remembrance. The attentions with which the monarch had distinguished him above all his friends had not failed of their effect. It was more from false shame than from party spirit that he had defended the cause of his countrymen against him; more from temperament and natural kindness of heart than from tried principles that he had opposed the severe measures of the government. The love of the nation, which worshipped him as its idol, carried him away. Too vain to renounce a title which sounded so agreeable, he had been compelled to do something to deserve it; but a single look at his family, a harsher designation applied to his conduct, a dangerous inference drawn from it, the mere sound of crime, terrified him from his self-delusion, and scared him back in haste and alarm to his duty.

Orange's whole plan was frustrated by Egmont's withdrawal. The latter possessed the hearts of the people and the confidence of the army, without which it was utterly impossible to undertake anything effective. The rest had reckoned with so much certainty upon him that his unexpected defection rendered the whole meeting nugatory. They therefore separated without coming to a determination. All who had met in Dendermonde were expected in the council of state in Brussels; but Egmont alone repaired thither. The regent wished to sift him on the subject of this conference, but she could extract nothing further from him than the production of the letter of Alava, of which he had purposely taken a copy, and which, with the bitterest reproofs, he laid before her. At first she

changed color at sight of it, but quickly recovering herself, she boldly declared that it was a forgery. "How can this letter," she said, "really come from Alava, when I miss none? And would he who pretends to have intercepted it have spared the other letters? Nay, how can it be true, when not a single packet has miscarried, nor a single despatch failed to come to hand? How, too, can it be thought likely that the king would have made Alava master of a secret which he has not communicated even to me?"

CIVIL WAR

1566. Meanwhile the regent hastened to take advantage of the schism amongst the nobles to complete the ruin of the league, which was already tottering under the weight of internal dissensions. Without loss of time she drew from Germany the troops which Duke Eric of Brunswick was holding in readiness, augmented the cavalry, and raised five regiments of Walloons, the command of which she gave to Counts Mansfeld, Megen, Aremberg, and others. To the prince, likewise, she felt it necessary to confide troops, both because she did not wish, by withholding them pointedly, to insult him, and also because the provinces of which he was governor were in urgent need of them; but she took the precaution of joining with him a Colonel Waldenfinger, who should watch all his steps and thwart his measures if they appeared dangerous. To Count Egmont the clergy in Flanders paid a contribution of forty thousand gold florins for the maintenance of fifteen hundred men, whom he distributed among the places where danger was most apprehended. Every governor was ordered to increase his military force, and to provide himself with ammunition. These energetic preparations, which were making in all places, left no doubt as to the measures which the regent would adopt in future. Conscious of her superior force, and certain of this important support, she now ventured to change her tone, and to employ quite another language with the rebels. She began to put the most arbitrary interpretation on the concessions which, through fear and necessity, she had made to the Protestants, and to restrict all the liberties which she had tacitly granted them to the mere permission of their preaching. All other religious exercises and rites, which yet appeared to be involved in the former privilege,

were by new edicts expressly forbidden, and all offenders in such matters were to be proceeded against as traitors. The Protestants were permitted to think differently from the ruling church upon the sacrament, but to receive it differently was a crime; baptism, marriage, burial, after their fashion, were prohibited under pain of death. It was a cruel mockery to allow them their religion, and forbid the exercise of it; but this mean artifice of the regent to escape from the obligation of her pledged word was worthy of the pusillanimity with which she had submitted to its being extorted from her. She took advantage of the most trifling innovations and the smallest excesses to interrupt the preachings; and some of the preachers, under the charge of having performed their office in places not appointed to them, were brought to trial, condemned, and executed. On more than one occasion the regent publicly declared that the confederates had taken unfair advantage of her fears, and that she did not feel herself bound by an engagement which had been extorted from her by threats.

Of all the Belgian towns which had participated in the insurrection of the Iconoclasts none had caused the regent so much alarm as the town of Valenciennes, in Hainault. In no other was the party of the Calvinists so powerful, and the spirit of rebellion for which the province of Hainault had always made itself conspicuous, seemed to dwell here as in its native place. The propinquity of France, to which, as well by language as by manners, this town appeared to belong, rather than to the Netherlands, had from the first led to its being governed with great mildness and forbearance, which, however, only taught it to feel its own importance. At the last outbreak of the church-desecrators it had been on the point of surrendering to the Huguenots, with whom it maintained the closest understanding. The slightest excitement might renew this danger. On this account Valenciennes was the first town to which the regent proposed, as soon as should be in her power, to send a strong garrison. Philip of Noircarmes, Baron of St. Aldegonde, Governor of Hainault in the place of the absent Marquis of Bergen, had received this charge, and now appeared at the head of an army before its walls. Deputies came to meet him on the part of the magistrate from the town, to petition against the garrison, because the

Protestant citizens, who were the superior number, had declared against it. Noircarnes acquainted them with the will of the regent, and gave them the choice between the garrison or a siege. He assured them that not more than four squadrons of horse and six companies of foot should be imposed upon the town; and for this he would give them his son as a hostage. These terms were laid before the magistrate, who, for his part, was much inclined to accept them. But Peregrine Le Grange, the preacher, and the idol of the populace, to whom it was of vital importance to prevent a submission of which he would inevitably become the victim, appeared at the head of his followers, and by his powerful eloquence excited the people to reject the conditions. When their answer was brought to Noircarnes, contrary to all law of nations, he caused the messengers to be placed in irons, and carried them away with him as prisoners; he was, however, by express command of the regent, compelled to set them free again. The regent, instructed by secret orders from Madrid to exercise as much forbearance as possible, caused the town to be repeatedly summoned to receive the garrison; when, however, it obstinately persisted in its refusal, it was declared by public edict to be in rebellion, and Noircarnes was authorized to commence the siege in form. The other provinces were forbidden to assist this rebellious town with advice, money, or arms. All the property contained in it was confiscated. In order to let it see the war before it began in earnest, and to give it time for rational reflection, Noircarnes drew together troops from all Hainault and Cambray (1566), took possession of St. Amant, and placed garrisons in all adjacent places.

The line of conduct adopted towards Valenciennes allowed the other towns which were similarly situated to infer the fate which was intended for them also, and at once put the whole league in motion. An army of the Gueux, between three thousand and four thousand strong, which was hastily collected from the rabble of fugitives, and the remaining bands of the Iconoclasts, appeared in the territories of Tournay and Lille, in order to secure these two towns, and to annoy the enemy at Valenciennes. The commandant of Lille was fortunate enough to maintain that place by routing a detachment of this army, which, in concert with

the Protestant inhabitants, had made an attempt to get possession of it. At the same time the army of the Gueux, which was uselessly wasting its time at Lannoy, was surprised by Noircarmes and almost entirely annihilated. The few who with desperate courage forced their way through the enemy, threw themselves into the town of Tournay, which was immediately summoned by the victor to open its gates and admit a garrison. Its prompt obedience obtained for it a milder fate. Noircarmes contented himself with abolishing the Protestant consistory, banishing the preachers, punishing the leaders of the rebels, and again re-establishing the Roman Catholic worship, which he found almost entirely suppressed. After giving it a steadfast Roman Catholic as governor, and leaving in it a sufficient garrison, he again returned with his victorious army to Valenciennes to press the siege.

This town, confident in its strength, actively prepared for defence, firmly resolved to allow things to come to extremes before it surrendered. The inhabitants had not neglected to furnish themselves with ammunition and provisions for a long siege; all who could carry arms (the very artisans not excepted), became soldiers; the houses before the town, and especially the cloisters, were pulled down, that the besiegers might not avail themselves of them to cover their attack. The few adherents of the crown, awed by the multitude, were silent; no Roman Catholic ventured to stir himself. Anarchy and rebellion had taken the place of good order, and the fanaticism of a foolhardy priest gave laws instead of the legal dispensers of justice. The male population was numerous, their courage confirmed by despair, their confidence unbounded that the siege would be raised, while their hatred against the Roman Catholic religion was excited to the highest pitch. Many had no mercy to expect; all abhorred the general thralldom of an imperious garrison. Noircarmes, whose army had become formidable through the reinforcements which streamed to it from all quarters, and was abundantly furnished with all the requisites for a long blockade, once more attempted to prevail on the town by gentle means, but in vain. At last he caused the trenches to be opened and prepared to invest the place.

In the meanwhile the position of the Protestants had grown as much worse as that of the regent had improved. The league of the nobles had gradually melted away to a third of its original number. Some of its most important defenders, Count Egmont, for instance, had gone over to the king; the pecuniary contributions which had been so confidently reckoned upon came in but slowly and scantily; the zeal of the party began perceptibly to cool, and the close of the fine season made it necessary to discontinue the public preachings, which, up to this time, had been continued. These and other reasons combined induced the declining party to moderate its demands, and to try every legal expedient before it proceeded to extremities. In a general synod of the Protestants, which was held for this object in Antwerp, and which was also attended by some of the confederates, it was resolved to send deputies to the regent to remonstrate with her upon this breach of faith, and to remind her of her compact. Brederode undertook this office, but was obliged to submit to a harsh and disgraceful rebuff, and was shut out of Brussels. He had now recourse to a written memorial, in which,—in the name of the whole league, he complained that the duchess had, by violating her word, falsified in sight of all the Protestants the security given by the league, in reliance on which all of them had laid down their arms; that by her insincerity she had undone all the good which the confederates had labored to effect; that she had sought to degrade the league in the eyes of the people, had excited discord among its members, and had even caused many of them to be persecuted as criminals. He called upon her to recall her late ordinances, which deprived the Protestants of the free exercise of their religion, but above all to raise the siege of Valenciennes, to disband the troops newly enlisted, and ended by assuring her that on these conditions and these alone the league would be responsible for the general tranquillity.

To this the regent replied in a tone very different from her previous moderation. "Who these confederates are who address me in this memorial is, indeed, a mystery to me. The confederates with whom I had formerly to do, for ought I know to the contrary, have dispersed. All at least cannot participate in this statement of grievances, for I myself know of many, who, satisfied in all

their demands, have returned to their duty. But still, whoever he may be, who without authority and right, and without name addresses me, he has at least given a very false interpretation to my word if he asserts that I guaranteed to the Protestants complete religious liberty. No one can be ignorant how reluctantly I was induced to permit the preachings in the places where they had sprung up unauthorized, and this surely cannot be counted for a concession of freedom in religion. Is it likely that I should have entertained the idea of protecting these illegal consistories, of tolerating this state within a state? Could I forget myself so far as to grant the sanction of law to an objectionable sect; to overturn all order in the church and in the state, and abominably to blaspheme my holy religion? Look to him who has given you such permission, but you must not argue with me. You accuse me of having violated the agreement which gave you impunity and security. The past I am willing to look over, but not what may be done in future. No advantage was to be taken of you on account of the petition of last April, and to the best of my knowledge nothing of the kind has as yet been done; but whoever again offends in the same way against the majesty of the king must be ready to bear the consequences of his crime. In fine, how can you presume to remind me of an agreement which you have been the first to break? At whose instigation were the churches plundered, the images of the saints thrown down, and the towns hurried into rebellion? Who formed alliances with foreign powers, set on foot illegal enlistments, and collected unlawful taxes from the subjects of the king? These are the reasons which have impelled me to draw together my troops, and to increase the severity of the edicts. Whoever now asks me to lay down my arms cannot mean well to his country or his king, and if ye value your own lives, look to it that your own actions acquit you, instead of judging mine."

All the hopes which the confederates might have entertained of an amicable adjustment sank with this high-toned declaration. Without being confident of possessing powerful support, the regent would not, they argued, employ such language. An army was in the field, the enemy was before Valenciennes, the members who were the heart of the league had abandoned it, and the regent

required unconditional submission. Their cause was now so bad that open resistance could not make it worse. If they gave themselves up defenceless into the hands of their exasperated sovereign their fate was certain; an appeal to arms could at least make it a matter of doubt; they, therefore, chose the latter, and began seriously to take steps for their defence. In order to insure the assistance of the German Protestants, Louis of Nassau attempted to persuade the towns of Amsterdam, Antwerp, Tournay, and Valenciennes to adopt the confession of Augsburg, and in this manner to seal their alliance with a religious union. But the proposition was not successful, because the hatred of the Calvinists to the Lutherans exceeded, if possible, that which they bore to popery. Nassau also began in earnest to negotiate for supplies from France, the Palatinate, and Saxony. The Count of Bergen fortified his castles; Brederode threw himself with a small force into his strong town of Vianne on the Leek, over which he claimed the rights of sovereignty, and which he hastily placed in a state of defense, and there awaited a reinforcement from the league, and the issue of Nassau's negotiations. The flag of war was now unfurled, everywhere the drum was heard to beat; in all parts troops were seen on the march, contributions collected, and soldiers enlisted. The agents of each party often met in the same place, and hardly had the collectors and recruiting officers of the regent quitted a town when it had to endure a similar visit from the agents of the league.

From Valenciennes the regent directed her attention to Herzogenbusch, where the Iconoclasts had lately committed fresh excesses, and the party of the Protestants had gained a great accession of strength. In order to prevail on the citizens peaceably to receive a garrison, she sent thither, as ambassador, the Chancellor Scheiff, from Brabant, with counsellor Merode of Petersheim, whom she appointed governor of the town; they were instructed to secure the place by judicious means, and to exact from the citizens a new oath of allegiance. At the same time the Count of Megen, who was in the neighborhood with a body of troops, was ordered to support the two envoys in effecting their commission, and to afford the means of throwing in a garrison immediately. But Brederode, who obtained information of these movements in Viane, had already sent thither one

of his creatures, a certain Anton von Bomber,— a hot Calvinist, but also a brave soldier, in order to raise the courage of his party, and to frustrate the designs of the regent. This Bomberg succeeded in getting possession of the letters which the chancellor brought with him from the duchess, and contrived to substitute in their place counterfeit ones, which, by their harsh and imperious language, were calculated to exasperate the minds of the citizens. At the same time he attempted to throw suspicion on both the ambassadors of the duchess as having evil designs upon the town. In this he succeeded so well with the mob that in their mad fury they even laid hands on the ambassadors and placed them in confinement. He himself, at the head of eight thousand men, who had adopted him as their leader, advanced against the Count of Megen, who was moving in order of battle, and gave him so warm a reception, with some heavy artillery, that he was compelled to retire without accomplishing his object. The regent now sent an officer of justice to demand the release of her ambassadors, and in case of refusal to threaten the place with siege; but Bomberg with his party surrounded the town hall and forced the magistrate to deliver to him the key of the town. The messenger of the regent was ridiculed and dismissed, and an answer sent through him that the treatment of the prisoners would depend upon Brederode's orders. The herald, who was remaining outside before the town, now appeared to declare war against her, which, however, the chancellor prevented.

After his futile attempt on Herzogenhusch the Count of Megen threw himself into Utrecht in order to prevent the execution of a design which Count Brederode had formed against that town. As it had suffered much from the army of the confederates, which was encamped in its immediate neighborhood, near Viane, it received Megen with open arms as its protector, and conformed to all the alterations which he made in the religious worship. Upon this he immediately caused a redoubt to be thrown up on the bank of the Leek, which would command Viane. Brederode, not disposed to await his attack, quitted that rendezvous with the best part of his army and hastened to Amsterdam.

However unprofitably the Prince of Orange appeared to be losing his time in

Antwerp during these operations he was, nevertheless, busily employed. At his instigation the league had commenced recruiting, and Brederode had fortified his castles, for which purpose he himself presented him with three cannons which he had had cast at Utrecht. His eye watched all the movements of the court, and he kept the league warned of the towns which were next menaced with attack. But his chief object appeared to be to get possession of the principal places in the districts under his own government, to which end he with all his power secretly assisted Brederode's plans against Utrecht and Amsterdam. The most important place was the Island of Walcheren, where the king was expected to land; and he now planned a scheme for the surprise of this place, the conduct of which was entrusted to one of the confederate nobles, an intimate friend of the Prince of Orange, John of Marnix, Baron of Thoulouse, and brother of Philip of Aldegonde.

1567. Thoulouse maintained a secret understanding with the late mayor of Middleburg, Peter Haak, by which he expected to gain an opportunity of throwing a garrison into Middleburg and Flushing. The recruiting, however, for this undertaking, which was set on foot in Antwerp, could not be carried on so quietly as not to attract the notice of the magistrate. In order, therefore, to lull the suspicions of the latter, and at the same time to promote the success of the scheme, the prince caused the herald by public proclamation to order all foreign soldiers and strangers who were in the service of the state, or employed in other business, forthwith to quit the town. He might, say his adversaries, by closing the gates have easily made himself master of all these suspected recruits; but he expelled them from the town in order to drive them the more quickly to the place of their destination. They immediately embarked on the Scheldt, and sailed down to Rammekens; as, however, a market-vessel of Antwerp, which ran into Flushing a little before them had given warning of their design they were forbidden to enter the port. They found the same difficulty at Arnemuïden, near Middleburg, although the Protestants in that place exerted themselves to raise an insurrection in their favor. Thoulouse, therefore, without having accomplished

anything, put about his ships and sailed back down the Scheldt as far as Osterweel, a quarter of a mile from Antwerp, where he disembarked his people and encamped on the shore, with the hope of getting men from Antwerp, and also in order to revive by his presence the courage of his party, which had been cast down by the proceedings of the magistrate. By the aid of the Calvinistic clergy, who recruited for him, his little army increased daily, so that at last he began to be formidable to the Antwerpians, whose whole territory he laid waste. The magistrate was for attacking him here with the militia, which, however, the Prince of Orange successfully opposed by the, pretext that it would not be prudent to strip the town of soldiers.

Meanwhile the regent had hastily brought together a small army under the command of Philip of Launoy, which moved from Brussels to Antwerp by forced marches. At the same time Count Megen managed to keep the army of the Gueux shut up and employed at Viane, so that it could neither hear of these movements nor hasten to the assistance of its confederates. Launoy, on his arrival attacked by surprise the dispersed crowds, who, little expecting an enemy, had gone out to plunder, and destroyed them in one terrible carnage. Thoulouse threw himself with the small remnant of his troops into a country house, which had served him as his headquarters, and for a long time defended himself with the courage of despair, until Launoy, finding it impossible to dislodge him, set fire to the house. The few who escaped the flames fell on the swords of the enemy or were drowned in the Scheldt. Thoulouse himself preferred to perish in the flames rather than to fall into the hands of the enemy. This victory, which swept off more than a thousand of the enemy, was purchased by the conqueror cheaply enough, for he did not lose more than two men. Three hundred of the leaguers who surrendered were cut down without mercy on the spot, as a sally from Antwerp was momentarily dreaded.

Before the battle actually commenced no anticipation of such an event had been entertained at Antwerp. The Prince of Orange, who had got early information of it, had taken the precaution the day before of causing the bridge

which unites the town with Osterweel to be destroyed, in order, as he gave out, to prevent the Calvinists within the town going out to join the army of Thoulouse. A more probable motive seems to have been a fear lest the Catholics should attack the army of the Gueux general in the rear, or lest Launoy should prove victorious, and try to force his way into the town. On the same pretext the gates of the city were also shut by his orders, and the inhabitants, who did not comprehend the meaning of all these movements, fluctuated between curiosity and alarm, until the sound of artillery from Osterweel announced to them what there was going on. In clamorous crowds they all ran to the walls and ramparts, from which, as the wind drove the smoke from the contending armies, they commanded a full view of the whole battle. Both armies were so near to the town that they could discern their banners, and clearly distinguish the voices of the victors and the vanquished. More terrible even than the battle itself was the spectacle which this town now presented. Each of the conflicting armies had its friends and its enemies on the wall. All that went on in the plain roused on the ramparts exultation or dismay; on the issue of the conflict the fate of each spectator seemed to depend. Every movement on the field could be read in the faces of the townsmen; defeat and triumph, the terror of the conquered, and the fury of the conqueror. Here a painful but idle wish to support those who are giving way, to rally those who fly; there an equally futile desire to overtake them, to slay them, to extirpate them. Now the Gueux fly, and ten thousand men rejoice; Thoulouse's last place and refuge is in flames, and the hopes of twenty thousand citizens are consumed with him.

But the first bewilderment of alarm soon gave place to a frantic desire of revenge. Shrieking aloud, wringing her hands and with dishevelled hair, the widow of the slain general rushed amidst the crowds to implore their pity and help. Excited by their favorite preacher, Hermann, the Calvinists fly to arms, determined to avenge their brethren, or to perish with them; without reflection, without plan or leader, guided by nothing but their anguish, their delirium, they rush to the Red Gate of the city which leads to the field of battle; but there is no egress, the gate is shut and the foremost of the crowd recoil on those that follow.

Thousands and thousands collect together, a dreadful rush is made to the Meer Bridge. We are betrayed! we are prisoners! is the general cry. Destruction to the papists, death to him who has betrayed us!—a sullen murmur, portentous of a revolt, runs through the multitude. They begin to suspect that all that has taken place has been set on foot by the Roman Catholics to destroy the Calvinists. They had slain their defenders, and they would now fall upon the defenceless. With fatal speed this suspicion spreads through the whole of Antwerp. Now they can, they think, understand the past, and they fear something still worse in the background; a frightful distrust gains possession of every mind. Each party dreads the other; every one sees an enemy in his neighbor; the mystery deepens the alarm and horror; a fearful condition for a populous town, in which every accidental concourse instantly becomes tumult, every rumor started amongst them becomes a fact, every small spark a blazing flame, and by the force of numbers and collision all passions are furiously inflamed. All who bore the name of Calvinists were roused by this report. Fifteen thousand of them take possession of the Meer Bridge, and plant heavy artillery upon it, which they had taken by force from the arsenal; the same thing also happens at another bridge; their number makes them formidable, the town is in their hands; to escape an imaginary danger they bring all Antwerp to the brink of ruin.

Immediately on the commencement of the tumult the Prince of Orange hastened to the Meer Bridge, where, boldly forcing his way through the raging crowd, he commanded peace and entreated to be heard. At the other bridge Count Hogstraten, accompanied by the Burgomaster Strahlen, made the same attempt; but not possessing a sufficient share either of eloquence or of popularity to command attention, he referred the tumultuous crowd to the prince, around whom all Antwerp now furiously thronged. The gate, he endeavored to explain to them, was shut simply to keep off the victor, whoever he might be, from the city, which would otherwise become the prey of an infuriated soldiery. In vain! the frantic people would not listen, and one more daring than the rest presented his musket at him, calling him a traitor. With tumultuous shouts they demanded the key of the Red Gate, which he was ultimately forced to deliver into the hands

of the preacher Hermann. But, he added with happy presence of mind, they must take heed what they were doing; in the suburbs six hundred of the enemy's horse were waiting to receive them. This invention, suggested by the emergency, was not so far removed from the truth as its author perhaps imagined; for no sooner had the victorious general perceived the commotion in Antwerp than he caused his whole cavalry to mount in the hope of being able, under favor of the disturbance, to break into the town. I, at least, continued the Prince of Orange, shall secure my own safety in time, and he who follows my example will save himself much future regret. These words opportunely spoken and immediately acted upon had their effect. Those who stood nearest followed him, and were again followed by the next, so that at last the few who had already hastened out of the city when they saw no one coming after them lost the desire of coping alone with the six hundred horse. All accordingly returned to the Meer Bridge, where they posted watches and videttes, and the night was passed tumultuously under arms.

The town of Antwerp was now threatened with fearful bloodshed and pillage. In this pressing emergency Orange assembled an extraordinary senate, to which were summoned all the best-disposed citizens of the four nations. If they wished, said he, to repress the violence of the Calvinists they must oppose them with an army strong enough and prepared to meet them. It was therefore resolved to arm with speed the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the town, whether natives, Italians, or Spaniards, and, if possible, to induce the Lutherans also to join them. The haughtiness of the Calvinists, who, proud of their wealth and confident in their numbers, treated every other religious party with contempt, had long made the Lutherans their enemies, and the mutual exasperation of these two Protestant churches was even more implacable than their common hatred of the dominant church. This jealousy the magistrate had turned to advantage, by making use of one party to curb the other, and had thus contrived to keep the Calvinists in check, who, from their numbers and insolence, were most to be feared. With this view, he had tacitly taken into his protection the Lutherans, as the weaker and more peaceable party, having moreover invited for them, from Germany,

spiritual teachers, who, by controversial sermons, might keep up the mutual hatred of the two bodies. He encouraged the Lutherans in the vain idea that the king thought more favorably of their religious creed than that of the Calvinists, and exhorted them to be careful how they damaged their good cause by any understanding with the latter. It was not, therefore, difficult to bring about, for the moment, a union with the Roman Catholics and the Lutherans, as its object was to keep down their detested rivals. At dawn of day an army was opposed to the Calvinists which was far superior in force to their own. At the head of this army, the eloquence of Orange had far greater effect, and found far more attention than on the preceding evening, unbacked by such strong persuasion. The Calvinists, though in possession of arms and artillery, yet, alarmed at the superior numbers arrayed against them, were the first to send envoys, and to treat for an amicable adjustment of differences, which by the tact and good temper of the Prince of Orange, he concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. On the proclamation of this treaty the Spaniards and Italians immediately laid down their arms. They were followed by the Calvinists, and these again by the Roman Catholics; last of all the Lutherans disarmed.

Two days and two nights Antwerp had continued in this alarming state. During the tumult the Roman Catholics had succeeded in placing barrels of gunpowder under the Meer Bridge, and threatened to blow into the air the whole army of the Calvinists, who had done the same in other places to destroy their adversaries. The destruction of the town hung on the issue of a moment, and nothing but the prince's presence of mind saved it.

Noircarmes, with his army of Walloons, still lay before Valenciennes, which, in firm reliance on being relieved by the Gueux, obstinately refused to listen to all the representations of the regent, and rejected every idea of surrender. An order of the court had expressly forbidden the royalist general to press the siege until he should receive reinforcements from Germany. Whether from forbearance or fear, the king regarded with abhorrence the violent measure of storming the place, as necessarily involving the innocent in the fate of the guilty,

and exposing the loyal subject to the same ill-treatment as the rebel. As, however, the confidence of the besieged augmented daily, and emboldened by the inactivity of the besiegers, they annoyed him by frequent sallies, and after burning the cloisters before the town, retired with the plunder—as the time uselessly lost before this town was put to good use by the rebels and their allies, Noircarmes besought the duchess to obtain immediate permission from the king to take it by storm. The answer arrived more quickly than Philip was ever before wont to reply. As yet they must be content, simply to make the necessary preparations, and then to wait awhile to allow terror to have its effect; but if upon this they did not appear ready to capitulate, the storming might take place, but, at the same time, with the greatest possible regard for the lives of the inhabitants. Before the regent allowed Noircarmes to proceed to this extremity she empowered Count Egmont, with the Duke Arschot, to treat once more with the rebels amicably. Both conferred with the deputies of the town, and omitted no argument calculated to dispel their delusion. They acquainted them with the defeat of Thoulouse, their sole support, and with the fact that the Count of Megen had cut off the army of the Gueux from the town, and assured them that if they had held out so long they owed it entirely to the king's forbearance. They offered them full pardon for the past; every one was to be free to prove his innocence before whatever tribunal he should chose; such as did not wish to avail themselves of this privilege were to be allowed fourteen days to quit the town with all their effects. Nothing was required of the townspeople but the admission of the garrison. To give time to deliberate on these terms an armistice of three days was granted. When the deputies returned they found their fellow-citizens less disposed than ever to an accommodation, reports of new levies by the Gueux having, in the meantime, gained currency. Thoulouse, it was pretended, had conquered, and was advancing with a powerful army to relieve the place. Their confidence went so far that they even ventured to break the armistice, and to fire upon the besiegers. At last the burgomaster, with difficulty, succeeded in bringing matters so far towards a peaceful settlement that twelve of the town counsellors were sent into the camp with the following conditions: The edict by which Valenciennes had been charged with treason and declared an

enemy to the country was required to be recalled, the confiscation of their goods revoked, and the prisoners on both sides restored to liberty; the garrison was not to enter the town before every one who thought good to do so had placed himself and his property in security; and a pledge to be given that the inhabitants should not be molested in any manner, and that their expenses should be paid by the king.

Noircarmes was so indignant with these conditions that he was almost on the point of ill-treating the deputies. If they had not come, he told them, to give up the place, they might return forthwith, lest he should send them home with their hands tied behind their backs. Upon this the deputies threw the blame on the obstinacy of the Calvinists, and entreated him, with tears in their eyes, to keep them in the camp, as they did not, they said, wish to have anything more to do with their rebellious townsmen, or to be joined in their fate. They even knelt to beseech the intercession of Egmont, but Noircarmes remained deaf to all their entreaties, and the sight of the chains which he ordered to be brought out drove them reluctantly enough back to Valenciennes. Necessity, not severity, imposed this harsh procedure upon the general. The detention of ambassadors had on a former occasion drawn upon him the reprimand of the duchess; the people in the town would not have failed to have ascribed the non-appearance of their present deputies to the same cause as in the former case had detained them. Besides, he was loath to deprive the town of any out of the small residue of well-disposed citizens, or to leave it a prey to a blind, foolhardy mob. Egmont was so mortified at the bad report of his embassy that he the night following rode round to reconnoitre its fortifications, and returned well satisfied to have convinced himself that it was no longer tenable.

Valenciennes stretches down a gentle acclivity into the level plain, being built on a site as strong as it is delightful. On one side enclosed by the Scheldt and another smaller river, and on the other protected by deep ditches, thick walls, and towers, it appears capable of defying every attack. But Noircarmes had discovered a few points where neglect had allowed the fosse to be filled almost

up to the level of the natural surface, and of these he determined to avail himself in storming. He drew together all the scattered corps by which he had invested the town, and during a tempestuous night carried the suburb of Berg without the loss of a single man. He then assigned separate points of attack to the Count of Bossu, the young Charles of Mansfeld, and the younger Barlaimont, and under a terrible fire, which drove the enemy from his walls, his troops were moved up with all possible speed. Close before the town, and opposite the gate under the eyes of the besiegers, and with very little loss, a battery was thrown up to an equal height with the fortifications. From this point the town was bombarded with an unceasing fire for four hours. The Nicolaus tower, on which the besieged had planted some artillery, was among the first that fell, and many perished under its ruins. The guns were directed against all the most conspicuous buildings, and a terrible slaughter was made amongst the inhabitants. In a few hours their principal works were destroyed, and in the gate itself so extensive a breach was made that the besieged, despairing of any longer defending themselves, sent in haste two trumpeters to entreat a parley. This was granted, but the storm was continued without intermission. The ambassador entreated Noircarmes to grant them the same terms which only two days before they had rejected. But circumstances had now changed, and the victor would hear no more of conditions. The unceasing fire left the inhabitants no time to repair the ramparts, which filled the fosse with their debris, and opened many a breach for the enemy to enter by. Certain of utter destruction, they surrendered next morning at discretion after a bombardment of six-and-thirty hours without intermission, and three thousand bombs had been thrown into the city. Noircarmes marched into the town with his victorious army under the strictest discipline, and was received by a crowd of women and children, who went to meet him, carrying green boughs, and beseeching his pity. All the citizens were immediately disarmed, the commandant and his son beheaded; thirty-six of the most guilty of the rebels, among whom were La Grange and another Calvinistic preacher, Guido de Bresse, atoned for their obstinacy at the gallows; all the municipal functionaries were deprived of their offices, and the town of all its privileges. The Roman Catholic worship was immediately restored in full

dignity, and the Protestant abolished. The Bishop of Arras was obliged to quit his residence in the town, and a strong garrison placed in it to insure its future obedience.

The fate of Valenciennes, towards which all eyes had been turned, was a warning to the other towns which had similarly offended. Noircarmes followed up his victory, and marched immediately against Maestricht, which surrendered without a blow, and received a garrison. From thence he marched to Tornhut to awe by his presence the people of Herzogenbusch and Antwerp. The Gueux in this place, who under the command of Bomberg had carried all things before them, were now so terrified at his approach that they quitted the town in haste. Noircarmes was received without opposition. The ambassadors of the duchess were immediately set at liberty. A strong garrison was thrown into Tornhut. Cambray also opened its gates, and joyfully recalled its archbishop, whom the Calvinists had driven from his see, and who deserved this triumph as he did not stain his entrance with blood. Ghent, Ypres, and Oudenarde submitted and received garrisons. Gueldres was now almost entirely cleared of the rebels and reduced to obedience by the Count of Megen. In Friesland and Groningen the Count of Aremberg had eventually the same success; but it was not obtained here so rapidly or so easily, since the count wanted consistency and firmness, and these warlike republicans maintained more pertinaciously their privileges, and were greatly supported by the strength of their position. With the exception of Holland all the provinces had yielded before the victorious arms of the duchess. The courage of the disaffected sunk entirely, and nothing was left to them but flight or submission.

RESIGNATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Ever since the establishment of the Guesen league, but more perceptibly since the outbreak of the Iconoclasts, the spirit of rebellion and disaffection had spread so rapidly among all classes, parties had become so blended and confused, that the regent had difficulty in distinguishing her own adherents, and at last hardly knew on whom to rely. The lines of demarcation between the loyal and the disaffected had grown gradually fainter, until at last they almost entirely vanished. The frequent alterations, too, which she had been obliged to make in the laws, and which were at most the expedients and suggestions of the moment, had taken from them their precision and binding force, and had given full scope to the arbitrary will of every individual whose office it was to interpret them. And at last, amidst the number and variety of the interpretations, the spirit was lost and the intention of the lawgiver baffled. The close connection which in many cases subsisted between Protestants and Roman Catholics, between Gueux and Royalists, and which not unfrequently gave them a common interest, led the latter to avail themselves of the loophole which the vagueness of the laws left open, and in favor of their Protestant friends and associates evaded by subtle distinctions all severity in the discharge of their duties. In their minds it was enough not to be a declared rebel, not one of the Gueux, or at least not a heretic, to be authorized to mould their duties to their inclinations, and to set the most arbitrary limits to their obedience to the king. Feeling themselves irresponsible, the governors of the provinces, the civil functionaries, both high and low, the municipal officers, and the military commanders had all become extremely remiss in their duty, and presuming upon this impunity showed a pernicious

indulgence to the rebels and their adherents which rendered abortive all the regent's measures of coercion. This general indifference and corruption of so many servants of the state had further this injurious result, that it led the turbulent to reckon on far stronger support than in reality they had cause for, and to count on their own side all who were but lukewarm adherents of the court. This way of thinking, erroneous as it was, gave them greater courage and confidence; it had the same effect as if it had been well founded; and the uncertain vassals of the king became in consequence almost as injurious to him as his declared enemies, without at the same time being liable to the same measures of severity. This was especially the case with the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Bergen, Hogstraten, Horn, and several others of the higher nobility. The regent felt the necessity of bringing these doubtful subjects to an explanation, in order either to deprive the rebels of a fancied support or to unmask the enemies of the king. And the latter reason was of the more urgent moment when being obliged to send an army into the field it was of the utmost importance to entrust the command of the troops to none but those of whose fidelity she was fully assured. She caused, therefore, an oath to be drawn up which bound all who took it to advance the Roman Catholic faith, to pursue and punish the Iconoclasts, and to help by every means in their power in extirpating all kinds of heresy. It also pledged them to treat the king's enemies as their own, and to serve without distinction against all whom the regent in the king's name should point out. By this oath she did not hope so much to test their sincerity, and still less to secure them, as rather to gain a pretext for removing the suspected parties if they declined to take it, and for wresting from their hands a power which they abused, or a legitimate ground for punishing them if they took it and broke it. This oath was exacted from all Knights of the Fleece, all civil functionaries and magistrates, all officers of the army—from every one in short who held any appointment in the state. Count Mansfeld was the first who publicly took it in the council of state at Brussels; his example was followed by the Duke of Arschot, Counts Egmont, Megen, and Barlaimont. Hogstraten and Horn endeavored to evade the necessity. The former was offended at a proof of distrust which shortly before the regent had given him. Under the pretext that

Malines could not safely be left any longer without its governor, but that the presence of the count was no less necessary in Antwerp, she had taken from him that province and given it to another whose fidelity she could better reckon upon. Hostraten expressed his thanks that she had been pleased to release him from one of his burdens, adding that she would complete the obligation if she would relieve him from the other also. True to his determination Count Horn was living on one of his estates in the strong town of Weerdt, having retired altogether from public affairs. Having quitted the service of the state, he owed, he thought, nothing more either to the republic or to the king, and declined the oath, which in his case appears at last to have been waived.

The Count of Brederode was left the choice of either taking the prescribed oath or resigning the command of his squadron of cavalry. After many fruitless attempts to evade the alternative, on the plea that he did not hold office in the state, he at last resolved upon the latter course, and thereby escaped all risk of perjuring himself.

Vain were all the attempts to prevail on the Prince of Orange to take the oath, who, from the suspicion which had long attached to him, required more than any other this purification; and from whom the great power which it had been necessary to place in his hands fully justified the regent in exacting it. It was not, however, advisable to proceed against him with the laconic brevity adopted towards Brederode and the like; on the other hand, the voluntary resignation of all his offices, which he tendered, did not meet the object of the regent, who foresaw clearly enough how really dangerous he would become, as soon as he should feel himself independent, and be no longer checked by any external considerations of character or duty in the prosecution of his secret designs. But ever since the consultation in Dendermonde the Prince of Orange had made up his mind to quit the service of the King of Spain on the first favorable opportunity, and till better days to leave the country itself. A very disheartening experience had taught him how uncertain are hopes built on the multitude, and how quickly their zeal is cooled by the necessity of fulfilling its lofty promises.

An army was already in the field, and a far stronger one was, he knew, on its road, under the command of the Duke of Alva. The time for remonstrances was past; it was only at the head of an army that an advantageous treaty could now be concluded with the regent, and by preventing the entrance of the Spanish general. But now where was he to raise this army, in want as he was of money, the sinews of warfare, since the Protestants had retracted their boastful promises and deserted him in this pressing emergency?

[How valiant the wish, and how sorry the deed was, is proved by the following instance amongst others. Some friends of the national liberty, Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, had solemnly engaged in Amsterdam to subscribe to a common fund the hundredth penny of their estates, until a sum of eleven thousand florins should be collected, which was to be devoted to the common cause and interests. An alms-box, protected by three locks, was prepared for the reception of these contributions. After the expiration of the prescribed period it was opened, and a sum was found amounting to seven hundred florins, which was given to the hostess of the Count of Brederode, in part payment of his unliquidated score. Univ. Hist. of the N., vol. 3.]

Religious jealousy and hatred, moreover, separated the two Protestant churches, and stood in the way of every salutary combination against the common enemy of their faith. The rejection of the Confession of Augsburg by the Calvinists had exasperated all the Protestant princes of Germany, so that no support was to be looked for from the empire. With Count Egmont the excellent army of Walloons was also lost to the cause, for they followed with blind devotion the fortunes of their general, who had taught them at St. Quentin and Gravelines to be invincible. And again, the outrages which the Iconoclasts had perpetrated on the churches and convents had estranged from the league the numerous, wealthy, and powerful class of the established clergy, who, before this unlucky episode, were already more than half gained over to it; while, by her intrigues, the regent daily contrived to deprive the league itself of some one or

other of its most influential members.

All these considerations combined induced the prince to postpone to a more favorable season a project for which the present juncture was little suited, and to leave a country where his longer stay could not effect any advantage for it, but must bring certain destruction on himself. After intelligence gleaned from so many quarters, after so many proofs of distrust, so many warnings from Madrid, he could be no longer doubtful of the sentiments of Philip towards him. If even he had any doubt, his uncertainty would soon have been dispelled by the formidable armament which was preparing in Spain, and which was to have for its leader, not the king, as was falsely given out, but, as he was better informed, the Duke of Alva, his personal enemy, and the very man he had most cause to fear. The prince had seen too deeply into Philip's heart to believe in the sincerity of his reconciliation after having once awakened his fears. He judged his own conduct too justly to reckon, like his friend Egmont, on reaping a gratitude from the king to which he had not sown. He could therefore expect nothing but hostility from him, and prudence counselled him to screen himself by a timely flight from its actual outbreak. He had hitherto obstinately refused to take the new oath, and all the written exhortations of the regent had been fruitless. At last she sent to him at Antwerp her private secretary, Berti, who was to put the matter emphatically to his conscience, and forcibly remind him of all the evil consequences which so sudden a retirement from the royal service would draw upon the country, as well as the irreparable injury it would do to his own fair fame. Already, she informed him by her ambassador, his declining the required oath had cast a shade upon his honor, and imparted to the general voice, which accused him of an understanding with the rebels, an appearance of truth which this unconditional resignation would convert to absolute certainty. It was for the sovereign to discharge his servants, but it did not become the servant to abandon his sovereign. The envoy of the regent found the prince in his palace at Antwerp, already, as it appeared, withdrawn from the public service, and entirely devoted to his private concerns. The prince told him, in the presence of Hogstraten, that he had refused to take the required oath because he could not find that such a

proposition had ever before been made to a governor of a province; because he had already bound himself, once for all, to the king, and therefore, by taking this new oath, he would tacitly acknowledge that he had broken the first. He had also refused because the old oath enjoined him to protect the rights and privileges of the country, but he could not tell whether this new one might not impose upon him duties which would contravene the first; because, too, the clause which bound him to serve, if required, against all without distinction, did not except even the emperor, his feudal lord, against whom, however, he, as his vassal, could not conscientiously make war. He had refused to take this oath because it might impose upon him the necessity of surrendering his friends and relations, his children, nay, even his wife, who was a Lutheran, to butchery. According to it, moreover, he must lend himself to every thing which it should occur to the king's fancy or passion to demand. But the king might thus exact from him things which he shuddered even to think of, and even the severities which were now, and had been all along, exercised upon the Protestants, were the most revolting to his heart. This oath, in short, was repugnant to his feelings as a man, and he could not take it. In conclusion, the name of the Duke of Alva dropped from his lips in a tone of bitterness, and he became immediately silent.

All these objections were answered, point by point, by Berti. Certainly such an oath had never been required from a governor before him, because the provinces had never been similarly circumstanced. It was not exacted because the governors had broken the first, but in order to remind them vividly of their former vows, and to freshen their activity in the present emergency. This oath would not impose upon him anything which offended against the rights and privileges of the country, for the king had sworn to observe these as well as the Prince of Orange. The oath did not, it was true, contain any reference to a war with the emperor, or any other sovereign to whom the prince might be related; and if he really had scruples on this point, a distinct clause could easily be inserted, expressly providing against such a contingency. Care would be taken to spare him any duties which were repugnant to his feelings as a man, and no power on earth would compel him to act against his wife or against his children.

Berti was then passing to the last point, which related to the Duke of Alva, but the prince, who did not wish to have this part of his discourse canvassed, interrupted him. "The king was coming to the Netherlands," he said, "and he knew the king. The king would not endure that one of his servants should have wedded a Lutheran, and he had therefore resolved to go with his whole family into voluntary banishment before he was obliged to submit to the same by compulsion. But," he concluded, "wherever he might be, he would always conduct himself as a subject of the king." Thus far-fetched were the motives which the prince adduced to avoid touching upon the single one which really decided him.

Berti had still a hope of obtaining, through Egmont's eloquence, what by his own he despaired of effecting. He therefore proposed a meeting with the latter (1567), which the prince assented to the more willingly as he himself felt a desire to embrace his friend once more before his departure, and if possible to snatch the deluded man from certain destruction. This remarkable meeting, at which the private secretary, Berti, and the young Count Mansfeld, were also present, was the last that the two friends ever held, and took place in Villebroeck, a village on the Rupel, between Brussels and Antwerp. The Calvinists, whose last hope rested on the issue of this conference, found means to acquaint themselves of its import by a spy, who concealed himself in the chimney of the apartment where it was held. All three attempted to shake the determination of the prince, but their united eloquence was unable to move him from his purpose. "It will cost you your estates, Orange, if you persist in this intention," said the Prince of Gaure, as he took him aside to a window. "And you your life, Egmont, if you change not yours," replied the former. "To me it will at least be a consolation in my misfortunes that I desired, in deed as well as in word, to help my country and my friends in the hour of need; but you, my friend, you are dragging friends and country with you to destruction." And saying these words, he once again exhorted him, still more urgently than ever, to return to the cause of his country, which his arm alone was yet able to preserve; if not, at least for his own sake to avoid the tempest which was gathering against him from

Spain.

But all the arguments, however lucid, with which a far-discerning prudence supplied him, and however urgently enforced, with all the ardor and animation which the tender anxiety of friendship could alone inspire, did not avail to destroy the fatal confidence which still fettered Egmont's better reason. The warning of Orange seemed to come from a sad and dispirited heart; but for Egmont the world still smiled. To abandon the pomp and affluence in which he had grown up to youth and manhood; to part with all the thousand conveniences of life which alone made it valuable to him, and all this to escape an evil which his buoyant spirit regarded as remote, if not imaginary; no, that was not a sacrifice which could be asked from Egmont. But had he even been less given to indulgence than he was, with what heart could he have consigned a princess, accustomed by uninterrupted prosperity to ease and comfort, a wife who loved him as dearly as she was beloved, the children on whom his soul hung in hope and fondness, to privations at the prospect of which his own courage sank, and which a sublime philosophy alone can enable sensuality to undergo. "You will never persuade me, Orange," said Egmont, "to see things in the gloomy light in which they appear to thy mournful prudence. When I have succeeded in abolishing the public preachings, and chastising the Iconoclasts, in crushing the rebels, and restoring peace and order in the provinces, what can the king lay to my charge? The king is good and just; I have claims upon his gratitude, and I must not forget what I owe to myself." "Well, then," cried Orange, indignantly and with bitter anguish, "trust, if you will, to this royal gratitude; but a mournful presentiment tells me—and may Heaven grant that I am deceived!—that you, Egmont, will be the bridge by which the Spaniards will pass into our country to destroy it." After these words, he drew him to his bosom, ardently clasping him in his arms. Long, as though the sight was to serve for the remainder of his life, did he keep his eyes fixed upon him; the tears fell; they saw each other no more.

The very next day the Prince of Orange wrote his letter of resignation to the regent, in which he assured her of his perpetual esteem, and once again entreated

her to put the best interpretation on his present step. He then set off with his three brothers and his whole family for his own town of Breda, where he remained only as long as was requisite to arrange some private affairs. His eldest son, Prince Philip William, was left behind at the University of Louvain, where he thought him sufficiently secure under the protection of the privileges of Brabant and the immunities of the academy; an imprudence which, if it was really not designed, can hardly be reconciled with the just estimate which, in so many other cases, he had taken of the character of his adversary. In Breda the heads of the Calvinists once more consulted him whether there was still hope for them, or whether all was irretrievably lost. "He had before advised them," replied the prince, "and must now do so again, to accede to the Confession of Augsburg; then they might rely upon aid from Germany. If they would still not consent to this, they must raise six hundred thousand florins, or more, if they could." "The first," they answered, "was at variance with their conviction and their conscience; but means might perhaps be found to raise the money if he would only let them know for what purpose he would use it." "No!" cried he, with the utmost displeasure, "if I must tell you that, it is all over with the use of it." With these words he immediately broke off the conference and dismissed the deputies.

The Prince of Orange was reproached with having squandered his fortune, and with favoring the innovations on account of his debts; but he asserted that he still enjoyed sixty thousand florins yearly rental. Before his departure he borrowed twenty thousand florins from the states of Holland on the mortgage of some manors. Men could hardly persuade themselves that he would have succumbed to necessity so entirely, and without an effort at resistance given up all his hopes and schemes. But what he secretly meditated no one knew, no one had read in his heart. Being asked how he intended to conduct himself towards the King of Spain, "Quietly," was his answer, "unless he touches my honor or my estates." He left the Netherlands soon afterwards, and betook himself in retirement to the town of Dillenburg, in Nassau, at which place he was born. He was accompanied to Germany by many hundreds, either as his servants or as volunteers, and was

soon followed by Counts Hogstraten, Kuilemberg, and Bergen, who preferred to share a voluntary exile with him rather than recklessly involve themselves in an uncertain destiny. In his departure the nation saw the flight of its guardian angel; many had adored, all had honored him. With him the last stay of the Protestants gave way; they, however, had greater hopes from this man in exile than from all the others together who remained behind. Even the Roman Catholics could not witness his departure without regret. Them also had he shielded from tyranny; he had not unfrequently protected them against the oppression of their own church, and he had rescued many of them from the sanguinary jealousy of their religious opponents. A few fanatics among the Calvinists, who were offended with his proposal of an alliance with their brethren, who avowed the Confession of Augsburg, solemnized with secret thanksgivings the day on which the enemy left them. (1567).

DECAY AND DISPERSION OF THE GEUSEN LEAGUE.

Immediately after taking leave of his friend, the Prince of Gaure hastened back to Brussels, to receive from the regent the reward of his firmness, and there, in the excitement of the court and in the sunshine of his good fortune, to dispel the light cloud which the earnest warnings of the Prince of Orange had cast over his natural gayety. The flight of the latter now left him in possession of the stage. He had now no longer any rival in the republic to dim his glory. With redoubled zeal he wooed the transient favor of the court, above which he ought to have felt himself far exalted. All Brussels must participate in his joy. He gave splendid banquets and public entertainments, at which, the better to eradicate all suspicion from his mind, the regent herself frequently attended. Not content with having taken the required oath, he outstripped the most devout in devotion; outran the most zealous in zeal to extirpate the Protestant faith, and to reduce by force of arms the refractory towns of Flanders. He declared to his old friend, Count Hogstraten, as also to the rest of the Gueux, that he would withdraw from them his friendship forever if they hesitated any longer to return into the bosom of the church, and reconcile themselves with their king. All the confidential letters which had been exchanged between him and them were returned, and by this last step the breach between them was made public and irreparable. Egmont's secession, and the flight of the Prince of Orange, destroyed the last hope of the Protestants and dissolved the whole league of the Gueux. Its members vied with each other in readiness—nay, they could not soon enough abjure the covenant and take the new oath proposed to them by the government. In vain did the

Protestant merchants exclaim at this breach of faith on the part of the nobles; their weak voice was no longer listened to, and all the sums were lost with which they had supplied the league.

The most important places were quickly reduced and garrisoned; the rebels had fled, or perished by the hand of the executioner; in the provinces no protector was left. All yielded to the fortune of the regent, and her victorious army was advancing against Antwerp. After a long and obstinate contest this town had been cleared of the worst rebels; Hermann and his adherents took to flight; the internal storms had spent their rage. The minds of the people became gradually composed, and no longer excited at will by every furious fanatic, began to listen to better counsels. The wealthier citizens earnestly longed for peace to revive commerce and trade, which had suffered severely from the long reign of anarchy. The dread of Alva's approach worked wonders; in order to prevent the miseries which a Spanish army would inflict upon the country, the people hastened to throw themselves on the gentler mercies of the regent. Of their own accord they despatched plenipotentiaries to Brussels to negotiate for a treaty and to hear her terms. Agreeably as the regent was surprised by this voluntary step, she did not allow herself to be hurried away by her joy. She declared that she neither could nor would listen to any overtures or representations until the town had received a garrison. Even this was no longer opposed, and Count Mansfeld marched in the day after with sixteen squadrons in battle array. A solemn treaty was now made between the town and duchess, by which the former bound itself to prohibit the Calvinistic form of worship, to banish all preachers of that persuasion, to restore the Roman Catholic religion to its former dignity, to decorate the despoiled churches with their former ornaments, to administer the old edicts as before, to take the new oath which the other towns had sworn to, and, lastly, to deliver into the hands of justice all who been guilty of treason, in bearing arms, or taking part in the desecration of the churches. On the other hand, the regent pledged herself to forget all that had passed, and even to intercede for the offenders with the king. All those who, being dubious of obtaining pardon, preferred banishment, were to be allowed a

month to convert their property into money, and place themselves in safety. From this grace none were to be excluded but such as had been guilty of a capital offence, and who were excepted by the previous article. Immediately upon the conclusion of this treaty all Calvinist and Lutheran preachers in Antwerp, and the adjoining territory, were warned by the herald to quit the country within twenty-four hours. All the streets and gates were now thronged with fugitives, who for the honor of their God abandoned what was dearest to them, and sought a more peaceful home for their persecuted faith. Here husbands were taking an eternal farewell of their wives, fathers of their children; there whole families were preparing to depart. All Antwerp resembled a house of mourning; wherever the eye turned some affecting spectacle of painful separation presented itself. A seal was set on the doors of the Protestant churches; the whole worship seemed to be extinct. The 10th of April (1567) was the day appointed for the departure of the preachers. In the town hall, where they appeared for the last time to take leave of the magistrate, they could not command their grief; but broke forth into bitter reproaches. They had been sacrificed, they exclaimed, they had been shamefully betrayed; but a time would come when Antwerp would pay dearly enough for this baseness. Still more bitter were the complaints of the Lutheran clergy, whom the magistrate himself had invited into the country to preach against the Calvinists. Under the delusive representation that the king was not unfavorable to their religion they had been seduced into a combination against the Calvinists, but as soon as the latter had been by their co-operation brought under subjection, and their own services were no longer required, they were left to bewail their folly, which had involved themselves and their enemies in common ruin.

A few days afterwards the regent entered Antwerp in triumph, accompanied by a thousand Walloon horse, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, all the governors and counsellors, a number of municipal officers, and her whole court. Her first visit was to the cathedral, which still bore lamentable traces of the violence of the Iconoclasts, and drew from her many and bitter tears. Immediately afterwards four of the rebels, who had been overtaken in their

flight, were brought in and executed in the public market-place. All the children who had been baptized after the Protestant rites were rebaptized by Roman Catholic priests; all the schools of heretics were closed, and their churches levelled to the ground. Nearly all the towns in the Netherlands followed the example of Antwerp and banished the Protestant preachers. By the end of April the Roman Catholic churches were repaired and embellished more splendidly than ever, while all the Protestant places of worship were pulled down, and every vestige of the proscribed belief obliterated in the seventeen provinces. The populace, whose sympathies are generally with the successful party, was now as active in accelerating the ruin of the unfortunate as a short time before it had been furiously zealous in its cause; in Ghent a large and beautiful church which the Calvinists had erected was attacked, and in less than an hour had wholly disappeared. From the beams of the roofless churches gibbets were erected for those who had profaned the sanctuaries of the Roman Catholics. The places of execution were filled with corpses, the prisons with condemned victims, the high roads with fugitives. Innumerable were the victims of this year of murder; in the smallest towns fifty at least, in several of the larger as many as three hundred, were put to death, while no account was kept of the numbers in the open country who fell into the hands of the provost-marshal and were immediately strung up as miscreants, without trial and without mercy.

The regent was still in Antwerp when ambassadors presented themselves from the Electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, Hesse, Wurtemberg, and Baden to intercede for their fugitive brethren in the faith. The expelled preachers of the Augsburg Confession had claimed the rights assured to them by the religious peace of the Germans, in which Brabant, as part of the empire, participated, and had thrown themselves on the protection of those princes. The arrival of the foreign ministers alarmed the regent, and she vainly endeavored to prevent their entrance into Antwerp; under the guise, however, of showing them marks of honor, she continued to keep them closely watched lest they should encourage the malcontents in any attempts against the peace of the town. From the high tone which they most unreasonably adopted towards the regent it might almost

be inferred that they were little in earnest in their demand. "It was but reasonable," they said, "that the Confession of Augsburg, as the only one which met the spirit of the gospel, should be the ruling faith in the Netherlands; but to persecute it by such cruel edicts as were in force was positively unnatural and could not be allowed. They therefore required of the regent, in the name of religion, not to treat the people entrusted to her rule with such severity." She replied through the Count of Staremburg, her minister for German affairs, that such an exordium deserved no answer at all. From the sympathy which the German princes had shown for the Belgian fugitives it was clear that they gave less credit to the letters of the king, in explanation of his measures, than to the reports of a few worthless wretches who, in the desecrated churches, had left behind them a worthier memorial of their acts and characters. It would far more become them to leave to the King of Spain the care of his own subjects, and abandon the attempt to foster a spirit of rebellion in foreign countries, from which they would reap neither honor nor profit. The ambassadors left Antwerp in a few days without having effected anything. The Saxon minister, indeed, in a private interview with the regent even assured her that his master had most reluctantly taken this step.

The German ambassadors had not quitted Antwerp when intelligence from Holland completed the triumph of the regent. From fear of Count Megen Count Brederode had deserted his town of Viane, and with the aid of the Protestants inhabitants had succeeded in throwing himself into Amsterdam, where his arrival caused great alarm to the city magistrate, who had previously found difficulty in preventing a revolt, while it revived the courage of the Protestants. Here Brederode's adherents increased daily, and many noblemen flocked to him from Utrecht, Friesland, and Groningen, whence the victorious arms of Megen and Aremberg had driven them. Under various disguises they found means to steal into the city, where they gathered round Brederode, and served him as a strong body-guard. The regent, apprehensive of a new outbreak, sent one of her private secretaries, Jacob de la Torre, to the council of Amsterdam, and ordered them to get rid of Count Brederode on any terms and at any risk. Neither the

magistrate nor de la Torre himself, who visited Brederode in person to acquaint him with the will of the duchess, could prevail upon him to depart. The secretary was even surprised in his own chamber by a party of Brederode's followers, and deprived of all his papers, and would, perhaps, have lost his life also if he had not contrived to make his escape. Brederode remained in Amsterdam a full month after this occurrence, a powerless idol of the Protestants, and an oppressive burden to the Roman Catholics; while his fine army, which he had left in Viane, reinforced by many fugitives from the southern provinces, gave Count Megen enough to do without attempting to harass the Protestants in their flight. At last Brederode resolved to follow the example of Orange, and, yielding to necessity, abandon a desperate cause. He informed the town council that he was willing to leave Amsterdam if they would enable him to do so by furnishing him with the pecuniary means. Glad to get quit of him, they hastened to borrow the money on the security of the town council. Brederode quitted Amsterdam the same night, and was conveyed in a gunboat as far as Vlie, from whence he fortunately escaped to Embden. Fate treated him more mildly than the majority of those he had implicated in his foolhardy enterprise; he died the year after, 1568, at one of his castles in Germany, from the effects of drinking, by which he sought ultimately to drown his grief and disappointments. His widow, Countess of Moers in her own right, was remarried to the Prince Palatine, Frederick III. The Protestant cause lost but little by his demise; the work which he had commenced, as it had not been kept alive by him, so it did not die with him.

The little army, which in his disgraceful flight he had deserted, was bold and valiant, and had a few resolute leaders. It disbanded, indeed, as soon as he, to whom it looked for pay, had fled; but hunger and courage kept its parts together some time longer. One body, under command of Dietrich of Battenburgh, marched to Amsterdam in the hope of carrying that town; but Count Megen hastened with thirteen companies of excellent troops to its relief, and compelled the rebels to give up the attempt. Contenting themselves with plundering the neighboring cloisters, among which the abbey of Egmont in particular was hardly dealt with, they turned off towards Waaterland, where they hoped the

numerous swamps would protect them from pursuit. But thither Count Megen followed them, and compelled them in all haste to seek safety in the Zuyderzee. The brothers Van Battenburg, and two Friesan nobles, Beima and Galama, with a hundred and twenty men and the booty they had taken from the monasteries, embarked near the town of Hoorne, intending to cross to Friesland, but through the treachery of the steersman, who ran the vessel on a sand-bank near Harlingen, they fell into the hands of one of Aremberg's captains, who took them all prisoners. The Count of Aremberg immediately pronounced sentence upon all the captives of plebeian rank, but sent his noble prisoners to the regent, who caused seven of them to be beheaded. Seven others of the most noble, including the brothers Van Battenburg and some Frieslanders, all in the bloom of youth, were reserved for the Duke of Alva, to enable him to signalize the commencement of his administration by a deed which was in every way worthy of him. The troops in four other vessels which set sail from Medenhlick, and were pursued by Count Megen in small boats, were more successful. A contrary wind had forced them out of their course and driven them ashore on the coast of Gueldres, where they all got safe to land; crossing the Rhine, near Heusen, they fortunately escaped into Cleves, where they tore their flags in pieces and dispersed. In North Holland Count Megen overtook some squadrons who had lingered too long in plundering the cloisters, and completely overpowered them. He afterwards formed a junction with Noircarmes and garrisoned Amsterdam. The Duke Erich of Brunswick also surprised three companies, the last remains of the army of the Gueux, near Viane, where they were endeavoring to take a battery, routed them and captured their leader, Renesse, who was shortly afterwards beheaded at the castle of Freudenburg, in Utrecht. Subsequently, when Duke Erich entered Viane, he found nothing but deserted streets, the inhabitants having left it with the garrison on the first alarm. He immediately razed the fortifications, and reduced this arsenal of the Gueux to an open town without defences. All the originators of the league were now dispersed; Brederode and Louis of Nassau had fled to Germany, and Counts Hogstraten, Bergen, and Kuilemberg had followed their example. Mansfeld had seceded, the brothers Van Battenburg awaited in prison an ignominious fate, while

Thoulouse alone had found an honorable death on the field of battle. Those of the confederates who had escaped the sword of the enemy and the axe of the executioner had saved nothing but their lives, and thus the title which they had assumed for show became at last a terrible reality.

Such was the inglorious end of the noble league, which in its beginning awakened such fair hopes and promised to become a powerful protection against oppression. Unanimity was its strength, distrust and internal dissension its ruin. It brought to light and developed many rare and beautiful virtues, but it wanted the most indispensable of all, prudence and moderation, without which any undertaking must miscarry, and all the fruits of the most laborious industry perish. If its objects had been as pure as it pretended, or even had they remained as pure as they really were at its first establishment, it might have defied the unfortunate combination of circumstances which prematurely overwhelmed it, and even if unsuccessful it would still have deserved an honorable mention in history. But it is too evident that the confederate nobles, whether directly or indirectly, took a greater share in the frantic excesses of the Iconoclasts than comported with the dignity and blamelessness of their confederation, and many among them openly exchanged their own good cause for the mad enterprise of these worthless vagabonds. The restriction of the Inquisition and a mitigation of the cruel inhumanity of the edicts must be laid to the credit of the league; but this transient relief was dearly purchased, at the cost of so many of the best and bravest citizens, who either lost their lives in the field, or in exile carried their wealth and industry to another quarter of the world; and of the presence of Alva and the Spanish arms. Many, too, of its peaceable citizens, who without its dangerous temptations would never have been seduced from the ranks of peace and order, were beguiled by the hope of success into the most culpable enterprises, and by their failure plunged into ruin and misery. But it cannot be denied that the league atoned in some measure for these wrongs by positive benefits. It brought together and emboldened many whom a selfish pusillanimity kept asunder and inactive; it diffused a salutary public spirit amongst the Belgian people, which the oppression of the government had almost entirely extinguished, and gave unanimity and a common voice to the scattered members of the nation, the absence of which alone makes despots bold. The attempt, indeed, failed, and the knots, too carelessly tied, were quickly unloosed; but it was through such failures that the nation was eventually to attain to a firm and

lasting union, which should bid defiance to change.

The total destruction of the Geusen army quickly brought the Dutch towns also back to their obedience, and in the provinces there remained not a single place which had not submitted to the regent; but the increasing emigration, both of the natives and the foreign residents, threatened the country with depopulation. In Amsterdam the crowd of fugitives was so great that vessels were wanting to convey them across the North Sea and the Zuyderzee, and that flourishing emporium beheld with dismay the approaching downfall of its prosperity. Alarmed at this general flight, the regent hastened to write letters to all the towns, to encourage the citizens to remain, and by fair promises to revive a hope of better and milder measures. In the king's name she promised to all who would freely swear to obey the state and the church complete indemnity, and by public proclamation invited the fugitives to trust to the royal clemency and return to their homes. She engaged also to relieve the nation from the dreaded presence of a Spanish army, even if it were already on the frontiers; nay, she went so far as to drop hints that, if necessary, means might be found to prevent it by force from entering the provinces, as she was fully determined not to relinquish to another the glory of a peace which it had cost her so much labor to effect. Few, however, returned in reliance upon her word, and these few had cause to repent it in the sequel; many thousands had already quitted the country, and several thousands more quickly followed them. Germany and England were filled with Flemish emigrants, who, wherever they settled, retained their usages and manners, and even their costume, unwilling to come to the painful conclusion that they should never again see their native land, and to give up all hopes of return. Few carried with them any remains of their former affluence; the greater portion had to beg their way, and bestowed on their adopted country nothing but industrious skill and honest citizens.

And now the regent hastened to report to the king tidings such as, during her whole administration, she had never before been able to gratify him with. She announced to him that she had succeeded in restoring quiet throughout the

provinces, and that she thought herself strong enough to maintain it. The sects were extirpated, and the Roman Catholic worship re-established in all its former splendor; the rebels had either already met with, or were awaiting in prison, the punishment they deserved; the towns were secured by adequate garrisons. There was therefore no necessity for sending Spanish troops into the Netherlands, and nothing to justify their entrance. Their arrival would tend to destroy the existing repose, which it had cost so much to establish, would check the much-desired revival of commerce and trade, and, while it would involve the country in new expenses, would at the same time deprive them of the only means of supporting them. The mere rumor of the approach of a Spanish army had stripped the country of many thousands of its most valuable citizens; its actual appearance would reduce it to a desert. As there was no longer any enemy to subdue, or rebellion to suppress, the people would see no motive for the march of this army but punishment and revenge, and under this supposition its arrival would neither be welcomed nor honored. No longer excused by necessity, this violent expedient would assume the odious aspect of oppression, would exasperate the national mind afresh, drive the Protestants to desperation, and arm their brethren in other countries in their defence. The regent, she said, had in the king's name promised the nation it should be relieved from this foreign army, and to this stipulation she was principally indebted for the present peace; she could not therefore guarantee its long continuance if her pledge was not faithfully fulfilled. The Netherlands would receive him as their sovereign, the king, with every mark of attachment and veneration, but he must come as a father to bless, not as a despot to chastise them. Let him come to enjoy the peace which she had bestowed on the country, but not to destroy it afresh.

ALVA'S ARMAMENT AND EXPEDITION TO THE NETHERLANDS.

But it was otherwise determined in the council at Madrid. The minister, Granvella, who, even while absent himself, ruled the Spanish cabinet by his adherents; the Cardinal Grand Inquisitor, Spinosa, and the Duke of Alva, swayed respectively by hatred, a spirit of persecution, or private interest, had outvoted the milder councils of the Prince Ruy Gomes of Eboli, the Count of Feria, and the king's confessor, Fresneda. The insurrection, it was urged by the former, was indeed quelled for the present, but only because the rebels were awed by the rumor of the king's armed approach; it was to fear of punishment alone, and not to sorrow for their crime, that the present calm was to be ascribed, and it would soon again be broken if that feeling were allowed to subside. In fact, the offences of the people fairly afforded the king the opportunity he had so long desired of carrying out his despotic views with an appearance of justice. The peaceable settlement for which the regent took credit to herself was very far from according with his wishes, which sought rather for a legitimate pretext to deprive the provinces of their privileges, which were so obnoxious to his despotic temper.

With an impenetrable dissimulation Philip had hitherto fostered the general delusion that he was about to visit the provinces in person, while all along nothing could have been more remote from his real intentions. Travelling at any time ill suited the methodical regularity of his life, which moved with the precision of clockwork; and his narrow and sluggish intellect was oppressed by

the variety and multitude of objects with which new scenes crowded it. The difficulties and dangers which would attend a journey to the Netherlands must, therefore, have been peculiarly alarming to his natural timidity and love of ease. Why should he, who, in all that he did, was accustomed to consider himself alone, and to make men accommodate themselves to his principles, not his principles to men, undertake so perilous an expedition, when he could see neither the advantage nor necessity of it. Moreover, as it had ever been to him an utter impossibility to separate, even for a moment, his person from his royal dignity, which no prince ever guarded so tenaciously and pedantically as himself, so the magnificence and ceremony which in his mind were inseparably connected with such a journey, and the expenses which, on this account, it would necessarily occasion, were of themselves sufficient motives to account for his indisposition to it, without its being at all requisite to call in the aid of the influence of his favorite, Ruy Gomes, who is said to have desired to separate his rival, the Duke of Alva, from the king. Little, however, as he seriously intended this journey, he still deemed it advisable to keep up the expectation of it, as well with a view of sustaining the courage of the loyal as of preventing a dangerous combination of the disaffected, and stopping the further progress of the rebels.

In order to carry on the deception as long as possible, Philip made extensive preparations for his departure, and neglected nothing which could be required for such an event. He ordered ships to be fitted out, appointed the officers and others to attend him. To allay the suspicion such warlike preparations might excite in all foreign courts, they were informed through his ambassadors of his real design. He applied to the King of France for a passage for himself and attendants through that kingdom, and consulted the Duke of Savoy as to the preferable route. He caused a list to be drawn up of all the towns and fortified places that lay in his march, and directed all the intermediate distances to be accurately laid down. Orders were issued for taking a map and survey of the whole extent of country between Savoy and Burgundy, the duke being requested to furnish the requisite surveyors and scientific officers. To such lengths was the deception carried that the regent was commanded to hold eight vessels at least in readiness

off Zealand, and to despatch them to meet the king the instant she heard of his having sailed from Spain; and these ships she actually got ready, and caused prayers to be offered up in all the churches for the king's safety during the voyage, though in secret many persons did not scruple to remark that in his chamber at Madrid his majesty would not have much cause to dread the storms at sea. Philip played his part with such masterly skill that the Belgian ambassadors at Madrid, Lords Bergen and Montigny, who at first had disbelieved in the sincerity of his pretended journey, began at last to be alarmed, and infected their friends in Brussels with similar apprehensions. An attack of tertian ague, which about this time the king suffered, or perhaps feigned, in Segovia, afforded a plausible pretence for postponing his journey, while meantime the preparations for it were carried on with the utmost activity. At last, when the urgent and repeated solicitations of his sister compelled him to make a definite explanation of his plans, he gave orders that the Duke of Alva should set out forthwith with an army, both to clear the way before him of rebels, and to enhance the splendor of his own royal arrival. He did not yet venture to throw off the mask and announce the duke as his substitute. He had but too much reason to fear that the submission which his Flemish nobles would cheerfully yield to their sovereign would be refused to one of his servants, whose cruel character was well known, and who, moreover, was detested as a foreigner and the enemy of their constitution. And, in fact, the universal belief that the king was soon to follow, which long survived Alva's entrance into the country, restrained the outbreak of disturbances which otherwise would assuredly have been caused by the cruelties which marked the very opening of the duke's government.

The clergy of Spain, and especially the Inquisition, contributed richly towards the expenses of this expedition as to a holy war. Throughout Spain the enlisting was carried on with the utmost zeal. The viceroys and governors of Sardinia, Sicily, Naples, and Milan received orders to select the best of their Italian and Spanish troops in the garrisons and despatch them to the general rendezvous in the Genoese territory, where the Duke of Alva would exchange them for the

Spanish recruits which he should bring with him. At the same time the regent was commanded to hold in readiness a few more regiments of German infantry in Luxembourg, under the command of the Counts Eberstein, Schaumburg, and Lodrona, and also some squadrons of light cavalry in the Duchy of Burgundy to reinforce the Spanish general immediately on his entrance into the provinces. The Count of Barlaimont was commissioned to furnish the necessary provision for the armament, and a sum of two hundred thousand gold florins was remitted to the regent to enable her to meet these expenses and to maintain her own troops.

The French court, however, under pretence of the danger to be apprehended from the Huguenots, had refused to allow the Spanish army to pass through France. Philip applied to the Dukes of Savoy and Lorraine, who were too dependent upon him to refuse his request. The former merely stipulated that he should be allowed to maintain two thousand infantry and a squadron of horse at the king's expense in order to protect his country from the injuries to which it might otherwise be exposed from the passage of the Spanish army. At the same time he undertook to provide the necessary supplies for its maintenance during the transit.

The rumor of this arrangement roused the Huguenots, the Genevese, the Swiss, and the Grisons. The Prince of Conde and the Admiral Coligny entreated Charles IX. not to neglect so favorable a moment of inflicting a deadly blow on the hereditary foe of France. With the aid of the Swiss, the Genevese, and his own Protestant subjects, it would, they alleged, be an easy matter to destroy the flower of the Spanish troops in the narrow passes of the Alpine mountains; and they promised to support him in this undertaking with an army of fifty thousand Huguenots. This advice, however, whose dangerous object was not easily to be mistaken, was plausibly declined by Charles IX., who assured them that he was both able and anxious to provide for the security of his kingdom. He hastily despatched troops to cover the French frontiers; and the republics of Geneva, Bern, Zurich, and the Grisons followed his example, all ready to offer a

determined opposition to the dreaded enemy of their religion and their liberty.

On the 5th of May, 1567, the Duke of Alva set sail from Carthagená with thirty galleys, which had been furnished by Andrew Doria and the Duke Cosmo of Florence, and within eight days landed at Genoa, where the four regiments were waiting to join him. But a tertian ague, with which he was seized shortly after his arrival, compelled him to remain for some days inactive in Lombardy—a delay of which the neighboring powers availed themselves to prepare for defence. As soon as the duke recovered he held at Asti, in Montferrat, a review of all his troops, who were more formidable by their valor than by their numbers, since cavalry and infantry together did not amount to much above ten thousand men. In his long and perilous march he did not wish to encumber himself with useless supernumeraries, which would only impede his progress and increase the difficulty of supporting his army. These ten thousand veterans were to form the nucleus of a greater army, which, according as circumstances and occasion might require, he could easily assemble in the Netherlands themselves.

This array, however, was as select as it was small. It consisted of the remains of those victorious legions at whose head Charles V. had made Europe tremble; sanguinary, indomitable bands, in whose battalions the firmness of the old Macedonian phalanx lived again; rapid in their evolutions from long practice, hardy and enduring, proud of their leader's success, and confident from past victories, formidable by their licentiousness, but still more so by their discipline; let loose with all the passions of a warmer climate upon a rich and peaceful country, and inexorable towards an enemy whom the church had cursed. Their fanatical and sanguinary spirit, their thirst for glory and innate courage was aided by a rude sensuality, the instrument by which the Spanish general firmly and surely ruled his otherwise intractable troops. With a prudent indulgence he allowed riot and voluptuousness to reign throughout the camp. Under his tacit connivance Italian courtezans followed the standards; even in the march across the Apennines, where the high price of the necessaries of life compelled him to reduce his force to the smallest possible number, he preferred to have a few

regiments less rather than to leave behind these instruments of voluptuousness.

[The bacchanalian procession of this army contrasted strangely enough with the gloomy seriousness and pretended sanctity of his aim. The number of these women was so great that to restrain the disorders and quarrelling among themselves they hit upon the expedient of establishing a discipline of their own. They ranged themselves under particular flags, marched in ranks and sections, and in admirable military order, after each battalion, and classed themselves with strict etiquette according to their rank and pay.]

But industriously as Alva strove to relax the morals of his soldiers, he enforced the more rigidly a strict military discipline, which was interrupted only by a victory or rendered less severe by a battle. For all this he had, he said, the authority of the Athenian General Iphicrates, who awarded the prize of valor to the pleasure-loving and rapacious soldier. The more irksome the restraint by which the passions of the soldiers were kept in check, the greater must have been the vehemence with which they broke forth at the sole outlet which was left open to them.

The duke divided his infantry, which was about nine thousand strong, and chiefly Spaniards, into four brigades, and gave the command of them to four Spanish officers. Alphonso of Ulloa led the Neapolitan brigade of nine companies, amounting to three thousand two hundred and thirty men; Sancho of Lodogno commanded the Milan brigade, three thousand two hundred men in ten companies; the Sicilian brigade, with the same number of companies, and consisting of sixteen hundred men, was under Julian Romero, an experienced warrior, who had already fought on Belgian ground.

[The same officer who commanded one of the Spanish regiments about which so much complaint had formerly been made in the States-General.]

Gonsalo of Braccamonte headed that of Sardinia, which was raised by three companies of recruits to the full complement of the former. To every company, moreover, were added fifteen Spanish musqueteers. The horse, in all twelve hundred strong, consisted of three Italian, two Albanian, and seven Spanish squadrons, light and heavy cavalry, and the chief command was held by Ferdinand and Frederick of Toledo, the two sons of Alva. Chiappin Vitelli, Marquis of Cetona, was field-marshal; a celebrated general whose services had been made over to the King of Spain by Cosmo of Florence; and Gabriel Serbellon was general of artillery. The Duke of Savoy lent Alva an experienced engineer, Francis Pacotto, of Urbino, who was to be employed in the erection of new fortifications. His standard was likewise followed by a number of volunteers, and the flower of the Spanish nobility, of whom the greater part had fought under Charles V. in Germany, Italy, and before Tunis. Among these were Christopher Mondragone, one of the ten Spanish heroes who, near Mithlberg, swam across the Elbe with their swords between their teeth, and, under a shower of bullets from the enemy, brought over from the opposite shore the boats which the emperor required for the construction of a bridge. Sancho of Avila, who had been trained to war under Alva himself, Camillo of Monte, Francis Ferdugo, Karl Davila, Nicolaus Basta, and Count Martinego, all fired with a noble ardor, either to commence their military career under so eminent a leader, or by another glorious campaign under his command to crown the fame they had already won. After the review the army marched in three divisions across Mount Cenis, by the very route which sixteen centuries before Hannibal is said to have taken. The duke himself led the van; Ferdinand of Toledo, with whom was associated Lodogno as colonel, the centre; and the Marquis of Cetona the rear. The Commissary General, Francis of Ibarra, was sent before with General Serbellon to open the road for the main body, and get ready the supplies at the several quarters for the night. The places which the van left in the morning were entered in the evening by the centre, which in its turn made room on the following day for the rear. Thus the army crossed the Alps of Savoy by regular stages, and with the fourteenth day completed that dangerous passage. A French army of observation accompanied it side by side along the frontiers of Dauphins, and the

course of the Rhone, and the allied army of the Genevese followed it on the right, and was passed by it at a distance of seven miles. Both these armies of observation carefully abstained from any act of hostility, and were merely intended to cover their own frontiers. As the Spanish legions ascended and descended the steep mountain crags, or while they crossed the rapid Iser, or file by file wound through the narrow passes of the rocks, a handful of men would have been sufficient to put an entire stop to their march, and to drive them back into the mountains, where they would have been irretrievably lost, since at each place of encampment supplies were provided for no more than a single day, and for a third part only of the whole force. But a supernatural awe and dread of the Spanish name appeared to have blinded the eyes of the enemy so that they did not perceive their advantage, or at least did not venture to profit by it. In order to give them as little opportunity as possible of remembering it, the Spanish general hastened through this dangerous pass.

Convinced, too, that if his troops gave the slightest umbrage he was lost, the strictest discipline was maintained during the march; not a single peasant's hut, not a single field was injured; and never, perhaps, in the memory of man was so numerous an army led so far in such excellent order.

[Once only on entering Lorraine three horsemen ventured to drive away a few sheep from a flock, of which circumstance the duke was no sooner informed than he sent back to the owner what had been taken from him and sentenced the offenders to be hung. This sentence was, at the intercession of the Lorraine general, who had come to the frontiers to pay his respects to the duke, executed on only one of the three, upon whom the lot fell at the drum-head.]

Destined as this army was for vengeance and murder, a malignant and baleful star seemed to conduct it safe through all dangers; and it would be difficult to decide whether the prudence of its general or the blindness of its enemies is most to be wondered at.

In Franche Comte, four squadrons of Burgundian cavalry, newly-raised, joined the main army, which, at Luxembourg, was also reinforced by three regiments of German infantry under the command of Counts Eberstein, Schaumburg, and Lodrona. From Thionville, where he halted a few days, Alva sent his salutations to the regent by Francis of Ibarra, who was, at the same time, directed to consult her on the quartering of the troops. On her part, Noircarmes and Barlaimont were despatched to the Spanish camp to congratulate the duke on his arrival, and to show him the customary marks of honor. At the same time they were directed to ask him to produce the powers entrusted to him by the king, of which, however, he only showed a part. The envoys of the regent were followed by swarms of the Flemish nobility, who thought they could not hasten soon enough to conciliate the favor of the new viceroy, or by a timely submission avert the vengeance which was preparing. Among them was Count Egmont. As he came forward the duke pointed him out to the bystanders. "Here comes an arch-heretic," he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by Egmont himself, who, surprised at these words, stopped and changed color. But when the duke, in order to repair his imprudence, went up to him with a serene countenance, and greeted him with a friendly embrace, the Fleming was ashamed of his fears, and made light of this warning, by putting some frivolous interpretation upon it. Egmont sealed this new friendship with a present of two valuable chargers, which Alva accepted with a grave condescension.

Upon the assurance of the regent that the provinces were in the enjoyment of perfect peace, and that no opposition was to be apprehended from any quarter, the duke discharged some German regiments, which had hitherto drawn their pay from the Netherlands. Three thousand six hundred men, under the command of Lodrona, were quartered in Antwerp, from which town the Walloon garrison, in which full reliance could not be placed, was withdrawn; garrisons proportionably stronger were thrown into Ghent and other important places; Alva himself marched with the Milan brigade towards Brussels, whither he was accompanied by a splendid cortege of the noblest in the land.

Here, as in all the other towns of the Netherlands, fear and terror had preceded him, and all who were conscious of any offences, and even those who were sensible of none, alike awaited his approach with a dread similar to that with which criminals see the coming of their day of trial. All who could tear themselves from the ties of family, property, and country had already fled, or now at last took to flight. The advance of the Spanish army had already, according to the report of the regent, diminished the population of the provinces by the loss of one hundred thousand citizens, and this general flight still continued. But the arrival of the Spanish general could not be more hateful to the people of the Netherlands than it was distressing and dispiriting to the regent. At last, after so many years of anxiety, she had begun to taste the sweets of repose, and that absolute-authority, which had been the long-cherished object of eight years of a troubled and difficult administration. This late fruit of so much anxious industry, of so many cares and nightly vigils, was now to be wrested from her by a stranger, who was to be placed at once in possession of all the advantages which she had been forced to extract from adverse circumstances, by a long and tedious course of intrigue and patient endurance. Another was lightly to bear away the prize of promptitude, and to triumph by more rapid success over her superior but less glittering merits. Since the departure of the minister, Granvella, she had tasted to the full the pleasures of independence. The flattering homage of the nobility, which allowed her more fully to enjoy the shadow of power, the more they deprived her of its substance, had, by degrees, fostered her vanity to such an extent, that she at last estranged by her coldness even the most upright of all her servants, the state counsellor Viglius, who always addressed her in the language of truth. All at once a censor of her actions was placed at her side, a partner of her power was associated with her, if indeed it was not rather a master who was forced upon her, whose proud, stubborn, and imperious spirit, which no courtesy could soften, threatened the deadliest wounds to her self-love and vanity. To prevent his arrival she had, in her representations to the king, vainly exhausted every political argument. To no purpose had she urged that the utter ruin of the commerce of the Netherlands would be the inevitable consequence of; this introduction of the Spanish troops; in vain had she assured

the king that peace was universally restored, and reminded him of her own services in procuring it, which deserved, she thought, a better guerdon than to see all the fruits of her labors snatched from her and given to a foreigner, and more than all, to behold all the good which she had effected destroyed by a new and different line of conduct. Even when the duke had already crossed Mount Cenis she made one more attempt, entreating him at least to diminish his army; but that also failed, for the duke insisted upon acting up to the powers entrusted to him. In poignant grief she now awaited his approach, and with the tears she shed for her country were mingled those of offended self-love.

On the 22d of August, 1567, the Duke of Alva appeared before the gates of Brussels. His army immediately took up their quarters in the suburbs, and he himself made it his first duty to pay his respects to the sister of his king. She gave him a private audience on the plea of suffering from sickness. Either the mortification she had undergone had in reality a serious effect upon her health, or, what is not improbable, she had recourse to this expedient to pain his haughty spirit, and in some degree to lessen his triumph. He delivered to her letters from the king, and laid before her a copy of his own appointment, by which the supreme command of the whole military force of the Netherlands was committed to him, and from which, therefore, it would appear, that the administration of civil affairs remained, as heretofore, in the hands of the regent. But as soon as he was alone with her he produced a new commission, which was totally different from the former. According to this, the power was delegated to him of making war at his discretion, of erecting fortifications, of appointing and dismissing at pleasure the governors of provinces, the commandants of towns, and other officers of the king; of instituting inquiries into the past troubles, of punishing those who originated them, and of rewarding the loyal. Powers of this extent, which placed him almost on a level with a sovereign prince, and far surpassed those of the regent herself, caused her the greatest consternation, and it was with difficulty that she could conceal her emotion. She asked the duke whether he had not even a third commission, or some special orders in reserve which went still further, and were drawn up still more precisely, to which he

replied distinctly enough in the affirmative, but at the same time gave her to understand that this commission might be too full to suit the present occasion, and would be better brought into play hereafter with due regard to time and circumstances. A few days after his arrival he caused a copy of the first instructions to be laid before the several councils and the states, and had them printed to insure their rapid circulation. As the regent resided in the palace, he took up his quarters temporarily in Kuilemberg house, the same in which the association of the Gueux had received its name, and before which, through a wonderful vicissitude, Spanish tyranny now planted its flag.

A dead silence reigned in Brussels, broken only at times by the unwonted clang of arms. The duke had entered the town but a few hours when his attendants, like bloodhounds that have been slipped, dispersed themselves in all directions. Everywhere foreign faces were to be seen; the streets were empty, all the houses carefully closed, all amusements suspended, all public places deserted. The whole metropolis resembled a place visited by the plague. Acquaintances hurried on without stopping for their usual greeting; all hastened on the moment a Spaniard showed himself in the streets. Every sound startled them, as if it were the knock of the officials of justice at their doors; the nobility, in trembling anxiety, kept to their houses; they shunned appearing in public lest their presence should remind the new viceroy of some past offence. The two nations now seemed to have exchanged characters. The Spaniard had become the talkative man and the Brabanter taciturn; distrust and fear had scared away the spirit of cheerfulness and mirth; a constrained gravity fettered even the play of the features. Every moment the impending blow was looked for with dread.

This general straining of expectation warned the duke to hasten the accomplishment of his plans before they should be anticipated by the timely flight of his victims. His first object was to secure the suspected nobles, in order, at once and forever, to deprive the faction of its leaders, and the nation, whose freedom was to be crushed, of all its supporters. By a pretended affability he had succeeded in lulling their first alarm, and in restoring Count Egmont in particular

to his former perfect confidence, for which purpose he artfully employed his sons, Ferdinand and Frederick of Toledo, whose companionableness and youth assimilated more easily with the Flemish character. By this skilful advice he succeeded also in enticing Count Horn to Brussels, who had hitherto thought it advisable to watch the first measures of the duke from a distance, but now suffered himself to be seduced by the good fortune of his friend. Some of the nobility, and Count Egmont at the head of them, even resumed their former gay style of living. But they themselves did not do so with their whole hearts, and they had not many imitators. Kuilemberg house was incessantly besieged by a numerous crowd, who thronged around the person of the new viceroy, and exhibited an affected gayety on their countenances, while their hearts were wrung with distress and fear. Egmont in particular assumed the appearance of a light heart, entertaining the duke's sons, and being feted by them in return. Meanwhile, the duke was fearful lest so fair an opportunity for the accomplishment of his plans might not last long, and lest some act of imprudence might destroy the feeling of security which had tempted both his victims voluntarily to put themselves into his power; he only waited for a third; Hogstraten also was to be taken in the same net. Under a plausible pretext of business he therefore summoned him to the metropolis. At the same time that he purposed to secure the three counts in Brussels, Colonel Lodrona was to arrest the burgomaster, Strahlen, in Antwerp, an intimate friend of the Prince of Orange, and suspected of having favored the Calvinists; another officer was to seize the private secretary of Count Egmont, whose name was John Cassembrot von Beckerzeel, as also some secretaries of Count Horn, and was to possess themselves of their papers.

When the day arrived which had been fixed upon for the execution of this plan, the duke summoned all the counsellors and knights before him to confer with them upon matters of state. On this occasion the Duke of Arschot, the Counts Mansfeld, Barlaimont, and Aremberg attended on the part of the Netherlands, and on the part of the Spaniards besides the duke's sons, Vitelli, Serbellon, and Ibarra. The young Count Mansfeld, who likewise appeared at the

meeting, received a sign from his father to withdraw with all speed, and by a hasty flight avoid the fate which was impending over him as a former member of the Geusen league. The duke purposely prolonged the consultation to give time before he acted for the arrival of the couriers from Antwerp, who were to bring him the tidings of the arrest of the other parties. To avoid exciting any suspicion, the engineer, Pacotto, was required to attend the meeting to lay before it the plans for some fortifications. At last intelligence was brought him that Lodrona had successfully executed his commission. Upon this the duke dexterously broke off the debate and dismissed the council. And now, as Count Egmont was about to repair to the apartment of Don Ferdinand, to finish a game that he had commenced with him, the captain of the duke's body guard, Sancho D'Avila, stopped him, and demanded his sword in the king's name. At the same time he was surrounded by a number of Spanish soldiers, who, as had been preconcerted, suddenly advanced from their concealment. So unexpected a blow deprived Egmont for some moments of all powers of utterance and recollection; after a while, however, he collected himself, and taking his sword from his side with dignified composure, said, as he delivered it into the hands of the Spaniard, "This sword has before this on more than one occasion successfully defended the king's cause." Another Spanish officer arrested Count Horn as he was returning to his house without the least suspicion of danger. Horn's first inquiry was after Egmont. On being told that the same fate had just happened to his friend he surrendered himself without resistance. "I have suffered myself to be guided by him," he exclaimed, "it is fair that I should share his destiny." The two counts were placed in confinement in separate apartments. While this was going on in the interior of Kuilemberg house the whole garrison were drawn out under arms in front of it. No one knew what had taken place inside, a mysterious terror diffused itself throughout Brussels until rumor spread the news of this fatal event. Each felt as if he himself were the sufferer; with many indignation at Egmont's blind infatuation preponderated over sympathy for his fate; all rejoiced that Orange had escaped. The first question of the Cardinal Granvella, too, when these tidings reached him in Rome, is said to have been, whether they had taken the Silent One also. On being answered in the negative he shook his head "then

as they have let him escape they have got nothing." Fate ordained better for the Count of Hogstraten. Compelled by ill-health to travel slowly, he was met by the report of this event while he was yet on his way. He hastily turned back, and fortunately escaped destruction. Immediately after Egmont's seizure a writing was extorted from him, addressed to the commandant of the citadel of Ghent, ordering that officer to deliver the fortress to the Spanish Colonel Alphonso d'Ulloa. Upon this the two counts were then (after they had been for some weeks confined in Brussels) conveyed under a guard of three thousand Spaniards to Ghent, where they remained imprisoned till late in the following year. In the meantime all their papers had been seized. Many of the first nobility who, by the pretended kindness of the Duke of Alva, had allowed themselves to be cajoled into remaining experienced the same fate. Capital punishment was also, without further delay, inflicted on all who before the duke's arrival had been taken with arms in their hands. Upon the news of Egmont's arrest a second body of about twenty thousand inhabitants took up the wanderer's staff, besides the one hundred thousand who, prudently declining to await the arrival of the Spanish general, had already placed themselves in safety.

[A great part of these fugitives helped to strengthen the army of the Huguenots, who had taken occasion, from the passage of the Spanish army through Lorraine, to assemble their forces, and now pressed Charles IX. hard. On these grounds the French court thought it had a right to demand aid from the regent of the Netherlands. It asserted that the Huguenots had looked upon the march of the Spanish army as the result of a preconcerted plan which had been formed against them by the two courts at Bayonne and that this had roused them from their slumber. That consequently it behooved the Spanish court to assist in extricating the French king from difficulties into which the latter had been brought simply by the march of the Spanish troops. Alva actually sent the Count of Aremberg with a considerable force to join the army of the Queen Mother in France, and even offered to command these subsidiaries in person, which, however, was declined. Strada, 206. Thuan, 541.]

After so noble a life had been assailed no one counted himself safe any longer; but many found cause to repent that they had so long deferred this salutary step; for every day flight was rendered more difficult, for the duke ordered all the ports to be closed, and punished the attempt at emigration with death. The beggars were now esteemed fortunate, who had abandoned country and property in order to preserve at least their liberty and their lives.

ALVA'S FIRST MEASURES, AND DEPARTURE OF THE DUCHESS OF PARMA.

Alva's first step, after securing the most suspected of the nobles, was to restore the Inquisition to its former authority, to put the decrees of Trent again in force, abolish the "moderation," and promulgate anew the edicts against heretics in all their original severity. The court of Inquisition in Spain had pronounced the whole nation of the Netherlands guilty of treason in the highest degree, Catholics and heterodox, loyalists and rebels, without distinction; the latter as having offended by overt acts, the former as having incurred equal guilt by their supineness. From this sweeping condemnation a very few were excepted, whose names, however, were purposely reserved, while the general sentence was publicly confirmed by the king. Philip declared himself absolved from all his promises, and released from all engagements which the regent in his name had entered into with the people of the Netherlands, and all the justice which they had in future to expect from him must depend on his own good-will and pleasure. All who had aided in the expulsion of the minister, Granvella, who had taken part in the petition of the confederate nobles, or had but even spoken in favor of it; all who had presented a petition against the decrees of Trent, against the edicts relating to religion, or against the installation of the bishops; all who had permitted the public preachings, or had only feebly resisted them; all who had worn the insignia of the Gueux, had sung Geusen songs, or who in any way whatsoever had manifested their joy at the establishment of the league; all who had sheltered or concealed the reforming preachers, attended Calvinistic funerals, or had even merely known of their secret meetings, and not given

information of them; all who had appealed to the national privileges; all, in fine, who had expressed an opinion that they ought to obey God rather than man; all these indiscriminately were declared liable to the penalties which the law imposed upon any violation of the royal prerogative, and upon high treason; and these penalties were, according to the instruction which Alva had received, to be executed on the guilty persons without forbearance or favor; without regard to rank, sex, or age, as an example to posterity, and for a terror to all future times. According to this declaration there was no longer an innocent person to be found in the whole Netherlands, and the new viceroy had it in his power to make a fearful choice of victims. Property and life were alike at his command, and whoever should have the good fortune to preserve one or both must receive them as the gift of his generosity and humanity. By this stroke of policy, as refined as it was detestable, the nation was disarmed, and unanimity rendered impossible. As it absolutely depended on the duke's arbitrary will upon whom the sentence should be carried in force which had been passed without exception upon all, each individual kept himself quiet, in order to escape, if possible, the notice of the viceroy, and to avoid drawing the fatal choice upon himself. Every one, on the other hand, in whose favor he was pleased to make an exception stood in a degree indebted to him, and was personally under an obligation which must be measured by the value he set upon his life and property. As, however, this penalty could only be executed on the smaller portion of the nation, the duke naturally secured the greater by the strongest ties of fear and gratitude, and for one whom he sought out as a victim he gained ten others whom he passed over. As long as he continued true to this policy he remained in quiet possession of his rule, even amid the streams of blood which he caused to flow, and did not forfeit this advantage till the want of money compelled him to impose a burden upon the nation which oppressed all indiscriminately.

In order to be equal to this bloody occupation, the details of which were fast accumulating, and to be certain of not losing a single victim through the want of instruments; and, on the other hand, to render his proceedings independent of the states, with whose privileges they were so much at variance, and who, indeed,

were far too humane for him, he instituted an extraordinary court of justice. This court consisted of twelve criminal judges, who, according to their instructions, to the very letter of which they must adhere, were to try and pronounce sentence upon those implicated in the past disturbances. The mere institution of such a board was a violation of the liberties of the country, which expressly stipulated that no citizen should be tried out of his own province; but the duke filled up the measure of his injustice when, contrary to the most sacred privileges of the nation, he proceeded to give seats and votes in that court to Spaniards, the open and avowed enemies of Belgian liberty. He himself was the president of this court, and after him a certain licentiate, Vargas, a Spaniard by birth, of whose iniquitous character the historians of both parties are unanimous; cast out like a plague-spot from his own country, where he had violated one of his wards, he was a shameless, hardened villain, in whose mind avarice, lust, and the thirst for blood struggled for ascendancy. The principal members were Count Aremberg, Philip of Noircarmes, and Charles of Barlaimont, who, however, never sat in it; Hadrian Nicolai, chancellor of Gueldres; Jacob Mertens and Peter Asset, presidents of Artois and Flanders; Jacob Hesselts and John de la Porte, counsellors of Ghent; Louis del Roi, doctor of theology, and by birth a Spaniard; John du Bois, king's advocate; and De la'Torre, secretary of the court. In compliance with the representations of Viglius the privy council was spared any part in this tribunal; nor was any one introduced into it from the great council at Malines. The votes of the members were only recommendatory, not conclusive, the final sentence being reserved by the duke to himself. No particular time was fixed for the sitting of the court; the members, however, assembled at noon, as often as the duke thought good. But after the expiration of the third month Alva began to be less frequent in his attendance, and at last resigned his place entirely to his favorite, Vargas, who filled it with such odious fitness that in a short time all the members, with the exception merely of the Spanish doctor, Del Rio, and the secretary, De la Torre, weary of the atrocities of which they were compelled to be both eyewitnesses and accomplices, remained away from the assembly.

[The sentences passed upon the most eminent persons (for example,

the sentence of death passed upon Strahlen, the burgomaster of Antwerp), were signed only by Vargas, Del Rio, and De la Torre.]

It is revolting to the feelings to think how the lives of the noblest and best were thus placed at the mercy of Spanish vagabonds, and how even the sanctuaries of the nation, its deeds and charters, were unscrupulously ransacked, the seals broken, and the most secret contracts between the sovereign and the state profaned and exposed.

[For an example of the unfeeling levity with which the most important matters, even decisions in cases of life and death, were treated in this sanguinary council, it may serve to relate what is told of the Counsellor Hesselts. He was generally asleep during the meeting, and when his turn came to vote on a sentence of death he used to cry out, still half asleep: "Ad patibulum! Ad patibulum!" so glibly did his tongue utter this word. It is further to be remarked of this Hesselts, that his wife, a daughter of the President Viglius, had expressly stipulated in the marriage- contract that he should resign the dismal office of attorney for the king, which made him detested by the whole nation. *Vigl. ad Hopp. lxxvii., L.*]

From the council of twelve (which, from the object of its institution, was called the council for disturbances, but on account of its proceedings is more generally known under the appellation of the council of blood, a name which the nation in their exasperation bestowed upon it), no appeal was allowed. Its proceedings could not be revised. Its verdicts were irrevocable and independent of all other authority. No other tribunal in the country could take cognizance of cases which related to the late insurrection, so that in all the other courts justice was nearly at a standstill. The great council at Malines was as good as abolished; the authority of the council of state entirely ceased, insomuch that its sittings were discontinued. On some rare occasions the duke conferred with a few members of the late assembly, but even when this did occur the conference was held in his cabinet, and was no more than a private consultation, without any of the proper forms being observed. No privilege, no charter of immunity, however

carefully protected, had any weight with the council for disturbances.

[Vargas, in a few words of barbarous Latin, demolished at once the boasted liberties of the Netherlands. "Non curamus vestros privilegios," he replied to one who wished to plead the immunities of the University of Louvain.]

It compelled all deeds and contracts to be laid before it, and often forced upon them the most strained interpretations and alterations. If the duke caused a sentence to be drawn out which there was reason to fear might be opposed by the states of Brabant, it was legalized without the Brabant seal. The most sacred rights of individuals were assailed, and a tyranny without example forced its arbitrary will even into the circle of domestic life. As the Protestants and rebels had hitherto contrived to strengthen their party so much by marriages with the first families in the country, the duke issued an edict forbidding all Netherlanders, whatever might be their rank or office, under pain of death and confiscation of property, to conclude a marriage without previously obtaining his permission.

All whom the council for disturbances thought proper to summon before it were compelled to appear, clergy as well as laity; the most venerable heads of the senate, as well as the reprobate rabble of the Iconoclasts. Whoever did not present himself, as indeed scarcely anybody did, was declared an outlaw, and his property was confiscated; but those who were rash or foolish enough to appear, or who were so unfortunate as to be seized, were lost without redemption. Twenty, forty, often fifty were summoned at the same time and from the same town, and the richest were always the first on whom the thunderbolt descended. The meaner citizens, who possessed nothing that could render their country and their homes dear to them, were taken unawares and arrested without any previous citation. Many eminent merchants, who had at their disposal fortunes of from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand florins, were seen with their hands tied behind their backs, dragged like common vagabonds at the horse's tail to execution, and in Valenciennes fifty-five persons were decapitated at one time.

All the prisons—and the duke immediately on commencing his administration had built a great number of them—were crammed full with the accused; hanging, beheading, quartering, burning were the prevailing and ordinary occupations of the day; the punishment of the galleys and banishment were more rarely heard of, for there was scarcely any offence which was reckoned too trivial to be punished with death. Immense sums were thus brought into the treasury, which, however, served rather to stimulate the new viceroy's and his colleagues' thirst for gold than to quench it. It seemed to be his insane purpose to make beggars of the whole people, and to throw all their riches into the hands of the king and his servants. The yearly income derived from these confiscations was computed to equal the revenues of the first kingdoms of Europe; it is said to have been estimated, in a report furnished to the king, at the incredible amount of twenty million of dollars. But these proceedings were the more inhuman, as they often bore hardest precisely upon the very persons who were the most peaceful subjects, and most orthodox Roman Catholics, whom they could not want to injure. Whenever an estate was confiscated all the creditors who had claims upon it were defrauded. The hospitals, too, and public institutions, which such properties had contributed to support, were now ruined, and the poor, who had formerly drawn a pittance from this source, were compelled to see their only spring of comfort dried up. Whoever ventured to urge their well-grounded claims on the forfeited property before the council of twelve (for no other tribunal dared to interfere with these inquiries), consumed their substance in tedious and expensive proceedings, and were reduced to beggary before they saw the end of them. The histories of civilized states furnish but one instance of a similar perversion of justice, of such violation of the rights of property, and of such waste of human life; but Cinna, Sylla, and Marius entered vanquished Rome as incensed victors, and practised without disguise what the viceroy of the Netherlands performed under the venerable veil of the laws.

Up to the end of the year 1567 the king's arrival had been confidently expected, and the well-disposed of the people had placed all their last hopes on this event. The vessels, which Philip had caused to be equipped expressly for the

purpose of meeting him, still lay in the harbor of Flushing, ready to sail at the first signal; and the town of Brussels had consented to receive a Spanish garrison, simply because the king, it was pretended, was to reside within its walls. But this hope gradually vanished, as he put off the journey from one season to the next, and the new viceroy very soon began to exhibit powers which announced him less as a precursor of royalty than as an absolute minister, whose presence made that of the monarch entirely superfluous. To compete the distress of the provinces their last good angel was now to leave them in the person of the regent. From the moment when the production of the duke's extensive powers left no doubt remaining as to the practical termination of her own rule, Margaret had formed the resolution of relinquishing the name also of regent. To see a successor in the actual possession of a dignity which a nine years' enjoyment had made indispensable to her; to see the authority, the glory, the splendor, the adoration, and all the marks of respect, which are the usual concomitants of supreme power, pass over to another; and to feel that she had lost that which she could never forget she had once held, was more than a woman's mind could endure; moreover, the Duke of Alva was of all men the least calculated to make her feel her privation the less painful by a forbearing use of his newly-acquired dignity. The tranquillity of the country, too, which was put in jeopardy by this divided rule, seemed to impose upon the duchess the necessity of abdicating. Many governors of provinces refused, without an express order from the court, to receive commands from the duke and to recognize him as co-regent.

The rapid change of their point of attraction could not be met by the courtiers so composedly and imperturbably but that the duchess observed the alteration, and bitterly felt it. Even the few who, like State Counsellor Viglius, still firmly adhered to her, did so less from attachment to her person than from vexation at being displaced by novices and foreigners, and from being too proud to serve a fresh apprenticeship under a new viceroy. But far the greater number, with all their endeavors to keep an exact mean, could not help making a difference between the homage they paid to the rising sun and that which they bestowed on the setting luminary. The royal palace in Brussels became more and more

deserted, while the throng at Kuilemberg house daily increased. But what wounded the sensitiveness of the duchess most acutely was the arrest of Horn and Egmont, which was planned and executed by the duke without her knowledge or consent, just as if there had been no such person as herself in existence. Alva did, indeed, after the act was done, endeavor to appease her by declaring that the design had been purposely kept secret from her in order to spare her name from being mixed up in so odious a transaction; but no such considerations of delicacy could close the wound which had been inflicted on her pride. In order at once to escape all risk of similar insults, of which the present was probably only a forerunner, she despatched her private secretary, Macchiavell, to the court of her brother, there to solicit earnestly for permission to resign the regency. The request was granted without difficulty by the king, who accompanied his consent with every mark of his highest esteem. He would put aside (so the king expressed himself) his own advantage and that of the provinces in order to oblige his sister. He sent a present of thirty thousand dollars, and allotted to her a yearly pension of twenty thousand.

[Which, however, does not appear to have been very punctually paid, if a pamphlet maybe trusted which was printed during her lifetime. (It bears the title: Discours sur la Blessure de Monseigneur Prince d'Orange, 1582, without notice of the place where it was printed, and is to be found in the Elector's library at Dresden.) She languished, it is there stated, at Namur in poverty, and so ill-supported by her son (the then governor of the Netherlands), that her own secretary, Aldrobandin, called her sojourn there an exile. But the writer goes on to ask what better treatment could she expect from a son who, when still very young, being on a visit to her at Brussels, snapped his fingers at her behind her back.]

At the same time a diploma was forwarded to the Duke of Alva, constituting him, in her stead, viceroy of all the Netherlands, with unlimited powers.

Gladly would Margaret have learned that she was permitted to resign the regency before a solemn assembly of the states, a wish which she had not very

obscurely hinted to the king. But she was not gratified. She was particularly fond of solemnity, and the example of the Emperor, her father, who had exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of his abdication of the crown in this very city, seemed to have great attractions for her. As she was compelled to part with supreme power, she could scarcely be blamed for wishing to do so with as much splendor as possible. Moreover, she had not failed to observe how much the general hatred of the duke had effected in her own favor, and she looked, therefore, the more wistfully forward to a scene, which promised to be at once so flattering to her and so affecting. She would have been glad to mingle her own tears with those which she hoped to see shed by the Netherlanders for their good regent. Thus the bitterness of her descent from the throne would have been alleviated by the expression of general sympathy. Little as she had done to merit the general esteem during the nine years of her administration, while fortune smiled upon her, and the approbation of her sovereign was the limit to all her wishes, yet now the sympathy of the nation had acquired a value in her eyes as the only thing which could in some degree compensate to her for the disappointment of all her other hopes. Fain would she have persuaded herself that she had become a voluntary sacrifice to her goodness of heart and her too humane feelings towards the Netherlanders. As, however, the king was very far from being disposed to incur any danger by calling a general assembly of the states, in order to gratify a mere caprice of his sister, she was obliged to content herself with a farewell letter to them. In this document she went over her whole administration, recounted, not without ostentation, the difficulties with which she had had to struggle, the evils which, by her dexterity, she had prevented, and wound up at last by saying that she left a finished work, and had to transfer to her successor nothing but the punishment of offenders. The king, too, was repeatedly compelled to hear the same statement, and she left nothing undone to arrogate to herself the glory of any future advantages which it might be the good fortune of the duke to realize. Her own merits, as something which did not admit of a doubt, but was at the same time a burden oppressive to her modesty, she laid at the feet of the king.

Dispassionate posterity may, nevertheless; hesitate to subscribe unreservedly to this favorable opinion. Even though the united voice of her contemporaries, and the testimony of the Netherlands themselves vouch for it, a third party will not be denied the right to examine her claims with stricter scrutiny. The popular mind, easily affected, is but too ready to count the absence of a vice as an additional virtue, and, under the pressure of existing evil, to give excess of praise for past benefits.

The Netherlander seems to have concentrated all his hatred upon the Spanish name. To lay the blame of the national evils on the regent would tend to remove from the king and his minister the curses which he would rather shower upon them alone and undividedly; and the Duke of Alva's government of the Netherlands was, perhaps, not the proper point of view from which to test the merits of his predecessor. It was undoubtedly no light task to meet the king's expectations without infringing the rights of the people and the duties of humanity; but in struggling to effect these two contradictory objects Margaret had accomplished neither. She had deeply injured the nation, while comparatively she had done little service to the king. It is true that she at last crushed the Protestant faction, but the accidental outbreak of the Iconoclasts assisted her in this more than all her dexterity. She certainly succeeded by her intrigues in dissolving the league of the nobles, but not until the first blow had been struck at its roots by internal dissensions. The object, to secure which she had for many years vainly exhausted her whole policy, was effected at last by a single enlistment of troops, for which, however, the orders were issued from Madrid. She delivered to the duke, no doubt, a tranquillized country; but it cannot be denied that the dread of his approach had the chief share in tranquillizing it. By her reports she led the council in Spain astray; because she never informed it of the disease, but only of the occasional symptoms; never of the universal feeling and voice of the nation, but only of the misconduct of factions. Her faulty administration, moreover, drew the people into the crime, because she exasperated without sufficiently awing them. She it was that brought the murderous Alva into the country by leading the king to believe that the

disturbances in the provinces were to be ascribed, not so much to the severity of the royal ordinances, as to the unworthiness of those who were charged with their execution. Margaret possessed natural capacity and intellect; and an acquired political tact enabled her to meet any ordinary case; but she wanted that creative genius which, for new and extraordinary emergencies, invents new maxims, or wisely oversteps old ones. In a country where honesty was the best policy, she adopted the unfortunate plan of practising her insidious Italian policy, and thereby sowed the seeds of a fatal distrust in the minds of the people. The indulgence which has been so liberally imputed to her as a merit was, in truth, extorted from her weakness and timidity by the courageous opposition of the nation; she had never departed from the strict letter of the royal commands by her own spontaneous resolution; never did the gentle feelings of innate humanity lead her to misinterpret the cruel purport of her instructions. Even the few concessions to which necessity compelled her were granted with an uncertain and shrinking hand, as if fearing to give too much; and she lost the fruit of her benefactions because she mutilated them by a sordid closeness. What in all the other relations of her life she was too little, she was on the throne too much—a woman! She had it in her power, after Granvella's expulsion, to become the benefactress of the Belgian nation, but she did not. Her supreme good was the approbation of her king, her greatest misfortune his displeasure; with all the eminent qualities of her mind she remained an ordinary character because her heart was destitute of native nobility. She used a melancholy power with much moderation, and stained her government with no deed of arbitrary cruelty; nay, if it had depended on her, she would have always acted humanely. Years afterwards, when her idol, Philip II., had long forgotten her, the Netherlanders still honored her memory; but she was far from deserving the glory which her successor's inhumanity reflected upon her.

She left Brussels about the end of December, 1567. The duke escorted her as far as the frontiers of Brabant, and there left her under the protection of Count Mansfeld in order to hasten back to the metropolis and show himself to the Netherlanders as sole regent.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN.

The two counts were a few weeks after their arrest conveyed to Ghent under an escort of three thousand Spaniards, where they were confined in the citadel for more than eight months. Their trial commenced in due form before the council of twelve, and the solicitor-general, John Du Bois, conducted the proceedings. The indictment against Egmont consisted of ninety counts, and that against Horn of sixty. It would occupy too much space to introduce them here. Every action, however innocent, every omission of duty, was interpreted on the principle which had been laid down in the opening of the indictment, "that the two counts, in conjunction with the Prince of Orange, had planned the overthrow of the royal authority in the Netherlands, and the usurpation of the government of the country;" the expulsion of Granvella; the embassy of Egmont to Madrid; the confederacy of the Gueux; the concessions which they made to the Protestants in the provinces under their government—all were made to have a connection with, and reference to, this deliberate design. Thus importance was attached to the most insignificant occurrences, and one action made to darken and discolor another. By taking care to treat each of the charges as in itself a treasonable offence it was the more easy to justify a sentence of high treason by the whole.

The accusations were sent to each of the prisoners, who were required to reply to them within five days. After doing so they were allowed to employ solicitors and advocates, who were permitted free access to them; but as they were accused of treason their friends were prohibited from visiting them. Count Egmont

employed for his solicitor Von Landas, and made choice of a few eminent advocates from Brussels.

The first step was to demur against the tribunal which was to try them, since by the privilege of their order they, as Knights of the Golden Fleece, were amenable only to the king himself, the grand master. But this demurrer was overruled, and they were required to produce their witnesses, in default of which they were to be proceeded against *in contumaciam*. Egmont had satisfactorily answered to eighty-two counts, while Count Horn had refuted the charges against him, article by article. The accusation and the defence are still extant; on that defence every impartial tribunal would have acquitted them both. The Procurator Fiscal pressed for the production of their evidence, and the Duke of Alva issued his repeated commands to use despatch. They delayed, however, from week to week, while they renewed their protests against the illegality of the court. At last the duke assigned them nine days to produce their proofs; on the lapse of that period they were to be declared guilty, and as having forfeited all right of defence.

During the progress of the trial the relations and friends of the two counts were not idle. Egmont's wife, by birth a duchess of Bavaria, addressed petitions to the princes of the German empire, to the Emperor, and to the King of Spain. The Countess Horn, mother of the imprisoned count, who was connected by the ties of friendship or of blood with the principal royal families of Germany, did the same. All alike protested loudly against this illegal proceeding, and appealed to the liberty of the German empire, on which Horn, as a count of the empire, had special claims; the liberty of the Netherlands and the privileges of the Order of the Golden Fleece were likewise insisted upon. The Countess Egmont succeeded in obtaining the intercession of almost every German court in behalf of her husband. The King of Spain and his viceroy were besieged by applications in behalf of the accused, which were referred from one to the other, and made light of by both. Countess Horn collected certificates from all the Knights of the Golden Fleece in Spain, Germany, and Italy to prove the privileges of the order.

Alva rejected them with a declaration that they had no force in such a case as the present. "The crimes of which the counts are accused relate to the affairs of the Belgian provinces, and he, the duke, was appointed by the king sole judge of all matters connected with those countries."

Four months had been allowed to the solicitor-general to draw up the indictment, and five were granted to the two counts to prepare for their defence. But instead of losing their time and trouble in adducing their evidence, which, perhaps, would have profited them but little, they preferred wasting it in protests against the judges, which availed them still less. By the former course they would probably have delayed the final sentence, and in the time thus gained the powerful intercession of their friends might perhaps have not been ineffectual. By obstinately persisting in denying the competency of the tribunal which was to try them, they furnished the duke with an excuse for cutting short the proceedings. After the last assigned period had expired, on the 1st of June, 1658, the council of twelve declared them guilty, and on the 4th of that month sentence of death was pronounced against them.

The execution of twenty-five noble Netherlanders, who were beheaded in three successive days in the marketplace at Brussels, was the terrible prelude to the fate of the two counts. John Casembrot von Beckerzeel, secretary to Count Egmont, was one of the unfortunates, who was thus rewarded for his fidelity to his master, which he steadfastly maintained even upon the rack, and for his zeal in the service of the king, which he had manifested against the Iconoclasts. The others had either been taken prisoners, with arms in their hands, in the insurrection of the "Gueux," or apprehended and condemned as traitors on account of having taken a part in the petition of the nobles.

The duke had reason to hasten the execution of the sentence. Count Louis of Nassau had given battle to the Count of Aremberg, near the monastery of Heiligerlee, in Groningen, and had the good fortune to defeat him. Immediately after his victory he had advanced against Groningen, and laid siege to it. The success of his arms had raised the courage of his faction; and the Prince of

Orange, his brother, was close at hand with an army to support him. These circumstances made the duke's presence necessary in those distant provinces; but he could not venture to leave Brussels before the fate of two such important prisoners was decided. The whole nation loved them, which was not a little increased by their unhappy fate. Even the strict papists disapproved of the execution of these eminent nobles. The slightest advantage which the arms of the rebels might gain over the duke, or even the report of a defeat, would cause a revolution in Brussels, which would immediately set the two counts at liberty. Moreover, the petitions and intercessions which came to the viceroy, as well as to the King of Spain, from the German princes, increased daily; nay, the Emperor, Maximilian II., himself caused the countess to be assured "that she had nothing to fear for the life of her spouse." These powerful applications might at last turn the king's heart in favor of the prisoners. The king might, perhaps, in reliance on his viceroy's usual dispatch, put on the appearance of yielding to the representations of so many sovereigns, and rescind the sentence of death under the conviction that his mercy would come too late. These considerations moved the duke not to delay the execution of the sentence as soon as it was pronounced.

On the day after the sentence was passed the two counts were brought, under an escort of three thousand Spaniards, from Ghent to Brussels, and placed in confinement in the Brodhause, in the great market-place. The next morning the council of twelve were assembled; the duke, contrary to his custom, attended in person, and both the sentences, in sealed envelopes, were opened and publicly read by Secretary Pranz. The two counts were declared guilty of treason, as having favored and promoted the abominable conspiracy of the Prince of Orange, protected the confederated nobles, and been convicted of various misdemeanors against their king and the church in their governments and other appointments. Both were sentenced to be publicly beheaded, and their heads were to be fixed upon pikes and not taken down without the duke's express command. All their possessions, fiefs, and rights escheated to the royal treasury. The sentence was signed only by the duke and the secretary, Pranz, without asking or caring for the consent of the other members of the council.

During the night between the 4th and 5th of June the sentences were brought to the prisoners, after they had already gone to rest. The duke gave them to the Bishop of Ypres, Martin Rithov, whom he had expressly summoned to Brussels to prepare the prisoners for death. When the bishop received this commission he threw himself at the feet of the duke, and supplicated him with tears in his eyes for mercy, at least for respite for the prisoners; but he was answered in a rough and angry voice that he had been sent for from Ypres, not to oppose the sentence, but by his spiritual consolation to reconcile the unhappy noblemen to it.

Egmont was the first to whom the bishop communicated the sentence of death. "That is indeed a severe sentence," exclaimed the count, turning pale, and with a faltering voice. "I did not think that I had offended his majesty so deeply as to deserve such treatment. If, however, it must be so I submit to my fate with resignation. May this death atone for my offence, and save my wife and children from suffering. This at least I think I may claim for my past services. As for death, I will meet it with composure, since it so pleases God and my king." He then pressed the bishop to tell him seriously and candidly if there was no hope of pardon. Being answered in the negative, he confessed and received the sacrament from the priest, repeating after him the mass with great devoutness. He asked what prayer was the best and most effective to recommend him to God in his last hour. On being told that no prayer could be more effectual than the one which Christ himself had taught, he prepared immediately to repeat the Lord's prayer. The thoughts of his family interrupted him; he called for pen and ink, and wrote two letters, one to his wife, the other to the king. The latter was as follows:

"Sire,—This morning I have heard the sentence which your majesty has been pleased to pass upon me. Far as I have ever been from attempting anything against the person or service of your majesty, or against the true, old, and Catholic religion, I yet submit myself with patience to the fate which it has pleased God to ordain should suffer. If, during the past disturbances, I have

omitted, advised, or done anything that seems at variance with my duty, it was most assuredly performed with the best intentions, or was forced upon me by the pressure of circumstances. I therefore pray your majesty to forgive me, and, in consideration of my past services, show mercy to my unhappy wife, my poor children, and servants. In a firm hope of this, I commend myself—to the infinite mercy of God.

"Your majesty's most faithful vassal and servant,

"LAMORAL COUNT EGMONT.

"BRUSSELS, June 5, 1568, near my last moments."

This letter he placed in the hands of the bishop, with the strongest injunctions for its safe delivery; and for greater security he sent a duplicate in his own handwriting to State Counsellor Viglius, the most upright man in the senate, by whom, there is no doubt, it was actually delivered to the king. The family of the count were subsequently reinstated in all his property, fiefs, and rights, which, by virtue of the sentence, had escheated to the royal treasury.

Meanwhile a scaffold had been erected in the marketplace, before the town hall, on which two poles were fixed with iron spikes, and the whole covered with black cloth. Two-and-twenty companies of the Spanish garrison surrounded the scaffold, a precaution which was by no means superfluous. Between ten and eleven o'clock the Spanish guard appeared in the apartment of the count; they were provided with cords to tie his hands according to custom. He begged that this might be spared him, and declared that he was willing and ready to die. He himself cut off the collar from his doublet to facilitate the executioner's duty. He wore a robe of red damask, and over that a black Spanish cloak trimmed with gold lace. In this dress he appeared on the scaffold, and was attended by Don Julian Romero, maitre-de-camp; Salinas, a Spanish captain; and the Bishop of Ypres. The grand provost of the court, with a red wand in his hand, sat on horseback at the foot of the scaffold; the executioner was concealed beneath.

Egmont had at first shown a desire to address the people from the scaffold. He desisted, however, on the bishop's representing to him that either he would not be heard, or that if he were, he might—such at present was the dangerous disposition of the people—excite them to acts of violence, which would only plunge his friends into destruction. For a few moments he paced the scaffold

with noble dignity, and lamented that it had not been permitted him to die a more honorable death for his king and his country. Up to the last he seemed unable to persuade himself that the king was in earnest, and that his severity would be carried any further than the mere terror of execution. When the decisive period approached, and he was to receive the extreme unction, he looked wistfully round, and when there still appeared no prospect of a reprieve, he turned to Julian Romero, and asked him once more if there was no hope of pardon for him. Julian Romero shrugged his shoulders, looked on the ground, and was silent.

He then closely clenched his teeth, threw off his mantle and robe, knelt upon the cushion, and prepared himself for the last prayer. The bishop presented him the crucifix to kiss, and administered to him extreme unction, upon which the count made him a sign to leave him. He drew a silk cap over his eyes, and awaited the stroke. Over the corpse and the streaming blood a black cloth was immediately thrown.

All Brussels thronged around the scaffold, and the fatal blow seemed to fall on every heart. Loud sobs alone broke the appalling silence. The duke himself, who watched the execution from a window of the townhouse, wiped his eyes as his victim died.

Shortly afterwards Count Horn advanced on the scaffold. Of a more violent temperament than his friend, and stimulated by stronger reasons for hatred against the king, he had received the sentence with less composure, although in his case, perhaps, it was less unjust. He burst forth in bitter reproaches against the king, and the bishop with difficulty prevailed upon him to make a better use of his last moments than to abuse them in imprecations on his enemies. At last, however, he became more collected, and made his confession to the bishop, which at first he was disposed to refuse.

He mounted the scaffold with the same attendants as his friend. In passing he saluted many of his acquaintances; his hands were, like Egmont's, free, and he

was dressed in a black doublet and cloak, with a Milan cap of the same color upon his head. When he had ascended, he cast his eyes upon the corpse, which lay under the cloth, and asked one of the bystanders if it was the body of his friend. On being answered in the affirmative, he said some words in Spanish, threw his cloak from him, and knelt upon the cushion. All shrieked aloud as he received the fatal blow.

The heads of both were fixed upon the poles which were set up on the scaffold, where they remained until past three in the afternoon, when they were taken down, and, with the two bodies, placed in leaden coffins and deposited in a vault.

In spite of the number of spies and executioners who surrounded the scaffold, the citizens of Brussels would not be prevented from dipping their handkerchiefs in the streaming blood, and carrying home with them these precious memorials.

SIEGE OF ANTWERP BY THE PRINCE OF PARMA, IN THE YEARS 1584 AND 1585.

It is an interesting spectacle to observe the struggle of man's inventive genius in conflict with powerful opposing elements, and to see the difficulties which are insurmountable to ordinary capacities overcome by prudence, resolution, and a determined will. Less attractive, but only the more instructive, perhaps, is the contrary spectacle, where the absence of those qualities renders all efforts of genius vain, throws away all the favors of fortune, and where inability to improve such advantages renders hopeless a success which otherwise seemed sure and inevitable. Examples of both kinds are afforded by the celebrated siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards towards the close of the sixteenth century, by which that flourishing city was forever deprived of its commercial prosperity, but which, on the other hand, conferred immortal fame on the general who undertook and accomplished it.

Twelve years had the war continued which the northern provinces of Belgium had commenced at first in vindication simply of their religious freedom, and the privileges of their states, from the encroachments of the Spanish viceroy, but maintained latterly in the hope of establishing their independence of the Spanish crown. Never completely victors, but never entirely vanquished, they wearied out the Spanish valor by tedious operations on an unfavorable soil, and exhausted the wealth of the sovereign of both the Indies while they themselves were called beggars, and in a degree actually were so. The league of Ghent, which had united the whole Netherlands, Roman Catholic and Protestant, in a

common and (could such a confederation have lasted) invincible body, was indeed dissolved; but in place of this uncertain and unnatural combination the northern provinces had, in the year 1579, formed among themselves the closer union of Utrecht, which promised to be more lasting, inasmuch as it was linked and held together by common political and religious interests. What the new republic had lost in extent through this separation from the Roman Catholic provinces it was fully compensated for by the closeness of alliance, the unity of enterprise, and energy of execution; and perhaps it was fortunate in thus timely losing what no exertion probably would ever have enabled it to retain.

The greater part of the Walloon provinces had, in the year 1584, partly by voluntary submission and partly by force of arms, been again reduced under the Spanish yoke. The northern districts alone had been able at all successfully to oppose it. A considerable portion of Brabant and Flanders still obstinately held out against the arms of the Duke Alexander of Parma, who at that time administered the civil government of the provinces, and the supreme command of the army, with equal energy and prudence, and by a series of splendid victories had revived the military reputation of Spain. The peculiar formation of the country, which by its numerous rivers and canals facilitated the connection of the towns with one another and with the sea, baffled all attempts effectually to subdue it, and the possession of one place could only be maintained by the occupation of another. So long as this communication was kept up Holland and Zealand could with little difficulty assist their allies, and supply them abundantly by water as well as by land with all necessaries, so that valor was of no use, and the strength of the king's troops was fruitlessly wasted on tedious sieges.

Of all the towns in Brabant Antwerp was the most important, as well from, its wealth, its population, and its military force, as by its position on the mouth of the Scheldt. This great and populous town, which at this date contained more than eighty thousand inhabitants, was one of the most active members of the national league, and had in the course of the war distinguished itself above all the towns of Belgium by an untamable spirit of liberty. As it fostered within its

bosom all the three Christian churches, and owed much of its prosperity to this unrestricted religious liberty, it had the more cause to dread the Spanish rule, which threatened to abolish this toleration, and by the terror of the Inquisition to drive all the Protestant merchants from its markets. Moreover it had had but too terrible experience of the brutality of the Spanish garrisons, and it was quite evident that if it once more suffered this insupportable yoke to be imposed upon it it would never again during the whole course of the war be able to throw it off.

But powerful as were the motives which stimulated Antwerp to resistance, equally strong were the reasons which determined the Spanish general to make himself master of the place at any cost. On the possession of this town depended in a great measure that of the whole province of Brabant, which by this channel chiefly derived its supplies of corn from Zealand, while the capture of this place would secure to the victor the command of the Scheldt. It would also deprive the league of Brabant, which held its meetings in the town, of its principal support; the whole faction of its dangerous influence, of its example, its counsels, and its money, while the treasures of its inhabitants would open plentiful supplies for the military exigencies of the king. Its fall would sooner or later necessarily draw after it that of all Brabant, and the preponderance of power in that quarter would decide the whole dispute in favor of the king. Determined by these grave considerations, the Duke of Parma drew his forces together in July, 1584, and advanced from his position at Dornick to the neighborhood of Antwerp, with the intention of investing it.

But both the natural position and fortifications of the town appeared to defy attacks. Surrounded on the side of Brabant with insurmountable works and moats, and towards Flanders covered by the broad and rapid stream of the Scheldt, it could not be carried by storm; and to blockade a town of such extent seemed to require a land force three times larger than that which the duke had, and moreover a fleet, of which he was utterly destitute. Not only did the river yield the town all necessary supplies from Ghent, it also opened an easy communication with the bordering province of Zealand. For, as the tide of the

North Sea extends far up the Scheldt, and ebbs and flows regularly, Antwerp enjoys the peculiar advantage that the same tide flows past it at different times in two opposite directions. Besides, the adjacent towns of Brussels, Malines, Ghent, Dendermonde, and others, were all at this time in the hands of the league, and could aid the place from the land side also. To blockade, therefore, the town by land, and to cut off its communication with Flanders and Brabant, required two different armies, one on each bank of the river. A sufficient fleet was likewise needed to guard the passage of the Scheldt, and to prevent all attempts at relief, which would most certainly be made from Zealand. But by the war which he had still to carry on in other quarters, and by the numerous garrisons which he was obliged to leave in the towns and fortified places, the army of the duke was reduced to ten thousand infantry and seventeen hundred horse, a force very inadequate for an undertaking of such magnitude. Moreover, these troops were deficient in the most necessary supplies, and the long arrears of pay had excited them to subdued murmurs, which hourly threatened to break out into open mutiny. If, notwithstanding these difficulties, he should still attempt the siege, there would be much occasion to fear from the strongholds of the enemy, which were left in the rear, and from which it would be easy, by vigorous sallies, to annoy an army distributed over so many places, and to expose it to want by cutting off its supplies.

All these considerations were brought forward by the council of war, before which the Duke of Parma now laid his scheme. However great the confidence which they placed in themselves, and in the proved abilities of such a leader, nevertheless the most experienced generals did not disguise their despair of a fortunate result. Two only were exceptions, Capizucchi and Mondragone, whose ardent courage placed them above all apprehensions; the rest concurred in dissuading the duke from attempting so hazardous an enterprise, by which they ran the risk of forfeiting the fruit of all their former victories and tarnishing the glory they had already earned.

But objections, which he had already made to himself and refuted, could not

shake the Duke of Parma in his purpose. Not in ignorance of its inseparable dangers, not from thoughtless overvaluing his forces had he taken this bold resolve. But that instinctive genius which leads great men by paths which inferior minds either never enter upon or never finish, raised him above the influence of the doubts which a cold and narrow prudence would oppose to his views; and, without being able to convince his generals, he felt the correctness of his calculations in a conviction indistinct, indeed, but not on that account less indubitable. A succession of fortunate results had raised his confidence, and the sight of his army, unequalled in Europe for discipline, experience, and valor, and commanded by a chosen body of the most distinguished officers, did not permit him to entertain fear for a moment. To those who objected to the small number of his troops, he answered, that however long the pike, it is only the point that kills; and that in military enterprise, the moving power was of more importance than the mass to be moved. He was aware, indeed, of the discontent of his troops, but he knew also their obedience; and he thought, moreover, that the best means to stifle their murmurs was by keeping them employed in some important undertaking, by stimulating their desire of glory by the splendor of the enterprise, and their rapacity by hopes of the rich booty which the capture of so wealthy a town would hold out.

In the plan which he now formed for the conduct of the siege he endeavored to meet all these difficulties. Famine was the only instrument by which he could hope to subdue the town; but effectually to use this formidable weapon, it would be expedient to cut off all its land and water communications. With this view, the first object was to stop, or at least to impede, the arrival of supplies from Zealand. It was, therefore, requisite not only to carry all the outworks, which the people of Antwerp had built on both shores of the Scheldt for the protection of their shipping; but also, wherever feasible, to throw up new batteries which should command the whole course of the river; and to prevent the place from drawing supplies from the land side, while efforts were being made to intercept their transmission by sea, all the adjacent towns of Brabant and Flanders were comprehended in the plan of the siege, and the fall of Antwerp was based on the

destruction of all those places. A bold and, considering the duke's scanty force, an almost extravagant project, which was, however, justified by the genius of its author, and crowned by fortune with a brilliant result.

As, however, time was required to accomplish a plan of this magnitude, the Prince of Parma was content, for the present, with the erection of numerous forts on the canals and rivers which connected Antwerp with Dendermonde, Ghent, Malines, Brussels, and other places. Spanish garrisons were quartered in the vicinity, and almost at the very gates of those towns, which laid waste the open country, and by their incursions kept the surrounding territory in alarm. Thus, round Ghent alone were encamped about three thousand men, and proportionate numbers round the other towns. In this way, and by means of the secret understanding which he maintained with the Roman Catholic inhabitants of those towns, the duke hoped, without weakening his own forces, gradually to exhaust their strength, and by the harassing operations of a petty but incessant warfare, even without any formal siege, to reduce them at last to capitulate.

In the meantime the main force was directed against Antwerp, which he now closely invested. He fixed his headquarters at Bevern in Flanders, a few miles from Antwerp, where he found a fortified camp. The protection of the Flemish bank of the Scheldt was entrusted to the Margrave of Rysburg, general of cavalry; the Brabant bank to the Count Peter Ernest Von Mansfeld, who was joined by another Spanish leader, Mondragone. Both the latter succeeded in crossing the Scheldt upon pontoons, notwithstanding the Flemish admiral's ship was sent to oppose them, and, passing Antwerp, took up their position at Stabroek in Bergen. Detached corps dispersed themselves along the whole Brabant side, partly to secure the dykes and the roads.

Some miles below Antwerp the Scheldt was guarded by two strong forts, of which one was situated at Liefkenshoek on the island Doel, in Flanders, the other at Lillo, exactly opposite the coast of Brabant. The last had been erected by Mondragone himself, by order of the Duke of Alvaa, when the latter was still master of Antwerp, and for this very reason the Duke of Parma now entrusted to

him the attack upon it. On the possession of these two forts the success of the siege seemed wholly to depend, since all the vessels sailing from Zealand to Antwerp must pass under their guns. Both forts had a short time before been strengthened by the besieged, and the former was scarcely finished when the Margrave of Rysburg attacked it. The celerity with which he went to work surprised the enemy before they were sufficiently prepared for defence, and a brisk assault quickly placed Liefkenshoek in the hands of the Spaniards. The confederates sustained this loss on the same fatal day that the Prince of Orange fell at Delft by the hands of an assassin. The other batteries, erected on the island of Doel, were partly abandoned by their defenders, partly taken by surprise, so that in a short time the whole Flemish side was cleared of the enemy. But the fort at Lillo, on the Brabant shore, offered a more vigorous resistance, since the people of Antwerp had had time to strengthen its fortifications and to provide it with a strong garrison. Furious sallies of the besieged, led by Odets von Teligny, supported by the cannon of the fort, destroyed all the works of the Spaniards, and an inundation, which was effected by opening the sluices, finally drove them away from the place after a three weeks' siege, and with the loss of nearly two thousand killed. They now retired into their fortified camp at Stabroek, and contented themselves with taking possession of the dams which run across the lowlands of Bergen, and oppose a breastwork to the encroachments of the East Scheldt.

The failure of his attempt upon the fort of Lillo compelled the Prince of Parma to change his measures. As he could not succeed in stopping the passage of the Scheldt by his original plan, on which the success of the siege entirely depended, he determined to effect his purpose by throwing a bridge across the whole breadth of the river. The thought was bold, and there were many who held it to be rash. Both the breadth of the stream, which at this part exceeds twelve hundred paces, as well as its violence, which is still further augmented by the tides of the neighboring sea, appeared to render every attempt of this kind impracticable. Moreover, he had to contend with a deficiency of timber, vessels, and workmen, as well as with the dangerous position between the fleets of

Antwerp and of Zealand, to which it would necessarily be an easy task, in combination with a boisterous element, to interrupt so tedious a work. But the Prince of Parma knew his power, and his settled resolution would yield to nothing short of absolute impossibility. After he had caused the breadth as well as the depth of the river to be measured, and had consulted with two of his most skilful engineers, Barocci and Plato, it was settled that the bridge should be constructed between Calloo in Flanders and Ordain in Brabant. This spot was selected because the river is here narrowest, and bends a little to the right, and so detains vessels a while by compelling them to tack. To cover the bridge strong bastions were erected at both ends, of which the one on the Flanders side was named Fort St. Maria, the other, on the Brabant side, Fort St. Philip, in honor of the king.

While active preparations were making in the Spanish camp for the execution of this scheme, and the whole attention of the enemy was directed to it, the duke made an unexpected attack upon Dendermonde, a strong town between Ghent and Antwerp, at the confluence of the Dender and the Scheldt. As long as this important place was in the hands of the enemy the towns of Ghent and Antwerp could mutually support each other, and by the facility of their communication frustrate all the efforts of the besiegers. Its capture would leave the prince free to act against both towns, and might decide the fate of his undertaking. The rapidity of his attack left the besieged no time to open their sluices and lay the country under water. A hot cannonade was opened upon the chief bastion of the town before the Brussels gate, but was answered by the fire of the besieged, which made great havoc amongst the Spaniards. It increased, however, rather than discouraged their ardor, and the insults of the garrison, who mutilated the statue of a saint before their eyes, and after treating it with the most contumelious indignity, hurled it down from the rampart, raised their fury to the highest pitch. Clamorously they demanded to be led against the bastion before their fire had made a sufficient breach in it, and the prince, to avail himself of the first ardor of their impetuosity, gave the signal for the assault. After a sanguinary contest of two hours the rampart was mounted, and those who were not sacrificed to the

first fury of the Spaniards threw themselves into the town. The latter was indeed now more exposed, a fire being directed upon it from the works which had been carried; but its strong walls and the broad moat which surrounded it gave reason to expect a protracted resistance. The inventive resources of the Prince of Parma soon overcame this obstacle also. While the bombardment was carried on night and day, the troops were incessantly employed in diverting the course of the Dender, which supplied the fosse with water, and the besieged were seized with despair as they saw the water of the trenches, the last defence of the town, gradually disappear. They hastened to capitulate, and in August, 1584, received a Spanish garrison. Thus, in the space of eleven days, the Prince of Parma accomplished an undertaking which, in the opinion of competent judges, would require as many weeks.

The town of Ghent, now cut off from Antwerp and the sea, and hard pressed by the troops of the king, which were encamped in its vicinity, and without hope of immediate succor, began to despair, as famine, with all its dreadful train, advanced upon them with rapid steps. The inhabitants therefore despatched deputies to the Spanish camp at Bevern, to tender its submission to the king upon the same terms as the prince had a short time previously offered. The deputies were informed that the time for treaties was past, and that an unconditional submission alone could appease the just anger of the monarch whom they had offended by their rebellion. Nay, they were even given to understand that it would be only through his great mercy if the same humiliation were not exacted from them as their rebellious ancestors were forced to undergo under Charles V., namely, to implore pardon half-naked, and with a cord round their necks. The deputies returned to Ghent in despair, but three days afterwards a new deputation was sent to the Spanish camp, which at last, by the intercession of one of the prince's friends, who was a prisoner in Ghent, obtained peace upon moderate terms. The town was to pay a fine of two hundred thousand florins, recall the banished papists, and expel the Protestant inhabitants, who, however, were to be allowed two years for the settlement of their affairs. All the inhabitants except six, who were reserved for capital punishment (but afterwards

pardoned), were included in a general amnesty, and the garrison, which amounted to two thousand men, was allowed to evacuate the place with the honors of war. This treaty was concluded in September of the same year, at the headquarters at Bevern, and immediately three thousand Spaniards marched into the town as a garrison.

It was more by the terror of his name and the dread of famine than by the force of arms that the Prince of Parma had succeeded in reducing this city to submission, the largest and strongest in the Netherlands, which was little inferior to Paris within the barriers of its inner town, consisted of thirty-seven thousand houses, and was built on twenty islands, connected by ninety-eight stone bridges. The important privileges which in the course of several centuries this city had contrived to extort from its rulers fostered in its inhabitants a spirit of independence, which not unfrequently degenerated into riot and license, and naturally brought it in collision with the Austrian-Spanish government. And it was exactly this bold spirit of liberty which procured for the Reformation the rapid and extensive success it met with in this town, and the combined incentives of civil and religious freedom produced all those scenes of violence by which, during the rebellion, it had unfortunately distinguished itself. Besides the fine levied, the prince found within the walls a large store of artillery, carriages, ships, and building materials of all kinds, with numerous workmen and sailors, who materially aided him in his plans against Antwerp.

Before Ghent surrendered to the king Vilvorden and Herentals had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and the capture of the block-houses near the village of Willebroeck had cut off Antwerp from Brussels and Malines. The loss of these places within so short a period deprived Antwerp of all hope of succor from Brabant and Flanders, and limited all their expectations to the assistance which might be looked for from Zealand. But to deprive them also of this the Prince of Parma was now making the most energetic preparations.

The citizens of Antwerp had beheld the first operations of the enemy against their town with the proud security with which the sight of their invincible river

inspired them. This confidence was also in a degree justified by the opinion of the Prince of Orange, who, upon the first intelligence of the design, had said that the Spanish army would inevitably perish before the walls of Antwerp. That nothing, however, might be neglected, he sent, a short time before his assassination, for the burgomaster of Antwerp, Philip Marnix of St. Aldegonde, his intimate friend, to Delft, where he consulted with him as to the means of maintaining defensive operations. It was agreed between them that it would be advisable to demolish forthwith the great dam between Sanvliet and Lillo called the Blaaugarendyk, so as to allow the waters of the East Scheldt to inundate, if necessary, the lowlands of Bergen, and thus, in the event of the Scheldt being closed, to open a passage for the Zealand vessels to the town across the inundated country. Aldegonde had, after his return, actually persuaded the magistrate and the majority of the citizens to agree to this proposal, when it was resisted by the guild of butchers, who claimed that they would be ruined by such a measure; for the plain which it was wished to lay under water was a vast tract of pasture land, upon which about twelve thousand oxen—were annually put to graze. The objection of the butchers was successful, and they managed to prevent the execution of this salutary scheme until the enemy had got possession of the dams as well as the pasture land.

At the suggestion of the burgomaster St. Aldegonde, who, himself a member of the states of Brabant, was possessed of great authority in that council, the fortifications on both sides the Scheldt had, a short time before the arrival of the Spaniards, been placed in repair, and many new redoubts erected round the town. The dams had been cut through at Saftingen, and the water of the West Scheldt let out over nearly the whole country of Waes. In the adjacent Marquisate of Bergen troops had been enlisted by the Count of Hohenlohe, and a Scotch regiment, under the command of Colonel Morgan, was already in the pay of the republic, while fresh reinforcements were daily expected from England and France. Above all, the states of Holland and Zealand were called upon to hasten their supplies. But after the enemy had taken strong positions on both sides of the river, and the fire of their batteries made the navigation dangerous,

when place after place in Brabant fell into their hands, and their cavalry had cut off all communication on the land side, the inhabitants of Antwerp began at last to entertain serious apprehensions for the future. The town then contained eighty-five thousand souls, and according to calculation three hundred thousand quarters of corn were annually required for their support. At the beginning of the siege neither the supply nor the money was wanting for the laying in of such a store; for in spite of the enemy's fire the Zealand victualling ships, taking advantage of the rising tide, contrived to make their way to the town. All that was requisite was to prevent any of the richer citizens from buying up these supplies, and, in case of scarcity, raising the price. To secure his object, one Gianibelli from Mantua, who had rendered important services in the course of the siege, proposed a property tax of one penny in every hundred, and the appointment of a board of respectable persons to purchase corn with this money, and distribute it weekly. And until the returns of this tax should be available the richer classes should advance the required sum, holding the corn purchased, as a deposit, in their own magazines; and were also to share in the profit. But this plan was unwelcome to the wealthier citizens, who had resolved to profit by the general distress. They recommended that every individual should be required to provide himself with a sufficient supply for two years; a proposition which, however it might suit their own circumstances, was very unreasonable in regard to the poorer inhabitants, who, even before the siege, could scarcely find means to supply themselves for so many months. They obtained indeed their object, which was to reduce the poor to the necessity of either quitting the place or becoming entirely their dependents. But when they afterwards reflected that in the time of need the rights of property would not be respected, they found it advisable not to be over-hasty in making their own purchases.

The magistrate, in order to avert an evil that would have pressed upon individuals only, had recourse to an expedient which endangered the safety of all. Some enterprising persons in Zealand had freighted a large fleet with provisions, which succeeded in passing the guns of the enemy, and discharged its cargo at Antwerp. The hope of a large profit had tempted the merchants to

enter upon this hazardous speculation; in this, however, they were disappointed, as the magistrate of Antwerp had, just before their arrival, issued an edict regulating the price of all the necessaries of life. At the same time to prevent individuals from buying up the whole cargo and storing it in their magazines with a view of disposing of it afterwards at a dearer rate, he ordered that the whole should be publicly sold in any quantities from the vessels. The speculators, cheated of their hopes of profit by these precautions, set sail again, and left Antwerp with the greater part of their cargo, which would have sufficed for the support of the town for several months.

This neglect of the most essential and natural means of preservation can only be explained by the supposition that the inhabitants considered it absolutely impossible ever to close the Scheldt completely, and consequently had not the least apprehension that things would come to extremity. When the intelligence arrived in Antwerp that the prince intended to throw a bridge over the Scheldt the idea was universally ridiculed as chimerical. An arrogant comparison was drawn between the republic and the stream, and it was said that the one would bear the Spanish yoke as little as the other. "A river which is twenty-four hundred feet broad, and, with its own waters alone, above sixty feet deep, but which with the tide rose twelve feet more—would such a stream," it was asked, "submit to be spanned by a miserable piece of paling? Where were beams to be found high enough to reach to the bottom and project above the surface? and how was a work of this kind to stand in winter, when whole islands and mountains of ice, which stone walls could hardly resist, would be driven by the flood against its weak timbers, and splinter them to pieces like glass? Or, perhaps, the prince purposed to construct a bridge of boats; if so, where would he procure the latter, and how bring them into his intrenchments? They must necessarily be brought past Antwerp, where a fleet was ready to capture or sink them."

But while they were trying to prove the absurdity of the Prince of Parma's undertaking he had already completed it. As soon as the forts St. Maria and St.

Philip were erected, and protected the workmen and the work by their fire, a pier was built out into the stream from both banks, for which purpose the masts of the largest vessels were employed; by a skilful arrangement of the timbers they contrived to give the whole such solidity that, as the result proved, it was able to resist the violent pressure of the ice. These timbers, which rested firmly and securely on the bottom of the river, and projected a considerable height above it, being covered with planks, afforded a commodious roadway. It was wide enough to allow eight men to cross abreast, and a balustrade that ran along it on both sides, protected them from the fire of small-arms from the enemy's vessels. This "stacade," as it was called, ran from the two opposite shores as far as the increasing depth and force of the stream allowed. It reduced the breadth of the river to about eleven hundred feet; as, however, the middle and proper current would not admit of such a barrier, there remained, therefore, between the two stacades a space of more than six hundred paces through which a whole fleet of transports could sail with ease. This intervening space the prince designed to close by a bridge of boats, for which purpose the craft must be procured from Dunkirk. But, besides that they could not be obtained in any number at that place, it would be difficult to bring them past Antwerp without great loss. He was, therefore, obliged to content himself for the time with having narrowed the stream one-half, and rendered the passage of the enemy's vessels so much the more difficult. Where the stacades terminated in the middle of the stream they spread out into parallelograms, which were mounted with heavy guns, and served as a kind of battery on the water. From these a heavy fire was opened on every vessel that attempted to pass through this narrow channel. Whole fleets, however, and single vessels still attempted and succeeded in passing this dangerous strait.

Meanwhile Ghent surrendered, and this unexpected success at once rescued the prince from his dilemma. He found in this town everything necessary to complete his bridge of boats; and the only difficulty now was its safe transport, which was furnished by the enemy themselves. By cutting the dams at Saftingen a great part of the country of Waes, as far as the village of Borcht, had been laid

under water, so that it was not difficult to cross it with flat-bottomed boats. The prince, therefore, ordered his vessels to run out from Ghent, and after passing Dendermonde and Rupelmonde to pass through the left dyke of the Scheldt, leaving Antwerp to the right, and sail over the inundated fields in the direction of Borcht. To protect this passage a fort was erected at the latter village, which would keep the enemy in check. All succeeded to his wishes, though not without a sharp action with the enemy's flotilla, which was sent out to intercept this convoy. After breaking through a few more dams on their route, they reached the Spanish quarters at Calloo, and successfully entered the Scheldt again. The exultation of the army was greater when they discovered the extent of the danger the vessels had so narrowly escaped. Scarcely had they got quit of the enemy's vessels when a strong reinforcement from Antwerp got under weigh, commanded by the valiant defender of Lillo, Odets von Teligny. When this officer saw that the affair was over, and that the enemy had escaped, he took possession of the dam through which their fleet had passed, and threw up a fort on the spot in order to stop the passage of any vessels from Ghent which might attempt to follow them.

By this step the prince was again thrown into embarrassment. He was far from having as yet a sufficient number of vessels, either for the construction of the bridge or for its defence, and the passage by which the former convoy had arrived was now closed by the fort erected by Teligny. While he was reconnoitring the country to discover a new way for his, fleets an idea occurred to him which not only put an end to his present dilemma, but greatly accelerated the success of his whole plan. Not far from the village of Stecken, in Waes, which is within some five thousand paces of the commencement of the inundation, flows a small stream called the Moer, which falls into the Scheldt near Ghent. From this river he caused a canal to be dug to the spot where the inundations began, and as the water of these was not everywhere deep enough for the transit of his boats, the canal between Bevern and Verrebroek was continued to Calloo, where it was met by the Scheldt. At this work five hundred pioneers labored without intermission, and in order to cheer the toil of the

soldiers the prince himself took part in it. In this way did he imitate the example of the two celebrated Romans, Drusus and Corbulo, who by similar works had united the Rhine with the Zuyder Zee, and the Maes with the Rhine?

This canal, which the army in honor of its projector called the canal of Parma, was fourteen thousand paces in length, and was of proportionable depth and breadth, so as to be navigable for ships of a considerable burden. It afforded to the vessels from Ghent not only a more secure, but also a much shorter course to the Spanish quarters, because it was no longer necessary to follow the many windings of the Scheldt, but entering the Moer at once near Ghent, and from thence passing close to Stecken, they could proceed through the canal and across the inundated country as far as Calloo. As the produce of all Flanders was brought to the town of Ghent, this canal placed the Spanish camp in communication with the whole province. Abundance poured into the camp from all quarters, so that during the whole course of the siege the Spaniards suffered no scarcity of any kind. But the greatest benefit which the prince derived from this work was an adequate supply of flat-bottomed vessels to complete his bridge.

These preparations were overtaken by the arrival of winter, which, as the Scheldt was filled with drift-ice, occasioned a considerable delay in the building of the bridge. The prince had contemplated with anxiety the approach of this season, lest it should prove highly destructive to the work he had undertaken, and afford the enemy a favorable opportunity for making a serious attack upon it. But the skill of his engineers saved him from the one danger, and the strange inaction of the enemy freed him from the other. It frequently happened, indeed, that at flood-time large pieces of ice were entangled in the timbers, and shook them violently, but they stood the assault of the furious element, which only served to prove their stability.

In Antwerp, meanwhile, important moments had been wasted in futile deliberations; and in a struggle of factions the general welfare was neglected. The government of the town was divided among too many heads, and much too

great a share in it was held by the riotous mob to allow room for calmness of deliberation or firmness of action. Besides the municipal magistracy itself, in which the burgomaster had only a single voice, there were in the city a number of guilds, to whom were consigned the charge of the internal and external defence, the provisioning of the town, its fortifications, the marine, commerce, etc.; some of whom must be consulted in every business of importance. By means of this crowd of speakers, who intruded at pleasure into the council, and managed to carry by clamor and the number of their adherents what they could not effect by their arguments, the people obtained a dangerous influence in the public debates, and the natural struggle of such discordant interests retarded the execution of every salutary measure. A government so vacillating and impotent could not command the respect of unruly sailors and a lawless soldiery. The orders of the state consequently were but imperfectly obeyed, and the decisive moment was more than once lost by the negligence, not to say the open mutiny, both of the land and sea forces. The little harmony in the selection of the means by which the enemy was to be opposed would not, however, have proved so injurious had there but existed unanimity as to the end. But on this very point the wealthy citizens and poorer classes were divided; so the former, having everything to apprehend from allowing matters to be carried to extremity, were strongly inclined to treat with the Prince of Parma. This disposition they did not even attempt to conceal after the fort of Liefkenshoek had fallen into the enemy's hands, and serious fears were entertained for the navigation of the Scheldt. Some of them, indeed, withdrew entirely from the danger, and left to its fate the town, whose prosperity they had been ready enough to share, but in whose adversity they were unwilling to bear a part. From sixty to seventy of those who remained memorialized the council, advising that terms should be made with the king. No sooner, however, had the populace got intelligence of it than their indignation broke out in a violent uproar, which was with difficulty appeased by the imprisonment and fining of the petitioners. Tranquillity could only be fully restored by publication of an edict, which imposed the penalty of death on all who either publicly or privately should countenance proposals for peace.

The Prince of Parma did not fail to take advantage of these disturbances; for nothing that transpired within the city escaped his notice, being well served by the agents with whom he maintained a secret understanding with Antwerp, as well as the other towns of Brabant and Flanders. Although he had already made considerable progress in his measures for distressing the town, still he had many steps to take before he could actually make himself master of it; and one unlucky moment might destroy the work of many months. Without, therefore, neglecting any of his warlike preparations, he determined to make one more serious attempt to get possession by fair means. With this object he despatched a letter in November to the great council of Antwerp, in which he skilfully made use of every topic likely to induce the citizens to come to terms, or at least to increase their existing dissensions. He treated them in this letter in the light of persons who had been led astray, and threw the whole blame of their revolt and refractory conduct hitherto upon the intriguing spirit of the Prince of Orange, from whose artifices the retributive justice of heaven had so lately liberated them. "It was," he said, "now in their power to awake from their long infatuation and return to their allegiance to a monarch who was ready and anxious to be reconciled to his subjects. For this end he gladly offered himself as mediator, as he had never ceased to love a country in which he had been born, and where he had spent the happiest days of his youth. He therefore exhorted them to send plenipotentiaries with whom he could arrange the conditions of peace, and gave them hopes of obtaining reasonable terms if they made a timely submission, but also threatened them with the severest treatment if they pushed matters to extremity."

This letter, in which we are glad to recognize a language very different from that which the Duke of Alva held ten years before on a similar occasion, was answered by the townspeople in a respectful and dignified tone. While they did full justice to the personal character of the prince, and acknowledged his favorable intentions towards them with gratitude, they lamented the hardness of the times, which placed it out of his power to treat them in accordance with his character and disposition. They declared that they would gladly place their fate

in his hands if he were absolute master of his actions, instead of being obliged to obey the will of another, whose proceedings his own candor would not allow him to approve of. The unalterable resolution of the King of Spain, as well as the vow which he had made to the pope, were only too well known for them to have any hopes in that quarter. They at the same time defended with a noble warmth the memory of the Prince of Orange, their benefactor and preserver, while they enumerated the true cases which had produced this unhappy war, and had caused the provinces to revolt from the Spanish crown. At the same time they did not disguise from him that they had hopes of finding a new and a milder master in the King of France, and that, if only for this reason, they could not enter into any treaty with the Spanish king without incurring the charge of the most culpable fickleness and ingratitude.

The united provinces, in fact, dispirited by a succession of reverses, had at last come to the determination of placing themselves under the protection and sovereignty of France, and of preserving their existence and their ancient privileges by the sacrifice of their independence. With this view an embassy had some time before been despatched to Paris, and it was the prospect of this powerful assistance which principally supported the courage of the people of Antwerp. Henry III., King of France, was personally disposed to accept this offer; but the troubles which the intrigues of the Spaniards contrived to excite within his own kingdom compelled him against his will to abandon it. The provinces now turned for assistance to Queen Elizabeth of England, who sent them some supplies, which, however, came too late to save Antwerp. While the people of this city were awaiting the issue of these negotiations, and expecting aid from foreign powers, they neglected, unfortunately, the most natural and immediate means of defence; the whole winter was lost, and while the enemy turned it to greater advantage the more complete was their indecision and inactivity.

The burgomaster of Antwerp, St. Aldegonde, had, indeed, repeatedly urged the fleet of Zealand to attack the enemy's works, which should be supported on

the other side from Antwerp. The long and frequently stormy nights would favor this attempt, and if at the same time a sally were made by the garrison at Lillo, it seemed scarcely possible for the enemy to resist this triple assault. But unfortunately misunderstandings had arisen between the commander of the fleet, William von Blois von Treslong, and the admiralty of Zeeland, which caused the equipment of the fleet to be most unaccountably delayed. In order to quicken their movements Teligny at last resolved to go himself to Middleburg, where the states of Zeeland were assembled; but as the enemy were in possession of all the roads the attempt cost him his freedom and the republic its most valiant defender. However, there was no want of enterprising vessels, which, under the favor of the night and the floodtide, passing through the still open bridge in spite of the enemy's fire, threw provisions into the town and returned with the ebb. But as many of these vessels fell into the hands of the enemy the council gave orders that they should never risk the passage unless they amounted to a certain number; and the result, unfortunately, was that none attempted it because the required number could not be collected at one time. Several attacks were also made from Antwerp on the ships of the Spaniards, which were not entirely unsuccessful; some of the latter were captured, others sunk, and all that was required was to execute similar attempts on a grand scale. But however zealously St. Aldegonde urged this, still not a captain was to be found who would command a vessel for that purpose.

Amid these delays the winter expired, and scarcely had the ice begun to disappear when the construction of the bridge of boats was actively resumed by the besiegers. Between the two piers a space of more than six hundred paces still remained to be filled up, which was effected in the following manner: Thirty-two flat-bottomed vessels, each sixty-six feet long and twenty broad, were fastened together with strong cables and iron chains, but at a distance from each other of about twenty feet to allow a free passage to the stream. Each boat, moreover, was moored with two cables, both up and down the stream, but which, as the water rose with the tide, or sunk with the ebb, could be slackened or tightened. Upon the boats great masts were laid which reached from one to

another, and, being covered with planks, formed a regular road, which, like that along the piers, was protected with a balustrade. This bridge of boats, of which the two piers formed a continuation, had, including the latter, a length of twenty-four thousand paces. This formidable work was so ingeniously constructed, and so richly furnished with the instruments of destruction, that it seemed almost capable, like a living creature, of defending itself at the word of command, scattering death among all who approached. Besides the two forts of St. Maria and St. Philip, which terminated the bridge on either shore, and the two wooden bastions on the bridge itself, which were filled with soldiers and mounted with guns on all sides, each of the two-and-thirty vessels was manned with thirty soldiers and four sailors, and showed the cannon's mouth to the enemy, whether he came up from Zealand or down from Antwerp. There were in all ninety-seven cannon, which were distributed beneath and above the bridge, and more than fifteen hundred men who were posted, partly in the forts, partly in the vessels, and, in case of necessity, could maintain a terrible fire of small-arms upon the enemy.

But with all this the prince did not consider his work sufficiently secure. It was to be expected that the enemy would leave nothing unattempted to burst by the force of his machines the middle and weakest part. To guard against this, he erected in a line with the bridge of boats, but at some distance from it, another distinct defence, intended to break the force of any attack that might be directed against the bridge itself. This work consisted of thirty-three vessels of considerable magnitude, which were moored in a row athwart the stream and fastened in threes by masts, so that they formed eleven different groups. Each of these, like a file of pikemen, presented fourteen long wooden poles with iron heads to the approaching enemy. These vessels were loaded merely with ballast, and were anchored each by a double but slack cable, so as to be able to give to the rise and fall of the tide. As they were in constant motion they got from the soldiers the name of "swimmers." The whole bridge of boats and also a part of the piers were covered by these swimmers, which were stationed above as well as below the bridge. To all these defensive preparations was added a fleet of

forty men-of-war, which were stationed on both coasts and served as a protection to the whole.

This astonishing work was finished in March, 1585, the seventh month of the siege, and the day on which it was completed was kept as a jubilee by the troops. The great event was announced to the besieged by a grand *fete de joie*, and the army, as if to enjoy ocular demonstration of its triumph, extended itself along the whole platform to gaze upon the proud stream, peacefully and obediently flowing under the yoke which had been imposed upon it. All the toil they had undergone was forgotten in the delightful spectacle, and every man who had had a hand in it, however insignificant he might be, assumed to himself a portion of the honor which the successful execution of so gigantic an enterprise conferred on its illustrious projector. On the other hand, nothing could equal the consternation which seized the citizens of Antwerp when intelligence was brought them that the Scheldt was now actually closed, and all access from Zealand cut off. To increase their dismay they learned the fall of Brussels also, which had at last been compelled by famine to capitulate. An attempt made by the Count of Hohenlohe about the same time on Herzogenbusch, with a view to recapture the town, or at least form a diversion, was equally unsuccessful; and thus the unfortunate city lost all hope of assistance, both by sea and land.

These evil tidings were brought them by some fugitives who had succeeded in passing the Spanish videttes, and had made their way into the town; and a spy, whom the burgomaster had sent out to reconnoitre the enemy's works, increased the general alarm by his report. He had been seized and carried before the Prince of Parma, who commanded him to be conducted over all the works, and all the defences of the bridge to be pointed out to him. After this had been done he was again brought before the general, who dismissed him with these words: "Go," said he, "and report what you have seen to those who sent you. And tell them, too, that it is my firm resolve to bury myself under the ruins of this bridge or by means of it to pass into your town."

But the certainty of danger now at last awakened the zeal of the confederates,

and it was no fault of theirs if the former half of the prince's vow was not fulfilled. The latter had long viewed with apprehension the preparations which were making in Zealand for the relief of the town. He saw clearly that it was from this quarter that he had to fear the most dangerous blow, and that with all his works he could not make head against the combined fleets of Zealand and Antwerp if they were to fall upon him at the same time and at the proper moment. For a while the delays of the admiral of Zealand, which he had labored by all the means in his power to prolong, had been his security, but now the urgent necessity accelerated the expedition, and without waiting for the admiral the states at Middleburg despatched the Count Justin of Nassau, with as many ships as they could muster, to the assistance of the besieged. This fleet took up a position before Liefkenshoek, which was in possession of the Spaniards, and, supported by a few vessels from the opposite fort of Lillo, cannonaded it with such success that the walls were in a short time demolished, and the place carried by storm. The Walloons who formed the garrison did not display the firmness which might have been expected from soldiers of the Duke of Parma; they shamefully surrendered the fort to the enemy, who in a short time were in possession of the whole island of Doel, with all the redoubts situated upon it. The loss of these places, which were, however, soon retaken, incensed the Duke of Parma so much that he tried the officers by court-martial, and caused the most culpable among them to be beheaded. Meanwhile this important conquest opened to the Zealanders a free passage as far as the bridge, and after concerting with the people of Antwerp the time was fixed for a combined attack on this work. It was arranged that, while the bridge of boats was blown up by machines already prepared in Antwerp, the Zealand fleet, with a sufficient supply of provisions, should be in the vicinity, ready to sail to the town through the opening.

While the Duke of Parma was engaged in constructing his bridge an engineer within the walls was already preparing the materials for its destruction. Frederick Gianibelli was the name of the man whom fate had destined to be the Archimedes of Antwerp, and to exhaust in its defence the same ingenuity with

the same want of success. He was born in Mantua, and had formerly visited Madrid for the purpose, it was said, of offering his services to King Philip in the Belgian war. But wearied with waiting the offended engineer left the court with the intention of making the King of Spain sensibly feel the value of talents which he had so little known how to appreciate. He next sought the service of Queen Elizabeth of England, the declared enemy of Spain, who, after witnessing a few specimens of his skill, sent him to Antwerp. He took up his residence in that town, and in the present extremity devoted to its defence his knowledge, his energy, and his zeal.

As soon as this artist perceived that the project of erecting the bridge was seriously intended, and that the work was fast approaching to completion, he applied to the magistracy for three large vessels, from a hundred and fifty to five hundred tons, in which he proposed to place mines. He also demanded sixty boats, which, fastened together with cables and chains, furnished with projecting grappling-irons, and put in motion with the ebbing of the tide, were intended to second the operation of the mine-ships by being directed in a wedgelike form against the bridge. But he had to deal with men who were quite incapable of comprehending an idea out of the common way, and even where the salvation of their country was at stake could not forget the calculating habits of trade.

His scheme was rejected as too expensive, and with difficulty he at last obtained the grant of two smaller vessels, from seventy to eighty tons, with a number of flat-bottomed boats. With these two vessels, one of which he called the "Fortune" and the other the "Hope," he proceeded in the following manner: In the hold of each he built a hollow chamber of freestone, five feet broad, three and a half high, and forty long. This magazine he filled with sixty hundredweight of the finest priming powder of his own compounding, and covered it with as heavy a weight of large slabs and millstones as the vessels could carry. Over these he further added a roof of similar stones, which ran up to a point and projected six feet above the ship's side. The deck itself was crammed with iron chains and hooks, knives, nails, and other destructive missiles; the

remaining space, which was not occupied by the magazine, was likewise filled up with planks. Several small apertures were left in the chamber for the matches which were to set fire to the mine. For greater certainty he had also contrived a piece of mechanism which, after the lapse of a given time, would strike out sparks, and even if the matches failed would set the ship on fire. To delude the enemy into a belief that these machines were only intended to set the bridge on fire, a composition of brimstone and pitch was placed in the top, which could burn a whole hour. And still further to divert the enemy's attention from the proper seat of danger, he also prepared thirty-two flatbottomed boats, upon which there were only fireworks burning, and whose sole object was to deceive the enemy. These fire-ships were to be sent down upon the bridge in four separate squadrons, at intervals of half an hour, and keep the enemy incessantly engaged for two whole hours, so that, tired of firing and wearied by vain expectation, they might at last relax their vigilance before the real fire-ships came. In addition to all this he also despatched a few vessels in which powder was concealed in order to blow up the floating work before the bridge, and to clear a passage for the two principal ships. At the same time he hoped by this preliminary attack to engage the enemy's attention, to draw them out, and expose them to the full deadly effect of the volcano.

The night between the 4th and 5th of April was fixed for the execution of this great undertaking. An obscure rumor of it had already diffused itself through the Spanish camp, and particularly from the circumstance of many divers from Antwerp having been detected endeavoring to cut the cables of the vessels. They were prepared, therefore, for a serious attack; they only mistook the real nature of it, and counted on having to fight rather with man than the elements. In this expectation the duke caused the guards along the whole bank to be doubled, and drew up the chief part of his troops in the vicinity of the bridge, where he was present in person; thus meeting the danger while endeavoring to avoid it.

No sooner was it dark than three burning vessels were seen to float down from the city towards the bridge, then three more, and directly after the same number.

They beat to arms throughout the Spanish camp, and the whole length of the bridge was crowded with soldiers. Meantime the number of the fire-ships increased, and they came in regular order down the stream, sometimes two and sometimes three abreast, being at first steered by sailors on board them. The admiral of the Antwerp fleet, Jacob Jacobson (whether designedly or through carelessness is not known), had committed the error of sending off the four squadrons of fire-ships too quickly one after another, and caused the two large mine-ships also to follow them too soon, and thus disturbed the intended order of attack.

The array of vessels kept approaching, and the darkness of night still further heightened the extraordinary spectacle. As far as the eye could follow the course of the stream all was fire; the fire-ships burning as brilliantly as if they were themselves in the flames; the surface of the water glittered with light; the dykes and the batteries along the shore, the flags, arms, and accoutrements of the soldiers who lined the rivers as well as the bridges were clearly distinguishable in the glare. With a mingled sensation of awe and pleasure the soldiers watched the unusual sight, which rather resembled a fete than a hostile preparation, but from the very strangeness of the contrast filled the mind with a mysterious awe. When the burning fleet had come within two thousand paces of the bridge those who had the charge of it lighted the matches, impelled the two mine-vessels into the middle of the stream, and leaving the others to the guidance of the current of the waves, they hastily made their escape in boats which had been kept in readiness.

Their course, however, was irregular, and destitute of steersmen they arrived singly and separately at the floating works, where they continued hanging or were dashed off sidewise on the shore. The foremost powder-ships, which were intended to set fire to the floating works, were cast, by the force of a squall which arose at that instant, on the Flemish coast. One of the two, the "Fortune," grounded in its passage before it reached the bridge, and killed by its explosion some Spanish soldiers who were at work in a neighboring battery. The other and

larger fire-ship, called the "Hope," narrowly escaped a similar fate. The current drove her against the floating defences towards the Flemish bank, where it remained hanging, and had it taken fire at that moment the greatest part of its effect would have been lost. Deceived by the flames which this machine, like the other vessels, emitted, the Spaniards took it for a common fire-ship, intended to burn the bridge of boats. And as they had seen them extinguished one after the other without further effect all fears were dispelled, and the Spaniards began to ridicule the preparations of the enemy, which had been ushered in with so much display and now had so absurd an end. Some of the boldest threw themselves into the stream in order to get a close view of the fire-ship and extinguish it, when by its weight it suddenly broke through, burst the floating work which had detained it, and drove with terrible force on the bridge of boats. All was now in commotion on the bridge, and the prince called to the sailors to keep the vessel off with poles, and to extinguish the flames before they caught the timbers.

At this critical moment he was standing at the farthest end of the left pier, where it formed a bastion in the water and joined the bridge of boats. By his side stood the Margrave of Rysburg, general of cavalry and governor of the province of Artois, who had formerly-served the states, but from a protector of the republic had become its worst enemy; the Baron of Billy, governor of Friesland and commander of the German regiments; the Generals Cajetan and Guasto, with several of the principal officers; all forgetful of their own danger and entirely occupied with averting the general calamity. At this moment a Spanish ensign approached the Prince of Parma and conjured him to remove from a place where his life was in manifest and imminent peril. No attention being paid to his entreaty he repeated it still more urgently, and at last fell at his feet and implored him in this one instance to take advice from his servant. While he said this he had laid hold of the duke's coat as though he wished forcibly to draw him away from the spot, and the latter, surprised rather at the man's boldness than persuaded by his arguments, retired at last to the shore, attended by Cajetan and Guasto. He had scarcely time to reach the fort St. Maria at the end of the bridge when an explosion took place behind him, just as if the earth had burst or the

vault of heaven given way. The duke and his whole army fell to the ground as dead, and several minutes elapsed before they recovered their consciousness.

But then what a sight presented itself! The waters of the Scheldt had been divided to its lowest depth, and driven with a surge which rose like a wall above the dam that confined it, so that all the fortifications on the banks were several feet under water. The earth shook for three miles round. Nearly the whole left pier, on which the fire-ship had been driven, with a part of the bridge of boats, had been burst and shattered to atoms, with all that was upon it; spars, cannon, and men blown into the air. Even the enormous blocks of stone which had covered the mine had, by the force of the explosion, been hurled into the neighboring fields, so that many of them were afterwards dug out of the ground at a distance of a thousand paces from the bridge. Six vessels were buried, several had gone to pieces. But still more terrible was the carnage which the murderous machine had dealt amongst the soldiers. Five hundred, according to other reports even eight hundred, were sacrificed to its fury, without reckoning those who escaped with mutilated or injured bodies. The most opposite kinds of death were combined in this frightful moment. Some were consumed by the flames of the explosion, others scalded to death by the boiling water of the river, others stifled by the poisonous vapor of the brimstone; some were drowned in the stream, some buried under the hail of falling masses of rock, many cut to pieces by the knives and hooks, or shattered by the balls which were poured from the bowels of the machine. Some were found lifeless without any visible injury, having in all probability been killed by the mere concussion of the air. The spectacle which presented itself directly after the firing of the mine was fearful. Men were seen wedged between the palisades of the bridge, or struggling to release themselves from beneath ponderous masses of rock, or hanging in the rigging of the ships; and from all places and quarters the most heartrending cries for help arose, but as each was absorbed in his own safety these could only be answered by helpless wailings.

Many had escaped in the most wonderful manner. An officer named Tucci

was carried by the whirlwind like a feather high into the air, where he was for a moment suspended, and then dropped into the river, where he saved himself by swimming. Another was taken up by the force of the blast from the Flanders shore and deposited on that of Brabant, incurring merely a slight contusion on the shoulder; he felt, as he afterwards said, during this rapid aerial transit, just as if he had been fired out of a cannon. The Prince of Parma himself had never been so near death as at that moment, when half a minute saved his life. He had scarcely set foot in the fort of St. Maria when he was lifted off his feet as if by a hurricane, and a beam which struck him on the head and shoulders stretched him senseless on the earth. For a long time he was believed to be actually killed, many remembering to have seen him on the bridge only a few minutes before the fatal explosion. He was found at last between his attendants, Cajetan and Guasto, raising himself up with his hand on his sword; and the intelligence stirred the spirits of the whole army. But vain would be the attempt to depict his feelings when he surveyed the devastation which a single moment had caused in the work of so many months. The bridge of boats, upon which all his hopes rested, was rent asunder; a great part of his army was destroyed; another portion maimed and rendered ineffective for many days; many of his best officers were killed; and, as if the present calamity were not sufficient, he had now to learn the painful intelligence that the Margrave of Rysburg, whom of all his officers he prized the highest, was missing. And yet the worst was still to come, for every moment the fleets of the enemy were to be expected from Antwerp and Lillo, to which this fearful position of the army would disable him from offering any effectual resistance. The bridge was entirely destroyed, and nothing could prevent the fleet from Zealand passing through in full sail; while the confusion of the troops in this first moment was so great and general that it would have been impossible to give or obey orders, as many corps had lost their commanding officers, and many commanders their corps; and even the places where they had been stationed were no longer to be recognized amid the general ruin. Add to this that all the batteries on shore were under water, that several cannon were sunk, that the matches were wet, and the ammunition damaged. What a moment for the enemy if they had known how to avail themselves of it!

It will scarcely be believed, however, that this success, which surpassed all expectation, was lost to Antwerp, simply because nothing was known of it. St. Aldegonde, indeed, as soon as the explosion of the mine was heard in the town, had sent out several galleys in the direction of the bridge, with orders to send up fire-balls and rockets the moment they had passed it, and then to sail with the intelligence straight on to Lillo, in order to bring up, without delay, the Zealand fleet, which had orders to co-operate. At the same time the admiral of Antwerp was ordered, as soon as the signal was given, to sail out with his vessels and attack the enemy in their first consternation. But although a considerable reward was promised to the boatmen sent to reconnoitre they did not venture near the enemy, but returned without effecting their purpose, and reported that the bridge of boats was uninjured, and the fire-ship had had no effect. Even on the following day also no better measures were taken to learn the true state of the bridge; and as the fleet at Lillo, in spite of the favorable wind, was seen to remain inactive, the belief that the fire-ships had accomplished nothing was confirmed. It did not seem to occur to any one that this very inactivity of the confederates, which misled the people of Antwerp, might also keep back the Zealanders at Lille, as in fact it did. So signal an instance of neglect could only have occurred in a government, which, without dignity of independence, was guided by the tumultuous multitude it ought to have governed. The more supine, however, they were themselves in opposing the enemy, the more violently did their rage boil against Gianibelli, whom the frantic mob would have torn in pieces if they could have caught him. For two days the engineer was in the most imminent danger, until at last, on the third morning, a courier from Lillo, who had swam under the bridge, brought authentic intelligence of its having been destroyed, but at the same time announced that it had been repaired.

This rapid restoration of the bridge was really a miraculous effort of the Prince of Parma. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock, which seemed to have overthrown all his plans, when he contrived, with wonderful presence of mind, to prevent all its evil consequences. The absence of the enemy's fleet at this decisive moment revived his hopes. The ruinous state of the bridge appeared

to be a secret to them, and though it was impossible to repair in a few hours the work of so many months, yet a great point would be gained if it could be done even in appearance. All his men were immediately set to work to remove the ruins, to raise the timbers which had been thrown down, to replace those which were demolished, and to fill up the chasms with ships. The duke himself did not refuse to share in the toil, and his example was followed by all his officers. Stimulated by this popular behavior, the common soldiers exerted themselves to the utmost; the work was carried on during the whole night under the constant sounding of drums and trumpets, which were distributed along the bridge to drown the noise of the work-people. With dawn of day few traces remained of the night's havoc; and although the bridge was restored only in appearance, it nevertheless deceived the spy, and consequently no attack was made upon it. In the meantime the prince contrived to make the repairs solid, nay, even to introduce some essential alterations in the structure. In order to guard against similar accidents for the future, a part of the bridge of boats was made movable, so that in case of necessity it could be taken away and a passage opened to the fire-ships. His loss of men was supplied from the garrisons of the adjoining places, and by a German regiment which arrived very opportunely from Gueldres. He filled up the vacancies of the officers who were killed, and in doing this he did not forget the Spanish ensign who had saved his life.

The people of Antwerp, after learning the success of their mine-ship, now did homage to the inventor with as much extravagance as they had a short time before mistrusted him, and they encouraged his genius to new attempts. Gianibelli now actually obtained the number of flat-bottomed vessels which he had at first demanded in vain, and these he equipped in such a manner that they struck with irresistible force on the bridge, and a second time also burst and separated it. But this time, the wind was contrary to the Zealand fleet, so that they could not put out, and thus the prince obtained once more the necessary respite to repair the damage. The Archimedes of Antwerp was not deterred by any of these disappointments. Anew he fitted out two large vessels which were armed with iron hooks and similar instruments in order to tear asunder the

bridge. But when the moment came for these vessels to get under weigh no one was found ready to embark in them. The engineer was therefore obliged to think of a plan for giving to these machines such a self-impulse that, without being guided by a steersman, they would keep the middle of the stream, and not, like the former ones, be driven on the bank by the wind. One of his workmen, a German, here hit upon a strange invention, if Strada's description of it is to be credited. He affixed a sail under the vessel, which was to be acted upon by the water, just as an ordinary sail is by the wind, and could thus impel the ship with the whole force of the current. The result proved the correctness of his calculation; for this vessel, with the position of its sails reversed, not only kept the centre of the stream, but also ran against the bridge with such impetuosity that the enemy had not time to open it and was actually burst asunder. But all these results were of no service to the town, because the attempts were made at random and were supported by no adequate force. A new fire-ship, equipped like the former, which had succeeded so well, and which Gianibelli had filled with four thousand pounds of the finest powder was not even used; for a new mode of attempting their deliverance had now occurred to the people of Antwerp.

Terrified by so many futile attempts from endeavoring to clear a passage for vessels on the river by force, they at last came to the determination of doing without the stream entirely. They remembered the example of the town of Leyden, which, when besieged by the Spaniards ten years before, had saved itself by opportunely inundating the surrounding country, and it was resolved to imitate this example. Between Lillo and Stabroek, in the district of Bergen, a wide and somewhat sloping plain extends as far as Antwerp, being protected by numerous embankments and counter-embankments against the irruptions of the East Scheldt. Nothing more was requisite than to break these dams, when the whole plain would become a sea, navigable by flat-bottomed vessels almost to the very walls of Antwerp. If this attempt should succeed, the Duke of Parma might keep the Scheldt guarded with his bridge of boats as long as he pleased; a new river would be formed, which, in case of necessity, would be equally serviceable for the time. This was the very plan which the Prince of Orange had at the commencement of the siege recommended, and in which he had been strenuously, but unsuccessfully, seconded by St. Aldegonde, because some of the citizens could not be persuaded to sacrifice their own fields. In the present emergency they reverted to this last resource, but circumstances in the meantime had greatly changed.

The plain in question is intersected by a broad and high dam, which takes its name from the adjacent Castle of Cowenstein, and extends for three miles from the village of Stabroek, in Bergen, as far as the Scheldt, with the great dam of which it unites near Ordam. Beyond this dam no vessels can proceed, however high the tide, and the sea would be vainly turned into the fields as long as such an embankment remained in the way, which would prevent the Zealand vessels from descending into the plain before Antwerp. The fate of the town would therefore depend upon the demolition of this Cowenstein dam; but, foreseeing this, the Prince of Parma had, immediately on commencing the blockade, taken possession of it, and spared no pains to render it tenable to the last. At the village of Stabroek, Count Mansfeld was encamped with the greatest part of his army,

and by means of this very Cowenstein dam kept open the communication with the bridge, the headquarters, and the Spanish magazines at Calloo. Thus the army formed an uninterrupted line from Stabroek in Brabant, as far as Bevern in Flanders, intersected indeed, but not broken by the Scheldt, and which could not be cut off without a sanguinary conflict. On the dam itself within proper distances five different batteries had been erected, the command of which was given to the most valiant officers in the army. Nay, as the Prince of Parma could not doubt that now the whole fury of the war would be turned to this point, he entrusted the defence of the bridge to Count Mansfeld, and resolved to defend this important post himself. The war, therefore, now assumed a different aspect, and the theatre of it was entirely changed.

Both above and below Lillo, the Netherlanders had in several places cut through the dam, which follows the Brabant shore of the Scheldt; and where a short time before had been green fields, a new element now presented itself, studded with masts and boats. A Zealand fleet, commanded by Count Hohenlohe, navigated the inundated fields, and made repeated movements against the Cowenstein dam, without, however, attempting a serious attack on it, while another fleet showed itself in the Scheldt, threatening the two coasts alternately with a landing, and occasionally the bridge of boats with an attack. For several days this manoeuvre was practised on the enemy, who, uncertain of the quarter whence an attack was to be expected, would, it was hoped, be exhausted by continual watching, and by degrees lulled into security by so many false alarms. Antwerp had promised Count Hohenlohe to support the attack on the dam by a flotilla from the town; three beacons on the principal tower were to be the signal that this was on the way. When, therefore, on a dark night the expected columns of fire really ascended above Antwerp, Count Hohenlohe immediately caused five hundred of his troops to scale the dam between two of the enemy's redoubts, who surprised part of the Spanish garrison asleep, and cut down the others who attempted to defend themselves. In a short time they had gained a firm footing upon the dam, and were just on the point of disembarking the remainder of their force, two thousand in number, when the Spaniards in the

adjoining redoubts marched out and, favored by the narrowness of the ground, made a desperate attack on the crowded Zealanders. The guns from the neighboring batteries opened upon the approaching fleet, and thus rendered the landing of the remaining troops impossible; and as there were no signs of cooperation on the part of the city, the Zealanders were overpowered after a short conflict and again driven down from the dam. The victorious Spaniards pursued them through the water as far as their boats, sunk many of the latter, and compelled the rest to retreat with heavy loss. Count Hohenlohe threw the blame of this defeat upon the inhabitants of Antwerp, who had deceived him by a false signal, and it certainly must be attributed to the bad arrangement of both parties that the attempt failed of better success.

But at last the allies determined to make a systematic assault on the enemy with their combined force, and to put an end to the siege by a grand attack as well on the dam as on the bridge. The 16th of May, 1585, was fixed upon for the execution of this design, and both armies used their utmost endeavors to make this day decisive. The force of the Hollanders and Zealanders, united to that of Antwerp, exceeded two hundred ships, to man which they had stripped their towns and citadels, and with this force they purposed to attack the Cowenstein dam on both sides. The bridge over the Scheldt was to be assailed with new machines of Gianibelli's invention, and the Duke of Parma thereby hindered from assisting the defence of the dam.

Alexander, apprised of the danger which threatened him, spared nothing on his side to meet it with energy. Immediately after getting possession of the dam he had caused redoubts to be erected at five different places, and had given the command of them to the most experienced officers of the army. The first of these, which was called the Cross battery, was erected on the spot where the Cowenstein dam enters the great embankment of the Scheldt, and makes with the latter the form of a cross; the Spaniard, Mondragone, was appointed to the command of this battery. A thousand paces farther on, near the castle of Cowenstein, was posted the battery of St. James, which was entrusted to the

command of Camillo di Monte. At an equal distance from this lay the battery of St. George, and at a thousand paces from the latter, the Pile battery, under the command of Gamboa, so called from the pile-work on which it rested; at the farthest end of the darn, near Stabroek, was the fifth redoubt, where Count Mansfeld, with Capizuechi, an Italian, commanded. All these forts the prince now strengthened with artillery and men; on both sides of the dam, and along its whole extent, he caused piles to be driven, as well to render the main embankment firmer, as to impede the labor of the pioneers, who were to dig through it.

Early on the morning of the 16th of May the enemy's forces were in motion. With the dusk of dawn there came floating down from Lillo, over the inundated country, four burning vessels, which so alarmed the guards upon the dams, who recollected the former terrible explosion, that they hastily retreated to the next battery. This was exactly what the enemy desired. In these vessels, which had merely the appearance of fire-ships, soldiers were concealed, who now suddenly jumped ashore, and succeeded in mounting the dam at the undefended spot, between the St. George and Pile batteries. Immediately afterward the whole Zealand fleet showed itself, consisting of numerous ships-of-war, transports, and a crowd of smaller craft, which were laden with great sacks of earth, wool, fascines, gabions, and the like, for throwing up breastworks wherever necessary, The ships-of-war were furnished with powerful artillery, and numerous and bravely manned, and a whole army of pioneers accompanied it in order to dig through the dam as soon as it should be in their possession.

The Zealanders had scarcely begun on their side to ascend the dam when the fleet of Antwerp advanced from Osterweel and attacked it on the other. A high breastwork was hastily thrown up between the two nearest hostile batteries, so as at once to divide the two garrisons and to cover the pioneers. The latter, several hundreds in number, now fell to work with their spades on both sides of the dam, and dug with such energy that hopes were entertained of soon seeing the two seas united. But meanwhile the Spaniards also had gained time to hasten to the

spot from the two nearest redoubts, and make a spirited assault, while the guns from the battery of St. George played incessantly on the enemy's fleet. A furious battle now raged in the quarter where they were cutting through the dike and throwing up the breastworks. The Zealanders had drawn a strong line of troops round the pioneers to keep the enemy from interrupting their work, and in this confusion of battle, in the midst of a storm of bullets from the enemy, often up to the breast in water, among the dead and dying, the pioneers pursued their work, under the incessant exhortations of the merchants, who impatiently waited to see the dam opened and their vessels in safety. The importance of the result, which it might be said depended entirely upon their spades, appeared to animate even the common laborers with heroic courage. Solely intent upon their task, they neither saw nor heard the work of death which was going on around them, and as fast as the foremost ranks fell those behind them pressed into their places. Their operations were greatly impeded by the piles which had been driven in, but still more by the attacks of the Spaniards, who burst with desperate courage through the thickest of the enemy, stabbed the pioneers in the pits where they were digging, and filled up again with dead bodies the cavities which the living had made. At last, however, when most of their officers were killed or wounded, and the number of the enemy constantly increasing, while fresh laborers were supplying the place of those who had been slain, the courage of these valiant troops began to give way, and they thought it advisable to retreat to their batteries. Now, therefore, the confederates saw themselves masters of the whole extent of the dam, from Fort St. George as far as the Pile battery. As, however, it seemed too long to wait for the thorough demolition of the dam, they hastily unloaded a Zealand transport, and brought the cargo over the dam to a vessel of Antwerp, with which Count Hohenlohe sailed in triumph to that city. The sight of the provisions at once filled the inhabitants with joy, and as if the victory was already won, they gave themselves up to the wildest exultation. The bells were rung, the cannon discharged, and the inhabitants, transported by their unexpected success, hurried to the Osterweel gate, to await the store-ships which were supposed to be at hand.

In fact, fortune had never smiled so favorably on the besieged as at that moment. The enemy, exhausted and dispirited, had thrown themselves into their batteries, and, far from being able to struggle with the victors for the post they had conquered, they found themselves rather besieged in the places where they had taken refuge. Some companies of Scots, led by their brave colonel, Balfour, attacked the battery of St. George, which, however, was relieved, but not without severe loss, by Camillo di Monte, who hastened thither from St. James' battery. The Pile battery was in a much worse condition, it being hotly cannonaded by the ships, and threatened every moment to crumble to pieces. Gainboa, who commanded it, lay wounded, and it was unfortunately deficient in artillery to keep the enemy at a distance. The breastwork, too, which the Zealanders had thrown up between this battery and that of St. George cut off all hope of assistance from the Scheldt. If, therefore, the Belgians had only taken advantage of this weakness and inactivity of the enemy to proceed with zeal and perseverance in cutting through the dam, there is no doubt that a passage might have been made, and thus put an end to the whole siege. But here also the same want of consistent energy showed itself which had marked the conduct of the people of Antwerp during the whole course of the siege. The zeal with which the work had been commenced cooled in proportion to the success which attended it. It was soon found too tedious to dig through the dyke; it seemed far easier to transfer the cargoes from the large store-ships into smaller ones, and carry these to the town with the flood tide. St. Aldegonde and Hohenlohe, instead of remaining to animate the industry of the workmen by their personal presence, left the scene of action at the decisive moment, in order, by sailing to the town with a corn vessel, to win encomiums on their wisdom and valor.

While both parties were fighting on the dam with the most obstinate fury the bridge over the Scheldt had been attacked from Antwerp with new machines, in order to give employment to the prince in that quarter. But the sound of the firing soon apprised him of what was going on at the dyke, and as soon as he saw the bridge clear he hastened to support the defence of the dyke. Followed by two hundred Spanish pikemen, he flew to the place of attack, and arrived just in

time to prevent the complete defeat of his troops. He hastily posted some guns which he had brought with him in the two nearest redoubts, and maintained from thence a heavy fire upon the enemy's ships. He placed himself at the head of his men, and, with his sword in one hand and shield in the other, led them against the enemy. The news of his arrival, which quickly spread from one end of the dyke to the other, revived the drooping spirits of his troops, and the conflict recommenced with renewed violence, made still more murderous by the nature of the ground where it was fought. Upon the narrow ridge of the dam, which in many places was not more than nine paces broad, about five thousand combatants were fighting; so confined was the spot upon which the strength of both armies was assembled, and which was to decide the whole issue of the siege. With the Antwerpens the last bulwark of their city was at stake; with the Spaniards it was to determine the whole success of their undertaking. Both parties fought with a courage which despair alone could inspire. From both the extremities of the dam the tide of war rolled itself towards the centre, where the Zealanders and Antwerpens had the advantage, and where they had collected their whole strength. The Italians and Spaniards, inflamed by a noble emulation, pressed on from Stabroek; and from the Scheldt the Walloons and Spaniards advanced, with their general at their head. While the former endeavored to relieve the Pile battery, which was hotly pressed by the enemy, both by sea and land, the latter threw themselves on the breastwork, between the St. George and the Pile batteries, with a fury which carried everything before it. Here the flower of the Belgian troops fought behind a well-fortified rampart, and the guns of the two fleets covered this important post. The prince was already pressing forward to attack this formidable defence with his small army when he received intelligence that the Italians and Spaniards, under Capizucchi and Aquila, had forced their way, sword in hand, into the Pile battery, had got possession of it, and were now likewise advancing from the other side against the enemy's breastwork. Before this intrenchment, therefore, the whole force of both armies was now collected, and both sides used their utmost efforts to carry and to defend this position. The Netherlanders on board the fleet, loath to remain idle spectators of the conflict, sprang ashore from their vessels. Alexander attacked

the breastwork on one side, Count Mansfeld on the other; five assaults were made, and five times they were repulsed. The Netherlanders in this decisive moment surpassed themselves; never in the whole course of the war had they fought with such determination. But it was the Scotch and English in particular who baffled the attempts of the enemy by their valiant resistance. As no one would advance to the attack in the quarter where the Scotch fought, the duke himself led on the troops, with a javelin in his hand, and up to his breast in water. At last, after a protracted struggle, the forces of Count Mansfeld succeeded with their halberds and pikes in making a breach in the breastwork, and by raising themselves on one another's shoulders scaled the parapet. Barthelemy Toralva, a Spanish captain, was the first who showed himself on the top; and almost at the same instant the Italian, Capizucchi, appeared upon the edge of it; and thus the contest of valor was decided with equal glory for both nations. It is worth while to notice here the manner in which the Prince of Parma, who was made arbiter of this emulous strife, encouraged this delicate sense of honor among his warriors. He embraced the Italian, Capizucchi, in presence of the troops, and acknowledged aloud that it was principally to the courage of this officer that he owed the capture of the breastwork. He caused the Spanish captain, Toralva, who was dangerously wounded, to be conveyed to his own quarters at Stabroek, laid on his own bed, and covered with the cloak which he himself had worn the day before the battle.

After the capture of the breastwork the victory no longer remained doubtful. The Dutch and Zealand troops, who had disembarked to come to close action with the enemy, at once lost their courage when they looked about them and saw the vessels, which were their last refuge, putting off from the shore.

For the tide had begun to ebb, and the commanders of the fleet, from fear of being stranded with their heavy transports, and, in case of an unfortunate issue to the engagement, becoming the prey of the enemy, retired from the dam, and made for deep water. No sooner did Alexander perceive this than he pointed out to his troops the flying vessels, and encouraged them to finish the action with an

enemy who already despaired of their safety. The Dutch auxiliaries were the first that gave way, and their example was soon followed by the Zealanders. Hastily leaping from the dam they endeavored to reach the vessels by wading or swimming; but from their disorderly flight they impeded one another, and fell in heaps under the swords of the pursuers. Many perished even in the boats, as each strove to get on board before the other, and several vessels sank under the weight of the numbers who rushed into them. The Antwerpens, who fought for their liberty, their hearths, their faith, were the last who retreated, but this very circumstance augmented their disaster. Many of their vessels were outstripped by the ebb-tide, and grounded within reach of the enemy's cannon, and were consequently destroyed with all on board. Crowds of fugitives endeavored by swimming to gain the other transports, which had got into deep water; but such was the rage and boldness of the Spaniards that they swam after them with their swords between their teeth, and dragged many even from the ships. The victory of the king's troops was complete but bloody; for of the Spaniards about eight hundred, of the Netherlanders some thousands (without reckoning those who were drowned), were left on the field, and on both sides many of the principal nobility perished. More than thirty vessels, with a large supply of provisions for Antwerp, fell into the hands of the victors, with one hundred and fifty cannon and other military stores. The dam, the possession of which had been so dearly maintained, was pierced in thirteen different places, and the bodies of those who had cut through it were now used to stop up the openings.

The following day a transport of immense size and singular construction fell into the hands of the royalists. It formed a floating castle, and had been destined for the attack on the Cowenstein dam. The people of Antwerp had built it at an immense expense at the very time when the engineer Gianibelli's useful proposals had been rejected on account of the cost they entailed, and this ridiculous monster was called by the proud title of "End of the War," which appellation was afterwards changed for the more appropriate sobriquet of "Money lost!" When this vessel was launched it turned out, as every sensible person had foretold, that on account of its unwieldly size it was utterly

impossible to steer it, and it could hardly be floated by the highest tide. With great difficulty it was worked as far as Ordain, where, deserted by the tide, it went aground, and fell a prey to the enemy.

The attack upon the Cowenstein dam was the last attempt which was made to relieve Antwerp. From this time the courage of the besieged sank, and the magistracy of the town vainly labored to inspire with distant hopes the lower orders, on whom the present distress weighed heaviest. Hitherto the price of bread had been kept down to a tolerable rate, although the quality of it continued to deteriorate; by degrees, however, provisions became so scarce that a famine was evidently near at hand. Still hopes were entertained of being able to hold out, at least until the corn between the town and the farthest batteries, which was already in full ear, could be reaped; but before that could be done the enemy had carried the last outwork, and had appropriated the whole harvest to their use. At last the neighboring and confederate town of Malines fell into the enemy's hands, and with its fall vanished the only remaining hope of getting supplies from Brabant. As there was, therefore, no longer any means of increasing the stock of provisions nothing was left but to diminish the consumers. All useless persons, all strangers, nay even the women and children were to be sent away out of the town, but this proposal was too revolting to humanity to be carried into execution. Another plan, that of expelling the Catholic inhabitants, exasperated them so much that it had almost ended in open mutiny. And thus St. Aldegonde at last saw himself compelled to yield to the riotous clamors of the populace, and on the 17th of August, 1585, to make overtures to the Duke of Parma for the surrender of the town.

THE GHOST-SEER; OR, APPARITIONIST.

AND

SPORT OF DESTINY

FROM THE PAPERS OF COUNT O————

I am about to relate an adventure which to many will appear incredible, but of which I was in great part an eye-witness. The few who are acquainted with a certain political event will, if indeed these pages should happen to find them alive, receive a welcome solution thereof. And, even to the rest of my readers, it will be, perhaps, important as a contribution to the history of the deception and aberrations of the human intellect. The boldness of the schemes which malice is able to contemplate and to carry out must excite astonishment, as must also the means of which it can avail itself to accomplish its aims. Clear, unvarnished truth shall guide my pen; for, when these pages come before the public, I shall be no more, and shall therefore never learn their fate.

On my return to Courland in the year 17—, about the time of the Carnival, I visited the Prince of ——— at Venice. We had been acquainted in the ——— service, and we here renewed an intimacy which, by the restoration of peace, had been interrupted. As I wished to see the curiosities of this city, and as the prince was waiting only for the arrival of remittances to return to his native country, he easily prevailed on me to tarry till his departure. We agreed not to separate during the time of our residence at Venice, and the prince was kind enough to accommodate me at his lodgings at the Moor Hotel.

As the prince wished to enjoy himself, and his small revenues did not permit him to maintain the dignity of his rank, he lived at Venice in the strictest incognito. Two noblemen, in whom he had entire confidence, and a few faithful servants, composed all his retinue. He shunned expenditure, more however from

inclination than economy. He avoided all kinds of dissipation, and up to the age of thirty-five years had resisted the numerous allurements of this voluptuous city. To the charms of the fair sex he was wholly indifferent. A settled gravity and an enthusiastic melancholy were the prominent features of his character. His affections were tranquil, but obstinate to excess. He formed his attachments with caution and timidity, but when once formed they were cordial and permanent. In the midst of a tumultuous crowd he walked in solitude. Wrapped in his own visionary ideas, he was often a stranger to the world about him; and, sensible of his own deficiency in the knowledge of mankind, he scarcely ever ventured an opinion of his own, and was apt to pay an unwarrantable deference to the judgment of others. Though far from being weak, no man was more liable to be governed; but, when conviction had once entered his mind, he became firm and decisive; equally courageous to combat an acknowledged prejudice or to die for a new one.

As he was the third prince of his house, he had no likely prospect of succeeding to the sovereignty. His ambition had never been awakened; his passions had taken another direction. Contented to find himself independent of the will of others, he never enforced his own as a law; his utmost wishes did not soar beyond the peaceful quietude of a private life, free from care. He read much, but without discrimination. As his education had been neglected, and, as he had early entered the career of arms, his understanding had never been fully matured. Hence the knowledge he afterwards acquired served but to increase the chaos of his ideas, because it was built on an unstable foundation.

He was a Protestant, as all his family had been, by birth, but not by investigation, which he had never attempted, although at one period of his life he had been an enthusiast in its cause. He had never, so far as came to my knowledge, been a freemason.

One evening we were, as usual, walking by ourselves, well masked in the square of St. Mark. It was growing late, and the crowd was dispersing, when the prince observed a mask which followed us everywhere. This mask was an

Armenian, and walked alone. We quickened our steps, and endeavored to baffle him by repeatedly altering our course. It was in vain, the mask was always close behind us. "You have had no intrigue here, I hope," said the prince at last, "the husbands of Venice are dangerous." "I do not know a single lady in the place," was my answer. "Let us sit down here, and speak German," said he; "I fancy we are mistaken for some other persons." We sat down upon a stone bench, and expected the mask would have passed by. He came directly up to us, and took his seat by the side of the prince. The latter took out his watch, and, rising at the same time, addressed me thus in a loud voice in French, "It is past nine. Come, we forget that we are waited for at the Louvre." This speech he only invented in order to deceive the mask as to our route. "Nine!" repeated the latter in the same language, in a slow and expressive voice, "Congratulate yourself, my prince" (calling him by his real name); "he died at nine." In saying this, he rose and went away.

We looked at each other in amazement. "Who is dead?" said the prince at length, after a long silence. "Let us follow him," replied I, "and demand an explanation." We searched every corner of the place; the mask was nowhere to be found. We returned to our hotel disappointed. The prince spoke not a word to me the whole way; he walked apart by himself, and appeared to be greatly agitated, which he afterwards confessed to me was the case. Having reached home, he began at length to speak: "Is it not laughable," said he, "that a madman should have the power thus to disturb a man's tranquillity by two or three words?" We wished each other a goodnight; and, as soon as I was in my own apartment, I noted down in my pocket-book the day and the hour when this adventure happened. It was on a Thursday.

The next evening the prince said to me, "Suppose we go to the square of St. Mark, and seek for our mysterious Armenian. I long to see this comedy unravelled." I consented. We walked in the square till eleven. The Armenian was nowhere to be seen. We repeated our walk the four following evenings, and each time with the same bad success.

On the sixth evening, as we went out of the hotel, it occurred to me, whether designedly or otherwise I cannot recollect, to tell the servants where we might be found in case we should be inquired for. The prince remarked my precaution, and approved of it with a smile. We found the square of St. Mark very much crowded. Scarcely had we advanced thirty steps when I perceived the Armenian, who was pressing rapidly through the crowd, and seemed to be in search of some one. We were just approaching him, when Baron F——, one of the prince's retinue, came up to us quite breathless, and delivered to the prince a letter. "It is sealed with black," said he, "and we supposed from this that it might contain matters of importance." I was struck as with a thunderbolt. The prince went near a torch, and began to read. "My cousin is dead!" exclaimed he. "When?" inquired I anxiously, interrupting him. He looked again into the letter. "Last Thursday night at nine."

We had not recovered from our surprise when the Armenian stood before us. "You are known here, my prince!" said he. "Hasten to your hotel. You will find there the deputies from the Senate. Do not hesitate to accept the honor they intend to offer you. Baron I—forgot to tell you that your remittances are arrived." He disappeared among the crowd.

We hastened to our hotel, and found everything as the Armenian had told us. Three noblemen of the republic were waiting to pay their respects to the prince, and to escort him in state to the Assembly, where the first nobility of the city were ready to receive him. He had hardly time enough to give me a hint to sit up for him till his return.

About eleven o'clock at night he returned. On entering the room he appeared grave and thoughtful. Having dismissed the servants, he took me by the hand, and said, in the words of Hamlet, "Count ——

"There are more things in heav'n and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Gracious prince!" replied I, "you seem to forget that you are retiring to your pillow greatly enriched in prospect." The deceased was the hereditary prince.

"Do not remind me of it," said the prince; "for should I even have acquired a crown I am now too much engaged to occupy myself with such a trifle. If that Armenian has not merely guessed by chance"

"How can that be, my prince?" interrupted I.

"Then will I resign to you all my hopes of royalty in exchange for a monk's cowl."

I have mentioned this purposely to show how far every ambitious idea was then distant from his thoughts.

The following evening we went earlier than usual to the square of St. Mark. A sudden shower of rain obliged us to take shelter in a coffee-house, where we found a party engaged at cards. The prince took his place behind the chair of a Spaniard to observe the game. I went into an adjacent chamber to read the newspapers. A short time afterwards I heard a noise in the card-room. Previously to the entrance of the prince the Spaniard had been constantly losing, but since then he had won upon every card. The fortune of the game was reversed in a striking manner, and the bank was in danger of being challenged by the pointeur, whom this lucky change of fortune had rendered more adventurous. A Venetian, who kept the bank, told the prince in a very rude manner that his presence interrupted the fortune of the game, and desired him to quit the table. The latter looked coldly at him, remained in his place, and preserved the same countenance, when the Venetian repeated his insulting demand in French. He thought the prince understood neither French nor Italian; and, addressing himself with a contemptuous laugh to the company, said "Pray, gentlemen, tell me how I must make myself understood to this fool." At the same time he rose and prepared to seize the prince by the arm. His patience forsook the latter; he grasped the Venetian with a strong hand, and threw him violently on the ground.

The company rose up in confusion. Hearing the noise, I hastily entered the room, and unguardedly called the prince by his name. "Take care," said I, imprudently; "we are in Venice." The name of the prince caused a general silence, which ended in a whispering which appeared to me to have a dangerous tendency. All the Italians present divided into parties, and kept aloof. One after the other left the room, so that we soon found ourselves alone with the Spaniard and a few Frenchmen. "You are lost, prince," said they, "if you do not leave the city immediately. The Venetian whom you have handled so roughly is rich enough to hire a bravo. It costs him but fifty zechins to be revenged by your death." The Spaniard offered, for the security of the prince, to go for the guards, and even to accompany us home himself. The Frenchmen proposed to do the same. We were still deliberating what to do when the doors suddenly opened, and some officers of the Inquisition entered the room. They produced an order of government, which charged us both to follow them immediately. They conducted us under a strong escort to the canal, where a gondola was waiting for us, in which we were ordered to embark. We were blindfolded before we landed. They led us up a large stone staircase, and through a long, winding passage, over vaults, as I judged from the echoes that resounded under our feet. At length we came to another staircase, and, having descended a flight of steps, we entered a hall, where the bandage was removed from our eyes. We found ourselves in a circle of venerable old men, all dressed in black; the hall was hung round with black and dimly lighted. A dead silence reigned in the assembly, which inspired us with a feeling of awe. One of the old men, who appeared to be the principal Inquisitor, approached the prince with a solemn countenance, and said, pointing to the Venetian, who was led forward:

"Do you recognize this man as the same who offended you at the coffee-house?"

"I do," answered the prince.

Then addressing the prisoner: "Is this the same person whom you meant to have assassinated to-night?"

The prisoner replied, "Yes."

In the same instant the circle opened, and we saw with horror the head of the Venetian severed from his body.

"Are you content with this satisfaction?" said the Inquisitor. The prince had fainted in the arms of his attendants. "Go," added the Inquisitor, turning to me, with a terrible voice, "Go; and in future judge less hastily of the administration of justice in Venice."

Who the unknown friend was who had thus saved us from inevitable death, by interposing in our behalf the active arm of justice, we could not conjecture. Filled with terror we reached our hotel. It was past midnight. The chamberlain, Z———, was waiting anxiously for us at the door.

"How fortunate it was that you sent us a message," said he to the prince, as he lighted us up the staircase. "The news which Baron F——— soon after brought us respecting you from the square of St. Mark would otherwise have given us the greatest uneasiness."

"I sent you a message!" said the prince. "When? I know nothing of it."

"This evening, after eight, you sent us word that we must not be alarmed if you should come home later to-night than usual."

The prince looked at me. "Perhaps you have taken this precaution without mentioning it to me."

I knew nothing of it.

"It must be so, however," replied the chamberlain, "since here is your repeating-watch, which you sent me as a mark of authenticity."

The prince put his hand to his watch-pocket. It was empty, and he recognized

the watch which the chamberlain held as his own.

"Who brought it?" said he, in amazement.

"An unknown mask, in an Armenian dress, who disappeared immediately."

We stood looking at each other. "What do you think of this?" said the prince at last, after a long silence. "I have a secret guardian here in Venice."

The frightful transaction of this night threw the prince into a fever, which confined him to his room for a week. During this time our hotel was crowded with Venetians and strangers, who visited the prince from a deference to his newly-discovered rank. They vied with each other in offers of service, and it was not a little entertaining to observe that the last visitor seldom failed to hint some suspicion derogatory to the character of the preceding one. Billets-doux and nostrums poured in upon us from all quarters. Every one endeavored to recommend himself in his own way. Our adventure with the Inquisition was no more mentioned. The court of ———, wishing the prince to delay his departure from Venice for some time, orders were sent to several bankers to pay him considerable sums of money. He was thus, against his will, compelled to protract his residence in Italy; and at his request I also resolved to postpone my departure for some time longer.

As soon as the prince had recovered strength enough to quit his chamber he was advised by his physician to take an airing in a gondola upon the Brenta, for the benefit of the air, to which, as the weather was serene, he readily consented. Just as the prince was about to step into the boat he missed the key of a little chest in which some very valuable papers were enclosed.. We immediately turned back to search for it. He very distinctly remembered that he had locked the chest the day before, and he had never left the room in the interval. As our endeavors to find it proved ineffectual, we were obliged to relinquish the search in order to avoid being too late. The prince, whose soul was above suspicion, gave up the key as lost, and desired that it might not be mentioned any more.

Our little voyage was exceedingly delightful. A picturesque country, which at every winding of the river seemed to increase in richness and beauty; the serenity of the sky, which formed a May day in the middle of February; the charming gardens and elegant countryseats which adorned the banks of the Brenta; the maestic city of Venice behind us, with its lofty spires, and a forest of masts, rising as it were out of the waves; all this afforded us one of the most splendid prospects in the world. We wholly abandoned ourselves to the enchantment of Nature's luxuriant scenery; our minds shared the hilarity of the day; even the prince himself lost his wonted gravity, and vied with us in merry jests and diversions. On landing about two Italian miles from the city we heard the sound of sprightly music; it came from a small village at a little distance from the Brenta, where there was at that time a fair. The place was crowded with company of every description. A troop of young girls and boys, dressed in theatrical habits, welcomed us in a pantomimical dance. The invention was novel; animation and grace attended their every movement. Before the dance was quite concluded the principal actress, who represented a queen, stopped suddenly, as if arrested by an invisible arm. Herself and those around her were motionless. The music ceased. The assembly was silent. Not a breath was to be heard, and the queen stood with her eyes fixed on the ground in deep abstraction. On a sudden she started from her reverie with the fury of one inspired, and looked wildly around her. "A king is among us," she exclaimed, taking her crown from her head, and laying it at the feet of the prince. Every one present cast their eyes upon him, and doubted for some time whether there was any meaning in this farce; so much were they deceived by the impressive seriousness of the actress. This silence was at length broken by a general clapping of hands, as a mark of approbation. I looked at the prince. I noticed that he appeared not a little disconcerted, and endeavored to escape the inquisitive glances of the spectators. He threw money to the players, and hastened to extricate himself from the crowd.

We had advanced but a few steps when a venerable barefooted friar, pressing through the crowd, placed himself in the prince's path. "My lord," said he, "give

the holy Virgin part of your gold. You will want her prayers." He uttered these words in a tone of voice which startled us extremely, and then disappeared in the throng.

In the meantime our company had increased. An English lord, whom the prince had seen before at Nice, some merchants of Leghorn, a German prebendary, a French abbe with some ladies, and a Russian officer, attached themselves to our party. The physiognomy of the latter had something so uncommon as to attract our particular attention. Never in my life did I see such various features and so little expression; so much attractive benevolence and such forbidding coldness in the same face. Each passion seemed by turns to have exercised its ravages on it, and to have successively abandoned it. Nothing remained but the calm, piercing look of a person deeply skilled in the knowledge of mankind; but it was a look that abashed every one on whom it was directed. This extraordinary man followed us at a distance, and seemed apparently to take but little interest in what was passing.

We came to a booth where there was a lottery. The ladies bought shares. We followed their example, and the prince himself purchased a ticket. He won a snuffbox. As he opened it I saw him turn pale and start back. It contained his lost key.

"How is this?" said he to me, as we were left for a moment alone. "A superior power attends me, omniscience surrounds me. An invisible being, whom I cannot escape, watches over my steps. I must seek for the Armenian, and obtain an explanation from him."

The sun was setting when we arrived at the pleasurehouse, where a supper had been prepared for us. The prince's name had augmented our company to sixteen. Besides the above-mentioned persons there was a virtuoso from Rome, several Swiss gentlemen, and an adventurer from Palermo in regimentals, who gave himself out for a captain. We resolved to spend the evening where we were, and to return home by torchlight. The conversation at table was lively. The prince

could not forbear relating his adventure of the key, which excited general astonishment. A warm dispute on the subject presently took place. Most of the company positively maintained that the pretended occult sciences were nothing better than juggling tricks. The French abbe, who had drank rather too much wine, challenged the whole tribe of ghosts, the English lord uttered blasphemies, and the musician made a cross to exorcise the devil. Some few of the company, amongst whom was the prince, contended that opinions respecting such matters ought to be kept to oneself. In the meantime the Russian officer discoursed with the ladies, and did not seem to pay attention to any part of conversation. In the heat of the dispute no one observed that the Sicilian had left the room. In less than half an hour he returned wrapped in a cloak, and placed himself behind the chair of the Frenchman. "A few moments ago," said he, "you had the temerity to challenge the whole tribe of ghosts. Would you wish to make a trial with one of them?"

"I will," answered the abbe, "if you will take upon yourself to introduce one."

"That I am ready to do," replied the Sicilian, turning to us, "as soon as these ladies and gentlemen have left us."

"Why only then?" exclaimed the Englishman. "A courageous ghost will surely not be afraid of a cheerful company."

"I would not answer for the consequences," said the Sicilian.

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried the ladies, starting affrighted from their chairs.

"Call your ghost," said the abbe, in a tone of defiance, "but warn him beforehand that there are sharp-pointed weapons here." At the same time he asked one of the company for a sword.

"If you preserve the same intention in his presence," answered the Sicilian, coolly, "you may then act as you please." He then turned towards the prince: "Your highness," said he, "asserts that your key has been in the hands of a

stranger; can you conjecture in whose?"

"No"

"Have you no suspicion?"

"It certainly occurred to me that"—

"Should you know the person if you saw him?"

"Undoubtedly."

The Sicilian, throwing back his cloak, took out a looking-glass and held it before the prince. "Is this the man?"

The prince drew back with affright.

"Whom have you seen?" I inquired.

"The Armenian."

The Sicilian concealed his looking-glass under his cloak.

"Is it the person whom you thought of?" demanded the whole company.

"The same."

A sudden change manifested itself on every face; no more laughter was to be heard. All eyes were fixed with curiosity on the Sicilian.

"Monsieur l'Abbe! The matter grows serious," said the Englishman.

"I advise you to think of beating a retreat."

"The fellow is in league with the devil," exclaimed the Frenchman, and rushed out of the house. The ladies ran shrieking from the room. The virtuoso followed them. The German prebendary was snoring in a chair. The Russian officer

continued sitting in his place as before, perfectly indifferent to what was passing.

"Perhaps your attention was only to raise a laugh at the expense of that boaster," said the prince, after they were gone, "or would you indeed fulfil your promise to us?"

"It is true," replied the Sicilian; "I was but jesting with the abbe. I took him at his word, because I knew very well that the coward would not suffer me to proceed to extremities. The matter itself is, however, too serious to serve merely as a jest."

"You grant, then, that it is in your power?"

The sorcerer maintained a long silence, and kept his look fixed steadily on the prince, as if to examine him.

"It is!" answered he at last.

The prince's curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch. A fondness for the marvellous had ever been his prevailing weakness. His improved understanding and a proper course of reading had for some time dissipated every idea of this kind; but the appearance of the Armenian had revived them. He stepped aside with the Sicilian, and I heard them in very earnest conversation.

"You see in me," said the prince, "a man who burns with impatience to be convinced on this momentous subject. I would embrace as a benefactor, I would cherish as my best friend him who could dissipate my doubts and remove the veil from my eyes. Would you render me this important service?"

"What is your request!" inquired the Sicilian, hesitating.

"For the present I only beg some proof of your art. Let me see an apparition."

"To what will this lead?"

"After a more intimate acquaintance with me you may be able to judge whether I deserve further instruction."

"I have the greatest esteem for your highness, gracious prince. A secret power in your countenance, of which you yourself are as yet ignorant, drew me at first sight irresistibly towards you. You are more powerful than you are yourself aware. You may command me to the utmost extent of my power, but—"

"Then let me see an apparition."

"But I must first be certain that you do not require it from mere curiosity. Though the invisible powers are in some degree at my command, it is on the sacred condition that I do not abuse my authority."

"My intentions are most pure. I want truth."

They left their places, and removed to a distant window, where I could no longer hear them. The English lord, who had likewise overheard this conversation, took me aside. "Your prince has a noble mind. I am sorry for him. I will pledge my salvation that he has to do with a rascal."

"Everything depends on the manner in which the sorcerer will extricate himself from this business."

"Listen to me. The poor devil is now pretending to be scrupulous. He will not show his tricks unless he hears the sound of gold. There are nine of us. Let us make a collection. That will spoil his scheme, and perhaps open the eyes of the prince."

"I am content." The Englishman threw six guineas upon a plate, and went round gathering subscriptions. Each of us contributed some louis-d'ors. The Russian officer was particularly pleased with our proposal; he laid a bank-note of one hundred zechins on the plate, a piece of extravagance which startled the Englishman. We brought the collection to the prince. "Be so kind," said the

English lord, "as to entreat this gentleman in our names to let us see a specimen of his art, and to accept of this small token of our gratitude." The prince added a ring of value, and offered the whole to the Sicilian. He hesitated a few moments. "Gentlemen," answered he, "I am humbled by this generosity, but I yield to your request. Your wishes shall be gratified." At the same time he rang the bell. "As for this money," continued he, "to which I have no right myself, permit me to send it to the next monastery to be applied to pious uses. I shall only keep this ring as a precious memorial of the worthiest of princes."

Here the landlord entered; and the Sicilian handed him over the money. "He is a rascal notwithstanding," whispered the Englishman to me. "He refuses the money because at present his designs are chiefly on the prince."

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the sorcerer.

The prince considered for a moment. "We may as well have a great man at once," said the Englishman. "Ask for Pope Ganganelli. It can make no difference to this gentleman."

The Sicilian bit his lips. "I dare not call one of the Lord's anointed."

"That is a pity!" replied the English lord; "perhaps we might have heard from him what disorder he died of."

"The Marquis de Lanoy," began the prince, "was a French brigadier in the late war, and my most intimate friend. Having received a mortal wound in the battle of Hastinbeck, he was carried to my tent, where he soon after died in my arms. In his last agony he made a sign for me to approach. 'Prince,' said he to me, 'I shall never again behold my native land. I must, therefore, acquaint you with a secret known to none but myself. In a convent on the frontiers of Flanders lives a _____' He expired. Death cut short the thread of his discourse. I wish to see my friend to hear the remainder."

"You ask much," exclaimed the Englishman, with an oath. "I proclaim you the greatest sorcerer on earth if you can solve this problem," continued he, turning to the Sicilian. We admired the wise choice of the prince, and unanimously gave our approval to the proposition. In the meantime the sorcerer paced up and down the room with hasty steps, apparently struggling with himself.

"This was all that the dying marquis communicated to you?"

"It is all."

"Did you make no further inquiries about the matter in his native country?"

"I did, but they all proved fruitless."

"Had the Marquis de Lanoy led an irreproachable life? I dare not call up every shade indiscriminately."

"He died, repenting the excesses of his youth."

"Do you carry with you any token of his!"

"I do." (The prince had really a snuff-box with the marquis' portrait enamelled in miniature on the lid, which he had placed upon the table near his plate during the time of supper.)

"I do not want to know what it is. If you will leave me you shall see the deceased."

He requested us to wait in the other pavilion until he should call us. At the same time he caused all the furniture to be removed from the room, the windows to be taken out, and the shutters to be bolted. He ordered the innkeeper, with whom he appeared to be intimately connected, to bring a vessel with burning coals, and carefully to extinguish every fire in the house. Previous to our leaving the room he obliged us separately to pledge our honor that we would maintain an everlasting silence respecting everything we should see and hear. All the doors

of the pavilion we were in were bolted behind us when we left it.

It was past eleven, and a dead silence reigned throughout the whole house. As we were retiring from the saloon the Russian officer asked me whether we had loaded pistols. "For what purpose?" asked I. "They may possibly be of some use," replied he. "Wait a moment. I will provide some." He went away. The Baron F—— and I opened a window opposite the pavilion we had left. We fancied we heard two persons whispering to each other, and a noise like that of a ladder applied to one of the windows. This was, however, a mere conjecture, and I did not dare affirm it as a fact. The Russian officer came back with a brace of pistols, after having been absent about half an hour. We saw him load them with powder and ball. It was almost two o'clock in the morning when the sorcerer came and announced that all was prepared. Before we entered the room he desired us to take off our shoes, and to appear in our shirts, stockings, and undergarments. He bolted the doors after us as before.

We found in the middle of the room a large, black circle, drawn with charcoal, the space within which was capable of containing us all very easily. The planks of the chamber floor next to the wall were taken up all round the room, so that we stood as it were upon an island. An altar covered with black cloth was placed in the centre upon a carpet of red satin. A Chaldee Bible was laid open, together with a skull; and a silver crucifix was fastened upon the altar. Instead of candles some spirits of wine were burning in a silver vessel. A thick smoke of frankincense darkened the room and almost extinguished the lights. The sorcerer was undressed like ourselves, but barefooted; about his bare neck he wore an amulet, suspended by a chain of human hair; round his middle was a white apron marked with cabalistic characters and symbolical figures.

[Amulet is a charm or preservative against mischief, witchcraft, or diseases. Amulets were made of stone metal, simples, animals, and everything which fancy or caprice suggested; and sometimes they consisted of words, characters, and sentences ranged in a particular order and engraved upon wood, and worn about the neck or some other part of

the body. At other times they were neither written nor engraved, but prepared with many superstitious ceremonies, great regard being usually paid to the influence of the stars. The Arabians have given to this species of amulets the name of talismans. All nations have been fond of amulets. The Jews were extremely superstitious in the use of them to drive away diseases; and even amongst the Christians of the early times amulets were made of the wood of the cross or ribbons, with a text of Scripture written on them, as preservatives against diseases.]

He desired us to join hands and to observe profound silence; above all he ordered us not to ask the apparition any question. He desired the Englishman and myself, whom he seemed to distrust the most, constantly to hold two naked swords crossways an inch above his head as long as the conjuration should last. We formed a half-moon round him; the Russian officer placed himself close to the English lord, and was the nearest to the altar. The sorcerer stood upon the satin carpet with his face turned to the east. He sprinkled holy water in the direction of the four cardinal points of the compass, and bowed three times before the Bible. The formula of the conjuration, of which we did not understand a word, lasted for the space of seven or eight minutes, at the end of which he made a sign to those who stood close behind to seize him firmly by the hair. Amid the most violent convulsions he called the deceased three times by his name, and the third time he stretched forth his hand towards the crucifix.

On a sudden we all felt at the same instant a stroke as of a flash of lightning, so powerful that it obliged us to quit each other's hands; a terrible thunder shook the house; the locks jarred; the doors creaked; the cover of the silver box fell down and extinguished the light; and on the opposite wall over the chimney-piece appeared a human figure in a bloody shirt, with the paleness of death on its countenance.

"Who calls me?" said a hollow, hardly intelligible voice.

"Thy friend," answered the sorcerer, "who respects thy memory, and prays for

thy soul." He named the prince.

The answers of the apparition were always given at very long intervals.

"What does he want with me?" continued the voice.

"He wants to hear the remainder of the confession which then had begun to impart to him in thy dying hour, but did not finish."

"In a convent on the frontiers of Flanders lives a ——"

The house again trembled; a dreadful thunder rolled; a flash of lightning illuminated the room; the doors flew open, and another human figure, bloody and pale as the first, but more terrible, appeared on the threshold. The spirit in the box began to burn again by itself, and the hall was light as before.

"Who is amongst us?" exclaimed the sorcerer, terrified, casting a look of horror on the assemblage; "I did not want thee." The figure advanced with noiseless and majestic steps directly up to the altar, stood on the satin Carpet over against us, and touched the crucifix. The first apparition was seen no more.

"Who calls me?" demanded the second apparition.

"The sorcerer began to tremble. Terror and amazement kept us motionless for some time. I seized a pistol. The sorcerer snatched it out of my hand, and fired it at the apparition. The ball rolled slowly upon the altar, and the figure emerged unaltered from the smoke. The Sorcerer fell senseless on the ground.

"What is this?" exclaimed the Englishman, in astonishment, aiming a blow at the ghost with a sword. The figure touched his arm, and the weapon fell to the ground. The perspiration stood on my brow with horror. Baron —— afterwards confessed to me that he had prayed silently.

During all this time the prince stood fearless and tranquil, his eyes riveted on the second apparition. "Yes, I know thee," said he at length, with emotion; "thou

art Lanoy; thou art my friend. Whence comest thou?"

"Eternity is mute. Ask me concerning my past life."

"Who is it that lives in the convent which thou mentionedst to me in thy last moments?"

"My daughter."

"How? Hast thou been a father?"

"Woe is me that I was not."

"Art thou not happy, Lanoy?"

"God has judged."

"Can I render thee any further service in this world?"

"None but to think of thyself."

"How must I do that?"

"Thou wilt learn at Rome."

The thunder again rolled; a black cloud of smoke filled the room; when it had dispersed the figure was no longer visible. I forced open one of the window shutters. It was daylight.

The sorcerer now recovered from his swoon. "Where are we?" asked he, seeing the daylight.

The Russian officer stood close beside him, and looked over his shoulder. "Juggler," said he to him, with a terrible countenance, "Thou shalt summon no more ghosts."

The Sicilian turned round, looked steadfastly in his face, uttered a loud shriek, and threw himself at his feet.

We looked all at once at the pretended Russian. The prince instantly recognized the features of the Armenian, and the words he was about to utter expired on his tongue. We were all as it were petrified with fear and amazement. Silent and motionless, our eyes were fixed on this mysterious being, who beheld us with a calm but penetrating look of grandeur and superiority. A minute elapsed in this awful silence; another succeeded; not a breath was to be heard.

A violent battering against the door roused us at last from this stupor. The door fell in pieces into the room, and several officers of justice, with a guard, rushed in. "Here they are, all together," said the leader to his followers. Then addressing himself to us, "In the name of the government," continued he, "I arrest you." We had no time to recollect ourselves; in a few moments we were surrounded. The Russian officer, whom I shall again call the Armenian, took the chief officer aside, and, as far as I in my confusion could notice, I observed him whisper a few words to the latter, and show him a written paper. The officer, bowing respectfully, immediately quitted him, turned to us, and taking off his hat, said "Gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon for having confounded you with this impostor. I shall not inquire who you are, as this gentleman assures me you are men of honor." At the same time he gave his companions a sign to leave us at liberty. He ordered the Sicilian to be bound and strictly guarded. "The fellow is ripe for punishment," added he; "we have been searching for him these seven months."

The wretched sorcerer was really an object of pity. The terror caused by the second apparition, and by this unexpected arrest, had together overpowered his senses. Helpless as a child, he suffered himself to be bound without resistance. His eyes were wide open and immovable; his face was pale as death; his lips quivered convulsively, but he was unable to utter a sound. Every moment we expected he would fall into a fit. The prince was moved by the situation in which he saw him. He undertook to procure his discharge from the leader of the police,

to whom he discovered his rank. "Do you know, gracious prince," said the officer, "for whom your highness is so generously interceding? The juggling tricks by which he endeavored to deceive you are the least of his crimes. We have secured his accomplices; they depose terrible facts against him. He may think himself fortunate if he is only punished with the galleys."

In the meantime we saw the innkeeper and his family led bound through the yard. "This man, too?" said the prince; "and what is his crime?"

"He was his comrade and accomplice," answered the officer. "He assisted him in his deceptions and robberies, and shared the booty with him. Your highness shall be convinced of it presently. Search the house," continued he, turning to his followers, "and bring me immediate notice of what you find."

The prince looked around for the Armenian, but he had disappeared. In the confusion occasioned by the arrival of the watch he had found means to steal away unperceived. The prince was inconsolable; he declared he would send all his servants, and would himself go in search of this mysterious man; and he wished me to go with him. I hastened to the window; the house was surrounded by a great number of idlers, whom the account of this event had attracted to the spot. It was impossible to get through the crowd. I represented this to the prince. "If," said I, "it is the Armenian's intention to conceal himself from us, he is doubtless better acquainted with the intricacies of the place than we, and all our inquiries would prove fruitless. Let us rather remain here a little longer, gracious prince," added I. "This officer, to whom, if I observed right, he discovered himself, may perhaps give us some information respecting him."

We now for the first time recollected that we were still undressed. We hastened to the other pavilion and put on our clothes as quickly as possible. When we returned they had finished searching the house.

On removing the altar and some of the boards of the floor a spacious vault was discovered. It was high enough, for a man might sit upright in it with ease,

and was separated from the cellar by a door and a narrow staircase. In this vault they found an electrical machine, a clock, and a little silver bell, which, as well as the electrical machine, was in communication with the altar and the crucifix that was fastened upon it. A hole had been made in the window-shutter opposite the chimney, which opened and shut with a slide. In this hole, as we learnt afterwards, was fixed a magic lantern, from which the figure of the ghost had been reflected on the opposite wall, over the chimney. From the garret and the cellar they brought several drums, to which large leaden bullets were fastened by strings; these had probably been used to imitate the roaring of thunder which we had heard.

On searching the Sicilian's clothes they found, in a case, different powders, genuine mercury in vials and boxes, phosphorus in a glass bottle, and a ring, which we immediately knew to be magnetic, because it adhered to a steel button that by accident had been placed near it. In his coat-pockets were found a rosary, a Jew's beard, a dagger, and a brace of pocket-pistols. "Let us see whether they are loaded," said one of the watch, and fired up the chimney.

"Jesus Maria!" cried a hollow voice, which we knew to be that of the first apparition, and at the same instant a bleeding person came tumbling down the chimney. "What! not yet laid, poor ghost!" cried the Englishman, while we started back in affright. "Home to thy grave. Thou hast appeared what thou wert not; now thou wilt become what thou didst but seem."

"Jesus Maria! I am wounded," repeated the man in the chimney. The ball had fractured his right leg. Care was immediately taken to have the wound dressed.

"But who art thou?" said the English lord; "and what evil spirit brought thee here?"

"I am a poor mendicant friar," answered the wounded man; "a strange gentleman gave me a zechin to—"

"Repeat a speech. And why didst thou not withdraw as soon as thy task was finished?"

I was waiting for a signal which we had agreed on to continue my speech; but as this signal was not given, I was endeavoring to get away, when I found the ladder had been removed"

"And what was the formula he taught thee?"

The wounded man fainted away; nothing more could be got from him. In the meantime the prince turned towards the principal officer of the watch, giving him at the same time some pieces of gold. "You have rescued us," said he, "from the hands of an impostor, and done us justice without even knowing who we were; would you increase our gratitude by telling us the name of the stranger who, by speaking only a few words, was able to procure us our liberty."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired the party addressed, with an air which plainly showed that the question was useless.

"The gentleman in a Russian uniform, who took you aside, showed you a written paper, and whispered a few words, in consequence of which you immediately set us free."

"Do not you know the gentleman? Was he not one of your company?"

"No," answered the prince; "and I have very important reasons for wishing to be more intimately acquainted with him."

"I know very little of him myself. Even his name is unknown to me, and I saw him to-day for the first time in my life."

"How? And was he in so short a time, and by using only a few words, able to convince you both of our innocence and his own?"

"Undoubtedly, with a single word."

"And this was? I confess I wish to know it."

"This stranger, my prince," said the officer, weighing the zechins in his band,—"you have been too generous for me to make a secret of it any longer,—this stranger is an officer of the Inquisition."

"Of the Inquisition? This man?"

"He is, indeed, gracious prince. I was convinced of it by the paper which he showed to me."

"This man, did you say? That cannot be."

"I will tell your highness more. It was upon his information that I have been sent here to arrest the sorcerer."

We looked at each other in the utmost astonishment.

"Now we know," said the English lord at length, "why the poor devil of a sorcerer started in such a terror when he looked more closely into his face. He knew him to be a spy, and that is why he uttered that shriek, and fell down before him."

"No!" interrupted the prince. "This man is whatever he wishes to be, and whatever the moment requires him to be. No mortal ever knew what he really was. Did you not see the knees of the Sicilian sink under him, when he said, with that terrible voice: 'Thou shalt summon no more ghosts?' There is something inexplicable in this matter. No person can persuade me that one man should be thus alarmed at the sight of another."

"The sorcerer himself will probably explain it the best," said the English lord, "if that gentleman," pointing to the officer, "will afford us an opportunity of speaking with his prisoner."

The officer consented to it, and, having agreed with the Englishman to visit the Sicilian in the morning, we returned to Venice.

[The Count O———, whose narrative I have thus far literally copied, describes minutely the various effects of this adventure upon the mind of the prince and of his companions, and recounts a variety of tales of apparitions which this event gave occasion to introduce. I shall omit giving them to the reader, on the supposition that he is as curious as myself to know the conclusion of the adventure, and its effect on the conduct of the prince. I shall only add that the prince got no sleep the remainder of the night, and that he waited with impatience for the moment which was to disclose this incomprehensible mystery, Note of the German Editor.]

Lord Seymour (this was the name of the Englishman) called upon us very early in the forenoon, and was soon after followed by a confidential person whom the officer had entrusted with the care of conducting us to the prison.

I forgot to mention that one of the prince's domestics, a native of Bremen, who had served him many years with the strictest fidelity, and had entirely gained his confidence, had been missing for several days. Whether he had met with any accident, whether he had been kidnapped, or had voluntarily absented himself, was a secret to every one. The last supposition was extremely improbable, as his conduct had always been quiet and regular, and nobody had ever found fault with him. All that his companions could recollect was that he had been for some time very melancholy, and that, whenever he had a moment's leisure, he used to visit a certain monastery in the Giudecca, where he had formed an acquaintance with some monks. This induced us to suppose that he might have fallen into the hands of the priests and had been persuaded to turn Catholic; and as the prince was very tolerant, or rather indifferent about matters of this kind, and the few inquiries he caused to be made proved unsuccessful, he gave up the search. He, however, regretted the loss of this man, who had constantly attended him in his campaigns, had always been faithfully attached to him, and whom it was

therefore difficult to replace in a foreign country. The very same day the prince's banker, whom he had commissioned to provide him with another servant, was announced at the moment we were going out. He presented to the prince a middle-aged man, well-dressed, and of good appearance, who had been for a long time secretary to a procurator, spoke French and a little German, and was besides furnished with the best recommendations. The prince was pleased with the man's physiognomy; and as he declared that he would be satisfied with such wages as his service should be found to merit, the prince engaged him immediately.

We found the Sicilian in a private prison where, as the officer assured us, he had been lodged for the present, to accommodate the prince, before being removed to the lead roofs, to which there is no access. These lead roofs are the most terrible prisons in Venice. They are situated on the top of the palace of St. Mark, and the miserable criminals suffer so dreadfully from the heat of the leads occasioned by the heat of the burning rays of the sun descending directly upon them that they frequently become delirious. The Sicilian had recovered from his yesterday's terror, and rose respectfully on seeing the prince enter. He had fetters on one hand and on one leg, but was able to walk about the room at liberty. The sentinel at the door withdrew as soon as we had entered.

"I come," said the prince, "to request an explanation of you on two subjects. You owe me the one, and it shall not be to your disadvantage if you grant me the other."

"My part is now acted," replied the Sicilian, "my destiny is in your hands."

"Your sincerity alone can mitigate your punishment.

"Speak, honored prince, I am ready to answer you. I have nothing now to lose."

"You showed me the face of the Armenian in a looking-glass. How was this effected?"

"What you saw was no looking-glass. A portrait in crayons behind a glass, representing a man in an Armenian dress, deceived you. My quickness, the twilight, and your astonishment favored the deception. The picture itself must have been found among the other things seized at the inn."

"But how could you read my thoughts so accurately as to hit upon the Armenian?"

"This was not difficult, your highness. You must frequently have mentioned your adventure with the Armenian at table in the presence of your domestics. One of my accomplices accidentally got acquainted with one of your domestics in the Giudecca, and learned from him gradually as much as I wished to know."

"Where is the man?" asked the prince; "I have missed him, and doubtless you know of his desertion."

"I swear to your honor, sir, that I know not a syllable about it. I have never seen him myself, nor had any other concern with him than the one before mentioned."

"Proceed with your story," said the prince.

"By this means, also, I received the first information of your residence and of your adventures at Venice; and I resolved immediately to profit by them. You see, prince, I am sincere. I was apprised of your intended excursion on the Brenta. I prepared for it, and a key that dropped by chance from your pocket afforded me the first opportunity of trying my art upon you."

"How! Have I been mistaken? The adventure of the key was then a trick of yours, and not of the Armenian? You say this key fell from my pocket?"

"You accidentally dropped it in taking out your purse, and I seized an opportunity, when no one noticed me, to cover it with my foot. The person of whom you bought the lottery-ticket acted in concert with me. He caused you to draw it from a box where there was no blank, and the key had been in the snuff-box long before it came into your possession."

"I understand you. And the monk who stopped me in my way and addressed me in a manner so solemn."

"Was the same who, as I hear, has been wounded in the chimney. He is one of my accomplices, and under that disguise has rendered me many important

services."

"But what purpose was this intended to answer?"

"To render you thoughtful; to inspire you with such a train of ideas as should be favorable to the wonders I intended afterwards to show you."

"The pantomimical dance, which ended in a manner so extraordinary, was at least none of your contrivance?"

"I had taught the girl who represented the queen. Her performance was the result of my instructions. I supposed your highness would be not a little astonished to find yourself known in this place, and (I entreat your pardon, prince) your adventure with the Armenian gave me reason to hope that you were already disposed to reject natural interpretations, and to attribute so marvellous an occurrence to supernatural agency."

"Indeed," exclaimed the prince, at once angry and amazed, and casting upon me a significant look; "indeed, I did not expect this."

[Neither did probably the greater number of my readers. The circumstance of the crown deposited at the feet of the prince, in a manner so solemn and unexpected, and the former prediction of the Armenian, seem so naturally and obviously to aim at the same object that at the first reading of these memoirs I immediately remembered the deceitful speech of the witches in Macbeth:—

"Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter!"

and probably the same thing has occurred to many of my readers.

When a certain conviction has taken hold upon a man's mind in a solemn and extraordinary manner, it is sure to follow that all subsequent

ideas which are in any way capable of being associated with this conviction should attach themselves to, and in some degree seem to be consequent upon it. The Sicilian, who seems to have had no other motive for his whole scheme than to astonish the prince by showing him that his rank was discovered, played, without being himself aware of it, the very game which most furthered the view of the Armenian; but however much of its interest this adventure will lose if I take away the higher motive which at first seemed to influence these actions, I must by no means infringe upon historical truth, but must relate the facts exactly as they occurred.—Note of the German Editor.]

"But," continued he, after a long silence, "how did you produce the figure which appeared on the wall over the chimney?"

"By means of a magic lantern that was fixed in the opposite window-shutter, in which you have undoubtedly observed an opening."

"But how did it happen that not one of us perceived the lantern?" asked Lord Seymour.

"You remember, my lord, that on your re-entering the room it was darkened by a thick smoke of frankincense. I likewise took the precaution to place the boards which had been taken up from the floor upright against the wall near the window. By these means I prevented the shutter from immediately attracting observation. Moreover, the lantern remained covered by a slide until you had taken your places, and there was no further reason to apprehend that you would institute any examination of the saloon."

"As I looked out of the window in the other pavilion," said I, "I fancied I heard a noise like that of a person placing a ladder against the side of the house. Was I right?"

"Exactly; it was the ladder upon which my assistants stood to direct the

magic-lantern."

"The apparition," continued the prince, "had really a superficial likeness to my deceased friend, and what was particularly striking, his hair, which was of a very light color, was exactly imitated. Was this mere chance, or how did you come by such a resemblance?"

"Your highness must recollect that you had at table a snuff-box by your plate, with an enamelled portrait of an officer in a uniform. I asked whether you had anything about you as a memento of your friend, and as your highness answered in the affirmative, I conjectured that it might be the box. I had attentively examined the picture during supper, and being very expert in drawing and not less happy in taking likenesses, I had no difficulty in giving to my shade the superficial resemblance you have perceived, the more so as the marquis' features are very marked."

"But the figure seemed to move?"

"It appeared so, yet it was not the figure that moved but the smoke on which the light was reflected."

"And the man who fell down in the chimney spoke for the apparition?"

"He did."

"But he could not hear your question distinctly."

"There was no occasion for it. Your highness will recollect that I cautioned you all very strictly not to propose any question to the apparition yourselves. My inquiries and his answers were preconcerted between us; and that no mistake might happen, I caused him to speak at long intervals, which he counted by the beating of a watch."

"You ordered the innkeeper carefully to extinguish every fire in the house

with water; this was undoubtedly—"

"To save the man in the chimney from the danger of being suffocated; because the chimneys in the house communicate with each other, and I did not think myself very secure from your retinue."

"How did it happen," asked Lord Seymour, "that your ghost appeared neither sooner nor later than you wished him?"

"The ghost was in the room for some time before I called him, but while the room was lighted, the shade was too faint to be perceived. When the formula of the conjuration was finished, I caused the cover of the box, in which the spirit was burning, to drop down, the saloon was darkened, and it was not till then that the figure on the wall could be distinctly seen, although it had been reflected there a considerable time before."

"When the ghost appeared, we all felt an electric shock. How was that managed?"

"You have discovered the machine under the altar. You have also seen that I was standing upon a silk carpet. I directed you to form a half-moon around me, and to take each other's hands. When the crisis approached, I gave a sign to one of you to seize me by the hair. The silver crucifix was the conductor, and you felt the electric shock when I touched it with my hand."

"You ordered Count O——- and myself," continued Lord Seymour, "to hold two naked swords crossways over your head, during the whole time of the conjuration; for what purpose?"

"For no other than to engage your attention during the operation; because I distrusted you two the most. You remember, that I expressly commanded you to hold the sword one inch above my head; by confining you exactly to this distance, I prevented you from looking where I did not wish you. I had not then perceived my principal enemy."

"I own," cried Lord Seymour, "you acted with due precaution—but why were we obliged to appear undressed?"

"Merely to give a greater solemnity to the scene, and to excite your imaginations by the strangeness of the proceeding."

"The second apparition prevented your ghost from speaking," said the prince. "What should we have learnt from him?"

"Nearly the same as what you heard afterwards. It was not without design that I asked your highness whether you had told me everything that the deceased communicated to you, and whether you had made any further inquiries on this subject in his country. I thought this was necessary, in order to prevent the deposition of the ghost from being contradicted by facts with which you were previously acquainted. Knowing likewise that every man in his youth is liable to error, I inquired whether the life of your friend had been irreproachable, and on your answer I founded that of the ghost."

"Your explanation of this matter is satisfactory," resumed the prince, after a short silence; "but there remains a principal circumstance which I must ask you to clear up."

"If it be in my power, and—"

"No conditions! Justice, in whose hands you now are, might perhaps not interrogate you with so much delicacy. Who was this unknown at whose feet we saw you fall? What do you know of him? How did you get acquainted with him? And in what way was he connected with the appearance of the second apparition?"

"Your highness"—

"On looking at him more attentively, you gave a loud scream, and fell at his feet. What are we to understand by that?"

"This man, your highness"—He stopped, grew visibly perplexed, and with an embarrassed countenance looked around him. "Yes, prince, by all that is sacred, this unknown is a terrible being."

"What do you know of him? What connection have you with him? Do not hope to conceal the truth from us."

"I shall take care not to do so,—for who will warrant that he is not among us at this very moment?"

"Where? Who?" exclaimed we altogether, half-amused, half-startled, looking about the room. "That is impossible."

"Oh! to this man, or whatever he may be, things still more incomprehensible are possible."

"But who is he? Whence comes he? Is he an Armenian or a Russian? Of the characters he assumes, which is his real one?"

"He is nothing of what he appears to be. There are few conditions or countries of which he has not worn the mask. No person knows who he is, whence he comes, or whither he goes. That he has been for a long time in Egypt, as many pretend, and that he has brought from thence, out of a catacomb, his, occult sciences, I will neither affirm nor deny. Here we only know him by the name of the Incomprehensible. How old, for instance, do you suppose he is?"

"To judge from his appearance he can scarcely have passed forty."

"And of what age do you suppose I am?"

"Not far from fifty."

"Quite right; and I must tell you that I was but a boy of seventeen when my grandfather spoke to me of this marvellous man whom he had seen at Famagusta; at which time he appeared nearly of the same age as he does at

present."

"This is exaggerated, ridiculous, and incredible."

"By no means. Were I not prevented by these fetters I could produce vouchers whose dignity and respectability should leave you no room for doubt. There are several credible persons who remember having seen him, each, at the same time, in different parts of the globe. No sword can wound, no poison can hurt, no fire can burn him; no vessel in which he embarks can be wrecked. Time itself seems to lose its power over him. Years do not affect his constitution, nor age whiten his hair. Never was he seen to take any food. Never did he approach a woman. No sleep closes his eyes. Of the twenty-four hours in the day there is only one which he cannot command; during which no person ever saw him, and during which he never was employed in any terrestrial occupation."

"And this hour is?"

"The twelfth in the night. When the clock strikes twelve at midnight he ceases to belong to the living. In whatever place he is he must immediately be gone; whatever business he is engaged in he must instantly leave it. The terrible sound of the hour of midnight tears him from the arms of friendship, wrests him from the altar, and would drag him away even in the agonies of death. Whither he then goes, or what he is then engaged in, is a secret to every one. No person ventures to interrogate, still less to follow him. His features, at this dread ful hour, assume a sternness of expression so gloomy and terrifying that no person has courage sufficient to look him in the face, or to speak a word to him. However lively the conversation may have been, a dead silence immediately succeeds it, and all around wait for his return in respectful silence without venturing to quit their seats, or to open the door through which he has passed."

"Does nothing extraordinary appear in his person when he returns?" inquired one of our party.

"Nothing, except that he seems pale and exhausted, like a man who has just suffered a painful operation, or received some disastrous intelligence. Some pretend to have seen drops of blood on his linen, but with what degree of veracity I cannot affirm."

"Did no person ever attempt to conceal the approach of this hour from him, or endeavor to preoccupy his mind in such a manner as to make him forget it?"

"Once only, it is said, he missed the appointed time. The company was numerous and remained together late in the night. All the clocks and watches were purposely set wrong, and the warmth of conversation carried him away. When the stated hour arrived he suddenly became silent and motionless; his limbs continued in the position in which this instant had arrested them; his eyes were fixed; his pulse ceased to beat. All the means employed to awake him proved fruitless, and this situation endured till the hour had elapsed. He then revived on a sudden without any assistance, opened his eyes, and resumed his speech at the very syllable which he was pronouncing at the moment of interruption. The general consternation discovered to him what had happened, and he declared, with an awful solemnity, that they ought to think themselves happy in having escaped with the fright alone. The same night he quitted forever the city where this circumstance had occurred. The common opinion is that during this mysterious hour he converses with his genius. Some even suppose him to be one of the departed who is allowed to pass twenty-three hours of the day among the living, and that in the twenty-fourth his soul is obliged to return to the infernal regions to suffer its punishment. Some believe him to be the famous Apollonius of Tyana; and others the disciple of John, of whom it is said, 'He shall remain until the last judgment.'"

"A character so wonderful," replied the prince, "cannot fail to give rise to whimsical conjectures. But all this you profess to know only by hearsay, and yet his behavior to you and yours to him, seemed to indicate a more intimate acquaintance. Is it not founded upon some particular event in which you have yourself been concerned? Conceal nothing from us."

The Sicilian looked at us doubtingly and remained silent.

"If it concerns something," continued the prince, "that you do not wish to be made known, I promise you, in the name of these two gentlemen, the most inviolable secrecy. But speak candidly and without reserve."

"Could I hope," answered the prisoner, after a long silence, "that you would not make use of what I am going to relate as evidence against me, I would tell you a remarkable adventure of this Armenian, of which I myself was witness, and which will leave you no doubt of his supernatural powers. But I beg leave to conceal some of the names."

"Cannot you do it without this condition?"

"No, your highness. There is a family concerned in it whom I have reason to respect."

"Let us hear your story."

"It is about five years ago," began the Sicilian, "that at Naples, where I was practising my art with tolerable success, I became acquainted with a person of the name of Lorenzo del M——, chevalier of the Order of St. Stephen, a young and rich nobleman, of one of the first families in the kingdom, who loaded me with kindnesses, and seemed to have a great esteem for my occult knowledge. He told me that the Marquis del M——te, his father, was a zealous admirer of the cabala, and would think himself happy in having a philosopher like myself (for such he was pleased to call me) under his roof. The marquis lived in one of his country seats on the sea-shore, about seven miles from Naples. There, almost entirely secluded from the world, he bewailed, the loss of a beloved son, of whom he had been deprived by a terrible calamity. The chevalier gave me to understand that he and his family might perhaps have occasion to employ me on a matter of the most grave importance, in the hope of gaining through my secret science some information, to procure which all

natural means had been tried in vain. He added, with a very significant look, that he himself might, perhaps at some future period, have reason to look upon me as the restorer of his tranquillity, and of all his earthly happiness. The affair was as follows:—

"This Lorenzo was the younger son of the marquis, and for that reason had been destined for the church; the family estates were to descend to the eldest. Jeronymo, which was the name of the latter, had spent many years on his travels, and had returned to his country about seven years prior to the event which I am about to relate, in order to celebrate his marriage with the only daughter of the neighboring Count C——tti. This marriage had been determined on by the parents during the infancy of the children, in order to unite the large fortunes of the two houses. But though this agreement was made by the two families, without consulting the hearts of the parties concerned, the latter had mutually pledged their faith to each other in secret. Jeronymo del M——— and Antonia C——— had been brought up together, and the little restraint imposed on two children, whom their parents were already accustomed to regard as destined for each other, soon produced between them a connection of the tenderest kind; the congeniality of their tempers cemented this intimacy; and in later years it ripened insensibly into love. An absence of four years, far from cooling this passion, had only served to inflame it; and Jeronymo returned to the arms of his intended bride as faithful and as ardent as if they had never been separated.

"The raptures occasioned by his return had not yet subsided, and the preparations for the happy day were advancing with the utmost zeal and activity, when the bridegroom disappeared. He used frequently to pass whole afternoons in a summer-house which commanded a prospect of the sea, and was accustomed to take the diversion of sailing on the water. One day, on an evening spent in this manner, it was observed that he remained absent a much longer time than usual, and his friends began to be very uneasy on his account. Messengers were despatched after him, vessels were sent to sea in quest of him; no person had seen him. None of his servants were missed; he must, therefore,

have gone alone. Night came on, and he did not appear. The next morning dawned; the day passed, the evening succeeded—, Jeronymo came not. Already they had begun to give themselves up to the most melancholy conjectures when the news arrived that an Algerine pirate had landed the preceeding day on that coast, and carried off several of the inhabitants. Two galleys which were ready for sea were immediately manned; the old marquis himself embarked in one of them, to attempt the deliverance of his son at the peril of his own life. On the third morning they perceived the corsair. They had the advantage of the wind; they were just about to overtake the pirate, and had even approached so near that Lorenzo, who was in one of the galleys, fancied that he saw upon the deck of the adversary's ship a signal made by his brother, when a sudden storm separated the vessels. Hardly could the damaged galleys sustain the fury of the tempest. The pirate in the meantime had disappeared, and the distressed state of the other vessels obliged them to land at Malta. The affliction of the family knew no bounds. The distracted old marquis tore his gray hairs in the utmost violence of grief; and fears were entertained for the life of the young countess. Five years were consumed in fruitless inquiries. Diligent search was made along all the coast of Barbary; immense sums were offered for the ransom of the poor marquis, but no person came forward to claim them. The only probable conjecture which remained for the family to form was, that the same storm which had separated the galleys from the pirate had destroyed the latter, and that the whole ship's company had perished in the waves.

"But, however this supposition might be, it did not by any means amount to a certainty, and could not authorize the family altogether to renounce the hope that the lost Jeronymo might again appear. In case, however, that he was really dead, either the family must become extinct, or the younger son must relinquish the church, and assume the rights of the elder. As justice, on the one hand, seemed to oppose the latter measure, so, on the other hand, the necessity of preserving the family from annihilation required that the scruple should not be carried too far. In the meantime through grief and the infirmities of age, the old marquis was fast sinking to his grave; every unsuccessful attempt diminished the hope of

finding his lost son; he saw the danger of his family's becoming extinct, which might be obviated by a trifling injustice on his part, in consenting to favor his younger son at the expense of the elder. The consummation of his alliance with the house of Count C——tti required only that a name should be changed, for the object of the two families was equally accomplished, whether Antonia became the wife of Lorenzo or of Jeronymo. The faint probability of the latter's appearing again weighed but little against the certain and pressing danger of the total extinction of the family, and the old marquis, who felt the approach of death every day more and more, ardently wished at least to die free from this inquietude.

"Lorenzo, however, who was to be principally benefited by this measure, opposed it with the greatest obstinacy. Alike unmoved by the allurements of an immense fortune, and the attractions of the beautiful and accomplished being whom his family were about to deliver into his arms, he refused, on principles the most generous and conscientious, to invade the rights of a brother, who perhaps was still alive, and might some day return to claim his own. 'Is not the lot of my dear Jeronymo,' said he, 'made sufficiently miserable by the horrors of a long captivity, that I should yet add bitterness to his cup of grief by stealing from him all that he holds most dear? With what conscience could I supplicate heaven for his return when his wife is in my arms? With what countenance could I hasten to meet him should he at last be restored to us by some miracle? And even supposing that he is torn from us forever, how can we better honor his memory than by keeping constantly open the chasm which his death has caused in our circle? Can we better show our respect to him than by sacrificing our dearest hopes upon his tomb, and keeping untouched, as a sacred deposit, what was peculiarly his own?'

"But all the arguments which fraternal delicacy could adduce were insufficient to reconcile the old marquis to the idea of being obliged to witness the extinction of a pedigree which nine centuries had beheld flourishing. All that Lorenzo could obtain was a respite of two years before leading the affianced bride of his

brother to the altar. During this period they continued their inquiries with the utmost diligence. Lorenzo himself made several voyages, and exposed his person to many dangers. No trouble, no expense was spared to recover the lost Jeronymo. These two years, however, like those which preceded them, were in vain?"

"And the Countess Antonia?" said the prince, "You tell us nothing of her. Could she so calmly submit to her fate? I cannot suppose it."

"Antonia," answered the Sicilian, "experienced the most violent struggle between duty and inclination, between hate and admiration. The disinterested generosity of a brother's love affected her; she felt herself forced to esteem a person whom she could never love. Her heart was torn by conflicting sentiments. But her repugnance to the chevalier seemed to increase in the same degree as his claims upon her esteem augmented. Lorenzo perceived with heartfelt sorrow the grief that consumed her youth. A tender compassion insensibly assumed the place of that indifference with which, till then, he had been accustomed to regard her; but this treacherous sentiment quickly deceived him, and an ungovernable passion began by degrees to shake the steadiness of his virtue—a virtue which, till then, had been unequalled.

"He, however, still obeyed the dictates of generosity, though at the expense 'of his love. By his efforts alone was the unfortunate victim protected against the arbitrary proceedings of the rest of the family. But his endeavors were ineffectual. Every victory he gained over his passion rendered him more worthy of Antonia; and the disinterestedness with which he refused her left her no excuse for resistance.

"This was the state of affairs when the chevalier engaged me to visit him at his father's villa. The earnest recommendation of my patron procured me a reception which exceeded my most sanguine hopes. I must not forget to mention that by some remarkable operations I had previously rendered my name famous in different lodges of Freemasons, which circumstance may, perhaps, have

contributed to strengthen the old marquis' confidence in me, and to heighten his expectations. I beg you will excuse me from describing particularly the lengths I went with him, and the means which I employed; you may judge of them from what I have already confessed to you. Profiting by the mystic books which I found in his very extensive library, I was soon able to converse with him in his own language, and to adorn my system of the invisible world with the most extraordinary inventions. In a short time I could make him believe whatever I pleased, and he would have sworn as readily as upon an article in the canon. Moreover, as he was very devout, and was by nature somewhat credulous, my fables received credence the more readily, and in a short time I had so completely surrounded and hemmed him in with mystery that he cared for nothing that was not supernatural. In short I became the patron saint of the house. The usual subject of my lectures was the exaltation of human nature, and the intercourse of men with superior beings; the infallible Count Gabalis was my oracle.

[A mystical work of that title, written in French in 1670 by the Abbe de Villars, and translated into English in 1600. Pope is said to have borrowed from it the machinery of his Rape of the Lock.-H. G. B.]

"The young countess, whose mind since the loss of her lover had been more occupied in the world of spirits than in that of nature, and who had, moreover, a strong shade of melancholy in her composition, caught my hints with a fearful satisfaction. Even the servants contrived to have some business in the room when I was speaking, and seizing now and then one of my expressions, joined the fragments together in their own way.

"Two months were passed in this manner at the marquis' villa, when the chevalier one morning entered my apartment. A deep sorrow was painted on his countenance, his features were convulsed, he threw himself into a chair, with gestures of despair.

"'Captain,' said he, 'it is all over with me, I must begone; I can remain here no longer.'

"'What is the matter, chevalier? What ails you?'

"'Oh! this fatal passion!' said he, starting frantically from his chair. 'I have combated it like a man; I can resist it no longer.'

"'And whose fault is it but yours, my dear chevalier? Are they not all in your favor? Your father, your relations.'

"'My father, my relations! What are they to me? I want not a forced union, but one of inclination, Have not I a rival? Alas! and what a rival! Perhaps among the dead! Oh! let me go! Let me go to the end of the world,—I must find my brother.'

"'What! after so many unsuccessful attempts can you still cherish hope?'

"'Hope!' replied the chevalier; 'alas! no. It has long since vanished from my heart, but it has not from hers. Of what consequence are my sentiments? Can I be happy while there remains a gleam of hope in Antonia's heart? Two words, my friend, would end my torments. But it is in vain. My destiny must continue to be miserable till eternity shall break its long silence, and the grave shall speak in my behalf.'

"'Is it then a state of certainty that would render you happy?'

"'Happy! Alas! I doubt whether I can ever again be happy. But uncertainty is of all others the most dreadful pain.'

"'After a short interval of silence he suppressed his emotion, and continued mournfully, 'If he could but see my torments! Surely a constancy which renders his brother miserable cannot add to his happiness. Can it be just that the living should suffer so much for the sake of the dead, who can no longer enjoy earthly

felicity? If he knew the pangs I suffer,' continued he, hiding his face on my shoulder, while the tears streamed from his eyes, 'yes, perhaps he himself would conduct her to my arms.'

"But is there no possibility of gratifying your wishes?"

"He started. 'What do you say, my friend?"

"Less important occasions than the present,' said I, 'have disturbed the repose of the dead for the sake of the living. Is not the whole earthly happiness of a man, of a brother'

"The whole earthly happiness! Ah, my friend, I feel what you say is but too true; my entire felicity.'

"And the tranquillity of a distressed family, are not these sufficient to justify such a measure? Undoubtedly. If any sublunary concern can authorize us to interrupt the peace of the blessed, to make use of a power'

"For God's sake, my friend,' said he, interrupting me, no more of this. Once, I avow it, I had such a thought; I think I mentioned it to you; but I have long since rejected it as horrid and abominable.'

"You will have conjectured already," continued the Sicilian, "to what this conversation led us. I endeavored to overcome the scruples of the chevalier, and at last succeeded. We resolved to summon the spirit of the deceased Jeronymo. I only stipulated for the delay of a fortnight, in order, as I pretended, to prepare myself in a suitable manner for so solemn an act. The time being expired, and my machinery in readiness, I took advantage of a very gloomy day, when we were all assembled as usual, to obtain the consent of the family, or rather, gradually to lead them to the subject, so that they themselves requested it of me. The most difficult part of the task was to obtain the approbation of Antonia, whose presence was most essential. My endeavors were, however, greatly assisted by the melancholy turn of her mind, and perhaps still more so by a faint

hope that Jeronymo might still be living, and therefore would not appear. A want of confidence in the thing itself, or a doubt of my ability, was the only obstacle which I had not to contend with.

"Having obtained the consent of the family, the third day was fixed on for the operation. I prepared them for the solemn transaction by mystical instruction, by fasting, solitude, and prayers, which I ordered to be continued till late in the night. Much use was also made of a certain musical instrument, unknown till that time, and which, in such cases, has often been found very powerful. The effect of these artifices was so much beyond my expectation that the enthusiasm to which on this occasion I was obliged to force myself was infinitely heightened by that of my audience. The anxiously-expected hour at last arrived."

"I guess," said the prince, "whom you are now going to introduce. But go on, go on."

"No, your highness. The incantation succeeded according to my wishes."

"How? Where is the Armenian?"

"Do not fear, your highness. He will appear but too soon. I omit the description of the farce itself, as it would lead me to too great a length. Be it sufficient to say that it answered my utmost expectations. The old marquis, the young countess, her mother, Lorenzo, and a few others of the family, were present. You may imagine that during my long residence in this house I had not wanted opportunities of gathering information respecting everything that concerned the deceased. Several portraits of him enabled me to give the apparition the most striking likeness, and as I suffered the ghost to speak only by signs, the sound of his voice could excite no suspicion.

"The departed Jeronymo appeared—in the dress of a Moorish slave, with a deep wound in his neck. You observe that in this respect I was counteracting the general supposition that he had perished in the waves, for I had reason to hope

that the unexpectedness of this circumstance would heighten their belief in the apparition itself, while, on the other hand, nothing appeared to me more dangerous than to keep too strictly to what was natural."

"I think you judged rightly," said the prince. "In whatever respects apparitions the most probable is the least acceptable. If their communications are easily comprehended we undervalue the channel by which they are obtained. Nay, we even suspect the reality of the miracle if the discoveries which it brings to light are such as might easily have been imagined. Why should we disturb the repose of a spirit if it is to inform us of nothing more than the ordinary powers of the intellect are capable of teaching us? But, on the other hand, if the intelligence which we receive is extraordinary and unexpected it confirms in some degree the miracle by which it is obtained; for who can doubt an operation to be supernatural when its effect could not be produced by natural means? I interrupt you," added the prince. "Proceed in your narrative."

"I asked the ghost whether there was anything in this world which he still considered as his own," continued the Sicilian, "and whether he had left anything behind that was particularly dear to him? The ghost shook his head three times, and lifted up his hand towards heaven. Previous to his retiring he dropped a ring from his finger, which was found on the floor after he had disappeared. Antonia took it, and, looking at it attentively, she knew it to be the ring she had given her intended husband on their betrothal."

"The ring!" exclaimed the prince, surprised. "How did you get it?"

"Who? I? It was not the true one, your highness; I got it. It was only a counterfeit."

"A counterfeit!" repeated the prince. "But in order to counterfeit you required the true one. How did you come by it? Surely the deceased never went without it."

"That is true," replied the Sicilian, with symptoms of confusion. "But from a description which was given me of the genuine ring"

"A description which was given you! By whom?"

"Long before that time. It was a plain gold ring, and had, I believe, the name of the young countess engraved on it. But you made me lose the connection."

"What happened further?" said the prince, with a very dissatisfied countenance.

"The family felt convinced that Jeronymo was no more. From that day forward they publicly announced his death, and went into mourning. The circumstance of the ring left no doubt, even in the mind of Antonia, and added a considerable weight to the addresses of the chevalier.

"In the meantime the violent shock which the young countess had received from the sight of the apparition brought on her a disorder so dangerous that the hopes of Lorenzo were very near being destroyed forever. On her recovery she insisted upon taking the veil; and it was only at the most serious remonstrances of her confessor, in whom she placed implicit confidence, that she was induced to abandon her project. At length the united solicitations of the family, and of the confessor, forced from her a reluctant consent. The last day of mourning was fixed on for the day of marriage, and the old marquis determined to add to the solemnity of the occasion by making over all his estates to his lawful heir.

"The day arrived, and Lorenzo received his trembling bride at the altar. In the evening a splendid banquet was prepared for the cheerful guests in a hall superbly illuminated, and the most lively and delightful music contributed to increase the general gladness. The happy old marquis wished all the world to participate in his joy. All the entrances of the palace were thrown open, and every one who sympathized in his happiness was joyfully welcomed. In the midst of the throng—"

The Sicilian paused. A trembling expectation suspended our breath.

"In-the midst of the throng," continued the prisoner, "appeared a Franciscan monk, to whom my attention was directed by the person who sat next to me at table. He was standing motionless like a marble pillar. His shape was tall and thin; his face pale and ghastly; his eyes were fixed with a grave and mournful expression on the new-married couple. The joy which beamed on the face of every one present appeared not on his. His countenance never once varied. He seemed like a statue among the living. Such an object, appearing amidst the general joy, struck me more forcibly from its contrast with everything around. It left on my mind so indelible an impression that from it alone I have been enabled (which would otherwise have been impossible) to recollect the features of the Franciscan monk in the Russian officer; for, without doubt, you must have already conceived that the person I have described was no other than your Armenian.

"I frequently attempted to withdraw my eyes from this terrible figure, but they wandered back involuntarily, and found his countenance unaltered. I pointed him out to the person who sat nearest to me on the other side, and he did the same to the person next to him. In a few minutes a general curiosity and astonishment pervaded the whole company. The conversation languished; a general silence succeeded; the monk did not heed it. He continued motionless as before; his grave and mournful looks constantly fixed upon the new-married couple; his appearance struck every one with terror. The young countess alone, who found the transcript of her own sorrow in the fact of the stranger, beheld with a melancholy satisfaction the only object that seemed to understand and sympathize in her sufferings. The crowd insensibly diminished. It was past midnight; the music became fainter and more languid; the tapers grew dim, and many of them went out. The conversation, declining by degrees, lost itself at last in secret murmurs, and the faintly illuminated hall was nearly deserted. The monk, in the meantime, continued motionless, with the same grave and mournful look still fixed on the new-married couple. The company at length rose from the

table; the guests dispersed; the family assembled in a separate group, and the monk, though uninvited, continued near them. How it happened that no person spoke to him I cannot conceive.

"The female friends now surrounded the trembling bride, who cast a supplicating and distressed look on the venerable stranger; he did not answer it. The gentlemen assembled in the same manner around the bridegroom. A solemn and anxious silence prevailed among them. 'That we should be so happy here together,' began at length the old marquis, who alone seemed not to behold the stranger, or at least seemed to behold him without dismay. 'That we should be so happy here together, and my son Jeronymo cannot be with us!'

"'Have you invited him, and has he failed to come?' asked the monk. It was the first time he had spoken. We looked at him in alarm.

"'Alas! he is gone to a place from whence there is no return,' answered the old man. 'Reverend father I you misunderstood me. My son Jeronymo is dead.'

"'Perhaps he only fears to appear in this company,' replied the monk. 'Who knows how your son Jeronymo may be situated? Let him now hear the voice which he heard the last. Desire your son Lorenzo to call him.'

"'What means he?' whispered the company to one another. Lorenzo changed color. I will not deny that my own hair began to stand on end.

"'In the meantime the monk approached a sideboard; he took a glass of wine and carried to his lips. 'To the memory of our dear Jeronymo!' said he. 'Let every one who loved the deceased follow my example.'

"'Be you who you may, reverend father!' exclaimed the old marquis, 'you have pronounced a name dear to us all, and you are heartily welcome here;' then turning to us, he offered us full glasses. 'Come, my friends!' continued he, 'let us not be surpassed by a stranger. The memory of my son Jeronymo!'

"Never, I believe, was any toast less heartily received.

"There is one glass still unemptied," said the marquis. "Why does my son Lorenzo refuse to drink this friendly toast?"

"Lorenzo, trembling, received the glass from the hands of the monk; tremblingly he put it to his lips. 'To my dearly-beloved brother Jeronymo!' he stammered out, and replaced the glass with a shudder.

"That was my murderer's voice!" exclaimed a terrible figure, which appeared suddenly in the midst of us, covered with blood, and disfigured with horrible wounds.

"Do not ask me the rest," added the Sicilian, with every symptom of horror in his countenance. "I lost my senses the moment I looked at this apparition. The same happened to every one present. When we recovered the monk and the ghost had disappeared; Lorenzo was writhing in the agonies of death. He was carried to bed in the most dreadful convulsions. No person attended him but his confessor and the sorrowful old marquis, in whose presence he expired. The marquis died a few weeks after him. Lorenzo's secret is locked in the bosom of the priest who received his last confession; no person ever learnt what it was.

"Soon after this event a well was cleaned in the farmyard of the marquis' villa. It had been disused for many years, and was almost closed up by shrubs and old trees. On digging among the rubbish a human skeleton was found. The house where this happened is now no more; the family del M——nte is extinct, and Antonia's tomb may be seen in a convent not far from Salerno.

"You see," continued the Sicilian, seeing us all stand silent and thoughtful, "you see how my acquaintance with this Russian officer, Armenian, or Franciscan friar originated. Judge now whether I had not good cause to tremble at the sight of a being who has twice placed himself in my way in a manner so terrible."

"I beg you will answer me one question more," said the prince, rising from his seat. "Have you been always sincere in your account of everything relating to the chevalier?"

"To the best of my knowledge I have," replied the Sicilian.

"You really believed him to be an honest man?"

"I did; by heaven! I did," answered he again.

"Even at the time he gave you the ring?"

"How! He gave me no ring. I did not say that he gave me the ring."

"Very well!" said the prince, pulling the bell, and preparing to depart. "And you believe" (going back to the prisoner) "that the ghost of the Marquis de Lanoy, which the Russian officer introduced after your apparition, was a true and real ghost?"

"I cannot think otherwise."

"Let us go!" said the prince, addressing himself to us. The gaoler came in. "We have done," said the prince to him. "You, sir," turning to the prisoner, "you shall hear further from me."

"I am tempted to ask your highness the last question you proposed to the sorcerer," said I to the prince, when we were alone. "Do you believe the second ghost to have been a real and true one?"

"I believe it! No, not now, most assuredly."

"Not now? Then you did once believe it?"

"I confess I was tempted for a moment to believe it something more than the contrivance of a juggler."

"And I could wish to see the man who under similar circumstances would not have had the same impression. But what reasons have you for retracting your opinion? What the prisoner has related of the Armenian ought to increase rather than diminish your belief in his super natural powers."

"What this wretch has related of him," said the prince, interrupting me very gravely. "I hope," continued he, "you have now no doubt but that we have had to do with a villain."

"No; but must his evidence on that account—"

"The evidence of a villain, even supposing I had no other reason for doubt, can have no weight against common sense and established truth. Does a man who has already deceived me several times, and whose trade it is to deceive, does he deserve to be heard in a cause in which the unsupported testimony of even the most sincere adherent to truth could not be received? Ought we to believe a man who perhaps never once spoke truth for its own sake? Does such a man deserve credit, when he appears as evidence against human reason and the eternal laws of nature? Would it not be as absurd as to admit the accusation of a person notoriously infamous against unblemished and irreproachable innocence?"

"But what motives could he have for giving so great a character to a man whom he has so many reasons to hate?"

"I am not to conclude that he can have no motives for doing this because I am unable to comprehend them. Do I know who has bribed him to deceive me? I confess I cannot penetrate the whole contexture of his plan; but he has certainly done a material injury to the cause he advocates by proving himself to be at least an impostor, and perhaps something worse."

"The circumstance of the ring, I allow, appears somewhat suspicious."

"It is more than suspicious," answered the prince; "it is decisive. He received

this ring from the murderer, and at the moment he received it he must have been certain that it was from the murderer. Who but the assassin, could have taken from the finger of the deceased a ring which he undoubtedly never took off himself? Throughout the whole of his narration the Sicilian has labored to persuade us that while he was endeavoring to deceive Lorenzo, Lorenzo was in reality deceiving him. Would he have had recourse to this subterfuge if he had not been sensible how much he should lose in our estimation by confessing himself an accomplice with the assassin? The whole story is visibly nothing but a series of impostures, invented merely to connect the few truths he has thought proper to give us. Ought I then to hesitate in disbelieving the eleventh assertion of a person who has already deceived me ten times, rather than admit a violation of the fundamental laws of nature, which I have ever found in the most perfect harmony?"

"I have nothing to reply to all this, but the apparition we saw yesterday is to me not the less incomprehensible."

"It is also incomprehensible to me, although I have been tempted to believe that I have found a key to it."

"How so?" asked I.

"Do not you recollect that the second apparition, as soon as he entered, walked directly up to the altar, took the crucifix in his hand, and placed himself upon the carpet?"

"It appeared so to me."

"And this crucifix, according to the Sicilian's confession, was a conductor. You see that the apparition hastened to make himself electrical. Thus the blow which Lord Seymour struck him with a sword was of course ineffectual; the electric stroke disabled his arm."

"This is true with respect to the sword. But the pistol fired by the

Sicilian, the ball of which we heard roll slowly upon the altar?"

"Are you convinced that this was the same ball which was fired from the pistol?" replied the prince. "Not to mention that the puppet, or the man who represented the ghost, may have been so well accoutred as to be invulnerable by sword or bullet; but consider who it was that loaded the pistols."

"True," said I, and a sudden light broke upon my mind; "the Russian officer had loaded them, but it was in our presence. How could he have deceived us?"

"Why should he not have deceived us? Did you suspect him sufficiently to observe him? Did you examine the ball before it was put into the pistol? May it not have been one of quicksilver or clay? Did you take notice whether the Russian officer really put it into the barrel, or dropped it into his other hand? But supposing that he actually loaded the pistols, what is to convince you that he really took the loaded ones into the room where the ghost appeared, and did not change them for another pair, which he might have done the more easily as nobody ever thought of noticing him, and we were besides occupied in undressing? And could not the figure, at the moment when we were prevented from seeing it by the smoke of the pistol, have dropped another ball, with which it had been beforehand provided, on the the altar? Which of these conjectures is impossible?"

"You are right. But that striking resemblance to your deceased friend! I have often seen him with you, and I immediately recognized him in the apparition."

"I did the same, and I must confess the illusion was complete. But if the juggler from a few stolen glances at my snuff-box was able to give to his apparition a resemblance, what was to prevent the Russian officer, who had used the box during the whole time of supper, who had had liberty to observe the picture unnoticed, and to whom I had discovered in confidence whom it represented, what was to prevent him from doing the same? Add to this what has been before observed by the Sicilian, that the prominent features of the marquis

were so striking as to be easily imitated; what is there so inexplicable in this second ghost?"

"But the words he uttered? The information he gave you about your friend?"

"What?" said the prince, "Did not the Sicilian assure us, that from the little which he had learnt from me he had composed a similar story? Does not this prove that the invention was obvious and natural? Besides, the answers of the ghost, like those of an oracle, were so obscure that he was in no danger of being detected in a falsehood. If the man who personated the ghost possessed sagacity and presence of mind, and knew ever-so-little of the affair on which he was consulted, to what length might not he have carried the deception?"

"Pray consider, your highness, how much preparation such a complicated artifice would have required from the Armenian; how much time it takes to paint a face with sufficient exactness; how much time would have been requisite to instruct the pretended ghost, so as to guard him against gross errors; what a degree of minute attention to regulate every minor attendant or adventitious circumstance, which must be answered in some manner, lest they should prove detrimental! And remember that the Russian officer was absent but half an hour. Was that short space of time sufficient to make even such arrangements as were most indispensable? Surely, my prince, not even a dramatic writer, who has the least desire to preserve the three terrible unities of Aristotle, durst venture to load the interval between one act and another with such a variety of action, or to presume upon such a facility of belief in his audience."

"What! You think it absolutely impossible that every necessary preparation should have been made in the space of half an hour?"

"Indeed, I look upon it as almost impossible."

"I do not understand this expression. Does it militate against the physical laws of time and space, or of matter and motion, that a man so ingenious and so

expert as this Armenian must undoubtedly be, assisted by agents whose dexterity and acuteness are probably not inferior to his own; favored by the time of night, and watched by no one, provided with such means and instruments as a man of this profession is never without —is it impossible that such a man, favored by such circumstances, should be able to effect so much in so short a time? Is it ridiculous or absurd to suppose, that by a very small number of words or signs he can convey to his assistants very extensive commissions, and direct very complex operations? Nothing ought to be admitted that is contrary to the established laws of nature, unless it is something with which these laws are absolutely incompatible. Would you rather give credit to a miracle than admit an improbability? Would you solve a difficulty rather by overturning the powers of nature than by believing an artful and uncommon combination of them?"

"Though the fact will not justify a conclusion such as you have condemned, you must, however, grant that it is far beyond our conception."

"I am almost tempted to dispute even this," said the prince, with a quiet smile. "What would you say, my dear count, if it should be proved, for instance, that the operations of the Armenian were prepared and carried on, not only during the half-hour that he was absent from us, not only in haste and incidentally, but during the whole evening and the whole night? You recollect that the Sicilian employed nearly three hours in preparation."

"The Sicilian? Yes, my prince."

"And how will you convince me that this juggler had not as much concern in the second apparition as in the first?"

"How so, your highness?"

"That he was not the principal assistant of the Armenian? In a word, how will you convince me that they did not co-operate?"

"It would be a difficult task to prove that," exclaimed I, with no little surprise.

"Not so difficult, my dear count, as you imagine. What! Could it have happened by mere chance that these two men should form a design so extraordinary and so complicated upon the same person, at the same time, and in the same place? Could mere chance have produced such an exact harmony between their operations, that one of them should play so exactly the game of the other? Suppose for a moment that the Armenian intended to heighten the effect of his deception, by introducing it after a less refined one—that he created a Hector to make himself his Achilles. Suppose that he has done all this to discover what degree of credulity he could expect to find in me, to examine the readiest way to gain my confidence, to familiarize himself with his subject by an attempt that might have miscarried without any prejudice to his plan; in a word, to tune the instrument on which he intended to play. Suppose he did this with the view of exciting my suspicions on one subject in order to divert my attention from another more important to his design. Lastly, suppose he wishes to have some indirect methods of information, which he had himself occasion to practise, imputed to the sorcerer, in order to divert suspicion from the true channel."

"How do you mean?" said I.

"Suppose, for instance, that he may have bribed some of my servants to give him secret intelligence, or, perhaps, even some papers which may serve his purpose. I have missed one of my domestics. What reason have I to think that the Armenian is not concerned in his leaving me? Such a connection, however, if it existed, may be accidentally discovered; a letter may be intercepted; a servant, who is in the secret, may betray his trust. Now all the consequence of the Armenian is destroyed if I detect the source of his omniscience. He therefore introduces this sorcerer, who must be supposed to have some design upon me. He takes care to give me early notice of him and his intentions, so that whatever I may hereafter discover my suspicions must necessarily rest upon the Sicilian. This is the puppet with which he amuses me, whilst he himself, unobserved and unsuspected, is entangling me in invisible snares."

"We will allow this. But is it consistent with the Armenian's plan that he himself should destroy the illusion which he has created, and disclose the mysteries of his science to the eyes of the uninitiated?"

"What mysteries does he disclose? None, surely, which he intends to practise on me. He therefore loses nothing by the discovery. But, on the other hand, what an advantage will he gain, if this pretended victory over juggling and deception should render me secure and unsuspecting; if he succeeds in diverting my attention from the right quarter, and in fixing my wavering suspicions on an object the most remote from the real one! He could naturally expect that, sooner or later, either from my own doubts, or at the suggestion of another, I should be tempted to seek a key to his mysterious wonders, in the mere art of a juggler; how could he better provide against such an inquiry than by contrasting his prodigies with juggling tricks. By confining the latter within artificial limits, and by delivering, as it were, into my hands a scale by which to appreciate them, he naturally exalts and perplexes my ideas of the former. How many suspicions he precludes by this single contrivance! How many methods of accounting for his miracles, which afterwards have occurred to me, does he refute beforehand!"

"But in exposing such a finished deception he has acted very much against his own interest, both by quickening the penetration of those whom he meant to impose upon, and by staggering their belief in miracles in general. Your highness' self is the best proof of the insufficiency of his plan, if indeed he ever had one."

"Perhaps he has been mistaken in respect to myself," said the prince; "but his conclusions have nevertheless been well founded. Could he foresee that I should exactly notice the very circumstance which threatens to become the key to the whole artifice? Was it in his plan that the creature he employed should render himself thus vulnerable? Are we certain that the Sicilian has not far exceeded his commission? He has undoubtedly done so with respect to the ring, and yet it is chiefly this single circumstance which determined my distrust in him. How easily may a plan, whose contexture is most artful and refined, be spoiled in the

execution by an awkward instrument. It certainly was not the Armenian's intention that the sorcerer should trumpet his fame to us in the style of a mountebank, that he should endeavor to impose upon us such fables as are too gross to bear the least reflection. For instance, with what countenance could this impostor affirm that the miraculous being he spoke of must renounce all commerce with mankind at twelve in the night? Did we not see him among us at that very hour?"

"That is true," cried I. "He must have forgotten it."

"It often happens, to people of this description, that they overact their parts; and, by aiming at too much, mar the effects which a well-managed deception is calculated to produce."

"I cannot, however, yet prevail on myself to look upon the whole as a mere preconcerted scheme. What! the Sicilian's terror, his convulsive fits, his swoon, the deplorable situation in which we saw him, and which was even such as to move our pity, were all these nothing more than a studied part? I allow that a skilful performer may carry imitation to a very high pitch, but he certainly has no power over the organs of life."

"As for that, my friend," replied the prince, "I have seen Richard III. performed by Garrick. But were we at that moment sufficiently cool to be capable of observing dispassionately? Could we judge of the emotion of the Sicilian when we were almost overcome by our own? Besides, the decisive crisis even of a deception is so momentous to the deceiver himself that excessive anxiety may produce in him symptoms as violent as those which surprise excites in the deceived. Add to this the unexpected entrance of the watch."

"I am glad you remind me of that, prince. Would the Armenian have ventured to discover such a dangerous scheme to the eye of justice; to expose the fidelity of his creature to so severe a test? And for what purpose?"

"Leave that matter to him; he is no doubt acquainted with the people he employs. Do we know what secret crimes may have secured him the silence of this man? You have been informed of the office he holds in Venice; what difficulty will he find in saving a man of whom he himself is the only accuser?"

[This suggestion of the prince was but too well justified by the event. For, some days after, on inquiring after the prisoner, we were told that he had escaped, and had not since been heard of.]

"You ask what could be his motives for delivering this man into the hands of justice?" continued the prince. "By what other method, except this violent one, could he have wrested from the Sicilian such an infamous and improbable confession, which, however, was so material to the success of his plan? Who but a man whose case is desperate, and who has nothing to lose, would consent to give so humiliating an account of himself? Under what other circumstances could we have believed such a confession?"

"I grant all this, my prince. That the two apparitions were mere contrivances of art; that the Sicilian has imposed upon us a tale which the Armenian his master, had previously taught him; that the efforts of both have been directed to the same end, and, from this mutual intelligence all the wonderful incidents which have astonished us in this adventure may be easily explained. But the prophecy in the square of St. Mark, that first miracle, which, as it were, opened the door to all the rest, still remains unexplained; and of what use is the key to all his other wonders if we despair of resolving this single one?"

"Rather invert the proposition, my dear count," answered the prince, "and say what do all these wonders prove if I can demonstrate that a single one among them is a juggling trick? The prediction, I own, is totally beyond my conception. If it stood alone; if the Armenian had closed the scene with it, instead of beginning it, I confess I do not know how far I might have been carried. But in the base alloy with which it is mixed it is certainly rather suspicious. Time may explain, or not explain it; but believe me, my friend!" added the prince, taking

my hand, with a grave countenance,—"a man who can command supernatural powers has no occasion to employ the arts of a juggler; he despises them."

"Thus," says Count O——, "ended a conversation which I have related word for word, because it shows the difficulties which were to be overcome before the prince could be effectually imposed upon; and I hope it may free his memory from the imputation of having blindly and inconsiderately thrown himself into a snare, which was spread for his destruction by the most unexampled and diabolical wickedness. Not all," continues Count O——, "who, at the moment I am writing, smile contemptuously at the prince's credulity, and, in the fancied superiority of their own yet untempted understanding, unconditionally condemn him; not all of these, I apprehend, would have stood his first trial so courageously. If afterwards, notwithstanding this providential warning, we witness his downfall; if we see that the black design against which, at the very outset, he was thus cautioned, is finally successful, we shall be less inclined to ridicule his weakness than to be astonished at the infamous ingenuity of a plot which could seduce an understanding so fully prepared. Considerations of worldly interest can have no influence upon my testimony; he, who alone would be thankful for it, is now no more. His dreadful destiny is accomplished; his soul has long since been purified before the throne of truth, where mine will likewise have appeared before these passages meet the eyes of the world. Pardon the involuntary tears which now flow at the remembrance of my dearest friend. But for the sake of justice I must write this. His was a noble character, and would have adorned a throne which, seduced by the most atrocious artifice, he attempted to ascend by the commission of a crime.

BOOK II.

"Not long after these events," continues Count O——, in his narrative, "I began to observe an extraordinary alteration in the disposition of the prince, which was partly the immediate consequence of the last event and partly produced by the concurrence of many adventitious circumstances. Hitherto he had avoided every severe trial of his faith, and contented himself with purifying the rude and abstract notions of religion, in which he had been educated, by those more rational ideas upon this subject which forced themselves upon his attention, or comparing the many discordant opinions with each other, without inquiring into the foundations of his faith. Religious subjects, he has many times confessed to me, always appeared to him like an enchanted castle, into which one does not set one's foot without horror, and that they act therefore much the wiser part who pass it in respectful silence, without exposing themselves to the danger of being bewildered in its labyrinths. A servile and bigoted education was the source of this dread; this had impressed frightful images upon his tender brain, which, during the remainder of his life, he was never able wholly to obliterate. Religious melancholy was an hereditary disorder in his family. The education which he and his brothers had received was calculated to produce it; and the men to whose care they were entrusted, selected with this object, were also either enthusiasts or hypocrites.

"To stifle all the sprightliness of the boy, by a gloomy restraint of his mental

faculties, was the only method of securing to themselves the highest approbation of his royal parents. The whole of our prince's childhood wore a dark and gloomy aspect; mirth was banished even from his amusements. All his ideas of religion were accompanied by some frightful image; and the representations of terror and severity were those which first took hold of his lively imagination, and which the longest retained their empire over it. His God was an object of terror, a being whose occupation is to chastise; and the adoration he paid him was either slavish fear, or a blind submission which stifled all his energies. In all his youthful propensities, which a vigorous growth and a fine constitution naturally excited to break out with the greater violence, religion stood in his way; it opposed everything upon which his young heart was bent; he learned to consider it not as a friend, but as the scourge of his passions; so that a silent indignation was gradually kindled against it in his heart, which, together with a bigoted faith and a blind fear, produced an incongruous mixture of feelings, and an abhorrence of a ruler before whom he trembled.

"It is no wonder, therefore, that he took the first opportunity of escaping from so galling a yoke—but he fled from it as a bond-slave who, escaping from his rigorous master, drags along with him a sense of his servitude, even in the midst of freedom; for, as he did not renounce the faith of his earlier years from a deliberate conviction, and did not wait till the maturity and improvement of his reasoning had weaned him from it, but escaped from it like a fugitive, upon whose person the rights of his master are still in force, so was he obliged, even after his widest separation, to return to it at last. He had escaped with his chain, and for that reason must necessarily become the prey of any one who should discover it, and know how to make use of the discovery. That such a one presented himself, the sequel of this history will prove; most likely the reader has already surmised it.

"The confessions of the Sicilian left a deeper impression upon his mind than they ought, considering the circumstances; and the small victory which his reason had thence gained over this weak imposture, remarkably increased his

reliance upon his own powers. The facility with which he had been able to unravel this deception appeared to have surprised him. Truth and error were not yet so accurately distinguished from each other in his mind but that he often mistook the arguments which were in favor of the one for those in favor of the other. Thence it arose that the same blow which destroyed his faith in wonders made the whole edifice of it totter. In this instance, he fell into the same error as an inexperienced man who has been deceived in love or friendship, because he happened to make a bad choice, and who denies the existence of these sensations, because he takes the occasional exceptions for distinguishing features. The unmasking of a deception made even truth suspicious to him, because he had unfortunately discovered truth by false reasoning.

"This imaginary triumph pleased him in proportion to the magnitude of the oppression from which it seemed to deliver him. From this instant there arose in his mind a scepticism which did not spare even the most sacred objects.

"Many circumstances concurred to encourage, and still more to confirm, him in this turn of mind. He now quitted the retirement in which he had hitherto lived, and gave way to a more dissipated mode of life. His rank was discovered; attentions which he was obliged to return, etiquettes for which he was indebted to his rank, drew him imperceptibly within the vortex of the great world. His rank, as well as his personal attractions, opened to him the circles of all the beaux esprits in Venice, and he soon found himself on terms of intimacy with the most enlightened persons in the republic, men of learning as well as politicians. This obliged him to enlarge the monotonous and limited circle to which his understanding had hitherto been confined. He began to perceive the poverty and feebleness of his ideas, and to feel the want of more elevated impressions. The old-fashioned turn of his understanding, in spite of the many advantages with which it was accompanied, formed an unpleasing contrast with the current ideas of society; his ignorance of the commonest things frequently exposed him to ridicule, than which he dreaded nothing more. The unfortunate prejudice which attached to his native country appeared to him a challenge to

overcome it in his own person. Besides this, there was a peculiarity in his character; he was offended with every attention that he thought was paid him on account of his rank rather than his personal qualities. He felt this humiliation principally in the company of persons who shone by their abilities, and triumphed, as it were, over their birth by their merit. To perceive himself distinguished as a prince, in such a society, was always a deep humiliation to him, because he unfortunately fancied himself excluded by his rank from all competition. These circumstances convinced him of the necessity of cultivating his mind, in order to raise it to a level with the thinking part of the world, from which he had hitherto been so separated; and for that purpose he chose the most modern books, and applied himself to them with all the ardor with which he was accustomed to pursue every object to which he devoted himself. But the unskilful hand that directed his choice always prompted him to select such as were little calculated to improve either his heart or his reason; besides that, he was influenced by a propensity which rendered everything irresistible which was incomprehensible. He had neither attention nor memory for anything that was not of that character, and both his reason and his heart remained untouched, while he was filling the vacuities of his brain with confused ideas. The dazzling style of some writers captivated his imagination, while the subtlety of others ensnared his reason. Together, they easily took possession of a mind which became the prey of whatever was obtruded upon it with a certain degree of dogmatism. A course of reading, which had been continued with ardor for more than a year, had scarcely enriched him with one benevolent idea, but had filled his head with doubts, which, as a natural consequence with such a character, had almost found an unfortunate road to his heart. In a word, he had entered this labyrinth as a credulous enthusiast, had left it as a sceptic, and at length became a perfect free-thinker.

"Among the circles into which he had been introduced there was a private society called the Bucentauro, which, under the mask of a noble and rational liberality of sentiment, encouraged the most unbridled licentiousness of manners and opinion. As it enumerated many of the clergy among its members, and could

even boast of some cardinals at its head, the prince was the more easily induced to join it. He thought that certain dangerous truths, which reason discovers, could be nowhere better preserved than in the hands of such persons, whose rank compelled them to moderation, and who had the advantage of hearing and examining the other side of the question. The prince did not recollect that licentiousness of sentiment and manners takes so much the stronger hold among persons of this rank, inasmuch as they for that reason feel one curb less; and this was the case with the Bucentauro, most of whose members, through an execrable philosophy, and manners worthy of such a guide, were not only a disgrace to their own rank, but even to human nature itself. The society had its secret degrees; and I will believe, for the credit of the prince, that they never thought him worthy of admission into the inmost sanctuary. Every one who entered this society was obliged, at least so long as he continued to be a member of it, to lay aside all distinctions arising from rank, nation, or religion, in short, every general mark or distinction whatever, and to submit himself to the condition of universal equality. To be elected a member was indeed a difficult matter, as superiority of understanding alone paved the way to it. The society boasted of the highest ton and the most cultivated taste, and such indeed was its fame throughout all Venice. This, as well as the appearance of equality which predominated in it, attracted the prince irresistibly. Sensible conversations, set off by the most admirable humor, instructive amusements, and the flower of the learned and political world, which were all attracted to this point as to their common centre, concealed from him for a long time the danger of this connection. As he by degrees discovered through its mask the spirit of the institution, as they grew tired of being any longer on their guard before him, to recede was dangerous, and false shame and anxiety for his safety obliged him to conceal the displeasure he felt. But he already began, merely from familiarity with men of this class and their sentiments, though they did not excite him to imitation, to lose the pure and charming simplicity of his character, and the delicacy of his moral feelings. His understanding, supported by real knowledge, could not without foreign assistance solve the fallacious sophisms with which he had been here ensnared; and this fatal poison had already destroyed all, or nearly all, the basis on which

his morality rested. He surrendered the natural and indispensable safeguards of his happiness for sophisms which deserted him at the critical moment, and he was consequently left to the operation of any specious argument which came in his way.

"Perhaps the hand of a friend might yet have been in time to extricate him from this abyss; but, besides that I did not become acquainted with the real character of the Bucentauro till long after the evil had taken place, an urgent circumstance called me away from Venice just at the beginning of this period. Lord Seymour, too, a valuable acquaintance of the prince, whose cool understanding was proof against every species of deception, and who would have infallibly been a secure support to him, left us at this time in order to return to his native country. Those in whose hands I left the prince were indeed worthy men, but inexperienced, excessively narrow in their religious opinions, deficient in their perception of the evil, and wanting in credit with the prince. They had nothing to oppose to his captious sophisms except the maxims of a blind and uninquiring faith, which either irritated him or excited his ridicule. He saw through them too easily, and his superior reason soon silenced those weak defenders of the good cause, as will be clearly evinced from an instance which I shall introduce in the sequel. Those who, subsequent to this, possessed themselves of his confidence, were much more interested in plunging him deeper into error. When I returned to Venice in the following year how great a change had already taken place in everything!

"The influence of this new philosophy soon showed itself in the prince's conduct. The more openly he pursued pleasure, and acquired new friends, the more did he lose in the estimation of his old ones. He pleased me less and less every day; we saw each other more seldom, and indeed he was seldom accessible. He had launched out into the torrent of the great world. His threshold was eternally thronged when he was at home. Amusements, banquets, and galas followed each other in rapid succession. He was the idol whom every one courted, the great attraction of every circle. In proportion as he, in his secluded

life, had fancied living in society to be difficult, did he to his astonishment find it easy. Everything met his wishes. Whatever he uttered was admirable, and when he remained silent it was like committing a robbery upon the company. They understood the art of drawing his thoughts insensibly from his soul, and then with a little delicate management to surprise him with them. This happiness, which accompanied him everywhere, and this universal success, raised him indeed too much in his own ideas, because it gave him too much confidence and too much reliance upon himself.

"The heightened opinion which he thus acquired of his own worth made him credit the excessive and almost idolatrous adoration that was paid to his understanding; which but for this increased self-complacency, must have necessarily recalled him from his aberrations. For the present, however, this universal voice was only a confirmation of what his complacent vanity whispered in his ear; a tribute which he felt entitled to by right. He would have infallibly disengaged himself from this snare had they allowed him to take breath; had they granted him a moment of uninterrupted leisure to compare his real merit with the picture that was exhibited to him in this seducing mirror; but his existence was a continued state of intoxication, a whirl of excitement. The higher he had been elevated the more difficulty had he to support himself in his elevation. This incessant exertion slowly undermined him; rest had forsaken even his slumbers. His weakness had been discovered, and the passion kindled in his breast turned to good account.

"His worthy attendants soon found to their cost that their lord had become a wit. That anxious sensibility, those glorious truths which his heart once embraced with the greatest enthusiasm, now began to be the objects of his ridicule. He revenged himself on the great truths of religion for the oppression which he had so long suffered from misconception. But, since from too true a voice his heart combated the intoxication of his head, there was more of acrimony than of humor in his jests. His disposition began to alter, and caprice to exhibit itself. The most beautiful ornament of his character, his modesty,

vanished; parasites had poisoned his excellent heart. That tender delicacy of address which frequently made his attendants forget that he was their lord, now gave place to a decisive and despotic tone, which made the more sensible impression, because it was not founded upon distinction of rank, for the want of which they could have consoled themselves, but upon an arrogant estimation of his own superior merit. When at home he was attacked by reflections that seldom made their appearance in the bustle of company; his own people scarcely ever saw him otherwise than gloomy, peevish, and unhappy, whilst elsewhere a forced vivacity made him the soul of every circle. With the sincerest sorrow did we behold him treading this dangerous path, but in the vortex in which he was involved the feeble voice of friendship was no longer heard, and he was too much intoxicated to understand it.

"Just at the beginning of this epoch an affair of the greatest consequence required my presence in the court of my sovereign, which I dared not postpone even for the dearest interests of friendship. An invisible hand, the agency of which I did not discover till long afterwards, had contrived to derange my affairs, and to spread reports concerning me which I was obliged to contradict by my presence. The parting from the prince was painful to me, but did not affect him. The ties which united us had been severed for some time, but his fate had awakened all my anxiety. I, on that account, prevailed on Baron von F——— to inform me by letter of every event, which he has done in the most conscientious manner. As I was for a considerable time no longer an eye-witness of these events, it will be allowable for me to introduce the Baron von F——— in my stead, and to fill up the gap in my narrative by the contents of his letters. Notwithstanding that the representation of my friend F——— is not always what I should have given, I would not alter any of his expressions, so that the reader will be enabled to discover the truth with very little trouble."

LETTER I.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

May 17.

I thank you, my most honored friend, for the permission you have given me to continue in your absence that confidential intercourse with you, which during your stay here formed my great pleasure. You must be aware that there is no one here with whom I can venture to open my heart on certain private matters. Whatever you may urge to the contrary, I detest the people here. Since the prince has become one of them, and since we have lost your society, I feel solitary in the midst of this populous city. Z—— takes it less to heart, and the fair ones of Venice manage to make him forget the mortifications he is compelled to share with me at home. And why should he make himself unhappy? He desires nothing more in the prince than a master, whom he could also find elsewhere. But I!—you know how deep an interest I feel in our prince's weal and woe, and how much cause I have for doing so; I have now lived with him sixteen years, and seem to exist only for his sake. As a boy of nine years old I first entered his service, and since that time we have never been separated. I have grown up under his eye—a long intercourse has insensibly attached me more and more to him—I have borne a part in all his adventures, great and small. Until this last unhappy year I had been accustomed to look upon him in the light of a friend, or of an elder brother—I have basked in his smile as in the sunshine of a summer's day—no cloud hung over my happiness!—and all this must now go to ruin in this unlucky Venice!

Since your departure several changes have taken place in our establishment. The Prince of —d—— arrived here last week, with a numerous and brilliant retinue, and has caused a new and tumultuous life in our circle. As he is so nearly related to our prince, and as they are moreover at present upon pretty good terms, they will be very little apart during his sojourn, which I hear is to last until after the feast of the Ascension. A good beginning has already been made; for the last ten days our prince has hardly had time to breathe. The Prince of —d—— has all along been living in a very expensive way, which was excusable in him, as he will soon take his departure; but the worst of the business is that he has inoculated our prince with his extravagance, because he could not well withdraw himself from his company, and, in the peculiar relation which exists between the two houses, thought it incumbent upon himself to assert the dignity of his own. We shall, moreover, depart from Venice in a few weeks, which will relieve the prince from the necessity of continuing for any length of time this extraordinary expenditure.

The Prince of —d——, it is reported, is here on business of the Order, in which he imagines that he plays an important part. That he has taken advantage of all the acquaintances of our prince you may readily imagine. He has been introduced with distinguished honor into the society of the Bucentauro, as he is pleased to consider himself a wit, and a man of great genius, and allows himself to be styled in his correspondences, which he keeps up throughout all parts of the world, the "prince philosophique." I do not know whether you have ever had the pleasure of meeting him. He displays a promising exterior, piercing eyes, a countenance full of expression, much show of reading, much acquired naturalness (if I may be allowed the expression), joined to a princely condescension towards the human race, a large amount of confidence in himself, and an eloquence which talks down all opposition. Who could refuse to pay homage to such splendid qualities in a "Royal Highness?" But to what advantage the quiet and sterling worth of our prince will appear, when contrasted with these dazzling accomplishments, the event must show.

In the arrangement of our establishment, various and important changes have taken place. We have rented a new and magnificent house opposite the new Procuracy, because the lodging at the Moor Hotel became too confined for the prince. Our suite has been augmented by twelve persons, pages, Moors, guards, etc. During your stay here you complained of unnecessary expense—you should see us now!

Our internal arrangements remain the same as of old, except that the prince, no longer held in check by your presence, is, if possible, more reserved and distant towards us than ever; we see very little of him, except while dressing or undressing him. Under the pretext that we speak the French language very badly, and the Italian not at all, he has found means to exclude us from most of his entertainments, which to me personally is not a very great grievance; but I believe I know the true reason of it—he is ashamed of us; and this hurts me, for we have not deserved it of him.

As you wish to know all our minor affairs, I must tell you, that of all his attendants, the prince almost exclusively employs Biondello, whom he took into his service, as you will recollect, on the disappearance of his huntsman, and who, in his new mode of life, has become quite indispensable to him. This man knows Venice thoroughly, and turns everything to some account. It is as though he had a thousand eyes, and could set a thousand hands in motion at once. This he accomplishes, as he says, by the help of the gondoliers. To the prince he renders himself very useful by making him acquainted with all the strange faces that present themselves at his assemblies, and the private information he gives his highness has always proved to be correct. Besides this, he speaks and writes both Italian and French excellently, and has in consequence already risen to be the prince's secretary. I must, however, relate to you an instance of fidelity in him which is rarely found among people of his station. The other day a merchant of good standing from Rimini requested an audience of the prince. The object of his visit was an extraordinary complaint concerning Biondello. The procurator, his former master, who must have been rather an odd fellow, had lived in

irreconcilable enmity with his relations; this enmity he wished if possible to continue even after his death. Biondello possessed his entire confidence, and was the repository of all his secrets; while on his deathbed he obliged him to swear that he would keep them inviolably, and would never disclose them for the benefit of his relations; a handsome legacy was to be the reward of his silence. When the deceased procurator's will was opened and his papers inspected, many blanks and irregularities were found to which Biondello alone could furnish a key. He persisted in denying that he knew anything about it, gave up his very handsome legacy to the heirs, and kept his secrets to himself. Large offers were made to him by the relations, but all in vain; at length, in order to escape from their importunities and their threats of legally prosecuting him he entered the service of the prince. The merchant, who was the chief heir, now applied to the prince, and made larger offers than, before if Biondello would alter his determination. But even the persuasions of the prince were fruitless. He admitted that secrets of consequence had really been confided to him; he did not deny that the deceased had perhaps carried his enmity towards his relations too far; but, added he, he was my dear master and benefactor, and died with a firm belief in my integrity. I was the only friend he had left in the world, and will therefore never prove myself unworthy of his confidence. At the same time he hinted that the avowals they wished him to make would not tend to the honor of the deceased. Was not that acting nobly and delicately? You may easily imagine that the prince did not renew his endeavors to shake so praiseworthy a determination. The extraordinary fidelity which he has shown towards his deceased master has procured him the unlimited confidence of his present one!

Farewell, my dear friend. How I sigh for the quiet life we led when first you came amongst us, for the stillness of which your society so agreeably indemnified us. I fear my happy days in Venice are over, and shall be glad if the same remark does not also apply to the prince. The element in which he now lives is not calculated to render him permanently happy, or my sixteen years' experience has deceived me.

LETTER II.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——

June 4.

I should never have thought that our stay at Venice would have been productive of any good consequences. It has been the means of saving a man's life, and I am reconciled to it.

Some few evenings ago the prince was being carried home late at night from the Bucentauro; two domestics, of whom Biondello was one, accompanied him. By some accident it happened that the sedan, which had been hired in haste, broke down, and the prince was obliged to proceed the remainder of the way on foot. Biondello walked in front; their course lay through several dark, retired streets, and, as daybreak was at hand, the lamps were either burning dimly or had gone out altogether. They had proceeded about a quarter of an hour when Biondello discovered that he had lost his way. The similarity of the bridges had deceived him, and, instead of crossing that of St. Mark, they found themselves in Sestiere di Castello. It was in a by-street, and not a soul was stirring; they were obliged to turn back in order to gain a main street by which to set themselves right. They had proceeded but a few paces when they heard cries of "murder" in a neighboring street. With his usual determined courage, the prince, unarmed as he was, snatched a stick from one of his attendants, and rushed forward in the direction whence the sound came. Three ruffianly-looking fellows were just about to assassinate a man, who with his companion was feebly defending himself; the prince appeared just in time to arrest the fatal blow. The voices of

the prince and his followers alarmed the murderers, who did not expect any interruption in so lonely a place; after inflicting a few slight wounds with their daggers, they abandoned their victim and took to their heels. Exhausted with the unequal combat, the wounded man sunk half fainting into the arms of the prince; his companion informed my master that the man whose life he had saved was the Marquis Civitella, a nephew of the Cardinal A———. As the marquis' wounds bled freely, Biondello acted as surgeon to the best of his ability, and the prince took care to have him conveyed to the palace of his uncle, which was near at hand, and whither he himself accompanied him. This done, he left the house without revealing his name.

This, however, was discovered by a servant who had recognized Biondello. Already on the following morning the cardinal, an old acquaintance from the Bucentauro, waited upon the prince. The interview lasted an hour; the cardinal was much moved; tears stood in his eyes when they parted; the prince, too, was affected. The same evening a visit was paid to the sick man, of whose case the surgeon gives a very favorable report; the mantle in which he was wrapped had rendered the thrusts unsteady, and weakened their force. Since this event not a day has passed without the prince's paying a visit at the cardinal's, or receiving one from him, and a close intimacy has begun to exist between him and the cardinal's family.

The cardinal is a venerable man of sixty, with a majestic aspect, but full of gayety and good health. He is said to be the richest prelate throughout all the dominions of the republic. He is reported to manage his immense fortune in a very liberal manner, and, although prudently economical, to despise none of the joys of this life. This nephew, who is his sole heir, is not always on the best of terms with his uncle. For, although the cardinal is anything but an enemy to youthful pleasures, the conduct of the nephew must exhaust the utmost tolerance. His loose principles and dissipated manner of living, aided unhappily by all the attractions which can make vice tempting and excite sensuality, have rendered him the terror of all fathers and the bane of all husbands; this last attack

also was said to have been caused by an intrigue he had begun with the wife of the ambassador, without speaking of other serious broils from which the power and the money of the cardinal could scarcely extricate him. But for this the cardinal would be the happiest man in Italy, for he possesses everything that can make life agreeable; but by this one domestic misfortune all the gifts of fortune are annulled, and the enjoyment of his wealth is embittered to the cardinal by the continual fear of finding nobody to inherit it.

The whole of this information I have obtained from Biondello. The prince has found in this man a real treasure. Every day he becomes more indispensable, and we are continually discovering in him some new talent. Some days ago the prince felt feverish and could not sleep; the night-lamp was extinguished, and all his ringing failed to arouse the valet-de-chambre, who had gone to sleep out of the house with an opera-dancer. At length the prince determined to rise himself, and to rouse one of his people. He had not proceeded far when a strain of delicious melody met his ear. Like one enchanted, he followed the sound, and found Biondello in his room playing upon the flute, with his fellow-servants assembled around him. The prince could hardly believe his senses, and commanded him to proceed. With a surprising degree of facility he began to vary a touching adagio air with some fine extempore variations, which he executed with all the taste of a virtuoso. The prince, who, as you know, is a judge of music, says that he might play with confidence in the finest choir in Italy.

"I must dismiss this man," said he to me next morning, "for I am unable to reward him according to his merits." Biondello, who had overheard these words, came forward, "If you dismiss me, gracious prince," said he, "you deprive me of my best reward."

"You are born to something better than to serve," answered my master. "I must not stand in the way of your fortune."

"Do not press upon me any better fortune, gracious sir, than that which

I have chosen for myself."

"To neglect talent like yours—No! I can never permit it."

"Then permit me, gracious sir, sometimes to exercise it in your presence."

Preparations were immediately made for carrying this proposition into effect. Biondello had a room assigned to him next the apartment of the prince, so that he can lull him to sleep with his strains, and wake him in the same manner. The prince wished to double his salary, but Biondello declined, requesting that this intended boon should be retained in his master's hands as a capital of which he might some day wish to avail himself. The prince expects that he will soon come to ask a favor at his hands; and whatever it may be it is granted beforehand. Farewell, dearest friend. I am waiting with impatience for tidings from K——n.

LETTER III.

BARON VON F——— TO COUNT VON O———

June 4.

The Marquis of Civitella, who is now entirely recovered from his wounds, was last week introduced to the prince by his uncle, the cardinal, and since then he has followed him like his shadow. Biondello cannot have told me the truth respecting this marquis, or at any rate his account must be greatly exaggerated. His mien is highly engaging, and his manners irresistibly winning.

It is impossible to be out of humor with him; the first sight of him has disarmed me. Imagine a man of the most enchanting figure, with corresponding grace and dignity, a countenance full of thought and genius, an expression frank and inviting; a persuasive tone of voice, the most flowing eloquence, and a glow of youthful beauty, joined to all the advantages of a most liberal education. He has none of that contemptuous pride, none of that solemn starchness, which we disliked so much in all the other nobles. His whole being is redolent of youthful joyousness, benevolence, and warmth of feeling. His excesses must have been much exaggerated; I never saw a more perfect picture of health. If he is really so wholly abandoned as Biondello represents him he is a syren whom none can resist.

Towards me he behaved with much frankness. He confessed with the most pleasing sincerity that he was by no means on the best of terms with his uncle, the cardinal, and that it was his own fault. But he was seriously resolved to

amend his life, and the merit would be entirely the prince's. At the same time he hoped through his instrumentality to be reconciled to his uncle, as the prince's influence with the cardinal was unbounded. The only thing he had wanted till now was a friend and a guide, and he trusted he should find both in the person of the prince.

The prince has now assumed the authority of a preceptor towards him, and treats him with all the watchfulness and strictness of a Mentor. But this intimacy also gives the marquis a certain degree of influence, of which he well knows how to avail himself. He hardly stirs from his side; he is present at all parties where the prince is one of the guests; for the Bucentauro alone he is fortunately as yet too young. Wherever he appears in public with the prince he manages to draw him away from the rest of the company by the pleasing manner in which he engages him in conversation and arrests his attention. Nobody, they say, has yet been able to reclaim him, and the prince will deserve to be immortalized in an epic should he accomplish such an Herculean task. I am much afraid, however, that the tables may be turned, and the guide be led away by the pupil, of which, in fact, there seems to be every prospect.

The Prince of —-d——— has taken his departure, much to the satisfaction of us all, my master not excepted. What I predicted, my dear O——, has come to pass. Two characters so widely opposed must inevitably clash together, and cannot maintain a good understanding for any length of time. The Prince of —-d——— had not been long in Venice before a terrible schism took place in the intellectual world, which threatened to deprive our prince of one-half of his admirers. Wherever he went he was crossed by this rival, who possessed exactly the requisite amount of small cunning to avail himself of every little advantage he gained. As he besides never scrupled to make use of any petty manoeuvres to increase his consequence, he in a short time drew all the weak-minded of the community on his side, and shone at the head of a company of parasites worthy of such a leader.

[The harsh judgment which Baron F—— (both here and in some

passages of his first letter) pronounces upon this talented prince will be found exaggerated by every one who has the good fortune to be acquainted with him, and must be attributed to the prejudiced views of the young observer.—Note of the Count von O———.]

The wiser course would certainly have been not to enter into competition at all with an adversary of this description, and a few months back this is the part which the prince would have taken. But now he has launched too far into the stream easily to regain the shore. These trifles have, perhaps by the circumstances in which he is placed, acquired a certain degree of importance in his eyes, and had he even despised them his pride would not have allowed him to retire at a moment when his yielding would have been looked upon less as a voluntary act than as a confession of inferiority. Added to this, an unlucky revival of forgotten satirical speeches had taken place, and the spirit of rivalry which took possession of his followers had affected the prince himself. In order, therefore, to maintain that position in society which public opinion had now assigned him, he deemed it advisable to seize every possible opportunity of display, and of increasing the number of his admirers; but this could only be effected by the most princely expenditure; he was therefore eternally giving feasts, entertainments, and expensive concerts, making costly presents, and playing high. As this strange madness, moreover, had also infected the prince's retinue, who are generally much more punctilious in respect to what they deem "the honor of the family" than their masters, the prince was obliged to assist the zeal of his followers by his liberality. Here, then, is a whole catalogue of ills, all irremediable consequences of a sufficiently excusable weakness to which the prince in an unguarded moment gave way.

We have, it is true, got rid of our rival, but the harm he has done will not so soon be remedied. The finances of the prince are exhausted; all that he had saved by the wise economy of years is spent; and he must hasten from Venice if he would escape plunging into debt, which till now he has most scrupulously avoided. It is decisively settled that we leave as soon as fresh remittances arrive.

I should not have minded all this splendor if the prince had but reaped the least real satisfaction from it. But he was never less happy than at present. He feels that he is not what he formerly was; he seeks to regain his self-respect; he is dissatisfied with himself, and launches into fresh dissipation in order to drown the recollection of the last. One new acquaintance follows another, and each involves him more deeply. I know not where this will end. We must away—there is no other chance of safety—we must away from Venice.

But, my dear friend, I have not yet received a single line from you. How am I to interpret this long and obstinate silence?

LETTER IV.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

June 12.

I thank you, my dear friend, for the token of your remembrance which young B——hl brought me. But what is it you say about letters I ought to have received? I have received no letter from you; not a single one. What a circuitous route must they have taken. In future, dear O——, when you honor me with an epistle despatch it via Trent, under cover to the prince, my master.

We have at length been compelled, my dear friend, to resort to a measure which till now we had so happily avoided. Our remittances have failed to arrive —failed, for the first time, in this pressing emergency, and we have been obliged to have recourse to a usurer, as the prince is willing to pay handsomely to keep the affair secret. The worst of this disagreeable occurrence is, that it retards our departure. On this affair the prince and I have had an explanation. The whole transaction had been arranged by Biondello, and the son of Israel was there before I had any suspicion of the fact. It grieved me to the heart to see the prince reduced to such an extremity, and revived all my recollections of the past, and fears for the future; and I suppose I may have looked rather sorrowful and gloomy when the usurer left the room. The prince, whom the foregoing scene had left in not the happiest frame of mind, was pacing angrily up and down the room; the rouleaus of gold were still lying on the table; I stood at the window, counting the panes of glass in the procurator's house opposite. There was a long pause. At length the prince broke silence. "F——!" he began, "I cannot bear to

see dismal faces about me."

I remained silent.

"Why do you not answer me? Do I not perceive that your heart is almost bursting to vent some of its vexation? I insist on your speaking, otherwise you will begin to fancy that you are keeping some terribly momentous secret."

"If I am gloomy, gracious sir," replied I, "it is only because I do not see you cheerful."

"I know," continued he, "that you have been dissatisfied with me for some time past—that you disapprove of every step I take—that—what does Count O—— say in his letters?"

"Count O—— has not written to me."

"Not written? Why do you deny it? You keep up a confidential correspondence together, you and the count; I am quite aware of that. Come, you may confess it, for I have no wish to pry into your secrets."

"Count O——," replied I, "has not yet answered any of the three letters which I have written to him."

"I have done wrong," continued he; "don't you think so?" (taking up one of the rouleaus) "I should not have done this?"

"I see that it was necessary."

"I ought not to have reduced myself to such a necessity?"

I did not answer.

"Oh, of course! I ought never to have indulged my wishes, but have grown gray in the same dull manner in which I was brought up! Because I once venture

a step beyond the drear monotony of my past life, and look around me to see whether there be not some new source of enjoyment in store for me—because I —"

"If it was but a trial, gracious sir, I have no more to say; for the experience you have gained would not be dearly bought at three times the price it has cost. It grieves me, I confess, to think that the opinion of the world should be concerned in determining the question—how are you to choose your own happiness."

"It is well for you that you can afford to despise the world's opinion," replied he, "I am its creature, I must be its slave. What are we princes but opinion? With us it is everything. Public opinion is our nurse and preceptor in infancy, our oracle and idol in riper years, our staff in old age. Take from us what we derive from the opinion of the world, and the poorest of the humblest class is in a better position than we, for his fate has taught him a lesson of philosophy which enables him to bear it. But a prince who laughs at the world's opinion destroys himself, like the priest who denies the existence of a God."

"And yet, gracious prince—"

"I see what you would say; I can break through the circle which my birth has drawn around me. But can I also eradicate from my memory all the false impressions which education and early habit have implanted, and which a hundred thousand fools have been continually laboring to impress more and more firmly? Everybody naturally wishes to be what he is in perfection; in short, the whole aim of a prince's existence is to appear happy. If we cannot be happy after your fashion, is that any reason why we should discard all other means of happiness, and not be happy at all? If we cannot drink of joy pure from the fountain-head, can there be any reason why we should not beguile ourselves with artificial pleasure— nay, even be content to accept a sorry substitute from the very hand that robs us of the higher boon?"

"You were wont to look for this compensation in your own heart."

"But if I no longer find it there? Oh, how came we to fall on this subject? Why did you revive these recollections in me? I had recourse to this tumult of the senses in order to stifle an inward voice which embitters my whole life; in order to lull to rest this inquisitive reason, which, like a sharp sickle, moves to and fro in my brain, at each new research lopping off another branch of my happiness."

"My dearest prince"—He had risen, and was pacing up and down the room in unusual agitation.

[I have endeavored, dearest O——, to relate to you this remarkable conversation exactly as it occurred; but this I found impossible, although I sat down to write it the evening of the day it took place. In order to assist my memory I was obliged to transpose the observation of the prince, and thus this compound of a conversation and a philosophical lecture, which is in some respects better and in others worse than the source from which I took it, arose; but I assure you that I have rather omitted some of the prince's words than ascribed to him any of my own; all that is mine is the arrangement, and a few observations, whose ownership you will easily recognize by their stupidity.—Note of the Baron von F——]

"When everything gives way before me and behind me; when the past lies in the distance in dreary monotony, like a city of the dead; when the future offers me naught; when I see my whole being enclosed within the narrow circle of the present, who can blame me if I clasp this niggardly present of time in my arms with fiery eagerness, as though it were a friend whom I was embracing for the last time? Oh, I have learnt to value the present moment. The present moment is our mother; let us love it as such."

"Gracious sir, you were wont to believe in a more lasting good."

"Do but make the enchantment last and fervently will I embrace it. But what

pleasure can it give to me to render beings happy who to-morrow will have passed away like myself? Is not everything passing away around me? Each one bustles and pushes his neighbor aside hastily to catch a few drops from the fountain of life, and then departs thirsting. At this very moment, while I am rejoicing in lily strength, some being is waiting to start into life at my dissolution. Show me one being who will endure, and I will become a virtuous man."

"But what, then, has become of those benevolent sentiments which used to be the joy and the rule of your life? To sow seeds for the future, to assist in carrying out the designs of a high and eternal Providence"—

"Future! Eternal Providence! If you take away from man all that he derives from his own heart, all that he associates with the idea of a godhead, and all that belongs to the law of nature, what, then, do you leave him?"

"What has already happened to me, and what may still follow, I look upon as two black, impenetrable curtains hanging over the two extremities of human life, and which no mortal has ever yet drawn aside. Many hundred generations have stood before the second of these curtains, casting the light of their torches upon its folds, speculating and guessing as to what it may conceal. Many have beheld themselves, in the magnified image of their passions, reflected upon the curtain which hides futurity from their gaze, and have turned away shuddering from their own shadows. Poets, philosophers, and statesmen have painted their fancies on the curtain in brighter or more sombre colors, according as their own prospects were bright or gloomy. Many a juggler has also taken advantage of the universal curiosity, and by well-managed deceptions led astray the excited imagination. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one who passes beyond it answers any questions; all the reply is an empty echo, like the sound yielded by a vault.

"Sooner or later all must go behind this curtain, and they approach it with fear and trembling, in doubt who may be waiting there behind to receive them; *quid*

sit id, quod tantum morituri vident. There have been infidels who asserted that this curtain only deluded mankind, and that we saw nothing behind it, because there was nothing there to see; but, to convince them, they were quickly sent behind it themselves."

"It was indeed a rash conclusion," said I, "if they had no better ground for it than that they saw nothing themselves."

"You see, my dear friend, I am modest enough not to wish to look behind this curtain, and the wisest course will doubtless be to abstain from all curiosity. But while I draw this impassable circle around me, and confine myself within the bounds of present existence, this small point of time, which I was in danger of neglecting in useless researches, becomes the more important to me. What you call the chief end and aim of my existence concerns me no longer. I cannot escape my destiny; I cannot promote its consummation; but I know, and firmly believe, that I am here to accomplish some end, and that I do accomplish it. But the means which nature has chosen to fulfil my destiny are so much the more sacred to me; to me it is everything; my morality, my happiness. All the rest I shall never learn. I am like a messenger who carries a sealed letter to its place of destination. What the letter contains is indifferent to him; his business is only to earn his fee for carrying it."

"Alas!" said I, "how poor a thing you would leave me!"

"But in what a labyrinth have we lost ourselves!" exclaimed the prince, looking with a smile at the table on which the rouleaus lay. "After all perhaps not far from the mark," continued he; "you will now no doubt understand my reasons for this new mode of life. I could not so suddenly tear myself away from my fancied wealth, could not so readily separate the props of my morality and happiness from the pleasing dream with which everything within me was so closely bound up. I longed for the frivolity which seems to render the existence of most of those about me endurable to themselves. Everything which precluded reflection was welcome to me. Shall I confess it to you? I wished to lower

myself, in order to destroy this source of my griefs, by deadening the power of reflection."

Here we were interrupted by a visit. In my next I shall have to communicate to you a piece of news, which, from the tenor of a conversation like the one of today, you would scarcely have anticipated.

LETTER V.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

As the time of our departure from Venice is now approaching with rapid steps, this week was to be devoted to seeing everything worthy of notice in pictures and public edifices; a task which, when one intends making a long stay in a place, is always delayed till the last moment.

The "Marriage at Cana," by Paul Veronese, which is to be seen in a Benedictine convent in the Island of St. George, was in particular mentioned to us in high terms. Do not expect me to give you a description of this extraordinary work of art, which, on the whole, made a very surprising, but not equally pleasing, impression on me. We should have required as many hours as we had minutes to study a composition of one hundred and twenty figures, upon a ground thirty feet broad. What human eye is capable of grasping so complicated a whole, or at once to enjoy all the beauty which the artist has everywhere lavished, upon it! It is, however, to be lamented, that a work of so much merit, which if exhibited in some public place, would command the admiration of every one, should be destined merely to ornament the refectory of a few monks. The church of the monastery is no less worthy of admiration, being one of the finest in the whole city. Towards evening we went in a gondola to the Guidecca, in order to spend the pleasant hours of evening in its charming garden. Our party, which was not very numerous, soon dispersed in various directions; and Civitella, who had been waiting all day for an opportunity of speaking to me privately, took me aside into an arbor.

"You are a friend to the prince," he began, "from whom he is accustomed to keep no secrets, as I know from very good authority. As I entered his hotel to-day I met a man coming out whose occupation is well known to me, and when I entered the room the prince's brow was clouded." I wished to interrupt him,—"You cannot deny it," continued he; "I knew the man, I looked at him well. And is it possible that the prince should have a friend in Venice—a friend who owes his life to him, and yet be reduced on an emergency to make use of such creatures?"

"Tell me frankly, Baron! Is the prince in difficulties? It is in vain you strive to conceal it from me. What! you refuse to tell me! I can easily learn from one who would sell any secret for gold."

"My good Marquis!"

"Pardon me! I must appear intrusive in order not to be ungrateful. To the prince I am indebted for life, and what is still more, for a reasonable use of it. Shall I stand idly by and see him take steps which, besides being inconvenient to him, are beneath his dignity? Shall I feel it in my power to assist him, and hesitate for a moment to step forward?"

"The prince," replied I, "is not in difficulties. Some remittances which we expected via Trent have not yet arrived, most likely either by accident, or because not feeling certain whether he had not already left Venice, they waited for a communication from him. This has now been done, and until their arrival"

Civitella shook his head. "Do not mistake my motive," said he; "in this there can be no question as to diminishing the extent of my obligations towards the prince, which all my uncle's wealth would be insufficient to cancel. My object is simply to spare him a few unpleasant moments. My uncle possesses a large fortune which I can command as freely as though it were my own. A fortunate circumstance occurs, which enables me to avail myself of the only means by which I can possibly be of the slightest use to your master. I know," continued

he, "how much delicacy the prince possesses, but the feeling is mutual, and it would be noble on his part to afford me this slight gratification, were it only to make me appear to feel less heavily the load of obligation under which I labor."

He continued to urge his request, until I had pledged my word to assist him to the utmost of my ability. I knew the prince's character, and had but small hopes of success. The marquis promised to agree to any conditions the prince might impose, but added, that it would deeply wound him to be regarded in the light of a stranger.

In the heat of our conversation we had strayed far away from the rest of the company, and were returning, when Z———— came to meet us.

"I am in search of the prince," he cried; "is he not with you?"

"We were just going to him," was our reply. "We thought to find him with the rest of the party."

"The company is all together, but he is nowhere to be found. I cannot imagine how we lost sight of him."

It now occurred to Civitella that he might have gone to look at the adjoining church, which had a short time before attracted his attention. We immediately went to look for him there. As we approached, we found Biondello waiting in the porch. On coming nearer, we saw the prince emerge hastily from a side door; his countenance was flushed, and he looked anxiously round for Biondello, whom he called. He seemed to be giving him very particular instructions for the execution of some commission, while his eyes continued constantly fixed on the church door, which had remained open. Biondello hastened into the church. The prince, without perceiving us, passed through the crowd, and went back to his party, which he reached before us.

We resolved to sup in an open pavilion of the garden, where the marquis had, without our knowledge, arranged a little concert, which was quite first-rate.

There was a young singer in particular, whose delicious voice and charming figure excited general admiration. Nothing, however, seemed to make an impression on the prince; he spoke little, and gave confused answers to our questions; his eyes were anxiously fixed in the direction whence he expected Biondello; and he seemed much agitated. Civitella asked him what he thought of the church; he was unable to give any description of it. Some beautiful pictures, which rendered the church remarkable, were spoken of; the prince had not noticed them. We perceived that our questions annoyed him, and therefore discontinued them. Hour after hour rolled on and still Biondello returned not. The prince could no longer conceal his impatience; he rose from the table, and paced alone, with rapid strides, up and down a retired walk. Nobody could imagine what had happened to him. I did not venture to ask him the reason of so remarkable a change in his demeanor; I have for some time past resigned my former place in his confidence. It was, therefore, with the utmost impatience that I awaited the return of Biondello to explain this riddle to me.

It was past ten o'clock when he made his appearance. The tidings he brought did not make the prince more communicative. He returned in an ill-humor to the company, the gondola was ordered, and we returned. home.

During the remainder of that evening I could find no opportunity of speaking to Biondello, and was, therefore, obliged to retire to my pillow with my curiosity unsatisfied. The prince had dismissed us early, but a thousand reflections flitted across my brain, and kept me awake. For a long time I could hear him pacing up and down his room; at length sleep overcame me. Late at midnight I was awakened by a voice, and I felt a hand passed across my face; I opened my eyes, and saw the prince standing at my bedside, with a lamp in his hand. He told me he was unable to sleep, and begged me to keep him company through the night. I was going to dress myself, but he told me to stay where I was, and seated himself at my bedside.

"Something has happened to me to-day," he began, "the impression of which will never be effaced from my soul. I left you, as you know, to see the church,

respecting which Civitella had raised my curiosity, and which had already attracted my attention. As neither you nor he were at hand, I walked the short distance alone, and ordered Biondello to wait for me at the door. The church was quite empty; a dim and solemn light surrounded me as I entered from the blazing sultry day without. I stood alone in the spacious building, throughout which there reigned the stillness of the grave. I placed myself in the centre of the church, and gave myself up to the feelings which the sight was calculated to produce; by degrees the grand proportions of this majestic building expanded to my gaze, and I stood wrapt in deep and pleasing contemplation. Above me the evening bell was tolling; its tones died softly away in the aisles, and found an echo in my heart. Some altar-pieces at a distance attracted my attention. I approached to look at them; unconsciously I had wandered through one side of the church, and was now standing at the opposite end. Here a few steps, raised round a pillar, led into a little chapel, containing several small altars, with statues of saints in the niches above them. On entering the chapel on the right I heard a whispering, as though some one near was speaking in a low voice. I turned towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, and saw before me a female form. No! I cannot describe to you the beauty of this form. My first feeling was one of awe, which, however, soon gave place to ravishing surprise."

"But this figure, your highness? Are you certain that it was something living, something real, and not perhaps a picture, or an illusion of your fancy?"

"Hear me further. It was a lady. Surely, till that moment, I have never seen her sex in its full perfection! All around was sombre; the setting sun shone through a single window into the chapel, and its rays rested upon her figure. With inexpressible grace, half kneeling, half lying, she was stretched before an altar; one of the most striking, most lovely, and picturesque objects in all nature. Her dress was of black moreen, fitting tightly to her slender waist and beautifully-formed arms, the skirts spreading around her like a Spanish robe; her long light-colored hair was divided into two broad plaits, which, apparently from their own weight, had escaped from under her veil, and flowed in charming disorder down

her back. One of her hands grasped the crucifix, and her head rested gracefully upon the other. But, where shall I find words to describe to you the angelic beauty of her countenance, in which the charms of a seraph seemed displayed. The setting sun shone full upon her face, and its golden beams seemed to surround it as with a glory. Can you recall to your mind the Madonna of our Florentine painter? She was here personified, even to those few deviations from the studied costume which so powerfully, so irresistibly attracted me in the picture."

With regard to the Madonna, of whom the prince spoke, the case is this: Shortly after your departure he made the acquaintance of a Florentine painter, who had been summoned to Venice to paint an altar-piece for some church, the name of which I do not recollect. He had brought with him three paintings, which had been intended for the gallery in the Cornari palace. They consisted of a Madonna, a Heloise, and a Venus, very lightly apparelled. All three were of great beauty; and, although the subjects were quite different, they were so intrinsically equal that it seemed almost impossible to determine which to prefer. The prince alone did not hesitate for a moment. As soon as the pictures were placed before him the Madonna absorbed his whole attention; in the two others he admired the painter's genius; but in this he forgot the artist and his art, his whole soul being absorbed in the contemplation of the work. He was quite moved, and could scarcely tear himself away from it. We could easily see by the artist's countenance that in his heart he coincided with the prince's judgment; he obstinately refused to separate the pictures, and demanded fifteen hundred zechins for the three. The prince offered him half that sum for the Madonna alone, but in vain. The artist insisted on his first demand, and who knows what might have been the result if a ready purchaser had not stepped forward.

Two hours afterwards all three pictures were sold, and we never saw them again. It was this Madonna which now recurred to the prince's mind.

"I stood," continued he, "gazing at her in silent admiration. She did not observe me; my arrival did not disturb her, so completely was she absorbed in

her devotion. She prayed to her Deity, and I prayed to her —yes, I adored her! All the pictures of saints, all the altars and the burning tapers around me had failed to remind me of what now for the first time burst upon me, that I was in a sacred place. Shall I confess it to you? In that moment I believed firmly in Him whose image was clasped in her beautiful hand. I read in her eyes that he answered her prayers. Thanks be to her charming devotion, it had revealed him to me. I wandered with her through all the paradise of prayer.

"She rose, and I recollected myself. I stepped aside confused; but the noise I made in moving discovered me. I thought that the unexpected presence of a man might alarm, that my boldness would offend her; but neither of these feelings were expressed in the look with which she regarded me. Peace, benign peace, was portrayed in her countenance, and a cheerful smile played upon her lips. She was descending from her heaven; and I was the first happy mortal who met her benevolent look. Her mind was still wrapt in her concluding prayer; she had not yet come in contact with earth.

"I now heard something stir in the opposite corner of the chapel. It was an elderly lady, who rose from a cushion close behind me. Till now I had not observed her. She had been distant only a few steps from me. and must have seen my every motion. This confused me. I cast my eyes to the earth, and both the ladies passed by me."

On this last point I thought myself able to console the prince.

"Strange," continued he, after a long silence, "that there should be something which one has never known—never missed; and that yet on a sudden one should seem to live and breathe for that alone. Can one single moment so completely metamorphose a human being? It would now be as impossible for me to indulge in the wishes or enjoy the pleasures of yesterday as it would be to return to the toys of my childhood, and all this since I have seen this object which lives and rules in the inmost recesses of my soul. It seems to say that I can love nothing else, and that nothing else in this world can produce an impression on me."

"But consider, gracious prince," said I, "the excitable mood you were in when this apparition surprised you, and how all the circumstances conspired to inflame your imagination. Quitting the dazzling light of day and the busy throng of men, you were suddenly surrounded by twilight and repose. You confess that you had quite given yourself up to those solemn emotions which the majesty of the place was calculated to awaken; the contemplation of fine works of art had rendered you more susceptible to the impressions of beauty in any form. You supposed yourself alone— when you saw a maiden who, I will readily allow, may have been very beautiful, and whose charms were heightened by a favorable illumination of the setting sun, a graceful attitude, and an expression of fervent devotion—what is more natural than that your vivid fancy should look upon such a form as something supernaturally perfect?"

"Can the imagination give what it never received?" replied he. "In the whole range of my fancy there is nothing which I can compare with that image. It is impressed on my mind distinctly and vividly as in the moment when I beheld it. I can think of nothing but that picture; but you might offer me whole worlds for it in vain."

"My gracious prince, this is love."

"Must the sensation which makes me happy necessarily have a name? Love! Do not degrade my feeling by giving it a name which is so often misapplied by the weak-minded. Who ever felt before what I do now? Such a being never before existed; how then can the name be admitted before the emotion which it is meant to express? Mine is a novel and peculiar feeling, connected only with this being, and capable of being applied to her alone. Love! From love I am secure!"

"You sent away Biondello, no doubt, to follow in the steps of these strangers, and to make inquiries concerning them. What news did he bring you?"

"Biondello discovered nothing; or, at least, as good as nothing. An aged,

respectably dressed man, who looked more like a citizen than a servant, came to conduct them to their gondola. A number of poor people placed themselves in a row, and quitted her, apparently well satisfied. Biondello said he saw one of her hands, which was ornamented with several precious stones. She spoke a few words, which Biondello could not comprehend, to her companion; he says it was Greek. As she had some distance to walk to the canal, the people began to throng together, attracted by the strangeness of her appearance. Nobody knew her—but beauty seems born to rule. All made way for her in a respectful manner. She let fall a black veil, that covered half of her person, over her face, and hastened into the gondola. Along the whole Giudecca Biondello managed to keep the boat in view, but the crowd prevented his following it further."

"But surely he took notice of the gondolier so as to be able to recognize him again."

"He has undertaken to find out the gondolier, but he is not one of those with whom he associates. The mendicants, whom he questioned, could give him no further information than that the signora had come to the church for the last few Saturdays, and had each time divided a gold-piece among them. It was a Dutch ducat, which Biondello changed for them, and brought to me."

"It appears, then, that she is a Greek—most likely of rank; at any rate, rich and charitable. That is as much as we dare venture to conclude at present, gracious sir; perhaps too much. But a Greek lady in a Catholic church?"

"Why not? She may have changed her religion. But there is certainly some mystery in the affair. Why should she go only once a week? Why always on Saturday, on which day, as Biondello tells me, the church is generally deserted. Next Saturday, at the latest, must decide this question. Till then, dearest friend, you must help me to while away the hours. But it is in vain. They will go their lingering pace, though my soul is burning with expectation!"

"And when this day at length arrives—what, then, gracious prince? What do

you purpose doing?"

"What do I purpose doing? I shall see her. I will discover where she lives and who she is. But to what does all this tend? I hear you ask. What I saw made me happy; I therefore now know wherein my happiness consists!

"And our departure from Venice, which is fixed for next Monday?"

"How could I know that Venice still contained such a treasure for me? You ask me questions of my past life. I tell you that from this day forward I will begin a new existence."

"I thought that now was the opportunity to keep my word to the marquis. I explained to the prince that a protracted stay in Venice was altogether incompatible with the exhausted state of his finances, and that, if he extended his sojourn here beyond the appointed time, he could not reckon on receiving funds from his court. On this occasion, I learned what had hitherto been a secret to me, namely, that the prince had, without the knowledge of his other brothers, received from his sister, the reigning ——— of ———, considerable loans, which she would gladly double if his court left him in the lurch. This sister, who, as you know, is a pious enthusiast, thinks that the large savings which she makes at a very economical court cannot be deposited in better hands than in those of a brother whose wise benevolence she well knows, and whose character she warmly honors. I have, indeed, known for some time that a very close intercourse has been kept up between the two, and that many letters have been exchanged; but, as the prince's own resources have hitherto always been sufficient to cover his expenditure, I had never guessed at this hidden channel. It is clear, therefore, that the prince must have had some expenses which have been and still are unknown to me; but if I can judge of them by his general character, they will certainly not be of such a description as to tend to his disgrace. And yet I thought I understood him thoroughly. After this disclosure, I of course did not hesitate to make known to him the marquis' offer, which, to my no small surprise, he immediately accepted. He gave me the authority to transact the

business with the marquis in whatever way I thought most advisable, and then immediately to settle the account with the usurer. To his sister he proposed to write without delay.

It was morning when we separated. However disagreeable this affair is to me for more than one reason, the worst of it is that it seems to threaten a longer residence in Venice. From the prince's passion I rather augur good than evil. It is, perhaps, the most powerful method of withdrawing him from his metaphysical dreams to the concerns and feelings of real life. It will have its crisis, and, like an illness produced by artificial means, will eradicate the natural disorder.

Farewell, my dear friend. I have written down these incidents immediately upon their occurrence. The post starts immediately; you will receive this letter on the same day as my last.

LETTER VI.

BARON F——— TO COUNT O———.

June 20.

This Civitella is certainly one of the most obliging personages in the world. The prince had scarcely left me the other day before I received a note from the marquis enforcing his former offers with renewed earnestness. I instantly forwarded, in the prince's name, a bond for six thousand zechins; in less than half an hour it was returned, with double the sum required, in notes and gold. The prince at length assented to this increase, but insisted that the bond, which was drawn only for six weeks, should be accepted.

The whole of the present week has been consumed in inquiries after the mysterious Greek. Biondello set all his engines to work, but until now in vain. He certainly discovered the gondolier; but from him he could learn nothing, save that the ladies had disembarked on the island of Murano, where they entered two sedan chairs which were waiting for them. He supposed them to be English because they spoke a foreign language, and had paid him in gold. He did not even know their guide, but believed him to be a glass manufacturer from Murano. We were now, at least, certain that we must not look for her in the Giudecca, and that in all probability she lived in the island of Murano; but, unluckily, the description the prince gave of her was not such as to make her recognizable by a third party. The passionate interest with which he had regarded her had hindered him from observing her minutely; for all the minor details, which other people would not have failed to notice, had escaped his

observation; from his description one would have sooner expected to find her prototype in the works of Ariosto or Tasso than on a Venetian island. Besides, our inquiries had to be conducted with the utmost caution, in order not to become prejudicial to the lady, or to excite undue attention. As Biondello was the only man besides the prince who had seen her, even through her veil, and could therefore recognize her, he strove to be as much as possible in all the places where she was likely to appear; the life of the poor man, during the whole week, was a continual race through all the streets of Venice. In the Greek church, particularly, every inquiry was made, but always with the same ill-success; and the prince, whose impatience increased with every successive failure, was at last obliged to wait till Saturday, with what patience he might. His restlessness was excessive. Nothing interested him, nothing could fix his attention. He was in constant feverish excitement; he fled from society, but the evil increased in solitude. He had never been so much besieged by visitors as in this week. His approaching departure had been announced, and everybody crowded to see him. It was necessary to occupy the attention of the people in order to lull their suspicions, and to amuse the prince with the view of diverting his mind from its all-engrossing object. In this emergency Civitella hit upon play; and, for the purpose of driving away most of the visitors, proposed that the stakes should be high. He hoped by awakening in the prince a transient liking for play, from which it would afterwards be easy to wean him, to destroy the romantic bent of his passion. "The cards," said Civitella, "have saved me from many a folly which I had intended to commit, and repaired many which I had already perpetrated. At the faro table I have often recovered my tranquillity of mind, of which a pair of bright eyes had robbed me, and women never had more power over me than when I had not money enough to play."

I will not enter into a discussion as to how far Civitella was right; but the remedy we had hit upon soon began to be worse than the disease it was intended to cure. The prince, who could only make the game at all interesting to himself by staking extremely high, soon overstepped all bounds. He was quite out of his element. Everything he did seemed to be done in a passion; all his actions

betrayed the uneasiness of his mind. You know his general indifference to money; he seemed now to have become totally insensible to its value. Gold flowed through his hands like water. As he played without the slightest caution he lost almost invariably. He lost immense sums, for he staked like a desperate gamester. Dearest O———, with an aching heart I write it, in four days he had lost above twelve thousand zechins.

Do not reproach me. I blame myself sufficiently. But how could I prevent it? Could I do more than warn him? I did all that was in my power, and cannot find myself guilty. Civitella, too, lost not a little; I won about six hundred zechins. The unprecedented ill-luck of the prince excited general attention, and therefore he would not leave off playing. Civitella, who is always ready to oblige him, immediately advanced him the required sum. The deficit is made up; but the prince owes the marquis twenty-four thousand zechins. Oh, how I long for the savings of his pious sister. Are all sovereigns so, my dear friend? The prince behaves as though he had done the marquis a great honor, and he, at any rate, plays his part well.

Civitella sought to quiet me by saying that this recklessness, this extraordinary ill-luck, would be most effectual in bringing the prince to his senses. The money, he said, was of no consequence. He himself would not feel the loss in the least, and would be happy to serve the prince, at any moment, with three times the amount. The cardinal also assured me that his nephew's intentions were honest, and that he should be ready to assist him in carrying them out.

The most unfortunate thing was that these tremendous sacrifices did not even effect their object. One would have thought that the prince would at least feel some interest in his play. But such was not the case. His thoughts were wandering far away, and the passion which we wished to stifle by his ill-luck in play seemed, on the contrary, only to gather strength. When, for instance, a decisive stroke was about to be played, and every one's eyes were fixed, full of expectation, on the board, his were searching for Biondello, in order to catch the news he might have brought him, from the expression of his countenance.

Biondello brought no tidings, and his master's losses continued.

The gains, however, fell into very needy hands. A few "your excellencies," whom scandal reports to be in the habit of carrying home their frugal dinner from the market in their senatorial caps, entered our house as beggars, and left it with well-lined purses. Civitella pointed them out to me. "Look," said he, "how many poor devils make their fortunes by one great man taking a whim into his head. This is what I like to see. It is princely and royal. A great man must, even by his failings, make some one happy, like a river which by its overflowing fertilizes the neighboring fields."

Civitella has a noble and generous way of thinking, but the prince owes him twenty-four thousand zechins.

At length the long-wished-for Saturday arrived, and my master insisted upon going, directly after dinner, to the church. He stationed himself in the chapel where he had first seen the unknown, but in such a way as not to be immediately observed. Biondello had orders to keep watch at the church door, and to enter into conversation with the attendant of the ladies. I had taken upon myself to enter, like a chance passenger, into the same gondola with them on their return, in order to follow their track if the other schemes should fail. At the spot where the gondolier said he had landed them the last time two sedans were stationed; the chamberlain, Z——, was ordered to follow in a separate gondola, in order to trace the retreat of the unknown, if all else should fail. The prince wished to give himself wholly up to the pleasure of seeing her, and, if possible, try to make her acquaintance in the church. Civitella was to keep out of the way altogether, as his reputation among the women of Venice was so bad that his presence could not have failed to excite the suspicions of the lady. You see, dear count, it was not through any want of precaution on our part that the fair unknown escaped us.

Never, perhaps, was there offered up in any church such ardent prayers for success, and never were hopes so cruelly disappointed. The prince waited till after sunset, starting in expectation at every sound which approached the chapel,

and at every creaking of the church door. Seven full hours passed, and no Greek lady. I need not describe his state of mind. You know what hope deferred is, hope which one has nourished unceasingly for seven days and nights.

LETTER VII.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——

July.

The mysterious unknown of the prince reminded Marquis Civitella of a romantic incident which happened to himself a short time since, and, to divert the prince, he offered to relate it. I will give it you in his own words; but the lively spirit which he infuses into all he tells will be lost in my narration.

(Here follows the subjoined fragment, which appeared in the eighth part of the *Thalia*, and was originally intended for the second volume of the *Ghost-Seer*. It found a place here after Schiller had given up the idea of completing the *Ghost-Seer*.)

"In the spring of last year," began Civitella, "I had the misfortune to embroil myself with the Spanish ambassador, a gentleman who, in his seventieth year, had been guilty of the folly of wishing to marry a Roman girl of eighteen. His vengeance pursued me, and my friends advised me to secure my safety by a timely flight, and to keep out of the way until the hand of nature, or an adjustment of differences, had secured me from the wrath of this formidable enemy. As I felt it too severe a punishment to quit Venice altogether, I took up my abode in a distant quarter of the town, where I lived in a lonely house, under a feigned name, keeping myself concealed by day, and devoting the night to the society of my friends and of pleasure.

"My windows looked upon a garden, the west side of which was bounded by

the walls of a convent, while towards the east it jutted out into the Laguna in the form of a little peninsula. The garden was charmingly situated, but little frequented. It was my custom every morning, after my friends had left me, to spend a few moments at the window before retiring to rest, to see the sun rise over the Adriatic, and then to bid him goodnight. If you, my dear prince, have not yet enjoyed this pleasure, I recommend exactly this station, the only eligible one perhaps in all Venice to enjoy so splendid a prospect in perfection. A purple twilight hangs over the deep, and a golden mist on the Laguna announces the sun's approach. The heavens and the sea are wrapped in expectant silence. In two seconds the orb of day appears, casting a flood of fiery light on the waves. It is an enchanting sight.

"One morning, when I was, according to custom, enjoying the beauty of this prospect, I suddenly discovered that I was not the only spectator of the scene. I fancied I heard voices in the garden, and turning to the quarter whence the sound proceeded, I perceived a gondola steering for the land. In a few moments I saw figures walking at a slow pace up the avenue. They were a man and a woman, accompanied by a little negro. The female was clothed in white, and had a brilliant on her finger. It was not light enough to perceive more.

"My curiosity was raised. Doubtless a rendezvous of a pair of lovers— but in such a place, and at so unusual an hour! It was scarcely three o'clock, and everything was still veiled in dusky twilight. The incident seemed to me novel and proper for a romance, and I waited to see the end.

"I soon lost sight of them among the foliage of the garden, and some time elapsed before they again emerged to view. Meanwhile a delightful song was heard. It proceeded from the gondolier, who was in this manner shortening the time, and was answered by a comrade a short way off. They sang stanzas from Tasso; time and place were in unison, and the melody sounded sweetly, in the profound silence around.

"Day in the meantime had dawned, and objects were discerned more plainly. I

sought my people, whom I found walking hand-in-hand up a broad walk, often standing still, but always with their backs turned towards me, and proceeding further from my residence. Their noble, easy carriage convinced me at once that they were people of rank, and the splendid figure of the lady made me augur as much of her beauty. They appeared to converse but little; the lady, however, more than her companion. In the spectacle of the rising sun, which now burst out in all its splendor, they seemed to take not the slightest interest.

"While I was employed in adjusting my glass, in order to bring them into view as closely as possible, they suddenly disappeared down a side path, and some time elapsed before I regained sight of them. The sun had now fully risen; they were approaching straight towards me, with their eyes fixed upon where I stood. What a heavenly form did I behold! Was it illusion, or the magic effect of the beautiful light? I thought I beheld a supernatural being, for my eyes quailed before the angelic brightness of her look. So much loveliness combined with so much dignity!—so much mind, and so much blooming youth! It is in vain I attempt to describe it. I had never seen true beauty till that moment.

"In the heat of conversation they lingered near me, and I had full opportunity to contemplate her. Scarcely, however, had I cast my eyes upon her companion, but even her beauty was not powerful enough to fix my attention. He appeared to be a man still in the prime of life, rather slight, and of a tall, noble figure. Never have I beheld so much mind, so much noble expression, in a human countenance. Though perfectly secured from observation, I was unable to meet the lightning glance that shot from beneath his dark eyebrows. There was a moving expression of sorrow about his eyes, but an expression of benevolence about the mouth which relieved the settled gravity spread over his whole countenance. A certain cast of features, not quite European, together with his dress, which appeared to have been chosen with inimitable good taste from the most varied costumes, gave him a peculiar air, which not a little heightened the impression produced by his appearance. A degree of wildness in his looks warranted the supposition that he was an enthusiast, but his deportment and

carriage showed that his character had been formed by mixing in society."

Z———, who you know must always give utterance to what he thinks, could contain himself no longer. "Our Armenian!" cried he. "Our very Armenian, and nobody else."

"What Armenian, if one may ask?" inquired Civitella.

"Has no one told you of the farce?" replied the prince. "But no interruption! I begin to feel interested in your hero. Pray continue your narrative."

"There was something inexplicable in his whole demeanor," continued Civitella. "His eyes were fixed upon his companion with an expression of anxiety and passion, but the moment they met hers he looked down abashed. 'Is the man beside himself!' thought I. I could stand for ages and gaze at nothing else but her.

"The foliage again concealed them from my sight. Long, long did I look for their reappearance, but in vain. At length I caught sight of them from another window.

"They were standing before the basin of a fountain at some distance apart, and both wrapped in deep silence. They had, probably, remained some time in the same position. Her clear and intelligent eyes were resting inquiringly on his, and seemed as if they would imbibe every thought from him as it revealed itself in his countenance. He, as if he wanted courage to look directly into her face, furtively sought its reflection in the watery mirror before him, or gazed steadfastly at the dolphin which bore the water to the basin. Who knows how long this silent scene might have continued could the lady have endured it? With the most bewitching grace the lovely girl advanced towards him, and passing her arm round his neck, raised his hand to her lips. Calmly and unmoved the strange being suffered her caresses, but did not return them.

"This scene moved me strangely. It was the man that chiefly excited my

sympathy and interest. Some violent emotion seemed to struggle in his breast; it was as if some irresistible force drew him towards her, while an unseen arm held him back. Silent, but agonizing, was the struggle, and beautiful the temptation. 'No,' I thought, 'he attempts too much; he will, he must yield.'

"At his silent intimation the young negro disappeared. I now expected some touching scene—a prayer on bended knees, and a reconciliation sealed with glowing kisses. But no! nothing of the kind occurred. The incomprehensible being took from his pocketbook a sealed packet, and placed it in the hands of the lady. Sadness overcast her face as she she looked at it, and a tear bedewed her eye.

"After a short silence they separated. At this moment an elderly lady advanced from one of the sidewalks, who had remained at a distance, and whom I now first discovered. She and the fair girl slowly advanced along the path, and, while they were earnestly engaged in conversation, the stranger took the opportunity of remaining behind. With his eyes turned towards her, he stood irresolute, at one instant making a rapid step forward, and in the next retreating. In another moment he had disappeared in the copse.

"The women at length look round, seem uneasy at not finding him, and pause as if to await his coming. He comes not. Anxious glances are cast around, and steps are redoubled. My eyes aid in searching through the garden; he comes not, he is nowhere to be seen.

"Suddenly I see a splash in the canal, and see a gondola moving from the shore. It is he, and I scarcely can refrain from calling to him. Now the whole thing is clear—it was a parting.

"She appears to have a presentiment of what has happened. With a speed that her companion cannot use she hastens to the shore. Too late! Quick as the arrow in its flight the gondola bounds forward, and soon nothing is visible but a white handkerchief fluttering in the air from afar. Soon after this I saw the fair

incognita and her companion cross the water.

"When I awoke from a short sleep I could not help smiling at my delusion. My fancy had incorporated these events in my dreams until truth itself seemed a dream. A maiden, fair as an houri, wandering beneath my windows at break of day with her lover—and a lover who did not know how to make a better use of such an hour. Surely these supplied materials for the composition of a picture which might well occupy the fancy of a dreamer! But the dream had been too lovely for me not to desire its renewal again and again; nay, even the garden had become more charming in my sight since my imagination had peopled it with such attractive forms. Several cheerless days that succeeded this eventful morning drove me from the window, but the first fine evening involuntarily drew me back to my post of observation. Judge of my surprise when after a short search I caught sight of the white dress of my incognita! Yes, it was she herself. I had not dreamed!

"Her former companion was with her, and led by the hand a little boy; but the fair girl herself walked apart, and seemed absorbed in thought. All spots were visited that had been rendered memorable by the presence of her friend. She paused for a long time before the basin, and her fixed gaze seemed to seek on its crystal mirror the reflection of one beloved form.

"Although her noble beauty had attracted me when I first saw her the impression produced was even stronger on this occasion, although perhaps at the same time more conducive to gentler emotions. I had now ample opportunity of considering this divine form; the surprise of the first impression gradually gave place to softer feelings. The glory that seemed to invest her had departed, and I saw before me the loveliest of women, and felt my senses inflamed. In a moment the resolution was formed that she must be mine.

"While I was deliberating whether I should descend and approach her, or whether before I ventured on such a step it would not be better to obtain information regarding her, a door opened in the convent wall, through which

there advanced a Carmelite monk. The sound of his approach roused the lady, and I saw her advance with hurried steps towards him. He drew from his bosom a paper, which she eagerly grasped, while a vivid color instantaneously suffused her countenance.

"At this moment I was called from the window by the arrival of my usual evening visitor. I carefully avoided approaching the spot again as I had no desire to share my conquest with another. For a whole hour I was obliged to endure this painful constraint before I could succeed in freeing myself from my importunate guest, and when I hastened to the window all had disappeared.

"The garden was empty when I entered it; no vessel of any kind was visible in the canal; no trace of people on any side; I neither knew whence she had come nor whither she had gone. While I was looking round me in all directions I observed something white upon the ground. On drawing near I found it was a piece of paper folded in the shape of a note. What could it be but the letter which the Carmelite had brought? 'Happy discovery!' I exclaimed; 'this will reveal the whole secret, and make me master of her fate.'

"The letter was sealed with a sphinx, had no superscription, and was written in cyphers; this, however, did not discourage me, for I have some knowledge of this mode of writing. I copied it hastily, as there was every reason to expect that she would soon miss it and return in search of it. If she should not find it she would regard its loss as an evidence that the garden was resorted to by different persons, and such a discovery might easily deter her from visiting it again. And what worse fortune could attend my hopes.

"That which I had conjectured actually took place, and I had scarcely ended my copy when she reappeared with her former companion, anxiously intent on the search. I attached the note to a tile which I had detached from the roof, and dropped it at a spot which she would pass. Her gracefully expressed joy at finding it rewarded me for my generosity. She examined it in every part with keen, searching glances, as if she were seeking to detect the unhallowed hands

that might have touched it; but the contented look with which she hid it in her bosom showed that she was free from all suspicion. She went, and the parting glance she threw on the garden seemed expressive of gratitude to the guardian deities of the spot, who had so faithfully watched over the secret of her heart.

"I now hastened to decipher the letter. After trying several languages, I at length succeeded by the use of English. Its contents were so remarkable that my memory still retains a perfect recollection of them."

I am interrupted, and must give you the conclusion on a future occasion.

LETTER VIII.

BARON F——— TO COUNT O———

August.

In truth, my dearest friend, you do the good Biondello injustice. The suspicion you entertain against him is unfounded, and while I allow you full liberty to condemn all Italians generally, I must maintain that this one at least is an honest man.

You think it singular that a person of such brilliant endowments and such exemplary conduct should debase himself to enter the service of another if he were not actuated by secret motives; and these, you further conclude, must necessarily be of a suspicious character. But where is the novelty of a man of talent and of merit endeavoring to win favor with a prince who has the power of establishing his fortune? Is there anything derogatory in serving the prince? and has not Biondello clearly shown that his devotion is purely personal by confessing that he earnestly desired to make a certain request of the prince? The whole mystery will, therefore, no doubt be revealed when he acquaints him of his wishes. He may certainly be actuated by secret motives, but why may these not be innocent in their nature?

You think it strange that this Biondello should have kept all his great talents concealed, and in no way have attracted attention during the early months of our acquaintance with him, when you were still with us. This I grant; but what opportunity had he then of distinguishing himself? The prince had not yet called

his powers into requisition, and chance, therefore, could alone aid us in discovering his talents.

He very recently gave a proof of his devotion and honesty of purpose which must at once annihilate all your doubts. The prince was watched; measures were being taken to gain information regarding his mode of life, associates, and general habits. I know not with whom this inquisitiveness originated. Let me beg your attention, however, to what I am about to relate:—

There is a house in St. George's which Biondello is in the habit of frequenting. He probably finds some peculiar attractions there, but of this I know nothing. It happened a few days ago that he there met assembled together a party of civil and military officers in the service of the government, old acquaintances and jovial comrades of his own. Surprise and pleasure were expressed on all sides at this meeting. Their former good-fellowship was re-established; and after each in turn had related his own history up to the present time, Biondello was called upon to give an account of his life; this he did in a few words. He was congratulated on his new position; his companions had heard accounts of the splendid footing on which the Prince of ——-'s establishment was maintained; of his liberality, especially to persons who showed discretion in keeping secrets; the prince's connection with the Cardinal A———i was well known, he was said to be addicted to play, etc. Biondello's surprise at this is observed, and jokes are passed upon the mystery which he tries to keep up, although it is well known that he is the emissary of the Prince of ———. The two lawyers of the party make him sit down between them; their glasses are repeatedly emptied, he is urged to drink, but excuses himself on the grounds of inability to bear wine; at last, however, he yields to their wishes, in order that he may the better pretend intoxication.

"Yes!" cried one of the lawyers, "Biondello understands his business, but he has not yet learned all the tricks of the trade; he is but a novice."

"What have I still to learn?" ask Biondello.

"You understand the art of keeping a secret," remarked the other; "but you have still to learn that of parting with it to advantage."

"Am I likely to find a purchaser for any that I may have to dispose of?" asked Biondello.

On this the other guests withdrew from the apartment, and left him alone with his two neighbors, who continued the conversation in the same strain. The substance of the whole was, however, briefly as follows: Biondello was to procure them certain information regarding the intercourse of the prince with the cardinal and his nephew, acquaint them with the source from whence the prince derived his money, and to intercept all letters written to Count O——. Biondello put them off to a future occasion, but he was unsuccessful in his attempts to draw from them the name of the person by whom they were employed. From the splendid nature of the proposals made to him it was evident, however, that they emanated from some influential and extremely wealthy party.

Last night he related the whole occurrence to the prince, whose first impulse was without further ceremony to secure the maneuverers at once, but to this Biondello strongly objected. He urged that he would be obliged to set them at liberty again, and that, in this case, he should endanger not only his credit among this class of men, but even his life. All these men were connected together, and bound by one common interest, each one making the cause of the others his own; in fact, he would rather make enemies of the senate of Venice than be regarded by these men as a traitor—and, besides, he could no longer be useful to the prince if he lost the confidence of this class of people.

We have pondered and conjectured much as to the source of all this. Who is there in Venice that can care to know what money my master receives or pays out, what passess between Cardinal A——-i and himself, and what I write to you? Can it be some scheme of the Prince of ——-d——-, or is the Armenian again on the alert?

LETTER IX.

BARON F—— TO COUNT O——.

August.

The prince is revelling in love and bliss. He has recovered his fair Greek. I must relate to you how this happened.

A traveller, who had crossed from Chiozza, gave the prince so animated an account of the beauty of this place, which is charmingly situated on the shores of the gulf, that he became very anxious to see it. Yesterday was fixed upon for the excursion; and, in order to avoid all restraint and display, no one was to accompany him but Z—— and myself, together with Biondello, as my master wished to remain unknown. We found a vessel ready to start, and engaged our passage at once. The company was very mixed but not numerous, and the passage was made without the occurrence of any circumstance worthy of notice.

Chiozza is built, like Venice, on a foundation of wooden piles, and is said to contain about forty thousand inhabitants. There are but few of the higher classes resident there, but one meets sailors and fishermen at every step. Whoever appears in a peruke, or a cloak, is regarded as an aristocrat—a rich man; the cap and overcoat are here the insignia of the poor. The situation is certainly very lovely, but it will not bear a comparison with Venice.

We did not remain long, for the captain, who had more passengers for the return voyage, was obliged to be in Venice at an early hour, and there was

nothing at Chiozza to make the prince desirous of remaining. All the passengers were on board when we reached the vessel. As we had found it so difficult to place ourselves on a social footing with the company on the outward passage, we determined on this occasion to secure a cabin to ourselves. The prince inquired who the new-comers were, and was informed that they were a Dominican and some ladies, who were returning to Venice. My master evincing no curiosity to see them, we immediately betook ourselves to our cabin.

The Greek was the subject of our conversation throughout the whole passage, as she had been during our former transit. The prince dwelt with ardor on her appearance in the church; and whilst numerous plans were in turn devised and rejected, hours passed like a moment of time, and we were already in sight of Venice. Some of the passengers now disembarked, the Dominican amongst the number. The captain went to the ladies, who, as we now first learned, had been separated from us by only a thin wooden partition, and asked them where they wished to land. The island of Murano was named in reply to his inquiry, and the house indicated. "The island of Murano!" exclaimed the prince, who seemed suddenly struck by a startling presentiment. Before I could reply to his exclamation, Biondello rushed into the cabin. "Do you know," asked he eagerly, "who is on board with us?" The prince started to his feet, as Biondello continued, "She is here! she herself! I have just spoken to her companion!"

The prince hurried out. He felt as if he could not breathe in our narrow cabin, and I believe at that moment as if the whole world would have been too narrow for him. A thousand conflicting feelings struggled for the mastery in his heart; his knees trembled, and his countenance was alternately flushed and pallid. I sympathized and participated in his emotion, but I cannot by words convey to your mind any idea of the state in which he was.

When we stopped at Murano, the prince sprang on shore. She advanced from her cabin. I read in the face of the prince that it was indeed the Greek. One glance was sufficient to dispel all doubt on that point. A more lovely creature I have never seen. Even the prince's glowing descriptions fell far short of the

reality. A radiant blush suffused her face when she saw my master. She must have heard all we said, and could not fail to know that she herself had been the subject of our conversation. She exchanged a significant glance with her companion, which seemed to say, "That is he;" and then cast her eyes to the ground with diffident confusion. On placing her foot on the narrow plank, which had been thrown from the vessel to the shore, she seemed anxiously to hesitate, less, as it seemed to me, from the fear of falling than from her inability to cross the board without assistance, which was proffered her by the outstretched arm of the prince. Necessity overcame her reluctance, and, accepting the aid of his hand, she stepped on shore. Excessive mental agitation had rendered the prince uncourteous, and he wholly forgot to offer his services to the other lady—but what was there that he would not have forgotten at this moment? My attention in atoning for the remissness of the prince prevented my hearing the commencement of a conversation which had begun between him and the young Greek, while I had been helping the other lady on shore.

He was still holding her hand in his, probably from absence of mind, and without being conscious of the fact.

"This is not the first time, Signora, that—that"—he stopped short, unable to finish the sentence.

"I think I remember" she faltered.

"We met in the church of ————," said he, quickly.

"Yes, it was in the church of ————," she rejoined.

"And could I have supposed that this day would have brought me—"

Here she gently withdrew her hand from his—he was evidently embarrassed; but Biondello, who had in the meantime been speaking to the servant, now came to his aid.

"Si-nor," said he, "the ladies had ordered sedans to be in readiness for them; they have not yet come, for we are here before the expected time. But there is a garden close by in which you may remain until the crowd has dispersed."

The proposal was accepted; you may conceive with what alacrity on the part of the prince! We remained in the garden till late in the evening; and, fortunately, Z———— and myself so effectually succeeded in occupying the attention of the elder lady that the prince was enabled, undisturbed, to carry on his conversation with the fair Greek. You will easily believe that he made good use of his time, when I tell you that he obtained permission to visit her. At the very moment that I am now writing he is with her; on his return I shall be able to give you further particulars regarding her.

When we got home yesterday we found that the long-expected remittances had arrived from our court; but at the same time the prince received a letter which excited his indignation to the highest pitch. He has been recalled, and that in a tone and manner to which he is wholly unaccustomed. He immediately wrote a reply in a similar spirit, and intends remaining. The remittances are only just sufficient to pay the interest on the capital which he owes. We are looking with impatience for a reply from his sister.

LETTER X.

BARON F——— TO COUNT O———
September.

The prince has fallen out with his court, and all resources have consequently been cut off from home.

The term of six weeks, at the end of which my master was to pay the marquis, has already elapsed several days; but still no remittances have been forwarded, either from his cousin, of whom he had earnestly requested an additional allowance in advance, or from his sister. You may readily suppose that Civitella has not reminded him of his debt; the prince's memory is, however, all the more faithful. Yesterday morning at length brought an answer from the seat of government.

We had shortly before concluded a new arrangement with the master of our hotel, and the prince had publicly announced his intention to remain here sometime longer. Without uttering a word my master put the letter into my hand. His eyes sparkled, and I could read the contents in his face.

Can you believe it, dear O; all my master's proceedings here are known at and have been most calumniously misrepresented by an abominable tissue of lies? "Information has been received," says the letter, amongst other things, "to the effect that the prince has for some time past belied his former character, and adopted a mode of conduct totally at variance with his former exemplary manner of acting and thinking." "It is known," the writer says, "that he has addicted

himself with the greatest excess to women and play; that he is overwhelmed with debts; puts his confidence in visionaries and charlatans, who pretend to have power over spirits; maintains suspicious relations with Roman Catholic prelates, and keeps up a degree of state which exceeds both his rank and his means. Nay, it is even said, that he is about to bring this highly offensive conduct to a climax by apostacy to the Church of Rome! and in order to clear himself from this last charge he is required to return immediately. A banker at Venice, to whom he must make known the true amount of his debts, has received instructions to satisfy his creditors immediately after his departure; for, under existing circumstances, it does not appear expedient to remit the money directly into his hands."

What accusations, and what a mode of preferring them. I read the letter again and again, in the hope of discovering some expression that admitted of a milder construction, but in vain; it was wholly incomprehensible.

Z———— now reminded me of the secret inquiries which had been made some time before of Biondello. The true nature of the inquiries and circumstances all coincided. He had falsely ascribed them to the Armenian; but now the source from whence they came was very evident. Apostacy! But who can have any interest in calumniating my master so scandalously? I should fear it was some machination of the Prince of —-d——-, who is determined on driving him from Venice.

In the meantime the prince remained absorbed in thought, with his eyes fixed on the ground. His continued silence alarmed me. I threw myself at his feet. "For God's sake, your highness," I cried, "moderate your feelings—you will—nay, you shall have satisfaction. Leave the whole affair to me. Let me be your emissary. It is beneath your dignity to reply to such accusations; but you will not, I know, refuse me the privilege of doing so for you. The name of your calumniator must be given up, and —————'s eyes must be opened."

At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of Civitella, who inquired

with surprise into the cause of our agitation. Z———— and I did not answer; but the prince, who had long ceased to make any distinction between him and us, and who, besides, was too much excited to listen to the dictates of prudence, desired me to communicate the contents of the letter to him. On my hesitating to obey him, he snatched the letter from my hand and gave it to the marquis.

"I am in your debt, marquis," said he, as Civitella gave him back the letter, after perusing it, with evident astonishment, "but do not let that circumstance occasion you any uneasiness; grant me but a respite of twenty days, and you shall be fully satisfied."

"Do I deserve this at your hands, gracious prince?" exclaimed Civitella, with extreme emotion.

"You have refrained from pressing me, and I gratefully appreciate your delicacy. In twenty days, as I before said, you shall be fully satisfied."

"But how is this?" asked Civitella, with agitation and surprise. "What means all this? I cannot comprehend it."

We explained to him all that we knew, and his indignation was unbounded. The prince, he asserted, must insist upon full satisfaction; the insult was unparalleled.

In the meanwhile he implored him to make unlimited use of his fortune and his credit.

When the marquis left us the prince still continued silent. He paced the apartment with quick and determined steps, as if some strange and unusual emotion were agitating his frame. At length he paused, muttering between his teeth, "Congratulate yourself; he died at ten o'clock."

We looked at him in terror.

"Congratulate yourself," he repeated. "Did he not say that I should congratulate myself? What could he have meant?"

"What has reminded you of those words?" I asked; "and what have they to do with the present business?"

"I did not then understand what the man meant, but now I do. Oh, it is intolerable to be subject to a master."

"Gracious prince!"

"Who can make us feel our dependence. Ha! it must be sweet, indeed."

He again paused. His looks alarmed me, for I had never before seen him thus agitated.

"Whether a man be poorest of the poor," he continued, "or the next heir to the throne, it is all one and the same thing. There is but one difference between men—to obey or to command."

He again glanced over the letter.

"You know the man," he continued, "who has dared to write these words to me. Would you salute him in the street if fate had not made him your master? By Heaven, there is something great in a crown."

He went on in this strain, giving expression to many things which I dare not trust to paper. On this occasion the prince confided a circumstance to me which alike surprised and terrified me, and which may be followed by the most alarming consequences. We have hitherto been entirely deceived regarding the family relations of the court of _____.

He answered the letter on the spot, notwithstanding my earnest entreaty that he should postpone doing so; and the strain in which he wrote leaves no ground to hope for a favorable settlement of those differences.

You are no doubt impatient, dear O——, to hear something definite with respect to the Greek; but in truth I have very little to tell you. From the prince I can learn nothing, as he has been admitted into her confidence, and is, I believe, bound to secrecy. The fact has, however, transpired that she is not a Greek, as we supposed, but a German of the highest descent. From a certain report that has reached me, it would appear that her mother is of the most exalted rank, and that she is the fruit of an unfortunate amour which was once talked of all over Europe. A course of secret persecution to which she had been exposed, in consequence of her origin, compelled her to seek protection in Venice, and to adopt that concealment which had rendered it impossible for the prince to discover her retreat. The respect with which the prince speaks of her, and a certain deferential deportment which he maintains towards her, appear to corroborate the truth of this report.

He is devoted to her with a fearful intensity of passion which increases day by day. In the earliest stage of their acquaintance but few interviews were granted; but after the first week the separations were of shorter duration, and now there is scarce a day on which the prince is not with her. Whole evenings pass without our even seeing him, and when he is not with her she appears to form the sole object of his thoughts. His whole being seems metamorphosed. He goes about as if wrapped in a dream, and nothing that formerly interested him has now power to arrest his attention even for a moment.

How will this end, my dear friend? I tremble for the future. The rupture with his court has placed my master in a state of humiliating dependence on one sole person—the Marquis Civitella. This man is now master of our secrets—of our whole fate. Will he always conduct himself as nobly as he does now? Are his good intentions to be relied upon; and is it expedient to confide so much weight and power to one person—even were he the best of men? The prince's sister has again been written to—the result of this fresh appeal you shall learn in my next letter.

COUNT O————- IN CONTINUATION.

This letter never reached me. Three months passed without my receiving any tidings from Venice,—an interruption to our correspondence which the sequel but too clearly explained. All my friend's letters to me had been kept back and suppressed. My emotion may be conceived when, in the December of the same year, the following letter reached me by mere accident (as it afterwards appeared), owing to the sudden illness of Biondello, into whose hands it had been committed.

"You do not write; you do not answer me. Come, I entreat you, come on the wings of friendship! Our hopes are fled! Read the enclosed,—all our hopes are at an end!

"The wounds of the marquis are reported mortal. The cardinal vows vengeance, and his bravos are in pursuit of the prince. My master—oh! my unhappy master! Has it come to this! Wretched, horrible fate! We are compelled to hide ourselves, like malefactors, from assassins and creditors.

"I am writing to you from the convent of —————, where the prince has found an asylum. At this moment he is resting on his hard couch by my side, and is sleeping—but, alas! it is only the sleep of deadly exhaustion, that will but give him new strength for new trials. During the ten days that she was ill no sleep closed his eyes. I was present when the body was opened. Traces of poison were detected. To-day she is to be buried.

"Alas! dearest O————, my heart is rent. I have lived through scenes that can

never be effaced from my memory. I stood beside her deathbed. She departed like a saint, and her last strength was spent in trying with persuasive eloquence to lead her lover into the path that she was treading in her way to heaven. Our firmness was completely gone—the prince alone maintained his fortitude, and although he suffered a triple agony of death with her, he yet retained strength of mind sufficient to refuse the last prayer of the pious enthusiast."

This letter contained the following enclosure:

TO THE PRINCE OF ———, FROM HIS SISTER.

"The one sole redeeming church which has made so glorious a conquest of the Prince of ——— will surely not refuse to supply him with means to pursue the mode of life to which she owes this conquest. I have tears and prayers for one that has gone astray, but nothing further to bestow on one so worthless! HENRIETTE."

I instantly threw myself into a carriage—travelled night and day, and in the third week I was in Venice. My speed availed nothing. I had come to bring comfort and help to an unhappy one, but I found a happy one who needed not my weak aid. F——- was ill when I arrived, and unable to see me, but the following note was brought to me from him.

"Return, dearest O——-, to whence you came. The prince no longer needs you or me. His debts have been paid; the cardinal is reconciled to him, and the marquis has recovered. Do you remember the Armenian who perplexed us so much last year? In his arms you will find the prince, who five days since attended mass for the first time."

Notwithstanding all this I earnestly sought an interview with the prince, but was refused. By the bedside of my friend I learnt the particulars of this strange story.

THE SPORT OF DESTINY

ALOYSIUS VON G—— was the son of a citizen of distinction, in the service of ——, and the germs of his fertile genius had been early developed by a liberal education. While yet very young, but already well grounded in the principles of knowledge, he entered the military service of his sovereign, to whom he soon made himself known as a young man of great merit and still greater promise. G—— was now in the full glow of youth, so also was the prince. G—— was ardent and enterprising; the prince, of a similar disposition, loved such characters. Endued with brilliant wit and a rich fund of information, G—— possessed the art of ingratiating himself with all around him; he enlivened every circle in which he moved by his felicitous humor, and infused life and spirit into every subject that came before him. The prince had discernment enough to appreciate in another those virtues which he himself possessed in an eminent degree. Everything which G—— undertook, even to his very sports, had an air of grandeur; no difficulties could daunt him, no failures vanquish his perseverance. The value of these qualities was increased by an attractive person, the perfect image of blooming health and herculean strength, and heightened by the eloquent expression natural to an active mind; to these was added a certain native and unaffected dignity, chastened and subdued by a noble modesty. If the prince was charmed with the intellectual attractions of his young companion, his fascinating exterior irresistibly captivated his senses.

Similarity of age, of tastes, and of character soon produced an intimacy between them, which possessed all the strength of friendship and all the warmth and fervor of the most passionate love. G—— rose with rapidity from one promotion to another; but whatever the extent of favors conferred they still seemed in the estimation of the prince to fall short of his deserts. His fortune advanced with gigantic strides, for the author of his greatness was his devoted admirer and his warmest friend. Not yet twenty-two years of age, he already saw himself placed on an eminence hitherto attained only by the most fortunate at the close of their career. But his active spirit was incapable of reposing long in the lap of indolent vanity, or of contenting itself with the glittering pomp of an elevated office, to perform the behests of which he was conscious of possessing both the requisite courage and the abilities. Whilst the prince was engaged in rounds of pleasure, his young favorite buried himself among archives and books, and devoted himself with laborious assiduity to affairs of state, in which he at length became so expert that every matter of importance passed through his hands. From the companion of his pleasures he soon became first councillor and minister, and finally the ruler of his sovereign. In a short time there was no road to the prince's favor but through him. He disposed of all offices and dignities; all rewards were received from his hands.

G—— had attained this vast influence at too early an age, and had risen by too rapid strides to enjoy his power with moderation. The eminence on which he beheld himself made his ambition dizzy, and no sooner was the final object of his wishes attained than his modesty forsook him. The respectful deference shown him by the first nobles of the land, by all who, in birth, fortune, and reputation, so far surpassed him, and which was even paid to him, youth as he was, by the oldest senators, intoxicated his pride, while his unlimited power served to develop a certain harshness which had been latent in his character, and which, throughout all the vicissitudes of his fortune, remained. There was no service, however considerable or toilsome, which his friends might not safely ask at his hands; but his enemies might well tremble! for, in proportion as he was extravagant in rewards, so was he implacable in revenge. He made less use of his

influence to enrich himself than to render happy a number of beings who should pay homage to him as the author of their prosperity; but caprice alone, and not justice, dictated the choice of his subjects. By a haughty, imperious demeanor he alienated the hearts even of those whom he had most benefited; while at the same time he converted his rivals and secret enviers into deadly enemies.

Amongst those who watched all his movements with jealousy and envy, and who were silently preparing instruments for his destruction, was Joseph Martinengo, a Piedmontese count belonging to the prince's suite, whom G—— himself had formerly promoted, as an inoffensive creature, devoted to his interests, for the purpose of supplying his own place in attending upon the pleasures of the prince—an office which he began to find irksome, and which he willingly exchanged for more useful employment. Viewing this man merely as the work of his own hands, whom he might at any period consign to his former insignificance, he felt assured of the fidelity of his creature from motives of fear no less than of gratitude. He fell thus into the error committed by Richelieu, when he made over to Louis XII., as a sort of plaything, the young Le Grand. Without Richelieu's sagacity, however, to repair his error, he had to deal with a far more wily enemy than fell to the lot of the French minister. Instead of boasting of his good fortune, or allowing his benefactor to feel that he could now dispense with his patronage, Martinengo was, on the contrary, the more cautious to maintain a show of dependence, and with studied humility affected to attach himself more and more closely to the author of his prosperity. Meanwhile, he did not omit to avail himself, to its fullest extent, of the opportunities afforded him by his office, of being continually about the prince's person, to make himself daily more useful, and eventually indispensable to him. In a short time he had fathomed the prince's sentiments thoroughly, had discovered all the avenues to his confidence, and imperceptibly stolen himself into his favor. All those arts which a noble pride, and a natural elevation of character, had taught the minister to disdain, were brought into play by the Italian, who scrupled not to avail himself of the most despicable means for attaining his object. Well aware that man never stands so much in need of a guide and assistant as in the paths of vice,

and that nothing gives a stronger title to bold familiarity than a participation in secret indiscretions, he took measures for exciting passions in the prince which had hitherto lain dormant, and then obtruded himself upon him as a confidant and an accomplice. He plunged him especially into those excesses which least of all endure witnesses, and imperceptibly accustomed the prince to make him the depository of secrets to which no third person was admitted. Upon the degradation of the prince's character he now began to found his infamous schemes of aggrandizement, and, as he had made secrecy a means of success, he had obtained entire possession of his master's heart before G——— even allowed himself to suspect that he shared it with another.

It may appear singular that so important a change should escape the minister's notice; but G——— was too well assured of his own worth ever to think of a man like Martinengo in the light of a competitor; while the latter was far too wily, and too much on his guard, to commit the least error which might tend to rouse his enemy from his fatal security. That which has caused thousands of his predecessors to stumble on the slippery path of royal favor was also the cause of G———'s fall, immoderate self-confidence. The secret intimacy between his creature, Martinengo, and his royal master gave him no uneasiness; he readily resigned a privilege which he despised and which had never been the object of his ambition. It was only because it smoothed his way to power that he had ever valued the prince's friendship, and he inconsiderately threw down the ladder by which he had risen as soon as he had attained the wished-for eminence.

Martinengo was not the man to rest satisfied with so subordinate a part. At each step which he advanced in the prince's favor his hopes rose higher, and his ambition began to grasp at a more substantial gratification. The deceitful humility which he had hitherto found it necessary to maintain towards his benefactor became daily more irksome to him, in proportion as the growth of his reputation awakened his pride. On the other hand, the minister's deportment toward him by no means improved with his marked progress in the prince's favor, but was often too visibly directed to rebuke his growing pride by

reminding him of his humble origin. This forced and unnatural position having become quite insupportable, he at length formed the determination of putting an end to it by the destruction of his rival. Under an impenetrable veil of dissimulation he brought his plan to maturity. He dared not venture as yet to come into open conflict with his rival; for, although the first glow of the minister's favor was at an end, it had commenced too early, and struck root too deeply in the bosom of the prince, to be torn from it abruptly. The slightest circumstance might restore it to all its former vigor; and therefore Martinengo well understood that the blow which he was about to strike must be a mortal one. Whatever ground G—— might have lost in the prince's affections he had gained in his respect. The more the prince withdrew himself from the affairs of state, the less could he dispense with the services of a man, who with the most conscientious devotion and fidelity had consulted his master's interests, even at the expense of the country,—and G—— was now as indispensable to him as a minister as he had formerly been dear to him as a friend.

By what means the Italian accomplished his purpose has remained a secret between those on whom the blow fell and those who directed it. It was reported that he laid before the prince the original draughts of a secret and very suspicious correspondence which G—— is said to have carried on with a neighboring court; but opinions differ as to whether the letters were authentic or spurious. Whatever degree of truth there may have been in the accusation it is but too certain that it fearfully accomplished the end in view. In the eyes of the prince G—— appeared the most ungrateful and vilest of traitors, whose treasonable practices were so thoroughly proved as to warrant the severest measures without further investigation. The whole affair was arranged with the most profound secrecy between Martinengo and his master, so that G—— had not the most distant presentiment of the impending storm. He continued wrapped in this fatal security until the dreadful moment in which he was destined, from being the object of universal homage and envy, to become that of the deepest commiseration.

When the decisive day arrived, G——— appeared, according to custom, upon the parade. He had risen in a few years from the rank of ensign to that of colonel; and even this was only a modest name for that of prime minister, which he virtually filled, and which placed him above the foremost of the land. The parade was the place where his pride was greeted with universal homage, and where he enjoyed for one short hour the dignity for which he endured a whole day of toil and privation. Those of the highest rank approached him with reverential deference, and those who were not assured of his favor with fear and trembling. Even the prince, whenever he visited the parade, saw himself neglected by the side of his vizier, inasmuch as it was far more dangerous to incur the displeasure of the latter than profitable to gain the friendship of the former. This very place, where he was wont to be adored as a god, had been selected for the dreadful theatre of his humiliation.

With a careless step he entered the well-known circle of courtiers, who, as unsuspecting as himself of what was to follow, paid their usual homage, awaiting his commands. After a short interval appeared Martinengo, accompanied by two adjutants, no longer the supple, cringing, smiling courtier, but overbearing and insolent, like a lackey suddenly raised to the rank of a gentleman. With insolence and effrontery he strutted up to the prime minister, and, confronting him with his head covered, demanded his sword in the prince's name. This was handed to him with a look of silent consternation; Martinengo, resting the naked point on the ground, snapped it in two with his foot, and threw the fragments at G——-'s feet. At this signal the two adjutants seized him; one tore the Order of the Cross from his breast; the other pulled off his epaulettes, the facings of his uniform, and even the badge and plume of feathers from his hat. During the whole of the appalling operation, which was conducted with incredible speed, not a sound nor a respiration was heard from more than five hundred persons who were present; but all, with blanched faces and palpitating hearts, stood in deathlike silence around the victim, who in his strange disarray—a rare spectacle of the melancholy and the ridiculous—underwent a moment of agony which could only be equalled by feelings engendered on the scaffold. Thousands there are

who in his situation would have been stretched senseless on the ground by the first shock; but his firm nerves and unflinching spirit sustained him through this bitter trial, and enabled him to drain the cup of bitterness to its dregs.

When this procedure was ended he was conducted through rows of thronging spectators to the extremity of the parade, where a covered carriage was in waiting. He was motioned to ascend, an escort of hussars being ready-mounted to attend to him. Meanwhile the report of this event had spread through the whole city; every window was flung open, every street lined with throngs of curious spectators, who pursued the carriage, shouting his name, amid cries of scorn and malicious exultation, or of commiseration more bitter to bear than either. At length he cleared the town, but here a no less fearful trial awaited him. The carriage turned out of the high road into a narrow, unfrequented path—a path which led to the gibbet, and alongside which, by command of the prince, he was borne at a slow pace. After he had suffered all the torture of anticipated execution the carriage turned off into the public road. Exposed to the sultry summer-heat, without refreshment or human consolation, he passed seven dreadful hours in journeying to the place of destination—a prison fortress. It was nightfall before he arrived; when, bereft of all consciousness, more dead than alive, his giant strength having at length yielded to twelve hours' fast and consuming thirst, he was dragged from the carriage; and, on regaining his senses, found himself in a horrible subterranean vault. The first object that presented itself to his gaze was a horrible dungeon-wall, feebly illuminated by a few rays of the moon, which forced their way through narrow crevices to a depth of nineteen fathoms. At his side he found a coarse loaf, a jug of water, and a bundle of straw for his couch. He endured this situation until noon the ensuing day, when an iron wicket in the centre of the tower was opened, and two hands were seen lowering a basket, containing food like that he had found the preceding night. For the first time since the terrible change in his fortunes did pain and suspense extort from him a question or two. Why was he brought hither? What offence had he committed? But he received no answer; the hands disappeared; and the sash was closed. Here, without beholding the face, or

hearing the voice of a fellow-creature; without the least clue to his terrible destiny; fearful doubts and misgivings overhanging alike the past and the future; cheered by no rays of the sun, and soothed by no refreshing breeze; remote alike from human aid and human compassion; —here, in this frightful abode of misery, he numbered four hundred and ninety long and mournful days, which he counted by the wretched loaves that, day after day, with dreary monotony, were let down into his dungeon. But a discovery which he one day made early in his confinement filled up the measure of his affliction. He recognized the place. It was the same which he himself, in a fit of unworthy vengeance against a deserving officer, who had the misfortune to displease him, had ordered to be constructed only a few months before. With inventive cruelty he had even suggested the means by which the horrors of captivity might be aggravated; and it was but recently that he had made a journey hither in order personally to inspect the place and hasten its completion. What added the last bitter sting to his punishment was that the same officer for whom he had prepared the dungeon, an aged and meritorious colonel, had just succeeded the late commandant of the fortress, recently deceased, and, from having been the victim of his vengeance, had become the master of his fate. He was thus deprived of the last melancholy solace, the right of compassionating himself, and of accusing destiny, hardly as it might use him, of injustice. To the acuteness of his other suffering was now added a bitter self-contempt, contempt, and the pain which to a sensitive mind is the severest—dependence upon the generosity of a foe to whom he had shown none.

But that upright man was too noble-minded to take a mean revenge. It pained him deeply to enforce the severities which his instructions enjoined; but as an old soldier, accustomed to fulfil his orders to the letter with blind fidelity, he could do no more than pity, compassionate. The unhappy man found a more active assistant in the chaplain of the garrison, who, touched by the sufferings of the prisoner, which had just reached his ears, and then only through vague and confused reports, instantly took a firm resolution to do something to alleviate them. This excellent man, whose name I unwillingly suppress, believed he could

in no way better fulfil his holy vocation than by bestowing his spiritual support and consolation upon a wretched being deprived of all other hopes of mercy.

As he could not obtain permission from the commandant himself to visit him he repaired in person to the capital, in order to urge his suit personally with the prince. He fell at his feet, and implored mercy for the unhappy man, who, shut out from the consolations of Christianity, a privilege from which even the greatest crime ought not to debar him, was pining in solitude, and perhaps on the brink of despair. With all the intrepidity and dignity which the conscious discharge of duty inspires, he entreated, nay demanded, free access to the prisoner, whom he claimed as a penitent for whose soul he was responsible to heaven. The good cause in which he spoke made him eloquent, and time had already somewhat softened the prince's anger. He granted him permission to visit the prisoner, and administer to his spiritual wants.

After a lapse of sixteen months, the first human face which the unhappy G—— beheld was that of his new benefactor. The only friend he had in the world he owed to his misfortunes, all his prosperity had gained him none. The good pastor's visit was like the appearance of an angel— it would be impossible to describe his feelings, but from that day forth his tears flowed more kindly, for he had found one human being who sympathized with and compassionated him.

The pastor was filled with horror on entering the frightful vault. His eyes sought a human form, but beheld, creeping towards him from a corner opposite, which resembled rather the lair of a wild beast than the abode of anything human, a monster, the sight of which made his blood run cold. A ghastly deathlike skeleton, all the hue of life perished from a face on which grief and despair had traced deep furrows—his beard and nails, from long neglect, grown to a frightful length—his clothes rotten and hanging about him in tatters; and the air he breathed, for want of ventilation and cleansing, foul, fetid, and infectious. In this state he found the favorite of fortune;—his iron frame had stood proof against it all! Seized with horror at the sight, the pastor hurried back to the governor, in order to solicit a second indulgence for the poor wretch, without

which the first would prove of no avail.

As the governor again excused himself by pleading the imperative nature of his instructions, the pastor nobly resolved on a second journey to the capital, again to supplicate the prince's mercy. There he protested solemnly that, without violating the sacred character of the sacrament, he could not administer it to the prisoner until some resemblance of the human form was restored to him. This prayer was also granted; and from that day forward the unfortunate man might be said to begin a new existence.

Several long years were spent by him in the fortress, but in a much more supportable condition, after the short summer of the new favorite's reign had passed, and others succeeded in his place, who either possessed more humanity or no motive for revenge. At length, after ten years of captivity, the hour of his delivery arrived, but without any judicial investigation or formal acquittal. He was presented with his freedom as a boon of mercy, and was, at the same time, ordered to quit his native country forever.

Here the oral traditions which I have been able to collect respecting his history begin to fail; and I find myself compelled to pass in silence over a period of about twenty years. During the interval G——— entered anew upon his military career, in a foreign service, which eventually brought him to a pitch of greatness quite equal to that from which he had, in his native country, been so awfully precipitated. At length time, that friend of the unfortunate, who works a slow but inevitable retribution, took into his hands the winding up of this affair. The prince's days of passion were over; humanity gradually resumed its sway over him as his hair whitened with age. At the brink of the grave he felt a yearning towards the friend of his early youth. In order to repay, as far as possible, the gray-headed old man, for the injuries which had been heaped upon the youth, the prince, with friendly expressions, invited the exile to revisit his native land, towards which for some time past G———'s heart had secretly yearned. The meeting was extremely trying, though apparently warm and cordial, as if they had only separated a few days before. The prince looked earnestly at his favorite,

as if trying to recall features so well known to him, and yet so strange; he appeared as if numbering the deep furrows which he had himself so cruelly traced there. He looked searchingly in the old man's face for the beloved features of the youth, but found not what he sought. The welcome and the look of mutual confidence were evidently forced on both sides; shame on one side and dread on the other had forever separated their hearts. A sight which brought back to the prince's soul the full sense of his guilty precipitancy could not be gratifying to him, while G——— felt that he could no longer love the author of his misfortunes. Comforted, nevertheless, and in tranquillity, he looked back upon the past as the remembrance of a fearful dream.

In a short time G——— was reinstated in all his former dignities, and the prince smothered his feelings of secret repugnance by showering upon him the most splendid favors as some indemnification for the past. But could he also restore to him the heart which he had forever untuned for the enjoyment of life? Could he restore his years of hope? or make even a shadow of reparation to the stricken old man for what he had stolen from him in the days of his youth?

For nineteen years G——— continued to enjoy this clear, unruffled evening of his days. Neither misfortune nor age had been able to quench in him the fire of passion, nor wholly to obscure the genial humor of his character. In his seventieth year he was still in pursuit of the shadow of a happiness which he had actually possessed in his twentieth. He at length died governor of the fortress where state prisoners are confined. One would naturally have expected that towards these he would have exercised a humanity, the value of which he had been so thoroughly taught to appreciate in his own person; but he treated them with harshness and caprice; and a paroxysm of rage, in which he broke out against one of his prisoners, laid him in his coffin, in his eightieth year.

THE ROBBERS.

By Frederick Schiller

SCHILLER'S PREFACE.

AS PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE ROBBERS

PUBLISHED IN 1781.

Now first translated into English.

This play is to be regarded merely as a dramatic narrative in which, for the purpose of tracing out the innermost workings of the soul, advantage has been taken of the dramatic method, without otherwise conforming to the stringent rules of theatrical composition, or seeking the dubious advantage of stage adaptation. It must be admitted as somewhat inconsistent that three very remarkable people, whose acts are dependent on perhaps a thousand contingencies, should be completely developed within three hours, considering that it would scarcely be possible, in the ordinary course of events, that three such remarkable people should, even in twenty-four hours, fully reveal their characters to the most penetrating inquirer. A greater amount of incident is here crowded together than it was possible for me to confine within the narrow limits prescribed by Aristotle and Batteux.

It is, however, not so much the bulk of my play as its contents which banish it from the stage. Its scheme and economy require that several characters should appear who would offend the finer feelings of virtue and shock the delicacy of our manners. Every delineator of human character is placed in the same dilemma if he proposes to give a faithful picture of the world as it really is, and not an ideal phantasy, a mere creation of his own. It is the course of mortal things that

the good should be shadowed by the bad, and virtue shine the brightest when contrasted with vice. Whoever proposes to discourage vice and to vindicate religion, morality, and social order against their enemies, must unveil crime in all its deformity, and place it before the eyes of men in its colossal magnitude; he must diligently explore its dark mazes, and make himself familiar with sentiments at the wickedness of which his soul revolts.

Vice is here exposed in its innermost workings. In Francis it resolves all the confused terrors of conscience into wild abstractions, destroys virtuous sentiments by dissecting them, and holds up the earnest voice of religion to mockery and scorn. He who has gone so far (a distinction by no means enviable) as to quicken his understanding at the expense of his soul—to him the holiest things are no longer holy; to him God and man are alike indifferent, and both worlds are as nothing. Of such a monster I have endeavored to sketch a striking and lifelike portrait, to hold up to abhorrence all the machinery of his scheme of vice, and to test its strength by contrasting it with truth. How far my narrative is successful in accomplishing these objects the reader is left to judge. My conviction is that I have painted nature to the life.

Next to this man (Francis) stands another who would perhaps puzzle not a few of my readers. A mind for which the greatest crimes have only charms through the glory which attaches to them, the energy which their perpetration requires, and the dangers which attend them. A remarkable and important personage, abundantly endowed with the power of becoming either a Brutus or a Catiline, according as that power is directed. An unhappy conjunction of circumstances determines him to choose the latter for, his example, and it is only after a fearful straying that he is recalled to emulate the former. Erroneous notions of activity and power, an exuberance of strength which bursts through all the barriers of law, must of necessity conflict with the rules of social life. To these enthusiast dreams of greatness and efficiency it needed but a sarcastic bitterness against the unpoetic spirit of the age to complete the strange Don Quixote whom, in the Robber Moor, we at once detest and love, admire and pity. It is, I hope,

unnecessary to remark that I no more hold up this picture as a warning exclusively to robbers than the greatest Spanish satire was levelled exclusively at knight-errants.

It is nowadays so much the fashion to be witty at the expense of religion that a man will hardly pass for a genius if he does not allow his impious satire to run a tilt at its most sacred truths. The noble simplicity of holy writ must needs be abused and turned into ridicule at the daily assemblies of the so-called wits; for what is there so holy and serious that will not raise a laugh if a false sense be attached to it? Let me hope that I shall have rendered no inconsiderable service to the cause of true religion and morality in holding up these wanton misbelievers to the detestation of society, under the form of the most despicable robbers.

But still more. I have made these said immoral characters to stand out favorably in particular points, and even in some measure to compensate by qualities of the head for what they are deficient in those of the heart. Herein I have done no more than literally copy nature. Every man, even the most depraved, bears in some degree the impress of the Almighty's image, and perhaps the greatest villain is not farther removed from the most upright man than the petty offender; for the moral forces keep even pace with the powers of the mind, and the greater the capacity bestowed on man, the greater and more enormous becomes his misapplication of it; the more responsible is he for his errors.

The "Adramelech" of Klopstock (in his Messiah) awakens in us a feeling in which admiration is blended with detestation. We follow Milton's Satan with shuddering wonder through the pathless realms of chaos. The Medea of the old dramatists is, in spite of all her crimes, a great and wondrous woman, and Shakespeare's Richard III. is sure to excite the admiration of the reader, much as he would hate the reality. If it is to be my task to portray men as they are, I must at the same time include their good qualities, of which even the most vicious are never totally destitute. If I would warn mankind against the tiger, I must not omit

to describe his glossy, beautifully-marked skin, lest, owing to this omission, the ferocious animal should not be recognized till too late. Besides this, a man who is so utterly depraved as to be without a single redeeming point is no meet subject for art, and would disgust rather than excite the interest of the reader; who would turn over with impatience the pages which concern him. A noble soul can no more endure a succession of moral discords than the musical ear the grating of knives upon glass.

And for this reason I should have been ill-advised in attempting to bring my drama on the stage. A certain strength of mind is required both on the part of the poet and the reader; in the former that he may not disguise vice, in the latter that he may not suffer brilliant qualities to beguile him into admiration of what is essentially detestable. Whether the author has fulfilled his duty he leaves others to judge, that his readers will perform theirs he by no means feels assured. The vulgar—among whom I would not be understood to mean merely the rabble—the vulgar I say (between ourselves) extend their influence far around, and unfortunately—set the fashion. Too shortsighted to reach my full meaning, too narrow-minded to comprehend the largeness of my views, too disingenuous to admit my moral aim—they will, I fear, almost frustrate my good intentions, and pretend to discover in my work an apology for the very vice which it has been my object to condemn, and will perhaps make the poor poet, to whom anything rather than justice is usually accorded, responsible for his simplicity.

Thus we have a *Da capo* of the old story of Democritus and the Abderitans, and our worthy Hippocrates would needs exhaust whole plantations of hellebore, were it proposed to remedy this mischief by a healing decoction.

[This alludes to the fable amusingly recorded by Wieland in his *Geschichte der Abderiten*. The Abderitans, who were a byword among the ancients for their extreme simplicity, are said to have sent express for Hipocrates to cure their great townsman Democritus, whom they believed to be out of his senses, because his sayings were beyond their comprehension. Hippocrates, on conversing with Democritus, having at

once discovered that the cause lay with themselves, assembled the senate and principal inhabitants in the market-place with the promise of instructing them in the cure of Democritus. He then banteringly advised them to import six shiploads of hellebore of the very best quality, and on its arrival to distribute it among the citizens, at least seven pounds per head, but to the senators double that quantity, as they were bound to have an extra supply of sense. By the time these worthies discovered that they had been laughed at, Hippocrates was out of their reach. The story in Wieland is infinitely more amusing than this short quotation from memory enables me to show. H. G. B.]

Let as many friends of truth as you will, instruct their fellow-citizens in the pulpit and on the stage, the vulgar will never cease to be vulgar, though the sun and moon may change their course, and "heaven and earth wax old as a garment." Perhaps, in order to please tender-hearted people, I might have been less true to nature; but if a certain beetle, of whom we have all heard, could extract filth even from pearls, if we have examples that fire has destroyed and water deluged, shall therefore pearls, fire, and water be condemned. In consequence of the remarkable catastrophe which ends my play, I may justly claim for it a place among books of morality, for crime meets at last with the punishment it deserves; the lost one enters again within the pale of the law, and virtue is triumphant. Whoever will but be courteous enough towards me to read my work through with a desire to understand it, from him I may expect—not that he will admire the poet, but that he will esteem the honest man. SCHILLER. EASTER FAIR, 1781.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ROBBERS.

AS COMMUNICATED BY SCHILLER TO DALBERG IN 1781, AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN USED AS A PROLOGUE.

—This has never before been printed with any of the editions.—

The picture of a great, misguided soul, endowed with every gift of excellence; yet lost in spite of all its gifts! Unbridled passions and bad companionship corrupt his heart, urge him on from crime to crime, until at last he stands at the head of a band of murderers, heaps horror upon horror, and plunges from precipice to precipice into the lowest depths of despair. Great and majestic in misfortune, by misfortune reclaimed, and led back to the paths of virtue. Such a man shall you pity and hate, abhor yet love, in the Robber Moor. You will likewise see a juggling, fiendish knave unmasked and blown to atoms in his own mines; a fond, weak, and over-indulgent father; the sorrows of too enthusiastic love, and the tortures of ungoverned passion. Here, too, you will witness, not without a shudder, the interior economy of vice; and from the stage be taught how all the tinsel of fortune fails to smother the inward worm; and how terror, anguish, remorse, and despair tread close on the footsteps of guilt. Let the spectator weep to-day at our exhibition, and tremble, and learn to bend his passions to the laws of religion and reason; let the youth behold with alarm the consequences of unbridled excess; nor let the man depart without imbibing the lesson that the invisible band of Providence makes even villains the instruments of its designs and judgments, and can marvellously unravel the most intricate perplexities of fate.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The eight hundred copies of the first edition of my ROBBERS were exhausted before all the admirers of the piece were supplied. A second was therefore undertaken, which has been improved by greater care in printing, and by the omission of those equivocal sentences which were offensive to the more fastidious part of the public. Such an alteration, however, in the construction of the play as should satisfy all the wishes of my friends and critics has not been my object.

In this second edition the several songs have been arranged for the pianoforte, which will enhance its value to the musical part of the public. I am indebted for this to an able composer,* who has performed his task in so masterly a manner that the hearer is not unlikely to forget the poet in the melody of the musician.

DR. SCHILLER.

STUTTGART, Jan. 5, 1782.

* Alluding to his friend Zumsteeg.—ED.

THE ROBBERS.

A TRAGEDY.

"Quae medicamenta non sanant, ferrum sanat; quae ferrum non sanat, ignis sanat."—HIPPOCRATES.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MAXIMILIAN, COUNT VON MOOR.

CHARLES, |
FRANCIS, | his Sons.
AMELIA VON EDELREICH, his Niece.
SPIEGELBERG, |
SCHWEITZER, |
GRIMM, |
RAZMANN, | Libertines, afterwards Banditti
SCHUFTERLE, |
ROLLER, |
KOSINSKY, |
SCHWARTZ, |
HERMANN, the natural son of a Nobleman.
DANIEL, an old Servant of Count von Moor.
PASTOR MOSER.
FATHER DOMINIC, a Monk.
BAND OF ROBBERS, SERVANTS, ETC.

The scene is laid in Germany. Period of action about two years.

THE ROBBERS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Franconia.

Apartment in the Castle of COUNT MOOR.

FRANCIS, OLD MOOR.

FRANCIS. But are you really well, father? You look so pale.

OLD MOOR. Quite well, my son—what have you to tell me?

FRANCIS. The post is arrived—a letter from our correspondent at Leipsic.

OLD M. (eagerly). Any tidings of my son Charles?

FRANCIS. Hem! Hem!—Why, yes. But I fear—I know not—whether I dare—your health.—Are you really quite well, father?

OLD M. As a fish in water.* Does he write of my son? What means this anxiety about my health? You have asked me that question twice.

[*This is equivalent to our English saying "As sound as a roach."]

FRANCIS. If you are unwell—or are the least apprehensive of being so—

permit me to defer—I will speak to you at a fitter season.—(Half aside.) These are no tidings for a feeble frame.

OLD M. Gracious Heavens? what am I doomed to hear?

FRANCIS. First let me retire and shed a tear of compassion for my lost brother. Would that my lips might be forever sealed—for he is your son! Would that I could throw an eternal veil over his shame—for he is my brother! But to obey you is my first, though painful, duty—forgive me, therefore.

OLD M. Oh, Charles! Charles! Didst thou but know what thorns thou plantest in thy father's bosom! That one gladdening report of thee would add ten years to my life! yes, bring back my youth! whilst now, alas, each fresh intelligence but hurries me a step nearer to the grave!

FRANCIS. Is it so, old man, then farewell! for even this very day we might all have to tear our hair over your coffin.*

[* This idiom is very common in Germany, and is used to express affliction.]

OLD M. Stay! There remains but one short step more—let him have his will! (He sits down.) The sins of the father shall be visited unto the third and fourth generation—let him fulfil the decree.

FRANCIS (takes the letter out of his pocket). You know our correspondent! See! I would give a finger of my right hand might I pronounce him a liar—a base and slanderous liar! Compose yourself! Forgive me if I do not let you read the letter yourself. You cannot, must not, yet know all.

OLD M. All, all, my son. You will but spare me crutches.*

[* *Du ersparst mir die Krucke*; meaning that the contents of the letter can but shorten his declining years, and so spare him the necessity of

crutches.]

FRANCIS (reads). "Leipsic, May 1. Were I not bound by an inviolable promise to conceal nothing from you, not even the smallest particular, that I am able to collect, respecting your brother's career, never, my dearest friend, should my guiltless pen become an instrument of torture to you. I can gather from a hundred of your letters how tidings such as these must pierce your fraternal heart. It seems to me as though I saw thee, for the sake of this worthless, this detestable"—(OLD M. covers his face). Oh! my father, I am only reading you the mildest passages— "this detestable man, shedding a thousand tears." Alas! mine flowed—ay, gushed in torrents over these pitying cheeks. "I already picture to myself your aged pious father, pale as death." Good Heavens! and so you are, before you have heard anything.

OLD M. Go on! Go on!

FRANCIS. "Pale as death, sinking down on his chair, and cursing the day when his ear was first greeted with the lisping cry of 'Father!' I have not yet been able to discover all, and of the little I do know I dare tell you only a part. Your brother now seems to have filled up the measure of his infamy. I, at least, can imagine nothing beyond what he has already accomplished; but possibly his genius may soar above my conceptions. After having contracted debts to the amount of forty thousand ducats,"—a good round sum for pocket-money, father" and having dishonored the daughter of a rich banker, whose affianced lover, a gallant youth of rank, he mortally wounded in a duel, he yesterday, in the dead of night, took the desperate resolution of absconding from the arm of justice, with seven companions whom he had corrupted to his own vicious courses." Father? for heaven's sake, father! How do you feel?

OLD M. Enough. No more, my son, no more!

FRANCIS. I will spare your feelings. "The injured cry aloud for satisfaction. Warrants have been issued for his apprehension—a price is set on his head—the

name of Moor"—No, these unhappy lips shall not be guilty of a father's murder (he tears the letter). Believe it not, my father, believe not a syllable.

OLD M. (weeps bitterly). My name—my unsullied name!

FRANCIS (throws himself on his neck). Infamous! most infamous Charles! Oh, had I not my forebodings, when, even as a boy, he would scamper after the girls, and ramble about over hill and common with ragamuffin boys and all the vilest rabble; when he shunned the very sight of a church as a malefactor shuns a gaol, and would throw the pence he had wrung from your bounty into the hat of the first beggar he met, whilst we at home were edifying ourselves with devout prayers and pious homilies? Had I not my misgivings when he gave himself up to reading the adventures of Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, and other benighted heathens, in preference to the history of the penitent Tobias? A hundred times over have I warned you—for my brotherly affection was ever kept in subjection to filial duty—that this forward youth would one day bring sorrow and disgrace on us all. Oh that he bore not the name of Moor! that my heart beat less warmly for him! This sinful affection, which I can not overcome, will one day rise up against me before the judgment-seat of heaven.

OLD M. Oh! my prospects! my golden dreams!

FRANCIS. Ay, well I knew it. Exactly what I always feared. That fiery spirit, you used to say, which is kindling in the boy, and renders him so susceptible to impressions of the beautiful and grand—the ingenuousness which reveals his whole soul in his eyes—the tenderness of feeling which melts him into weeping sympathy at every tale of sorrow—the manly courage which impels him to the summit of giant oaks, and urges him over fosse and palisade and foaming torrents—that youthful thirst of honor—that unconquerable resolution—all those resplendent virtues which in the father's darling gave such promise— would ripen into the warm and sincere friend—the excellent citizen—the hero—the great, the very great man! Now, mark the result, father; the fiery spirit has developed itself—expanded—and behold its precious fruits. Observe this

ingenuousness—how nicely it has changed into effrontery;—this tenderness of soul—how it displays itself in dalliance with coquettes, in susceptibility to the blandishments of a courtesan! See this fiery genius, how in six short years it hath burnt out the oil of life, and reduced his body to a living skeleton; so that passing scoffers point at him with a sneer and exclaim—"*C'est l'amour qui a fait cela.*" Behold this bold, enterprising spirit—how it conceives and executes plans, compared to which the deeds of a Cartouche or a Howard sink into insignificance. And presently, when these precious germs of excellence shall ripen into full maturity, what may not be expected from the full development of such a boyhood? Perhaps, father, you may yet live to see him at the head of some gallant band, which assembles in the silent sanctuary of the forest, and kindly relieves the weary traveller of his superfluous burden. Perhaps you may yet have the opportunity, before you go to your own tomb, of making a pilgrimage to the monument which he may erect for himself, somewhere between earth and heaven! Perhaps,—oh, father—father, look out for some other name, or the very peddlers and street boys who have seen the effigy of your worthy son exhibited in the market-place at Leipsic will point at you with the finger of scorn!

OLD M. And thou, too, my Francis, thou too? Oh, my children, how unerringly your shafts are levelled at my heart.

FRANCIS. You see that I too have a spirit; but my spirit bears the sting of a scorpion. And then it was "the dry commonplace, the cold, the wooden Francis," and all the pretty little epithets which the contrast between us suggested to your fatherly affection, when he was sitting on your knee, or playfully patting your cheeks? "He would die, forsooth, within the boundaries of his own domain, moulder away, and soon be forgotten;" while the fame of this universal genius would spread from pole to pole! Ah! the cold, dull, wooden Francis thanks thee, heaven, with uplifted hands, that he bears no resemblance to his brother.

OLD M. Forgive me, my child! Reproach not thy unhappy father, whose fondest hopes have proved visionary. The merciful God who, through Charles,

has sent these tears, will, through thee, my Francis, wipe them from my eyes!

FRANCIS. Yes, father, we will wipe them from your eyes. Your Francis will devote—his life to prolong yours. (Taking his hand with affected tenderness.) Your life is the oracle which I will especially consult on every undertaking—the mirror in which I will contemplate everything. No duty so sacred but I am ready to violate it for the preservation of your precious days. You believe me?

OLD M. Great are the duties which devolve on thee, my son—Heaven bless thee for what thou has been, and wilt be to me.

FRANCIS. Now tell me frankly, father. Should you not be a happy man, were you not obliged to call this son your own?

OLD M. In mercy, spare me! When the nurse first placed him in my arms, I held him up to Heaven and exclaimed, "Am I not truly blest?"

FRANCIS. So you said then. Now, have you found it so? You may envy the meanest peasant on your estate in this, that he is not the father of such a son. So long as you call him yours you are wretched. Your misery will grow with his years—it will lay you in your grave.

OLD M. Oh! he has already reduced me to the decrepitude of fourscore.

FRANCIS. Well, then—suppose you were to disown this son.

OLD M. (startled). Francis! Francis! what hast thou said!

FRANCIS. Is not your love for him the source of all your grief? Root out this love, and he concerns you no longer. But for this weak and reprehensible affection he would be dead to you;—as though he had never been born. It is not flesh and blood, it is the heart that makes us sons and fathers! Love him no more, and this monster ceases to be your son, though he were cut out of your flesh. He has till now been the apple of your eye; but if thine eye offend you, says

Scripture, pluck it out. It is better to enter heaven with one eye than hell with two! "It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." These are the words of the Bible!

OLD M. Wouldst thou have me curse my son?

FRANCIS. By no means, father. God forbid! But whom do you call your son? Him to whom you have given life, and who in return does his utmost to shorten yours.

OLD M. Oh, it is all too true! it is a judgment upon me. The Lord has chosen him as his instrument.

FRANCIS. See how filially your bosom child behaves. He destroys you by your own excess of paternal sympathy; murders you by means of the very love you bear him—has coiled round a father's heart to crush it. When you are laid beneath the turf he becomes lord of your possessions, and master of his own will. That barrier removed, and the torrent of his profligacy will rush on without control. Imagine yourself in his place. How often he must wish his father underground—and how often, too, his brother—who so unmercifully impede the free course of his excesses. But call you this a requital of love? Is this filial gratitude for a father's tenderness? to sacrifice ten years of your life to the lewd pleasures of an hour? in one voluptuous moment to stake the honor of an ancestry which has stood unspotted through seven centuries? Do you call this a son? Answer? Do you call this your son?

OLD M. An undutiful son! Alas! but still my child! my child!

FRANCIS. A most amiable and precious child—whose constant study is to get rid of his father. Oh, that you could learn to see clearly! that the film might be removed from your eyes! But your indulgence must confirm him in his vices! your assistance tend to justify them. Doubtless you will avert the curse of Heaven from his head, but on your own, father—on yours—will it fall with

twofold vengeance.

OLD M. Just! most just! Mine, mine be all the guilt!

FRANCIS. How many thousands who have drained the voluptuous bowl of pleasure to the dregs have been reclaimed by suffering! And is not the bodily pain which follows every excess a manifest declaration of the divine will! And shall man dare to thwart this by an impious exercise of affection? Shall a father ruin forever the pledge committed to his charge? Consider, father, if you abandon him for a time to the pressure of want will not he be obliged to turn from his wickedness and repent? Otherwise, untaught even in the great school of adversity, he must remain a confirmed reprobate? And then—woe to the father who by a culpable tenderness hath frustrated the ordinances of a higher wisdom! Well, father?

OLD M. I will write to him that I withdraw my protection.

FRANCIS. That would be wise and prudent.

OLD M. That he must never come into my sight again

FRANCIS. 'Twill have a most salutary effect.

OLD M. (tenderly). Until he reforms.

FRANCIS. Right, quite right. But suppose that he comes disguised in the hypocrite's mask, implores your compassion with tears, and wheedles from you a pardon, then quits you again on the morrow, and jests at your weakness in the arms of his harlot. No, my father! He will return of his own accord, when his conscience awakens him to repentance.

OLD M. I will write to him, on the spot, to that effect.

FRANCIS. Stop, father, one word more. Your just indignation might prompt reproaches too severe, words which might break his heart—and then—do you

not think that your deigning to write with your own hand might be construed into an act of forgiveness? It would be better, I think, that you should commit the task to me?

OLD M. Do it, my son. Ah! it would, indeed, have broken my heart!
Write to him that—

FRANCIS (quickly). That's agreed, then?

OLD M. Say that he has caused me a thousand bitter tears—a thousand sleepless nights—but, oh! do not drive my son to despair!

FRANCIS. Had you not better retire to rest, father? This affects you too strongly.

OLD M. Write to him that a father's heart—But I charge you, drive him not to despair. [Exit in sadness.]

FRANCIS (looking after him with a chuckle). Make thyself easy, old dotard! thou wilt never more press thy darling to thy bosom—there is a gulf between thee and him impassable as heaven is from hell. He was torn from thy arms before even thou couldst have dreamed it possible to decree the separation. Why, what a sorry bungler should I be had I not skill enough to pluck a son from a father's heart; ay, though he were riveted there with hooks of steel! I have drawn around thee a magic circle of curses which he cannot overleap. Good speed to thee, Master Francis. Papa's darling is disposed of—the course is clear. I must carefully pick up all the scraps of paper, for how easily might my handwriting be recognized. (He gathers the fragments of the letter.) And grief will soon make an end of the old gentleman. And as for her— I must tear this Charles from her heart, though half her life come with him.

No small cause have I for being dissatisfied with Dame Nature, and, by my honor, I will have amends! Why did I not crawl the first from my mother's womb? why not the only one? why has she heaped on me this burden of

deformity? on me especially? Just as if she had spawned me from her refuse.* Why to me in particular this snub of the Laplander? these negro lips? these Hottentot eyes? On my word, the lady seems to have collected from all the race of mankind whatever was loathsome into a heap, and kneaded the mass into my particular person. Death and destruction! who empowered her to deny to me what she accorded to him? Could a man pay his court to her before he was born? or offend her before he existed? Why went she to work in such a partial spirit?

No! no! I do her injustice—she bestowed inventive faculty, and set us naked and helpless on the shore of this great ocean, the world—let those swim who can—the heavy** may sink. To me she gave naught else, and how to make the best use of my endowment is my present business. Men's natural rights are equal; claim is met by claim, effort by effort, and force by force—right is with the strongest—the limits of our power constitute our laws.

It is true there are certain organized conventions, which men have devised to keep up what is called the social compact. Honor! truly a very convenient coin, which those who know how to pass it may lay out with great advantage.*** Conscience! oh yes, a useful scarecrow to frighten sparrows away from cherry-trees; it is something like a fairly written bill of exchange with which your bankrupt merchant staves off the evil day.

* See Richard III., Act I, Sc. 1, line 17.

**Heavy is used in a double meaning; the German word is plump, which Means lumpish clumsy awkward.

***So Falstaff, Hen. IV., Pt. I., Act V., Sc. 1, "Honor is a mere scutcheon."

Well! these are all most admirable institutions for keeping fools in awe, and holding the mob underfoot, that the cunning may live the more at their ease. Rare institutions, doubtless. They are something like the fences my boors plant

so closely to keep out the hares—yes I' faith, not a hare can trespass on the enclosure, but my lord claps spurs to his hunter, and away he gallops over the teeming harvest!

Poor hare! thou playest but a sorry part in this world's drama, but your worshipful lords must needs have hares!

*[This may help to illustrate a passage in Shakespeare which puzzles the commentators—"Cupid is a good hare-finder."—Much ADO, Act I., Sc. 1.

The hare, in Germany, is considered an emblem of abject submission and cowardice. The word may also be rendered "Simpleton," "Sawney," or any other of the numerous epithets which imply a soft condition.]

Then courage, and onward, Francis. The man who fears nothing is as powerful as he who is feared by everybody. It is now the mode to wear buckles on your smallclothes, that you may loosen or tighten them at pleasure. I will be measured for a conscience after the newest fashion, one that will stretch handsomely as occasion may require. Am I to blame? It is the tailor's affair? I have heard a great deal of twaddle about the so-called ties of blood—enough to make a sober man beside himself. He is your brother, they say; which interpreted, means that he was manufactured in the same mould, and for that reason he must needs be sacred in your eyes! To what absurd conclusions must this notion of a sympathy of souls, derived from the propinquity of bodies, inevitably tend? A common source of being is to produce community of sentiment; identity of matter, identity of impulse! Then again,—he is thy father! He gave thee life, thou art his flesh and blood—and therefore he must be sacred to thee! Again a most inconsequential deduction! I should like to know why he begot me;** certainly not out of love for me—for I must first have existed!

**[The reader of Sterne will remember a very similar passage in the first chapter of Tristram Shandy.]

Could he know me before I had being, or did he think of me during my begetting? or did he wish for me at the moment? Did he know what I should be? If so I would not advise him to acknowledge it or I should pay him off for his feat. Am I to be thankful to him that I am a man? As little as I should have had a right to blame him if he had made me a woman. Can I acknowledge an affection which is not based on any personal regard? Could personal regard be present before the existence of its object? In what, then, consists the sacredness of paternity? Is it in the act itself out of which existence arose? as though this were aught else than an animal process to appease animal desires. Or does it lie, perhaps, in the result of this act, which is nothing more after all than one of iron necessity, and which men would gladly dispense with, were it not at the cost of flesh and blood? Do I then owe him thanks for his affection? Why, what is it but a piece of vanity, the besetting sin of the artist who admires his own works, however hideous they may be? Look you, this is the whole juggle, wrapped up in a mystic veil to work on our fears. And shall I, too, be fooled like an infant? Up then! and to thy work manfully. I will root up from my path whatever obstructs my progress towards becoming the master. Master I must be, that I may extort by force what I cannot win by affection.*

*[This soliloquy in some parts resembles that of Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Shakespeare's Henry VI., Act V. Sc. 6.]

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Tavern on the Frontier of Saxony.

CHARLES VON MOOR intent on a book; SPIEGELBERG drinking at the table.

CHARLES VON M. (lays the book aside). I am disgusted with this age of puny scribblers when I read of great men in my Plutarch.

SPIEGEL. (places a glass before him, and drinks). Josephus is the book you should read.

CHARLES VON M. The glowing spark of Prometheus is burnt out, and now they substitute for it the flash of lycopodium,* a stage-fire which will not so much as light a pipe. The present generation may be compared to rats crawling about the club of Hercules.**

*[Lycopodium (in German Barlappen-mehl), vulgarly known as the Devil's Puff-ball or Witchmeal, is used on the stage, as well in England as on the continent, to produce flashes of fire. It is made of the pollen of common club moss, or wolf's claw (*Lycopodium clavatum*), the capsules of which contain a highly inflammable powder. Translators have uniformly failed in rendering this passage.]

**[This simile brings to mind Shakespeare's:

"We petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about."
JULIUS CAESAR, Act I., Sc. 2.]

A French abbe lays it down that Alexander was a poltroon; a phthisicky professor, holding at every word a bottle of sal volatile to his nose, lectures on strength. Fellows who faint at the veriest trifle criticise the tactics of Hannibal; whimpering boys store themselves with phrases out of the slaughter at Canna; and blubber over the victories of Scipio, because they are obliged to construe them.

SPIEGEL. Spouted in true Alexandrian style.

CHARLES VON M. A brilliant reward for your sweat in the battle-field truly to have your existence perpetuated in gymnasiums, and your immortality laboriously dragged about in a schoolboy's satchel. A precious recompense for your lavished blood to be wrapped round gingerbread by some Nuremberg chandler, or, if you have great luck, to be screwed upon stilts by a French playwright, and be made to move on wires! Ha, ha, ha!

SPIEGEL. (drinks). Read Josephus, I tell you.

CHARLES VON M. Fie! fie upon this weak, effeminate age, fit for nothing but to ponder over the deeds of former times, and torture the heroes of antiquity with commentaries, or mangle them in tragedies. The vigor of its loins is dried up, and the propagation of the human species has become dependent on potations of malt liquor.

SPIEGEL. Tea, brother! tea!

CHARLES VON M. They curb honest nature with absurd conventionalities; have scarcely the heart to charge a glass, because they are tasked to drink a health in it; fawn upon the lackey that he may put in a word for them with His Grace, and bully the unfortunate wight from whom they have nothing to fear.

They worship any one for a dinner, and are just as ready to poison him should he chance to outbid them for a feather-bed at an auction. They damn the Sadducee who fails to come regularly to church, although their own devotion consists in reckoning up their usurious gains at the very altar. They cast themselves on their knees that they may have an opportunity of displaying their mantles, and hardly take their eyes off the parson from their anxiety to see how his wig is frizzled. They swoon at the sight of a bleeding goose, yet clap their hands with joy when they see their rival driven bankrupt from the Exchange. Warmly as I pressed their hands,—“Only one more day.” In vain! To prison with the dog! Entreaties! Vows! Tears! (stamping the ground). Hell and the devil!

SPIEGEL. And all for a few thousand paltry ducats!

CHARLES VON M. No, I hate to think of it. Am I to squeeze my body into stays, and straight-lace my will in the trammels of law. What might have risen to an eagle's flight has been reduced to a snail's pace by law. Never yet has law formed a great man; 'tis liberty that breeds giants and heroes. Oh! that the spirit of Herman* still glowed in his ashes!

*[Herman is the German for Armin or Arminius, the celebrated deliverer of Germany from the Roman yoke. See Menzel's History, vol. i., p. 85, etc.]

Set me at the head of an army of fellows like myself, and out of Germany shall spring a republic compared to which Rome and Sparta will be but as nunneries. (Rises and flings his sword upon the table.)

SPIEGEL. (jumping up). Bravo! Bravissimo! you are coming to the right key now. I have something for your ear, Moor, which has long been on my mind, and you are the very man for it—drink, brother, drink! What if we turned Jews and brought the kingdom of Jerusalem again on the tapis? But tell me is it not a clever scheme? We send forth a manifesto to the four quarters of the world, and summon to Palestine all that do not eat Swineflesh. Then I prove by

incontestable documents that Herod the Tetrarch was my direct ancestor, and so forth. There will be a victory, my fine fellow, when they return and are restored to their lands, and are able to rebuild Jerusalem. Then make a clean sweep of the Turks out of Asia while the iron is hot, hew cedars in Lebanon, build ships, and then the whole nation shall chaffer with old clothes and old lace throughout the world. Meanwhile—

CHARLES VON M. (smiles and takes him by the hand). Comrade! There must be an end now of our fooleries.

SPIEGEL. (with surprise). Fie! you are not going to play the prodigal son!—a fellow like you who with his sword has scratched more hieroglyphics on other men's faces than three quill-drivers could inscribe in their daybooks in a leap-year! Shall I tell you the story of the great dog funeral? Ha! I must just bring back your own picture to your mind; that will kindle fire in your veins, if nothing else has power to inspire you. Do you remember how the heads of the college caused your dog's leg to be shot off, and you, by way of revenge, proclaimed a fast through the whole town? They fumed and fretted at your edict. But you, without losing time, ordered all the meat to be bought up in Leipsic, so that in the course of eight hours there was not a bone left to pick all over the place, and even fish began to rise in price. The magistrates and the town council vowed vengeance. But we students turned out lustily, seventeen hundred of us, with you at our head, and butchers and tailors and haberdashers at our backs, besides publicans, barbers, and rabble of all sorts, swearing that the town should be sacked if a single hair of a student's head was injured. And so the affair went off like the shooting at Hornberg,* and they were obliged to be off with their tails between their legs.

*[The "shooting at Hornberg" is a proverbial expression in Germany for any expedition from which, through lack of courage, the parties retire without firing a shot.]

You sent for doctors—a whole posse of them—and offered three ducats to any

one who would write a prescription for your dog. We were afraid the gentlemen would stand too much upon honor and refuse, and had already made up our minds to use force. But this was quite unnecessary; the doctors got to fisticuffs for the three ducats, and their competition brought down the price to three groats; in the course of an hour a dozen prescriptions were written, of which, of course, the poor beast very soon died.

CHARLES VON M. The vile rascals.

SPIEGEL. The funeral procession was arranged with all due pomp; odes for the dog were indited by the gross; and at night we all turned out, near a thousand of us, a lantern in one hand and our rapier in the other, and so proceeded through the town, the bells chiming and ringing, till the dog was entombed. Then came a feed which lasted till broad daylight, when you sent your acknowledgments to the college dons for their kind sympathy, and ordered the meat to be sold at half-price. *Mort de ma vie*, if we had not as great a respect for you as a garrison for the conqueror of a fortress.

CHARLES VON M. And are you not ashamed to boast of these things? Have you not shame enough in you to blush even at the recollection of such pranks?

SPIEGEL. Come, come! You are no longer the same Moor. Do you remember how, a thousand times, bottle in hand, you made game of the miserly old governor, bidding him by all means rake and scrape together as much as he could, for that you would swill it all down your throat? Don't you remember, eh? —don't you remember?' O you good-for-nothing, miserable braggart! that was speaking like a man, and a gentleman, but—

CHARLES VON M. A curse on you for reminding me of it! A curse on myself for what I said! But it was done in the fumes of wine, and my heart knew not what my tongue uttered.

SPIEGEL. (shakes his head). No, no! that cannot be! Impossible, brother! You

are not in earnest! Tell me! most sweet brother, is it not poverty which has brought you to this mood? Come! let me tell you a little story of my youthful days. There was a ditch close to my house, eight feet wide at the least, which we boys were trying to leap over for a wager. But it was no go. Splash! there you lay sprawling, amidst hisses and roars of laughter, and a relentless shower of snowballs. By the side of my house a hunter's dog was lying chained, a savage beast, which would catch the girls by their petticoats with the quickness of lightning if they incautiously passed too near him. Now it was my greatest delight to tease this brute in every possible way; and it was enough to make one burst with laughing to see the beast fix his eyes on me with such fierceness that he seemed ready to tear me to pieces if he could but get at me. Well, what happened? Once, when I was amusing myself in this manner, I hit him such a bang in the ribs with a stone that in his fury he broke loose and ran right upon me. I tore away like lightning, but—devil take it!—that confounded ditch lay right in my way. What was to be done? The dog was close at my heels and quite furious; there was no time to deliberate. I took a spring and cleared the ditch. To that leap I was indebted for life and limb; the beast would have torn me to atoms.

CHARLES VON M. And to what does all this tend?

SPIEGEL. To this—that you may be taught that strength grows with the occasion. For which reason I never despair even when things are the worst. Courage grows with danger. Powers of resistance increase by pressure. It is evident by the obstacles she strews in my path that fate must have designed me for a great man.

CHARLES VON M. (angrily). I am not aware of anything for which we still require courage, and have not already shown it.

SPIEGEL. Indeed! And so you mean to let your gifts go to waste? To bury your talent? Do you think your paltry achievements at Leipsic amount to the *ne plus ultra* of genius? Let us but once get to the great world—Paris and London! where you get your ears boxed if you salute a man as honest. It is a real jubilee

to practise one's handicraft there on a grand scale. How you will stare! How you will open your eyes! to see signatures forged; dice loaded; locks picked, and strong boxes gutted; all that you shall learn of Spiegelberg! The rascal deserves to be hanged on the first gallows that would rather starve than manipulate with his fingers.

CHARLES VON M. (in a fit of absence). How now? I should not wonder if your proficiency went further still.

SPIEGEL. I begin to think you mistrust me. Only wait till I have grown warm at it; you shall see wonders; your little brain shall whirl clean round in your pericranium when my teeming wit is delivered. (He rises excited.) How it clears up within me! Great thoughts are dawning in on my soul! Gigantic plans are fermenting in my creative brain. Cursed lethargy (striking his forehead), which has hitherto enchained my faculties, cramped and fettered my prospects! I awake; I feel what I am—and what I am to be!

CHARLES VON M. You are a fool! The wine is swaggering in your brain.

SPIEGEL. (more excited). Spiegelberg, they will say, art thou a magician, Spiegelberg? 'Tis a pity, the king will say, that thou wert not made a general, Spiegelberg, thou wouldst have thrust the Austrians through a buttonhole. Yes, I hear the doctors lamenting, 'tis a crying shame that he was not bred to medicine, he would have discovered the *elixir vitae*. Ay, and that he did not take to financiering, the Sullys will deplore in their cabinets,—he would have turned flints into louis-d'ors by his magic. And Spiegelberg will be the word from east to west; then down into the dirt with you, ye cowards, ye reptiles, while Spiegelberg soars with outspread wings to the temple of everlasting fame.

CHARLES VON M. A pleasant journey to you! I leave you to climb to the summit of glory on the pillars of infamy. In the shade of my ancestral groves, in the arms of my Amelia, a nobler joy awaits me. I have already, last week, written to my father to implore his forgiveness, and have not concealed the least circumstance from him; and where there is sincerity there is compassion and help. Let us take leave of each other, Moritz. After this day we shall meet no more. The post has arrived. My father's forgiveness must already be within the walls of this town.

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHUFTERLE, and RAZMAN.

ROLLER. Are you aware that they are on our track!

GRIMM. That we are not for a moment safe from being taken?

CHARLES VON M. I don't wonder at it. It must be as it will! Have none of you seen Schwarz? Did he say anything about having a letter for me?

ROLLER. He has been long in search of you on some such errand, I suspect.

CHARLES VON M. Where is he? where, where? (is about to rush off in haste).

ROLLER. Stay! we have appointed him to come here. You tremble?

CHARLES VON M. I do not tremble. Why should I tremble? Comrades, this letter—rejoice with me! I am the happiest man under the sun; why should I tremble?

Enter SCHWARZ.

CHARLES VON M. (rushes towards him). Brother, brother! the letter, the letter!

SCHW. (gives him a letter, which he opens hastily). What's the matter? You have grown as pale as a whitewashed wall!

CHARLES VON M. My brother's hand!

SCHW. What the deuce is Spiegelberg about there?

GRIMM. The fellow's mad. He jumps about as if he had St. Vitus' dance.

SCHUF. His wits are gone a wool gathering! He's making verses, I'll be sworn!

RAZ. Spiegelberg! Ho! Spiegelberg! The brute does not hear.

GRIMM. (shakes him). Hallo! fellow! are you dreaming? or—

SPIEGEL. (who has all this time been making gestures in a corner of the room, as if working out some great project, jumps up wildly). Your money or your life! (He catches SCHWEITZER by the throat, who very coolly flings him against the wall; Moor drops the letter and rushes out. A general sensation.)

ROLLER. (calling after him). Moor! where are you going? What's the matter?

GRIMM. What ails him? What has he been doing? He is as pale as death.

SCHW. He must have got strange news. Just let us see!

ROLLER. (picks up the letter from the ground, and reads). "Unfortunate brother!"—a pleasant beginning—"I have only briefly to inform you that you have nothing more to hope for. You may go, your father directs me to tell you, wherever your own vicious propensities lead. Nor are you to entertain, he says, any hope of ever gaining pardon by weeping at his feet, unless you are prepared to fare upon bread and water in the lowest dungeon of his castle until your hair shall outgrow eagles' feathers, and your nails the talons of a vulture. These are his very words. He commands me to close the letter. Farewell forever! I pity you.

"FRANCIS VON MOOR"

SCHW. A most amiable and loving brother, in good truth! And the scoundrel's name is Francis.

SPIEGEL. (slinking forward). Bread and water! Is that it? A temperate diet! But I have made a better provision for you. Did I not say that I should have to think for you all at last?

SCHWEIT. What does the blockhead say! The jackass is going to think for us all!

SPIEGEL. Cowards, cripples, lame dogs are ye all if you have not courage enough to venture upon something great.

ROLLER. Well, of course, so we should be, you are right; but will your proposed scheme get us out of this devil of a scrape? eh?

SPIEGEL. (with a proud laugh). Poor thing! Get us out of this scrape? Ha, ha, ha! Get us out of the scrape!—and is that all your thimbleful of brain can reach? And with that you trot your mare back to the stable? Spiegelberg would have been a miserable bungler indeed if that were the extent of his aim. Heroes, I tell you, barons, princes, gods, it will make of you.

RAZ. That's pretty well for one bout, truly! But no doubt it is some neck-breaking piece of business; it will cost a head or so at the least.

SPIEGEL. It wants nothing but courage; as to the headwork, I take that entirely upon myself. Courage, I say, Schweitzer! Courage, Roller! Grimm! Razman! Schufferle! Courage!

SCHW. Courage! If that is all, I have courage enough to walk through hell barefoot.

SCHUFT. And I courage enough to fight the very devil himself under the open gallows for the rescue of any poor sinner.

SPIEGEL. That's just what it should be! If ye have courage, let any one of you step forward and say he has still something to lose, and not everything to gain?

SCHW. Verily, I should have a good deal to lose, if I were to lose all that I have yet to win!

PAZ. Yes, by Jove! and I much to win, if I could win all that I have not got to lose.

SCHUFT. Were I to lose what I carry on my back on trust I should at any rate have nothing to lose on the morrow.

SPIEGEL. Very well then! (He takes his place in the middle of them, and says in solemn adjuration)—if but a drop of the heroic blood of the ancient Germans still flow in your veins—come! We will fix our abode in the Bohemian forests,

draw together a band of robbers, and—What are you gaping at? Has your slender stock of courage oozed out already?

ROLLER. You are not the first rogue by many that has defied the gallows;—and yet what other choice have we?

SPIEGEL. Choice? You have no choice. Do you want to lie rotting in the debtor's jail and beat hemp till you are bailed by the last trumpet? Would you toil with pick-axe and spade for a morsel of dry bread? or earn a pitiful alms by singing doleful ditties under people's windows? Or will you be sworn at the drumhead—and then comes the question, whether anybody would trust your hang-dog visages—and so under the splenetic humor of some despotic sergeant serve your time of purgatory in advance? Would you like to run the gauntlet to the beat of the drum? or be doomed to drag after you, like a galley-slave, the whole iron store of Vulcan? Behold your choice. You have before you the complete catalogue of all that you may choose from!

ROLLER. Spiegelberg is not altogether wrong! I, too, have been concocting plans, but they come much to the same thing. How would it be, thought I, were we to club our wits together, and dish up a pocketbook, or an almanac, or something of that sort, and write reviews at a penny a line, as is now the fashion?

SCHUFT. The devil's in you! you are pretty nearly hitting on my own schemes. I have been thinking to myself how would it answer were I to turn Methodist, and hold weekly prayer-meetings?

GRIMM. Capital! and, if that fails, turn atheist! We might fall foul of the four Gospels, get our book burned by the hangman, and then it would sell at a prodigious rate.

RAZ. Or we might take the field to cure a fashionable ailment. I know a quack doctor who has built himself a house with nothing but mercury, as the motto over his door implies.

SCHWEIT. (rises and holds out his hand to Spiegelberg). Spiegelberg, thou art a great man! or else a blind hog has by chance found an acorn.

SCHW. Excellent schemes! Honorable professions! How great minds sympathize! All that seems wanting to complete the list is that we should turn pimps and bawds.

SPIEGEL. Pooh! Pooh! Nonsense. And what is to prevent our combining most of these occupations in one person? My plan will exalt you the most, and it holds out glory and immortality into the bargain. Remember, too, ye sorry varlets, and it is a matter worthy of consideration: one's fame hereafter—the sweet thought of immortality—

ROLLER. And that at the very head of the muster-roll of honorable names! You are a master of eloquence, Spiegelberg, when the question is how to convert an honest man into a scoundrel. But does any one know what has become of Moor?

SPIEGEL. Honest, say you? Do you think you'll be less honest than you are now? What do you call honest? To relieve rich misers of half of those cares which only scare golden sleep from their eyelids; to force hoarded coin into circulation; to restore the equalization of property; in one word, to bring back the golden age; to relieve Providence of many a burdensome pensioner, and so save it the trouble of sending war, pestilence, famine, and above all, doctors—that is what I call honesty, d'ye see; that's what I call being a worthy instrument in the hand of Providence,—and then, at every meal you eat, to have the sweet reflection: this is what thy own ingenuity, thy lion boldness, thy night watchings, have procured for thee—to command the respect both of great and small!

ROLLER. And at last to mount towards heaven in the living body, and in spite of wind and storm, in spite of the greedy maw of old father Time, to be hovering beneath the sun and moon and all the stars of the firmament, where even the unreasoning birds of heaven, attracted by noble instinct, chant their seraphic

music, and angels with tails hold their most holy councils? Don't you see? And, while monarchs and potentates become a prey to moths and worms, to have the honor of receiving visits from the royal bird of Jove. Moritz, Moritz, Moritz! beware of the three-legged beast.*

*[The gallows, which in Germany is formed of three posts.]

SPIEGEL. And does that fright thee, craven-heart? Has not many a universal genius, who might have reformed the world, rotted upon the gallows? And does not the renown of such a man live for hundreds and thousands of years, whereas many a king and elector would be passed over in history, were not historians obliged to give him a niche to complete the line of succession, or that the mention of him did not swell the volume a few octavo pages, for which he counts upon hard cash from the publisher. And when the wayfarer sees you swinging to and fro in the breeze he will mutter to himself, "That fellow's brains had no water in them, I'll warrant me," and then groan over the hardship of the times.

SCHWEIT. (slaps him on the shoulder). Well said, Spiegelberg! Well said! Why the devil do we stand here hesitating?

SCHW. And suppose it is called disgrace—what then? Cannot one, in case of need, always carry a small powder about one, which quietly smooths the weary traveller's passage across the Styx, where no cock-crowing will disturb his rest? No, brother Moritz! Your scheme is good; so at least says my creed.

SCHUFT. Zounds! and mine too! Spiegelberg, I am your recruit.

RAZ. Like a second Orpheus, Spiegelberg, you have charmed to sleep that howling beast, conscience! Take me as I stand, I am yours entirely!

GRIMMM. *Si omnes consentiunt ego non dissentio*;* mind, without a comma. There is an auction going on in my head—methodists—quack doctors—reviewers—rogues;—the highest bidder has me. Here is my hand, Moritz!

*[The joke is explained by placing a comma after non.]

ROLLER. And you too, Schweitzer? (he gives his right hand to SPIEGELBERG). Thus I consign my soul to the devil.

SPIEGEL. And your name to the stars! What does it signify where the soul goes to? If crowds of *avantcouriers* give notice of our descent that the devils may put on their holiday gear, wipe the accumulated soot of a thousand years from their eyelashes, and myriads of horned heads pop up from the smoking mouth of their sulphurous chimneys to welcome our arrival! 'Up, comrades! (leaping up). Up! What in the world is equal to this ecstasy of delight? Come along, comrades!

ROLLER. Gently, gently! Where are you going? Every beast must have a head, boys!

SPIEGEL. (With bitterness). What is that incubus preaching about? Was not the head already there before a single limb began to move? Follow me, comrades!

ROLLER. Gently, I say! even liberty must have its master. Rome and Sparta perished for want of a chief.

SPIEGEL. (in a wheedling manner). Yes,—stay—Roller is right. And he must have an enlightened head. Do you understand? A keen, politic head. Yes! when I think what you were only an hour ago, and what you are now, and that it is all owing to one happy thought. Yes, of course, you must have a chief, and you'll own that he who struck out this idea may claim to have an enlightened and politic head?

ROLLER. If one could hope, if one could dream, but I fear he will not consent.

SPIEGEL. Why not? Speak out boldly, friend! Difficult as it may be to steer a

laboring vessel against wind and tide, oppressive as may be the weight of a crown, speak your thought without hesitation, Roller! Perhaps he may be prevailed upon after all!

ROLLER. And if he does not the whole vessel will be crazy enough. Without Moor we are a "body without a soul."

SPIEGEL. (turning angrily from him). Dolt! blockhead!

(Enter CHARLES VON MOOR in violent agitation, stalking backwards and forwards, and speaking to himself.)

CHARLES VON M. Man—man! false, perfidious crocodile-brood! Your eyes are all tears, but your hearts steel! Kisses on your lips, but daggers couched in your bosoms! Even lions and tigers nourish their young. Ravens feast their brood on carrion, and he—he Malice I have learned to bear; and I can smile when my fellest enemy drinks to me in my own heart's blood; but when kindred turn traitors, when a father's love becomes a fury's hate; oh, then, let manly resignation give place to raging fire! the gentle lamb become a tiger! and every nerve strain itself to vengeance and destruction!

ROLLER. Hark ye, Moor! What think ye of it? A robber's life is pleasanter, after all, than to lie rotting on bread and water in the lowest dungeon of the castle?

CHARLES VON M. Why was not this spirit implanted in a tiger which gluts its raging jaws with human flesh? Is this a father's tenderness? Is this love for love? Would I were a bear to rouse all the bears of the north against this murderous race! Repentance, and no pardon! Oh, that I could poison the ocean that men might drink death from every spring! Contrition, implicit reliance, and no pardon!

ROLLER. But listen, Moor,—listen to what I am telling you!

CHARLES VON M. 'Tis incredible! 'tis a dream—a delusion! Such earnest entreaty, such a vivid picture of misery and tearful penitence—a savage beast would have been melted to compassion! stones would have wept, and yet he—it would be thought a malicious libel upon human nature were I to proclaim it—and yet, yet—oh, that I could sound the trumpet of rebellion through all creation, and lead air, and earth, and sea into battle array against this generation of hyenas!

GRIMM. Hear me, only hear me! You are deaf with raving.

CHARLES VON M. Avaunt, avaunt! Is not thy name man? Art thou not born of woman? Out of my sight, thou thing with human visage! I loved him so unutterably!—never son so loved a father; I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for him (foaming and stamping the ground). Ha! where is he that will put a sword into my hand that I may strike this generation of vipers to the quick! Who will teach me how to reach their heart's core, to crush, to annihilate the whole race? Such a man shall be my friend, my angel, my god—him will I worship!

ROLLER. Such friends behold in us; be but advised!

SCHW. Come with us into the Bohemian forests! We will form a band of robbers there, and you (MOOR stares at him).

SCHWEIT. You shall be our captain! you must be our captain!

SPIEGEL. (throws himself into a chair in a rage). Slaves and cowards!

CHARLES VON M. Who inspired thee with that thought? Hark, fellow! (grasping ROLLER tightly) that human soul of thine did not produce it; who suggested it to thee? Yes, by the thousand arms of death! that's what we will, and what we must do! the thought's divine. He who conceived it deserves to be canonized. Robbers and murderers! As my soul lives, I am your captain!

ALL (with tumultuous shouts). Hurrah! long live our captain!

SPIEGEL. (starting up, aside). Till I give him his *coup de grace*!

CHARLES VON M. See, it falls like a film from my eyes! What a fool was I to think of returning to be caged? My soul's athirst for deeds, my spirit pants for freedom. Murderers, robbers! with these words I trample the law underfoot—mankind threw off humanity when I appealed to it. Away, then, with human sympathies and mercy! I no longer have a father, no longer affections; blood and death shall teach me to forget that anything was ever dear to me! Come! come! Oh, I will recreate myself with some most fearful vengeance;—'tis resolved, I am your captain! and success to him who Shall spread fire and slaughter the widest and most savagely—I pledge myself He shall be right royally rewarded. Stand around me, all of you, and swear to me fealty and obedience unto death! Swear by this trusty right hand.

ALL (place their hands in his). We swear to thee fealty and obedience unto death!

CHARLES VON M. And, by this same trusty right Hand, I here swear to you to remain your captain, true and faithful unto death! This arm shall make an instant corpse of him who doubts, or fears, or retreats. And may the same befall me from your hands if I betray my oath! Are you content?

[SPIEGELBERG runs up and down in a furious rage.]

ALL (throwing up their hats). We are content!

CHARLES VON M. Well, then, let us be gone! Fear neither death nor danger, for an unalterable destiny rules over us. Every man has his doom, be it to die on the soft pillow of down, or in the field of blood, or on the scaffold, or the wheel! One or the other of these must be our lot! [Exeunt.]

SPIEGEL. (looking after them after a pause). Your catalogue has a hole in it.
You have omitted poison.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—MOOR'S Castle.—AMELIA'S Chamber.

FRANCIS, AMELIA.

FRANCIS. Your face is averted from me, Amelia? Am I less worthy than he who is accursed of his father?

AMELIA. Away! Oh! what a loving, compassionate father, who abandons his son a prey to wolves and monsters! In his own comfortable home he pampers himself with delicious wines and stretches his palsied limbs on down, while his noble son is starving. Shame upon you, inhuman wretches! Shame upon you, ye souls of dragons, ye blots on humanity!— his only son!

FRANCIS. I thought he had two.

AMELIA. Yes, he deserves to have such sons as you are. On his deathbed he will in vain stretch out his withered hands for his Charles, and recoil with a shudder when he feels the ice-cold hand of his Francis. Oh, it is sweet, deliciously sweet, to be cursed by such a father! Tell me, Francis, dear brotherly soul—tell me what must one do to be cursed by him?

FRANCIS. You are raving, dearest; you are to be pitied.

AMELIA. Oh! indeed. Do you pity your brother? No, monster, you hate him! I hope you hate me too.

FRANCIS. I love you as dearly as I love myself, Amelia!

AMELIA. If you love me you will not refuse me one little request.

FRANCIS. None, none! if you ask no more than my life.

AMELIA. Oh, if that is the case! then one request, which you will so easily, so readily grant. (Loftily.) Hate me! I should perforce blush crimson if, whilst thinking of Charles, it should for a moment enter my mind that you do not hate me. You promise me this? Now go, and leave me; I so love to be alone!

FRANCIS. Lovely enthusiast! how greatly I admire your gentle, affectionate heart. Here, here, Charles reigned sole monarch, like a god within his temple; he stood before thee waking, he filled your imagination dreaming; the whole creation seemed to thee to centre in Charles, and to reflect him alone; it gave thee no other echo but of him.

AMELIA (with emotion). Yes, verily, I own it. Despite of you all, barbarians as you are, I will own it before all the world. I love him!

FRANCIS. Inhuman, cruel! So to requite a love like this! To forget her—

AMELIA (starting). What! forget me?

FRANCIS. Did you not place a ring on his finger?—a diamond ring, the pledge of your love? To be sure how is it possible for youth to resist the fascinations of a wanton? Who can blame him for it, since he had nothing else left to give away? and of course she repaid him with interest by her caresses and embraces.

AMELIA (with indignation). My ring to a wanton?

FRANCIS. Fie, fie! it is disgraceful. 'Twould not be much, however, if that were all. A ring, be it ever so costly, is, after all, a thing which one may always buy of a Jew. Perhaps the fashion of it did not please him, perhaps he exchanged

it for one more beautiful.

AMELIA (with violence). But my ring, I say, my ring?

FRANCIS. Even yours, Amelia. Ha! such a brilliant, and on my finger; and from Amelia! Death itself should not have plucked it hence. It is not the costliness of the diamond, not the cunning of the pattern—it is love which constitutes its value. Is it not so, Amelia? Dearest child, you are weeping. Woe be to him who causes such precious drops to flow from those heavenly eyes; ah, and if you knew all, if you could but see him yourself, see him under that form?

AMELIA. Monster! what do you mean? What form do you speak of?

FRANCIS. Hush, hush, gentle soul, press me no further (as if soliloquizing, yet aloud). If it had only some veil, that horrid vice, under which it might shroud itself from the eye of the world! But there it is, glaring horribly through the sallow, leaden eye; proclaiming itself in the sunken, deathlike look; ghastly protruding bones; the faltering, hollow voice; preaching audibly from the shattered, shaking skeleton; piercing to the most vital marrow of the bones, and sapping the manly strength of youth—faugh! the idea sickens me. Nose, eyes, ears shrink from it. You saw that miserable wretch, Amelia, in our hospital, who was heavily breathing out his spirit; modesty seemed to cast down her abashed eye as she passed him; you cried woe upon him. Recall that hideous image to your mind, and your Charles stands before you. His kisses are pestilence, his lips poison.

AMELIA (strikes him). Shameless liar!

FRANCIS. Does such a Charles inspire you with horror? Does the mere picture fill you with disgust? Go, then! gaze upon him yourself, your handsome, your angelic, your divine Charles! Go, drink his balmy breath, and revel in the ambrosial fumes which ascend from his throat! The very exhalations of his body will plunge you into that dark and deathlike dizziness which follows the smell of

a bursting carcase, or the sight of a corpse-strewn battle-field. (AMELIA turns away her face.) What sensations of love! What rapture in those embraces! But is it not unjust to condemn a man because of his diseased exterior? Even in the most wretched lump of deformity a soul great and worthy of love may beam forth brightly like a pearl on a dunghill. (With a malignant smile.) Even from lips of corruption love may——. To be sure if vice should undermine the very foundations of character, if with chastity virtue too should take her flight as the fragrance departs from the faded rose—if with the body the soul too should be tainted and corrupted.

AMELIA (rising joyfully). Ha! Charles! now I recognize thee again! Thou art whole, whole! It was all a lie! Dost thou not know, miscreant, that it would be impossible for Charles to be the being you describe? (FRANCIS remains standing for some time, lost in thought, then suddenly turns round to go away.) Whither are you going in such haste? Are you flying from your own infamy?

FRANCIS (hiding his face). Let me go, let me go! to give free vent to my tears! tyrannical father, thus to abandon the best of your sons to misery and disgrace on every side! Let me go, Amelia! I will throw myself at his feet, on my knees I will conjure him to transfer to me the curse that he has pronounced, to disinherit me, to hate me, my blood, my life, my all——.

AMELIA (falls on his neck). Brother of my Charles! Dearest, most excellent Francis!

FRANCIS. Oh, Amelia! how I love you for this unshaken constancy to my brother. Forgive me for venturing to subject your love to so severe a trial! How nobly you have realized my wishes! By those tears, those sighs, that divine indignation—and for me too, for me—our souls did so truly harmonize.

AMELIA. Oh, no! that they never did!

FRANCIS. Alas! they harmonized so truly that I always thought we must be

twins. And were it not for that unfortunate difference in person, to be twin-like, which, it must be admitted, would be to the disadvantage of Charles, we should again and again be mistaken for each other. Thou art, I often said to myself, thou art the very Charles, his echo, his counterpart.

AMELIA (shakes her head). No, no! by that chaste light of heaven! not an atom of him, not the least spark of his soul.

FRANCIS. So entirely the same in our dispositions; the rose was his favorite flower, and what flower do I esteem above the rose? He loved music beyond expression; and ye are witnesses, ye stars! how often you have listened to me playing on the harpsichord in the dead silence of night, when all around lay buried in darkness and slumber; and how is it possible for you, Amelia, still to doubt? if our love meets in one perfection, and if it is the self-same love, how can its fruits degenerate? (AMELIA looks at him with astonishment.) It was a calm, serene evening, the last before his departure for Leipzig, when he took me with him to the bower where you so often sat together in dreams of love,—we were long speechless; at last he seized my hand, and said, in a low voice, and with tears in his eyes, "I am leaving Amelia; I know not, but I have a sad presentiment that it is forever; forsake her not, brother; be her friend, her Charles—if Charles—should never—never return." (He throws himself down before her, and kisses her hand with fervor.) Never, never, never will he return; and I stand pledged by a sacred oath to fulfil his behest!

AMELIA (starting back). Traitor! Now thou art unmasked! In that very bower he conjured me, if he died, to admit no other love. Dost thou see how impious, how execrable——. Quit my sight!

FRANCIS. You know me not, Amelia; you do not know me in the least!

AMELIA. Oh, yes, I know you; from henceforth I know you; and you pretend to be like him? You mean to say that he wept for me in your presence? Yours? He would sooner have inscribed my name on the pillory? Begone—this instant!

FRANCIS. You insult me.

AMELIA. Go—I say. You have robbed me of a precious hour; may it be deducted from your life.

FRANCIS. You hate me then!

AMELIA. I despise you—away!

FRANCIS (stamping with fury). Only wait! you shall learn to tremble before me!—To sacrifice me for a beggar! [Exit in anger.]

AMELIA. Go, thou base villain! Now, Charles, am I again thine own. Beggar, did he say! then is the world turned upside down, beggars are kings, and kings are beggars! I would not change the rags he wears for the imperial purple. The look with which he begs must, indeed, be a noble, a royal look, a look that withers into naught the glory, the pomp, the triumphs of the rich and great! Into the dust with thee, glittering baubles! (She tears her pearls from her neck.) Let the rich and the proud be condemned to bear the burden of gold, and silver, and jewels! Be they condemned to carouse at the tables of the voluptuous! To pamper their limbs on the downy couch of luxury! Charles! Charles! Thus am I worthy of thee! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—FRANCIS VON MOOR in his chamber—in meditation.

FRANCIS. It lasts too long—and the doctor even says is recovering—an old man's life is a very eternity! The course would be free and plain before me, but for this troublesome, tough lump of flesh, which, like the infernal demon-hound in ghost stories, bars the way to my treasures.

Must, then, my projects bend to the iron yoke of a mechanical system? Is my soaring spirit to be chained down to the snail's pace of matter? To blow out a wick which is already flickering upon its last drop of oil—'tis nothing more. And yet I would rather not do it myself, on account of what the world would say. I should not wish him to be killed, but merely disposed of. I should like to do what your clever physician does, only the reverse way—not stop Nature's course by running a bar across her path, but only help her to speed a little faster. Are we not able to prolong the conditions of life? Why, then, should we not also be able to shorten them? Philosophers and physiologists teach us how close is the sympathy between the emotions of the mind and the movements of the bodily machine. Convulsive sensations are always accompanied by a disturbance of the mechanical vibrations—passions injure the vital powers—an overburdened spirit bursts its shell. Well, then—what if one knew how to smooth this unbeaten path, for the easier entrance of death into the citadel of life?—to work the body's destruction through the mind—ha! an original device!—who can accomplish this?—a device without a parallel! Think upon it, Moor! That were an art worthy of thee for its inventor. Has not poisoning been raised almost to the rank of a

regular science, and Nature compelled, by the force of experiments, to define her limits, so that one may now calculate the heart's throbbings for years in advance, and say to the beating pulse, "So far, and no farther"? Why should not one try one's skill in this line?*

*[A woman in Paris, by means of a regularly performed series of experiments, carried the art of poisoning to such perfection that she could predict almost to a certainty the day of death, however remote. Fie upon our physicians, who should blush to be outdone by a woman in their own province. Beckmann, in his article on secret poisoning, has given a particular account of this woman, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers.—See "History of Inventions," Standard Library Edition, vol. i, pp. 47-63.]

And how, then, must I, too, go to work to dissever that sweet and peaceful union of soul and body? What species of sensations should I seek to produce? Which would most fiercely assail the condition of life? Anger?—that ravenous wolf is too quickly satiated. Care? that worm gnaws far too slowly. Grief?—that viper creeps too lazily for me. Fear?—hope destroys its power. What! and are these the only executioners of man? is the armory of death so soon exhausted? (In deep thought.) How now! what! ho! I have it! (Starting up.) Terror! What is proof against terror? What powers have religion and reason under that giant's icy grasp! And yet—if he should withstand even this assault? If he should! Oh, then, come Anguish to my aid! and thou, gnawing Repentance!—furies of hell, burrowing snakes who regorge your food, and feed upon your own excrements; ye that are forever destroying, and forever reproducing your poison! And thou, howling Remorse, that desolatest thine own habitation, and feedest upon thy mother. And come ye, too, gentle Graces, to my aid; even you, sweet smiling Memory, goddess of the past—and thou, with thy overflowing horn of plenty, blooming Futurity; show him in your mirror the joys of Paradise, while with fleeting foot you elude his eager grasp. Thus will I work my battery of death, stroke after stroke, upon his fragile body, until the troop of furies close upon him with Despair! Triumph! triumph!—the plan is complete—difficult and masterly

beyond compare—sure—safe; for then (with a sneer) the dissecting knife can find no trace of wound or of corrosive poison.

(Resolutely.) Be it so! (Enter HERMANN.) Ha! *Deus ex machina!*
Hermann!

HERMANN. At your service, gracious sir!

FRANCIS (shakes him by the hand). You will not find it that of an ungrateful master.

HERMANN. I have proofs of this.

FRANCIS. And you shall have more soon—very soon, Hermann!—I have something to say to thee, Hermann.

HERMANN. I am all attention.

FRANCIS. I know thee—thou art a resolute fellow—a man of mettle.—To call thee smooth-tongued! My father has greatly belied thee, Hermann.

HERMANN. The devil take me if I forget it!

FRANCIS. Spoken like a man! Vengeance becomes a manly heart! Thou art to my mind, Hermann. Take this purse, Hermann. It should be heavier were I master here.

HERMANN. That is my unceasing wish, most gracious sir. I thank you.

FRANCIS. Really, Hermann! dost thou wish that I were master? But my father has the marrow of a lion in his bones, and I am but a younger son.

HERMANN. I wish you were the eldest son, and that your father were as marrowless as a girl sinking in a consumption.

FRANCIS. Ha! how that elder son would recompense thee! How he would raise thee from this grovelling condition, so ill suited to thy spirit and noble birth, to be a light of the age!—Then shouldst thou be covered with gold from head to foot, and dash through the streets four in hand—verily thou shouldst!—But I am losing sight of what I meant to say.—Have you already forgotten the Lady Amelia, Hermann?

HERMANN. A curse upon it! Why do you remind me of her?

FRANCIS. My brother has filched her away from you.

HERMANN. He shall rue it.

FRANCIS. She gave you the sack. And, if I remember right, he kicked you down stairs.

HERMANN. For which I will kick him into hell.

FRANCIS. He used to say, it was whispered abroad, that your father could never look upon you without smiting his breast and sighing, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

HERMANN (wildly). Thunder and lightning! No more of this!

FRANCIS. He advised you to sell your patent of nobility by auction, and to get your stockings mended with the proceeds.

HERMANN. By all the devils in hell, I'll scratch out his eyes with my own nails!

FRANCIS. What? you are growing angry? What signifies your anger? What harm can you do him? What can a mouse like you do to such a lion? Your rage only makes his triumph the sweeter. You can do nothing more than gnash your teeth, and vent your rage upon a dry crust.

HERMANN (stamping). I will grind him to powder!

FRANCIS (slapping his shoulder). Fie, Hermann! You are a gentleman. You must not put up with the affront. You must not give up the lady, no, not for all the world, Hermann! By my soul, I would move heaven and earth were I in your place.

HERMANN. I will not rest till I have him, and him, too, under ground.

FRANCIS. Not so violent, Hermann! Come nearer—you shall have Amelia.

HERMANN. That I must; despite the devil himself, I will have her.

FRANCIS. You shall have her, I tell you; and that from my hand. Come closer, I say.—You don't know, perhaps, that Charles is as good as disinherited.

HERMANN (going closer to him). Incredible! The first I have heard of it.

FRANCIS. Be patient, and listen! Another time you shall hear more.— Yes, I tell you, as good as banished these eleven months. But the old man already begins to lament the hasty step, which, however, I flatter myself (with a smile) is not entirely his own. Amelia, too, is incessantly pursuing him with her tears and reproaches. Presently he will be having him searched for in every quarter of the world; and if he finds him—then it's all over with you, Hermann. You may perhaps have the honor of most obsequiously holding the coach-door while he alights with the lady to get married.

HERMANN. I'll strangle him at the altar first.

FRANCIS. His father will soon give up his estates to him, and live in retirement in his castle. Then the proud roysterer will have the reins in his own hands, and laugh his enemies to scorn;—and I, who wished to make a great man of you—a man of consequence—I myself, Hermann, shall have to make my humble obeisance at his threshold.

HERMANN (with fire). No, as sure as my name is Hermann, that shall never be! If but the smallest spark of wit glimmer in this brain of mine, that shall never be!

FRANCIS. Will you be able to prevent it? You, too, my good Hermann, will be made to feel his lash. He will spit in your face when he meets you in the streets; and woe be to you should you venture to shrug your shoulders or to make a wry mouth. Look, my friend! this is all that your lovesuit, your prospects, and your mighty plans amount to.

HERMANN. Tell me, what am I to do?

FRANCIS. Well, then, listen, Hermann! You see how I enter into your feelings, like a true friend. Go—disguise yourself, so that no one may recognize you; obtain audience of the old man; pretend to come straight from Bohemia, to have been at the battle of Prague along with my brother—to have seen him breathe his last on the field of battle!

HERMANN. Will he believe me?

FRANCIS. Ho! ho! let that be my care! Take this packet. There you will find your commission set forth at large; and documents, to boot, which shall convince the most incredulous. Only make haste to get away unobserved. Slip through the back gate into the yard, and then scale the garden wall.—The denouement of this tragicomedy you may leave to me!

HERMANN. That, I suppose, will be, "Long live our new baron, Francis von Moor!"

FRANCIS (patting his cheeks). How cunning you are! By this means, you see, we attain all our aims at once and quickly. Amelia relinquishes all hope of him,—the old man reproaches himself for the death of his son, and—he sickens—a tottering edifice needs no earthquake to bring it down—he will not survive the intelligence—then am I his only son, —Amelia loses every support, and

becomes the plaything of my will, and you may easily guess—in short, all will go as we wish—but you must not flinch from your word.

HERMANN. What do you say? (Exultingly.) Sooner shall the ball turn back in its course, and bury itself in the entrails of the marksman. Depend upon me! Only let me to the work. Adieu!

FRANCIS (calling after him). The harvest is thine, dear Hermann! (Alone.) When the ox has drawn the corn into the barn, he must put up with hay. A dairy maid for thee, and no Amelia!

SCENE II.—Old Moor's Bedchamber.

OLD MOOR asleep in an arm-chair; AMELIA.

AMELIA (approaching him on tip-toe). Softly! Softly! He slumbers. (She places herself before him.) How beautiful! how venerable!—venerable as the picture of a saint. No, I cannot be angry with thee, thou head with the silver locks; I cannot be angry with thee! Slumber on gently, wake up cheerfully—I alone will be the sufferer.

OLD M. (dreaming). My son! my son! my son!

AMELIA (seizes his hand). Hark!—hark! his son is in his dreams.

OLD M. Are you there? Are you really there! Alas! how miserable you seem! Fix not on me that mournful look! I am wretched enough.

AMELIA (awakens him abruptly). Look up, dear old man! 'Twas but a dream. Collect yourself!

OLD M. (half awake). Was he not there? Did I not press his hands? Cruel Francis! wilt thou tear him even from my dreams?

AMELIA (aside). Ha! mark that, Amelia!

OLD M. (rousing himself). Where is he? Where? Where am I? You here, Amelia?

AMELIA. How do you find yourself? You have had a refreshing slumber.

OLD M. I was dreaming about my son. Why did I not dream on? Perhaps I might have obtained forgiveness from his lips.

AMELIA. Angels bear no resentment—he forgives you. (Seizes his hand sorrowfully.) Father of my Charles! I, too, forgive you.

OLD M. No, no, my child! That death-like paleness of thy cheek is the father's condemnation. Poor girl! I have robbed thee of the happiness of thy youth. Oh, do not curse me!

AMELIA (affectionately kissing his hand). I curse you?

OLD M. Dost thou know this portrait, my daughter?

AMELIA. Charles!

OLD M. Such was he in his sixteenth year. But now, alas! how changed. Oh, it is raging within me. That gentleness is now indignation; that smile despair. It was his birthday, was it not, Amelia—in the jessamine bower—when you drew this picture of him? Oh, my daughter! How happy was I in your loves.

AMELIA (with her eye still riveted upon the picture). No, no, it is not he! By Heaven, that is not Charles! Here (pointing to her head and her heart), here he is perfect; and how different. The feeble pencil avails not to express that heavenly spirit which reigned in his fiery eye. Away with it! This is a poor image, an ordinary man! I was a mere dauber.

OLD M. That kind, that cheering look! Had that been at my bedside, I should have lived in the midst of death. Never, never should I have died!

AMELIA. No, you would never, never have died. It would have been but a leap, as we leap from one thought to another and a better. That look would have lighted you across the tomb—that look would have lifted you beyond the stars!

OLD M. It is hard! it is sad! I am dying, and my son Charles is not here—I am borne to my tomb, and he weeps not over my grave. How sweet it is to be lulled into the sleep of death by a son's prayer—that is the true requiem.

AMELIA (with enthusiasm). Yes, sweet it is, heavenly sweet, to be lulled into the sleep of death by the song of the beloved. Perhaps our dreams continue in the grave—a long, eternal, never-ending dream of Charles—till the trumpet of resurrection sounds—(rising in ecstasy) —and thenceforth and forever in his arms! (A pause; she goes to the piano and plays.)

ANDROMACHE.

Oh, Hector, wilt thou go for evermore,
When fierce Achilles, on the blood-stained shore,
Heaps countless victims o'er Patroclus' grave?
When then thy hapless orphan boy will rear,
Teach him to praise the gods and hurl the spear,
When thou art swallow'd up in Xanthus' wave?

OLD M. A beautiful song, my daughter. You must play that to me before I die.

AMELIA. It is the parting of Hector and Andromache. Charles and I used often to sing it together to the guitar. (She continues.)

HECTOR.

Beloved wife! stern duty calls to arms—
Go, fetch my lance! and cease those vain alarms!
On me is cast the destiny of Troy!
Astyanax, my child, the Gods will shield,

Should Hector fall upon the battle-field;
And in Elysium we shall meet with joy!

Enter DANIEL.

DANIEL. There is a man without, who craves to be admitted to your presence, and says he brings tidings of importance.

OLD M. To me there is but one thing in this world of importance; thou knowest it, Amelia. Perhaps it is some unfortunate creature who seeks assistance? He shall not go hence in sorrow.

AMELIA.—If it is a beggar, let him come up quickly.

OLD M. Amelia, Amelia! spare me!

AMELIA (continues to play and sing.)

ANDROMACHE.

Thy martial tread no more will grace my hall—
Thine arms shall hang sad relics on the wall—
And Priam's race of godlike heroes fade!
Oh, thou wilt go where Phoebus sheds no light—
Where black Cocytus wails in endless night
Thy love will die in Lethe's gloomy shade.

HECTOR.

Though I in Lethe's darksome wave should sink,
And cease on other mortal ties to think,
Yet thy true love shall never be forgot!

Hark! on the walls I hear the battle roar—
Gird on my armor—and, oh, weep no more.
Thy Hector's love in Lethe dieth not!

(Enter FRANCIS, HERMANN in disguise, DANIEL.)

FRANCIS. Here is the man. He says that he brings terrible news. Can you bear the recital!

OLD M. I know but one thing terrible to hear. Come hither, friend, and spare me not! Hand him a cup of wine!

HERMANN (in a feigned voice). Most gracious Sir? Let not a poor man be visited with your displeasure, if against his will he lacerates your heart. I am a stranger in these parts, but I know you well; you are the father of Charles von Moor.

OLD M. How know you that?

HERMANN. I knew your son

AMELIA (starting up). He lives then? He lives! You know him? Where is he? Where? (About to rush out.)

OLD M. What know you about my son?

HERMANN. He was a student at the university of Leipzig. From thence he travelled about, I know not how far. He wandered all over Germany, and, as he told me himself, barefoot and bareheaded, begging his bread from door to door. After five months, the fatal war between Prussia and Austria broke out afresh, and as he had no hopes left in this world, the fame of Frederick's victorious banner drew him to Bohemia. Permit me, said he to the great Schwerin, to die on the bed of heroes, for I have no longer a father!—

OLD M. O! Amelia! Look not on me!

HERMANN. They gave him a pair of colors. With the Prussians he flew on the wings of victory. We chanced to lie together, in the same tent. He talked much of his old father, and of happy days that were past—and of disappointed hopes—it brought the tears into our eyes.

OLD M. (buries his face in his pillow).—No more! Oh, no more!

HERMANN. A week after, the fierce battle of Prague was fought—I can assure you your son behaved like a brave soldier. He performed prodigies that day in sight of the whole army. Five regiments were successively cut down by his side, and still he kept his ground. Fiery shells fell right and left, and still your son kept his ground. A ball shattered his right hand: he seized the colors with his left, and still he kept his ground!

AMELIA (in transport). Hector, Hector! do you hear? He kept his ground!

HERMANN. On the evening of the battle I found him on the same spot. He had sunk down, amidst a shower of hissing balls: with his left hand he was staunching the blood that flowed from a fearful wound; his right he had buried in the earth. "Comrade!" cried he when he saw me, "there has been a report through the ranks that the general fell an hour ago—" "He is fallen," I replied, "and thou?" "Well, then," he cried, withdrawing his left hand from the wound, "let every brave soldier follow his general!" Soon after he breathed out his noble soul, to join his heroic leader.

FRANCIS (feigning to rush wildly on HERMANN). May death seal thy accursed lips! Art thou come here to give the death-blow to our father? Father! Amelia! father!

HERMANN. It was the last wish of my expiring comrade. "Take this sword," faltered he, with his dying breath, "deliver it to my aged father; his son's blood is upon it—he is avenged—let him rejoice. Tell him that his curse drove me into

battle and into death; that I fell in despair." His last sigh was "Amelia."

AMELIA (like one aroused from lethargy). His last sigh—Amelia!

OLD M. (screaming horribly, and tearing his hair). My curse drove him into death! He fell in despair!

FRANCIS (pacing up and down the room). Oh! what have you done, father? My Charles! my brother!

HERMANN. Here is the sword; and here, too, is a picture which he drew from his breast at the same time. It is the very image of this young lady. "This for my brother Francis," he said; I know not what he meant by it.

FRANCIS (feigning astonishment). For me? Amelia's picture? For me—Charles—Amelia? For me?

AMELIA (rushing violently upon HERMANN). Thou venal, bribed impostor! (Lays hold of him.)

HERMANN. I am no impostor, noble lady. See yourself if it is not your picture. It may be that you yourself gave it to him.

FRANCIS. By heaven, Amelia! your picture! It is, indeed.

AMELIA (returns him the picture) My picture, mine! Oh! heavens and earth!

OLD M. (screaming and tearing his face.) Woe, woe! my curse drove him into death! He fell in despair!

FRANCIS. And he thought of me in the last and parting hour—of me. Angelic soul! When the black banner of death already waved over him he thought of me!

OLD M. (stammering like an idiot.) My curse drove him into death. In despair my son perished.

HERMANN. This is more than I can bear! Farewell, old gentleman!
(Aside to FRANCIS.) How could you have the heart to do this?
[Exit in haste.]

AMELIA (rises and rushes after him). Stay! stay! What were his last words?

HERMANN (calling back). His last sigh was "Amelia."
[Exit.]

AMELIA. His last sigh was Amelia! No, thou art no impostor. It is too true—true—he is dead—dead! (staggering to and fro till she sinks down)—dead—Charles is dead!

FRANCIS. What do I see? What is this line on the sword?—written with blood—Amelia!

AMELIA. By him?

FRANCIS. Do I see clearly, or am I dreaming? Behold, in characters of blood, "Francis, forsake not my Amelia." And on the other side, "Amelia, all-powerful death has released thee from thy oath." Now do you see—do you see? With hand stiffening in death he wrote it, with his warm life's blood he wrote it—wrote it on the solemn brink of eternity. His spirit lingered in his flight to unite Francis and Amelia.

AMELIA. Gracious heaven! it is his own hand. He never loved me.
[Rushes off]

FRANCIS (stamping the ground). Confusion! her stubborn heart foils all my cunning!

OLD MOOR. Woe, woe! forsake me not, my daughter! Francis, Francis! give me back my son!

FRANCIS. Who was it that cursed him? Who was it that drove his son into

battle, and death, and despair? Oh, he was an angel, a jewel of heaven! A curse on his destroyers! A curse, a curse upon yourself!

OLD MOOR (strikes his breast and forehead with his clenched fist). He was an angel, a jewel of heaven! A curse, a curse, perdition, a curse on myself! I am the father who slew his noble son! He loved me even to death! To expiate my vengeance he rushed into battle and into death! Monster, monster that I am! (He rages against himself.)

FRANCIS. He is gone. What avail these tardy lamentations? (with a satanic sneer.) It is easier to murder than to restore to life. You will never bring him back from his grave.

OLD MOOR. Never, never, never bring him back from the grave! Gone! lost for ever! And you it was that beguiled my heart to curse him.— you—you— Give me back my son!

FRANCIS. Rouse not my fury, lest I forsake you even in the hour of death!

OLD MOOR. Monster! inhuman monster! Restore my son to me. (Starts from the chair and attempts to catch FRANCIS by the throat, who flings him back.)

FRANCIS. Feeble old dotard I would you dare? Die! despair!

[Exit.]

OLD MOOR. May the thunder of a thousand curses light upon thee! thou hast robbed me of my son. (Throwing himself about in his chair full of despair). Alas! alas! to despair and yet not die. They fly, they forsake me in death; my guardian angels fly from me; all the saints withdraw from the hoary murderer. Oh, misery! will no one support this head, no one release this struggling soul? No son, no daughter, no friend, not one human being—will no one? Alone— forsaken. Woe, woe! To despair, yet not to die!

Enter AMELIA, her eyes red with weeping.

OLD MOOR. Amelia I messenger of heaven! Art thou come to release my soul?

AMELIA (in a gentle tone). You have lost a noble son.

OLD MOOR. Murdered him, you mean. With the weight of this impeachment I shall present myself before the judgment-seat of God.

AMELIA. Not so, old man! Our heavenly Father has taken him to himself. We should have been too happy in this world. Above, above, beyond the stars, we shall meet again.

OLD MOOR. Meet again! Meet again! Oh! it will pierce my soul like a sword—should I, a saint, meet him among the saints. In the midst of heaven the horrors of hell will strike through me! The remembrance of that deed will crush me in the presence of the Eternal: I have murdered my son!

AMELIA. Oh, his smiles will chase away the bitter remembrance from your soul! Cheer up, dear father! I am quite cheerful. Has he not already sung the name of Amelia to listening angels on seraphic harps, and has not heaven's choir sweetly echoed it? Was not his last sigh, Amelia? And will not Amelia be his first accent of joy?

OLD MOOR. Heavenly consolation flows from your lips! He will smile upon me, you say? He will forgive me? You must stay with my, beloved of my Charles, when I die.

AMELIA. To die is to fly to his arms. Oh, how happy and enviable is your lot! Would that my bones were decayed!—that my hairs were gray! Woe upon the vigor of youth! Welcome, decrepid age, nearer to heaven and my Charles!

Enter FRANCIS.

OLD MOOR. Come near, my son! Forgive me if I spoke too harshly to you just now! I forgive you all. I wish to yield up my spirit in peace.

FRANCIS. Have you done weeping for your son? For aught that I see you had but one.

OLD MOOR. Jacob had twelve sons, but for his Joseph he wept tears of blood.

FRANCIS. Hum!

OLD MOOR. Bring the Bible, my daughter, and read to me the story of Jacob and Joseph! It always appeared to me so touching, even before I myself became a Jacob.

AMELIA. What part shall I read to you? (Takes the Bible and turns over the leaves.)

OLD MOOR. Read to me the grief of the bereaved father, when he found his Joseph no more among his children;—when he sought him in vain amidst his eleven sons;—and his lamentation when he heard that he was taken from him forever.

AMELIA (reads). "And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, 'This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.' (Exit FRANCIS suddenly.) And he knew it and said, 'It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces'"

OLD MOOR (falls back upon the pillow). An evil beast hath devoured Joseph!

AMELIA (continues reading). "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth

upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and he said, 'For I will go down into the grave'"

OLD MOOR. Leave off! leave off. I feel very ill.

AMELIA (running towards him, lets fall the book). Heaven help us! What is this?

OLD MOOR. It is death—darkness—is waving—before my eyes—I pray thee—send for the minister—that he may—give me—the Holy Communion. Where is—my son Francis?

AMELIA. He is fled. God have mercy upon us!

OLD MOOR. Fled—fled from his father's deathbed? And is that all—all —of two children full of promise—thou hast given—thou hast—taken away—thy name be—

AMELIA (with a sudden cry). Dead! both dead!

[Exit in despair.]

Enter FRANCIS, dancing with joy.

FRANCIS. Dead, they cry, dead! Now am I master. Through the whole castle it rings, dead! but stay, perchance he only sleeps? To be sure, yes, to be sure! that certainly is a sleep after which no "good-morrow" is ever said. Sleep and death are but twin-brothers. We will for once change their names! Excellent, welcome sleep! We will call thee death! (He closes the eyes of OLD MOOR.) Who now will come forward and dare to accuse me at the bar of justice, or tell me to my face, thou art a villain? Away, then, with this troublesome mask of humility and virtue! Now you shall see Francis as he is, and tremble! My father was overgentle in his demands, turned his domain into a family-circle, sat

blandly smiling at the gate, and saluted his peasants as brethren and children. My brows shall lower upon you like thunderclouds; my lordly name shall hover over you like a threatening comet over the mountains; my forehead shall be your weather-glass! He would caress and fondle the child that lifted its stubborn head against him. But fondling and caressing is not my mode. I will drive the rowels of the spur into their flesh, and give the scourge a trial. Under my rule it shall be brought to pass that potatoes and small-beer shall be considered a holiday treat; and woe to him who meets my eye with the audacious front of health. Haggard want and crouching fear are my insignia; and in this livery I will clothe ye.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—THE BOHEMIAN WOODS.

SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, A Troop Of ROBBERS.

RAZ. Are you come? Is it really you? Oh, let me squeeze thee into a jelly, my dear heart's brother! Welcome to the Bohemian forests! Why, you are grown quite stout and jolly! You have brought us recruits in right earnest, a little army of them; you are the very prince of crimps.

SPIEGEL. Eh, brother? Eli? And proper fellows they are! You must confess the blessing of heaven is visibly upon me; I was a poor, hungry wretch, and had nothing but this staff when I went over the Jordan, and now there are eight-and-seventy of us, mostly ruined shopkeepers, rejected masters of arts, and law-clerks from the Swabian provinces. They are a rare set of fellows, brother, capital fellows, I promise you; they will steal you the very buttons off each other's trousers in perfect security, although in the teeth of a loaded musket,* and they live in clover and enjoy a reputation for forty miles round, which is quite astonishing.

*[The acting edition reads, "Hang your hat up in the sun, and I'll take you a wager it's gone the next minute, as clean out of sight as if the devil himself had walked off with it."]

There is not a newspaper in which you will not find some little feat or other of that cunning fellow, Spiegelberg; I take in the papers for nothing else; they have described me from head to foot; you would think you saw me; they have not

forgotten even my coat-buttons. But we lead them gloriously by the nose. The other day I went to the printing-office and pretended that I had seen the famous Spiegelberg, dictated to a penny-a-liner who was sitting there the exact image of a quack doctor in the town; the matter gets wind, the fellow is arrested, put to the rack, and in his anguish and stupidity he confesses the devil take me if he does not—confesses that he is Spiegelberg. Fire and fury! I was on the point of giving myself up to a magistrate rather than have my fair fame marred by such a poltroon; however, within three months he was hanged. I was obliged to stuff a right good pinch of snuff into my nose as some time afterwards I was passing the gibbet and saw the pseudo-Spiegelberg parading there in all his glory; and, while Spiegelberg's representative is dangling by the neck, the real Spiegelberg very quietly slips himself out of the noose, and makes jolly long noses behind the backs of these sagacious wiseacres of the law.

RAZ. (laughing). You are still the same fellow you always were.

SPIEGEL. Ay, sure! body and soul. But I must tell you a bit of fun, my boy, which I had the other day in the nunnery of St. Austin. We fell in with the convent just about sunset; and as I had not fired a single cartridge all day,—you know I hate the *diem perdidit* as I hate death itself,—I was determined to immortalize the night by some glorious exploit, even though it should cost the devil one of his ears! We kept quite quiet till late in the night. At last all is as still as a mouse—the lights are extinguished. We fancy the nuns must be comfortably tucked up. So I take brother Grimm along with me, and order the others to wait at the gate till they hear my whistle—I secure the watchman, take the keys from him, creep into the maid-servants' dormitory, take away all their clothes, and whisk the bundle out at the window. We go on from cell to cell, take away the clothes of one sister after another, and lastly those of the lady-abbess herself. Then I sound my whistle, and my fellows outside begin to storm and halloo as if doomsday was at hand, and away they rush with the devil's own uproar into the cells of the sisters! Ha, ha, ha! You should have seen the game—how the poor creatures were groping about in the dark for their petticoats, and

how they took on when they found they were gone; and we, in the meantime, at 'em like very devils; and now, terrified and amazed, they wriggled under their bedclothes, or cowered together like cats behind the stoves. There was such shrieking and lamentation; and then the old beldame of an abbess—you know, brother, there is nothing in the world I hate so much as a spider and an old woman—so you may just fancy that wrinkled old hag standing naked before me, conjuring me by her maiden modesty forsooth! Well, I was determined to make short work of it; either, said I, out with your plate and your convent jewels and all your shining dollars, or—my fellows knew what I meant. The end of it was I brought away more than a thousand dollars' worth out of the convent, to say nothing of the fun, which will tell its own story in due time.

RAZ. (stamping on the ground). Hang it, that I should be absent on such an occasion.

SPIEGEL. Do you see? Now tell me, is not that life? 'Tis that which keeps one fresh and hale, and braces the body so that it swells hourly like an abbot's paunch; I don't know, but I think I must be endowed with some magnetic property, which attracts all the vagabonds on the face of the earth towards me like steel and iron.

RAZ. A precious magnet, indeed. But I should like to know, I'll be hanged if I shouldn't, what witchcraft you use?

SPIEGEL. Witchcraft? No need of witchcraft. All it wants is a head—a certain practical capacity which, of course, is not taken in with every spoonful of barley meal; for you know I have always said that an honest man may be carved out of any willow stump, but to make a rogue you must have brains; besides which it requires a national genius—a certain rascal-climate—so to speak.*

*[In the first (and suppressed) edition was added, "Go to the Grisons, for instance; that is what I call the thief's Athens."
This obnoxious passage has been carefully expunged from all the

subsequent editions. It gave mortal offence to the Grison magistrates, who made a formal complaint of the insult and caused Schiller to be severely rebuked by the Grand Duke. This incident forms one of the epochs in our author's history.]

RAZ. Brother, I have heard Italy celebrated for its artists.

SPIEGEL. Yes, yes! Give the devil his due. Italy makes a very noble figure; and if Germany goes on as it has begun, and if the Bible gets fairly kicked out, of which there is every prospect, Germany, too, may in time arrive at something respectable; but I should tell you that climate does not, after all, do such a wonderful deal; genius thrives everywhere; and as for the rest, brother, a crab, you know, will never become a pineapple, not even in Paradise. But to pursue our subject, where did I leave off?

RAZ. You were going to tell me about your stratagems.

SPIEGEL. Ah, yes! my stratagems. Well, when you get into a town, the first thing is to fish out from the beadles, watchmen, and turnkeys, who are their best customers, and for these, accordingly, you must look out; then ensconce yourself snugly in coffee-houses, brothels, and beer-shops, and observe who cry out most against the cheapness of the times, the reduced five per cents., and the increasing nuisance of police regulations; who rail the loudest against government, or decry physiognomical science, and such like? These are the right sort of fellows, brother. Their honesty is as loose as a hollow tooth; you have only to apply your pincers. Or a shorter and even better plan is to drop a full purse in the public highway, conceal yourself somewhere near, and mark who finds it. Presently after you come running up, search, proclaim your loss aloud, and ask him, as it were casually, "Have you perchance picked up a purse, sir?" If he says "Yes," why then the devil fails you. But if he denies it, with a "pardon me, sir, I remember, I am sorry, sir," (he jumps up), then, brother, you've done the trick. Extinguish your lantern, cunning Diogenes, you have found your match.

RAZ. You are an accomplished practitioner.

SPIEGEL. My God! As if that had ever been doubted. Well, then, when you have got your man into the net, you must take great care to land him cleverly. You see, my son, the way I have managed is thus: as soon as I was on the scent I stuck to my candidate like a leech; I drank brotherhood with him, and, *nota bene*, you must always pay the score. That costs a pretty penny, it is true, but never mind that. You must go further; introduce him to gaming-houses and brothels; entangle him in broils and rogueries till he becomes bankrupt in health and strength, in purse, conscience, and reputation; for I must tell you, by the way, that you will make nothing of it unless you ruin both body and soul. Believe me, brother, and I have experienced it more than fifty times in my extensive practice, that when the honest man is once ousted from his stronghold, the devil has it all his own way—the transition is then as easy as from a whore to a devotee. But hark! What bang was that?

RAZ. It was thunder; go on.

SPIEGEL. Or, there is a yet shorter and still better way. You strip your man of all he has, even to his very shirt, and then he will come to you of his own accord; you won't teach me to suck eggs, brother; ask that copper-faced fellow there. My eyes, how neatly I got him into my meshes. I showed him forty ducats, which I promised to give him if he would bring me an impression in wax of his master's keys. Only think, the stupid brute not only does this, but actually brings me—I'll be hanged if he did not—the keys themselves; and then thinks to get the money. "Sirrah," said I, "are you aware that I am going to carry these keys straight to the lieutenant of police, and to bespeak a place for you on the gibbet?" By the powers! you should have seen how the simpleton opened his eyes, and began to shake from head to foot like a dripping poodle. "For heaven's sake, sir, do but consider. I will— will—" "What will you? Will you at once cut your stick and go to the devil with me?" "Oh, with all my heart, with great pleasure." Ha! ha! ha! my fine fellow; toasted cheese is the thing to catch mice with; do have a good laugh at him, Razman; ha! ha! ha!

RAZ. Yes, yes, I must confess. I shall inscribe that lesson in letters of gold upon the tablet of my brain. Satan must know his people right well to have chosen you for his factor.

SPIEGEL. Eh, brother? Eli? And if I help him to half a score of fellows he will, of course, let me off scot-free—publishers, you know, always give one copy in ten gratis to those who collect subscribers for them; why should the devil be more of a Jew? Razman, I smell powder.

RAZ. Zounds! I smelt it long ago. You may depend upon it there has being something going forward hereabouts. Yes, yes! I can tell you, Spiegelberg, you will be welcome to our captain with your recruits; he, too, has got hold of some brave fellows.

SPIEGEL. But look at mine! at mine here, bah!

RAZ. Well, well! they may be tolerably expert in the finger department, but, I tell you, the fame of our captain has tempted even some honorable men to join his staff.

SPIEGEL. So much the worse.

RAZ. Without joking. And they are not ashamed to serve under such a leader. He does not commit murder as we do for the sake of plunder; and as to money, as soon as he had plenty of it at command, he did not seem to care a straw for it; and his third of the booty, which belongs to him of right, he gives away to orphans, or supports promising young men with it at college. But should he happen to get a country squire into his clutches who grinds down his peasants like cattle, or some gold-laced villain, who warps the law to his own purposes, and hoodwinks the eyes of justice with his gold, or any chap of that kidney; then, my boy, he is in his element, and rages like a very devil, as if every fibre in his body were a fury.

SPIEGEL. Humph!

RAZ. The other day we were told at a tavern that a rich count from Ratisbon was about to pass through, who had gained the day in a suit worth a million of money by the craftiness of his lawyer. The captain was just sitting down to a game of backgammon. "How many of us are there?" said he to me, rising in haste. I saw him bite his nether lip, which he never does except when he is very determined. "Not more than five," I replied. "That's enough," he said; threw his score on the table, left the wine he had ordered untouched, and off we went. The whole time he did not utter a syllable, but walked aloof and alone, only asking us from time to time whether we heard anything, and now and then desiring us to lay our ears to the ground. At last the count came in sight, his carriage heavily laden, the lawyer, seated by his side, an outrider in advance, and two horsemen riding behind. Then you should have seen the man. With a pistol in each hand he ran before us to the carriage,—and the voice with which he thundered, "Halt!" The coachman, who would not halt, was soon toppled from his box; the count fired out of the carriage and missed—the horseman fled. "Your money, rascal!" cried Moor, with his stentorian voice. The count lay like a bullock under the axe: "And are you the rogue who turns justice into a venal prostitute?" The lawyer shook till his teeth chattered again; and a dagger soon stuck in his body, like a stake in a vineyard. "I have done my part," cried the captain, turning proudly away; "the plunder is your affair." And with this he vanished into the forest.

SPIEGEL. Hum! hum! Brother, what I told you just now remains between ourselves; there is no occasion for his knowing it. You understand me?

RAZ. Yes, yes, I understand!

SPIEGEL. You know the man! He has his own notions! You understand me?

RAZ. Oh, I quite understand.

(Enter SCHWARZ at full speed).

Who's there? What is the matter? Any travellers in the forest?

SCHWARZ. Quick, quick! Where are the others? Zounds! there you stand gossiping! Don't you know—do you know nothing of it?—that poor Roller—

PAZ. What of him? What of him?

SCHWARZ. He's hanged, that's all, and four others with him—

RAZ. Roller hanged? S'death! when? How do you know?

SCHWARZ. He has been in limbo more than three weeks, and we knew nothing of it. He was brought up for examination three several days, and still we heard nothing. They put him to the rack to make him tell where the captain was to be found—but the brave fellow would not slip. Yesterday he got his sentence, and this morning was dispatched express to the devil!

RAZ. Confound it! Does the captain know?

SCHWARZ. He heard of it only yesterday. He foamed like a wild boar. You know that Roller was always an especial favorite; and then the rack! Ropes and scaling-ladders were conveyed to the prison, but in vain. Moor himself got access to him disguised as a Capuchin monk, and proposed to change clothes with him; but Roller absolutely refused; whereupon the captain swore an oath that made our very flesh creep. He vowed that he would light a funeral pile for him, such as had never yet graced the bier of royalty, one that should burn them all to cinders. I fear for the city. He has long owed it a grudge for its intolerable bigotry; and you know, when he says, "I'll do it," the thing is as good as done.

RAZ. That is true! I know the captain. If he had pledged his word to the devil to go to hell he never would pray again, though half a pater-noster would take him to heaven. Alas! poor Roller!—poor Roller!

SPIEGEL. *Memento mori!* But it does not concern me. (Hums a tune).

Should I happen to pass the gallows stone,
I shall just take a sight with one eye,
And think to myself, you may dangle alone,
Who now, sir, 's the fool, you or I?

RAZ. (Jumping up). Hark! a shot! (Firing and noise is heard behind the scenes).

SPIEGEL. Another!

RAZ. And another! The captain!

(Voices behind the scenes are heard singing).

The Nurnbergers deem it the wisest plan,
Never to hang till they've caught their man.
Da capo.

SCHWEITZER and ROLLER (behind the scenes). Holla, ho! Holla, ho!

RAZ. Roller! by all the devils! Roller!

SCHWEITZER and ROLLER (still behind the scenes).
Razman! Schwarz! Spiegelberg! Razman!

RAZ. Roller! Schweitzer! Thunder and lightning!
Fire and fury! (They run towards him.)

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR (on horseback), SCHWEITZER, ROLLER,
GRIMM,
SCHUFTERLE, and a troop of ROBBERS covered with dust and mud.

CHARLES (leaping from his horse) Liberty! Liberty!—Thou art on terra firma, Roller! Take my horse, Schweitzer, and wash him with wine. (Throws himself on the ground.) That was hot work!

RAZ. (to ROLLER). Well, by the fires of Pluto! Art thou risen from the wheel?

SCHWARZ. Art thou his ghost? or am I a fool? or art thou really the man?

ROLLER (still breathless). The identical—alive—whole.—Where do you think I come from?

SCHWARZ. It would puzzle a witch to tell! The staff was already broken over you.

ROLLER. Ay, that it was, and more than that! I come straightway from the gallows. Only let me get my breath. Schweitzer will tell you all. Give me a glass of brandy! You there too, Spiegelberg! I thought we should have met again in another place. But give me a glass of brandy! my bones are tumbling to pieces. Oh, my captain! Where is my captain?

SCHWARZ. Have patience, man, have patience. Just tell me—say—come, let's hear—how did you escape? In the name of wonder how came we to get you back again? My brain is bewildered. From the gallows, you say?

ROLLER (swallows a flask of brandy). Ah, that is capital! that warms the inside! Straight from the gallows, I tell you. You stand there amid stare as if that was impossible. I can assure you, I was not more than three paces from that blessed ladder, on which I was to mount to Abraham's bosom—so near, so very near, that I was sold, skin and all, to the dissecting-room! The fee-simple of my life was not worth a pinch of snuff. To the captain I am indebted for breath, and liberty, and life.

SCHWEITZER. It was a trick worth the telling. We had heard the day before, through our spies, that Roller was in the devil's own pickle; and unless the vault of heaven fell in suddenly he would, on the morrow —that is, to-day—go the way of all flesh. Up! says the captain, and follow me—what is not a friend worth? Whether we save him or not, we will at least light him up a funeral pile

such as never yet honored royalty; one which shall burn them black and blue. The whole troop was summoned. We sent Roller a trusty messenger, who conveyed the notice to him in a little billet, which he slipped into his porridge.

ROLLER. I had but small hope of success.

SCHWEITZER. We waited till the thoroughfares were clear. The whole town was out after the sight; equestrians, pedestrians, carriages, all pell-mell; the noise and the gibbet-psalm sounded far and wide. Now, says the captain, light up, light up! We all flew like darts; they set fire to the city in three-and-thirty places at once; threw burning firebrands on the powder-magazine, and into the churches and granaries. Morbleu! in less than a quarter of an hour a northeaster, which, like us, must have owed a grudge to the city, came seasonably to our aid, and helped to lift the flames up to the highest gables. Meanwhile we ran up and down the streets like furies, crying, fire! ho! fire! ho! in every direction. There was such howling—screaming-tumult—fire-bells tolling. And presently the powder-magazine blew up into the air with a crash as if the earth were rent in twain, heaven burst to shivers, and hell sunk ten thousand fathoms deeper.

ROLLER. Now my guards looked behind them—there lay the city, like Sodom and Gomorrah—the whole horizon was one mass of fire, brimstone, and smoke; and forty hills echoed and reflected the infernal prank far and wide. A panic seized them all—I take advantage of the moment, and, quick as lightning—my fetters had been taken off, so nearly was my time come—while my guards were looking away petrified, like Lot's wife, I shot off—tore through the crowd—and away! After running some sixty paces I throw off my clothes, plunge into the river, and swim along under water till I think they have lost sight of me. My captain stood ready, with horses and clothes—and here I am. Moor! Moor! I only wish that you may soon get into just such another scrape that I may requite you in like manner.

RAZ. A brutal wish, for which you deserve to be hanged. It was a glorious prank, though.

ROLLER. It was help in need; you cannot judge of it. You should have marched, like me, with a rope round your neck, travelling to your grave in the living body, and seen their horrid sacramental forms and hangman's ceremonies—and then, at every reluctant step, as the struggling feet were thrust forward, to see the infernal machine, on which I was to be elevated, glaring more and more hideously in the blaze of a noonday sun—and the hangman's rascallions watching for their prey—and the horrible psalm-singing—the cursed twang still rings in my ears—and the screeching hungry ravens, a whole flight of them, who were hovering over the half-rotten carcass of my predecessor. To see all this—ay, more, to have a foretaste of the blessedness which was in store for me! Brother, brother! And then, all of a sudden, the signal of deliverance. It was an explosion as if the vault of heaven were rent in twain. Hark ye, fellows! I tell you, if a man were to leap out of a fiery furnace into a freezing lake he could not feel the contrast half so strongly as I did when I gained the opposite shore.

SPIEGEL. (Laughs.) Poor wretch! Well, you have got over it. (Pledges him). Here's to a happy regeneration!

ROLLER (flings away his glass). No, by all the treasures of Mammon, I should not like to go through it a second time. Death is something more than a harlequin's leap, and its terrors are even worse than death itself.

SPIEGEL. And the powder-magazine leaping into the air! Don't you see it now, Razman? That was the reason the air stunk so, for miles round, of brimstone, as if the whole wardrobe of Moloch was being aired under the open firmament. It was a master-stroke, captain! I envy you for it.

SCHWEITZER. If the town makes it a holiday-treat to see our comrade killed by a baited hog, why the devil should we scruple to sacrifice the city for the rescue of our comrade? And, by the way, our fellows had the extra treat of being able to plunder worse than the old emperor. Tell me, what have you sacked?

ONE OF THE TROOP. I crept into St. Stephen's church during the hubbub,

and tore the gold lace from the altarcloth. The patron saint, thought I to myself, can make gold lace out of packthread.

SCHWEITZER. 'Twas well done. What is the use of such rubbish in a church? They offer it to the Creator, who despises such trumpery, while they leave his creatures to die of hunger. And you, Sprazeler—where did you throw your net?

A SECOND. I and Brizal broke into a merchant's store, and have brought stuffs enough with us to serve fifty men.

A THIRD. I have filched two gold watches and a dozen silver spoons.

SCHWEITZER. Well done, well done! And we have lighted them a bonfire that will take a fortnight to put out again. And, to get rid of the fire, they must ruin the city with water. Do you know, Schufterle, how many lives have been lost?

SCHUF. Eighty-three, they say. The powder-magazine alone blew threescore to atoms.

CHARLES (very seriously). Roller, thou art dearly bought.

SCHUF. Bah! bah! What of that? If they had but been men it would have been another matter—but they were babes in swaddling clothes, and shrivelled old nurses that kept the flies from them, and dried-up stove-squatters who could not crawl to the door—patients whining for the doctor, who, with his stately gravity, was marching to the sport. All that had the use of their legs had gone forth in the sight, and nothing remained at home but the dregs of the city.

CHARLES. Alas for the poor creatures! Sick people, sayest thou, old men and infants?

SCHUF. Ay, the devil go with them! And lying-in-women into the bargain;

and women far gone with child, who were afraid of miscarrying under the gibbet; and young mothers, who thought the sight might do them a mischief, and mark the gallows upon the foreheads of their unborn babes—poor poets, without a shoe, because their only pair had been sent to the cobbler to mend—and other such vermin, not worth the trouble of mentioning. As I chanced to pass by a cottage I heard a great squalling inside. I looked in; and, when I came to examine, what do you think it was? Why, an infant—a plump and ruddy urchin—lying on the floor under a table which was just beginning to burn. Poor little wretch! said I, you will be cold there, and with that I threw it into the flames!

CHARLES. Indeed, Schufferle? Then may those flames burn in thy bosom to all eternity! Avaunt, monster! Never let me see thee again in my troop! What! Do you murmur? Do you hesitate? Who dares hesitate when I command? Away with him, I say! And there are others among you ripe for my vengeance. I know thee, Spiegelberg. But I will step in among you ere long, and hold a fearful muster-roll. [Exeunt, trembling.]

CHARLES (alone, walking up and down in great agitation). Hear them not, thou avenger in heaven! How can I avert it? Art thou to blame, great God, if thy engines, pestilence, and famine, and floods, overwhelm the just with the unjust? Who can stay the flame, which is kindled to destroy the hornet's nest, from extending to the blessed harvest? Oh! fie on the slaughter of women, and children, and the sick! How this deed weighs me down! It has poisoned my fairest achievements! There he stands, poor fool, abashed and disgraced in the sight of heaven; the boy that presumed to wield Jove's thunder, and overthrew pigmies when he should have crushed Titans. Go, go! 'tis not for thee, puny son of clay, to wield the avenging sword of sovereign justice! Thou didst fail at thy first essay. Here, then, I renounce the audacious scheme. I go to hide myself in some deep cleft of the earth, where no daylight will be witness of my shame. (He is about to fly.)

Enter a ROBBER hurriedly.

ROBBER. Look out, captain! There is mischief in the wind! Whole detachments of Bohemian cavalry are scouring the forests. That infernal bailiff must have betrayed us.

Enter more ROBBERS.

2D ROBBER. Captain! captain! they have tracked us! Some thousands of them are forming a cordon round the middle forest.

Enter more ROBBERS again.

3D ROBBER. Woe, woe, woe! we are all taken, hanged drawn, and quartered. Thousands of hussars, dragoons, and chasseurs are mustering on the heights, and guard all the passes. [Exit CHARLES VON MOOR.]

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHWARZ, SCHUFTERLE, SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, and the whole troop.

SCHWEITZER. Ha! Have we routed them out of their feather-beds at last? Come, be jolly, Roller! I have long wished to have a bout with those knights of the bread-basket. Where is the captain? Is the whole troop assembled? I hope we have powder enough?

RAZ. Powder, I believe you; but we are only eighty in all and therefore scarcely one to twenty.

SCHWEITZER. So much the better! And though there were fifty against my great toe-nail—fellows who have waited till we lit the straw under their very seats. Brother, brother, there is nothing to fear. They sell their lives for tenpence; and are we not fighting for our necks? We will pour into them like a deluge, and fire volleys upon their heads like crashes of thunder. But where the devil is the captain.

SPIEGEL. He forsakes us in this extremity. Is there no hope of escape?

SCHWEITZER. Escape?

SPIEGEL. Oh, that I had tarried in Jerusalem!

SCHWEITZER. I wish you were choked in a cesspool, you paltry coward! With defenceless nuns you are a mighty man; but at sight of a pair of fists a confirmed sneak! Now show your courage or you shall be sewn up alive in an ass's hide and baited to death with dogs.

RAZ. The captain! the captain!

Enter CHARLES (speaking slowly to himself).

CHARLES. I have allowed them to be hemmed in on every side. Now they must fight with the energy of despair. (Aloud.) Now my boys! now for it! We must fight like wounded boars, or we are utterly lost!

SCHWEITZER. Ha! I'll rip them open with my tusks, till their entrails protrude by the yard! Lead on, captain! we will follow you into the very jaws of death.

CHARLES. Charge all your arms! You've plenty of powder, I hope?

SCHWEITZER (with energy). Powder? ay, enough to blow the earth up to the moon.

RAZ. Every one of us has five brace of pistols, ready loaded, and three carbines to boot.

CHARLES. Good! good! Now some of you must climb up the trees, or conceal yourselves in the thickets, and some fire upon them in ambush—

SCHWEITZER. That part will suit you, Spiegelberg.

CHARLES. The rest will follow me, and fall upon their flanks like furies.

SCHWEITZER. There will I be!

CHARLES. At the same time let every man make his whistle ring through the forest, and gallop about in every direction, so that our numbers may appear the more formidable. And let all the dogs be unchained, and set on upon their ranks, that they may be broken and dispersed and run in the way of our fire. We three, Roller, Schweitzer, and myself, will fight wherever the fray is hottest.

SCHWEITZER. Masterly! excellent! We will so bewilder them with balls that they shall not know whence the salutes are coming. I have more than once shot away a cherry from the mouth. Only let them come on (SCHUFTERLE is pulling SCHWEITZER; the latter takes the captain aside, and entreats him in a low voice.)

CHARLES. Silence!

SCHWEITZER. I entreat you—

CHARLES. Away! Let him have the benefit of his disgrace; it has saved him. He shall not die on the same field with myself, my Schweitzer, and my Roller. Let him change his apparel, and I will say he is a traveller whom I have plundered. Make yourself easy, Schweitzer. Take my word for it he will be hanged yet.

Enter FATHER DOMINIC.

FATHER DOM. (to himself, starts). Is this the dragon's nest? With your leave, sirs! I am a servant of the church; and yonder are seventeen hundred men who guard every hair of my head.

SCHWEITZER. Bravo! bravo! Well spoken to keep his courage warm.

CHARLES. Silence, comrade! Will you tell us briefly, good father, what is your errand here?

FATHER Dom. I am delegated by the high justices, on whose sentence hangs life or death—ye thieves—ye incendiaries—ye villains—ye venomous generation of vipers, crawling about in the dark, and stinging in secret—ye refuse of humanity—brood of hell—food for ravens and worms—colonists for the gallows and the wheel—

SCHWEITZER. Dog! a truce with your foul tongue! or ——
(He holds the butt-end of his gun before FATHER DOMINIC'S face.)

CHARLES. Fie, fie, Schweitzer! You cut the thread of his discourse. He has got his sermon so nicely by heart. Pray go on, Sir! "for the gallows and the wheel?"

FATHER Dom. And thou, their precious captain!—commander-in-chief of cut-purses!—king of sharpers! Grand Mogul of all the rogues under the sun!—great prototype of that first hellish ringleader who imbued a thousand legions of innocent angels with the flame of rebellion, and drew them down with him into the bottomless pit of damnation! The agonizing cries of bereaved mothers pursue thy footsteps! Thou drinkest blood like water! and thy murderous knife holds men cheaper than air-bubbles!

CHARLES. Very true—exceedingly true! Pray proceed, Sir!

FATHER DOM. What do you mean? Very true—exceedingly true! Is that an answer?

CHARLES. How, Sir? You were not prepared for that, it seems? Go on— by all means go on. What more were you going to say?

FATHER DOM. (heated). Abominable wretch! Avaunt! Does not the blood of a murdered count of the empire cling to thy accursed fingers? Hast thou not, with sacrilegious hands, dared to break into the Lord's sanctuary, and carry off the consecrated vessels of the *sanctissimum*? Hast thou not flung firebrands into our godly city, and brought down the powder-magazine upon the heads of

devout Christians? (Clasps his hands). Horrible, horrible wickedness! that stinketh in the nostrils of Heaven, and provoketh the day of judgment to burst upon you suddenly! ripe for retribution—rushing headlong to the last trump!

CHARLES. Masterly guesses thus far! But now, sir, to the point! What is it that the right worshipful justices wish to convey to me through you?

FATHER DOM. What you are not worthy to receive. Look around you, incendiary! As far as your eye can reach you are environed by our horsemen—there is no chance of escape. As surely as cherries grow on these oaks, and peaches on these firs, so surely shall you turn your backs upon these oaks and these firs in safety.

CHARLES. Do you hear that, Schweitzer? But go on!

FATHER DOM. Hear, then, what mercy and forbearance justice shows towards such miscreants. If you instantly prostrate yourselves in submission and sue for mercy and forgiveness, then severity itself will relent to compassion, and justice be to thee an indulgent mother. She will shut one eye upon your horrible crimes, and be satisfied—only think!—to let you be broken on the wheel.

SCHWEITZER. Did you hear that, captain? Shall I throttle this well-trained shepherd's cur till the red blood spurts from every pore?

ROLLER. Captain! Fire and fury! Captain! How he bites his lip! Shall I topple this fellow upside down like a ninepin?

SCHWEITZER. Mine, mine be the job! Let me kneel to you, captain; let me implore you! I beseech you to grant me the delight of pounding him to a jelly! (FATHER DOMINIC screams.)

CHARLES. Touch him not! Let no one lay a finger on him!—(To FATHER DOMINIC, drawing his sword.) Hark ye, sir father! Here stand nine-and-seventy men, of whom I am the captain, and not one of them has been taught to trot at a

signal, or learned to dance to the music of artillery; while yonder stand seventeen hundred men grown gray under the musket. But now listen! Thus says Moor, the captain of incendiaries. It is true I have slain a count of the empire, burnt and plundered the church of St. Dominic, flung firebrands into your bigoted city, and brought down the powder-magazine upon the heads of devout Christians. But that is not all,—I have done more. (He holds out his right hand.) Do you observe these four costly rings, one on each finger? Go and report punctually to their worships, on whose sentence hangs life or death what you shall hear and see. This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister, whom I stretched at the feet of his prince, during the chase. He had fawned himself up from the lowest dregs, to be the first favorite;—the ruin of his neighbor was his ladder to greatness—orphans' tears helped him to mount it. This diamond I took from a lord treasurer, who sold offices of honor and trust to the highest bidder, and drove the sorrowing patriot from his door. This opal I wear in honor of a priest of your cloth, whom I dispatched with my own hand, after he had publicly deplored in his pulpit the waning power of the Inquisition. I could tell you more stories about my rings, but that I repent the words I have already wasted upon you—

FATHER DOM. O Pharaoh! Pharaoh!

CHARLES. Do you hear it? Did you mark that sigh? Does he not stand there as if he were imploring fire from heaven to descend and destroy this troop of Korah? He pronounces judgment with a shrug of the shoulders, and eternal damnation with a Christian "Alas!" Is it possible for humanity to be so utterly blind? He who has the hundred eyes of Argus to spy out the faults of his brother—can he be so totally blind to his own? They thunder forth from their clouds about gentleness and forbearance, while they sacrifice human victims to the God of love as if he were the fiery Moloch. They preach the love of one's neighbor, while they drive the aged and blind with curses from their door. They rave against covetousness; yet for the sake of gold they have depopulated Peru, and yoked the natives, like cattle, to their chariots. They rack their brains in wonder to account for the creation of a Judas Iscariot, yet the best of them would betray

the whole Trinity for ten shekels. Out upon you, Pharisees! ye falsifiers of truth! ye apes of Deity! You are not ashamed to kneel before crucifixes and altars; you lacerate your backs with thongs, and mortify your flesh with fasting; and with these pitiful mummeries you think, fools as you are, to veil the eyes of Him whom, with the same breath, you address as the Omniscient, just as the great are the most bitterly mocked by those who flatter them while they pretend to hate flatterers. You boast of your honesty and your exemplary conduct; but the God who sees through your hearts would be wroth with Him that made you, were He not the same that had also created the monsters of the Nile. Away with him out of my sight!

FATHER DOM. That such a miscreant should be so proud!

CHARLES. That's not all. Now I will speak proudly. Go and tell the right worshipful justices—who set men's lives upon the cast of a die—I am not one of those thieves who conspire with sleep and midnight, and play the hero and the lordling on a scaling-ladder. What I have done I shall no doubt hereafter be doomed to read in the register of heaven; but with his miserable ministers of earth I will waste no more words. Tell your masters that my trade is retribution—vengeance my occupation! (He turns his back upon him.)

FATHER DOM. Then you despise mercy and forbearance?—Be it so, I have done with you. (Turning to the troop.) Now then, sirs, you shall hear what the high powers direct me to make known to you!—If you will instantly deliver up to me this condemned malefactor, bound hand and foot, you shall receive a full pardon—your enormities shall be entirely blotted out, even from memory. The holy church will receive you, like lost sheep, with renewed love, into her maternal bosom, and the road to honorable employment shall be open to you all. (With a triumphant smile.) Now sir! how does your majesty relish this? Come on! bind him! and you are free!

CHARLES. Do you hear that? Do you hear it? What startles you? Why do you hesitate? They offer you freedom—you that are already their prisoners.

They grant you your lives, and that is no idle pretence, for it is clear you are already condemned felons. They promise you honor and emolument; and, on the other hand, what can you hope for, even should you be victorious to-day, but disgrace, and curses, and persecution? They ensure you the pardon of Heaven; you that are actually damned. There is not a single hair on any of you that is not already bespoke in hell. Do you still hesitate? are you staggered? Is it so difficult, then, to choose between heaven and hell?—Do put in a word, father!

FATHER DOM. (aside.) Is the fellow crazy? (Aloud.) Perhaps you are afraid that this is a trap to catch you alive?—Read it yourselves! Here—is the general pardon fully signed. (He hands a paper to SCHWEITZER.) Can you still doubt?

CHARLES. Only see! only see! What more can you require? Signed with their own hands! It is mercy beyond all bounds! Or are you afraid of their breaking their word, because you have heard it said that no faith need be kept with traitors? Dismiss that fear! Policy alone would constrain them to keep their word, even though it should merely have been pledged to old Nick. Who hereafter would believe them? How could they trade with it a second time? I would take my oath upon it that they mean it sincerely. They know that I am the man who has goaded you on and incited you; they believe you innocent. They look upon your crimes as so many juvenile errors—exuberances of rashness. It is I alone they want. I must pay the penalty. Is it not so, father?

FATHER DOM. What devil incarnate is it that speaks out of him? Of course it is so—of course. The fellow turns my brain.

CHARLES. What! no answer yet? Do you think it possible to cut your way through yon phalanx? Only look round you! just look round! You surely do not reckon upon that; that were indeed a childish conceit—Or do you flatter yourselves that you will fall like heroes, because you saw that I rejoiced in the prospect of the fight? Oh, do not console yourself with the thought! You are not MOOR. You are miserable thieves! wretched tools of my great designs!

despicable as the rope in the hand of the hangman! No! no! Thieves do not fall like heroes. Life must be the hope of thieves, for something fearful has to follow. Thieves may well be allowed to quake at the fear of death. Hark! Do you hear their horns echoing through the forest? See there! how their glittering sabres threaten! What! are you still irresolute? are you mad? are you insane? It is unpardonable. Do you imagine I shall thank you for my life? I disdain your sacrifice!

FATHER DOM. (in utter amazement). I shall go mad! I must be gone!
Was the like ever heard of?

CHARLES. Or are you afraid that I shall stab myself, and so by suicide put an end to the bargain, which only holds good if I am given up alive? No, comrades! that is a vain fear. Here, I fling away my dagger, and my pistols, and this phial of poison, which might have been a treasure to me. I am so wretched that I have lost the power even over my own life. What! still in suspense? Or do you think, perhaps, that I shall stand on my defence when you try to seize me? See here! I bind my right hand to this oak-branch; now I am quite defenceless, a child may overpower me. Who is the first to desert his captain in the hour of need?

ROLLER (with wild energy). And what though hell encircle us with ninefold coils! (Brandishing his sword.) Who is the coward that will betray his captain?

SCHWEITZER (tears the pardon and flings the pieces into FATHER DOMINIC'S face). Pardon be in our bullets! Away with thee, rascal! Tell your senate that you could not find a single traitor in all Moor's camp. Huzza! Huzza! Save the captain!

ALL (shouting). Huzza! Save the captain! Save him! Save our noble captain!

CHARLES (releasing his hand from the tree, joyfully). Now we are free, comrades! I feel a host in this single arm! Death or liberty! At the least they shall not take a man of us alive!

[They sound the signal for attack; noise and tumult.
Exeunt with drawn swords.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—AMELIA in the garden, playing the guitar.

Bright as an angel from Walhalla's hall,
More beautiful than aught of earth was he!
Heaven-mild his look, as sunbeams when they fall,
Reflected from a calm cerulean sea.

His warm embrace—oh, ravishing delight!
With heart to heart the fiery pulses danced—
Our every sense wrap'd in ecstatic night—
Our souls in blissful harmony entranced.

His kisses—oh, what paradise of feeling!
E'en as two flames which round each other twine—
Or flood of seraph harp-tones gently stealing
In one soft swell, away to realms divine!

They rushed, commingled, melted, soul in soul!
Lips glued to lips, with burning tremor bound!
Cold earth dissolved, and love without control
Absorbed all sense of worldly things around!

He's gone!—forever gone! Alas! in vain
My bleeding heart in bitter anguish sighs;
To me is left alone this world of pain,

And mortal life in hopeless sorrow dies.

Enter FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. Here again already, perverse enthusiast? You stole away from the festive banquet, and marred the mirthful pleasures of my guests.

AMELIA. 'Tis pity, truly, to mar such innocent pleasures! Shame on them! The funeral knell that tolled over your father's grave must still be ringing in your ears—

FRANCIS. Wilt thou sorrow, then, forever? Let the dead sleep in peace, and do thou make the living happy! I come—

AMELIA. And when do you go again?

FRANCIS. Alas! Look not on me thus sorrowfully! You wound me, Amelia. I come to tell you—

AMELIA. To tell me, I suppose, that Francis von Moor has become lord and master here.

FRANCIS. Precisely so; that is the very subject on which I wish to communicate with you. Maximilian von Moor is gone to the tomb of his ancestors. I am master. But I wish—to be so in the fullest sense, Amelia. You know what you have been to our house always regarded as Moor's daughter, his love for you will survive even death itself; that, assuredly, you will never forget?

AMELIA. Never, never! Who could be so unfeeling as to drown the memory of it in festive banqueting?

FRANCIS. It is your duty to repay the love of the father to his sons; and Charles is dead. Ha! you are struck with amazement; dizzy with the thought! To be sure 'tis a flattering and an elating prospect which may well overpower the

pride of a woman. Francis tramples under foot the hopes of the noblest and the richest, and offers his heart, his hand, and with them all his gold, his castles, and his forests to a poor, and, but for him, destitute orphan. Francis—the feared—voluntarily declares himself Amelia's slave!

AMELIA. Why does not a thunderbolt cleave the impious tongue which utters the criminal proposal! Thou hast murdered my beloved Charles; and shall Amelia, his betrothed, call thee husband? Thou?

FRANCIS. Be not so violent, most gracious princess! It is true that Francis does not come before you like a whining Celadon—'tis true he has not learned, like a lovesick swain of Arcadia, to sigh forth his amorous plaints to the echo of caves and rocks. Francis speaks—and, when not answered, commands!

AMELIA. Commands? thou reptile! Command me? And what if I laughed your command to scorn?

FRANCIS. That you will hardly do. There are means, too, which I know of, admirably adapted to humble the pride of a capricious, stubborn girl—cloisters and walls!

AMELIA. Excellent! delightful! to be forever secure within cloisters and walls from thy basilisk look, and to have abundant leisure to think and dream of Charles. Welcome with your cloister! welcome your walls!

FRANCIS. Ha! Is that it? Beware! Now you have taught me the art of tormenting you. The sight of me shall, like a fiery-haired fury, drive out of your head these eternal phantasies of Charles. Francis shall be the dread phantom ever lurking behind the image of your beloved, like the fiend-dog that guards the subterranean treasure. I will drag you to church by the hair, and sword in hand wring the nuptial vow from your soul. By main force will I ascend your virginal couch, and storm your haughty modesty with still greater haughtiness.

AMELIA (gives him a slap in the face). Then take that first by way of dowry!

FRANCIS. Ha! I will be tenfold, and twice tenfold revenged for this! My wife! No, that honor you shall never enjoy. You shall be my mistress, my strumpet! The honest peasant's wife shall point her finger at you as she passes you in the street. Ay, gnash your teeth as fiercely as you please—scatter fire and destruction from your eyes—the fury of a woman piques my fancy—it makes you more beautiful, more tempting. Come, this resistance will garnish my triumph, and your struggles give zest to my embraces. Come, come to my chamber—I burn with desire. Come this instant. (Attempts to drag her away).

AMELIA (falls on his neck). Forgive me, Francis! (As he is about to clasp her in his arms, she suddenly draws the sword at his side, and hastily disengages herself). Do you see now, miscreant, how I am able to deal with you? I am only a woman, but a woman enraged. Dare to approach, and this steel shall strike your lascivious heart to the core—the spirit of my uncle will guide my hand. Avaunt, this instant! (She drives him away).

Ah! how different I feel! Now I breathe again—I feel strong as the snorting steed, ferocious as the tigress when she springs upon the ruthless destroyer of her cubs. To a cloister, did he say? I thank thee for the happy thought! Now has disappointed love found a place of refuge—the cloister—the Redeemer's bosom is the sanctuary of disappointed love. (She is on the point going).

.....

In the acting edition the following scene occurs between Herman and Francis, immediately before that with Amelia. As Schiller himself thought this among the happiest of his additions, and regretted that it was "entirely and very unfortunately overlooked in the first edition," it seems desirable to introduce it here as well as the soliloquy immediately following, which has acquired some celebrity.

SCENE VIII.

Enter HERMANN.

FRANCIS. Ha! Welcome, my Euryalus! My prompt and trusty instrument!

HERMANN (abruptly and peevishly). You sent for me, count—why?

FRANCIS. That you might put the seal to your master-piece.

HERMANN (gruffly). Indeed?

FRANCIS. Give the picture its finishing touch.

HERMANN. Poh! Poh!

FRANCIS (startled). Shall I call the carriage? We'll arrange the business during the drive?

HERMANN (scornfully). No ceremony, sir, if you please. For any business we may have to arrange there is room enough between these four walls. At all events I'll just say a few words to you by way of preface, which may save your lungs some unnecessary exertion.

FRANCIS (reservedly). Hum! And what may those words be?

HERMANN (with bitter irony). "You shall have Amelia—and that from my hand—"

FRANCIS (with astonishment). Hermann!

HERMANN (as before, with his back turned on FRANCIS). "Amelia will become the plaything of my will—and you may easily guess the rest—in short all will go as we wish" (Breaks into an indignant laugh, and then turns haughtily to FRANCIS.) Now, Count von Moor, what have you to say to me?

FRANCIS (evasively). To thee? Nothing. I had something to say to Hermann.—

HERMANN, No evasion. Why was I sent for hither? Was it to be your dupe a second time! and to hold the ladder for a thief to mount? to sell my soul for a hangman s fee? What else did you want with me?

FRANCIS (as if recollecting). Ha! It just occurs to me! We must not forget the main point. Did not my steward mention it to you? I wanted to talk to you about the dowry.

HERMANN. This is mere mockery sir; or, if not mockery, something worse. Moor, take care of yourself-beware how you kindle my fury, Moor. We are alone! And I have still an unsullied name to stake against yours! Trust not the devil, although he be of your own raising.

FRANCIS (with dignity). Does this deportment become thee towards thy sovereign and gracious master? Tremble, slave!

HERMANN (ironically). For fear of your displeasure, I suppose? What signifies your displeasure to a man who is at war with himself? Fie, Moor. I already abhor you as a villain; let me not despise you for a fool. I can open graves, and restore the dead to life! Which of us now is the slave?

FRANCIS (in a conciliating tone). Come, my good friend, be discreet, and do not prove faithless.

HERMANN. Pshaw! To expose a wretch like you is here the best discretion—to keep faith with you would be an utter want of sense. Faith? with whom? Faith with the prince of liars? Oh, I shudder at the thought of such faith. A very little timely faithlessness would have almost made a saint of me. But patience! patience! Revenge is cunning in resources.

FRANCIS. Ah, by-the-by, I just remember. You lately lost a purse with a

hundred louis in it, in this apartment. I had almost forgotten it. Here, my good friend! take back what belongs to you. (Offers him a purse).

HERMANN (throws it scornfully at his feet). A curse on your Judas bribe! It is the earnest-money of hell. You once before thought to make my poverty a pander to my conscience—but you were mistaken, count! egregiously mistaken. That purse of gold came most opportunely—to maintain certain persons.

FRANCIS (terrified). Hermann! Hermann! Let me not suspect certain things of you. Should you have done anything contrary to my instructions—you would be the vilest of traitors!

HERMANN (exultingly). Should I? Should I really? Well then count, let me give you a little piece of information! (Significantly.) I will fatten up your infamy, and add fuel to your doom. The book of your misdeeds shall one day be served up as a banquet, and all the world be invited to partake of it. (Contemptuously.) Do you understand me now, my most sovereign, gracious, and excellent master?

FRANCIS (starts up, losing all command of himself). Ha! Devil! Deceitful impostor! (Striking his forehead.) To think that I should stake my fortune on the caprice of an idiot! That was madness! (Throws himself, in great excitement, on a couch.)

HERMANN (whistles through his fingers). Wheugh! the biter bit!—

FRANCIS (biting his lip). But it is true, and ever will be true—that there is no thread so feebly spun, or which snaps asunder so readily, as that which weaves the bands of guilt!—

HERMANN. Gently! Gently! Are angels, then, superseded, that devils turn moralists?

FRANCIS (starts up abruptly; to HERMANN with a malignant laugh). And

certain persons will no doubt acquire much honor by making the discovery?

HERMANN (clapping his hands). Masterly! Inimitable! You play your part to admiration! First you lure the credulous fool into the slough, and then chuckle at the success of your malice, and cry "Woe be to you sinner!" (Laughing and clenching his teeth.) Oh, how cleverly these imps off the devil manoeuvre. But, count (clapping him on the shoulder) you have not yet got your lesson quite perfect—by Heavens! You first learn what the losing gamester will hazard. Set fire to the powder-magazine, says the pirate, and blow all to hell—both friend and foe!

FRANCIS (runs to the wall, and takes down a pistol). Here is treason!
I must be resolute—

HERMANN (draws a pistol as quickly from his pocket, and presents it at him). Don't trouble yourself—one must be prepared for everything with you.

FRANCIS (lets the pistol fall, and throws himself on the sofa in great confusion). Only keep my council till—till I have collected my thoughts.

HERMANN. I suppose till you have hired a dozen assassins to silence my tongue forever! Is it not so! But (in his ear) the secret is committed to paper, which my heirs will publish. [Exit.]

SCENE IX.

FRANCIS, solus.

Francis! Francis! Francis! What is all this? Where was thy courage? where thy once so fertile wit? Woe! Woe! And to be betrayed by thy own instruments! The pillars of my good fortune are tottering to their fall, the fences are broken down, and the raging enemy is already bursting in upon me. Well! this calls for some bold and sudden resolve! What if I went in person—and secretly plunged this sword in his body? A wounded man is but a child. Quick! I'll do it. (He walks with a resolute step to the end of the stage, but stops suddenly as if overcome by sensations of horror). Who are these gliding behind me? (Rolling his eyes fearfully) Faces such as I have never yet beheld. What hideous yells do I hear! I feel that I have courage—courage! oh yes to overflowing! But if a mirror should betray me? or my shadow! or the whistling of the murderous stroke! Ugh! Ugh! How my hair bristles! A shudder creeps through my frame. (He lets a poniard fall from under his clothes.) I am no coward—perhaps somewhat too tenderhearted. Yes! that is it! These are the last struggles of expiring virtue. I revere them. I should indeed be a monster were I to become the murderer of my own brother. No! no! no! That thought be far from me! Let me cherish this vestige of humanity. I will not murder. Nature, thou hast conquered. I still feel something here that seems like—affection. He shall live. [Exit.]

Enter HERMANN, timidly.

HERMANN. Lady Amelia! Lady Amelia!

AMELIA. Unhappy man! why dost thou disturb me?

HERMANN. I must throw this weight from my soul before it drags it down to hell. (Falls down before her.) Pardon! pardon! I have grievously injured you, Lady Amelia!

AMELIA. Arise! depart! I will hear nothing. (Going.)

HERMANN (detaining her). No; stay! In the name of Heaven! In the name of the Eternal! You must know all!

AMELIA. Not another word. I forgive you. Depart in peace. (In the act of going.)

HERMANN. Only one word—listen; it will restore all your peace of mind.

AMELIA (turning back and looking at him with astonishment). How, friend? Who in heaven or on earth can restore my peace of mind?

HERMANN. One word from my lips can do it. Hear me!

AMELIA (seizing his hand with compassion). Good sir! Can one word from thy lips burst asunder the portals of eternity?

HERMANN. (rising). Charles lives!

AMELIA (screaming). Wretch!

HERMANN. Even so. And one word more. Your uncle—

AMELIA. (rushing upon him). Thou liest!

HERMANN. Your uncle—

AMELIA. Charles lives?

HERMANN. And your uncle—

AMELIA. Charles lives?

HERMANN. And your uncle too—betray me not!

(HERMANN runs off)

AMELIA (stands a long while like one petrified; after which she starts up wildly, and rushes after HERMANN.) Charles lives!

SCENE II.—Country near the Danube.

THE ROBBERS (encamped on a rising ground, under trees, their horses are grazing below.)

CHARLES. Here must I lie (throwing himself upon the ground). I feel as if my limbs were all shattered. My tongue is as dry as a potsherd (SCHWEITZER disappears unperceived.) I would ask one of you to bring me a handful of water from that stream, but you are all tired to death.

SCHWARZ. Our wine-flasks too are all empty.

CHARLES. See how beautiful the harvest looks! The trees are breaking with the weight of their fruit. The vines are full of promise.

GRIMM. It is a fruitful year.

CHARLES. Do you think so? Then at least one toil in the world will be repaid. One? Yet in the night a hailstorm may come and destroy it all.

SCHWARZ. That is very possible. It all may be destroyed an hour before the reaping.

CHARLES. Just what I say. All will be destroyed. Why should man prosper in that which he has in common with the ant, while he fails in that which places him on a level with the gods. Or is this the aim and limit of his destiny?

SCHWARZ. I know not.

CHARLES. Thou hast said well; and wilt have done better, if thou never seekest to know. Brother, I have looked on men, their insect cares and their giant projects,—their god-like plans and mouse-like occupations, their intensely eager race after happiness—one trusting to the fleetness of his horse,—another to the nose of his ass,—a third to his own legs; this checkered lottery of life, in which so many stake their innocence and their leaven to snatch a prize, and,—blanks are all they draw—for they find, too late, that there was no prize in the wheel. It is a drama, brother, enough to bring tears into your eyes, while it shakes your sides with laughter.

SCHWARZ. How gloriously the sun is setting yonder!

CHARLES (absorbed in the scene). So dies a hero! Worthy of adoration!

SCHWARZ. You seem deeply moved.

CHARLES. When I, was but a boy—it was my darling thought to live like him, like him to die—(with suppressed grief.) It was a boyish thought!

GRIMM. It was, indeed.

CHARLES. There was a time—(pressing his hat down upon his face).
I would be alone, comrades.

SCHWARZ. Moor! Moor! Why, what the deuce! How his color changes.

GRIMM. By all the devils! What ails him? Is he ill?

CHARLES. There was a time when I could not have slept had I forgotten my evening prayers.

GRIMM. Are you beside yourself? Would you let the remembrances of your boyish years school you now?

CHARLES (lays his head upon the breast of GRIMM). Brother! Brother!

GRIMM. Come! Don't play the child—I pray you

CHARLES. Oh that I were—that I were again a child!

GRIMM. Fie! fie!

SCHWARZ. Cheer up! Behold this smiling landscape—this delicious evening!

CHARLES. Yes, friends, this world is very lovely—

SCHWARZ. Come, now, that was well said.

CHARLES. This earth so glorious!—

GRIMM. Right—right—I love to hear you talk thus.

CHARLES. (sinking back). And I so hideous in' this lovely world— a monster on this glorious earth!

GRIMM. Oh dear! oh dear!

CHARLES. My innocence! give me back my innocence! Behold, every living thing is gone forth to bask in the cheering rays of the vernal sun—why must I alone inhale the torments of hell out of the joys of heaven? All are so happy, all so united in brotherly love, by the spirit of peace! The whole world one family, and one Father above—but He not my father! I alone the outcast, I alone rejected from the ranks of the blessed—the sweet name of child is not for me—never for me the soul-thrilling glance of her I love—never, never the bosom friend's embrace—(starting back wildly)—surrounded by murderers—hemmed in by hissing vipers— riveted to vice with iron fetters—whirling headlong on the frail reed of sin to the gulf of perdition—amid the blooming flowers of a glad world, a howling Abaddon!

SCHWARZ (to the others). How strange! I never saw him thus before.

CHARLES (with melancholy). Oh, that I might return again to my mother's womb. That I might be born a beggar! I should desire no more,—no more, oh heaven!—but that I might be like one of those poor laborers! Oh, I would toil till the blood streamed down my temples—to buy myself the luxury of one guiltless slumber—the blessedness of a single tear.

GRIMM (to the others). A little patience—the paroxysm is nearly over.

CHARLES. There was a time when my tears flowed so freely. Oh, those days of peace! Dear home of my fathers—ye verdant halcyon vales! O all ye Elysian scenes of my childhood!—will you never return?—will your delicious breezes never cool my burning bosom? Mourn with me, Nature, mourn! They will never return! never will their delicious breezes cool my burning bosom! They are gone! gone! irrevocably gone!

Enter SCHWEITZER with water in his hat.

SCHWEITZER (offering him water in his hat). Drink, captain; here is plenty of water, and cold as ice.

SCHWARZ. You are bleeding! What have you been doing?

SCHWEITZER. A bit of a freak, you fool, which had well-nigh cost me two legs and a neck. As I was frolicking along the steep sandbanks of the river, plump, in a moment, the whole concern slid from under me, and I after it, some ten fathoms deep;—there I lay, and, as I was recovering my five senses, lo and behold, the most sparkling water in the gravel! Not so much amiss this time, said I to myself, for the caper I have cut. The captain will be sure to relish a drink.

CHARLES (returns him the hat and wipes his face). But you are covered with mud, Schweitzer, and we can't see the scar which the Bohemian horseman marked on your forehead—your water was good, Schweitzer—and those scars become you well.

SCHWEITZER. Bah! There's room for a score or two more yet.

CHARLES. Yes, boys—it was a hot day's work—and only one man lost. Poor Roller! he died a noble death. A marble monument would be erected to his memory had he died in any other cause than mine. Let this suffice. (He wipes the tears from his eyes.) How many, did you say, of the enemy were left on the field?

SCHWEITZER. A hundred and sixty huzzars, ninety-three dragoons, some forty chasseurs—in all about three hundred.

CHARLES. Three hundred for one! Every one of you has a claim upon this head. (He bares his head.) By this uplifted dagger! As my Soul liveth, I will never forsake you!

SCHWEITZER. Swear not! You do not know but you may yet be happy, and repent your oath.

CHARLES. By the ashes of my Roller! I will never forsake you.

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOSINSKY (aside). Hereabouts, they say, I shall find him. Ha! What faces are these? Should they be—if these—they must be the men! Yes, 'tis they,'tis they! I will accost them.

SCHWARZ. Take heed! Who goes there?

KOSINSKY. Pardon, sirs. I know not whether I am going right or wrong.

CHARLES. Suppose right, whom do you take us to be?

KOSINSKY. Men!

SCHWEITZER. I wonder, captain, whether we have given any proof of that?

KOSINSKY. I am in search of men who can look death in the face, and let danger play around them like a tamed snake; who prize liberty above life or honor; whose very names, hailed by the poor and the oppressed, appal the boldest, and make tyrants tremble.

SCHWEITZER (to the Captain). I like that fellow. Hark ye, friend! You have found your men.

KOSINSKY. So I should think, and I hope soon to find them brothers. You can direct me to the man I am looking for. 'Tis your captain, the great Count von Moor.

SCHWEITZER (taking him warmly by the hand). There's a good lad. You and I must be chums.

CHARLES (coming nearer). Do you know the captain?

KOSINSKY. Thou art he!—in those features—that air—who can look at thee, and doubt it? (Looks earnestly at him for some time). I have always wished to see the man with the annihilating look, as he sat on the ruins of Carthage.* That wish is realized.

*[Alluding to Caius Marius. See Plutarch's Lives.]

SCHWEITZER. A mettlesome fellow!—

CHARLES. And what brings you to me?

KOSINSKY. Oh, captain! my more than cruel fate. I have suffered shipwrecked on the stormy ocean of the world; I have seen all my fondest hopes perish; and nought remains to me but a remembrance of the bitter past, which would drive me to madness, were I not to drown it by directing my energies to new objects.

CHARLES. Another arraignment of the ways of Providence! Proceed.

KOSINSKY. I became a soldier. Misfortune still followed me in the army. I made a venture to the Indies, and my ship was shivered on the rocks—nothing but frustrated hopes! At last, I heard tell far and wide of your valiant deeds, incendiariisms, as they called them, and I came straightway hither, a distance of thirty leagues, firmly resolved to serve under you, if you will deign to accept my services. I entreat thee, noble captain, refuse me not!

SCHWEITZER (with a leap into the air). Hurrah! Hurrah! Our Roller replaced ten hundred-fold! An out-and-out brother cut-throat for our troop.

CHARLES. What is your name?

KOSINSKY. Kosinsky.

CHARLES. What? Kosinsky! And do you know that you are but a thoughtless boy, and are embarking on the most weighty passage of your life as heedlessly as a giddy girl? You will find no playing at bowls or ninepins here, as you probably imagine.

KOSINSKY. I understand you, sir. I am, 'tis true, but four-and-twenty years old, but I have seen swords glittering, and have heard balls whistling around me.

CHARLES. Indeed, young gentleman? And was it for this that you took fencing lessons, to run poor travellers through the body for the sake of a dollar, or stab women in the back? Go! go! You have played truant to your nurse because she shook the rod at you.

SCHWEITZER. Why, what the devil, captain! what are you about? Do you mean to turn away such a Hercules? Does he not look as if he could baste Marechal Saxe across the Ganges with a ladle?

CHARLES. Because your silly schemes miscarry, you come here to turn rogue and assassin! Murder, boy, do you know the meaning of that word? You

may have slumbered in peace after cropping a few poppy-heads, but to have a murder on your soul—

KOSINSKY. All the murders you bid me commit be upon my head!

CHARLES. What! Are you so nimble-witted? Do you take measure of a man to catch him by flattery? How do you know that I am not haunted by terrific dreams, or that I shall not tremble on my death-bed?—How much have you already done of which you have considered the responsibility?

KOSINSKY. Very little, I must confess; excepting this long journey to you, noble count—

CHARLES. Has your tutor let the story of Robin Hood—get into your hands? Such careless rascals ought to be sent to the galleys. And has it heated your childish fancy, and infected you with the mania of becoming a hero? Are you thirsting for honor and fame? Would you buy immortality by deeds of incendiarism? Mark me, ambitious youth! No laurel blooms for the incendiary. No triumph awaits the victories of the bandit—nothing but curses, danger, death, disgrace. Do you see the gibbet yonder on the hill?

SPIEGEL (going up and down indignantly). Oh, how stupid! How abominably, unpardonably stupid! That's not the way. I went to work in a very different manner.

KOSINSKY. What should he fear, who fears not death?

CHARLES. Bravo! Capital! You have made good use of your time at school; you have got your Seneca cleverly by heart. But, my good friend, you will not be able with these fine phrases to cajole nature in the hour of suffering; they will never blunt the biting tooth of remorse. Ponder on it well, my son! (Takes him by the hand.) I advise you as a father. First learn the depth of the abyss before you plunge headlong into it. If in this world you can catch a single glimpse of happiness—moments may come when you-awake,—and then—it may be too

late. Here you step out as it were beyond the pale of humanity—you must either be more than human or a demon. Once more, my son! if but a single spark of hope glimmer for you elsewhere, fly this fearful compact, where nought but despair enters, unless a higher wisdom has so ordained it. You may deceive yourself—believe me, it is possible to mistake that for strength of mind which in reality is nothing more than despair. Take my counsel! mine! and depart quickly.

KOSINSKY. No! I will not stir. If my entreaties fail to move you, hear but the story of my misfortunes. And then you will force the dagger into my hand as eagerly as you now seek to withhold it. Seat yourselves awhile on the grass and listen.

CHARLES. I will hear your story.

KOSINSKY. Know, then, that I am a Bohemian nobleman. By the early death of my father I became master of large possessions. The scene of my domain was a paradise; for it contained an angel—a maid adorned with all the charms of blooming youth, and chaste as the light of heaven. But to whom do I talk of this? It falls unheeded on your ears—ye never loved, ye were never beloved—

SCHWEITZER. Gently, gently! The captain grows red as fire.

CHARLES. No more! I'll hear you some other time—to-morrow,—or by-and-by, or—after I have seen blood.

KOSINSKY. Blood, blood! Only hear on! Blood will fill your whole soul. She was of citizen birth, a German—but her look dissolved all the prejudices of aristocracy. With blushing modesty she received the bridal ring from my hand, and on the morrow I was to have led my AMELIA to the altar. (CHARLES rises suddenly.) In the midst of my intoxicating dream of happiness, and while our nuptials were preparing, an express summoned me to court. I obeyed the summons. Letters were shown me which I was said to have written, full of treasonable matter. I grew scarlet with indignation at such malice; they deprived

me of my sword, thrust me into prison, and all my senses forsook me.

SCHWEITZER. And in the meantime—go on! I already scent the game.

KOSINSKY. There I lay a whole month, and knew not what was taking place. I was full of anxiety for my Amelia, who I was sure would suffer the pangs of death every moment in apprehension of my fate. At last the prime minister makes his appearance,—congratulates me in honey-sweet words on the establishment of my innocence,—reads to me a warrant of discharge,—and returns me my sword. I flew in triumph to my castle, to the arms of my Amelia, but she had disappeared! She had been carried off, it was said, at midnight, no one knew whither, and no eye had beheld her since. A suspicion instantly flashed across my mind. I rushed to the capital—I made inquiries at court—all eyes were upon me,—no one would give me information. At last I discovered her through a grated window of the palace—she threw me a small billet.

SCHWEITZER. Did I not say so?

KOSINSKY. Death and destruction! The contents were these! They had given her the choice between seeing me put to death, and becoming the mistress of the prince. In the struggle between honor and love she chose the latter, and (with a bitter smile) I was saved.

SCHWEITZER. And what did you do then?

KOSINSKY. Then I stood like one transfixed with a thunderbolt! Blood was my first thought, blood my last! Foaming at the mouth, I ran to my quarters, armed myself with a two-edged sword, and, with all haste, rushed to the minister's house, for he—he alone—had been the fiendish pander. They must have observed me in the street, for, as I went up, I found all the doors fastened. I searched, I enquired. He was gone, they said, to the prince. I went straight thither, but nobody there would know anything about him. I return, force the doors, find the base wretch, and was on the point when five or six servants

suddenly rushed on me from behind, and wrenched the weapon from my hands.

SCHWEITZER (stamping the ground). And so the fellow got off clear, and you lost your labor?

KOSINSKY. I was arrested, accused, criminally prosecuted, degraded, and—mark this—transported beyond the frontier, as a special favor. My estates were confiscated to the minister, and Amelia remained in the clutches of the tiger, where she weeps and mourns away her life, while my vengeance must keep a fast, and crouch submissively to the yoke of despotism.

SCHWEITZER (rising and whetting his sword). That is grist to our mill, captain! There is something here for the incendiaries!

CHARLES (who has been walking up and down in violent agitation, with a sudden start to the ROBBERS). I must see her. Up! collect your baggage—you'll stay with us, Kosinsky! Quick, pack up!

THE ROBBERS. Where to? What?

CHARLES. Where to? Who asks that question? (Fiercely to SCHWEITZER) Traitor, wouldst thou keep me back? But by the hope for heaven!

SCHWEITZER. I, a traitor? Lead on to hell and I will follow you!

CHARLES (falling on his neck). Dear brother! thou shalt follow me. She weeps, she mourns away her life. Up! quickly! all of you! to Franconia! In a week we must be there.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rural scenery in the neighborhood of CHARLES VON MOOR'S castle.

CHARLES VON MOOR, KOSINSKY, at a distance.

CHARLES. Go forward, and announce me. You remember what you have to say?

KOSINSKY. You are Count Brand, you come from Mecklenburg. I am your groom. Do not fear, I shall take care to play my part. Farewell! [Exit.]

CHARLES. Hail to thee, Earth of my Fatherland (kisses the earth.) Heaven of my Fatherland! Sun of my Fatherland! Ye meadows and hills, ye streams and woods! Hail, hail to ye all! How deliciously the breezes are wafted from my native hills? What streams of balmy perfume greet the poor fugitive! Elysium! Realms of poetry! Stay, Moor, thy foot has strayed into a holy temple. (Comes nearer.)

See there! the old swallow-nests in the castle yard!—and the little garden-gate!—and this corner of the fence where I so often watched in ambuscade to tease old Towzer!—and down there in the green valley, where, as the great Alexander, I led my Macedonians to the battle of Arbela; and the grassy hillock yonder, from which I hurled the Persian satrap—and then waved on high my victorious banner! (He smiles.) The golden age of boyhood lives again in the soul of the outcast. I was then so happy, so wholly, so cloudlessly happy—and now—behold all my prospects a wreck! Here should I have presided, a great, a

noble, an honored man—here have—lived over again the years of boyhood in the blooming—children of my Amelia—here!—here have been the idol of my people—but the foul fiend opposed it (Starting.) Why am I here? To feel like the captive when the clanking of his chains awakes him from his dream of liberty. No, let me return to my wretchedness! The captive had forgotten the light of day, but the dream of liberty flashes past his eyes like a blaze of lightning in the night, which leaves it darker than before. Farewell, ye native vales! once ye saw Charles as a boy, and then Charles was happy. Now ye have seen the man his happiness turned to despair! (He moves rapidly towards the most distant point of the landscape, where he suddenly stops and casts a melancholy look across to the castle.) Not to behold her! not even one look?—and only a wall between me and Amelia! No! see her I must!—and him too!—though it crush me! (He turns back.) Father! father! thy son approaches. Away with thee, black, reeking gore! Away with that grim, ghastly look of death! Oh, give me but this one hour free! Amelia! Father! thy Charles approaches! (He goes quickly towards the castle.) Torment me when the morning dawns—give me no rest with the coming night—beset me in frightful dreams! But, oh! poison not this my only hour of bliss! (He is standing at the gate.) What is it I feel? What means this, Moor? Be a man! These death-like shudders—foreboding terrors. [Enters.]

SCENE II.*—Gallery in the Castle.

*[In some editions this is the third scene, and there is no second.]

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR, AMELIA.

AMELIA. And are you sure that you should know his portrait among these pictures?

CHARLES. Oh, most certainly! his image has always been fresh in my memory. (Passing along thee pictures.) This is not it.

AMELIA. You are right! He was the first count, and received his patent of nobility from Frederic Barbarossa, to whom he rendered some service against the corsairs.

CHARLES (still reviewing the pictures). Neither is it this—nor this— nor that—it is not among these at all.

AMELIA. Nay! look more attentively! I thought you knew him.

CHARLES. As well as my own father! This picture wants the sweet expression around the mouth, which distinguished him from among a thousand. It is not he.

AMELIA. You surprise me. What! not seen him for eighteen years, and still—

CHARLES (quickly, with a hectic blush). Yes, this is he! (He stands as if struck by lightning.)

AMELIA. An excellent man!

CHARLES (absorbed in the contemplation of the picture). Father! father! forgive me! Yes, an excellent man! (He wipes his eyes.) A godlike man!

AMELIA. You seem to take a deep interest in him.

CHARLES. Oh, an excellent man! And he is gone, you say!

AMELIA. Gone! as our best joys perish. (Gently taking him by the hand.) Dear Sir, no happiness ripens in this world.

CHARLES. Most true, most true! And have you already proved this truth by sad experience? You, who can scarcely yet have seen your twenty-third year?

AMELIA. Yes, alas, I have proved it. Whatever lives, lives to die in sorrow. We engage our hearts, and grasp after the things of this world, only to undergo

the pang of losing them.

CHARLES. What can you have lost, and yet so young?

AMELIA. Nothing—everything—nothing. Shall we go on, count?*

*[In the acting edition is added—

"MOOR. And would you learn forgetfulness in that holy garb there?
(Pointing to a nun's habit.)

"AMELIA. To-morrow I hope to do so. Shall we continue our walk,
sir?"]

CHARLES. In such haste? Whose portrait is that on the right? There is an unhappy look about that countenance, methinks.

AMELIA. That portrait on the left is the son of the count, the present count. Come, let us pass on!

CHARLES. But this portrait on the right?

AMELIA. Will you not continue your walk, Sir?

CHARLES. But this portrait on the right hand? You are in tears, Amelia? [Exit AMELIA, in precipitation.]

CHARLES. She loves me, she loves me! Her whole being began to rebel, and the traitor tears rolled down her cheeks. She loves me! Wretch, hast thou deserved this at her hands? Stand I not here like a condemned criminal before the fatal block? Is this the couch on which we so often sat—where I have hung in rapture on her neck? Are these my ancestral halls? (Overcome by the sight of his father's portrait.) Thou—thou—Flames of fire darting from thine eyes—His curse—His curse—He disowns me—Where am I? My sight grows dim—Horrors of the living God—'Twas I, 'twas I that killed my father! [He rushes off]

Enter FRANCIS VON MOOR, in deep thought.

FRANCIS. Away with that image! Away with it! Craven heart! Why dost thou tremble, and before whom? Have I not felt, during the few hours that the count has been within these walls as if a spy from hell were gliding at my heels. Methinks I should know him! There is something so lofty, so familiar, in his wild, sunburnt features, which makes me tremble. Amelia, too, is not indifferent towards him! Does she not dart eager, languishing looks at the fellow looks of which she is so chary to all the world beside? Did I not see her drop those stealthy tears into the wine, which, behind my back, he quaffed so eagerly that he seemed to swallow the very glass? Yes, I saw it—I saw it in the mirror with my own eyes. Take care, Francis! Look about you! Some destruction-brooding monster is lurking beneath all this! (He stops, with a searching look, before the portrait of CHARLES.)

His long, crane-like neck—his black, fire-sparkling eyes—hem! hem!— his dark, overhanging, bushy eyebrows. (Suddenly starting back.) Malicious hell! dost thou send me this suspicion? It is Charles! Yes, all his features are reviving before me. It is he! despite his mask! it is he! Death and damnation! (Goes up and down with agitated steps.) Is it for this that I have sacrificed my nights—that I have mowed down mountains and filled up chasms? For this that I have turned rebel against all the instincts of humanity? To have this vagabond outcast blunder in at last, and destroy all my cunningly devised fabric. But gently! gently! What remains to be done is but child's play. Have I not already waded up to my very ears in mortal sin? Seeing how far the shore lies behind me, it would be madness to attempt to swim back. To return is now out of the question. Grace itself would be beggared, and infinite mercy become bankrupt, were they to be responsible for all my liabilities. Then onward like a man. (He rings the bell.) Let him be gathered to the spirit of his father, and now come on! For the dead I care not! Daniel! Ho! Daniel! I'd wager a trifle they have already inveigled him too into the plot against me! He looks so full of mystery!

Enter DANIEL.

DANIEL. What is your pleasure, my master?

FRANCIS. Nothing. Go, fill this goblet with wine, and quickly! (Exit DANIEL.) Wait a little, old man! I shall find you out! I will fix my eye upon you so keenly that your stricken conscience shall betray itself through your mask! He shall die! He is but a sorry bungler who leaves his work half finished, and then looks on idly, trusting to chance for what may come of it.

Enter DANIEL, with the wine.

Bring it here! Look me steadfastly in the face! How your knees knock together! How you tremble! Confess, old man! what have you been doing?

DANIEL. Nothing, my honored master, by heaven and my poor soul!

FRANCIS. Drink this wine! What? you hesitate? Out with it quickly! What have you put into the wine?

DANIEL. Heaven help me! What! I in the wine?

FRANCIS. You have poisoned it! Are you not as white as snow? Confess, confess! Who gave it you? The count? Is it not so? The count gave it you?

DANIEL. The count? Jesu Maria! The count has not given me anything.

FRANCIS (grasping him tight). I will throttle you till you are black in the face, you hoary-headed liar! Nothing? Why, then, are you so often closeted together? He, and you, and Amelia? And what are you always whispering about? Out with it! What secrets, eh? What secrets has he confided to you?

DANIEL. I call the Almighty to witness that he has not confided any secrets to me.

FRANCIS. Do you mean to deny it? What schemes have you been hatching to get rid of me? Am I to be smothered in my sleep? or is my throat to be cut in

shaving? or am I to be poisoned in wine or chocolate? Eh? Out with it, out with it! Or am I to have my quietus administered in my soup? Out with it! I know it all!

DANIEL. May heaven so help me in the hour of need as I now tell you the truth, and nothing but the pure, unvarnished truth!

FRANCIS. Well, this time I will forgive you. But the money! he most certainly put money into your purse? And he pressed your hand more warmly than is customary? something in the manner of an old acquaintance?

DANIEL. Never, indeed, Sir.

FRANCIS. He told you, for instance, that he had known you before? that you ought to know him? that the scales would some day fall from your eyes? that—what? Do you mean to say that he never spoke thus to you?

DANIEL. Not a word of the kind.

FRANCIS. That certain circumstances restrained him—that one must sometimes wear a mask in order to get at one's enemies—that he would be revenged, most terribly revenged?

DANIEL. Not a syllable of all this.

FRANCIS. What? Nothing at all? Recollect yourself. That he knew the old count well—most intimately—that he loved him—loved him exceedingly—loved him like a son!

DANIEL. Something of that sort I remember to have heard him say.

FRANCIS (turning pale). Did he say so? did he really? How? let me hear! He said he was my brother?

DANIEL (astonished). What, my master? He did not say that. But as Lady

Amelia was conducting him through the gallery—I was just dusting the picture frames—he suddenly stood still before the portrait of my late master, and seemed thunderstruck. Lady Amelia pointed it out, and said, "An excellent man!" "Yes, a most excellent man!" he replied, wiping a tear from his eye.

FRANCIS. Hark, Daniel! You know I have ever been a kind master to you; I have given you food and raiment, and have spared you labor in consideration of your advanced age.

DANIEL. For which may heaven reward you! and I, on my part, have always served you faithfully.

FRANCIS. That is just what I was going to say. You have never in all your life contradicted me; for you know much too well that you owe me obedience in all things, whatever I may require of you.

DANIEL. In all things with all my heart, so it be not against God and my conscience.

FRANCIS. Stuff! nonsense! Are you not ashamed of yourself? An old man, and believe that Christmas tale! Go, Daniel! that was a stupid remark. You know that I am your master. It is on me that God and conscience will be avenged, if, indeed, there be a God and a conscience.

DANIEL (clasping his hands together). Merciful Heaven!

FRANCIS. By your obedience! Do you understand that word? By your obedience, I command you. With to-morrow's dawn the count must no longer be found among the living.

DANIEL. Merciful Heaven! and wherefore?

FRANCIS. By your blind obedience! I shall rely upon you implicitly.

DANIEL. On me? May the Blessed Virgin have mercy on me! On me? What

evil, then, have I, an old man, done!

FRANCIS. There is no time now for reflection; your fate is in my hands. Would you rather pine away the remainder of your days in the deepest of my dungeons, where hunger shall compel you to gnaw your own bones, and burning thirst make you suck your own blood? Or would you rather eat your bread in peace, and have rest in your old age?

DANIEL. What, my lord! Peace and rest in my old age? And I a murderer?

FRANCIS. Answer my question!

DANIEL. My gray hairs! my gray hairs!

FRANCIS. Yes or no!

DANIEL. No! God have mercy upon me!

FRANCIS (in the act of going). Very well! you shall have need of it.
(DANIEL detains him and falls on his knees before him.)

DANIEL. Mercy, master! mercy!

FRANCIS. Yes or no!

DANIEL. Most gracious master! I am this day seventy-one years of age! and have honored my father and my mother, and, to the best of my knowledge, have never in the whole course of my life defrauded any one to the value of a farthing, —and I have adhered to my creed truly and honestly, and have served in your house four-and-forty years, and am now calmly awaiting a quiet, happy end. Oh, master! master! (violently clasping his knees) and would you deprive me of my only solace in death, that the gnawing worm of an evil conscience may cheat me of my last prayer? that I may go to my long home an abomination in the sight of God and man? No, no! my dearest, best, most excellent, most gracious master! you do not ask that of an old man turned threescore and ten!

FRANCIS. Yes or no! What is the use of all this palaver?

DANIEL. I will serve you from this day forward more diligently than ever; I will wear out my old bones in your service like a common day-laborer; I will rise earlier and lie down later. Oh, and I will remember you in my prayers night and morning; and God will not reject the prayer of an old man.

FRANCIS. Obedience is better than sacrifice. Did you ever hear of the hangman standing upon ceremony when he was told to execute a sentence?

DANIEL. That is very true? but to murder an innocent man—one—

FRANCIS. Am I responsible to you? Is the axe to question the hangman why he strikes this way and not that? But see how forbearing I am. I offer you a reward for performing what you owe me in virtue of your allegiance.

DANIEL. But, when I swore allegiance to you, I at least hoped that I should be allowed to remain a Christian.

FRANCIS. No contradiction! Look you! I give you the whole day to think about it! Ponder well on it. Happiness or misery. Do you hear— do you understand? The extreme of happiness or the extreme of misery! I can do wonders in the way of torture.

DANIEL (after some reflection). I'll do it; I will do it to-morrow.

[Exit.]

FRANCIS. The temptation is strong, and I should think he was not born to die a martyr to his faith. Have with you, sir count! According to all ordinary calculations, you will sup to-morrow with old Beelzebub. In these matters all depends upon one's view of a thing; and he is a fool who takes any view that is contrary to his own interest. A father quaffs perhaps a bottle of wine more than ordinary—he is in a certain mood—the result is a human being, the last thing

that was thought of in the affair. Well, I, too, am in a certain mood,—and the result is that a human being perishes; and surely there is more of reason and purpose in this than there was in his production. If the birth of a man is the result of an animal paroxysm, who should take it into his head to attach any importance to the negation of his birth? A curse upon the folly of our nurses and teachers, who fill our imaginations with frightful tales, and impress fearful images of punishment upon the plastic brain of childhood, so that involuntary shudders shake the limbs of the man with icy fear, arrest his boldest resolutions, and chain his awakening reason in the fetters of superstitious darkness. Murder! What a hell full of furies hovers around that word. Yet 'tis no more than if nature forgets to bring forth one man more or the doctor makes a mistake—and thus the whole phantasmagoria vanishes. It was something, and it is nothing. Does not this amount to exactly the same thing as though it had been nothing, and came to nothing; and about nothing it is hardly worth while to waste a word. Man is made of filth, and for a time wades in filth, and produces filth, and sinks back into filth, till at last he fouls the boots of his own posterity.*

*["To what base uses we may return, Horatio! why, may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bunghole?"—HAMLET, Act v, Sc. 1.]

That is the burden of the song—the filthy cycle of human fate; and with that—a pleasant journey to you, sir brother! Conscience, that splenetic, gouty moralist, may drive shrivelled old drones out of brothels, and torture usurers on their deathbeds—with me it shall never more have audience. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

CHARLES VON MOOR enters from one side, DANIEL from the other.

CHARLES (hastily). Where is Lady Amelia?

DANIEL. Honored sir! permit an old man to ask you a favor.

CHARLES. It is granted. What is it you ask?

DANIEL. Not much, and yet all—but little, and yet a great deal.
Suffer me to kiss your hand!

CHARLES. That I cannot permit, good old man (embraces him), from one whom I should like to call my father.

DANIEL. Your hand, your hand! I beseech you.

CHARLES. That must not be.

DANIEL. It must! (He takes hold of it, surveys it quickly, and falls down before him.) Dear, dearest Charles!

CHARLES (startled; he composes himself, and says in a distant tone).
What mean you, my friend? I don't understand you.

DANIEL. Yes, you may deny it, you may dissemble as much as you please?
'Tis very well! very well. For all that you are my dearest, my excellent young

master. Good Heaven! that I, poor old man, should live to have the joy—what a stupid blockhead was I that I did not at a glance—oh, gracious powers! And you are really come back, and the dear old master is underground, and here you are again! What a purblind dolt I was, to be sure! (striking his forehead) that I did not on the instant—Oh, dear me!—who could have dreamt it—What I have so often prayed for with tears—Oh, mercy me! There he stands again, as large as life, in the old room!

CHARLES. What's all this oration about? Are you in a fit of delirium, and have escaped from your keepers; or are you rehearsing a stage-player's part with me

DANIEL. Oh, fie! fie! It is not pretty of you to make game of an old servant. That scar! Eh! do you remember it? Good Heaven! what a fright you put me into—I always loved you so dearly; and what misery you might have brought upon me. You were sitting in my lap—do you remember? there in the round chamber. Has all that quite vanished from your memory—and the cuckoo, too, that you were so fond of listening to? Only think! the cuckoo is broken, broken all to shivers—old Susan smashed it in sweeping the room—yes, indeed, and there you sat in my lap, and cried, "Cockhorse!" and I ran off to fetch your wooden horse—mercy on me! what business had I, thoughtless old fool, to leave you alone—and how I felt as if I were in a boiling caldron when I heard you screaming in the passage; and, when I rushed in, there was your red blood gushing forth, and you lying on the ground. Oh, by the Blessed Virgin! did I not feel as if a bucket of icy cold water was emptied all over me?—but so it happens, unless one keeps all one's eyes upon children. Good Heaven! if it had gone into your eye! Unfortunately it happened to be the right hand. "As long as I live," said I, "never again shall any child in my charge get hold of a knife or scissors, or any other edge tool." 'Twas lucky for me that both my master and mistress were gone on a journey. "Yes, yes! this shall be a warning to me for the rest of my life," said I—Gemini, Gemini! I might have lost my place, I might—God forgive you, you naughty boy—but, thank Heaven! it healed fairly, all but

that ugly scar.

CHARLES. I do not comprehend one word of all that you are talking about.

DANIEL. Eh? eh? that was the time! was it not? How many a ginger-cake, and biscuit, and macaroon, have I slipped into your bands—I was always so fond of you. And do you recollect what you said to me down in the stable, when I put you upon old master's hunter, and let you scamper round the great meadow? "Daniel!" said you, "only wait till I am grown a big man, and you shall be my steward, and ride in the coach with me." "Yes," said I, laughing, "if heaven grants me life and health, and you are not ashamed of the old man," I said, "I shall ask you to let me have the little house down in the village, that has stood empty so long; and then I will lay in a few butts of good wine, and turn publican in my old age." Yes, you may laugh, you may laugh! Eh, young gentleman, have you quite forgotten all that? You do not want to remember the old man, so you carry yourself strange and loftily;—but, you are my jewel of a young master, for all that. You have, it is true, been a little bit wild—don't be angry!—as young blood is apt to be! All may be well yet in the end.

CHARLES (falls on his neck). Yes! Daniel! I will no longer hide it from you! I am your Charles, your lost Charles! And now tell me, how does my Amelia?

DANIEL (begins to cry). That I, old sinner, should live to have this happiness—and my late blessed master wept so long in vain! Begone, begone, hoary old head! Ye weary bones, descend into the grave with joy! My lord and master lives! my own eyes have beheld him!

CHARLES. And he will keep his promise to you. Take that, honest graybeard, for the old hunter (forces a heavy purse upon him). I have not forgotten the old man.

DANIEL. How? What are you doing? Too much! You have made a mistake.

CHARLES. No mistake, Daniel! (DANIEL is about to throw himself on his

knees before him.) Rise! Tell me, how does my Amelia?

DANIEL. Heaven reward you! Heaven reward you! O gracious me! Your Amelia will never survive it, she will die for joy?

CHARLES (eagerly). She has not forgotten me then?

DANIEL. Forgotten you? How can you talk thus? Forgotten you, indeed! You should have been there, you should have seen how she took on, when the news came of your death, which his honor caused to be spread abroad—

CHARLES. What do you say? my brother—

DANIEL. Yes, your brother; his honor, your brother—another day I will tell you more about it, when we have time—and how cleverly she sent him about his business when he came a wooing every blessed day, and offered to make her his countess. Oh, I must go; I must go and tell her; carry her the news (is about to run of).

CHARLES. Stay! stay! she must not know—nobody must know, not even my brother!

DANIEL. Your brother? No, on no account; he must not know it! Certainly not! If he know not already more than he ought to know. Oh, I can tell you, there are wicked men, wicked brothers, wicked masters; but I would not for all my master's gold be a wicked servant. His honor thought you were dead.

CHARLES. Humph! What are you muttering about?

DANIEL (in a half-suppressed voice). And to be sure when a man rises from the dead thus uninvited—your brother was the sole heir of our late master!

CHARLES. Old man! what is it you are muttering between your teeth, as if some dreadful secret were hovering on your tongue which you fear to utter, and yet ought? Out with it!

DANIEL. But I would rather gnaw my old bones with hunger, and suck my own blood for thirst, than gain a life of luxury by murder. [Exit hastily.]

CHARLES (starting up, after a terrible pause). Betrayed! Betrayed! It flashes upon my soul like lightning! A, fiendish trick! A murderer and a robber through fiend-like machinations! Calumniated by him! My letters falsified, suppressed! his heart full of love! Oh, what a monstrous fool was I! His fatherly heart full of love! oh, villainy, villainy! It would have cost me but once kneeling at his feet—a tear would have done it—oh blind, blind fool that I was! (running up against the wall). I might have been happy—oh villainy, villainy!

Knaveishly, yes, knaveishly cheated out of all happiness in this life! (He runs up and down in a rage.) A murderer, a robber, all through a knaveish trick! He was not even angry! Not a thought of cursing ever entered his heart. Oh, miscreant! inconceivable, hypocritical, abominable miscreant!

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOSINSKY. Well, captain, where are you loitering? What is the matter? You are for staying here some time longer, I perceive?

CHARLES. Up! Saddle the horses! Before sunset we must be over the frontier!

KOSINSKY. You are joking.

CHARLES (in a commanding tone). Quick! quick! delay not! leave every thing behind! and let no eye see you! (Exit KOSINSKY.)

I fly from these walls. The least delay might drive me raving mad; and he my father's son! Brother! brother! thou hast made me the most miserable wretch on earth; I never injured thee; this was not brotherly. Reap the fruits of thy crime in quiet, my presence shall no longer embitter thy enjoyment—but, surely, this was

not acting like a brother. May oblivion shroud thy misdeed forever, and death not bring it back to light.

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOSINSKY. The horses are ready saddled, you can mount as soon as you please.

CHARLES. Why in such haste? Why so urgent? Shall I see her no more?

KOSINSKY. I will take off the bridles again, if you wish it; you bade me hasten head over heels.

CHARLES. One more farewell! one more! I must drain this poisoned cup of happiness to the dregs, and then—Stay, Kosinsky! Ten minutes more— behind, in the castle yard—and we gallop off.

Scene IV.—In the Garden.

AMELIA. "You are in tears, Amelia!" These were his very words—and spoken with such expressionsuch a voice!—oh, it summoned up a thousand dear remembrances!—scenes of past delight, as in my youthful days of happiness, my golden spring-tide of love. The nightingale sung with the same sweetness, the flowers breathed the same delicious fragrance, as when I used to hang enraptured on his neck.*

*[Here, in the acting edition, is added, 'Assuredly, if the spirits of the departed wander among the living, then must this stranger be Charles's angel!']

Ha! false, perfidious heart! And dost thou seek thus artfully to veil thy perjury? No, no! begone forever from my soul, thou sinful image! I have not broken my oath, thou only one! Avaunt, from my soul, ye treacherous impious wishes! In the heart where Charles reigns no son of earth may dwell. But why, my soul, dost thou thus constantly, thus obstinately turn towards this stranger? Does he not cling to my heart in the very image of my only one! Is he not his inseparable companion in my thoughts? "You are in tears, Amelia?" Ha! let me fly from him!— —fly!—never more shall my eyes behold this stranger! [CHARLES opens the garden gate.]

AMELIA (starting). Hark! hark! did I not hear the gate creak? (She perceives CHARLES and starts up.) He?—whither?—what? I am rooted to the spot,—I can not fly! Forsake me not, good Heaven! No! thou shalt not tear me from my

Charles! My soul has no room for two deities, I am but a mortal maid! (She draws the picture of CHARLES from her bosom.) Thou, my Charles! be thou my guardian angel against this stranger, this invader of our loves! At thee will I look, at thee, nor turn away my eyes—nor cast one sinful look towards him! (She sits silent, her eyes fixed upon the picture.)

CHARLES. You here, Lady Amelia?—and so sad? and a tear upon that picture? (AMELIA gives him no answer.) And who is the happy man for whom these silver drops fall from an angel's eyes? May I be permitted to look at—(He endeavors to look at the picture.)

AMELIA. No—yes—no!

CHARLES (starting back). Ha—and does he deserve to be so idolized? Does he deserve it?

AMELIA. Had you but known him!

CHARLES. I should have envied him.

AMELIA. Adored, you mean.

CHARLES. Ha!

AMELIA. Oh, you would so have loved him?—there was so much, so much in his face—in his eyes—in the tone of his voice,—which was so like yours—that I love so dearly! (CHARLES casts his eyes down to the ground.) Here, where you are standing, he has stood a thousand times— and by his side, one who, by his side, forgot heaven and earth. Here his eyes feasted on nature's most glorious panorama,—which, as if conscious of his approving glance, seemed to increase in beauty under the approbation of her masterpiece. Here he held the audience of the air captive with his heavenly music. Here, from this bush, he plucked roses, and plucked those roses for me. Here, here, he lay on my neck; here he imprinted burning kisses on my lips, and the flowers hung their heads

with pleasure beneath the foot-tread of the lovers.*

*[In the acting edition the scene changes materially at this point, and the most sentimental part of the whole drama is transformed into the most voluptuous. The stage direction here is,—(They give way to their transports without control, and mingle their kisses. MOOR hangs in ecstasy on her lips, while she sinks half delirious on the couch.) O Charles! now avenge thyself; my vow is broken.

MOOR (tearing himself away from her, as if in frenzy). Can this be hell that still pursues me! (Gazing on her.) I felt so happy!

AMELIA (perceiving the ring upon her finger, starts up from the couch). What! Art thou still there—on that guilty hand? Witness of my perjury. Away with thee! (She pulls the ring from her finger and gives it to CHARLES.) Take it—take it, beloved seducer! and with it what I hold most sacred—take my all—my Charles! (She falls back upon the couch.)

MOOR (changes color). O thou Most High! was this thy almighty will? It is the very ring I gave her in pledge of our mutual faith. Hell be the grave of love! She has returned my ring.

AMELIA (terrified). Heavens! What is the matter? Your eyes roll wildly, and your lips are pale as death! Ah! woe is me. And are the pleasures of thy crime so soon forgotten?

MOOR (suppressing his emotion). 'Tis nothing! Nothing! (Raising his eyes to heaven.) I am still a man! (He takes of his own ring and puts it on AMELIA'S finger.) In return take this! sweet fury of my heart! And with it what I hold most sacred—take my all—my Amelia!

AMELIA (starting up). Your Amelia!

MOOR (mournfully). Oh, she was such a lovely maiden, and faithful as an angel. When we parted we exchanged rings, and vowed eternal constancy. She heard that I was dead—believed it—yet remained constant to the dead. She heard again that I was living—yet became faithless to the living. I flew into her arms—was happy as—the blest in Paradise. Think what my heart was doomed to feel, Amelia! She gave me back my ring—she took her own.

AMELIA (her eyes fixed on the earth in amazement). 'Tis strange, most strange! 'Tis horrible!

MOOR. Ay, strange and horrible! My child, there is much—ay, much for man to learn ere his poor intellect can fathom the decrees of Him who smiles at human vows and weeps at human projects. My Amelia is an unfortunate maiden!

AMELIA. Unfortunate! Because she rejected you?

MOOR. Unfortunate. Because she embraced the man she betrayed.

AMELIA (with melancholy tenderness). Oh, then, she is indeed unfortunate! From my soul I pity her! She shall be my sister. But there is another and a better world."

CHARLES. He is no more?

AMELIA. He sails on troubled seas—Amelia's love sails with him. He wanders through pathless, sandy deserts—Amelia's love clothes the burning sand with verdure, and the barren shrubs with flowers. Southern suits scorch his bare head, northern snows pinch his feet, tempestuous hail beats down on his temples, but Amelia's love lulls him to sleep in the midst of the storm. Seas, and mountains, and skies, divide the lovers—but their souls rise above this prison-house of clay, and meet in the paradise of love. You appear sad, count!

CHARLES. These words of love rekindle my love.

AMELIA (pale). What? You love another? Alas! what have I said?

CHARLES. She believed me dead, and in my supposed death she remained faithful to me—she heard again that I was alive, and she sacrificed for me the crown of a saint. She knows that I am wandering in deserts, and roaming about in misery, yet her love follows me on wings through deserts and through misery. Her name, too, like yours, is Amelia.

AMELIA. How I envy your Amelia!

CHARLES. Oh, she is an unhappy maid. Her love is fixed upon one who is lost—and it can never—never be rewarded.

AMELIA. Say not so! It will be rewarded in heaven. Is it not agreed that there is a better world, where mourners rejoice, and where lovers meet again?

CHARLES. Yes, a world where the veil is lifted—where the phantom love will make terrible discoveries—Eternity is its name. My Amelia is an unhappy maid.

AMELIA. Unhappy, and loves you?*

*[In the acting edition the scene closes with a different denouement. Amelia here says, "Are all unhappy who live with you, and bear the name of Amelia.

"CHARLES. Yes, all—when they think they embrace an angel, and find in their arms—a murderer. Alas, for my Amelia! She is indeed unfortunate.

"AMELIA (with an expression of deep affliction). Oh, I must weep for her.

"CHARLES (grasping her hand, and pointing to the ring). Weep for thyself.

"AMELIA (recognizing the ring). Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth!

(She sinks fainting; the scene closes.)"]

CHARLES. Unhappy, because she loves me! What if I were a murderer? How, Lady Amelia, if your lover could reckon you up a murder for every one of your kisses? Woe to my Amelia! She is an unhappy maid.

AMELIA (gayly rising). Ha! What a happy maid am I! My only one is a reflection of Deity, and Deity is mercy and compassion! He could not bear to see a fly suffer. His soul is as far from every thought of blood as the sun is from the moon. (CHARLES suddenly turns away into a thicket, and looks wildly out into the landscape. AMELIA sings, playing the guitar.)

Oh! Hector, wilt thou go forevermore,
Where fierce Achilles, on the blood-stained shore,
Heaps countless victims o'er Patroclus' grave?
Who then thy hapless orphan boy will rear,
Teach him to praise the gods and hurl the spear,
When thou art swallowed up in Xanthus' wave?

CHARLES (silently tunes the guitar, and plays).

Beloved wife!—stern duty calls to arms
Go, fetch my lance! and cease those vain alarms!

[He flings the guitar away, and rushes off.]

SCENE V.—A neighboring forest. Night. An old ruined castle in the centre of the scene.

The band of ROBBERS encamped on the ground.

The ROBBERS singing.

To rob, to kill, to wench, to fight,
Our pastime is, and daily sport;
The gibbet claims us morn and night,
So let's be jolly, time is short.

A merry life we lead, and free,
A life of endless fun;
Our couch is 'neath the greenwood tree,
Through wind and storm we gain our fee,
The moon we make our sun.
Old Mercury is our patron true,
And a capital chap for helping us through.

To-day we make the abbot our host,
The farmer rich to-morrow;
And where we shall get our next day's roast,
Gives us nor care nor sorrow.

And, when with Rhenish and rare Moselle
Our throats we have been oiling,

Our courage burns with a fiercer swell,
And we're hand and glove with the Lord of Hell,
Who down in his flames is broiling.

For fathers slain the orphans' cries,
The widowed mothers' moan and wail,
Of brides bereaved the whimpering sighs,
Like music sweet, our ears regale.

Beneath the axe to see them writhe,
Bellow like calves, fall dead like flies;
Such bonny sights, and sounds so blithe,
With rapture fill our ears and eyes.

And when at last our death-knell rings—
The devil take that hour!
Payment in full the hangman brings,
And off the stage we scour.
On the road a glass of good liquor or so,
Then hip! hip! hip! and away we go!

SCHWEITZER. The night is far advanced, and the captain has not yet returned.

RAZ. And yet he promised to be back before the clock struck eight.

SCHWEITZER. Should any harm have befallen him, comrades, wouldn't we kindle fires! ay, and murder sucking babes?

SPIEGEL. (takes RAZMANN aside). A word in your ear, Razmann!

SCHWARZ (to GRIMM). Should we not send out scouts?

GRIMM. Let him alone. He no doubt has some feat in hand that will put us to

shame.

SCHWEITZER. Then you are out, by old Harry! He did not part from us like one that had any masterpiece of roguery in view. Have you forgotten what he said as he marched us across the heath? "The fellow that takes so much as a turnip out of a field, if I know it, leaves his head behind him, as true as my name is Moor." We dare not plunder.

RAZ. (aside to SPIEGELBERG). What are you driving at? Speak plainer.

SPIEGEL. Hush! hush! I know not what sort of a notion you and I have of liberty, that we should toil under the yoke like bullocks, while we are making such wonderful fine speeches about independence. I like it not.

SCHWEITZER (to GRIMM). What crotchet has that swaggering booby got in his numskull, I wonder?

RAZ. (aside to SPIEGELBERG). Is it the captain you mean?—

SPIEGEL. Hush! I tell you; hush! He has got his eavesdroppers all around us. Captain, did you say? Who made him captain over us? Has he not, in fact, usurped that title, which by right belongs to me? What? Is it for this that we stake our lives—that we endure all the splenetic caprices of fortunes—that we may in the end congratulate ourselves upon being the serfs of a slave? Serfs! When we might be princes? By heaven! Razmann, I could never brook it.

SCHWEITZER (overhearing him—to the others). Yes—there's a hero for you! He is just the man to do mighty execution upon frogs with stones. The very breath of his nostrils, when he sneezes, would blow you through the eye of a needle.

SPIEGEL. (to RAZMANN). Yes—and for years I have been intent upon it. There must be an alteration, Razmann. If you are the man I always took you for—Razmann! He is missing—he is almost given up—Razmann—methinks his

hour is come. What? does not the color so much as mount to your cheek when you hear the chimes of liberty ringing in your ears? Have you not courage enough to take the hint?

RAZ. Ha! Satan! What bait art thou spreading for my soul?

SPIEGEL. Does it take? Good! then follow me! I have marked in what direction he slunk off. Come along! a brace of pistols seldom fail; and then—we shall be the first to strangle sucking babes. (He endeavors to draw him of.)

SCHWEITZER (enraged, draws his sword). Ha! caitiff! I have overheard you! You remind me, at the right moment, of the Bohemian forest! Were not you the coward that began to quail when the cry arose, "the enemy is coming!" I then swore by my soul—(They fight, SPIEGELBERG is killed.) To the devil with thee, assassin!

ROBBERS (in agitation). Murder! murder!—Schweitzer!—Spiegelberg!—Part them!

SCHWEITZER (throwing the sword on the body). There let him rot! Be still, my comrades! Don't let such a trifle disturb you. The brute has always been inveterate against the captain and has not a single scar on his whole body. Once more, be still. Ha, the scoundrel! He would stab a man behind his back—skulk and murder! Is it for this that the hot sweat has poured down us in streams? that we may sneak out of the world at last like contemptible wretches? The brute! Is it for this that we have lived in fire and brimstone? To perish at last like rats?

GRIMM. But what the devil, comrade, were you after? What were you quarreling about? The captain will be furious.

SCHWEITZER. Be that on my head. And you, wretch (to RAZMANN) you were his accomplice, you! Get out of my sight! Schufferle was another of your kidney, but he has met his deserts in Switzerland—has been hanged, as the captain prophesied. (A shot is heard.)

SCHWARZ (jumping up). Hark! a pistol shot! (Another shot is heard.)
Another! Hallo! the captain!

GRIMM. Patience! If it be he, there will be a third. (The third shot is heard.)

SCHWARZ. 'Tis he! 'Tis the captain! Absent yourself awhile,
Schweitzer—till we explain to him! (They fire.)

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR and KOSINSKY.

SCHWEITZER (running to meet them). Welcome, captain. I have been
somewhat choleric in your absence. (He conducts him to the corpse.) Be you
judge between him and me. He meant to waylay and assassinate you.

ROBBERS (in consternation). What; the captain?

CHARLES (after fixing his eyes for some time upon the corpse, with a sudden
burst of feeling). Oh, incomprehensible finger of the avenging Nemesis! Was it
not he whose siren song seduced me to be what I am? Let this sword be
consecrated to the dark goddess of retribution! That was not thy deed,
Schweitzer.

SCHWEITZER. By heaven, it was mine, though! and, as the devil lives, it is
not the worst deed I have done in my time. (Turns away moodily.)

CHARLES (absorbed in thought). I comprehend—Great Ruler in heaven—
I comprehend. The leaves fall from the trees, and my autumn is come.
Remove this object from my sight! (The corpse of SPIEGELBERG is carried
out.)

GRIMM. Give us your orders, captain! What shall we do next?

CHARLES. Soon—very soon—all will be accomplished. Hand me my lute; I
have lost myself since I have been there. My lute, I say—I must nurse up my
strength again. Leave me!

ROBBERS. 'Tis midnight, captain.

CHARLES. They were only stage tears after all. Let me bring to memory the song of the old Roman, that my slumbering genius may wake up again. Hand me my lute. Midnight, say you?

SCHWARZ. Yes, and past, too! Our eyes are as heavy as lead. For three days we have not slept a wink.

CHARLES. What? does balmy sleep visit the eyes of murderers? Why doth it flee mine? I never was a coward, nor a villain. Lay yourselves to rest. At day-break we march.

ROBBERS. Good night, captain. (They stretch them selves on the ground and fall asleep.)

Profound silence. CHARLES VON MOOR takes up his guitar, and plays.

BRUTUS.

Oh, be ye welcome, realms of peace and rest!
Receive the last of all the sons of Rome!
From dread Philippi's field, where all the best
Fell bleeding in her cause, I wearied come.
Cassius, no more! And Rome now prostrate laid!
My brethren all lie weltering in their gore!
No refuge left but Hades' gloomy shade;
No hope remains!—No world for Brutus more!

CAESAR.

Who's he that, with a hero's lofty bearing,
Comes striding o'er yon mountain's rocky bed?
Unless my eyes deceive, that noble daring
Bespeaks the Roman warrior's fearless tread.
Whence, son of Tiber, do thy footsteps bend!
Say, stands the seven-billed city firmly yet?
No Caesar there, to be the soldiers friend!
Full oft has he that orphaned city wept.

BRUTUS.

Ha! thou of three-and-twenty wounds! Avaunt!
Thou unblest shade, what calls thee back to light?
Down with thee, down, to Pluto's deepest haunt,
And shroud thy form in black, eternal night,
Proud mourner! triumph not to learn our fall!
Phillippi's altars reek with freedom's blood?
The bier of Brutus is Rome's funeral pall;
He Minos seeks. Hence to thy Stygian flood!

CAESAR.

That death-stroke, Brutus, which thy weapon hurled!
Thou, too, Brutus?—that thou shouldst be my foe!
Oh, son! It was thy father! Son! The world
Was thine by heritage! Now proudly go,
Well mayst thou claim to be the chief in glory,
'Twas thy fell sword that pierced thy father's heart!
Now go—and at yon gates relate thy story—
Say Brutus claims to be the chief in glory,
'Twas his fell sword that pierced his father's heart!
Go—Now thou'rt told what staid me on this shore,
Grim ferryman, push off, and swiftly ply thine oar.

BRUTUS.

Stay, father, stay! Within the whole bright round
Of Sol's diurnal course I knew but one
Who to compare with Caesar could be found;
And that one, Caesar, thou didst call thy son!
'Twas only Caesar could destroy a Rome;
Brutus alone that Caesar could withstand—
Where Brutus lives, must Caesar die! Thy home
Be far from mine. I'll seek another land.

[He lays down his guitar, and walks to and
fro in deep meditation.]

Who will give me certainty! All is so dark—a confused labyrinth—no outlet—no guiding star. Were but all to end with this last gasp of breath. To end, like an empty puppet-show. But why then this burning thirst after happiness? Wherefore this ideal of unattained perfection? This looking to an hereafter for the fulfilment of our hopes? If the paltry pressure of this paltry thing (putting a pistol to his head) makes the wise man and the fool—the coward and the brave—the noble and the villain equal?—the harmony which pervades the inanimate world is so divinely perfect—why, then, should there be such discord in the intellectual? No! no! there must be something beyond, for I have not yet attained to happiness.

Think ye that I will tremble, spirits of my slaughtered victims? No, I will not tremble. (Trembling violently.) The shrieks of your dying agonies—your black, convulsive features—your ghastly bleeding wounds— what are they all but links of one indissoluble chain of destiny, which hung upon the temperament of my father, the life's blood of my mother, the humors of my nurses and tutors, and even upon the holiday pastimes of my childhood! (Shaking with horror.) Why has my Perillus made of me a brazen bull, whose burning entrails yearn after human flesh? (He lifts the pistol again to his head.)

Time and Eternity!—linked together by a single instant! Fearful key, which locks behind me the prisonhouse of life, and opens before me the habitations of eternal night—tell me—oh, tell me—whither—whither wilt thou lead me? Strange, unexplored land! Humanity is unnerved at the fearful thought, the elasticity of our finite nature is paralyzed, and fancy, that wanton ape of the senses, juggles our credulity with appalling phantoms. No! no! a man must be firm. Be what thou wilt, thou undefined futurity, so I remain but true to myself. Be what thou wilt, so I but take this inward self hence with me. External forms are but the trappings of the man. My heaven and my hell is within.

What if Thou shouldst doom me to be sole inhabitant of some burnt-out world which thou hast banished from thy sight, where darkness and never-ending desolation were all my prospect; then would my creative brain people the silent waste with its own images, and I should have eternity for leisure to unravel the complicated picture of universal wretchedness. Or wilt thou make me pass through ever-repeated births and ever-changing scenes of misery, stage by stage*—to annihilation?

[This and other passages will remind the reader of Cato's soliloquy "It must be so, Plato; thou reasonest well." But the whole bears a strong resemblance to Hamlet's "To be or not to be;" and some passages in Measure for Measure, Act iii, Sc. 1.]

Can I not burst asunder the life-threads woven for me in another world as easily as I do these? Thou mayest reduce me into nothing; but Thou canst not take from me this power. (He loads the pistol, and then suddenly pauses.) And shall I then rush into death from a coward fear of the ills of life? Shall I yield to misery the palm of victory over myself? No! I will endure it! (He flings the pistol away.) Misery shall blunt its edge against my pride! Be my destiny fulfilled! (It grows darker and darker.)

HERMANN (coming through the forest). Hark! hark! the owl screeches horribly—the village clock strikes twelve. Well, well—villainy is asleep—no

listeners in these wilds. (He goes to the castle and knocks.) Come forth, thou man of sorrow! tenant of the miserable dungeon! thy meal awaits thee.

CHARLES (stepping gently back, unperceived). What means this?

VOICE (from within the castle). Who knocks? Is it you, Hermann, my raven?

HERMANN. Yes, 'tis Hermann, your raven. Come to the grating and eat. (Owls are screeching.) Your night companions make a horrid noise, old man! Do you relish your repast?

VOICE. Yes—I was very hungry. Thanks to thee, thou merciful sender of ravens, for this thy bread in the wilderness! And how is my dear child, Hermann?

HERMANN. Hush!—hark!—A noise like snoring! Don't you hear something?

VOICE. What? Do you hear anything?

HERMANN. 'Tis the whistling of the wind through the crannies of the tower—a serenading which makes one's teeth chatter, and one's nails turn blue. Hark! tis there again. I still fancy I hear snoring. You have company, old man. Ugh! ugh! ugh!

VOICE. Do you see anything?

HERMANN. Farewell! farewell! this is a fearful place. Go down into your bole,—thy deliverer, thy avenger is above. Oh! accursed son! (Is about to fly.)

CHARLES (stepping forth with horror). Stand!

HERMANN (screaming). Oh, me!*

*[In the acting edition Hermann, instead of this, says,—

'Tis one of his spies for certain, I have lost all fear (draws his sword). Villain, defend yourself! You have a man before you.]

MOOR. I'll have an answer (strikes the sword out of his hand). What boots this childish sword-play? Didst thou not speak of vengeance? Vengeance belongs especially to me—of all men on earth. Who dares interfere with my vocation?

HERMANN (starts back in affright). By heaven! That man was not born of woman. His touch withers like the stroke of death.

VOICE. Alas, Hermann! to whom are you speaking?

MOOR. What! still those sounds? What is going on there? (Runs towards the tower.) Some horrible mystery, no doubt, lies concealed in that tower. This sword shall bring it to light.

HERMANN (comes forward trembling). Terrible stranger! art thou the demon of this fearful desert—or perhaps 'one of the ministers of that unfathomable retribution who make their circuit in this lower world, and take account of all the deeds of darkness? Oh! if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors!

MOOR. Well guessed, wanderer of the night! You have divined my function. Exterminating Angel is my name; but I am flesh and blood like thee. Is this some miserable wretch, cast out of men, and buried in this dungeon? I will loosen his chains. Once more, speak! thou voice of terror Where is the door?

HERMANN. As soon could Satan force the gates of heaven as thou that door. Retire, thou man of might! The genius of the wicked is beyond the ordinary powers of man.

MOOR. But not the craft of robbers. (He takes some pass-keys from his

pocket.) For once I thank heaven I've learned that craft! These keys would mock hell's foresight. (He takes a key, and opens the gate of the tower. An old man comes from below emaciated like a skeleton. MOOR springs back with of right.) Horrible spectre! my father!

CHARLES. Stand! I say.

HERMANN. Woe! woe! woe! now all is discovered!

CHARLES. Speak! Who art thou? What brought thee here? Speak!

HERMANN. Mercy, mercy! gracious sir! Hear but one word before you kill me.

CHARLES (drawing his sword). What am I to hear?

HERMANN. 'Tis true, he forbade me at the peril of my life—but I could not help it—I dare not do otherwise—a God in heaven—your own venerable father there—pity for him overcame me. Kill me, if you will!

CHARLES. There's some mystery here—Out with it! Speak! I must know all.

VOICE (from the castle). Woe! woe! Is it you, Hermann, that are speaking? To whom are you speaking, Hermann?

CHARLES. Some one else down there? What is the meaning of all this? (Runs towards the castle.) It is some prisoner whom mankind have cast off! I will loosen his chains. Voice! Speak! Where is the door?

HERMANN. Oh, have mercy, sir—seek no further, I entreat—for mercy's sake desist! (He stops his way.)

CHARLES. Locks, bolts, and bars, away! It must come out. Now, for the first time, come to my aid, thief-craft! (He opens the grated iron door with, housebreaking tools. An OLD MAN, reduced to a skeleton, comes up from

below.)

THE OLD MAN. Mercy on a poor wretch! Mercy!

CHARLES (starts back in terror). That is my father's voice!

OLD MOOR. I thank thee, merciful Heaven! The hour of deliverance has arrived.

CHARLES. Shade of the aged Moor! what has disturbed thee in thy grave? Has thy soul left this earth charged with some foul crime that bars the gates of Paradise against thee? Say?—I will have masses read, to send thy wandering spirit to its home. Hast thou buried in the earth the gold of widows and orphans, that thou art driven to wander howling through the midnight hour? I will snatch the hidden treasure from the clutches of the infernal dragon, though he should vomit a thousand redhot flames upon me, and gnash his sharp teeth against my sword. Or comest thou, at my request, to reveal to me the mysteries of eternity? Speak, thou! speak! I am not the man to blanch with fear!

OLD MOOR. I am not a spirit. Touch me—I live but oh! a life indeed of misery!

CHARLES. What! hast thou not been buried?

OLD MOOR. I was buried—that is to say, a dead dog lies in the vault of my ancestors, and I have been pining for three long moons in this dark and loathsome dungeon, where no sunbeam shines, no warm breeze penetrates, where no friend is seen, where the hoarse raven croaks and owls screech their midnight concert.

CHARLES. Heaven and earth! Who has done this?

OLD MOOR. Curse him not! 'Tis my son, Francis, who did this.

CHARLES. Francis? Francis? Oh, eternal chaos!

OLD MOOR. If thou art a man, and hast a human heart—oh! my unknown deliverer—then listen to a father's miseries which his own sons have heaped upon him. For three long moons I have moaned my pitiful tale to these flinty walls—but all my answer was an empty echo, that seemed to mock my wailings. Therefore, if thou art a man, and hast a human heart—

CHARLES. That appeal might move even wild beasts to pity.

OLD MOOR. I lay upon a sick bed, and had scarcely begun to recover a little strength, after a dangerous illness, when a man was brought to me, who pretended that my first-born had fallen in battle. He brought a sword stained with his blood, and his last farewell—and said that my curse had driven him into battle, and death, and despair.

CHARLES (turning away in violent agitation). The light breaks in upon me!

OLD MOOR. Hear me on! I fainted at the dreadful news. They must have thought me dead; for, when I recovered my senses, I was already in my coffin, shrouded like a corpse. I scratched against the lid. It was opened—'twas in the dead of night—my son Francis stood before me— "What!" said he, with a tremendous voice, "wilt thou then live forever?" —and with this he slammed to the lid of the coffin. The thunder of these words bereft me of my senses; when I awoke again, I felt that the coffin was in motion, and being borne on wheels. At last it was opened —I found myself at the entrance of this dungeon—my son stood before me, and the man, too, who had brought me the bloody sword from Charles. I fell at my son's feet, and ten times I embraced his knees, and wept, and conjured, and supplicated, but the supplications of a father reached not his flinty heart. "Down with the old carcass!" said he, with a voice of thunder, "he has lived too long;"—and I was thrust down without mercy, and my son Francis closed the door upon Me.

CHARLES. Impossible!—impossible! Your memory or senses deceive you.

OLD MOOR. Oh, that it were so! But hear me on, and restrain your rage! There I lay for twenty hours, and not a soul cared for my misery. No human footstep treads this solitary wild, for 'tis commonly believed that the ghosts of my ancestors drag clanking chains through these ruins, and chant their funeral dirge at the hour of midnight. At last I heard the door creak again on its hinges; this man opened it, and brought me bread and water. He told me that I had been condemned to die of hunger, and that his life was in danger should it be discovered that he fed me. Thus has my miserable existence been till now sustained—but the unceasing cold—the foul air of my filthy dungeon—my incurable grief—have exhausted my strength, and reduced my body to a skeleton. A thousand times have I implored heaven, with tears, to put an end to my sufferings—but doubtless the measure of my punishment is not fulfilled,—or some happiness must be yet in store for me, for which he deigns thus miraculously to preserve me. But I suffer justly—my Charles! my Charles!—and before there was even a gray hair on his Head!

CHARLES. Enough! Rise! ye stocks, ye lumps of ice! ye lazy unfeeling sleepers! Up! will none of you awake? (He fires a pistol over their heads.)

THE ROBBERS (starting up). Ho! hallo! hallo! what is the matter?

CHARLES. Has not that tale shaken you out of your sleep? 'Tis enough to break the sleep eternal! See here, see here! The laws of the world have become mere dice-play; the bonds of nature are burst asunder; the Demon of Discord has broken loose, and stalks abroad triumphant! the Son has slain his Father!

THE ROBBERS. What does the captain say?

CHARLES. Slain! did I say? No, that is too mild a term! A son has a thousand-fold broken his own father on the wheel,—impaled, racked, flayed him alive!—but all these words are too feeble to express what would make sin itself blush and cannibals shudder. For ages, no devil ever conceived a deed so horrible. His own father!—but see, see him! he has fainted away! His own father

—the son—into this dungeon—cold— naked—hungry—athirst—Oh! see, I pray you, see!—'tis my own father, in very truth it is.

THE ROBBERS (come running and surround the old man). Your father? Yours?

SCHWEITZER (approaches him reverently, and falls on his knees before him). Father of my captain! let me kiss thy feet! My dagger is at thy command.

CHARLES. Revenge, revenge, revenge! thou horribly injured, profaned old man! Thus, from this moment, and forever, I rend in twain all ties of fraternity. (He rends his garment from top to bottom.) Here, in the face of heaven, I curse him—curse every drop of blood which flows in his veins! Hear me, O moon and stars! and thou black canopy of night, that lookest down upon this horror! Hear me, thrice terrible avenger. Thou who reignest above yon pallid orb, who sittest an avenger and a judge above the stars, and dartest thy fiery bolts through darkness on the head of guilt! Behold me on my knees behold me raise this hand aloft in the gloom of night—and hear my oath—and may nature vomit me forth as some horrible abortion from out the circle of her works if I break that oath! Here I swear that I will never more greet the light of day, till the blood of that foul parricide, spilt upon this stone, reeks in misty vapor towards heaven. (He rises.)

ROBBERS. 'Tis a deed of hell! After this, who shall call us villains? No! by all the dragons of darkness we never have done anything half so horrible.

CHARLES. True! and by all the fearful groans of those whom your daggers have despatched—of those who on that terrible day were consumed by fire, or crushed by the falling tower—no thought of murder or rapine shall be harbored in your breast, till every man among you has dyed his garments scarlet in this monster's blood. It never, I should think, entered your dreams, that it would fall to your lot to execute the great decrees of heaven? The tangled web of our destiny is unravelled! To-day, to-day, an invisible power has ennobled our craft!

Worship Him who has called you to this high destiny, who has conducted you hither, and deemed ye worthy to be the terrible angels of his inscrutable judgments! Uncover your heads! Bow down and kiss the dust, and rise up sanctified. (They kneel.)

SCHWEITZER. Now, captain, issue your commands! What shall we do?

CHARLES. Rise, Schweitzer! and touch these sacred locks! (Leading him to his father, and putting a lock of hair in his hand.) Do you remember still, how you, cleft the skull of that Bohemian trooper, at the moment his sabre was descending on my head, and I had sunk down on my knees, breathless and exhausted? 'Twas then I promised thee a reward that should be right royal. But to this hour I have never been able to discharge that debt.

SCHWEITZER. You swore that much to me, 'tis true; but let me call you my debtor forever!

CHARLES. No; now will I repay thee, Schweitzer! No mortal has yet been honored as thou shalt be. I appoint thee avenger of my father's wrongs! (SCHWEITZER rises.)

SCHWEITZER. Mighty captain! this day you have, for the first time, made me truly proud! Say, when, where, how shall I smite him?

CHARLES. The minutes are sacred. You must hasten to the work. Choose the best of the band, and lead them straight to the count's castle! Drag him from his bed, though he sleep, or he folded in the arms of pleasure! Drag him from the table, though he be drunk! Tear him from the crucifix, though he lie on his knees before it! But mark my words— I charge thee, deliver him into my hands alive! I will hew that man to pieces, and feed the hungry vultures with his flesh, who dares but graze his skin, or injure a single hair of his head! I must have him whole. Bring him to me whole and alive, and a million shall be thy reward. I'll plunder kings at the risk of my life, but thou shalt have it, and go free as air.

Thou hast my purpose—see it done!

SCHWEITZER. Enough, captain! here is my hand upon it. You shall see both of us, or neither. Come, Schweitzer's destroying angels, follow me! (Exit with a troop.)

CHARLES. The rest of you disperse in the forest—I remain here.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A vista of rooms. Dark night.

Enter DANIEL, with a lantern and a bundle.

DANIEL. Farewell, dear home! How many happy days have I enjoyed within these walls, while my old master lived. Tears to thy memory, thou whom the grave has long since devoured! He deserves this tribute from an old servant. His roof was the asylum of orphans, the refuge of the destitute, but this son has made it a den of murderers. Farewell, thou dear floor! How often has old Daniel scrubbed thee! Farewell, dear stove, old Daniel takes a heavy leave of thee. All things had grown so familiar to thee,—thou wilt feel it sorely, old Eleazar. But heaven preserve me through grace from the wiles and assault of the tempter. Empty I came hither—empty I will depart,—but my soul is saved! (He is in the act of going out, when he is met by FRANCIS, rushing in, in his dressing-gown.) Heaven help me! Master! (He puts out his lantern.)

FRANCIS. Betrayed! betrayed! The spirit of the dead are vomited from their graves. The realm of death, shaken out of its eternal slumber, roars at me, "Murderer, murderer!" Who moves there?

DANIEL (frightened). Help, holy Virgin! help! Is it you, my gracious master, whose shrieks echo so terribly through the castle that every one is aroused out of his sleep?

FRANCIS. Sleep? And who gave thee leave to sleep? Go, get lights!

(Exit DANIEL. Enter another servant.) No one shall sleep at this hour. Do you hear? All shall be awake—in arms—let the guns be loaded! Did you not see them rushing through yon vaulted passages?

SERVANT. See whom, my lord?

FRANCIS. Whom? you dolt, slave! And do you, with a cold and vacant stare, ask me whom? Have they not beset me almost to madness? Whom? blockhead! whom? Ghosts and demons! How far is the night advanced?

SERVANT. The watch has just called two.

FRANCIS. What? will this eternal night last till doomsday? Did you hear no tumult near? no shout of victory? no trampling of horses? Where is Char—the Count, I would say?

SERVANT. I know not, my lord.

FRANCIS. You know not? And are you too one of his gang? I'll tread your villain's heart out through your ribs for that infernal "I know not!" Begone, fetch the minister!

SERVANT. My lord!

FRANCIS. What! Do you grumble? Do you demur? (Exit servant hastily.) Do my very slaves conspire against me? Heaven, earth, and hell—all conspire against me!

DANIEL (returns with a lighted candle). My lord!

FRANCIS. Who said I trembled? No!—'twas but a dream. The dead still rest in their graves! Tremble! or pale? No, no! I am calm—quite tranquil.

DANIEL. You are as pale as death, my lord; your voice is weak and faltering.

FRANCIS. I am somewhat feverish. When the minister comes be sure you say I am in a fever. Say that I intend to be bled in the morning.

DANIEL. Shall I give you some drops of the balsam of life on sugar?

FRANCIS. Yes, balsam of life on sugar! The minister will not be here just yet. My voice is weak and faltering. Give me of the balsam of life on sugar!

DANIEL. Let me have the keys, I will go down to the closet and get it.

FRANCIS. No! no! no! Stay!—or I will go with you. You see I must not be left alone! How easily I might, you see—faint—if I should be left alone. Never mind, never mind! It will pass off—you must not leave me.

DANIEL. Indeed, Sir, you are ill, very ill.

FRANCIS. Yes, just so, just so, nothing more. And illness, you know, bewilders the brain, and breeds strange and maddening dreams. What signify dreams? Dreams come from the stomach and cannot signify anything. Is it not so, Daniel? I had a very comical dream just now. (He sinks down fainting.)

DANIEL. Oh, merciful heaven! what is this? George!—Conrad! Sebastian! Martin! Give but some sign of life! (Shaking him.) Oh, the Blessed Virgin! Oh, Joseph! Keep but your reason! They will say I have murdered him! Lord have mercy upon me!

FRANCIS (confused). Avaunt!—avaunt!—why dost thou glare upon me thus, thou horrible spectre? The time for the resurrection of the dead is not yet come.

DANIEL. Merciful heavens! he has lost his senses.

FRANCIS (recovering himself gradually). Where am I? You here, Daniel? What have I said? Heed it not. I have told a lie, whatever I said. Come, help me up! 'T was only a fit of delirium—because—because—I have not finished my night's rest.

DANIEL. If John were but here! I'll call for help—I'll send for the physician.

FRANCIS. Stay! Seat yourself by my side on this sofa! There. You are a sensible man, a good man. Listen to my dream!

DANIEL. Not now; another time! Let me lead you to bed; you have great need of rest.

FRANCIS. No, no; I prythee, listen, Daniel, and have a good laugh at me. You must know I fancied that I held a princely banquet, my heart was merry, and I lay stretched on the turf in the castle garden; and all on a sudden—it was at midday—and all on a sudden—but mind you have a good laugh at me!

DANIEL. All on a sudden.

FRANCIS. All on a sudden a tremendous peal of thunder struck upon my slumbering ear; I started up staggering and trembling; and lo, it seemed as if the whole hemisphere had burst forth in one flaming sheet of fire, and mountains, and cities, and forests melted away like wax in the furnace; and then rose a howling whirlwind, which swept before it the earth, and the sea, and heaven; then came a sound, as from brazen trumpets, "Earth, give up thy dead: sea, give up thy dead!" and the open plains began to heave, and to cast up skulls, and ribs, and jawbones, and legs, which drew together into human bodies, and then came sweeping along in dense, interminable masses—a living deluge. Then I looked up, and to! I stood at the foot of the thundering Sinai, and above me was a multitude, and below me a multitude; and on the summit of the mountain, on three smoking thrones, sat three men, before whose gaze all creation trembled.

DANIEL. Why, this is a living picture of the day of judgment.

FRANCIS. Did I not tell you? Is it not ridiculous stuff? And one stepped forth who, to look upon, was like a starlight night; he had in his hand a signet ring of iron, which he held up between the east and the west, and said, "Eternal, holy,

just, immutable! There is but one truth; there is but one virtue! Woe, woe, woe! to the doubting sinner!" Then stepped forth a second, who had in his hand a flashing mirror, which he held up between the east and west, and said, "This is the mirror of truth; hypocrisy and deceit cannot look on it." Then was I terrified, and so were all, for we saw the forms of snakes, and tigers, and leopards reflected from that fearful mirror. Then stepped forth a third, who had in his hand a brazen balance, which he held up between the east and the west, and said, "Approach, ye sons of Adam! I weigh your thoughts in the balance of my wrath! and your deeds with the weight of my fury!"

DANIEL. The Lord have mercy upon me!

FRANCIS. They all stood pale and trembling, and every heart was panting with fearful expectation. Then it seemed to me as if I heard my name called the first from out the thunders of the mountain, and the innermost marrow froze within my bones, and my teeth chattered loudly. Presently the clang of the balance was heard, the rocks sent forth thunders, and the hours glided by, one after the other, towards the left scale, and each threw into it a mortal sin!

DANIEL. Oh, may God forgive you!

FRANCIS. He forgave me not! The left scale grew mountains high, but the other, filled with the blood of atonement, still outweighed it. At last came an old man, heavily bowed down with grief, his arm gnawed through with raging hunger. Every eye turned away in horror from the sight. I knew the man—he cut off a lock of his silver hair, and cast it into the scale of my sins, when to! in an instant, it sank down to the abyss, and the scale of atonement flew up on high. Then heard I a voice, issuing like thunder from the bowels *[Some editions of the original read Rauch (smoke), some Bauch, as translated.] of the mountain, "Pardon, pardon to every sinner of the earth and of the deep! Thou alone art rejected!" (A profound pause.) Well, why don't you laugh?

DANIEL. Can I laugh while my flesh creeps? Dreams come from above.

FRANCIS. Pshaw! pshaw! Say not so! Call me a fool, an idiot, an absurd fool! Do, there's a good Daniel, I entreat of you; have a hearty laugh at me!

DANIEL. Dreams come from God. I will pray for you.

FRANCIS. Thou liest, I tell thee. Go, this instant, run! be quick! see where the minister tarries all this time; tell him to come quickly, instantly! But, I tell thee, thou liest!

DANIEL. Heaven have mercy upon you!

[Exit.]

FRANCIS. Vulgar prejudice! mere superstition! It has not yet been proved that the past is not past and forgotten, or that there is an eye above this earth to take account of what passes on it. Humph! Humph! But whence, then, this fearful whisper to my soul? Is there really an avenging judge above the stars? No, no! Yes, yes! A fearful monitor within bears witness that there is One above the stars who judgeth! What! meet the avenger above the stars this very night? No, no! I say. All is empty, lonely, desolate, beyond the stars. Miserable subterfuge, beneath which thy cowardice seeks to hide itself. And if there should be something in it after all? No! no! it cannot be. I insist that it cannot be! But yet, if there should be! Woe to thee if thy sins should all have been registered above!—if they should be counted over to thee this very night! Why creeps this shudder through my frame? To die! Why does that word frighten me thus? To give an account to the Avenger, there, above the stars! and if he should be just—the wails of orphans and widows, of the oppressed, the tormented, ascending to his ears, and he be just? Why have they been afflicted? And why have I been permitted to trample upon them?

Enter PASTOR MOSER.

MOSER. Your lordship sent for me! I am surprised! The first time in my life! Is it to scoff at religion, or does it begin to make you tremble?

FRANCIS. I may scoff or I may tremble, according as you shall answer me. Listen to me, Moser, I will prove that you are a fool, or wish to make fools of others, and you shall answer me. Do you hear? At the peril of your life you shall answer me.

MOSER. 'Tis a higher Being whom you summon before your tribunal. He will answer you hereafter.

FRANCIS. I will be answered now, this instant, that I may not commit the contemptible folly of calling upon the idol of the vulgar under the pressure of suffering. I have often, in bumpers of Burgundy, tauntingly pledged you in the toast, "There is no God!" Now I address myself to you in earnest, and I tell you there is none? You shall oppose me with all the weapons in your power; but with the breath of my lips I will blow them away.

MOSER. 'Twere well that you could also blow away the thunder which will alight upon your proud soul with ten thousand times ten thousand tons' weight! That omniscient God, whom you—fool and miscreant—are denying in the midst of his creation, needeth not to justify himself by the mouth of dust. He is as great in your tyrannies as in the sweetest smile of triumphant virtue.

FRANCIS. Uncommonly well said, parson. Thus I like you.

MOSER. I stand here as steward of a greater Master, and am addressing one who, like myself, is a sinner—one whom I care not to please. I must indeed be able to work miracles, to extort the acknowledgment from your obdurate wickedness—but if your conviction is so firm, why have you sent for me in the middle of the night?

FRANCIS. Because time hangs heavy on my hands, and the chess-board has ceased to have any attraction. I wish to amuse myself in a tilt with the parson. Your empty terrors will not unman my courage. I am well aware that those who have come off short in this world look forward to eternity; but they will be sadly

disappointed. I have always read that our whole body is nothing more than a blood-spring, and that, with its last drop, mind and thought dissolve into nothing. They share all the infirmities of the body; why, then, should they not cease with its dissolution? Why not evaporate in its decomposition? Let a drop of water stray into your brain, and life makes a sudden pause, which borders on non-existence, and this pause continued is death. Sensation is the vibration of a few chords, which, when the instrument is broken, cease to sound. If I raze my seven castles—if I dash this Venus to pieces—there is an end of their symmetry and beauty. Behold! thus is it with your immortal soul!

MOSER. So says the philosophy of your despair. But your own heart, which knocks against your ribs with terror even while you thus argue, gives your tongue the lie. These cobwebs of systems are swept away by the single word—"Thou must die!" I challenge you, and be this the test: If you maintain your firmness in the hour of death; if your principles do not then miserably desert you, you shall be admitted to have the best of the argument. But if, in that dread hour, the least shudder creeps over you, then woe be to you! you have deceived yourself.

FRANCIS (disturbed). If in the hour of death a shudder creeps over me?

MOSER. I have seen many such wretches before now, who set truth at defiance up to that point; but at the approach of death the illusion vanished. I will stand at your bedside when you are dying—I should much like to see a tyrant die. I will stand by, and look you steadfastly in the face when the physician takes your cold, clammy hand, and is scarcely able to detect your expiring pulse; and when he looks up, and, with a fearful shake of the head, says to you, "All human aid is in vain!" Beware, at that moment, beware, lest you look like Richard and Nero!

FRANCIS. No! no!

MOSER. Even that very "No" will then be turned to a howling "Yea!" An

inward tribunal, which you can no longer cheat with sceptical delusions, will then wake up and pass judgment upon you. But the waking up will be like that of one buried alive in the bowels of the churchyard; there will come remorse like that of the suicide who has committed the fatal act and repents it;—'twill be a flash of lightning suddenly breaking in upon the midnight darkness of your life! There will be one look, and, if you can sustain that, I will admit that you have won!

FRANCIS (walking up and down restlessly). Cant! Priestly cant!

MOSER. Then, for the first time, will the sword of eternity pass through your soul;—and then, for the first time, too late, the thought of God will wake up a terrible monitor, whose name is Judge. Mark this, Moor; a thousand lives hang upon your beck; and of those thousand every nine hundred and ninety-nine have been rendered miserable by you. You wanted but the Roman empire to be a Nero, the kingdom of Peru to be a Pizarro. Now do you really think that the Almighty will suffer a worm like you to play the tyrant in His world and to reverse all his ordinances? Do you think the nine hundred and ninety-nine were created only to be destroyed, only to serve as puppets in your diabolical game? Think it not! He will call you to account for every minute of which you have robbed them, every joy that you have poisoned, every perfection that you have intercepted. Then, if you can answer Him—then, Moor, I will admit that you have won.

FRANCIS. No more, not another word! Am I to be at the mercy of thy drivelling fancies?

MOSER. Beware! The different destinies of mankind are balanced with terrible nicety. The scale of life which sinks here will rise there, and that which rises here will sink there. What was here temporary affliction will there be eternal triumph; and what here was temporary triumph will there be eternal despair.

FRANCIS (rushing savagely upon him.) May the thunder of heaven strike thee dumb, thou lying spirit! I will tear thy venom'd tongue out of thy mouth!

MOSER. Do you so soon feel the weight of truth? Before I have brought forward one single word of evidence? Let me first proceed to the proofs—

FRANCIS. Silence! To hell with thee and thy proofs! The soul is annihilated, I tell thee, and I will not be gainsaid!

MOSER. That is what the spirits of the bottomless pit are hourly moaning for; but heaven denies the boon. Do you hope to escape from the Avenger's arm even in the solitary waste of nothingness? If you climb up into heaven, he is there! if you make your bed in hell, behold he is there also! If you say to the night, "Hide me!" and to the darkness, "Cover me!" even the night shall be light about you, and darkness blaze upon your damned soul like a noonday sun.

FRANCIS. But I do not wish to be immortal—let them be so that like; I have no desire to hinder them. I will force him to annihilate me; I will so provoke his fury that he may utterly destroy me. Tell me which are the greatest sins—which excite him to the most terrible wrath?

MOSER. I know but two. But men do not commit these, nor do men even dream of them.

FRANCIS. What are they?

MOSER (very significantly). Parricide is the name of the one; fratricide of the other. Why do you turn so suddenly pale?

FRANCIS. What, old man? Art thou in league with heaven or with hell? Who told thee that?

MOSER. Woe to him that hath them both upon his soul! It were better for that man that he had never been born! But be at peace; you have no longer either a

father or a brother!

FRANCIS. Ha! what! Do you know no greater sin? Think again! Death, heaven, eternity, damnation, hang upon thy lips. Not one greater?

MOSER. No, not one

FRANCIS (falling back in a chair). Annihilation! annihilation!

MOSER. Rejoice, then, rejoice! Congratulate yourself! With all your abominations you are yet a saint in comparison with a parricide. The curse that falls upon you is a love ditty in comparison with the curse that lies upon him. Retribution—

FRANCIS (starting up). Away with thee! May the graves open and swallow thee ten thousand fathoms deep, thou bird of ill omen! Who bade thee come here? Away, I tell thee, or I will run thee through and through!

MOSER. Can mere "priestly cant" excite a philosopher to such a pitch of frenzy? Why not blow it away with a breath of your lips? (Exit.)

[FRANCIS throws himself about in his chair in terrible agitation. Profound stillness.]

Enter a SERVANT, hastily

SERVANT. The Lady Amelia has fled. The count has suddenly disappeared.

Enter DANIEL, in great alarm.

DANIEL. My lord, a troop of furious horsemen are galloping down the hill, shouting "murder! murder!" The whole village is in alarm.

FRANCIS. Quick! let all the bells be tolled—summon everyone to the chapel—let all fall on their knees—pray for me. All prisoners shall be released and

forgiven—I will make two and threefold restitution to the poor—I will—why don't you run? Do call in the father confessor, that he may give me absolution for my sins. What! are you not gone yet? (The uproar becomes more audible.)

DANIEL. Heaven have mercy upon me, poor sinner! Can I believe you in earnest, sir? You, who always made a jest of religion? How many a Bible and prayer-book have you flung at my head when by chance you caught me at my devotions?

FRANCIS. No more of this. To die! think of it! to die! It will be too late! (The voice of SCHWEITZER is heard, loud and furious.) Pray for me, Daniel! Pray, I entreat you!

DANIEL. I always told you,—"you hold prayer in such contempt; but take heed! take heed! when the fatal hour comes, when the waters are flowing in upon your soul, you will be ready to give all the treasures of the world for one little Christian prayer." Do you see it now? What abuse you used to heap on me! Now you feel it! Is it not so!

FRANCIS (embracing him violently). Forgive me! my dear precious jewel of a Daniel, forgive me! I will clothe you from head to foot—do but pray. I will make quite a bridegroom of you—I will—only do pray— I entreat you—on my knees, I conjure you. In the devil's name, pray! why don't you pray? (Tumult in the streets, shouts and noises.)

SCHWEIT. (in the street). Storm the place! Kill all before you! Force the gates! I see lights! He must be there!

FRANCIS (on his knees). Listen to my prayer, O God in heaven! It is the first time—it shall never happen again. Hear me, God in heaven!

DANIEL. Mercy on me! What are you saying? What a wicked prayer!

Uproar of the PEOPLE, rushing in.

PEOPLE. Robbers! murderers! Who makes such a dreadful noise at this midnight hour!

SCHWEIT (still in the street). Beat them back, comrades! 'Tis the devil, come to fetch your master. Where is Schwarz with his troop? Surround the castle, Grimm! Scale the walls!

GRIMM. Bring the firebrands. Either we must up or he must down. I will throw fire into his halls.

FRANCIS (praying). Oh Lord! I have been no common murderer—I have been guilty of no petty crimes, gracious Lord—

DANIEL. Heaven be merciful to us! His very prayers are turned to sins. (Stones and firebrands are hurled up from below; the windows fall in with a crash; the castle takes fire.)

FRANCIS. I cannot pray. Here! and here! (striking his breast and his forehead) All is so void—so barren! (Rises from his knees.) No, I will not pray. Heaven shall not have that triumph, nor hell that pastime.

DANIEL. O holy Virgin! Help! save! The whole castle is in flames!

FRANCIS. There, take this sword! Quick! Run it right through my body, that these fiends may not be in time to make holiday sport of me. (The fire increases.)

DANIEL. Heaven forbid? Heaven forbid! I would send no one before his time to heaven, much less to—(He runs away).

FRANCIS (following him with a ghastly stare, after a pause). To hell, thou wouldst say. Indeed! I scent something of the kind. (In delirium.) Are these their triumphant yells? Do I hear you hissing, ye serpents of the abyss? They force their way up—they besiege the door! Why do I shrink from this biting steel? The

door cracks—it yields—there is no escape! Ha! then do thou have mercy upon me! (He tears away the golden cord from his hat, and strangles himself.)*

*[In the acting edition, Francis attempts to throw himself into the flames, but is prevented by the robbers, and taken alive. He is then brought before his brother, in chains, for sentence. SCHWEITZER says, "I have fulfilled my word, and brought him alive." GRIMM. "We tore him out of the flames and the castle is in ashes." After confronting Francis with his father, and a reproachful interview between the brothers, Charles delegates the judgment on Francis to Schweitzer and Kosinsky, but for himself forgives him in these words: "Thou hast robbed me of heaven's bliss! Be that sin blotted out! Thy doom is sealed—perdition is thy lot! But I forgive thee, brother." Upon this CHARLES embraces and leaves him; the ROBBERS however, thrust FRANCIS into the dungeon where he had immured his father, laughing in a savage manner. Beyond this the fate of Francis is left undetermined. Schweitzer, instead of killing himself, is made partaker, with Kosinsky, of Moor's estate.]

Enter SCHWEITZER and his band.

SCHWEITZER. Murderous wretch, where art thou? Did you see how they fled? Has he so few friends? Where has the beast crawled to?

GRIMM (stumbles over the corpse). Stay! what is this lying in the way?
Lights here.

SCHWARZ. He has been beforehand with us. Put up your swords. There he lies sprawling like a dead dog.

SCHWEITZER. Dead! What! dead? Dead without me? 'Tis a lie, I say. Mark how quickly he will spring upon his feet! (Shakes him). Hollo! up with you? There is a father to be murdered.

GRIMM. Spare your pains. He is as dead as a log.

SCHWEITZER (steps aside from him). Yes, his game is up! He is dead! dead!
Go back and tell my captain he is as dead as a log. He will not see me again.
(Blows his brains out.)

SCENE II.—The scene the same as the last scene of the preceding Act.

OLD MOOR seated on a stone; CHARLES VON MOOR opposite;
ROBBERS scattered through the wood.

CHARLES. He does not come! (Strikes his dagger against a stone till the sparks fly.)

OLD MOOR. Let pardon be his punishment—redoubled love my vengeance.

CHARLES. No! by my enraged soul that shall not be! I will not permit it. He shall bear that enormous load of crime with him into eternity!— what else should I kill him for?

OLD MOOR (bursting into tears). Oh my child!

CHARLES. What! you weep for him? In sight of this dungeon?

OLD MOOR. Mercy! oh mercy! (Wringing his hands violently.) Now—now my son is brought to judgment!

CHARLES (starting). Which son?

OLD MOOR. Ha! what means that question?

CHARLES. Nothing! nothing!

OLD MOOR. Art thou come to make a mockery of my grief?

CHARLES. Treacherous conscience! Take no heed of my words!

OLD MOOR. Yes, I persecuted a son, and a son persecutes me in return. It is the finger of God. Oh my Charles! my Charles! If thou dost hover around me in the realms of peace, forgive me! oh forgive me!

CHARLES (hastily). He forgives you! (Checking himself.) If he is worthy to be called your son, he must forgive you!

OLD MOOR. Ha! he was too noble a son for me. But I will go to him with my tears, my sleepless nights, my racking dreams. I will embrace his knees, and cry—cry aloud—"I have sinned against heaven and before thee; I am no longer worthy to be called thy father!"

CHARLES (in deep emotion). Was he very dear to you—that other son?

OLD MOOR. Heaven is my witness, how much I loved him. Oh, why did I suffer myself to be beguiled by the arts of a wicked son? I was an envied father among the fathers of the world—my children full of promise, blooming by my side! But—oh that fatal hour!—the demon of envy entered into the heart of my younger son—I listened to the serpent—and—lost both my children! (Hides his countenance.)

CHARLES (removes to a distance from him). Lost forever!

OLD MOOR. Oh, deeply do I feel the words of Amelia. The spirit of vengeance spoke from her lips. "In vain wilt thou stretch forth thy dying hands after a son, in vain fancy thou art grasping the warm hands of thy Charles,—he will never more stand by thy bedside."

(CHARLES stretches out his hand to him with averted face.)

Oh, that this were the hand of my Charles! But he is laid far away in the

narrow house—he is sleeping the iron sleep—he hears not the voice of my lamentation. Woe is me! to die in the arms of a stranger? No son left—no son left to close my eyes!

CHARLES (in violent emotion). It must be so—the moment has arrived. Leave me—(to the ROBBERS.) And yet—can I restore his son to him? Alas! No! I cannot restore him that son! No! I will not think of it.

OLD MOOR. Friend! what is that you were muttering?

CHARLES. Your son—yes, old man—(faltering) your son—is—lost forever!

OLD MOOR. Forever?

CHARLES (looking up to heaven in bitter anguish). Oh this once—keep my soul from sinking—sustain me but this once!

OLD MOOR. Forever, did you say.

CHARLES. Ask no more! I said forever!

OLD MOOR. Stranger, stranger! why didst thou drag me forth from the dungeon to remind me of my sorrows?

CHARLES. And what if I were now to snatch his blessing?—snatch it like a thief, and steal away with the precious prize? A father's blessing, they say, is never lost.

OLD MOOR. And is my Francis too lost?

CHARLES (falling on his knees before him). 'Twas I who burst the bars of your dungeon. I crave thy blessing!

OLD MOOR (sorrowfully). Oh that thou shouldst destroy the son!—thou, the father's deliverer! Behold! Heaven's mercy is untiring, and we pitiful worms let

the sun go down upon our wrath. (Lays his hand upon the head of CHARLES.)
Be thou happy, even as thou shalt be merciful!

CHARLES (rising much affected). Oh!—where is my manhood? My sinews are unstrung—the sword drops from my hand.

OLD MOOR. How lovely a thing it is when brethren dwell together in unity; as the dewdrops of heaven that fall upon the mountains of Zion. Learn to deserve that happiness, young man, and the angels of heaven will sun themselves in thy glory. Let thy wisdom be the wisdom of gray hairs, but let thy heart be the heart of innocent childhood.

CHARLES. Oh, for a foretaste of that happiness! Kiss me, divine old man!

OLD MOOR (kissing him). Think it thy father's kiss; and I will think I am kissing my son. Canst thou too weep?

CHARLES. I felt as if it were my father's kiss! Woe unto me, were they to bring him now!

(The companions of SCHWEITZER enter in a silent and mournful procession, hanging down their heads and hiding their faces.)

CHARLES. Good heaven! (Retreats horror-struck, and seeks to hide himself. They pass by him his face is averted. Profound silence. They halt.)

GRIMM (in a subdued tone). My captain!

[CHARLES does not answer and steps farther back.]

SCHWARZ. Dear captain!

[CHARLES retreats still farther.]

GRIMM. 'Tis not our fault, captain!

CHARLES (without looking at them). Who are ye?

GRIMM. You do not look at us! Your faithful followers.

CHARLES. Woe to ye, if ye are faithful to me!

GRIMM. The last farewell from your servant Schweitzer!—

CHARLES (starting). Then ye have not found him?

SCHWARZ. Found him dead.

CHARLES (leaping up with joy). Thanks, O Sovereign Ruler of all things! — Embrace me, my children!—Mercy be henceforward our watchword!—Now, were that too surmounted,—all would be surmounted.

Enter ROBBERS with AMELIA.

ROBBERS. Hurrah! hurrah! A prize, a splendid prize!

AMELIA (with hair dishevelled). The dead, they cry, have arisen at his voice —My uncle alive—in this wood—Where is he? Charles? Uncle!—Ha? (She rushes into the arms, of OLD MOOR.)

OLD MOOR. Amelia! my daughter! Amelia! (Holds her tightly grasped in his arms.)

CHARLES (starting back). Who brings this image before my eyes.

AMELIA (tearing herself away from the old man, rushes upon CHARLES, and embraces him in an ecstasy of delight). I have him, O ye stars! I have him!

CHARLES (tearing himself away, to the ROBBERS). Let us be gone, comrades! The arch fiend has betrayed me!

AMELIA. My bridegroom, my bridegroom! thou art raving! Ha! 'Tis with

delight! Why, then, am I so cold, so unfeeling, in the midst of this tumult of happiness?

OLD MOOR (rousing himself). Bridegroom? Daughter! my daughter! Thy bridegroom?*

*[Instead of this the stage edition has, "Come my children! Thy hand, Charles—and thine, Amelia. Oh! I never looked for such happiness on this side the grave. Here let me unite you forever."]

AMELIA. His forever! He forever, ever, mine! Oh! ye heavenly powers! support me in this ecstasy of bliss, lest I sink beneath its weight!

CHARLES. Tear her from my neck! Kill her! Kill him! Kill me— yourselves—everybody! Let the whole world perish! (About to rush of.)

AMELIA. Whither? what? Love! eternity! happiness! never-ending joys! and thou wouldst fly?

CHARLES. Away, away! most unfortunate of brides! See with thine own eyes; ask, and hear it with thine own ears! Most miserable of fathers! Let me escape hence forever!

AMELIA. Support me! for heaven's sake support me! It is growing dark before my eyes! He flies!

CHARLES. Too late! In vain! Your curse, father! Ask me no more! I am—I have—your curse—your supposed curse! Who enticed me hither? (Rushing upon the ROBBERS with drawn sword.) Which of you enticed me hither, ye demons of the abyss? Perish, then, Amelia! Die, father! Die, for the third time, through me! These, thy deliverers, are Robbers and Murderers! Thy Charles is their Captain! (OLD MOOR expires.)

[AMELIA stands silent and transfixed like a statue.]

The whole band are mute. A fearful pause.]

CHARLES (rushing against an oak). The souls of those I have strangled in the intoxication of love—of those whom I crushed to atoms in the sacredness of sleep—of those whom—Ha! ha! ha! do you hear the powder-magazine bursting over the heads of women in travail? Do you see the flames creeping round the cradles of sucklings? That is our nuptial torch; those shrieks our wedding music! Oh! he forgetteth none of these things!—he knoweth how to connect the—links in the chain of life. Therefore do love's delights elude my grasp; therefore is love given me for a torment! This is retribution!

AMELIA. 'Tis all true! Thou Ruler in heaven! 'Tis all true! What have I done, poor innocent lamb? I have loved this man!

CHARLES. This is more than a man can endure. Have I not heard death hissing at me from more thousands of barrels, and never yet moved a hair's breadth out of its way. And shall I now be taught to tremble like a woman? tremble before a woman! No! a woman shall not conquer my manly courage! Blood! blood! 'tis but a fit of womanish feeling. I must glut myself with blood; and this will pass away. (He is about to fly.)

AMELIA (sinking into his arms). Murderer! devil! I cannot—angel— leave thee!

CHARLES (thrusting her from him). Away! insidious serpent! Thou wouldst make a mockery of my frenzy; but I will bid defiance to my tyrant destiny. What! art thou weeping? O ye relentless, malicious stars! She pretends to weep, as if any soul could weep for me! (AMELIA falls on his neck.) Ha! what means this? She shuns me not—she spurns me not. Amelia! hast thou then forgotten? Dost thou remember whom thou art embracing, Amelia?

AMELIA. My only one, mine, mine forever!

CHARLES (recovering himself in an ecstasy of joy). She forgives me, she

loves me! Then am I pure as the ether of heaven, for she loves me! With tears I thank thee, all-merciful Father! (He falls on his knees, and bursts into a violent fit of weeping.) The peace of my soul is restored; my sufferings are at an end. Hell is no more! Behold! oh behold! the child of light weeps on the neck of a repentant demon! (Rising and turning to the ROBBERS). Why are ye not weeping also? Weep, weep, ye are all so happy. O Amelia! Amelia! Amelia! (He hangs on her neck, they remain locked in a silent embrace.)

A ROBBER (stepping forward enraged). Hold, traitor! This instant come from her arms! or I will speak a word that shall make thy ears tingle, and thy teeth chatter with horror! (He holds his sword between them.)

AN AGED ROBBER. Remember the Bohemian forests! Dost thou hear? dost thou tremble? Remember the Bohemian forests, I tell thee! Faithless man! where are thy oaths? Are wounds so soon forgotten? Who staked fortune, honor, life itself for thee? Who stood by thee like walls, and like shields caught the blows which were aimed at thy life? Didst not thou then lift up thy hand and swear an iron oath never to forsake us, even as we forsook not thee? Base, perfidious wretch! and wouldst thou now desert us at the whining of a harlot?

A THIRD ROBBER. Shame on thy perjury! The spirit of the immolated Roller, whom thou didst summon from the realms of death to attest thy oath, will blush at thy cowardice, and rise from his grave full armed to chastise thee.

THE ROBBERS (all in disorder, tearing open their garments). See here! and here! Dost thou know these scars? Thou art ours! With our heart's blood we have bought thee, and thou art ours bodily, even though the Archangel Michael should seek to wrest thee out of the grasp of the fiery Moloch! Now! March with us! Sacrifice for sacrifice, Amelia for the band!

CHARLES (releasing her hand). It is past! I would arise and return to my father; but heaven has said, "It shall not be!" (Coldly.) Blind fool that I was! why should I wish it? Is it possible for a great sinner to return? A great sinner never

can return. That ought I long since to have known. Be still! I pray thee be still! 'Tis all as it should be. When He sought me I would not; now that I seek him, He will not. What can be more just? Do not roll about thine eyes so wildly. He—has no need of me. Has He not creatures in abundance? One he can easily spare, and that one am I. Come along, comrades!

AMELIA (pulling him back). Stay, I beseech you! One blow! one deadly blow! Again forsaken! Draw thy sword, and have mercy upon me!

CHARLES. Mercy has taken refuge among bears. I will not kill thee!

AMELIA (embracing his knees). Oh, for heaven's sake! by all that is merciful! I ask no longer for love. I know that our stars fly from each other in opposition. Death is all I ask. Forsaken, forsaken! Take that word in all its dreadful import! Forsaken! I cannot survive it! Thou knowest well that no woman can survive that. All I ask is death. See, my hand trembles! I have not courage to strike the blow. I shrink from the gleaming blade! To thee it is so easy, so very easy; thou art a master in murder—draw thy sword, and make me happy!

CHARLES. Wouldst thou alone be happy? Away with thee! I will kill no woman!

AMELIA. Ha! destroyer! thou canst only kill the happy; they who are weary of existence thou sparest! (She glides towards the robbers.) Then do ye have mercy on me, disciples of murder! There lurks a bloodthirsty pity in your looks that is consoling to the wretched. Your master is a boaster and a coward.

CHARLES. Woman, what dost thou say? (The ROBBERS turn away.)

AMELIA. No friend? No; not even among these a friend? (She rises.) Well, then, let Dido teach me how to die! (She is going; a ROBBER takes aim at her.)

CHARLES. Hold! dare it! Moor's Amelia shall die by no other hand than Moor's. (He strikes her dead.)

THE ROBBERS. Captain! captain! what hast thou done? Art thou raving?

CHARLES (with his eyes fixed on the body). One more pang and all will be over. She is immolated! Now, look on! have you any farther demand? Ye staked a life for me, a life which has ceased to be your own—a life full of infamy and shame! I have sacrificed an angel for you. Now! look upon her! Are you content?

GRIMM. You have repaid your debt with usury. You have done all that man could do for his honor, and more. Now let's away.

CHARLES. What say you? Is not the life of a saint for the life of a felon more than an equal exchange? Oh! I say unto you if every one of you were to—mount the scaffold, and to have his flesh torn from his bones piecemeal with red-hot pincers, through eleven long summer days of torture, yet would it not counterbalance these tears! (With a bitter laugh.) The scars! the Bohemian forests! Yes, yes! they must be repaid, of course!

SCHWARZ. Compose yourself, captain! Come along with us! this is no sight for you. Lead us elsewhere!

CHARLES. Stay! one word more before we proceed elsewhere. Mark me, ye malicious executioners of my barbarous nod! from this moment I cease to be your captain.*

*[The acting edition reads,—"Banditti! we are quits. This bleeding corpse cancels my bond to you forever. From your own I set you free."

ROBBERS. "We are again your slaves till death!" CHARLES. "No, no, no! We have done with each other. My genius whispers me, 'Go no further, Moor. Here is the goal of humanity— and thine!' Take back this bloody plume (throws it at their feet). Let him who seeks to be your captain take it up."]

With shame and horror I here lay down the bloody staff, under which you

thought yourselves licensed to perpetrate your crimes and to defile the fair light of heaven with deeds of darkness. Depart to the right and to the left. We shall never more have aught in common.

THE ROBBERS. Ha! coward! where are thy lofty schemes? were they but soap-bubbles, which disperse at the breath of a woman?*

*[In lieu of this soliloquy and what follows, to the end, the acting edition has:—

R. MOOR. Dare not to scrutinize the acts of Moor. That is my last command. Now, draw near—form a circle around me, and receive the last words of your dying captain. (He surveys them attentively for some time.) You have been devotedly faithful to me, faithful beyond example. Had virtue bound you together as firmly as vice, you would have been heroes, and your names recorded by mankind with admiration. Go and offer your services to the state. Dedicate your talents to the cause of a monarch who is waging war in vindication of the rights of man. With this blessing I disband you. Schweitzer and Kosinsky, do you stay. (The others disperse slowly, with signs of emotion.)]

SCENE VIII.

R. MOOR, SCRWETTZER, and KOSINSKY.

R. MOOR. Give me thy right hand, Kosinsky—Schweitzer thy left. (He takes their hands, and stands between, them; to KOSINSKY,) Young man, thou art still pure-amongst the guilty thou alone art guiltless! (To SCHWEITZER.) Deeply have I imbrued thy hand in blood. 'Tis I who have done this. With this cordial grasp I take back mine own. Schweitzer! thou art purified! (He raises their hands fervently to heaven.) Father in heaven! here I restore them to thee. They will be more devoted to thy service than those who never fell. Of that I feel assured. (SCHWEITZER and KOSINSKY fall on his neck with fervor.) Not now—not now, dear comrades. Spare my feelings in this trying hour. An earldom has this day fallen to my lot—a rich domain on which no malediction rests. Share it between you, my children; become good citizens; and if for ten human beings that I have destroyed you make but one happy, my soul may yet be saved. Go—no farewell! In another world we may meet again—or perhaps no more. Away! away! ere my fortitude desert me. [Exeunt both, with downcast countenances.]

SCENE IX.

And I, too, am a good citizen. Do I not fulfil the extremity of the law? Do I not honor the law? Do I not uphold and defend it? I remember speaking to a poor officer on my way hither, who was toiling as a day-laborer, and has eleven living children. A thousand ducats have been offered to whoever shall deliver up the great robber alive. That man shall be served.

[Exit.]

CHARLES. Oh! fool that I was, to fancy that I could amend the world by misdeeds and maintain law by lawlessness! I called it vengeance and equity. I presumed, O Providence! upon whetting out the notches of thy sword and repairing thy partialities. But, oh, vain trifling! here I stand on the brink of a fearful life, and learn, with wailing and gnashing of teeth, that two men like myself could ruin the whole edifice of the moral world. Pardon—pardon the boy who thought to forestall Thee; to Thee alone belongeth vengeance; Thou needest not the hand of man! But it is not in my power to recall the past; that which is ruined remains ruined; what I have thrown down will never more rise up again. Yet one thing is left me whereby I may atone to the offended majesty of the law and restore the order which I have violated. A victim is required—a victim to declare before all mankind how inviolable that majesty is—that victim shall be myself. I will be the death-offering!

ROBBERS. Take his sword from him—he will kill himself.

CHARLES. Fools that ye are! doomed to eternal blindness! Think ye that one mortal sin will expiate other mortal sins? Do you suppose that the harmony of the world would be promoted by such an impious discord? (Throwing his arms at their feet.) He shall have me alive. I go to deliver myself into the hands of justice.

ROBBERS. Put him in chains! he has lost his senses!

CHARLES. Not that I have any doubt but that justice would find me speedily enough if the powers above so ordained it. But she might surprise me in sleep, or overtake me in flight, or seize me with violence and the sword, and then I should have lost the only merit left me, that of making my death a free-will atonement. Why should I, like a thief, any longer conceal a life, which in the counsels of the heavenly ministry has long been forfeited?

ROBBERS. Let him go. He is infected with the great-man-mania; he means to offer up his life for empty admiration.

CHARLES. I might, 'tis true, be admired for it. (After a moment's reflection.) I remember, on my way hither, talking to a poor creature, a day-laborer, with eleven living children. A reward has been offered of a thousand louis-d'ors to any one who shall deliver up the great robber alive. That man shall be served. [Exit.]

FIESCO, OR THE GENOESE CONSPIRACY.

A TRAGEDY.

By Frederich Schiller

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The chief sources from which I have drawn the history of this conspiracy are Cardinal de Retz's *Conjuration du Comte Jean Louis de Fiesque*, the *Histoire des Genes*, and the third volume of Robertson's *History of Charles the Fifth*.

The liberties which I have taken with the historical facts will be excused, if I have succeeded in my attempt; and, if not, it is better that my failure should appear in the effusions of fancy, than in the delineation of truth. Some deviation from the real catastrophe of the conspiracy (according to which the count actually perished [A] when his schemes were nearly ripe for execution) was rendered necessary by the nature of the drama, which does not allow the interposition either of chance or of a particular Providence. It would be matter of surprise to me that this subject has never been adopted by any tragic writer, did not the circumstances of its conclusion, so unfit for dramatic representation, afford a sufficient reason for such neglect. Beings of a superior nature may discriminate the finest links of that chain which connects an individual action with the system of the universe, and may, perhaps, behold them extended to the utmost limits of time, past and future; but man seldom sees more than the simple facts, divested of their various relations of cause and effect. The writer, therefore, must adapt his performance to the short-sightedness of human nature, which he would enlighten; and not to the penetration of Omniscience, from which all intelligence is derived.

In my Tragedy of the Robbers it was my object to delineate the victim of an extravagant sensibility; here I endeavor to paint the reverse; a victim of art and intrigue. But, however strongly marked in the page of history the unfortunate project of Fiesco may appear, on the stage it may prove less interesting. If it be true that sensibility alone awakens sensibility, we may conclude that the political hero is the less calculated for dramatic representation, in proportion as it becomes necessary to lay aside the feelings of a man in order to become a political hero.

It was, therefore, impossible for me to breathe into my fable that glowing life which animates the pure productions of poetical inspiration; but, in order to render the cold and sterile actions of the politician capable of affecting the human heart, I was obliged to seek a clue to those actions in the human heart itself. I was obliged to blend together the man and the politician, and to draw

from the refined intrigues of state situations interesting to humanity. The relations which I bear to society are such as unfold to me more of the heart than of the cabinet; and, perhaps, this very political defect may have become a poetical excellence.

[A] Fiesco, after having succeeded in the chief objects of his undertaking, happened to fall into the sea whilst hastening to quell some disturbances on board of a vessel in the harbor; the weight of his armor rendered his struggles ineffectual, and he perished. The deviation from history in the tragedy might have been carried farther, and would perhaps have rendered it more suitable to dramatic representation.—Translation.

FIESCO; OR, THE GENOESE CONSPIRACY.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANDREAS DORIA, Duke of Genoa, a venerable old man, eighty years of age, retaining the traces of a high spirit: the chief features in this character are dignity and a rigid brevity in command.

GIANETTINO DORIA, nephew of the former, and pretender to the ducal power, twenty-six years of age, rough and forbidding in his address, deportment, and manners, with a vulgar pride and disgusting features.

FIESCO, Count of Lavagna, chief of the conspiracy, a tall, handsome young man, twenty-three years of age; his character is that of dignified pride and majestic affability, with courtly complaisance and deceitfulness.

VERRINA, a determined republican, sixty years of age; grave, austere, and inflexible: a marked character.

BOURGOGNINO, a conspirator, a youth of twenty; frank and high-spirited, proud, hasty, and undisguised.

CALCAGNO, a conspirator, a worn-out debauchee of thirty; insinuating and enterprising.

SACCO, a conspirator, forty-five years of age, with no distinguishing trait of character.

LOMELLINO, in the confidence of the pretender, a haggard courtier.

ZENTURIONE, |

ZIBO, | Malcontents.

ASSERATO, |

ROMANO, a painter, frank and simple, with the pride of genius.

MULEY HASSAN, a Moor of Tunis, an abandoned character, with a physiognomy displaying an original mixture of rascality and humor.

A GERMAN of the ducal body-guard, of an honest simplicity, and steady bravery.

THREE SEDITIOUS CITIZENS.

LEONORA, the wife of Fiesco, eighteen years of age, of great sensibility; her appearance pale and slender, engaging, but not dazzling; her countenance marked with melancholy; her dress black.

JULIA, Countess dowager Imperiali, sister of the younger Doria, aged twenty-five; a proud coquette, in person tall and full, her beauty spoiled by affectation, with a sarcastic maliciousness in her countenance; her dress black.

BERTHA, daughter of Verrina, an innocent girl.

ROSA, | Maids of Leonora.

ARABELLA, |

Several Nobles, Citizens, Germans, Soldiers, Thieves.

(SCENE—Genoa. TIME—the year 1547.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Saloon in FIESCO'S House. The distant sound of dancing and music is heard.

LEONORA, masked, and attended by ROSA and ARABELLA, enters hastily.

LEONORA (tears off her mask). No more! Not another word! 'Tis as clear as day! (Throwing herself in a chair.) This quite overcomes me——

ARABELLA. My lady!

LEONORA (rising.) What, before my eyes! with a notorious coquette! In presence of the whole nobility of Genoa! (strongly affected.)—Rosa! Arabella! and before my weeping eyes!

ROSA. Look upon it only as what it really was—a piece of gallantry. It was nothing more.

LEONORA. Gallantry! What! Their busy interchange of glances—the anxious watching of her every motion—the long and eager kiss upon her naked arm, impressed with a fervor that left in crimson glow the very traces of his lips! Ha! and the transport that enwrapped his soul, when, with fixed eyes, he sate like painted ecstasy, as if the world around him had dissolved, and naught remained in the eternal void but he and Julia. Gallantry? Poor thing! Thou hast never loved. Think not that thou canst teach me to distinguish gallantry from love!

ROSA. No matter, Signora! A husband lost is as good as ten lovers gained.

LEONORA. Lost? Is then one little intermission of the heart's pulsations a proof that I have lost Fiesco? Go, malicious slanderer! Come no more into my presence! 'Twas an innocent frolic—perhaps a mere piece of gallantry. Say, my gentle Arabella, was it not so?

ARABELLA. Most certainly! There can be no doubt of it!

LEONORA (in a reverie). But does she then feel herself sole mistress of his heart? Does her name lurk in his every thought?—meet him in every phase of nature? Can it be? Whither will these thoughts lead me? Is this beautiful and majestic world to him but as one precious diamond, on which her image—her image alone—is engraved? That he should love her? —love Julia! Oh! Your arm—support me, Arabella! (A pause; music is again heard.)

LEONORA (starting). Hark! Was not that Fiesco's voice, which from the tumult penetrated even hither? Can he laugh while his Leonora weeps in solitude? Oh, no, my child, it was the coarse, loud voice of Gianettino.

ARABELLA. It was, Signora—but let us retire to another apartment.

LEONORA. You change color, Arabella—you are false. In your looks, in the looks of all the inhabitants of Genoa, I read a something—a something which—(hiding her face)—oh, certainly these Genoese know more than should reach a wife's ear.

ROSA. Oh, jealousy! thou magnifier of trifles!

LEONORA (with melancholy enthusiasm). When he was still Fiesco; when in the orange-grove, where we damsels walked, I saw him—a blooming Apollo, blending the manly beauty of Antinous! Such was his noble and majestic deportment, as if the illustrious state of Genoa rested alone upon his youthful shoulders. Our eyes stole trembling glances at him, and shrunk back, as if with

conscious guilt, whene'er they encountered the lightning of his looks. Ah, Arabella, how we devoured those looks! with what anxious envy did every one count those directed to her companions! They fell among us like the golden apple of discord—tender eyes burned fiercely—soft bosoms beat tumultuously—jealousy burst asunder all our bonds of friendship——

ARABELLA. I remember it well. All Genoa's female hearts were in rebellious ferment for so enviable a prize!

LEONORA (in rapture). And now to call him mine! Giddy, wondrous fortune!—to call the pride of Genoa mine!—he who from the chisel of the exhaustless artist, Nature, sprang forth all-perfect, combining every greatness of his sex in the most perfect union. Hear me, damsels! I can no longer conceal it—hear me! I confide to you something (mysteriously)—a thought!—when I stood at the altar with Fiesco,—when his hand lay in mine,—a thought, too daring for woman, rushed across me. "This Fiesco, whose hand now lies in thine—thy Fiesco"—but hush! let no man hear us boast how far he excels all others of his sex. "This, thy Fiesco"—ah, could you but share my feelings!—"will free Genoa from its tyrants!"

ARABELLA (astonished). And could this dream haunt a woman's mind even at the nuptial shrine?

LEONORA. Yes, my Arabella,—well mayest thou be astonished—to the bride it came, even in the joy of the bridal hour (more animated). I am a woman, but I feel the nobleness of my blood. I cannot bear to see these proud Dorias thus overtop our family. The good old Andreas—it is a pleasure to esteem him. He may indeed, unenvied, bear the ducal dignity; but Gianettino is his nephew—his heir—and Gianettino has a proud and wicked heart. Genoa trembles before him, and Fiesco (much affected)—Fiesco—weep with me, damsels!—loves his sister.

ARABELLA.

Alas, my wretched mistress!

LEONORA. Go now, and see this demi-god of the Genoese—amid the shameless circles of debauchery and lust! hear the vile jests and wanton ribaldry with which he entertains his base companions! That is Fiesco! Ah, damsels, not only has Genoa lost its hero, but I have lost my husband!

ROSA. Speak lower! some one is coming through the gallery.

LEONORA (alarmed). Ha! 'Tis Fiesco—let us hasten away—the sight of me might for a moment interrupt his happiness. (She hastens into a side apartment; the maids follow.)

SCENE II

GIANETTINO DORIA, masked, in a green cloak, and the MOOR, enter in conversation.

GIANETTINO. Thou hast understood me!

MOOR. Well——

GIANETTINO. The white mask——

MOOR. Well——

GIANETTINO. I say, the white mask——

MOOR. Well—well—well——

GIANETTINO. Dost thou mark me? Thou canst only fail here! (pointing to his heart).

MOOR. Give yourself no concern.

GIANETTINO. And be sure to strike home——

MOOR. He shall have enough.

GIANETTINO (maliciously). That the poor count may not have long to suffer.

MOOR. With your leave, sir, a word—at what weight do you estimate his head?

GIANETTINO. What weight? A hundred sequins——

MOOR (blowing through his fingers). Poh! Light as a feather!

GIANETTINO. What art thou muttering?

MOOR. I was saying—it is light work.

GIANETTINO. That is thy concern. He is the very loadstone of sedition. Mark me, sirrah! let thy blow be sure.

MOOR. But, sir,—I must fly to Venice immediately after the deed.

GIANETTINO. Then take my thanks beforehand. (He throws him a bank-note.) In three days at farthest he must be cold.

[Exit.

MOOR (picking up the note). Well, this really is what I call credit to trust—the simple word of such a rogue as I am!

[Exit.

SCENE III.

CALCAGNO, behind him SACCO, both in black cloaks.

CALCAGNO. I perceive thou watchest all my steps.

SACCO. And I observe thou wouldst conceal them from me. Attend, Calcagno! For some weeks past I have remarked the workings of thy countenance. They bespeak more than concerns the interests of our country. Brother, I should think that we might mutually exchange our confidence without loss on either side. What sayest thou? Wilt thou be sincere?

CALCAGNO. So truly, that thou shalt not need to dive into the recesses of my soul; my heart shall fly half-way to meet thee on my tongue—I love the Countess of Fiesco.

SACCO (starts back with astonishment). That, at least, I should not have discovered had I made all possibilities pass in review before me. My wits are racked to comprehend thy choice, but I must have lost them altogether if thou succeed.

CALCAGNO. They say she is a pattern of the strictest virtue.

SACCO. They lie. She is the whole volume on that insipid text. Calcagno, thou must choose one or the other—either to give up thy heart or thy profession.

CALCAGNO. The Count is faithless to her; and of all the arts that may seduce a woman the subtlest is jealousy. A plot against the Dorias will at the same time occupy the Count, and give me easy access to his house. Thus, while the shepherd guards against the wolf, the fox shall make havoc of the poultry.

SACCO. Incomparable brother, receive my thanks! A blush is now superfluous, and I can tell thee openly what just now I was ashamed even to think. I am a beggar if the government be not soon overturned.

CALCAGNO. What, are thy debts so great?

SACCO. So immense that even one-tenth of them would more than swallow ten times my income. A convulsion of the state will give me breath; and if it do not cancel all my debts, at least 'twill stop the mouths of bawling creditors.

CALCAGNO. I understand thee; and if then, perchance, Genoa should be freed, Sacco will be hailed his country's savior. Let no one trick out to me the threadbare tale of honesty, if the fate of empires hang on the bankruptcy of a prodigal and the lust of a debauchee. By heaven, Sacco, I admire the wise design of Providence, that in us would heal the corruptions in the heart of the state by the vile ulcers on its limbs. Is thy design unfolded to Verrina?

SACCO. As far as it can be unfolded to a patriot. Thou knowest his iron integrity, which ever tends to that one point, his country. His hawk-like eye is now fixed on Fiesco, and he has half-conceived a hope of thee to join the bold conspiracy.

CALCAGNO. Oh, he has an excellent nose! Come, let us seek him, and fan the flame of liberty in his breast by our accordant spirit.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

JULIA, agitated with anger, and FIESCO, in a white mask, following her.

JULIA. Servants! footmen!

FIESCO. Countess, whither are you going? What do you intend?

JULIA. Nothing—nothing at all. (To the servants, who enter and immediately retire.) Let my carriage draw up——

FIESCO. Pardon me, it must not. You are offended.

JULIA. Oh, by no means. Away—you tear my dress to pieces. Offended. Who is here that can offend me? Go, pray go.

FIESCO (upon one knee). Not till you tell me what impertinent——

JULIA (stands still in a haughty attitude). Fine! Fine! Admirable! Oh, that the Countess of Lavagna might be called to view this charming scene! How, Count, is this like a husband? This posture would better suit the chamber of your wife when she turns over the journal of your caresses and finds a void in the account. Rise, sir, and seek those to whom your overtures will prove more acceptable. Rise—unless you think your gallantries will atone for your wife's impertinence.

FIESCO (jumping up). Impertinence! To you?

JULIA. To break up! To push away her chair! To turn her back upon the table—that table, Count, where I was sitting——

FIESCO. 'Tis inexcusable.

JULIA. And is that all? Out upon the jade! Am I, then, to blame because the Count makes use of his eyes? (Smilingly admiring herself.)

FIESCO. 'Tis the fault of your beauty, madam, that keeps them in such sweet slavery.

JULIA. Away with compliment where honor is concerned. Count, I insist on satisfaction. Where shall I find it, in you, or in my uncle's vengeance?

FIESCO. Find it in the arms of love—of love that would repair the offence of jealousy.

JULIA. Jealousy! Jealousy! Poor thing! What would she wish for? (Admiring herself in the glass.) Could she desire a higher compliment than were I to declare her taste my own? (Haughtily.) Doria and Fiesco! Would not the Countess of Lavagna have reason to feel honored if Doria's niece deigned to envy her

choice? (In a friendly tone, offering the Count her hand to kiss.) I merely assume the possibility of such a case, Count.

FIESCO (with animation). Cruel Countess! Thus to torment me. I know, divine Julia, that respect is all I ought to feel for you. My reason bids me bend a subject's knee before the race of Doria; but my heart adores the beautiful Julia. My love is criminal, but 'tis also heroic, and dares o'erleap the boundaries of rank, and soar towards the dazzling sun of majesty.

JULIA. A great and courtly falsehood, paraded upon stilts! While his tongue deifies me, his heart beats beneath the picture of another.

FIESCO. Rather say it beats indignantly against it, and would shake off the odious burden. (Taking the picture of LEONORA, which is suspended by a sky-blue ribbon from his breast, and delivering it to JULIA.) Place your own image on that altar and you will instantly annihilate this idol.

JULIA (pleased, puts by the picture hastily). A great sacrifice, by mine honor, and which deserves my thanks. (Hangs her own picture about his neck.) So, my slave, henceforth bear your badge of service.

[Exit.

FIESCO (with transport). Julia loves me! Julia! I envy not even the gods. (Exulting.) Let this night be a jubilee. Joy shall attain its summit. Ho! within there! (Servants come running in.) Let the floors swim with Cyprian nectar, soft strains of music rouse midnight from her leaden slumber, and a thousand burning lamps eclipse the morning sun. Pleasure shall reign supreme, and the Bacchanal dance so wildly beat the ground that the dark kingdom of the shades below shall tremble at the uproar!

[Exit hastily. A noisy allegro, during which the back scene opens, and discovers a grand illuminated saloon, many masks—dancing. At the side, drinking and playing tables, surrounded with company.

SCENE V.

GIANETTINO, almost intoxicated, LOMELLINO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, VERRINA, CALCAGNO, all masked. Several other nobles and ladies.

GIANETTINO (boisterously). Bravo! Bravo! These wines glide down charmingly. The dancers perform a merveille. Go, one of you, and publish it throughout Genoa that I am in good humor, and that every one may enjoy himself. By my ruling star this shall be marked as a red-letter day in the calendar, and underneath be written,—"This day was Prince Doria merry." (The guests lift their glasses to their mouths. A general toast of "The Republic." Sound of trumpets.) The Republic? (Throwing his glass violently on the ground.) There lie its fragments. (Three black masks suddenly rise and collect about GIANETTINO.)

LOMELLINO (supporting GIANETTINO on his arm). My lord, you lately spoke of a young girl whom you saw in the church of St. Lorenzo.

GIANETTINO. I did, my lad! and I must make her acquaintance.

LOMELLINO. That I can manage for your grace.

GIANETTINO (with vehemence). Can you? Can you? Lomellino, you were a candidate for the procuratorship. You shall have it.

LOMELLINO. Gracious prince, it is the second dignity in the state; more than threescore noblemen seek it, and all of them more wealthy and honorable than your grace's humble servant.

GIANETTINO (indignantly). By the name of Doria! You shall be procurator. (The three masks come forward). What talk you of nobility in Genoa? Let them all throw their ancestry and honors into the scale, one hair from the white beard of my old uncle will make it kick the beam. It is my will that you be procurator, and that is tantamount to the votes of the whole senate.

LOMELLINO (in a low voice). The damsel is the only daughter of one Verrina.

GIANETTINO. The girl is pretty, and, in spite of all the devils in hell, I must possess her.

LOMELLINO. What, my lord! the only child of the most obstinate of our republicans?

GIANETTINO. To hell with your republicans! Shall my passion be thwarted by the anger of a vassal? 'Tis as vain as to expect the tower should fall when the boys pelt it with mussel-shells. (The three black masks step nearer, with great emotion.) What! Has the Duke Andreas gained his scars in battle for their wives and children, only that his nephew should court the favor of these vagabond republicans! By the name of Doria they shall swallow this fancy of mine, or I will plant a gallows over the bones of my uncle, on which their Genoese liberty shall kick itself to death. (The three masks step back in disgust.)

LOMELLINO. The damsel is at this moment alone. Her father is here, and one of those three masks.

GIANETTINO. Excellent! Bring me instantly to her.

LOMELLINO. But you will seek in her a mistress, and find a prude.

GIANETTINO. Force is the best rhetoric. Lead me to her. Would I could see that republican dog that durst stand in the way of the bear Doria. (Going, meets FIESCO at the door.) Where is the Countess?

SCENE VI.

FIESCO and the former.

FIESCO. I have handed her to her carriage. (Takes GIANETTINO'S hand, and presses it to his breast.) Prince, I am now doubly your slave. To you I bow, as sovereign of Genoa—to your lovely sister, as mistress of my heart.

LOMELLINO. Fiesco has become a mere votary of pleasure. The great world has lost much in you.

FIESCO. But Fiesco has lost nothing in giving up the world. To live is to dream, and to dream pleasantly is to be wise. Can this be done more certainly amid the thunders of a throne, where the wheels of government creak incessantly upon the tortured ear, than on the heaving bosom of an enamored woman? Let Gianettino rule over Genoa; Fiesco shall devote himself to love.

GIANETTINO. Away, Lomellino! It is near midnight. The time draws near—Lavagna, we thank thee for thy entertainment—I have been satisfied.

FIESCO. That, prince, is all that I can wish.

GIANETTINO. Then good-night! To-morrow we have a party at the palace, and Fiesco is invited. Come, procurator!

FIESCO. Ho! Lights there! Music!

GIANETTINO (haughtily, rushing through the three masks). Make way there for Doria!

ONE OF THE THREE MASKS (murmuring indignantly). Make way? In hell! Never in Genoa!

THE GUESTS (in motion). The prince is going. Good night, Lavagna!
(They depart.)

SCENE VII.

The THREE BLACK MASKS and FIESCO. (A pause.)

FIESCO. I perceive some guests here who do not share the pleasure of the feast.

MASKS (murmuring to each other with indignation). No! Not one of us.

FIESCO (courteously). Is it possible that my attention should have been wanting to any one of my guests? Quick, servants! Let the music be renewed, and fill the goblets to the brim. I would not that my friends should find the time hang heavy. Will you permit me to amuse you with fireworks. Would you choose to see the frolics of my harlequin? Perhaps you would be pleased to join the ladies. Or shall we sit down to faro, and pass the time in play?

A MASK. We are accustomed to spend it in action.

FIESCO. A manly answer—such as bespeaks Verrina.

VERRINA (unmasking). Fiesco is quicker to discover his friends beneath their masks than they to discover him beneath his.

FIESCO. I understand you not. But what means that crape of mourning around your arm? Can death have robbed Verrina of a friend, and Fiesco not know the loss?

VERRINA. Mournful tales ill suit Fiesco's joyful feasts.

FIESCO. But if a friend—(pressing his hand warmly.) Friend of my soul! For whom must we both mourn?

VERRINA. Both! both! Oh, 'tis but too true we both should mourn—yet not all sons lament their mother.

FIESCO. 'Tis long since your mother was mingled with the dust.

VERRINA (with an earnest look). I do remember me that Fiesco once called me brother, because we both were sons of the same country!

FIESCO (jocosely). Oh, is it only that? You meant then but to jest? The mourning dress is worn for Genoa! True, she lies indeed in her last agonies. The thought is new and singular. Our cousin begins to be a wit.

VERRINA. Fiesco! I spoke most seriously.

FIESCO. Certainly—certainly. A jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh. But you! You looked like a mute at a funeral. Who could have thought that the austere Verrina should in his old age become such a wag!

SACCO. Come, Verrina. He never will be ours.

FIESCO. Be merry, brother. Let us act the part of the cunning heir, who walks in the funeral procession with loud lamentations, laughing to himself the while, under the cover of his handkerchief. 'Tis true we may be troubled with a harsh step-mother. Be it so—we will let her scold, and follow our own pleasures.

VERRINA (with great emotion). Heaven and earth! Shall we then do nothing? What is to become of you, Fiesco? Where am I to seek that determined enemy of tyrants? There was a time when but to see a crown would have been torture to you. Oh, fallen son of the republic! By heaven, if time could so debase my soul I would spurn immortality.

FIESCO. O rigid censor! Let Doria put Genoa in his pocket, or barter it with the robbers of Tunis. Why should it trouble us? We will drown ourselves in floods of Cyprian wine, and revel it in the sweet caresses of our fair ones.

VERRINA (looking at him with earnestness). Are these indeed your serious thoughts?

FIESCO. Why should they not be, my friend? Think you 'tis a pleasure to be

the foot of that many-legged monster, a republic? No—thanks be to him who gives it wings, and deprives the feet of their functions! Let Gianettino be the duke, affairs of state shall ne'er lie heavy on our heads.

VERRINA. Fiesco! Is that truly and seriously your meaning?

FIESCO. Andreas adopts his nephew as a son, and makes him heir to his estates; what madman will dispute with him the inheritance of his power?

VERRINA (with the utmost indignation). Away, then, Genoese! (Leaves FIESCO hastily, the rest follow.)

FIESCO. Verrina! Verrina! Oh, this republican is as hard as steel!

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO. A MASK entering.

MASK. Have you a minute or two to spare, Lavagna?

FIESCO (in an obliging manner). An hour if you request it.

MASK. Then condescend to walk into the fields with me.

FIESCO. It wants but ten minutes of midnight.

MASK. Walk with me, Count, I pray.

FIESCO. I will order my carriage.

MASK. That is useless—I shall send one horse: we want no more, for only one of us, I hope, will return.

FIESCO (with surprise). What say you?

MASK. A bloody answer will be demanded of you, touching a certain tear.

FIESCO. What tear?

MASK. A tear shed by the Countess of Lavagna. I am acquainted with that lady, and demand to know how she has merited to be sacrificed to a worthless woman?

FIESCO. I understand you now; but let me ask who 'tis that offers so strange a challenge?

MASK. It is the same that once adored the lady Zibo, and yielded her to Fiesco.

FIESCO. Scipio Bourgognino!

BOURGOGNINO (unmasking). And who now stands here to vindicate his honor, that yielded to a rival base enough to tyrannize over innocence.

FIESCO (embraces him with ardor). Noble youth! thanks to the sufferings of my consort, which have drawn forth the manly feelings of your soul; I admire your generous indignation—but I refuse your challenge.

BOURGOGNINO (stepping back). Does Fiesco tremble to encounter the first efforts of my sword?

FIESCO. No, Bourgognino! against a nation's power combined I would boldly venture, but not against you. The fire of your valor is endeared to me by a most lovely object—the will deserves a laurel, but the deed would be childish.

BOURGOGNINO (with emotion). Childish, Count! women can only weep at injuries. 'Tis for men to revenge them.

FIESCO. Uncommonly well said—but fight I will not.

BOURGOGNINO (turning upon him contemptuously). Count, I shall despise you.

FIESCO (with animation). By heaven, youth, that thou shalt never do—not even if virtue fall in value, shall I become a bankrupt. (Taking him by the hand, with a look of earnestness.) Did you ever feel for me—what shall I say—respect?

BOURGOGNINO. Had I not thought you were the first of men I should not have yielded to you.

FIESCO. Then, my friend, be not so forward to despise a man who once could merit your respect. It is not for the eye of the youthful artist to comprehend at once the master's vast design. Retire, Bourgognino, and take time to weigh the motives of Fiesco's conduct!

[Exit BOURGOGNINO, in silence.]

Go! noble youth! if spirits such as thine break out in flames in thy country's cause, let the Dorias see that they stand fast!

SCENE IX.

FIESCO.—The MOOR entering with an appearance of timidity, and looking round cautiously.

FIESCO (fixing his eye on him sharply). What wouldst thou here? Who art thou?

MOOR (as above). A slave of the republic.

FIESCO (keeping his eye sharply upon him). Slavery is a wretched craft. What dost thou seek?

MOOR. Sir, I am an honest man.

FIESCO. Wear then that label on thy visage, it will not be superfluous— but what wouldst thou have?

MOOR (approaching him, FIESCO draws back). Sir, I am no villain.

FIESCO. 'Tis well thou hast told me that—and yet—'tis not well either (impatiently). What dost thou seek?

MOOR (still approaching). Are you the Count Lavagna?

FIESCO (haughtily). The blind in Genoa know my steps—what wouldst thou with the Count?

MOOR (close to him). Be on your guard, Lavagna!

FIESCO (passing hastily to the other side). That, indeed, I am.

MOOR (again approaching). Evil designs are formed against you, Count.

FIESCO (retreating). That I perceive.

MOOR. Beware of Doria!

FIESCO (approaching him with an air of confidence). Perhaps my suspicions have wronged thee, my friend—Doria is indeed the name I dread.

MOOR. Avoid the man, then. Can you read?

FIESCO. A curious question! Thou hast known, it seems, many of our cavaliers. What writing hast thou?

MOOR. Your name is amongst other condemned sinners. (Presents a paper, and draws close to FIESCO, who is standing before a looking-glass and glancing over the paper—the MOOR steals round him, draws a dagger, and is going to

stab.)

FIESCO (turning round dexterously, and seizing the MOOR'S arm.) Stop, scoundrel! (Wrests the dagger from him.)

MOOR (stamps in a frantic manner). Damnation! Your pardon—sire!

FIESCO (seizing him, calls with a loud voice). Stephano! Drullo! Antonio! (holding the MOOR by the throat.) Stay, my friend!—what hellish villany! (Servants enter.) Stay, and answer—thou hast performed thy task like a bungler. Who pays thy wages?

MOOR (after several fruitless attempts to escape). You cannot hang me higher than the gallows are——

FIESCO. No—be comforted—not on the horns of the moon, but higher than ever yet were gallows—yet hold! Thy scheme was too politic to be of thy own contrivance speak, fellow! who hired thee?

MOOR. Think me a rascal, sir, but not a fool.

FIESCO. What, is the scoundrel proud? Speak, sirrah! Who hired thee?

MOOR (aside). Shall I alone be called a fool? Who hired me? 'Twas but a hundred miserable sequins. Who hired me, did you ask? Prince Gianettino.

FIESCO (walking about in a passion). A hundred sequins? And is that all the value set upon Fiesco's head? Shame on thee, Prince of Genoa! Here, fellow (taking money from an escritoire), are a thousand for thee. Tell thy master he is a niggardly assassin. (MOOR looks at him with astonishment.) What dost thou gaze at? (MOOR takes up the money—lays it down—takes it up again, and looks at FIESCO with increased astonishment). What dost thou mean?

MOOR (throwing the money resolutely upon the table). Sir, that money I have not earned—I deserve it not.

FIESCO. Blockhead, thou hast deserved the gallows; but the offended elephant tramples on men not on worms. Were thy life worth but two words I would have thee hanged.

MOOR (bowing with an air of pleasure at his escape). Sir, you are too good

FIESCO. Not towards thee! God forbid! No. I am amused to think my humor can make or unmake such a villain as thou, therefore dost thou go scot-free—understand me aright—I take thy failure as an omen of my future greatness—'tis this thought that renders me indulgent, and preserves thy life.

MOOR (in a tone of confidence). Count, your hand! honor for honor. If any man in this country has a throat too much—command me, and I'll cut it—gratis.

FIESCO. Obliging scoundrel! He would show his gratitude by cutting throats wholesale!

MOOR. Men like me, sir, receive no favor without acknowledgment. We know what honor is.

FIESCO. The honor of cut-throats?

MOOR. Which is, perhaps, more to be relied on than that of your men of character. They break their oaths made in the name of God. We keep ours pledged to the devil.

FIESCO. Thou art an amusing villain.

MOOR. I rejoice to meet your approbation. Try me; you will find in me a man who is a thorough master of his profession. Examine me; I can show my testimonials of villany from every guild of rogues—from the lowest to the highest.

FIESCO. Indeed! (seating himself.) There are laws and systems then even among thieves. What canst thou tell me of the lowest class?

MOOR. Oh, sir, they are petty villains, mere pick-pockets. They are a miserable set. Their trade never produces a man of genius; 'tis confined to the whip and workhouse—and at most can lead but to the gallows.

FIESCO. A charming prospect! I should like to hear something of a superior class.

MOOR. The next are spies and informers—tools of importance to the great, who from their secret information derive their own supposed omniscience. These villains insinuate themselves into the souls of men like leeches; they draw poison from the heart, and spit it forth against the very source from whence it came.

FIESCO. I understand thee—go on——

MOOR. Then come the conspirators, villains that deal in poison, and bravoes that rush upon their victims from some secret covert. Cowards they often are, but yet fellows that sell their souls to the devil as the fees of their apprenticeship. The hand of justice binds their limbs to the rack or plants their cunning heads on spikes—this is the third class.

FIESCO. But tell me! When comes thy own?

MOOR. Patience, my lord—that is the very point I'm coming to—I have already passed through all the stages that I mentioned: my genius soon soared above their limits. 'Twas but last night I performed my masterpiece in the third; this evening I attempted the fourth, and proved myself a bungler.

FIESCO. And how do you describe that class?

MOOR (with energy). They are men who seek their prey within four walls, cutting their way through every danger. They strike at once, and, by their first

salute, save him whom they approach the trouble of returning thanks for a second. Between ourselves they are called the express couriers of hell: and when Beelzebub is hungry they want but a wink, and he gets his mutton warm.

FIESCO. Thou art an hardened villain—such a tool I want. Give me thy hand—thou shalt serve me.

MOOR. Jest or earnest?

FIESCO. In full earnest—and I'll pay thee yearly a 'thousand sequins.

MOOR. Done, Lavagna! I am yours. Away with common business—employ me in whate'er you will. I'll be your setter or your bloodhound—your fox, your viper—your pimp, or executioner. I'm prepared for all commissions —except honest ones; in those I am as stupid as a block.

FIESCO. Fear not! I would not set the wolf to guard the lamb. Go thou through Genoa to-morrow and sound the temper of the people. Narrowly inquire what they think of the government, and of the house of Doria— what of me, my debaucheries, and romantic passion. Flood their brains with wine, until the sentiments of the heart flow over. Here's money— lavish it among the manufacturers——

MOOR. Sir!

FIESCO. Be not afraid—no honesty is in the case. Go, collect what help thou canst. To-morrow I will hear thy report.

[Exit.

MOOR (following). Rely on me. It is now four o'clock in the morning, by eight to-morrow you shall hear as much news as twice seventy spies can furnish.

[Exit.

SCENE X.—An apartment in the house of VERRINA.

BERTHA on a couch, supporting her head on her hand—

VERRINA enters with a look of dejection.

BERTHA (starts up frightened). Heavens! He is here!

VERRINA (stops, looking at her with surprise). My daughter affrighted at her father!

BERTHA. Fly! fly! or let me fly! Father, your sight is dreadful to me!

VERRINA. Dreadful to my child!—my only child!

BERTHA (looking at him mournfully). Oh! you must seek another. I am no more your daughter.

VERRINA. What, does my tenderness distress you?

BERTHA. It weighs me down to the earth.

VERRINA. How, my daughter! do you receive me thus? Formerly, when I came home, my heart o'erburdened with sorrows, my Bertha came running towards me, and chased them away with her smiles. Come, embrace me, my daughter! Reclined upon thy glowing bosom, my heart, when chilled by the sufferings of my country, shall grow warm again. Oh, my child! this day I have closed my account with the joys of this world, and thou alone (sighing heavily) remainest to me.

BERTHA (casting a long and earnest look at him). Wretched father!

VERRINA (eagerly embracing her). Bertha! my only child! Bertha! my last remaining hope! The liberty of Genoa is lost—Fiesco is lost—and thou (pressing her more strongly, with a look of despair) mayest be dishonored!

BERTHA (tearing herself from him). Great God! You know, then——

VERRINA (trembling). What?

BERTHA. My virgin honor——

VERRINA (raging). What?

BERTHA. Last night——

VERRINA (furiously.) Speak! What!

BERTHA. Force. (Sinks down upon the side of the sofa.)

VERRINA (after a long pause, with a hollow voice). One word more, my daughter—thy last! Who was it?

BERTHA. Alas, what an angry deathlike paleness! Great God, support me! How his words falter! His whole frame trembles!

VERRINA. I cannot comprehend it. Tell me, my daughter—who?

BERTHA. Compose yourself, my best, my dearest father!

VERRINA (ready to faint). For God's sake—who?

BERTHA. A mask——

VERRINA (steps back, thoughtfully). No! That cannot be!—the thought is idle—(smiling to himself). What a fool am I to think that all the poison of my life can flow but from one source! (Firmly addressing himself to BERTHA.) What was his stature, less than mine or taller?

BERTHA. Taller.

VERRINA (eagerly). His hair? Black, and curled?

BERTHA. As black as jet and curled?

VERRINA (retiring from her in great emotion). O God! my brain! my brain!
His voice?

BERTHA. Was deep and harsh.

VERRINA (impetuously). What color was—No! I'll hear no more! 'His cloak!
What color?

BERTHA. I think his cloak was green.

VERRINA (covering his face with his hands, falls on the couch). No more.
This can be nothing but a dream!

BERTHA (wringing her hands). Merciful heaven! Is this my father?

VERRINA (after a pause, with a forced smile). Right! It serves thee right—
coward Verrina! The villain broke into the sanctuary of the laws. This did not
rouse thee. Then he violated the sanctuary of thy honor (starting up). Quick!
Nicolo! Bring balls and powder—but stay—my sword were better. (To
BERTHA.) Say thy prayers! Ah! what am I going to do?

BERTHA. Father, you make me tremble——

VERRINA. Come, sit by me, Bertha! (in a solemn manner.) Tell me,
Bertha, what did that hoary-headed Roman, when his daughter—like you—
how can I speak it! fell a prey to ignominy? Tell me, Bertha, what said
Virginius to his dishonored daughter?

BERTHA (shuddering). I know not.

VERRINA. Foolish girl! He said nothing—but (rising hastily and snatching
up a sword) he seized an instrument of death——

BERTHA (terrified, rushes into his arms). Great God! What would you do, my father?

VERRINA (throwing away the sword). No! There is still justice left in Genoa.

SCENE XI.

SACCO, CALCAGNO, the former.

CALCAGNO. Verrina, quick! prepare! to-day begins the election week of the republic. Let us early to the Senate House to choose the new senators. The streets are full of people, you will undoubtedly accompany us (ironically) to behold the triumph of our liberty.

SACCO (to CALCAGNO). But what do I see? A naked sword! Verrina staring wildly! Bertha in tears!

CALCAGNO. By heavens, it is so. Sacco! some strange event has happened here.

VERRINA (placing two chairs). Be seated.

SACCO. Your looks, Verrina, fill us with apprehension.

CALCAGNO. I never saw you thus before—Bertha is in tears, or your grief would have seemed to presage our country's ruin.

VERRINA. Ruin! Pray sit down. (They both seat themselves.)

CALCAGNO. My friend, I conjure you——

VERRINA. Listen to me.

CALCAGNO (to SACCO). I have sad misgivings.

VERRINA. Genoese! you both know the antiquity of my family. Your ancestors were vassals to my own. My forefathers fought the battles of the state, their wives were patterns of virtue. Honor was our sole inheritance, descending unspotted from the father to the son. Can any one deny it?

SACCO. No.

CALCAGNO. No one, by the God of heaven!

VERRINA. I am the last of my family. My wife has long been dead. This daughter is all she left me. You are witnesses, my friends, how I have brought her up. Can anyone accuse me of neglect?

CALCAGNO. No. Your daughter is a bright example to her sex.

VERRINA. I am old, my friends. On this one daughter all my hopes were placed. Should I lose her, my race becomes extinct. (After a pause, with a solemn voice). I have lost her. My family is dishonored.

SACCO and CALCAGNO. Forbid it, heaven! (BERTHA on the couch, appears much affected.)

VERRINA. No. Despair not, daughter! These men are just and brave. If they feel thy wrongs they will expiate them with blood. Be not astonished, friends! He who tramples upon Genoa may easily overcome a helpless female.

SACCO and CALCAGNO (starting up with emotion). Gianettino Doria!

BERTHA (with a shriek, seeing BOURGOGNINO enter). Cover me, walls, beneath your ruins! My Scipio!

SCENE VII

SCENE VII.

BOURGOGNINO—the former.

BOURGOGNINO (with ardor). Rejoice, my love! I bring good tidings. Noble Verrina, my heaven now depends upon a word from you. I have long loved your daughter, but never dared to ask her hand, because my whole fortune was intrusted to the treacherous sea. My ships have just now reached the harbor laden with valuable cargoes. Now I am rich. Bestow your Bertha on me—I will make her happy. (BERTHA hides her face—a profound pause.)

VERRINA. What, youth! Wouldst thou mix thy heart's pure tide with a polluted stream?

BOURGOGNINO (clasps his hand to his sword, but suddenly draws it back). 'Twas her father said it.

VERRINA. No—every rascal in Italy will say it. Are you contented with the leavings of other men's repasts?

BOURGOGNINO. Old man, do not make me desperate.

CALCAGNO. Bourgognino! he speaks the truth.

BOURGOGNINO (enraged, rushing towards BERTHA). The truth? Has the girl then mocked me?

CALCAGNO. No! no! Bourgognino. The girl is spotless as an angel.

BOURGOGNINO (astonished). By my soul's happiness, I comprehend it not! Spotless, yet dishonored! They look in silence on each other. Some horrid crime hangs on their trembling tongues. I conjure you, friends, mock not thus my reason. Is she pure? Is she truly so? Who answers for her?

VERRINA. My child is guiltless.

BOURGOGNINO. What! Violence! (Snatches the sword from the ground.) Be all the sins of earth upon my head if I avenge her not! Where is the spoiler?

VERRINA. Seek him in the plunderer of Genoa! (BOURGOGNINO struck with astonishment—VERRINA walks up and down the room in deep thought, then stops.) If rightly I can trace thy counsels, O eternal Providence! it is thy will to make my daughter the instrument of Genoa's deliverance. (Approaching her slowly, takes the mourning crape from his arm, and proceeds in a solemn manner.) Before the heart's blood of Doria shall wash away this foul stain from thy honor no beam of daylight shall shine upon these cheeks. Till then (throwing the crape over her) be blind! (A pause—the rest look upon him with silent astonishment; he continues solemnly, his hand upon BERTHA'S head.) Cursed be the air that shall breathe on thee! Cursed the sleep that shall refresh thee! Cursed every human step that shall come to sooth thy misery! Down, into the lowest vault beneath my house! There whine, and cry aloud! (pausing with inward horror.) Be thy life painful as the tortures of the writhing worm—agonizing as the stubborn conflict between existence and annihilation. This curse lie on thee till Gianettino shall have heaved forth his dying breath. If he escape his punishment, then mayest thou drag thy load of misery throughout the endless circle of eternity!

[A deep silence—horror is marked on the countenances of all present. VERRINA casts a scrutinizing look at each of them.]

BOURGOGNINO. Inhuman father! What is it thou hast done? Why pour forth this horrible and monstrous curse against thy guiltless daughter?

VERRINA. Youth, thou say'st true!—it is most horrible. Now who among you will stand forth and prate still of patience and delay? My daughter's fate is linked with that of Genoa. I sacrifice the affections of a father to the duties of a citizen. Who among us is so much a coward as to hesitate in the salvation of his country, when this poor guiltless being must pay for his timidity with endless sufferings? By heavens, 'twas not a madman's speech! I have sworn an oath, and till Doria

lie in the agonies of death I will show no mercy to my child. No—not though, like an executioner, I should invent unheard-of torments for her, or with my own hands rend her innocent frame piecemeal on the barbarous rack. You shudder—you stare at me with ghastly faces. Once more, Scipio—I keep her as a hostage for the tyrant's death. Upon this precious thread do I suspend thy duty, my own, and yours (to SACCO and CALCAGNO). The tyrant of Genoa falls, or Bertha must despair—I retract not.

BOURGOGNINO (throwing himself at BERTHA'S feet). He shall fall—shall fall a victim to Genoa. I will as surely sheathe this sword in Doria's heart as upon thy lips I will imprint the bridal kiss. (Rises.)

VERRINA. Ye couple, the first that ever owed their union to the Furies, join hands! Thou wilt sheathe thy sword in Doria's heart? Take her! she is thine!

CALCAGNO (kneeling). Here kneels another citizen of Genoa and lays his faithful sword before the feet of innocence. As surely may Calcagno find the way to heaven as this steel shall find its way to Gianettino's heart! (Rises.)

SACCO (kneeling). Last, but not less determined, Raffaele Sacco kneels. If this bright steel unlock not the prison doors of Bertha, mayest thou, my Saviour, shut thine ear against my dying prayers! (Rises.)

VERRINA (with a calm look). Through me Genoa thanks you. Now go, my daughter; rejoice to be the mighty sacrifice for thy country!

BOURGOGNINO (embracing her as she is departing). Go! confide in God—and
Bourgognino. The same day shall give freedom to Bertha and to Genoa.

[BERTHA retires.]

SCENE XIII.

The former—without BERTHA.

CALCAGNO. Genoese, before we take another step, one word——

VERRINA. I guess what you would say.

CALCAGNO. Will four patriots alone be sufficient to destroy this mighty hydra? Shall we not stir up the people to rebellion, or draw the nobles in to join our party?

VERRINA. I understand you. Now hear my advice; I have long engaged a painter who has been exerting all his skill to paint the fall of Appius Claudius. Fiesco is an adorer of the arts, and soon warmed by ennobling scenes. We will send this picture to his house, and will be present when he contemplates it. Perhaps the sight may rouse his dormant spirit. Perhaps——

BOURGOGNINO. No more of him. Increase the danger, not the sharers in it. So valor bids. Long have I felt a something within my breast that nothing would appease. What 'twas now bursts upon me (springing up with enthusiasm); 'twas a tyrant!

[The scene closes.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace of FIESCO.

LEONORA and ARABELLA.

ARABELLA. No, no, you were mistaken: your eyes were blinded by jealousy.

LEONORA. It was Julia to the life. Seek not to persuade me otherwise. My picture was suspended by a sky-blue ribbon: this was flame-colored. My doom is fixed irrevocably.

SCENE II.

The former and JULIA.

JULIA (entering in an affected manner). The Count offered me his palace to see the procession to the senate-house. The time will be tedious. You will entertain me, madam, while the chocolate is preparing.

[ARABELLA goes out, and returns soon afterwards.]

LEONORA. Do you wish that I should invite company to meet you?

JULIA. Ridiculous! As if I should come hither in search of company. You

will amuse me, madam (walking up and down, and admiring herself), if you are able, madam. At any rate I shall lose nothing.

ARABELLA (sarcastically). Your splendid dress alone will be the loser. Only think how cruel it is to deprive the eager eyes of our young beaux of such a treat! Ah! and the glitter of your sparkling jewels on which it almost wounds the sight to look. Good heavens! You seem to have plundered the whole ocean of its pearls.

JULIA (before a glass). You are not accustomed to such things, miss! But hark ye, miss! pray has your mistress also hired your tongue? Madam, 'tis fine, indeed, to permit your domestics thus to address your guests.

LEONORA. 'Tis my misfortune, signora, that my want of spirits prevents me from enjoying the pleasure of your company.

JULIA. An ugly fault that, to be dull and spiritless. Be active, sprightly, witty! Yours is not the way to attach your husband to you.

LEONORA. I know but one way, Countess. Let yours ever be the sympathetic medium.

JULIA (pretending not to mind her). How you dress, madam! For shame! Pay more attention to your personal appearance! Have recourse to art where nature has been unkind. Put a little paint on those cheeks, which look so pale with spleen. Poor creature! Your puny face will never find a bidder.

LEONORA (in a lively manner to ARABELLA). Congratulate me, girl. It is impossible I can have lost my Fiesco; or, if I have, the loss must be but trifling. (The chocolate is brought, ARABELLA pours it out.)

JULIA. Do you talk of losing Fiesco? Good God! How could you ever conceive the ambitious idea of possessing him? Why, my child, aspire to such a height? A height where you cannot but be seen, and must come into comparison

with others. Indeed, my dear, he was a knave or a fool who joined you with FIESCO. (Taking her hand with a look of compassion.) Poor soul! The man who is received in the assemblies of fashionable life could never be a suitable match for you. (She takes a dish of chocolate.)

LEONORA (smiling at ARABELLA). If he were, he would not wish to mix with such assemblies.

JULIA. The Count is handsome, fashionable, elegant. He is so fortunate as to have formed connections with people of rank. He is lively and high-spirited. Now, when he severs himself from these circles of elegance and refinement, and returns home warm with their impressions, what does he meet? His wife receives him with a commonplace tenderness; damps his fire with an insipid, chilling kiss, and measures out her attentions to him with a niggardly economy. Poor husband! Here, a blooming beauty smiles upon him—there he is nauseated by a peevish sensibility. Signora, signora, for God's sake consider, if he have not lost his understanding, which will he choose?

LEONORA (offering her a cup of chocolate). You, madam—if he have lost it.

JULIA. Good! This sting shall return into your own bosom. Tremble for your mockery! But before you tremble—blush!

LEONORA. Do you then know what it is to blush, signora? But why not? 'Tis a toilet trick.

JULIA. Oh, see! This poor creature must be provoked if one would draw from her a spark of wit. Well—let it pass this time. Madam, you were bitter. Give me your hand in token of reconciliation.

LEONORA (offering her hand with a significant look). Countess, my anger ne'er shall trouble you.

JULIA (offering her hand). Generous, indeed! Yet may I not be so, too?

(Maliciously.) Countess, do you not think I must love that person whose image I bear constantly about me?

LEONORA (blushing and confused). What do you say? Let me hope the conclusion is too hasty.

JULIA. I think so, too. The heart waits not the guidance of the senses —real sentiment needs no breastwork of outward ornament.

LEONORA. Heavens! Where did you learn such a truth?

JULIA. 'Twas in mere compassion that I spoke it; for observe, madam, the reverse is no less certain. Such is Fiesco's love for you. (Gives her the picture, laughing maliciously.)

LEONORA (with extreme indignation). My picture! Given to you! (Throws herself into a chair, much affected.) Cruel, Fiesco!

JULIA. Have I retaliated? Have I? Now, madam, have you any other sting to wound me with? (Goes to side scene.) My carriage! My object is gained. (To LEONORA, patting her cheek.) Be comforted, my dear; he gave me the picture in a fit of madness.

[Exeunt JULIA and ARABELLA.]

SCENE III.

LEONORA, CALCAGNO entering.

CALCAGNO. Did not the Countess Imperiali depart in anger? You, too, so excited, madam?

LEONORA (violently agitated.) No! This is unheard-of cruelty.

CALCAGNO. Heaven and earth! Do I behold you in tears?

LEONORA. Thou art a friend of my inhuman—Away, leave my sight!

CALCAGNO. Whom do you call inhuman? You affright me——

LEONORA. My husband. Is he not so?

CALCAGNO. What do I hear!

LEONORA. 'Tis but a piece of villany common enough among your sex!

CALCAGNO (grasping her hand with vehemence). Lady, I have a heart for weeping virtue.

LEONORA. You are a man—your heart is not for me.

CALCAGNO. For you alone—yours only. Would that you knew how much, how truly yours——

LEONORA. Man, thou art untrue. Thy words would be refuted by thy actions
——

CALCAGNO. I swear to you——

LEONORA. A false oath. Cease! The perjuries of men are so innumerable 'twould tire the pen of the recording angel to write them down. If their violated oaths were turned into as many devils they might storm heaven itself, and lead away the angels of light as captives.

CALCAGNO. Nay, madam, your anger makes you unjust. Is the whole sex to answer for the crime of one?

LEONORA. I tell thee in that one was centred all my affection for the sex. In him I will detest them all.

CALCAGNO. Countess,—you once bestowed your hand amiss. Would you again make trial, I know one who would deserve it better.

LEONORA. The limits of creation cannot bound your falsehoods. I'll hear no more.

CALCAGNO. Oh, that you would retract this cruel sentence in my arms!

LEONORA (with astonishment). Speak out. In thy arms!

CALCAGNO. In my arms, which open themselves to receive a forsaken woman, and to console her for the love she has lost.

LEONORA (fixing her eyes on him). Love?

CALCAGNO (kneeling before her with ardor). Yes, I have said it. Love, madam! Life and death hang on your tongue. If my passion be criminal then let the extremes of virtue and vice unite, and heaven and hell be joined together in one perdition.

LEONORA (steps back indignantly, with a look of noble disdain). Ha! Hypocrite! Was that the object of thy false compassion? This attitude at once proclaims thee a traitor to friendship and to love. Begone forever from my eyes! Detested sex! Till now I thought the only victim of your snares was woman; nor ever suspected that to each other you were so false and faithless.

CALCAGNO (rising, confounded). Countess!

LEONORA. Was it not enough to break the sacred seal of confidence? but even on the unsullied mirror of virtue does this hypocrite breathe pestilence, and would seduce my innocence to perjury.

CALCAGNO (hastily). Perjury, madam, you cannot be guilty of.

LEONORA. I understand thee—thou thoughtest my wounded pride would

plead in thy behalf. (With dignity). Thou didst not know that she who loves Fiesco feels even the pang that rends her heart ennobling. Begone! Fiesco's perfidy will not make Calcagno rise in my esteem—but—will lower humanity. [Exit hastily.

CALCAGNO (stands as if thunderstruck, looks after her, then striking his forehead). Fool that I am. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The MOOR and FIESCO.

FIESCO. Who was it that just now departed?

MOOR. The Marquis Calcagno.

FIESCO. This handkerchief was left upon the sofa. My wife has been here.

MOOR. I met her this moment in great agitation.

FIESCO. This handkerchief is moist (puts it in his pocket). Calcagno here? And Leonora agitated? This evening thou must learn what has happened.

MOOR. Miss Bella likes to hear that she is fair. She will inform me.

FIESCO. Well—thirty hours are past. Hast thou executed my commission?

MOOR. To the letter, my lord.

FIESCO (seating himself). Then tell me how they talk of Doria, and of the government.

MOOR. Oh, most vilely. The very name of Doria shakes them like an ague-fit. Gianettino is as hateful to them as death itself—there's naught but

murmuring. They say the French have been the rats of Genoa, the cat Doria has devoured them, and now is going to feast upon the mice.

FIESCO. That may perhaps be true. But do they not know of any dog against that cat?

MOOR (with an affected carelessness). The town was murmuring much of a certain—poh—why, I have actually forgotten the name.

FIESCO (rising). Blockhead! That name is as easy to be remembered as 'twas difficult to achieve. Has Genoa more such names than one?

MOOR. No—it cannot have two Counts of Lavagna.

FIESCO (seating himself). That is something. And what do they whisper about my gayeties?

MOOR (fixing his eyes upon him). Hear me, Count of Lavagna! Genoa must think highly of you. They can not imagine why a descendant of the first family—with such talents and genius—full of spirit and popularity—master of four millions—his veins enriched with princely blood—a nobleman like Fiesco, whom, at the first call, all hearts would fly to meet——

FIESCO (turns away contemptuously). To hear such things from such a scoundrel!

MOOR. Many lamented that the chief of Genoa should slumber over the ruin of his country. And many sneered. Most men condemned you. All bewailed the state which thus had lost you. A Jesuit pretended to have smelt out the fox that lay disguised in sheep's clothing.

FIESCO. One fox smells out another. What say they to my passion for the Countess Imperiali?

MOOR. What I would rather be excused from repeating.

FIESCO. Out with it—the bolder the more welcome. What are their murmurings?

MOOR. 'Tis not a murmur. At all the coffee-houses, billiard-tables, hotels, and public walks—in the market-place, at the Exchange, they proclaim aloud

FIESCO. What? I command thee!

MOOR (retreating). That you are a fool!

FIESCO. Well, take this sequin for these tidings. Now have I put on a fool's cap that these Genoese may have wherewith to rack their wits. Next I will shave my head, that they may play Merry Andrew to my Clown. How did the manufacturers receive my presents?

MOOR (humorously). Why, Mr. Fool, they looked like poor knaves——

FIESCO. Fool? Fellow, art thou mad?

MOOR. Pardon! I had a mind for a few more sequins.

FIESCO (laughing, gives him another sequin). Well. "Like poor knaves."

MOOR. Who receive pardon at the very block. They are yours both soul and body.

FIESCO. I'm glad of it. They turn the scale among the populace of Genoa.

MOOR. What a scene it was! Zounds! I almost acquired a relish for benevolence. They caught me round the neck like madmen. The very girls seemed in love with my black visage, that's as ill-omened as the moon in an eclipse. Gold, thought I, is omnipotent: it makes even a Moor look fair.

FIESCO. That thought was better than the soil which gave it birth.
These words are favorable; but do they bespeak actions of equal import?

MOOR. Yes—as the murmuring of the distant thunder foretells the approaching storm. The people lay their heads together—they collect in parties—break off their talk whenever a stranger passes by. Throughout Genoa reigns a gloomy silence. This discontent hangs like a threatening tempest over the republic. Come, wind, then hail and lightning will burst forth.

FIESCO. Hush!—hark! What is that confused noise?

MOOR (going to the window). It is the tumult of the crowd returning from the senate-house.

FIESCO. To-day is the election of a procurator. Order my carriage! It is impossible that the sitting should be over. I'll go thither. It is impossible it should be over if things went right. Bring me my sword and cloak—where is my golden chain?

MOOR. Sir, I have stolen and pawned it.

FIESCO. That I am glad to hear.

MOOR. But, how! Are there no more sequins for me?

FIESCO. No. You forgot the cloak.

MOOR. Ah! I was wrong in pointing out the thief.

FIESCO. The tumult comes nearer. Hark! 'Tis not the sound of approbation. Quick! Unlock the gates; I guess the matter. Doria has been rash. The state balances upon a needle's point. There has assuredly been some disturbance at the senate-house.

MOOR (at the window). What's here! They're coming down the street of

Balbi—a crowd of many thousands—the halberds glitter—ah, swords too!
Halloo! Senators! They come this way.

FIESCO. Sedition is on foot. Hasten amongst them; mention my name; persuade them to come hither. (Exit Moon hastily.) What reason, laboring like a careful ant, with difficulty scrapes together, the wind of accident collects in one short moment.

SCENE V.

FIESCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO, and ASSERATO, rushing in.

ZIBO. Count, impute it to our anger that we enter thus unannounced.

ZENTURIONE. I have been mortally affronted by the duke's nephew in the face of the whole senate.

ASSERATO. Doria has trampled on the golden book of which each noble Genoese is a leaf.

ZENTURIONE. Therefore come we hither. The whole nobility are insulted in me; the whole nobility must share my vengeance. To avenge my own honor I should not need assistance.

ZIBO. The whole nobility are outraged in his person; the whole nobility must rise and vent their rage in fire and flames.

ASSERATO. The rights of the nation are trodden under foot; the liberty of the republic has received a deadly blow.

FIESCO. You raise my expectation to the utmost.

ZIBO. He was the twenty-ninth among the electing senators, and had drawn

forth a golden ball to vote for the procurator. Of the eight-and-twenty votes collected, fourteen were for me, and as many for Lomellino. His and Doria's were still wanting——

ZENTURIONE. Wanting! I gave my vote for Zibo. Doria—think of the wound inflicted on my honor—Doria——

ASSERATO (interrupting him). Such a thing was never heard of since the sea washed the walls of Genoa.

ZENTURIONE (continues, with great heat). Doria drew a sword, which he had concealed under a scarlet cloak—stuck it through my vote—called to the assembly——

ZIBO. "Senators, 'tis good-for-nothing—'tis pierced through. Lomellino is procurator."

ZENTURIONE. "Lomellino is procurator." And threw his sword upon the table.

ASSERATO. And called out, "'Tis good-for-nothing!" and threw his sword upon the table.

FIESCO (after a pause). On what are you resolved?

ZENTURIONE. The republic is wounded to its very heart. On what are we resolved?

FIESCO. Zenturione, rushes may yield to a breath, but the oak requires a storm. I ask, on what are you resolved?

ZIBO. Methinks the question shall be, on what does Genoa resolve?

FIESCO. Genoa! Genoa! name it not. 'Tis rotten, and crumbles wherever you touch it. Do you reckon on the nobles? Perhaps because they put on grave faces,

look mysterious when state affairs are mentioned—talk not of them! Their heroism is stifled among the bales of their Levantine merchandise. Their souls hover anxiously over their India fleet.

ZENTURIONE. Learn to esteem our nobles more justly. Scarcely was Doria's haughty action done when hundreds of them rushed into the street tearing their garments. The senate was dispersed——

FIESCO (sarcastically). Like frightened pigeons when the vulture darts upon the dovecot.

ZENTURIONE. No! (fiercely)—like powder-barrels when a match falls on them.

ZIBO. The people are enraged. What may we not expect from the fury of the wounded boar!

FIESCO (laughing). The blind, unwieldy monster, which at first rattles its heavy bones, threatening, with gaping jaws, to devour the high and low, the near and distant, at last stumbles at a thread—Genoese, 'tis in vain! The epoch of the masters of the sea is past—Genoa is sunk beneath the splendor of its name. Its state is such as once was Rome's, when, like a tennis-ball, she leaped into the racket of young Octavius. Genoa can be free no longer; Genoa must be fostered by a monarch; therefore do homage to the mad-brained Gianettino.

ZENTURIONE (vehemently). Yes, when the contending elements are reconciled, and when the north pole meets the south. Come, friends.

FIESCO. Stay! stay! Upon what project are you brooding, Zibo?

ZIBO. On nothing.

FIESCO (leading them to a statue). Look at this figure.

ZENTURIONE. It is the Florentine Venus. Why point to her?

FIESCO. At least she pleases you.

ZIBO. Undoubtedly, or we should be but poor Italians. But why this question now?

FIESCO. Travel through all the countries of the globe, and among the most beautiful of living female models, seek one which shall unite all the charms of this ideal Venus.

ZIBO. And then take for our reward?

FIESCO. Then your search will have convicted fancy of deceit——

ZENTURIONE (impatiently). And what shall we have gained?

FIESCO. Gained? The decision of the long-protracted contest between art and nature.

ZENTURIONE (eagerly). And what then?

FIESCO. Then, then? (Laughing.) Then your attention will have been diverted from observing the fall of Genoa's liberty.

[Exeunt all but FIESCO.]

SCENE VI.

FIESCO alone. (The noise without increases.)

FIESCO. 'Tis well! 'tis well. The straw of the republic has caught fire—the flames have seized already on palaces and towers. Let it go on! May the blaze be general! Let the tempestuous wind spread wide the conflagration!

SCENE VII.

FIESCO, MOOR, entering in haste.

MOOR. Crowds upon crowds!

FIESCO. Throw open wide the gates. Let all that choose enter.

MOOR. Republicans! Republicans, indeed! They drag their liberty along, panting, like beasts of burden, beneath the yoke of their magnificent nobility.

FIESCO. Fools! who believe that Fiesco of Lavagna will carry on what Fiesco of Lavagna did not begin. The tumult comes opportunely; but the conspiracy must be my own. They are rushing hither——

MOOR (going out). Halloo! halloo! You are very obligingly battering the house down. (The people rush in; the doors broken down.)

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO, twelve ARTISANS.

ALL ARTISANS. Vengeance on Doria! Vengeance on Gianettino!

FIESCO. Gently! gently! my countrymen! Your waiting thus upon me bespeaks the warmth of your affection; but I pray you have mercy on my ears!

ALL (with impetuosity). Down with the Dorias! Down with them, uncle and nephew!

FIESCO (counting them with a smile). Twelve is a mighty force!

SOME OF THEM. These Dorias must away! the state must be reformed!

1ST ARTISAN. To throw our magistrates down stairs! The magistrates!

2D ARTISAN. Think, Count Lavagna—down stairs! because they opposed them in the election——

ALL. It must not be endured! it shall not be endured!

3D ARTISAN. To take a sword into the senate!

1ST ARTISAN. A sword?—the sign of war—into the chamber of peace!

2D ARTISAN. To come into the senate dressed in scarlet! Not like the other senators, in black.

1ST ARTISAN. To drive through our capital with eight horses!

ALL. A tyrant! A traitor to the country and the government!

2D ARTISAN. To hire two hundred Germans from the Emperor for his body-guard.

1ST ARTISAN. To bring foreigners in arms against the natives—Germans against Italians—soldiers against laws!

ALL. 'Tis treason!—'tis a plot against the liberty of Genoa!

1ST ARTISAN. To have the arms of the republic painted on his coach!

2D ARTISAN. The statue of Andreas placed in the centre of the senate-house!

ALL. Dash them to pieces—both the statue and the man——

FIESCO. Citizens of Genoa, why this to me?

1ST ARTISAN. You should not suffer it. You should keep him down.

2D ARTISAN. You are a wise man, and should not suffer it. You should direct us by your counsel.

1ST ARTISAN. You are a better nobleman. You should chastise them and curb their insolence.

FIESCO. Your confidence is flattering. Can I merit it by deeds?

ALL (clamorously). Strike! Down with the tyrant! Make us free!

FIESCO. But—will you hear me?

SOME. Speak, Count!

FIESCO (seating himself). Genoese,—the empire of the animals was once thrown into confusion; parties struggled with parties, till at last a bull-dog seized the throne. He, accustomed to drive the cattle to the knife of the butcher, prowled in savage manner through the state. He barked, he bit, and gnawed his subjects' bones. The nation murmured; the boldest joined together, and killed the princely monster. Now a general assembly was held to decide upon the important question, which form of government was best. There were three different opinions. Genoese, what would be your decision?

1ST ARTISAN. For the people—everything in common——

FIESCO. The people gained it. The government was democratical; each citizen had a vote, and everything was submitted to a majority. But a few weeks passed ere man declared war against the new republic. The state assembled. Horse, lion, tiger, bear, elephant, and rhinoceros, stepped forth, and roared aloud, "To arms!" The rest were called upon to vote. The lamb, the hare, the stag, the ass, the tribe of insects, with the birds and timid fishes, cried for peace. See, Genoese! The cowards were more numerous than the brave; the foolish than the wise. Numbers prevailed—the beasts laid down their arms, and man exacted

contributions from them. The democratic system was abandoned. Genoese, what would you next have chosen?

1ST AND 2D ARTISANS. A select government!

FIESCO. That was adopted. The business of the state was all arranged in separate departments. Wolves were the financiers, foxes their secretaries, doves presided in the criminal courts, and tigers in the courts of equity. The laws of chastity were regulated by goats; hares were the soldiers; lions and elephants had charge of the baggage. The ass was the ambassador of the empire, and the mole appointed inspector-general of the whole administration. Genoese, what think you of this wise distribution? Those whom the wolf did not devour the fox pillaged; whoever escaped from him was knocked down by the ass. The tiger murdered innocents, whilst robbers and assassins were pardoned by the doves. And at the last, when each had laid down his office, the mole declared that all were well discharged. The animals rebelled. "Let us," they cried unanimously, "choose a monarch endowed with strength and skill, and who has only one stomach to appease." And to one chief they all did homage. Genoese—to one—but (rising and advancing majestically)—that one was—the lion!

ALL (shouting, and throwing up their hats). Bravo! Bravo! Well managed, Count Lavagna!

1ST ARTISAN. And Genoa shall follow that example. Genoa, also, has its lion!

FIESCO. Tell me not of that lion; but go home and think upon him. (The ARTISANS depart tumultuously.) It is as I would have it. The people and the senate are alike enraged against Doria; the people and the senate alike approve FIESCO. Hassan! Hassan! I must take advantage of this favorable gale. Hoa! Hassan! Hassan! I must augment their hatred— improve my influence. Hassan! Come hither! Whoreson of hell, come hither!

SCENE IX.

FIESCO, MOOR entering hastily.

MOOR. My feet are quite on fire with running. What is the matter now?

FIESCO. Hear my commands!

MOOR (submissively). Whither shall I run first?

FIESCO. I will excuse thy running this time. Thou shalt be dragged. Prepare thyself. I intend to publish thy attempted assassination, and deliver thee up in chains to the criminal tribunal.

MOOR (taking several steps backward). Sir!—that's contrary to agreement.

FIESCO. Be not alarmed. 'Tis but a farce. At this moment 'tis of the utmost consequence that Gianettino's attempt against my life should be made public. Thou shalt be tried before the criminal tribunal.

MOOR. Must I confess it, or deny?

FIESCO. Deny. They will put thee to the torture. Thou must hold out against the first degree. This, by the by, will serve to expiate thy real crime. At the second thou mayest confess.

MOOR (shaking his head with a look of apprehension). The devil is a sly rogue. Their worships might perhaps desire my company a little longer than I should wish; and, for sheer farce sake, I may be broken on the wheel.

FIESCO. Thou shalt escape unhurt, I give thee my honor as a nobleman. I shall request, as satisfaction, to have thy punishment left to me, and then pardon thee before the whole republic.

MOOR. Well—I agree to it. They will draw out my joints a little; but that will

only make them the more flexible.

FIESCO. Then scratch this arm with thy dagger, till the blood flows. I will pretend that I have just now seized thee in fact. 'Tis well. (Hallowing violently). Murder! Murder! Guard the passages! Make fast the gates! (He drags the MOOR out by the throat; servants run across the stage hastily.)

SCENE X.

LEONORA and ROSA enter hastily, alarmed.

LEONORA. Murder! they cried—murder!—The noise came this way.

ROSA. Surely 'twas but a common tumult, such as happens every day in Genoa.

LEONORA. They cried murder! and I distinctly heard Fiesco's name. In vain you would deceive me. My heart discovers what is concealed from my eyes. Quick! Hasten after them. See! Tell me whither they carry him.

ROSA. Collect your spirits, madam. Arabella is gone.

LEONORA. Arabella will catch his dying look. The happy Arabella! Wretch that I am? 'twas I that murdered him. If I could have engaged his heart he would not have plunged into the world, nor rushed upon the daggers of assassins. Ah! she comes. Away! Oh, Arabella, speak not to me!

SCENE XI.

The former, ARABELLA.

ARABELLA. The Count is living and unhurt. I saw him gallop through the city. Never did he appear more handsome. The steed that bore him pranced haughtily along, and with its proud hoof kept the thronging multitude at a distance from its princely rider. He saw me as I passed, and with a gracious smile, pointing thither, thrice kissed his hand to me. (Archly.) What can I do with those kisses, madam?

LEONORA (highly pleased). Idle prattler! Restore them to him.

ROSA. See now, how soon your color has returned!

LEONORA. His heart he is ready to fling at every wench, whilst I sigh in vain for a look! Oh woman! woman!

[Exeunt.

SCENE XII.—The Palace of ANDREAS.

GIANETTINO and LOMELLINO enter hastily.

GIANETTINO. Let them roar for their liberty as a lioness for her young. I am resolved.

LOMELLINO. But—most gracious prince!

GIANETTINO. Away to hell with thy buts, thou three-hours procurator! I will not yield a hair's breadth? Let Genoa's towers shake their heads, and the hoarse sea bellow No to it. I value not the rebellious multitude!

LOMELLINO. The people are indeed the fuel; but the nobility fan the flame. The whole republic is in a ferment, people and patricians.

GIANETTINO. Then will I stand upon the mount like Nero, and regale

myself with looking upon the paltry flames.

LOMELLINO. Till the whole mass of sedition falls into the hands of some enterprising leader, who will take advantage of the general devastation.

GIANETTINO. Poh! Poh! I know but one who might be dangerous, and he is taken care of.

LOMELLINO. His highness comes.

Enter ANDREAS—(both bow respectfully).

ANDREAS. Signor Lomellino, my niece wishes to take the air.

LOMELLINO. I shall have the honor of attending her.

[Exit LOMELLINO.]

SCENE XIII.

ANDREAS and GIANETTINO.

ANDREAS. Nephew, I am much displeas'd with you.

GIANETTINO. Grant me a hearing, most gracious uncle!

ANDREAS. That would I grant to the meanest beggar in Genoa if he were worthy of it. Never to a villain, though he were my nephew. It is sufficient favor that I address thee as an uncle, not as a sovereign!

GIANETTINO. One word only, gracious sir!

ANDREAS. Hear first what thou hast done; then answer me. Thou hast pulled down an edifice which I have labored for fifty years to raise— that which should

have been thy uncle's mausoleum, his only pyramid—the affections of his countrymen. This rashness Andreas pardons thee——

GIANETTINO. My uncle and my sovereign——

ANDREAS. Interrupt me not. Thou hast injured that most glorious work of mine, the constitution, which I brought down from heaven for Genoa, which cost me so many sleepless nights, so many dangers, and so much blood. Before all Genoa thou hast cast a stain upon my honor, in violating my institutions. Who will hold them sacred if my own blood despise them? This folly thy uncle pardons thee.

GIANETTINO (offended). Sir, you educated me to be the Duke of Genoa.

ANDREAS. Be silent. Thou art a traitor to the state, and hast attacked its vital principle. Mark me, boy! That principle is—subordination. Because the shepherd retired in the evening from his labor, thoughtest thou the flock deserted? Because Andreas' head is white with age, thoughtest thou, like a villain, to trample on the laws?

GIANETTINO (insolently). Peace, Duke! In my veins also boils the blood of that Andreas before whom France has trembled.

ANDREAS. Be silent! I command thee. When I speak the sea itself is wont to pay attention. Thou hast insulted the majesty of justice in its very sanctuary. Rebel! dost thou know what punishment that crime demands? Now answer! (GIANETTINO appears struck, and fixes his eyes on the ground without speaking). Wretched Andreas! In thy own heart hast thou fostered the canker of thy renown. I built up a fabric for Genoa which should mock the lapse of ages, and am myself the first to cast a firebrand into it. Thank my gray head, which would be laid in the grave by a relation's hand—thank my unjust love that, on the scaffold, I pour not out thy rebellious blood to satisfy the violated laws.

[Exit.

SCENE XIV.

GIANETTINO looks after the DUKE, speechless with anger, LOMELLINO entering, breathless and terrified.

LOMELLINO. What have I seen! What have I heard! Fly, prince! Fly quickly! All is lost.

GIANETTINO (with inward rage). What was there to lose?

LOMELLINO. Genoa, prince: I come from the market-place. The people were crowding round a Moor who was dragged along bound with cords. The Count of Lavagna, with above three hundred nobles, followed to the criminal court. The Moor had been employed to assassinate Fiesco, and in the attempt was seized.

GIANETTINO (stamping violently on the ground). What, are all the devils of hell let loose at once?

LOMELLINO. They questioned him most strictly concerning his employer. The Moor confessed nothing. They tried the first degree of torture. Still he confessed nothing. They put him to the second. Then he spoke—he spoke. My gracious lord, how could you trust your honor to such a villain?

GIANETTINO (fiercely). Ask me no question?

LOMELLINO. Hear the rest! Scarcely was the word Doria uttered—I would sooner have seen my name inscribed in the infernal register than have heard yours thus mentioned—scarcely was it uttered when Fiesco showed himself to the people. You know the man—how winningly he pleads—how he is wont to play the usurer with the hearts of the multitude. The whole assembly hung upon his looks, breathless with indignation. He spoke little, but bared his bleeding arm. The crowd contended for the falling drops as if for sacred relics. The Moor was given up to his disposal—and Fiesco—a mortal blow for us! Fiesco

pardoned him. Now the confined anger of the people burst forth in one tumultuous clamor. Each breath annihilated a Doria, and Fiesco was borne home amidst a thousand joyful acclamations.

GIANETTINO (with a ferocious laugh). Let the flood of tumult swell up to my very throat. The emperor! That sound alone shall strike them to the earth, so that not a murmur shall be heard in Genoa.

LOMELLINO. Bohemia is far from hence. If the emperor come speedily he may perhaps be present at your funeral feast.

GIANETTINO (drawing forth a letter with a great seal). 'Tis fortunate that he is here already. Art thou surprised at this? And didst thou think me mad enough to brave the fury of enraged republicans had I not known they were betrayed and sold?

LOMELLINO (with astonishment). I know not what to think!

GIANETTINO. But I have thought of something which thou couldst not know.

My plan is formed. Ere two days are past twelve senators must fall.

Doria becomes sovereign, and the Emperor Charles protects him. Thou seemest astonished——

LOMELLINO. Twelve senators! My heart is too narrow to comprehend a twelvefold murder.

GIANETTINO. Fool that thou art! The throne will absolve the deed. I consulted with the ministers of Charles on the strong party which France still has in Genoa, and by which she might a second time seize on it unless they should be rooted out. This worked upon the emperor—he approved my projects—and thou shalt write what I will dictate to thee.

LOMELLINO. I know not yet your purpose.

GIANETTINO. Sit down and write——

LOMELLINO. But what am I to write? (Seats himself.)

GIANETTINO. The names of the twelve candidates for death—Francis Zenturione.

LOMELLINO (writes). In gratitude for his vote he leads the funeral procession.

GIANETTINO. Cornelio Calva.

LOMELLINO. Calva.

GIANETTINO. Michael Zibo.

LOMELLINO. To cool him after his disappointment in the procuratorship.

GIANETTINO. Thomas Asserato and his three brothers. (LOMELLINO stops.)

GIANETTINO (forcibly). And his three brothers——

LOMELLINO (writes). Go on.

GIANETTINO. Fiesco of Lavagna.

LOMELLINO. Have a care! Have a care! That black stone will yet prove fatal to you.

GIANETTINO. Scipio Bourgognino.

LOMELLINO. He may celebrate elsewhere his wedding——

GIANETTINO. Ay, where I shall be director of the nuptials. Raphael Sacco.

LOMELLINO. I should intercede for his life until he shall have paid my five thousand crowns. (Writes.) Death strikes the balance.

GIANETTINO. Vincent Calcagno.

LOMELLINO. Calcagno. The twelfth I write at my own risk, unless our mortal enemy be overlooked.

GIANETTINO. The end crowns all—Joseph Verrina.

LOMELLINO. He is the very head of the viper that threatens us. (Rises and presents the paper to GIANETTINO.) Two days hence death shall make a splendid feast, at which twelve of the chief of Genoa's nobles will be present.

GIANETTINO (signs the paper). 'Tis done. Two days hence will be the ducal election. When the senate shall be assembled for that purpose these twelve shall, on the signal of a handkerchief, be suddenly laid low. My two hundred Germans will have surrounded the senate-house. At that moment I enter and claim homage as the Duke. (Rings the bell.)

LOMELLINO. And what of Andreas?

GIANETTINO (contemptuously). He is an old man. (Enter a servant.) If the Duke should ask for me say I am gone to mass. (Exit servant.) I must conceal the devil that's within beneath a saintly garb.

LOMELLINO. But, my lord, the paper?

GIANETTINO. Take it, and let it be circulated among our party. This letter must be dispatched by express to Levanto. 'Tis to inform Spinola of our intended plan, and bid him reach the capital early in the morning. (Going.)

LOMELLINO. Stop, prince. There is an error in our calculation. Fiesco does not attend the senate.

GIANETTINO (looking back). Genoa will easily supply one more assassin.
I'll see to that.

[Exeunt different ways.]

SCENE XV.-An Ante-chamber in FIESCO'S Palace.

FIESCO, with papers before him, and MOOR.

FIESCO. Four galleys have entered the harbor, dost say?

MOOR. Yes, they're at anchor in the port.

FIESCO. That's well. Whence are these expresses?

MOOR. From Rome, Placentia, and France.

FIESCO (opens the letters and runs over them). Welcome! welcome news!
(In high spirits.) Let the messengers be treated in a princely manner.

MOOR. Hem! (Going.).

FIESCO. Stop, stop! Here's work for thee in plenty.

MOOR. Command me. I am ready to act the setter or the bloodhound.

FIESCO. I only want at present the voice of the decoy-bird. To-morrow early two thousand men will enter the city in disguise to engage in my service. Distribute thy assistants at the gates, and let them keep a watchful eye upon the strangers that arrive. Some will be dressed like pilgrims on their journey to Loretto, others like mendicant friars, or Savoyards, or actors; some as peddlers and musicians; but the most as disbanded soldiers coming to seek a livelihood in Genoa. Let every one be asked where he takes up his lodging. If he answer at the

Golden Snake, let him be treated as a friend and shown my habitation. But remember, sirrah, I rely upon thy prudence.

MOOR. Sir, as securely as upon my knavery. If a single head escape me, pluck out my eyes and shoot at sparrows with them. (Going.)

FIESCO. Stop! I've another piece of business for thee. The arrival of the galleys will excite suspicion in the city. If any one inquire of thee about them, say thou hast heard it rumored that thy master intends to cruise against the Turks. Dost thou understand me?

MOOR. Yes, yes—the beards of the Mussulmen at the masthead, but the devil for a steersman. (Going.)

FIESCO. Gently—one more precaution. Gianettino has new reasons to hate me and lay snares against my life. Go—sound the fellows of thy trade; see if thou canst not smell out some plot on foot against me. Visit the brothels—Doria often frequents them. The secrets of the cabinet are sometimes lodged within the folds of a petticoat. Promise these ladies golden customers. Promise them thy master. Let nothing be too sacred to be used in gaining the desired information.

MOOR. Ha! luckily I am acquainted with one Diana Buononi, whom I have served above a year as procurer. The other day I saw the Signor Lomellino coming out of her house.

FIESCO. That suits my purpose well. This very Lomellino is the key to all Doria's follies. To-morrow thou shalt go thither. Perhaps he is to-night the Endymion of this chaste Diana.

MOOR. One more question, my lord. Suppose the people ask me—and that they will, I'll pawn my soul upon it—suppose they ask, "What does Fiesco think of Genoa?" Would you still wear the mask?—or—how shall I answer them?

FIESCO. Answer? Hum! The fruit is ripe. The pains of labor announce the

approaching birth. Answer that Genoa lies upon the block, and that thy master's name is—John Louis Fiesco——

MOOR (with an air of satisfaction). That, by my rogue's honor, shall be done to your heart's content. Now be wide awake, friend Hassan! First to a tavern! My feet have work enough cut out for them. I must coax my stomach to intercede with my legs. (Hastening away—returns.) Oh, apropos! My chattering made me almost forget one circumstance. You wished to know what passed between Calcagno and your wife. A refusal, sir—that's all.

[Runs off.

SCENE XVI.

FIESCO alone.

FIESCO. I pity thee, Calcagno. Didst thou think I should, upon so delicate a point, have been thus careless had I not relied in perfect security on my wife's virtue and my own deserts? Yet I welcome this passion. Thou art a good soldier. It shall procure me thy arm for the destruction of Doria. (Walking up and down.) Now, Doria, to the scene of action! All the machines are ready for the grand attempt—the instruments are tuned for the terrific concert. Naught is wanting but to throw off the mask, and show Fiesco to the patriots of Genoa. (Some persons are heard approaching.) Ha! Visitors! Who can be coming to disturb me?

SCENE XVII.

FIESCO, VERRINA, ROMANO, with a picture; SACCO, BOURGOGNINO, CALCAGNO.

FIESCO (receiving them with great affability). Welcome, my worthy friends! What important business brings you all hither? Are you, too, come, my dear brother, Verrina? I should almost have forgotten you, had you not oftener been present to my thoughts than to my sight. I think I have not seen you since my last entertainment.

VERRINA. Do not count the hours, Fiesco! Heavy burdens have in that interval weighed down my aged head. But enough of this——

FIESCO. Not enough to satisfy the anxiety of friendship. You must inform me farther when we are alone. (Addressing BOURGOGNINO.) Welcome, brave youth! Our acquaintance is yet green; but my affection for thee is already ripe. Has your esteem for me improved?

BOURGOGNINO. 'Tis on the increase.

FIESCO. Verrina, it is reported that this brave young man is to be your son-in-law. Receive my warmest approbation of your choice. I have conversed with him but once; and yet I should be proud to call him my relation.

VERRINA. That judgment makes me of my daughter vain.

FIESCO (to the others). Sacco, Calcagno—all unfrequent visitors—I should fear the absence of Genoa's noblest ornaments were a proof that I had been deficient in hospitality. And here I greet a fifth guest, unknown to me, indeed, but sufficiently recommended by this worthy circle.

ROMANO. He, my lord, is simply a painter, by name Julio Romano, who lives by theft and counterfeit of Nature's charms. His pencil is his only escutcheon; and he now comes hither (bowing profoundly) to seek the manly outlines of a Brutus.

FIESCO. Give me your hand, Romano! I love the mistress of your soul with a holy fire. Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter only gave us being, but 'twas

the former made us men. What are the subjects of your labor?

ROMANO. Scenes from the heroic ages of antiquity. At Florence is my dying Hercules, at Venice my Cleopatra, the raging Ajax at Rome, where, in the Vatican, the heroes of former times rise again to light.

FIESCO. And what just now employs you?

ROMANO. Alas! my lord, I've thrown away my pencil. The lamp of genius burns quicker than the lamp of life. Beyond a certain moment the flame flickers and dies. This is my last production.

FIESCO (in a lively manner). It could not come more opportune. I feel to-day a more than usual cheerfulness. A sentiment of calm delight pervades my being, and fits it to receive the impression of Nature's beauties. Let us view your picture. I shall feast upon the sight. Come, friends, we will devote ourselves entirely to the artist. Place your picture.

VERRINA (apart to the others). Now, Genoese, observe!

ROMANO (placing the picture). The light must fall upon it thus. Draw up that curtain—let fall the other,—right. (Standing on one side). It is the story of Virginia and Appius Claudius. (A long pause; all contemplate the picture.)

VERRINA (with enthusiasm). Strike, aged father! Dost thou tremble, tyrant? How pale you stand there, Romans! Imitate him, senseless Romans! The sword yet glitters! Imitate me, senseless Genoese! Down with Doria! Down with him! (Striking at the picture.)

FIESCO (to the painter, smiling). Could you desire greater applause? Your art has transformed this old man into a youthful enthusiast.

VERRINA (exhausted). Where am I! What has become of them! They vanished like bubbles. You here, Fiesco! and the tyrant living!

FIESCO. My friend, amidst this admiration you have overlooked the parts most truly beautiful. Does this Roman's head thus strike you? Look there! Observe that damsel—what soft expression! What feminine delicacy! How sweetly touched are those pale lips! How exquisite that dying look! Inimitable! Divine, Romano! And that white, dazzling breast, that heaves with the last pulse of life. Draw more such beauties, Romano, and I will give up Nature to worship thy creative fancy.

BOURGOGNINO. Is it thus, Verrina, your hopes are answered?

VERRINA. Take courage, son! The Almighty has rejected the arm of FIESCO. Upon ours he must rely.

FIESCO (to ROMANO). Well—'tis your last work, Romano. Your powers are exhausted. Lay down your pencil. Yet, whilst I am admiring the artist, I forget to sate on the work. I could stand gazing on it, regardless of an earthquake. Take away your picture—the wealth of Genoa would scarcely reach the value of this Virginia. Away with it.

ROMANO. Honor is the artist's noblest reward. I present it to you.
(Offers to go away.)

FIESCO. Stay, Romano! (He walks majestically up and down the room, seeming to reflect on something of importance. Sometimes he casts a quick and penetrating glance at the others; at last he takes ROMANO by the hand, and leads him to the picture.) Come near, painter. (With dignified pride.) Proudly stand'st thou there because, upon the dead canvas, thou canst simulate life, and immortalize great deeds with small endeavor. Thou canst dilate with the poet's fire on the empty puppet-show of fancy, without heart and without the nerve of life-inspiring deeds; depose tyrants on canvas, and be thyself a miserable slave! Thou canst liberate Republics with a dash of the pencil, yet not break thy own chains! (In a loud and commanding tone.) Go! Thy work is a mere juggle. Let the semblance give place to reality! (With haughtiness, overturning the picture.)

I have done what thou hast only painted. (All struck with astonishment; ROMANO carries away the picture in confusion.)

SCENE XVIII.

The former, except ROMANO.

FIESCO. Did you suppose the lion slept because he ceased to roar? Did your vain thoughts persuade you that none but you could feel the chains of Genoa? That none but you durst break them? Before you knew their weight, Fiesco had already broken them. (He opens an escritoire, takes out a parcel of letters, and throws them on the table.) These bring soldiers from Parma;—these, French money;—these, four galleys from the Pope. What now is wanting to rouse the tyrant in his lair? Tell me, what think you wanting? (All stand silent with astonishment.) Republicans! you waste your time in curses when you should overthrow the tyrant. (All but VERRINA throw themselves at FIESCO'S feet.)

VERRINA. Fiesco, my spirit bends to thine, but my knee cannot. Thy soul is great; but—rise, Genoese! (They rise.)

FIESCO. All Genoa was indignant at the effeminate Fiesco; all Genoa cursed the profligate FIESCO. Genoese! my amours have blinded the cunning despot. My wild excesses served to guard my plans from the danger of an imprudent confidence. Concealed beneath the cloak of luxury the infant plot grew up. Enough—I'm known sufficiently to Genoa in being known to you. I have attained my utmost wish.

BOURGOGNINO (throwing himself indignantly into a chair). Am I, then, nothing?

FIESCO. But let us turn from thought to action. All the engines are prepared—I can storm the city by sea and land. Rome, France, and Parma cover me; the

nobles are disaffected; the hearts of the populace are mine; I have lulled to sleep the tyrants; the state is ripe for revolution. We are no longer in the hands of Fortune. Nothing is wanting. Verrina is lost in thought.

BOURGOGNINO. Patience! I have a word to say, which will more quickly rouse him than the trumpet of the last day. (To VERRINA—calls out to him emphatically.) Father! Awake! Thy Bertha will despair.

VERRINA. Who spoke those words? Genoese, to arms!

FIESCO. Think on the means of forwarding our plan. Night has advanced upon our discourse; Genoa is wrapped in sleep; the tyrant sinks exhausted beneath the sins of the day. Let us watch o'er both.

BOURGOGNINO. Let us, before we part, consecrate our heroic union by an embrace! (They form a circle, with joined arms.) Here unite five of the bravest hearts in Genoa to decide their country's fate. (All embrace eagerly.) When the universe shall fall asunder, and the eternal sentence shall cut in twain the bonds of consanguinity and love, then may this fivefold band of heroes still remain entire! (They separate.)

VERRINA. When shall we next assemble?

FIESCO. At noon to-morrow I'll hear your sentiments.

VERRINA. 'Tis well—at noon to-morrow. Goodnight, Fiesco! Come, Bourgognino, you will hear something marvellous.

[Exeunt VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO.]

FIESCO (to the others). Depart by the back gates, that Doria's spies may not suspect us.

[Exeunt SACCO and CALCAGNO.]

SCENE XIX. FIESCO, alone.

FIESCO (walking up and down in meditation). What a tumult is in my breast! What a concourse of dark, uncertain images! Like guilty wretches stealing out in secret to do some horrid deed, with trembling steps and blushing faces bent toward the ground, these flattering phantoms glide athwart my soul. Stay! stay!—let me examine you more closely. A virtuous thought strengthens the heart of man, and boldly meets the day. Ha! I know you—robed in the livery of Satan—avaunt! (A pause; he continues with energy.) Fiesco, the patriot! the Duke Fiesco! Peace! On this steep precipice the boundaries of virtue terminate: here heaven and hell are separated. Here have heroes stumbled, here have they fallen, and left behind a name loaded with curses—here, too, have heroes paused, here checked their course, and risen to immortality. (More vehemently.) To know the hearts of Genoa mine! To govern with a master's hand this formidable state! Oh, artifice of sin, that masks each devil with an angel's face! Fatal ambition! Everlasting tempter! Won by thy charms, angels abandoned heaven, and death sprung from thy embraces. (Shuddering.) Thy syren voice drew angels from their celestial mansions—man thou ensnarest with beauty, riches, power. (After a pause, in a firm tone.) To gain a diadem is great—to reject it is divine! (Resolutely.) Perish the tyrant! Let Genoa be free—and I (much affected) will be its happiest citizen.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Midnight. A dreary wilderness.

VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO entering.

BOURGOGNINO (stands still). Whither are you leading me, father. The heavy grief that hung upon your brow when first you bade me follow you still seems to labor in your panting breast. Break this dreadful silence! Speak. I will go no further.

VERRINA. This is the place.

BOURGOGNINO. You could not choose a spot more awful. Father, if the deed you purpose be like the place—father—my hair will stand on end with horror.

VERRINA. And yet 'tis cheerfulness itself to the gloom that enwraps my soul. Follow me to yon churchyard, where corruption preys on the mouldering remnants of mortality, and death holds his fearful banquet— where shrieks of damned souls delight the listening fiends, and sorrow weeps her fruitless tears into the never-filling urn. Follow me, my son, to where the condition of this world is changed; and God throws off his attributes of mercy—there will I speak to thee in agony, and thou shalt hear with despair.

BOURGOGNINO. Hear! what? I conjure you, father.

VERRINA. Youth! I fear. Youth, thy blood is warm and crimson—thy heart

is soft and tender—such natures are alive to human kindness—this warmth of feeling melts my obdurate wisdom. If the frost of age or sorrow's leaden pressure had chilled the springtide vigor of thy spirits —if black congealed blood had closed the avenues of thy heart against the approaches of humanity—then would thy mind be attuned to the language of my grief, and thou wouldst look with admiration on my project.

BOURGOGNINO. I will hear it, and embrace it as my own.

VERRINA. Not so, my son—Verrina will not wound thy heart with it. O Scipio, heavy burdens lie on me. A thought more dark and horrible than night, too vast to be contained within the breast of man! Mark me—my hand alone shall execute the deed; but my mind cannot alone support the weight of it. If I were proud, Scipio, I might say greatness unshared is torture. It was a burden to the Deity himself, and he created angels to partake his counsels. Hear, Scipio!

BOURGOGNINO. My soul devours thy words.

VERRINA. Hear! But answer nothing—nothing, young man! Observe me—not a word—Fiesco must die.

BOURGOGNINO (struck with astonishment). Die! Fiesco!

VERRINA. Die—I thank thee, God, 'tis out at last—Fiesco must die. My son—die by my hand. Now, go. There are deeds too high for human judgment. They appeal alone to heaven's tribunal. Such a one is this. Go! I neither ask thy blame nor approbation. I know my inward struggles, and that's enough. But hear! These thoughts might weary out thy mind even to madness. Hear! Didst thou observe yesterday with what pride he viewed his greatness reflected from our wondering countenances? The man whose smiles deceived all Italy, will he endure equals in Genoa? Go! 'Tis certain that Fiesco will overthrow the tyrant. 'Tis as certain he will become a tyrant still more dangerous.

[Exit hastily. BOURGOGNINO looks after him with speechless

surprise, then follows slowly.

SCENE II.—An apartment in FIESCO'S house. In the middle of the back scene a glass door, through which is seen a view of the sea and Genoa. Daybreak.

FIESCO at the window.

FIESCO. What do I see! The moon hath hid its face. The morn is rising fiery from the sea. Wild fancies have beset my sleep, and kept my soul convulsed by one idea. Let me inhale the pure, refreshing breeze. (He opens a window; the city and ocean appear red with the tint of morning. FIESCO walking up and down the room with energy.) I the greatest man in Genoa! And should not lesser souls bow down before the greater? But is not this to trample upon virtue? (Musing.) Virtue? The elevated mind is exposed to other than ordinary temptations—shall it then be governed by the ordinary rules of virtue? Is the armor which encases the pigmy's feeble frame suited to the giant? (The sun rises over Genoa.) This majestic city mine! (Spreading out his arms as if to embrace it.) To flame above it like the god of day! To rule over it with a monarch mind! To hold in subjection all the raging passions, all the insatiable desires in this fathomless ocean! 'Tis certain, though the cunning of the thief ennoble not the theft, yet doth the prize ennoble the thief. It is base to filch a purse—daring to embezzle a million,—but it is immeasurably great to steal a diadem. As guilt extends its sphere, the infamy decreaseth. (A pause, then with energy.) To obey! or to command! A fearful dizzying gulf—that absorbs whate'er is precious in the eyes of men. The trophies of the conqueror—the immortal works of science and of art—the voluptuous pleasures of the epicure—the whole wealth encompassed by the seas. To obey! or to command! To be, or not to be! The space between is as wide as from the lowest depths of hell to the throne of the Almighty. (In an elevated tone.) From that awful height to look down securely upon the impetuous whirlpool of mankind, where blind fortune holds capricious sway! To

quaff at the fountainhead unlimited draughts from the rich cup of pleasure! To hold that armed giant law beneath my feet in leading-strings, and see it struggle with fruitless efforts against the sacred power of majesty! To tame the stubborn passions of the people, and curb them with a playful rein, as a skilful horseman guides the fiery steed! With a breath—one single breath—to quell the rising pride of vassals, whilst the prince, with the motion of his sceptre, can embody even his wildest dreams of fancy! Ah! What thoughts are these which transport the astounded mind beyond its boundaries! Prince! To be for one moment prince comprises the essence of a whole existence. 'Tis not the mere stage of life—but the part we play on it that gives the value. The murmurs which compose the thunder's roar might singly lull an infant to repose—but united their crash can shake the eternal vault of heaven. I am resolved. (Walking up and down majestically.)

SCENE III.

FIESCO; LEONORA, entering with a look of anxiety.

LEONORA. Pardon me, count. I fear I interrupt your morning rest.

FIESCO (steps back with astonishment). Indeed, madam, you do surprise me not a little.

LEONORA. That never happens to those who love.

FIESCO. Charming countess, you expose your beauty to the rude breath of morning.

LEONORA. I know not why I should preserve its small remains for grief to feed on.

FIESCO. Grief, my love? I thought that to be free from cares of state was

happiness.

LEONORA. It may be so. Yet do I feel that my weak heart is breaking amidst this happiness. I come, sir, to trouble you with a trifling request, if you can spare a moment's time to hear me. These seven months past I have indulged the pleasing dream of being Countess of Lavagna. It now has passed away and left a painful weight upon my mind. Amid the pleasures of my innocent childhood I must seek relief to my disordered spirits. Permit me, therefore, to return to the arms of my beloved mother——

FIESCO (with astonishment). Countess!

LEONORA. My heart is a poor trembling thing which you should pity. Even the least remembrance of my visionary joy might wound my sickly fancy. I therefore restore the last memorials of your kindness to their rightful owner. (She lays some trinkets on the table.) This, too, that like a dagger struck my heart (presenting a letter). This, too (going to rush out of the door in tears), and I will retain nothing but the wound.

FIESCO (agitated, hastens after and detains her). Leonora! For God's sake, stay!

LEONORA (falls into his arms exhausted). To be your wife was more than I deserved. But she who was your wife deserved at least respect. How bitter is the tongue of calumny. How the wives and maidens of Genoa now look down upon me! "See," they say, "how droops the haughty one whose vanity aspired to Fiesco!" Cruel punishment of my pride! I triumphed over my whole sex when Fiesco led me to the altar——

FIESCO. Really, Madonna! All this is most surprising——

LEONORA (aside). Ah! he changes color—now I revive.

FIESCO. Wait only two days, countess—then judge my conduct——

LEONORA. To be sacrificed! Let me not speak it in thy chaste presence, oh, thou virgin day! To be sacrificed to a shameless wanton! Look on me, my husband! Ah, surely those eyes that make all Genoa tremble, must hide themselves before a weeping woman——

FIESCO (extremely confused). No more, signora! No more——

LEONORA (with a melancholy look of reproach). To rend the heart of a poor helpless woman! Oh, it is so worthy of the manly sex. Into his arms I threw myself, and on his strength confidingly reposed my feminine weakness. To him I trusted the heaven of my hopes. The generous man bestowed it on a——

FIESCO (interrupting her, with vehemence). No, my Leonora! No!

LEONORA. My Leonora! Heaven, I thank thee! These were the angelic sounds of love once more. I ought to hate thee, faithless man! And yet I fondly grasp the shadow of thy tenderness. Hate! said I? Hate Fiesco? Oh, believe it not! Thy perfidy may bid me die, but cannot bid me hate thee. I did not know my heart——(The MOOR is heard approaching.)

FIESCO. Leonora! grant me one trifling favor.

LEONORA. Everything, Fiesco—but indifference.

FIESCO. Well, well (significantly). Till Genoa be two days older, inquire not! condemn me not! (Leads her politely to another apartment.)

SCENE IV.

FIESCO; the MOOR, entering hastily.

FIESCO. Whence come you thus out of breath?

MOOR. Quick, my lord!

FIESCO. Has anything run into the net?

MOOR. Read this letter. Am I really here? Methinks Genoa is become shorter by twelve streets, or else my legs have grown that much longer! You change color? Yes, yes—they play at cards for heads, and yours is the chief stake. How do you like it?

FIESCO (throws the letter on the table with horror). Thou woolly-pated rascal! How camest thou by that letter?

MOOR. Much in the same way as your grace will come by the republic. An express was sent with it towards Levanto. I smelt out the game; waylaid the fellow in a narrow pass, despatched the fox, and brought the poultry hither——

FIESCO. His blood be on thy head! As for the letter, 'tis not to be paid with gold.

MOOR. Yet I will be content with silver for it—(seriously, and with a look of importance). Count of Lavagna! 'twas but the other day I sought your life. To-day (pointing to the letter) I have preserved it. Now I think his lordship and the scoundrel are even. My further service is an act of friendship—(presents another letter) number two!

FIESCO (receives it with astonishment). Art thou mad?

MOOR. Number two—(with an arrogant air—his arms akimbo) the lion has not acted foolishly in pardoning the mouse. Ah! 'twas a deed of policy. Who else could e'er have gnawed the net with which he was surrounded? Now, sir, how like you that?

FIESCO. Fellow, how many devils hast thou in pay?

MOOR. But one, sir, at your service; and he is in your grace's keeping.

FIESCO. What! Doria's own signature! Whence dost thou bring this paper?

MOOR. Fresh from the hands of my Diana. I went to her last night, tempted her with your charming words, and still more charming sequins. The last prevailed. She bade me call early in the morning. Lomellino had been there as you predicted, and paid the toll to his contraband heaven with this deposit.

FIESCO (indignantly). Oh, these despicable woman-slaves! They would govern kingdoms, and cannot keep a secret from a harlot. By these papers I learn that Doria and his party have formed a plot to murder me, with eleven senators, and to place Gianettino on the throne.

MOOR. Even so—and that upon the morning of the ducal election, the third of this month.

FIESCO (vehemently). The night of our enterprise shall smother that morning in its very birth. Speed thee, Hassan. My affairs are ripe. Collect our fellows. We will take bloody lead of our adversaries. Be active, Hassan!

MOOR. I have a budget full of news beside. Two thousand soldiers are safely smuggled into the city. I've lodged them with the Capuchins, where not even a prying sunbeam can espy them. They burn with eagerness to see their leader. They are fine fellows.

FIESCO. Each head of them shall yield thee a ducat. Is there no talk about my galleys?

MOOR. Oh, I've a pleasant story of them, my lord. Above four hundred adventurers, whom the peace 'twixt France and Spain has left without employ, besought my people to recommend them to your grace to fight against the infidels. I have appointed them to meet this evening in the palace-court.

FIESCO (pleased). I could almost embrace thee, rascal. A masterly stroke!

Four hundred, said'st thou? Genoa is in my power. Four hundred crowns are thine——

MOOR (with an air of confidence). Eh, Fiesco? We two will pull the state in pieces, and sweep away the laws as with a besom. You know not how many hearty fellows I have among the garrison—lads that I can reckon on as surely as on a trip to hell. Now I've so laid my plans that at each gate we have among the guard at least six of our creatures, who will be enough to overcome the others by persuasion or by wine. If you wish to risk a blow to-night, you'll find the sentinels all drenched with liquor.

FIESCO. Peace, fellow! Hitherto I have moved the vast machine alone; shall I now, at the very goal, be put to shame by the greatest rascal under the sun? Here's my hand upon it, fellow—whate'er the Count remains indebted to thee, the Duke shall pay.

MOOR. And here, too, is a note from the Countess Imperiali. She beckoned to me from her window, when I went up received me graciously, and asked me ironically if the Countess of Lavagna had not been lately troubled with the spleen. Does your grace, said I, inquire but for one person?

FIESCO (having read the letter throws it aside). Well said. What answer made she?

MOOR. She answered, that she still lamented the fate of the poor bereaved widow—that she was willing to give her satisfaction, and meant to forbid your grace's attentions.

FIESCO (with a sneer). Which of themselves may possibly cease sometime before the day of judgment. Is that all thy business, Hassan?

MOOR (ironically). My lord, the affairs of the ladies are next to those of state.

FIESCO. Without a doubt, and these especially. But for what purpose are

these papers?

MOOR. To remove one plague by another. These powders the signora gave me, to mix one every day with your wife's chocolate.

FIESCO (starting). Gave thee?

MOOR. Donna Julia, Countess Imperiali.

FIESCO (snatching them from him eagerly). If thou liest, rascal, I'll hang thee up alive in irons at the weathercock of the Lorenzo tower, where the wind shall whirl thee nine times round with every blast. The powders?

MOOR (impatiently). I am to give your wife mixed with her chocolate. Such were the orders of Donna Julia Imperiali.

FIESCO (enraged). Monster! monster! This lovely creature! Is there room for so much hell within a female bosom? And I forgot to thank thee, heavenly Providence, that has rendered it abortive—abortive through a greater devil. Wondrous are thy ways! (To the MOOR.) Swear to me to obey, and keep this secret.

MOOR. Very well. The latter I can afford—she paid me ready money.

FIESCO. This note invites me to her. I'll be with you, madam!—and find means to lure you hither, too. Now haste thee, with all thy speed, and call together the conspirators.

MOOR. This order I anticipated, and therefore at my own risk appointed every one to come at ten o'clock precisely.

FIESCO. I hear the sound of footsteps. They are here. Fellow, thy villany deserves a gallows of its own, on which no son of Adam was ever yet suspended. Wait in the ante-chamber till I call for thee.

MOOR. The Moor has done his work—the Moor may go.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

FIESCO, VERRINA, BOURGOGNINO, CALCAGNO, SACCO.

FIESCO (meeting them). The tempest is approaching: the clouds rash together. Advance with caution. Let all the doors be locked.

VERRINA. Eight chambers have I made fast behind. Suspicion cannot come within a hundred steps of us.

BOURGOGNINO. Here is no traitor, unless our fear become one.

FIESCO. Fear cannot pass my threshold. Welcome he whose mind remains the same as yesterday. Be seated. (They seat themselves.)

BOURGOGNINO (walking up and down). I care not to sit in cold deliberation when action calls upon me.

FIESCO. Genoese, this hour is eventful.

VERRINA. Thou hast challenged us to consider a plan for dethroning the tyrant. Demand of us—we are here to answer thee.

FIESCO. First, then, a question which, as it comes so late, you may think strange. Who is to fall? (A pause.)

BOURGOGNINO (leaning over FIESCO'S chair, with an expressive look). The tyrants.

FIESCO. Well spoken. The tyrants. I entreat you weigh well the importance

of the word. Is he who threatens the overthrow of liberty—or he who has it in his power—the greater tyrant?

VERRINA. The first I hate, I fear the latter. Let Andreas Doria fall!

CALCAGNO (with emotion). Andreas? The old Andreas! who perhaps tomorrow may pay the debt of nature——

SACCO. Andreas? That mild old man!

FIESCO. Formidable is that old man's mildness, O my friend—the brutality of Gianettino only deserves contempt. "Let Andreas fall!" There spoke thy wisdom, Verrina.

BOURGOGNINO. The chain of iron, and the cord of silk, alike are bonds. Let Andreas perish!

FIESCO (going to the table). The sentence, then is passed upon the uncle and the nephew. Sign it! (They all sign.) The question who is settled. How must be next determined. Speak first, Calcagno.

CALCAGNO. We must execute it either as soldiers or assassins. The first is dangerous, because we must have many confidants. 'Tis also doubtful, because the peoples' hearts are not all with us. To act the second our five good daggers are sufficient. Two days hence high mass will be performed in the Lorenzo Church—both the Dorias will be present. In the house of God even a tyrant's cares are lulled to sleep. I have done.

FIESCO (turning away). Calcagno, your plan is politic, but 'tis detestable. Raphael Sacco, yours?

SACCO. Calcagno's reasons please me, but the means he chooses my mind revolts at. Better were it that Fiesco should invite both the uncle and nephew to a feast, where, pressed on all sides by the vengeance of the republic, they must

swallow death at the dagger's point, or in a bumper of good Cyprian. This method is at least convenient.

FIESCO (with horror). Ah, Sacco! What if the wine their dying tongues shall taste become for us torments of burning pitch in hell! Away with this advice! Speak thou, Verrina.

VERRINA. An open heart shows a bold front. Assassination degrades us to banditti. The hero advances sword in hand. I propose to give aloud the signal of revolt, and boldly rouse the patriots of Genoa to vengeance. (He starts from his seat, the others do the same.)

BOURGOGNINO (embracing him). And with armed hand wrest Fortune's favors from her. This is the voice of honor, and is mine.

FIESCO. And mine. Shame on you, Genoese! (to SACCO and CALCAGNO). Fortune has already done too much for us, let something be our own. Therefore open revolt! And that, Genoese, this very night——(VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO astonished—the others terrified.)

CALCAGNO. What! To-night! The tyrants are yet too powerful, our force too small.

SACCO. To-night! And naught prepared? The day is fast declining.

FIESCO. Your doubts are reasonable, but read these papers. (He gives them GIANETTINO'S papers, and walks up and down with a look of satisfaction, whilst they read them eagerly.) Now, farewell, thou proud and haughty star of Genoa, that didst seem to fill the whole horizon with thy brightness. Knowest thou not that the majestic sun himself must quit the heavens, and yield his sceptre to the radiant moon? Farewell, Doria, beauteous star!

Patroclus to the shades is gone,
And he was more than thou.

BOURGOGNINO (after reading the papers). This is horrible.

CALCAGNO. Twelve victims at a blow!

VERRINA. To-morrow in the senate-house!

BOURGOGNINO. Give me these papers, and I will ride with them through Genoa, holding them up to view. The very stones will rise in mutiny, and even the dogs will howl against the tyrant.

ALL. Revenge! Revenge! Revenge! This very night!

FIESCO. Now you have reached the point. At sunset I will invite hither the principal malcontents—those that stand upon the bloody list of Gianettino! Besides the Sauli, the Gentili, Vivaldi, Vesodimari, all mortal enemies of the house of Doria; but whom the tyrant forgot to fear. They, doubtless, will embrace my plan with eagerness.

BOURGOGNINO. I doubt it not.

FIESCO. Above all things, we must render ourselves masters of the sea. Galleys and seamen I have ready. The twenty vessels of the Dorias are dismantled, and may be easily surprised. The entrance of the inner harbor must be blocked up, all hope of flight cut off. If we secure this point, all Genoa is in our power.

VERRINA. Doubtless.

FIESCO. Then we must seize the strongest posts in the city, especially the gate of St. Thomas, which, leading to the harbor, connects our land and naval forces. Both the Dorias must be surprised within their palaces, and killed. The bells must toll, the citizens be called upon to side with us, and vindicate the liberties of Genoa. If Fortune favor us, you shall hear the rest in the senate.

VERRINA. The plan is good. Now for the distribution of our parts.

FIESCO (significantly). Genoese, you chose me, of your own accord, as chief of the conspiracy. Will you obey my further orders?

VERRINA. As certainly as they shall be the best.

FIESCO. Verrina, dost thou know the principle of all warlike enterprise? Instruct him, Genoese. It is subordination. If your will be not subjected to mine—observe me well—if I be not the head of the conspiracy, I am no more a member.

VERRINA. A life of freedom is well worth some hours of slavery. We obey.

FIESCO. Then leave me now. Let one of you reconnoitre the city and inform me of the strength or weakness of the several posts. Let another find out the watchword. A third must see that the galleys are in readiness. A fourth conduct the two thousand soldiers into my palace-court. I myself will make all preparations here for the evening, and pass the interval perhaps in play. At nine precisely let all be at my palace to hear my final orders. (Rings the bell.)

VERRINA. I take the harbor.

BOURGOGNINO. I the soldiers.

CALCAGNO. I will learn the watchword.

SACCO. I will reconnoitre Genoa.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

FIESCO, MOOR.

FIESCO (seated at a desk, and writing). Did they not struggle against the word subordination as the worm against the needle which transfixes it? But 'tis too late, republicans.

MOOR (entering). My lord——

FIESCO (giving him a paper). Invite all those whose names are written here to see a play this evening at my palace.

MOOR. Perhaps to act a part, and pay the admittance with their heads.

FIESCO (in a haughty and contemptuous manner). When that is over I will no longer detain thee here in Genoa. (Going, throws him a purse.) This is thy last employment.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

MOOR, alone.

MOOR (taking up the purse slowly, and looking after FIESCO with surprise). Are we, then, on these terms? "I will detain thee in Genoa no longer." That is to say, translated from the Christian language into my heathen tongue, "When I am duke I shall hang up my friend the Moor upon a Genoese gallows." Hum! He fears, because I know his tricks, my tongue may bring his honor into danger when he is duke. When he is duke? Hold, master count! That event remains to be considered. Ah! old Doria, thy life is in my hands. Thou art lost unless I warn thee of thy danger. Now, if I go to him and discover the plot, I save the Duke of Genoa no less than his existence and his dukedom, and gain at least this hateful of gold for my reward. (Going, stops suddenly.) But stay, friend Hassan, thou art going on a foolish errand. Suppose this scene of riot is prevented, and nothing

but good is the result. Pshaw! what a cursed trick my avarice would then have played me! Come, devil, help me to make out what promises the greatest mischief; to cheat Fiesco, or to give up Doria to the dagger. If Fiesco succeed then Genoa may prosper. Away! That must not be. If this Doria escape, then all remains as it was before, and Genoa is quiet. That's still worse! Ay, but to see these rebels' heads upon the block! Hum! On the other hand 'twould be amusing to behold the illustrious Dorias in this evening's massacre the victims of a rascally Moor. No. This doubtful question a Christian might perhaps resolve, but 'tis too deep a riddle for my Moorish brains. I'll go propose it to some learned man.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

An apartment in the house of the COUNTESS IMPERIALI.

JULIA in dishabille. GIANETTINO enters, agitated.

GIANETTINO. Good-evening, sister.

JULIA (rising). It must be something extraordinary which brings the crown-prince of Genoa to his sister!

GIANETTINO. Sister, you are continually surrounded by butterflies and I by wasps. How is it possible that we should meet? Let's be seated.

JULIA. You almost excite my curiosity.

GIANETTINO. When did Fiesco visit you last?

JULIA. A strange question. As if I burdened my memory with such trifles!

GIANETTINO. I must know—positively.

JULIA. Well, then, he was here yesterday.

GIANETTINO. And behaved without reserve?

JULIA. As usual.

GIANETTINO. As much a coxcomb as ever.

JULIA (offended). Brother!

GIANETTINO (more vehemently). I say—as much a coxcomb——

JULIA (rises, with indignation). Sir! What do you take me for?

GIANETTINO (keeps his seat—sarcastically). For a mere piece of woman-flesh, wrapped up in a great—great patent of nobility. This between ourselves—there is no one by to hear us.

JULIA (enraged). Between ourselves—you are an impertinent jackanapes, and presume upon the credit of your uncle. No one by to hear us, indeed!

GIANETTINO. Sister! sister! don't be angry. I'm only merry because Fiesco is still as much a coxcomb as ever. That's all I wanted to know. Your servant——(Going.)

SCENE IX.

The former, LOMELLINO, entering.

LOMELLINO (to JULIA, respectfully). Pardon my boldness, gracious lady. (To GIANETTINO.) Certain affairs which cannot be delayed—— (GIANETTINO takes him aside; JULIA sits down angrily at the pianoforte and

plays an allegro.)

GIANETTINO (to LOMELLINO). Is everything prepared for to-morrow?

LOMELLINO. Everything, prince—but the courier, who was despatched this morning to Levanto, is not yet returned, nor is Spinola arrived. Should he be intercepted! I'm much alarmed——

GIANETTINO. Fear nothing. You have that list at hand?

LOMELLINO (embarrassed). My lord—the list? I do not know—I must have left it at home in my other pocket.

GIANETTINO. It does not signify—would that Spinola were but here. Fiesco will be found dead in his bed. I have taken measures for it.

LOMELLINO. But it will cause great consternation.

GIANETTINO. In that lies our security. Common crimes but move the blood and stir it to revenge: atrocious deeds freeze it with terror, and annihilate the faculties of man. You know the fabled power of Medusa's head—they who but looked on it were turned to stone. What may not be done, my boy, before stories are warmed to animation?

LOMELLINO. Have you given the countess any intimation of it?

GIANETTINO. That would never do! We must deal more cautiously with her attachment to FIESCO. When she shares the sweets, the cost will soon be forgotten. Come, I expect troops this evening from Milan, and must give orders at the gates for their reception. (To JULIA.) Well, sister, have you almost thrummed away your anger?

JULIA. Go! You're a rude unmannered creature. (GIANETTINO, going, meets FIESCO.)

SCENE X.

The former; FIESCO.

GIANETTINO (stepping back). Ha!

FIESCO (with politeness). Prince, you spare me a visit which I was just now about to pay.

GIANETTINO. And I, too, count, am pleased to meet you here.

FIESCO (approaching JULIA courteously). Your charms, signora, always surpass expectation.

JULIA. Fie! that in another would sound ambiguous—but I'm shocked at my dishabille—excuse me, count—(going).

FIESCO. Stay, my beauteous lady. Woman's beauty is ne'er so charming as when in the toilet's simplest garb (laughingly). An undress is her surest robe of conquest. Permit me to loosen these tresses——

JULIA. Oh, how ready are you men to cause confusion!

FIESCO (with a smile to GIANETTINO). In dress, as in the state—is it not so? (To JULIA.) This ribbon, too, is awkwardly put on. Sit down, fair countess—your Laura's skill may strike the eye, but cannot reach the heart. Let me play the chambermaid for once. (She sits down, he arranges her dress.)

GIANETTINO (aside to LOMELLINO). Poor frivolous fellow!

FIESCO (engaged about her bosom). Now see—this I prudently conceal. The senses should always be blind messengers, and not know the secret compact between nature and fancy.

JULIA. That is trifling.

FIESCO. Not at all; for, consider, the prettiest novelty loses all its zest when once become familiar. Our senses are but the rabble of our inward republic. The noble live by them, but elevate themselves above their low, degenerate tastes. (Having adjusted her toilet, he leads her to a glass.) Now, by my honor! this must on the morrow be Genoa's fashion—(politely)—may I have the honor of leading you so abroad, countess?

JULIA. The cunning flatterer! How artfully he lays his plans to ensnare me. No! I have a headache, and will stay at home.

FIESCO. Pardon me, countess. You may be so cruel, but surely you will not. To-day a company of Florentine comedians arrive at my palace. Most of the Genoese ladies will be present this evening at their performance, and I am uncertain whom to place in the chief box without offending others. There is but one expedient. (Making a low bow.) If you would condescend, signora——

JULIA (blushing, retires to a side apartment). Laura!

GIANETTINO (approaching FIESCO). Count, you remember an unpleasant circumstance——

FIESCO (interrupting him). 'Tis my wish, prince, we should both forget it. The actions of men are regulated by their knowledge of each other. It is my fault that you knew me so imperfectly.

GIANETTINO. I shall never think of it without craving your pardon from my inmost soul——

FIESCO. Nor I without forgiving you from my heart's core. (JULIA returns, her dress a little altered.)

GIANETTINO. Count, I just now recollect that you are going to cruise against the Turks——

FIESCO. This evening we weigh anchor. On that account I had some apprehensions from which my friend Doria's kindness may deliver me.

GIANETTINO (obsequiously). Most willingly. Command my utmost influence!

FIESCO. The circumstance might cause a concourse toward the harbor, and about my palace, which the duke your uncle might misinterpret.

GIANETTINO (in a friendly manner). I'll manage that for you. Continue your preparations, and may success attend your enterprise!

FIESCO (with a smile). I'm much obliged to you.

SCENE XI.

The former—A GERMAN of the body-guard.

GIANETTINO. What now?

GERMAN. Passing by the gate of St. Thomas I observed a great number of armed soldiers hastening towards the harbor. The galleys of the Count Fiesco were preparing for sea.

GIANETTINO. Is that all? Report it no further.

GERMAN. Very well. From the convent of the Capuchins, too, suspicious rabble are pouring, and steal toward the market-place. From their gait and appearance I should suppose them soldiers.

GIANETTINO (angrily). Out upon this fool's zeal! (To LOMELLINO, aside.) These are undoubtedly my Milanese.

GERMAN. Does your grace command that they should be arrested?

GIANETTINO (aloud to LOMELLINO). Look to them, Lomellino. (To the GERMAN.) Begone! 'Tis all well. (Aside to LOMELLINO.) Bid that German beast be silent.

[Exeunt LOMELLINO and GERMAN.]

FIESCO (in another part of the room with JULIA—looks toward GIANETTINO.). Our friend Doria seems displeased. May I inquire the reason?

GIANETTINO. No wonder. These eternal messages.

[Exit hastily.]

FIESCO. The play awaits us, too, signora. May I offer you my hand?

JULIA. Stay, let me take my cloak. 'Tis no tragedy I hope, count? It would haunt me in my dreams.

FIESCO (sarcastically). 'Twill excite immoderate laughter.

[He hands her out—the curtain falls.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Night. The court of FIESCO'S palace. The lamps lighted. Persons carrying in arms. A wing of the palace illuminated. A heap of arms on one side of the stage.

BOURGOGNINO, leading a band of soldiers.

BOURGOGNINO. Halt! Let four sentinels be stationed at the great gate. Two at every door of the palace. (The sentinels take their posts.) Let every one that chooses enter, but none depart. If any one attempts to force his way run him through. (Goes with the rest into the palace. The sentinels walk up and down. A pause.)

SCENE II.

ZENTURIONE entering.

SENTINELS AT THE GATE (call out). Who goes there?

ZENTURIONE. A friend of Lavagna. (Goes across the court to the palace on the right.)

SENTINEL THERE. Back! (ZENTURIONE starts, and goes to the door on the left.)

SENTINEL ON THE LEFT. Back!

ZENTURIONE (stands still with surprise. A pause. Then to the SENTINEL on the left). Friend, which is the way to the theatre?

SENTINEL. Don't know.

ZENTURIONE (walks up and down with increasing surprise—then to the SENTINEL on the right). Friend, when does the play begin?

SENTINEL. Don't know.

ZENTURIONE (astonished, walks up and down. Perceives the weapons; alarmed). Friend, what mean these?

SENTINEL. Don't know.

ZENTURIONE (wraps himself up in his cloak, alarmed). Strange!

SENTINELS AT THE GATE (calling out). Who goes there?

SCENE III.

The former, ZIBO entering.

ZIBO. A friend of Lavagna.

ZENTURIONE. Zibo, where are we?

ZIBO. What mean you?

ZENTURIONE. Look around you, Zibo.

ZIBO. Where? What?

ZENTURIONE. All the doors are guarded!

ZIBO. Here are arms——

ZENTURIONE. No one that will answer——

ZIBO. 'Tis strange!

ZENTURIONE. What is it o'clock?

ZIBO. Past eight.

ZENTURIONE. How bitter cold it is!

ZIBO. Eight was the hour appointed.

ZENTURIONE (shaking his head). 'Tis not all as it should be here.

ZIBO. Fiesco means to jest with us——

ZENTURIONE. To-morrow will be the ducal election. Zibo, all's not right here, depend upon it.

ZIBO. Hush! hush!

ZENTURIONE. The right wing of the palace is full of lights.

ZIBO. Do you hear nothing?

ZENTURIONE. A confused murmuring within—and——

ZIBO. The sound of clattering arms——

ZENTURIONE. Horrible! horrible!

ZIBO. A carriage—it stops at the gate!

SENTINELS AT THE GATE (calling out). Who goes there?

SCENE IV.

The former, four of the ASSERATO family.

ASSERATO (entering). A friend of FIESCO.

ZIBO. They are the four Asserati.

ZENTURIONE. Good evening, friends!

ASSERATO. We are going to the play.

ZIBO. A pleasant journey to you!

ASSERATO. Are you not going also?

ZENTURIONE. Walk on. We'll just take a breath of air first.

ASSERATO. 'Twill soon begin. Come. (Going.)

SENTINEL. Back!

ASSERATO. What can this mean?

ZENTURIONE (laughing). To keep you from the palace.

ASSERATO. Here's some mistake——

ZIBO. That's plain enough. (Music is heard in the right wing.)

ASSERATO. Do you hear the symphony? The comedy is going to begin.

ZENTURIONE. I think it has begun, and we are acting our parts as fools.

ZIBO. I'm not over warm—I'll return home.

ASSERATO. Arms here, too?

ZIBO. Poh! Mere play-house articles.

ZENTURIONE. Shall we stand waiting, like ghosts upon the banks of Acheron? Come, let us to a tavern! (All six go towards the gate.)

SENTINELS (calling loudly). Back! Back!

ZENTURIONE. Death and the devil! We are caught.

ZIBO. My sword shall open a passage!

ASSERATO. Put it up! The count's a man of honor.

ZIBO. We are sold! betrayed! The comedy was a bait, and we're caught in a trap.

ASSERATO. Heaven forbid! And yet I tremble for the event.

SCENE V.

The former—VERRINA, SACCO, and NOBLES.

SENTINELS. Who goes there?

VERRINA. Friends of the house. (Seven NOBLES enter with him.)

ZIBO. These are his confidants. Now all will be explained.

SACCO (in conversation with VERRINA). 'Tis as I told you; Lascaro is on guard at the St. Thomas' gate, the best officer of Doria, and blindly devoted to him.

VERRINA. I'm glad of it.

ZIBO (to VERRINA). Verrina, you come opportunely to clear up the mystery.

VERRINA. How so? What mean you?

ZENTURIONE. We are invited to a comedy.

VERRINA. Then we are going the same way.

ZENTURIONE (impatiently). Yes—the way of all flesh. You see—the doors are guarded. Why guard the doors?

ZIBO. Why these sentinels?

ZENTURIONE. We stand here like criminals beneath the gallows.

VERRINA. The count will come himself.

ZENTURIONE. 'Twere well if he came a little faster. My patience begins to fail. (All the NOBLES walk up and down in the background.)

BOURGOGNINO (coming out of the palace, to VERRINA). How goes it in the harbor?

VERRINA. They're all safe on board.

BOURGOGNINO. The palace is full of soldiers.

VERRINA. 'Tis almost nine.

BOURGOGNINO. The count is long in coming.

VERRINA. And yet too quick to gain his wishes. Bourgognino! There is a thought that freezes me.

BOURGOGNINO. Father, be not too hasty.

VERRINA. It is impossible to be too hasty where delay is fatal. I must commit a second murder to justify the first.

BOURGOGNINO. But—when must Fiesco fall?

VERRINA. When Genoa is free Fiesco dies!

SENTINELS. Who goes there?

SCENE VI.

The former, FIESCO.

FIESCO. A friend! (The NOBLES bow—the SENTINELS present their arms.) Welcome, my worthy guests! You must have been displeased at my long absence. Pardon me. (In a low voice to VERRINA.) Ready?

VERRINA (in the same manner). As you wish.

FIESCO (to BOURGOGNINO). And you?

BOURGOGNINO. Quite prepared.

FIESCO (to SACCO). And you?

SACCO. All's right.

FIESCO. And Calcagno?

BOURGOGNINO. Is not yet arrived.

FIESCO (aloud to the SENTINELS). Make fast the gates! (He takes off his hat, and steps forward with dignity towards the assembly.) My friends—I have invited you hither to a play—not as spectators, but to allot to each a part therein.

Long enough have we borne the insolence of Gianettino Doria, and the usurpation of Andreas. My friends, if we would deliver Genoa, no time is to be lost. For what purpose, think you, are those twenty galleys which beset our harbor? For what purpose the alliances which the Dorias have of late concluded? For what purpose the foreign forces which they have collected even in the heart of Genoa? Murmurs and execrations avail no longer. To save all we must dare all. A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. Is there one base enough in this assembly to own an equal for his master? (Murmurs.) Here is not one whose ancestors did not watch around the cradle of infant Genoa. What!—in Heaven's name!— what, I ask you, have these two citizens to boast of that they could urge their daring flight so far above our head? (Increasing murmurs.) Every one of you is loudly called upon to fight for the cause of Genoa against its tyrants. No one can surrender a hair's-breadth of his rights without betraying the soul of the whole state. (Interrupted by violent commotions he proceeds.)

You feel your wrongs—then everything is gained. I have already paved your way to glory—Genoese, will you follow? I am prepared to lead you. Those signs of war which you just now beheld with horror should awaken your heroism. Your anxious shuddering must warm into a glorious zeal that you may unite your efforts with this patriotic band to overthrow the tyrant. Success will crown the enterprise, for all our preparations are well arranged. The cause is just, for Genoa suffers. The attempt will render us immortal, for it is vast and glorious

ZENTURIONE (vehemently, and agitated). Enough! Genoa shall be free! Be this our shout of onset against hell itself!

ZIBO. And may he who is not roused by it pant at the slavish oar till the last trumpet break his chains——

FIESCO. Spoken like men. Now you deserve to know the danger that hung over yourselves and Genoa. (Gives them the papers of the MOOR.) Lights, soldiers! (The nobles crowd about the lights, and read—FIESCO aside to

VERRINA.) Friend, it went as I could wish.

VERRINA. Be not too certain. Upon the left I saw countenances that grew pale, and knees that tottered.

ZENTURIONE (enraged). Twelve senators! Infernal villany! Seize each a sword! (All, except two, eagerly take up the weapons that lie in readiness.)

ZIBO. Thy name, too, Bourgognino, is written there.

BOURGOGNINO. Ay, and if Heaven permit, it shall be written to-day upon the throat of Gianettino.

ZENTURIONE. Two swords remain——

ZIBO. Ah! What sayest thou?

ZENTURIONE. Two amongst us have not taken swords.

ASSERATO. My brothers cannot bear the sight of blood—pray spare them!

ZENTURIONE (vehemently). What! Not a tyrant's blood! Tear them to pieces—cowards! Let such bastards be driven from the republic! (Some of the assembly attack the two ASSERATI.)

FIESCO (restraining them). Cease! Shall Genoa owe its liberty to slaves? Shall our pure gold be debased by this alloy? (He disengages them.) Gentlemen, you must be content to take up your abode within my palace until our business be decided. (To the sentinels.) These are your prisoners; you answer for their safety! Guard them with loaded arms. (They are led off—a knocking heard at the gate.)

SENTINEL. Who is there?

CALCAGNO (without, eagerly). Open the gate! A friend! for God's sake,

open!

BOURGOGNINO. It is Calcagno—heavens! What can this mean?

FIESCO. Open the gate, soldiers.

SCENE VII.

The former—CALCAGNO, out of breath.

CALCAGNO. All is lost! all is lost! Fly, every one that can!

BOURGOGNINO. What's lost? Have they flesh of brass? Are our swords made of rushes?

FIESCO. Consider, Calcagno! An error now is fatal.

CALCAGNO. We are betrayed! Your Moor, Lavagna, is the rascal! I come from the senate-house. He had an audience of the duke.

VERRINA (with a resolute tone, to the sentinels). Soldiers! let me rush upon your halberets! I will not perish by the hangman's hands. (The assembly show marks of confusion.)

FIESCO (with firmness). What are you about? 'Sdeath, Calcagno! Friends, 'tis a false alarm. (To CALCAGNO, aside.) Woman that thou art to tell these boys this tale. Thou, too, Verrina? and thou, Bourgognino? Whither wouldst thou go?

BOURGOGNINO. Home—to kill my Bertha—and then return to fall with thee.

FIESCO (bursting into a loud laugh). Stay! stay! Is this the valor that should

punish tyrants? Well didst thou play thy part, Calcagno. Did none of you perceive that this alarm was my contrivance? Speak, Calcagno? Was it not my order that you should put these Romans to this trial?

VERRINA. Well, if you can laugh I'll believe you—or never more think you man.

FIESCO. Shame on you, men! to fail in such a boyish trial! Resume your arms—you must fight like lions to atone for this disgrace. (Aside to CALCAGNO.) Were you there yourself?

CALCAGNO (low). I made my way among the guards to hear, as was my business, the watchword from the duke. As I was returning the Moor was brought——

FIESCO (aloud). So the old man is gone to bed—we'll drum him out of his feathers. (Low.) Did he talk long with the duke?

CALCAGNO (low). My sudden fright and your impending danger drove me away in haste——

FIESCO (aloud). See how our countrymen still tremble.

CALCAGNO (aloud). You should have carried on the jest. (Low.) For God's sake, friend, what will this artifice avail us?

FIESCO. 'Twill gain us time, and dissipate the first panic. (Aloud.) Ho! bring wine here! (Low.) Did the duke turn pale? (Aloud.) Well, brothers, let us drink success to this night's entertainment. (Low.) Did the duke turn pale?

CALCAGNO. The Moor's first word must have been conspiracy; for the old man started back as pale as ashes.

FIESCO (confused). Hum! the devil is an artful counsellor. Calcagno—the

Moor was cunning, he betrayed nothing till the knife was at his throat. Now he is indeed their savior. (Wine is brought, he drinks to the assembly.) Comrades, success! (A knocking is heard.)

SENTINELS. Who is without?

A VOICE. The guard of the duke's. (The NOBLES rush about the court in despair.)

FIESCO (stepping forward). Oh, my friends! Be not alarmed! I am here—quick, remove these arms—be men. I entreat you—this visit makes me hope that Andreas still doubts our plot. Retire into the palace: recall your spirits. Soldiers, throw open the gate! (They retire, the gates are opened.)

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO (as if coming from the palace). Three GERMAN SOLDIERS bringing the MOOR, bound.

FIESCO. Who calls me?

GERMANS. Bring us to the count!

FIESCO. The count is here, who wants me?

GERMAN (presenting his arms). Greeting from the duke!—he delivers up to your grace this Moor in chains, who had basely slandered you: the rest this note will tell.

FIESCO (takes it with an air of indifference). Have I not threatened thee already with the galleys? (To the GERMAN.) Very well, my friend, my respects to the duke.

MOOR (hallooing after them). Mine, too—and tell the duke had he not employed an ass for his messenger he would have learned that two thousand soldiers are concealed within these palace walls.

[Exeunt GERMANS, the NOBLES return.]

SCENE IX.

FIESCO, the CONSPIRATORS, MOOR (looking at them unconcerned.)

THE CONSPIRATORS (shuddering at the sight of the MOOR). Ha! what means this?

FIESCO (after reading the note with suppressed anger). Genoese, the danger is past—but the conspiracy is likewise at an end——

VERRINA (astonished). What! Are the Dorias dead?

FIESCO (violently agitated). By heavens! I was prepared to encounter the whole force of the republic, but not this blow. This old nerveless man, with his pen, annihilates three thousand soldiers (his hands sink down). Doria overcomes Fiesco!

BOURGOGNINO. Speak, count, we are amazed!

FIESCO (reading). "Lavagna, your fate resembles mine; benevolence is rewarded with ingratitude. The Moor informs me of a plot: I send him back to you in chains, and shall sleep to-night without a guard." (He drops the paper—the rest look at each other.)

VERRINA. Well, Fiesco?

FIESCO (with dignity). Shall Doria surpass me in magnanimity? Shall the

race of Fiesco want this one virtue? No, by my honor—disperse—I'll go and own the whole——

VERRINA (stopping him). Art thou mad? Was, then, our enterprise some thievish act of villany? Was it not our country's cause? Was Andreas the object of thy hatred, and not the tyrant? Stay! I arrest thee as a traitor to thy country.

CONSPIRATORS. Bind him! throw him down!

FIESCO (snatching up his sword, and making way through them). Gently! Who will be the first to throw the cord around the tiger? See, Genoese, —I stand here at liberty, and might force my way with ease, had I the will—but I will stay—I have other thoughts——

BOURGOGNINO. Are they thoughts of duty?

FIESCO (haughtily). Ha! boy! learn first to know thy own—and towards me restrain that tongue! Be appeased, Genoese,—our plans remain unaltered. (To the MOOR, whose cords he cuts with a sword). Thou hast the merit of causing a noble act—fly!

CALCAGNO (enraged). What? Shall that scoundrel live,—he who has betrayed us all?

FIESCO. Live—though he has frightened you all. Rascal, begone! See that thou turn thy back quickly on Genoa; lest some one immolate thee to the manes of his courage.

MOOR. So, then, the devil does not forsake his friends. Your servant, gentlemen! I see that Italy does not produce my halter; I must seek it elsewhere.

[Exit, laughing.

SCENE II

SCENE X.

FIESCO, CONSPIRATORS. Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. The Countess Imperiali has already asked three times for your grace.

FIESCO. Ha! then the comedy must indeed begin! Tell her I come directly. Desire my wife to hasten to the concert-room, and there remain concealed behind the tapestry. (Exit SERVANT.) In these papers your several stations are appointed: let each but act his part, the plan is perfect. Verrina will lead the forces to the harbor, and when the ships are seized will fire a shot as a signal for the general attack. I now leave you upon important business; when you hear the bell come all together to my concert-room. Meanwhile enjoy my Cyprian wine within. (They depart into the palace.)

SCENE XI.

LEONORA, ARABELLA, and ROSA.

LEONORA. Fiesco promised to meet me here, and comes not. 'Tis past eleven. The sound of arms and men rings frightfully through the palace, and no Fiesco comes.

ROSA. You are to conceal yourself behind the tapestry—what can the count intend?

LEONORA. He directs and I obey. Why should I fear? And yet I tremble, Arabella, and my heart beats fearfully with apprehension. For heaven's sake, damsels, do not leave me.

ARABELLA. Fear nothing; our timidity subdues our curiosity.

LEONORA. Where'er I turn my eyes strange shapes appear with hollow and distracted countenances. Whomsoever I address trembles like a criminal, and withdraws into the thickest gloom of night, that fearful refuge of a guilty conscience. Whate'er they answer falls from the trembling tongue in doubtful accents. Oh, Fiesco! what horrid business dost thou meditate? Ye heavenly powers! watch over my Fiesco!

ROSA (alarmed). Oh, heavens! what noise is that without?

ARABELLA. It is the soldier who stands there as sentinel. (The SENTINEL without calls, "Who goes there?")

LEONORA. Some one approaches. Quick! behind the curtain. (They conceal themselves.)

SCENE XII.

JULIA and FIESCO, in conversation.

JULIA (much agitated). Forbear, count! Your passion meets no longer an indifferent ear, but fires the raging blood—where am I? Naught but seducing night is here! Whither has your artful tongue lured my unguarded heart?

FIESCO. To this spot where timid love grows bold, and where emotions mingle unrestrained.

JULIA. Hold, Fiesco! For Heaven's sake no more! 'Tis the thick veil of night alone which covers the burning blushes on my cheeks, else wouldst thou pity me.

FIESCO. Rather, Julia, thy blushes would inflame my passions, and urge them to their utmost height. (Kisses her hand eagerly.)

JULIA. Thy countenance is glowing as thy words! Ah! and my own, too, burns with guilty fire. Hence, I entreat thee, hence—let us seek the light! The tempting darkness might lead astray the excited senses, and in the absence of the modest day might stir them to rebellion. Haste, I conjure thee, leave this solitude!

FIESCO (more pressing). Why so alarmed, my love? Shall the mistress fear her slave?

JULIA. O man, eternal paradox! then are you truly conquerors, when you bow as captives before our self-conceit. Shall I confess, Fiesco? It was my vice alone that could protect my virtue—my pride alone defied your artifices—thus far, my principles prevailed, and all your arts were foiled—but in despair of every other suit you made appeal to Julia's passion—and here my principles deserted me

FIESCO (with levity). And what loss was that?

JULIA (with emotion). If I betray the safeguards of my honor, that thou mayest cover me with shame at will, what have I less to lose than all? Wouldst thou know more, scoffer? Shall I confess that the whole secret wisdom of our sex is but a sorry precaution for the defence of this weak fortress, which in the end is the sole object of assault by all your vows and protestations, and which (I blush to own it) is so willingly surrendered—so often betrayed to the enemy upon the first wavering of virtue? That woman's whole art is enlisted in fortifying a defenceless position, just as in chess the pieces move and form a breastwork round the defenceless king?—surprise the latter—check-mate! and the whole board is thrown into confusion. (After a pause—with earnestness), behold the picture of our boasting weakness. Be generous, Fiesco!

FIESCO. And yet, my Julia—where could'st thou bestow this treasure better than on my endless passion?

JULIA. Certainly, nowhere better, and nowhere worse? Tell me, Fiesco, how long will this endless passion endure? But, alas! I've risked too much already now to hesitate at staking my last. I trusted boldly to my charms to captivate thee—to preserve thy love, I fear they'll prove too weak. Fie upon me!—what am I uttering? (Hides her face with her hands.)

FIESCO. Two sins in one breath. Mistrust in my taste, and treason against the sovereignty of your charms? Which of the two is the most difficult to forgive?

JULIA (in a tremulous, imploring tone). Falsehood is the armory of hell! Fiesco needs not this to gain his Julia. (She sinks exhausted on a sofa: after a pause—energetically.) Hear, Fiesco! One word more. When we know our virtue to be in safety, we are heroines; in its defence, no more than children; (fixing her eyes on him wildly)—furies, when we avenge it. Hear me! Should'st thou strike me to the heart with coldness?

FIESCO (assuming an angry tone). Coldness? coldness? Heavens! What does the insatiable vanity of woman look for, if she even doubt the man who lies prostrate at her feet? Ha! my spirit is awakened; my eyes at length are opened. (With an air of coldness.) What was this mighty sacrifice? Man dearly purchases a woman's highest favors by the slightest degradation! (Bowing ceremoniously.) Take courage, madam! you are safe.

JULIA (with astonishment). Count! what sudden change is this?

FIESCO (with great indifference). True, madam! You judge most rightly; we both have risked our honor. (Bowing ceremoniously.) I will await the pleasure of your company among my guests. (Going.)

JULIA (stops him). Stay! art thou mad? Must I, then, declare a passion which the whole race of men, upon their knees, should not extort from my inflexible pride? Alas! in vain the darkness strives to hide the blushes which betray my guilt. Fiesco—I wound the pride of all my sex—my sex will all detest me—

Fiesco—I adore thee—(falls at his feet).

FIESCO (steps back without raising her, laughing with exultation). That I am sorry for, signora—(rings the bell—draws the tapestry, and discovers LEONORA). Here is my wife—an angel of a woman! (Embracing her.)

JULIA (with a shriek). Unheard-of treachery!

SCENE XIII.

The CONSPIRATORS, entering in a body—LADIES on the other side—
FIESCO, JULIA, and LEONORA.

LEONORA. Oh, my husband, that was too cruel!

FIESCO. A wicked heart deserved no less. I owed this satisfaction to your tears. (To the company.) No,—my friends—I am not wont on every slight occasion to kindle into passion. The follies of mankind amuse me long ere they excite my anger; but this woman merits my whole resentment. Behold the poison which she had mingled for my beloved Leonora. (Shows the poison to the company—they start with horror.)

JULIA (biting her lips with rage). Good! Good! Very good, Sir!
(Going.)

FIESCO (leads her back by the arm). You must have patience, madam; something else remains. My friends, perhaps, would gladly learn why I debased my reason with the farce of love for Genoa's silliest coquette.

JULIA (starting up). It is not to be borne. But tremble! Doria rules in Genoa, and I am Doria's sister——

FIESCO. Poor, indeed, if that be your only sting! Know that Fiesco of Lavagna has changed the diadem of your illustrious brother for a halter, and means this night to hang the thief of the republic. (She is struck with terror—he continues with a sarcastic laugh.) Ha! that was unexpected. And do you see, madam, 'twas for this purpose that I tried to blind the eyes of the Dorias. For this I assumed a mock passion— (pointing to JULIA.) For this I cast away this precious jewel—(pointing to LEONORA); and by shining bait ensnared my

prey. I thank you for your complaisance, signora—(to JULIA;) and resign the trappings of my assumed character. (Delivers her the miniature with a bow.)

LEONORA (to FIESCO, in a supplicating tone). She weeps, my Lodovico. May your Leonora, trembling, entreat you?

JULIA (enraged, to LEONORA). Silence, detested woman!

FIESCO (to a SERVANT). Be polite to my friend; escort this lady. She has a mind to see my prison-chamber—take care that none approach to incommode her. The night air is blowing somewhat keenly, the storm which rives the house of Doria may, perchance, ruffle the lady's head-dress.

JULIA. Curses on thee, black, detested hypocrite! (Enraged, to LEONORA.) Rejoice not at thy triumph! He will destroy thee also, and himself—and then despair! (Rushing out!)

FIESCO (to the guests). You were witnesses; let your report in Genoa preserve my honor. (To the CONSPIRATORS.) Call on me as soon as the cannon gives the signal. (All the guests retire.)

SCENE XIV.

LEONORA and FIESCO.

LEONORA (approaching with anxiety). Fiesco! Fiesco! I understand but half your meaning; yet I begin to tremble.

FIESCO (significantly). Leonora! I once saw you yield the place of honor to another. I saw you, in the presence of the nobles, receive the second compliment. Leonora, that sight tormented me. I resolved it should be so no longer. Henceforth it ceases. Do you hear the warlike noise which echoes through my

palace? What you suspect is true. Retire to rest, countess, to-morrow you shall awake Duchess of Genoa.

LEONORA (clasping her hands together, and throwing herself into a chair).
O God! My very fears! I am undone!

FIESCO (seriously, and with dignity). Let me speak out, my love. Two of my ancestors wore the triple crown. The blood of the Fiescos flows not pure unless beneath the purple. Shall your husband only reflect a borrowed splendor? (In a more energetic manner.) What! shall he owe his rank alone to capricious chance, which, from the ashes of mouldering greatness, has patched together a John Louis Fiesco? No, Leonora, I am too proud to accept from others what my own powers may achieve. This night the hereditary titles of my ancestors shall return to deck their tombs—Lavagna's counts exist no longer—a race of princes shall begin.

LEONORA (mournfully, and giving way to imagination). I see my husband fall, transfixed by deadly wounds. (In a hollow voice.) I see them bear my husband's mangled corpse towards me. (Starting up.) The first—the only ball has pierced Fiesco's heart.

FIESCO (tenderly seizing her hand). Be calm, my love. The only ball will not strike me.

LEONORA (looking steadfastly at him). Does Fiesco so confidently challenge Heaven? If, in the scope of countless possibilities, one chance alone were adverse, that one might happen, and I should lose my husband. Think that thou ventur'est Heaven, Fiesco; and though a million chances were in thy favor, wouldst thou dare tempt the Almighty by risking on a cast thy hopes of everlasting happiness? No, my husband! When thy whole being is at stake each throw is blasphemy.

FIESCO. Be not alarmed. Fortune and I are better friends.

LEONORA. Ah! say you so, Fiesco? You, who have watched the soul-convulsing game, which some call pastime? Have you not seen the sly deceiver, Fortune, how she leads on her votary with gradual favors, till, heated with success, he rushes headlong and stakes his all upon a single cast? Then in the decisive moment she forsakes him, a victim of his rashness—and stood you then unmoved? Oh, my husband, think not that thou hast but to show thyself among the people to be adored. 'Tis no slight task to rouse republicans from their slumber and turn them loose, like the unbridled steed, just conscious of his hoofs. Trust not those traitors. They among them who are most discerning, even while they instigate thy valor, fear it; the vulgar worship thou with senseless and unprofitable adoration. Whichever way I look Fiesco is undone.

FIESCO (pacing the room in great emotion). To be irresolute is the most certain danger. He that aspires to greatness must be daring.

LEONORA. Greatness, Fiesco! Alas! thy towering spirit ill accords with the fond wishes of my heart. Should fortune favor thy attempt—shouldst thou obtain dominion—alas! I then shall be but the more wretched. Condemned to misery shouldst thou fail—if thou succeed, to misery still greater. Here is no choice but evil. Unless he gain the ducal power, Fiesco perishes—if I embrace the duke I lose my husband.

FIESCO. I understand you not.

LEONORA. Ah! my Fiesco, in the stormy atmosphere that surrounds a throne the tender plant of love must perish. The heart of man, e'en were that heart Fiesco's, is not vast enough for two all-powerful idols—idols so hostile to each other. Love has tears, and can sympathize with tears. Ambition has eyes of stone, from which no drop of tenderness can e'er distil. Love has but one favored object, and is indifferent to all the world beside. Ambition, with insatiable hunger, rages amid the spoil of nature, and changes the immense world into one dark and horrid prison-house. Love paints in every desert an elysium. And when thou wouldest recline upon my bosom, the cares of empires, or rebellious

vassals, would fright away repose. If I should throw myself into thy arms, thy despot fears would hear a murderer rushing forth to strike thee, and urge thy trembling flight through all the palace. Nay, black suspicion would at last o'erwhelm domestic concord. If thy Leonora's tenderness should offer thee a refreshing draught, thou wouldst with horror push away the goblet, and call it poison——

FIESCO (starting). Leonora, cease! These thoughts are dreadful.

LEONORA. And yet the picture is not finished. Let love be sacrificed to greatness—and even peace of mind—if Fiesco but remained unchanged. O God! that thought is racking torture. Seldom do angels ascend the throne—still seldomer do they descend it such. Can he know pity who is raised above the common fears of man? Will he speak the accents of compassion who at every wish can launch a bolt of thunder to enforce it. (She stops, then timidly advances, and takes his hand with a look of tender reproach.) Princes, Fiesco—these abortions of ambition and weakness—who presume to sit in judgment 'twixt the godhead and mortality. Wicked servants—worse rulers.

FIESCO (walking about much agitated). Leonora, cease! The bridge is raised behind me——

LEONORA (with a look of tenderness). And why, my husband? Deeds alone are irrevocable. Thou once didst swear (fondly clinging to him, and somewhat archly) that all thy projects vanished before my beauty. Thou hast foresworn thyself, dissembler—or else my charms have prematurely withered. Ask thy own heart where lies the blame? (More ardently, and throwing her arms round him.) Return, Fiesco! Conquer thyself! Renounce! Love shall indemnify thee. O Fiesco, if my heart cannot appease thy insatiate passions, the diadem will be found still poorer. Come, I'll study the inmost wishes of this soul. I will melt into one kiss of love all the charms of nature, to retain forever in these heavenly bonds the illustrious captive. As thy heart is infinite, so shall be my passion. To be a source of happiness to a being who places all its heaven in thee, Fiesco?

Ought that to leave any void in thy heart.

FIESCO (with great emotion). Leonora—what hast thou done? (He falls, overcome, on her neck.) I shall never more dare to meet the eyes of Genoa's citizens.

LEONORA (with lively expression). Let us fly, Fiesco! let us with scorn reject these gaudy nothings, and pass our future days only in the retreats of love! (She presses him to her breast with rapture.) Our souls, serene as the unclouded sky, shall never more be blackened by the poisonous breath of sorrow; our lives shall flow harmoniously as the music of the murmuring brook. (A cannon-shot is heard—FIESCO disengages himself—all the conspirators enter.)

SCENE XV.

CONSPIRATORS. The hour is come!

FIESCO (to LEONORA, firmly). Farewell! forever unless Genoa to-morrow be laid prostrate at thy feet. (Going to rush out.)

BOURGOGNINO (cries out). The countess faints! (LEONORA in a swoon—all run to support her.)

FIESCO (kneeling before her, in a tone of despair). Leonora! Save her! For heaven's sake save her! (ROSA and ARABELLA run to her assistance.) She lives—she opens her eyes (jumps up resolutely). Now to close Doria's! (Conspirators rush out.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.-After midnight. The great street of Genoa. A few lamps, which gradually become extinguished. In the background is seen the Gate of St. Thomas, which is shut. Men pass over the stage with lanterns. The patrol go their round. Afterwards, everything is quiet except the waves of the sea, which are heard at a distance, rather tempestuous.

FIESCO (armed, before the Doria Palace), and ANDREAS.

FIESCO. The old man has kept his word. The lights are all extinguished in the palace—the guards dismissed—I'll ring. (Rings at the gate.) Ho! Halloo! Awake, Doria! Thou art betrayed. Awake! Halloo! Halloo!

ANDREAS (appearing at the balcony). Who rings there?

FIESCO (in a feigned voice). Ask not, but follow me! Duke, thy star has set; Genoa is in arms against thee! Thy executioners are near, and canst thou sleep, Andreas?

ANDREAS (with dignity). I remember when the raging sea contended with my gallant vessel—when her keel cracked and the wind split her topmast. Yet Andreas Doria then slept soundly. Who sends these executioners!

FIESCO. A man more terrible than your raging sea—John Louis Fiesco.

ANDREAS (laughs). You jest, my friend. Come in the daytime to play your tricks. Midnight suits them badly.

FIESCO. Dost thou then despise thy monitor?

ANDREAS. I thank him and retire to rest. Fiesco, wearied with his rioting, sleeps, and has no time to think of Doria.

FIESCO. Wretched old man! Trust not the artful serpent! Its back is decked with beauteous colors; but when you would approach to view it you are suddenly entwined within its deadly folds. You despised the perfidious Moor. Do not despise the counsels of a friend. A horse stands ready saddled for you; fly, while you have time!

ANDREAS. Fiesco has a noble mind. I never injured him, and he will not betray me.

FIESCO. Fiesco has a noble mind and yet betrays thee. He gives thee proof of both.

ANDREAS. There is a guard, which would defy Fiesco's power, unless he led against them legions of spirits.

FIESCO (scornfully). That guard I should be glad to see to despatch it with a message for eternity.

ANDREAS (in an elevated manner). Vain scoffer! Knowest thou not that Andreas has seen his eightieth year, and that Genoa beneath his rule is happy? (Leaves the balcony.)

FIESCO (looks after him with astonishment). Must I then destroy this man before I have learnt how difficult it is to equal him? (He walks up and down some time in meditation). 'Tis past, Andreas. I have repaid the debt of greatness. Destruction take thy course! (He hastens into a remote street. Drums are heard on all sides. A hot engagement at the St. Thomas' Gate. The gate is forced, and opens a prospect in the harbor, in which lie several ships with lights on board.)

SCENE II.

GIANETTINO (in a scarlet mantle). LOMELLINO—(Servants going before them with torches).

GIANETTINO (stops). Who was it that commanded the alarm to be beat?

LOMELLINO. A cannon was fired on board one of the galleys.

GIANETTINO. The slaves perhaps have risen in mutiny. (Firing heard at the gate of St. Thomas.)

LOMELLINO. Hark! A shot!

GIANETTINO. The gate is open. The guards are in confusion. (To the servants.) Quick, rascals! Light us to the harbor. (Proceeding hastily towards the gate.)

SCENE III.

The former; BOURGOGNINO, with some CONSPIRATORS, coming from the gate of St. Thomas.

BOURGOGNINO. Sebastian Lascaro was a brave soldier.

ZENTURIONE. He defended himself like a bear till he fell.

GIANETTINO (steps back startled). What do I hear? (to his servants).
Stop!

BOURGOGNINO. Who goes there with torches?

LOMELLINO (to GIANETTINO). Prince, they are enemies. Turn to the left.

BOURGOGNINO (calls to them peremptorily). Who goes there with the

torches?

ZENTURIONE. Stand! Your watchword?

GIANETTINO (draws his sword fiercely). Loyalty and Doria!

BOURGOGNINO (foaming with rage). Violator of the republic and of my bride! (To the CONSPIRATORS, rushing upon GIANETTINO.) Brothers, this shortens our labor. His devils themselves deliver him into our hands— (runs him through with his sword).

GIANETTINO (falling). Murder! Murder! Murder! Revenge me, Lomellino

LOMELLINO and SERVANTS (flying). Help! Murder! Murder!

ZENTURIONE (halloing with vehemence). Doria is down. Stop the Count Lomellino! (LOMELLINO is taken).

LOMELLINO (kneeling). Spare but my life, I'll join your party.

BOURGOGNINO (looking at GIANETTINO). Is this monster yet alive? Let the coward fly. (LOMELLINO escapes.)

ZENTURIONE. St. Thomas' gate our own! Gianettino slain! Haste some of you and tell Fiesco.

GIANETTINO (heaving himself from the ground in agony). Fiesco! Damnation! (Dies.)

BOURGOGNINO (pulling the sword out of GIANETTINO'S body). Freedom to Genoa, and to my Bertha. Your sword, Zenturione. Take to my bride this bloody weapon—her dungeon is thrown open. I'll follow thee, and bring the bridal kiss. (They separate through different streets.)

SCENE IV.

ANDREAS DORIA, GERMANS.

GERMAN. The storm drove that way. Mount your horse, duke!

ANDREAS. Let me cast a parting look at Genoa's towers! No; it is not a dream. Andreas is betrayed.

GERMAN. The enemy is all around us. Away! Fly! Beyond the boundaries!

ANDREAS (throwing himself upon the dead body of his nephew). Here will I die. Let no one talk of flight. Here lies the prop of my old age—my career is ended. (CALCAGNO appears at a distance, with CONSPIRATORS.)

GERMAN. Danger is near. Fly, prince! (Drums beat.)

ANDREAS. Hark, Germans, bark! These are the Genoese whose chains I broke. (Hiding his face.) Do your countrymen thus recompense their benefactors?

GERMAN. Away! Away! while we stay here, and notch their swords upon our German bones. (CALCAGNO comes nearer.)

ANDREAS. Save yourselves! Leave me! and go, declare the horrid story to the shuddering nations that Genoa slew its father——

GERMAN. Slew! 'Sdeath, that shall not be. Comrades, stand firm! Surround the duke! (They draw their swords.) Teach these Italian dogs to reverence his gray head——

CALCAGNO (calls out). Who goes there? What have we here?

GERMAN. German blows—(retreat fighting, and carry off the body of

GIANETTINO.)

SCENE V.

LEONORA, in male attire, ARABELLA following— they walk along timidly.

ARABELLA. Come, my lady, pray let us hasten onward.

LEONORA. This way the tumult rages—hark! was not that a dying groan? Ah, they surround him! At Fiesco's breast they point their fatal muskets—at my breast they point them. Hold! hold! It is my husband! (Throws her arms up in agony.)

ARABELLA. For heaven's sake, my lady!

LEONORA (with wild enthusiasm, calling on all sides). O my Fiesco! my Fiesco! His firmest friends desert him. The faith of rebels is unsteady (shuddering). Rebels! Heaven? Is Fiesco, then, a chief of rebels?

ARABELLA. No, signora. He is the great deliverer of Genoa.

LEONORA (emphatically). Ha! that would indeed be glorious! And shall Leonora tremble?—shall the bravest republican be wedded to the most timid woman? Go, Arabella! When men contend for empires even a woman's soul may kindle into valor. (Drums again heard.) I'll rush among the combatants.

ARABELLA (clasping her hands together). All gracious heaven!

LEONORA. Softly! What strikes my foot? Here is a hat—and here a mantle! A sword, too! (she lifts it up)—a heavy sword, my Arabella; but I can carry it, and the sword shall not disgrace its bearer. (The alarm-bell sounds.)

ARABELLA. Hark! hark! How terrible it sounds yonder, from the tower of the Dominicans! God have mercy on us!

LEONORA (enthusiastically). Rather say, how delightful! In the majestic sound of this alarm-bell my Fiesco speaks to Genoa. (Drums are heard louder.) Ha! did flutes so sweetly strike my ear. Even these drums are animated by Fiesco. My heart beats higher. All Genoa is roused; the very mercenaries follow his name with transport—and shall his wife be fearful? (Alarm-bells from three other towers.) No—my hero shall embrace a heroine. My Brutus clasp within his arms a Roman wife. I'll be his Portia. (Putting on GIANETTINO'S hat and throwing his scarlet mantle round her.)

ARABELLA. My gracious lady, how wildly do you rave. (Alarm-bells and drums are heard.)

LEONORA. Cold-blooded wretch; canst thou see and hear all this, and yet not rave? The very stones are ready to weep that they have not feet to run and join Fiesco. These palaces upbraid the builder, who had laid their foundations so firmly in the earth that they cannot fly to join Fiesco. The very shores, were they able, would forsake their office in order to follow his glorious banner, though by so doing they abandoned Genoa to the mercy of the ocean. What might shake death himself out of his leaden sleep has not power to rouse thy courage? Away! I'll find my way alone.

ARABELLA. Great God! You will not act thus madly?

LEONORA (with heroic haughtiness). Weak girl! I will. (With great animation.) Where the tumult rages the most fiercely. Where Fiesco himself leads on the combat. Methinks I hear them ask, "Is that Lavagna, the unconquered hero, who with his sword decides the fate of Genoa? Is that Lavagna?" Yes, I will say; yes, Genoese, that is Lavagna; and that Lavagna is my husband!

SACCO (entering with CONSPIRATORS). Who goes there—Doria or Fiesco?

LEONORA (with enthusiasm). Fiesco and liberty. (Retires into another street. A tumult, ARABELLA lost in the crowd.)

SCENE VI.

SACCO, with a number of followers. CALCAGNO, meeting him with others.

CALCAGNO. Andreas has escaped.

SACCO. Unwelcome tidings to Fiesco.

CALCAGNO. Those Germans fight like furies! They planted themselves around the old man like rocks. I could not even get a glimpse of him. Nine of our men are done for; I myself was slightly wounded. Zounds! If they thus serve a foreign tyrant, how will they guard the princes of their country?

SACCO. Numbers have flocked already to our standard, and all the gates are ours.

CALCAGNO. I hear they still are fighting desperately at the citadel.

SACCO. Bourgognino is amongst them. Where is Verrina?

CALCAGNO. He guards, like Cerberus, the passage between Genoa and the sea—an anchovy could scarcely pass him.

SACCO. I'll rouse the suburbs——

CALCAGNO. I'll away to the market-place. Drummers, strike up! (They

march off, drums beating.)

SCENE VII.

MOOR. A troop of THIEVES, with lighted matches.

MOOR. Now I'll let you into a secret, my boys; 'twas I that cooked this soup, but the devil a spoonful do they give me. Well, I care not. This hubbub is just to my taste. We'll set about burning and plundering. While they are squabbling for a dukedom we'll make a bonfire in the churches that shall warm the frozen apostles. (They disperse themselves among the neighboring houses.)

SCENE VIII.

BOURGOGNINO—BERTHA, disguised as a boy.

BOURGOGNINO. Rest here, dear youth; thou art in safety. Dost thou bleed?

BERTHA (in a feigned voice). No; not at all.

BOURGOGNINO (with energy). Rise, then, I'll lead thee where thou mayst gain wounds for Genoa—wounds beautiful like these. (Uncovering his arm.)

BERTHA (starting). Heavens!

BOURGOGNINO. Art thou frightened, youth? Too early didst thou put on the man. What age hast thou?

BERTHA. Fifteen years.

BOURGOGNINO. That is unfortunate! For this night's business thou art five years too young. Who is thy father?

BERTHA. The truest citizen in Genoa.

BOURGOGNINO. Gently, boy! That name belongs alone to the father of my betrothed bride. Dost thou know the house of Verrina?

BERTHA. I should think so.

BOURGOGNINO (eagerly). And knowest thou his lovely daughter?

BERTHA. Her name is Bertha.

BOURGOGNINO. Go, quickly! Carry her this ring. Say it shall be our wedding-ring; and tell her the blue crest fights bravely. Now farewell! I must hasten yonder. The danger is not yet over. (Some houses are seen on fire.)

BERTHA (in a soft voice). Scipio!

BOURGOGNINO (struck with astonishment). By my sword! I know that voice.

BERTHA (falling upon his neck). By my heart! I am well known here.

BOURGOGNINO. Bertha! (Alarm-bells sound in the suburbs—a tumult—
BOURGOGNINO and BERTHA embrace, and are lost in the crowd.) [NOTE]

[NOTE] In lieu of this scene Schiller substituted the following, during his stay at Leipzig in 1786, for the use of the theatre there:—

A subterranean vault, lighted by a single lamp. The background remains quite dark. BERTHA is discovered sitting on a stone in the foreground; a black veil covers her face. After a pause she rises and walks to and fro.

BERTHA. Still no sound? No sign of human footstep? No approach of my deliverers. Horrible suspense! Fearful and hopeless as that of one buried alive

beneath the sod of the churchyard. And for what dost thou sit, poor deceived one? An inviolable oath immures thee in this dungeon. Gianettino Doria must fall, and Genoa be free, or Bertha left to pine away her miserable existence, such was my father's oath. Fearful prison-house to which there is no key but the death-groan of a well-guarded tyrant. (Looking round the vault) How awful is this stillness! terrible as the silence of the grave! How fearfully the darkness creeps from yonder vaults! My lamp, too, is flickering in its socket. (Walking up and down energetically). Oh, come, come, my beloved, 'tis horrible to die here. (A pause—then she starts up and rushes to and fro wringing her hands to deep despair.) He has forsaken me. He has broken his oath. He has forgotten his Bertha. The living think not of the dead, and this vault is my tomb. Hope no more, wretched one. Hope flourishes only where the eye of the Almighty pervades—into this dungeon it never penetrates. (Again a pause; she becomes still more alarmed.)

Or have my deliverers perished? Perchance the bold attempt has failed, the danger has overwhelmed the courageous youth. O unhappy Bertha, perhaps even now their ghosts are wandering through these vaults, and weep over thy vain hopes. (Shuddering.) Heavens! if they are dead I am irrevocably lost, irrevocably abandoned to a horrible death. (Leans against the wall for support. After a pause she continues despondingly.) And if my beloved one still lives—if he should return to keep his word, to fetch his bride away in triumph, and find all here lonely and silent, and the inanimate corpse no longer sensible to his transports—when his burning kisses shall in vain endeavor to restore the life which has fled from these lips, and his tears flow on me hopelessly—when my father shall sink weeping on the body of his daughter, and the voice of his lamentations echo through the regions of my prison-house. Oh, then repeat not to them my complaints, ye walls! Tell them that I suffered like a heroine, and that my last sigh was forgiveness. (Sinks exhausted on the stone—pause—a confused sound of drums and bells is heard from behind the stage in various directions. BERTHA starts to her feet.) Hark! what means this? Am I awake, or do I dream? How dreadfully the bells clang! That is no sound of ringing to prayers. (The

noise comes nearer and increases; she rushes to and fro alarmed.) Louder and louder yet! Heavens, they are alarm-bells! they are alarm-bells! Have enemies surprised the city? Is Genoa in flames? A wild and dreadful din, like the trampling of myriads! What's that? (Someone knocks loudly at the door.) They come this way—they draw the bolts—(rushing towards the background). Men! Men! Liberty! Deliverance! (BOURGOGNINO enters hastily with a drawn sword, followed by several torch-bearers.)

BOURGOGNINO (calling out loudly). Thou art free, Bertha! The tyrant is dead! This sword has passed through his heart.

BERTHA (running into his arms). My deliverer! my angel!

BOURGOGNINO. Dost thou hear the alarm-bells, and the roll of the drums? Fiesco has conquered, Genoa is free, and thy father's curse annihilated.

BERTHA. Oh, heavens! This dreadful uproar, these alarm-bells, then, were for me?

BOURGOGNINO. For thee, Bertha! They are our marriage chimes. Leave this horrid dungeon and follow me to the altar.

BERTHA. To the altar, Bourgognino? Now, at this midnight hour? While this awful tumult is raging as though the whole globe were crushing to atoms! (VERRINA enters unperceived, and remains standing silently at the entrance.)

BOURGOGNINO. In this beautiful, glorious night, in which all Genoa celebrates its freedom, as a bond of love this sword, still dyed with the tyrant's blood, shall be my wedding gear—this hand, still warm from the heroic deed, the priest shall lay in thine. Fear not my love, and follow me to the church. (VERRINA approaches, steps between both, and embraces them.)

VERRINA. God bless you, my children!

BERTHA AND BOURGOGNINO (falling at his feet). O my father!

VERRINA (lays his hands on them both—a pause—then he turns solemnly to BOURGOGNINO). Never forget how dearly thou hast won her. Never forget that thy marriage dates from the day of Genoa's freedom. (Turning towards BERTHA in a grave and dignified manner.) Thou art the daughter of Verrina, and 'twas thy husband slew the tyrant. (After a pause he beckons them to rise, and says, with suppressed emotion.) The priest awaits you.

BERTHA AND BOURGOGNINO (together). How, my father? Will you not accompany us thither?

VERRINA (very gravely). A terrible duty calls me elsewhere; my prayers shall accompany you. (Drums and trumpets, intermixed with acclamations, are heard in the distance.) What means this shouting?

BOURGOGNINO. They are proclaiming Fiesco duke. The populace adore him, and with eager acclamations brought him the purple; the nobles looked on with dismay, but dared not refuse their sanction.

VERRINA (laughs bitterly). You see, my son, I must away with speed to be the first to tender the oath of allegiance to the new monarch.

BOURGOGNINO (holds him back alarmed). What is your purpose! I'll go with you.

BERTHA (hanging anxiously on BOURGOGNINO). Heavens! what means this, Bourgognino? What is my father meditating?

VERRINA. My son, I have converted all my possessions into gold, and have conveyed it on board thy ship. Take thy bride and embark without delay. Perhaps I shall soon follow, perhaps never. Hasten to Marseilles, and (embracing them with emotion) God be with you.

BOURGOGNINO (determinedly). Verrina, I must stay; the danger is not yet past.

VERRINA (leading him towards BERTHA). Look to thy bride, thou proud, insatiable one. Thou hast despatched thy tyrant, leave me to deal with mine. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

FIESCO and ZIBO from different sides. Attendants.

FIESCO (in great anger). Who set fire to those houses?

ZIBO. The citadel is taken.

FIESCO. Who set those houses on fire?

ZIBO (to the attendants). Despatch a guard to apprehend the villains. (Some soldiers go.)

FIESCO. Will they make me an incendiary? Hasten with the engines! (Attendants go.) But are you sure that Gianettino has fallen?

ZIBO. So they say.

FIESCO (wildly). They say so only! Who say? Declare, upon your honor, has he escaped?

ZIBO (doubtfully). If I may trust my eyes against the assertion of a nobleman, then—Gianettino lives.

FIESCO (starting). Zibo, your eyes may cost your head——

ZIBO. 'Tis but eight minutes since I saw him in the crowd dressed in his

scarlet cloak and yellow plume.

FIESCO (wildly). Heaven and hell! Zibo! Bourgognino shall answer for it with his head. Hasten, Zibo! secure the barriers. Sink all the boats that he may not escape by sea. This diamond, Zibo—the richest in all Italy—this diamond shall reward the man who brings me tidings of Gianettino's death. (ZIBO hastens away.) Fly, Zibo!

SCENE X.

FIESCO, SACCO, the MOOR, SOLDIERS.

SACCO. We found this Moor throwing a lighted match into the convent of the Jesuits.

FIESCO. Thy treachery was overlooked when it concerned myself alone. The halter awaits the incendiary. Take him away and hang him at the church-door.

MOOR. Plague on it! that's an awkward piece of business. Is there no way out of it?

FIESCO. No.

MOOR. Send me awhile to the galleys——

FIESCO (beckoning to the attendants). To the gallows.

MOOR (impudently). Then I'll turn Christian.

FIESCO. The church refuses the dregs of infidelity.

MOOR (in an insinuating manner). At least send me drunk into eternity!

FIESCO. Sober.

MOOR. Don't hang me up, however, beside a Christian church!

FIESCO. A man of honor keeps his word. I promised thee a gallows of thy own.

SACCO. No more prating, heathen! we've business of more consequence.

MOOR. But, stay! Perhaps the rope may break?

FIESCO (to SACCO). Let it be double.

MOOR. Well, if it must be so, the devil may make ready for an extra guest. (Soldiers lead him off, and hang him at a little distance.)

SCENE XI.

FIESCO—LEONORA appearing at a distance, in the scarlet cloak of GIANETTINO.

FIESCO (perceiving her, rushes forward—then stops). Do I know that crest and mantle? (Rushes on furiously.) Yes, I know them. (Runs her through with his sword.) If thou hast three lives then rise again. (LEONORA falls with a hollow groan, the march of victory is heard, with drums, horns, and hautboys.)

SCENE XII.

FIESCO, CALCAGNO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO:
SOLDIERS, with drums and colors.

FIESCO (advancing towards them in triumph). Genoese—the die is cast. Here lies the viper of my soul, the abhorred food of my resentment. Lift high your

swords! Gianettino is no more!

CALCAGNO. And I come to inform you that two-thirds of Genoa have declared for our party, and swear obedience to Fiesco's standard.

ZIBO. By me Verrina sends his greeting to you from the admiral's galley, with the dominion of the sea.

ZENTURIONE. By me the governor of the city sends his keys and staff of office.

SACCO. And in me (kneeling) the less and greater senate of the republic kneel down before their master, and supplicate for favor and protection.

CALCAGNO. Let me be the first to welcome the illustrious conquerer within the walls. Bow your colors! Hail, Duke of Genoa!

ALL (taking off their hats). Hail! Hail, Duke of Genoa! (March of triumph—FIESCO stands the whole time with his head sunk upon his breast, in a meditating posture.)

CALCAGNO. The people and the senate wait to see their gracious sovereign invested in the robes of dignity. Great duke, permit us to follow you in triumph to the senate-house.

FIESCO. First allow me to listen to the dictates of my heart. I was obliged to leave a most dear person in anxious apprehension—a person who will share with me the glory of this night. (To the company.) Will you, my friends, attend me to your amiable duchess! (Going.)

CALCAGNO. Shall this murderous villain lie here, and hide his infamy in obscurity?

ZENTURIONE. Plant his head upon a halberd.

ZIBO. Let his mangled carcass sweep the streets! (They hold lights toward the body.)

CALCAGNO (terrified and in a low voice). Look, Genoese! By heavens, this is not the face of Gianettino! (All look at the body.)

FIESCO (fixes his eyes upon it with an eager look, which he withdraws slowly—then, with convulsive wildness, exclaims). No! ye devils! That is not the face of Gianettino—Oh, malicious fiend! Genoa is mine, say you? Mine? (Rushing forward with a dreadful shriek.) Oh, trickery of hell! It is my wife! (He sinks to the ground in agony—The CONSPIRATORS stand around in groups, shuddering—a dead silence.)

FIESCO (raising himself exhausted—in a faint voice). But tell me truly, Genoese, have I indeed slain my wife? I conjure you look not so ghastly upon this illusion! Heaven be praised! there are fates which man has not to fear, because he is but man. This must be one of them. He who is denied the joys of heaven can scarce be doomed to bear the pains of hell. This dread infliction would be even more. God be praised! It must be so. And this is naught but the chimera of a disordered brain.

SCENE XIII.

The former—ARABELLA enters weeping.

ARABELLA. Let them kill me! What have I now to dread? Have pity on me, Genoese. 'Twas here I left my dearest mistress, and nowhere can I find her.

FIESCO (approaching her—with a low and trembling voice.) Was Leonora thy mistress?

ARABELLA (with pleasure). Are you there, my most gracious and dear good

lord? Be not displeas'd with us. We could no longer restrain her.

FIESCO (in alarm). Restrain her! Wretch! From what?

ARABELLA. From following——

FIESCO (violently). Ha! From following what?

ARABELLA. The tumult——

FIESCO. What was her dress?

ARABELLA. A Scarlet mantle.

FIESCO (in a transport of rage). Get thee to the abyss of hell! The mantle?

ARABELLA. Lay here upon the ground.

SOME OF THE CONSPIRATORS (talking apart). 'Twas here that Gianettino was killed.

FIESCO (ready to faint, to ARABELLA). Thy mistress is found— (ARABELLA advances anxiously—FIESCO casts his eyes round the whole circle—then, with a faltering voice)—'Tis true—'Tis true—And I am the instrument of this horrid deed. (Madly.) Back! back! ye human forms! Oh! (gnashing his teeth wildly, and looking up toward heaven) had I but this created orb between my teeth—I feel as though I could tear the universe to fragments, till nature's face was hideous as the pain that gnaws my soul! (To the others, that stand around, trembling.) See, how they stand aghast there, miserable creatures! blessing themselves and rejoicing that they are not as I am. I alone feel the blow. (Wildly.) I!—why I? Why not these as well? Why is my sorrow denied the balm of being shared with others?

CALCAGNO (timidly). Most gracious duke!

FIESCO (rushes on hint with a look of fiendlike joy). Ha! Welcome! Here, Heaven be thanked, is one whom the same thunderbolt has struck! (Pressing CALCAGNO furiously in his arms.) Brother of my sorrows! Welcome to your share of destruction! She's dead. Didst thou not also love her? (Forcing him toward the dead body.) Behold her and despair! She's dead. (Fixing his eyes earnestly on one part of the stage.) Oh, that I could stand upon the brink of the infernal gulf, and view below all hell's variety of torments!—could hear the horrid shrieks of damned souls! (Approaching the body, trembling.) Here lies my murdered wife. Nay—that says too little—the wife that I myself have murdered. Oh! 'Tis the cunningest of hell's devices—first I was allured to the topmost pinnacle of joy—to the very threshold of heaven—then—in an instant hurled headlong down—and then—oh that my breath could send a pestilence to hell! And then was made the murderer of my wife—fool that I was to trust two erring eyes? Oh, fiends, this is your masterpiece of torture! (All the CONSPIRATORS lean upon their swords much afflicted—a pause.)

FIESCO (exhausted, and looking mournfully round the circle). Yes, by heavens! They who feared not to draw their swords against their prince are shedding tears! (With dejection.) Speak! Do you weep over this havoc caused by treacherous death, or do you bewail the fall of your leader's spirit? (Turning toward the dead body in an affecting posture.) Where iron-hearted warriors were melted into tears, Fiesco uttered only imprecations of despair. (Kneels down, weeping, by her side.) Pardon me, Leonora—the decrees of heaven are immutable; they yield not to mortal anger. (With a melancholy tenderness.) O Leonora, years ago my fancy painted that triumphant hour when I should present thee to Genoa as her duchess—methought I saw the lovely blush that tinged thy modest cheek—the timid heaving of thy beauteous bosom beneath the snowy gauze— I heard the gentle murmurs of thy voice, which died away in rapture! (More lively.) Ah, how intoxicating to my soul were the proud acclamations of the people! How did my love rejoice to see its triumph marked in the sinking envy of its rivals! Leonora! The hour which should confirm these hopes is come. Thy Fiesco is Duke of Genoa—and yet the meanest beggar would not exchange

his poverty for my greatness and my sufferings. (More affected.) He has a wife to share his troubles—with whom can I share my splendor? (He weeps bitterly, and throws himself on the dead body. Compassion marked upon the countenances of all.)

CALCAGNO. She was, indeed, a most excellent lady.

ZIBO. This event must be concealed from the people. 'Twould damp the ardor of our party and elevate the enemy with hope.

FIESCO (rises, collected and firm). Here me, Genoese! Providence, if rightly I interpret its designs, has struck me with this wound only to try my heart for my approaching greatness. The blow was terrible. Since I have felt it, I fear neither torture nor pleasure. Come! Genoa, you say, awaits me—I will give to Genoa a prince more truly great than Europe ever saw. Away!—for this unhappy princess I will prepare a funeral so splendid that life shall lose its charms, and cold corruption glitter like a bride. Follow your duke!

[Exeunt, with music and colors.]

SCENE XIV.

ANDREAS, LOMELLINO.

ANDREAS. Yonder they go, with shouts of exultation.

LOMELLINO. They are intoxicated with success. The gates are deserted and all are hastening toward the senate-house.

ANDREAS. It was my nephew only whom Genoa could not brook. My nephew is no more. Hear, Lomellino!

LOMELLINO. What, duke—still—do you still hope?

ANDREAS (sternly). And dost thou tremble for my life, and mock me with the name of duke the while thou wouldst forbid me hope.

LOMELLINO. My gracious lord, a raging nation lies in Fiesco's scale; what counterpoise in yours?

ANDREAS (with dignity and animation). Heaven!

LOMELLINO (shrugging up his shoulders). The times are past, my lord, when armies fought under the guidance of celestial leaders. Since gunpowder was invented angels have ceased to fight.

ANDREAS. Wretch that thou art! Wouldst thou bereave an aged head of its support, its God. (In an earnest and commanding tone.) Go! Make it known throughout Genoa that Andreas Doria is still alive. Say that Andreas entreats the citizens, his children, not to drive him, in his old age, to dwell with foreigners, who ne'er would pardon the exalted state to which he raised his country. Say this—and further say, Andreas begs but so much ground within his fatherland as may contain his bones.

LOMELLINO. I obey; but I despair of success. (Going.)

ANDREAS. Stay; take with thee this snowy lock, and say it was the last upon my head. Say that I plucked it on that night when ungrateful Genoa tore itself from my heart. For fourscore years it hung upon my temples, and now has left my bald head, chilled with the winter of age. The lock is weak, but 'twill suffice to fasten the purple on that young usurper.

[Exit—LOMELLINO hastens into another street—Shouts are heard, with trumpets and drums.

SCENE XV.

VERRINA (coming from the harbor), BERTHA, and BOURGOGNINO.

VERRINA. What mean these shouts?

BOURGOGNINO. They proclaim Fiesco duke.

BERTHA (to BOURGOGNINO, timidly). Scipio! My father's looks are dreadful——

VERRINA. Leave me, my children. O Genoa! Genoa!

BOURGOGNINO. The populace adore him, and with transports hailed him as their duke. The nobles looked on with horror, but dared not oppose it.

VERRINA. My son, I have converted all my possessions into gold, and conveyed it on board thy vessel. Take thy wife with thee, and set sail immediately. Perhaps I soon shall follow. Perhaps—never more. Hasten to Marseilles, and—(embracing them mournfully and with energy)—may the Almighty guide you. [Exit hastily.

BERTHA. I beseech thee, say, on what dreadful project does my father brood?

BOURGOGNINO. Didst thou understand thy father?

BERTHA. He bade us fly. Merciful Heaven! Fly on our bridal day!

BOURGOGNINO. He spoke it, and we must obey.

[Exeunt towards the harbor.

SCENE XVI.

VERRINA, and FIESCO (in the ducal habit), meeting.

FIESCO. Welcome, Verrina! I was anxious to meet thee.

VERRINA. I also sought Fiesco.

FIESCO. Does Verrina perceive no alteration in his friend?

VERRINA (with reserve). I wish for none.

FIESCO. But do you see none?

VERRINA (without looking at him). I should hope not!

FIESCO. I ask, do you perceive none?

VERRINA (after a slight glance). None!

FIESCO. See, then, how idle is the observation that power makes a tyrant. Since we parted I am become the Duke of Genoa, and yet Verrina (pressing him to his bosom) finds my embrace still glowing as before.

VERRINA. I grieve that I must return it coldly. The sight of majesty falls like a keen-edged weapon, cutting off all affection between the duke and me. To John Louis Fiesco belonged the territory of my heart. Now he has conquered Genoa I resume that poor possession.

FIESCO (with astonishment). Forbid it, Heaven! That price is too enormous even for a dukedom.

VEERINA (muttering). Hum! Is liberty then out of fashion, that republics are so lightly thrown away upon the first that offers himself?

FIESCO (bites his lips). Verrina, say this to no one but Fiesco.

VERRINA. Oh, of course! Great indeed must be that mind which can hear the voice of truth without offence. But alas! the cunning gamester has failed in one

single card. He calculated all the chances of envious opposition, but unfortunately overlooked one antagonist—the patriot— (very significantly). But perhaps the oppressor of liberty has still in store some scheme for banishing patriotic virtue. I swear by the living God that posterity shall sooner collect my mouldering bones from off the wheel than from a sepulchre within that country which is governed by a duke.

FIESCO (taking him tenderly by the hand). Not even when that duke is thy brother? Not if he should make his principality the treasury of that benevolence which was restrained by his domestic poverty? Not even then, Verrina.

VERRINA. No—not even then! We pardon not the robber because he made gifts of his plunder, nor does such generosity suit Verrina. I might permit my fellow-citizens to confer a benefit on me—because I should hope some day to make them an adequate return. That which a prince confers is bounty; but bounty undeserved I would receive alone from God.

FIESCO (angrily). It were as easy to tear Italy from the bosom of the ocean as to shake this stubborn enthusiast from his prejudices.

VERRINA. Well mayst thou talk of tearing: thou hast torn the republic from Doria, as a lamb from the jaws of the wolf, only that thou mightest devour it thyself. But enough of this—just tell me, duke, what crime the poor wretch committed whom you ordered to be hung up at the church of the Jesuits?

FIESCO. The scoundrel set fire to the city.

VERRINA. Yet the scoundrel left the laws untouched.

FIESCO. Verrina presumes upon my friendship.

VERRINA. Away with friendship! I tell thee I no longer love thee. I swear to thee that I hate thee—hate thee like the serpent of Paradise, that first disturbed the happiness of creation, and brought upon mankind unbounded sorrow. Hear

me, Fiesco, I speak to thee not as a subject to his master, not as a friend to his friend, but as man to man—(with bitterness and vehemence). Thou hast committed a crime against the majesty of the eternal God in permitting virtue to lead thy hands to wickedness, and in suffering the patriots of Genoa to violate their country. Fiesco, had thy villany deceived me also!—Fiesco, by all the horrors of eternity! with my own hands I would have strangled myself, and on thy head spurted the venom of my departing soul. A princely crime may break the scale of human justice, but thou hast insulted heaven, and the last judgment will decide the cause. (Fiesco remains speechless, looking at him with astonishment.) Do not attempt to answer me. Now we have done. (After walking several times up and down.) Duke of Genoa, in the vessels of yesterday's tyrant, I have seen a miserable race who, at every stroke of their oars, ruminate upon their long-expiated guilt, and weep their tears into the ocean, which, like a rich man, is too proud to count them. A good prince begins his reign with acts of mercy. Wilt thou release the galley-slaves?

FIESCO (sharply). Let them be the first fruits of my tyranny. Go, and announce to them their deliverance.

VERRINA. You will enjoy but half the pleasure unless you see their happiness. Perform this deed thyself. The great are seldom witnesses of the evils which they cause. And shall they, too, do good by stealth and in obscurity? Methinks the duke is not too great to sympathize with a beggar.

FIESCO. Man, thou art dreadful; yet I know not why I must follow thee.
(Both go toward the sea.)

VERRINA (stops, much affected). But once more embrace me, Fiesco. Here is no one by to see Verrina weep, or to behold a prince give way to feeling—(he embraces him eagerly). Surely never beat two greater hearts together—we loved each other so fraternally—(weeping violently on Fiasco's neck). Fiesco! Fiesco! Thou makest a void in my bosom which all mankind, thrice numbered, could not fill up.

FIESCO (much affected). Be still, my friend.

VERRINA. Throw off this hateful purple, and I will be so. The first prince was a murderer, and assumed the purple to hide the bloody stains of his detested deeds. Hear me, Fiesco! I am a warrior, little used to weeping—Fiesco—these are my first tears—throw off this purple!

FIESCO. Peace.

VERRINA (more vehemently). Fiesco, place on the one side all the honors of this great globe, on the other all its tortures; they should not make me kneel before a mortal—Fiesco (falling on his knee), this is the first bending of my knee—throw off this purple!

FIESCO. Rise, and no longer irritate me!

VERRINA (in a determined tone). I rise then, and will no longer irritate thee. (They stand on a board leading to a galley.) The prince must take precedence.

FIESCO. Why do you pull my cloak? It falls——

VERRINA (with bitter irony). If the purple falls the duke must after it. (He pushes him into the sea.)

FIESCO (calls out of the waves). Help, Genoa! Help! Help thy duke! (Sinks.)

SCENE XVII.

CALCAGNO, SACCO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, Conspirators, People.

CALCAGNO (crying out). Fiesco! Fiesco! Andreas is returned—half Genoa joins Andreas. Where is Fiesco?

VERRINA (in a firm tone). Drowning.

ZENTURIONE. Does hell or madness prompt thy answer?

VERRINA. Drowned—if that sound better. I go to join Andreas.

(The CONSPIRATORS stand in groups, astonished. The curtain falls.)

LOVE AND INTRIGUE.

A TRAGEDY.

By Frederich Schiller

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PRESIDENT VON WALTER, Prime Minister in the Court of a German Prince.

FERDINAND, his son; a Major in the Army; in love with Louisa Miller.

BARON VON KALB, Court Marshal (or Chamberlain).

WORM, Private Secretary to the President.

MILLER, the Town Musician, and Teacher of Music.

MRS. MILLER, his wife.

LOUISA, the daughter of Miller, in love with Ferdinand.

LADY MILFORD, the Prince's Mistress.

SOPHY, attendant on Lady Milford.

An old Valet in the service of the Prince.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MILLER—MRS. MILLER.

MILLER (walking quickly up and down the room). Once for all! The affair is becoming serious. My daughter and the baron will soon be the town-talk—my house lose its character—the president will get wind of it, and—the short and long of the matter is, I'll show the younker the door.

MRS MILLER. You did not entice him to your house—did not thrust your daughter upon him!

MILLER. Didn't entice him to my house—didn't thrust the girl upon him! Who'll believe me? I was master of my own house. I ought to have taken more care of my daughter. I should have bundled the major out at once, or have gone straight to his excellency, his papa, and disclosed all. The young baron will get off merely with a snubbing, I know that well enough, and all the blame will fall upon the fiddler.

MRS MILLER (sipping her coffee). Pooh! nonsense! How can it fall upon you? What have people to do with you? You follow your profession, and pick up pupils wherever you can find them.

MILLER. All very fine, but please to tell me what will be the upshot of the whole affair? He can't marry the girl—marriage is out of the question, and to

make her his—God help us! "Good-by t'ye!" No, no—when such a sprig of nobility has been nibbling here and there and everywhere, and has glutted himself with the devil knows what all, of course it will be a relish to my young gentleman to get a mouthful of sweet water. Take heed! Take heed! If you were dotted with eyes, and could place a sentinel for every hair of your head, he'll bamboozle her under your very nose; add one to her reckoning, take himself off, and the girl's ruined for life, left in the lurch, or, having once tasted the trade, will carry it on. (Striking his forehead.) Oh, horrible thought!

MRS MILLER. God in his mercy protect us!

MILLER. We shall want his protection. You may well say that. What other object can such a scapegrace have? The girl is handsome—well made—can show a pretty foot. How the upper story is furnished matters little. That's blinked in you women if nature has not played the niggard in other respects. Let this harum-scarum but turn over this chapter—ho! ho! his eyes will glisten like Rodney's when he got scent of a French frigate; then up with all sail and at her, and I don't blame him for it—flesh is flesh. I know that very well.

MRS MILLER. You should only read the beautiful billy-doux which the baron writes to your daughter. Gracious me! Why it's as clear as the sun at noonday that he loves her purely for her virtuous soul.

MILLER. That's the right strain! We beat the sack, but mean the ass's back. He who wishes to pay his respects to the flesh needs only a kind heart for a go-between. What did I myself? When we've once so far cleared the ground that the affections cry ready! slap! the bodies follow their example, the appetites are obedient, and the silver moon kindly plays the pimp.

MRS MILLER. And then only think of the beautiful books that the major has sent us. Your daughter always prays out of them.

MILLER (whistles). Prays! You've hit the mark. The plain, simple food of

nature is much too raw and indigestible for this macaroni gentleman's stomach. It must be cooked for him artificially in the infernal pestilential pitcher of your novel-writers. Into the fire with the rubbish! I shall have the girl taking up with—God knows what all—about heavenly fooleries that will get into her blood, like Spanish flies, and scatter to the winds the handful of Christianity that cost her father so much trouble to keep together. Into the fire with them I say! The girl will take the devil's own nonsense into her head; amidst the dreams of her fool's paradise she'll not know her own home, but forget and feel ashamed of her father, the music-master; and, lastly, I shall lose a worthy, honest son-in-law who might have nestled himself so snugly into my connections. No! damn it! (Jumps up in a passion.) I'll break the neck of it at once, and the major—yes, yes, the major! shall be shown where the carpenter made the door. (Going.)

MRS MILLER. Be civil, Miller! How many a bright shilling have his presents

MILLER (comes back, and goes up to her). The blood money of my daughter? To Beelzebub with thee, thou infamous bawd! Sooner will I vagabondize with my violin and fiddle for a bit of bread—sooner will I break to pieces my instrument and carry dung on the sounding-board than taste a mouthful earned by my only child at the price of her soul and future happiness. Give up your cursed coffee and snuff-taking, and there will be no need to carry your daughter's face to market. I have always had my bellyful and a good shirt to my back before this confounded scamp put his nose into my crib.

MRS MILLER. Now don't be so ready to pitch the house out of window. How you flare up all of a sudden. I only meant to say that we shouldn't offend the major, because he is the son of the president.

MILLER. There lies the root of the mischief. For that reason—for that very reason the thing must be put a stop to this very day! The president, if he is a just and upright father, will give me his thanks. You must brush up my red plush, and I will go straight to his excellency. I shall say to him,—"Your excellency's son

has an eye to my daughter; my daughter is not good enough to be your excellency's son's wife, but too good to be your excellency's son's strumpet, and there's an end of the matter. My name is Miller."

SCENE II.

Enter SECRETARY WORM.

MRS MILLER. Ah! Good morning, Mr. Seckertary! Have we indeed the pleasure of seeing you again?

WORM. All on my side—on my side, cousin Miller! Where a high-born cavalier's visits are received mine can be of no account whatever.

MRS MILLER. How can you think so, Mr. Seckertary? His lordship the baron, Major Ferdinand, certainly does us the honor to look in now and then; but, for all that, we don't undervalue others.

MILLER (vexed). A chair, wife, for the gentleman! Be seated, kinsman.

WORM (lays aside hat and stick, and seats himself). Well, well—and how then is my future—or past—bride? I hope she'll not be—may I not have the honor of seeing—Miss Louisa?

MRS MILLER. Thanks for inquiries, Mr. Seckertary, but my daughter is not at all proud.

MILLER (angry, jogs her with his elbow). Woman!

MRS MILLER. Sorry she can't have that honor, Mr. Seckertary. My daughter is now at mass.

WORM. I am glad to hear it,—glad to hear it. I shall have in her a pious,

Christian wife!

MRS MILLER (smiling in a stupidly affected manner). Yes—but, Mr. Seckertary——

MILLER (greatly incensed, pulls her ears). Woman!

MRS MILLER. If our family can serve you in any other way—with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Seckertary——

WORM (frowning angrily). In any other way? Much obliged! much obliged! —hm! hm! hm!

MRS MILLER. But, as you yourself must see, Mr. Seckertary——

MILLER (in a rage, shaking his fist at her). Woman!

MRS MILLER. Good is good, and better is better, and one does not like to stand between fortune and one's only child (with vulgar pride). You understand me, Mr. Seckertary?

WORM. Understand. Not exac—-. Oh, yes. But what do you really mean?

MRS MILLER. Why—why—I only think—I mean—(coughs). Since then Providence has determined to make a great lady of my daughter——

WORM (jumping from his chair). What's that you say? what?

MILLER. Keep your seat, keep your seat, Mr. Secretary! The woman's an out-and-out fool! Where's the great lady to come from? How you show your donkey's ears by talking such stuff.

MRS MILLER. Scold as long as you will. I know what I know, and what the major said he said.

MILLER (snatches up his fiddle in anger). Will you hold your tongue? Shall I throw my fiddle at your head? What can you know? What can he have said? Take no notice of her clack, kinsman! Away with you to your kitchen! You'll not think me first cousin of a fool, and that I'm looking out so high for the girl? You'll not think that of me, Mr. Secretary?

WORM. Nor have I deserved it of you, Mr. Miller! You have always shown yourself a man of your word, and my contract to your daughter was as good as signed. I hold an office that will maintain a thrifty manager; the president befriends me; the door to advancement is open to me whenever I may choose to take advantage of it. You see that my intentions towards Miss Louisa are serious; if you have been won over by a fop of rank——

MRS MILLER. Mr. Seckertary! more respect, I beg——

MILLER. Hold your tongue, I say. Never mind her, kinsman. Things remain as they were. The answer I gave you last harvest, I repeat to-day. I'll not force my daughter. If you suit her, well and good; then it's for her to see that she can be happy with you. If she shakes her head—still better—be it so, I should say—then you must be content to pocket the refusal, and part in good fellowship over a bottle with her father. 'Tis the girl who is to live with you—not I. Why should I, out of sheer caprice, fasten a husband upon the girl for whom she has no inclination? That the evil one may haunt me down like a wild beast in my old age—that in every drop I drink—in every bit of bread I bite, I might swallow the bitter reproach: Thou art the villain who destroyed his child's happiness!

MRS MILLER. The short and the long of it is—I refuse my consent downright; my daughter's intended for a lofty station, and I'll go to law if my husband is going to be talked over.

MILLER. Shall I break every bone in your body, you millclack?

WORM (to MILLER). Paternal advice goes a great way with the daughter,

and I hope you know me, Mr. Miller?

MILLER. Plague take you! 'Tis the girl must know you. What an old crabstick like me can see in you is just the very last thing that a dainty young girl wants. I'll tell you to a hair if you're the man for an orchestra—but a woman's heart is far too deep for a music-master. And then, to be frank with you—you know that I'm a blunt, straightforward fellow—you'll not give thank'ye for my advice. I'll persuade my daughter to no one—but from you Mr. Sec—I would dissuade her! A lover who calls upon the father for help—with permission—is not worth a pinch of snuff. If he has anything in him, he'll be ashamed to take that old-fashioned way of making his deserts known to his sweetheart. If he hasn't the courage, why he's a milksop, and no Louisas were born for the like of him. No! he must carry on his commerce with the daughter behind the father's back. He must manage so to win her heart, that she would rather wish both father and mother at Old Harry than give him up—or that she come herself, fall at her father's feet, and implore either for death on the rack, or the only one of her heart. That's the fellow for me! that I call love! and he who can't bring matters to that pitch with a petticoat may—stick the goose feather in his cap.

WORM (seizes hat and stick and hurries out of the room). Much obliged, Mr. Miller!

MILLER (going after him slowly). For what? for what? You haven't taken anything, Mr. Secretary! (Comes back.) He won't hear, and off he's gone. The very sight of that quill-driver is like poison and brimstone to me. An ugly, contraband knave, smuggled into the world by some lewd prank of the devil—with his malicious little pig's eyes, foxy hair, and nut-cracker chin, just as if Nature, enraged at such a bungled piece of goods, had seized the ugly monster by it, and flung him aside. No! rather than throw away my daughter on a vagabond like him, she may—God forgive me!

MRS MILLER. The wretch!—but you'll be made to keep a clean tongue in your head!

MILLER. Ay, and you too, with your pestilential baron—you, too, must put my bristles up. You're never more stupid than when you have the most occasion to show a little sense. What's the meaning of all that trash about your daughter being a great lady? If it's to be cried out about the town to-morrow, you need only let that fellow get scent of it. He is one of your worthies who go sniffing about into people's houses, dispute upon everything, and, if a slip of the tongue happen to you, skurry with it straight to the prince, mistress, and minister, and then there's the devil to pay.

SCENE III.

Enter LOUISA with a book in her hand.

LOUISA. Good morning, dear father!

MILLER (affectionately). Bless thee, my Louisa! I rejoice to see thy thoughts are turned so diligently to thy Creator. Continue so, and his arm will support thee.

LOUISA. Oh! I am a great sinner, father! Was he not here, mother?

MRS MILLER. Who, my child?

LOUISA. Ah! I forgot that there are others in the world besides him—my head wanders so. Was he not here? Ferdinand?

MILLER (with melancholy, serious voice). I thought my Louisa had forgotten that name in her devotions?

LOUISA (after looking at him steadfastly for some time). I understand you, father. I feel the knife which stabs my conscience; but it comes too late. I can no longer pray, father. Heaven and Ferdinand divide my bleeding soul, and I fear—

I fear—(after a pause). Yet no, no, good father. The painter is best praised when we forget him in the contemplation of his picture. When in the contemplation of his masterpiece, my delight makes me forget the Creator,—is not that, father, the true praise of God?

MILLER (throws himself in displeasure on a chair). There we have it! Those are the fruits of your ungodly reading.

LOUISA (uneasy, goes to the window). Where can he be now? Ah! the high-born ladies who see him—listen to him—I am a poor forgotten maiden. (Startles at that word, and rushes to her father.) But no, no! forgive me. I do not repine at my lot. I ask but little—to think on him—that can harm no one. Ah! that I might breathe out this little spark of life in one soft fondling zephyr to cool his cheek! That this fragile floweret, youth, were a violet, on which he might tread, and I die modestly beneath his feet! I ask no more, father! Can the proud, majestic day-star punish the gnat for basking in its rays?

MILLER (deeply affected, leans on the arm of his chair, and covers his face). My child, my child, with joy would I sacrifice the remnant of my days hadst thou never seen the major.

LOUISA (terrified.) How; how? What did you say? No, no! that could not be your meaning, good father. You know not that Ferdinand is mine! You know not that God created him for me, and for my delight alone! (After a pause of recollection.) The first moment that I beheld him—and the blood rushed into my glowing cheeks—every pulse beat with joy; every throb told me, every breath whispered, "'Tis he!" And my heart, recognizing the long-desired one, repeated "'Tis he!" And the whole world was as one melodious echo of my delight! Then—oh! then was the first dawning of my soul! A thousand new sentiments arose in my bosom, as flowers arise from the earth when spring approaches. I forgot there was a world, yet never had I felt that world so dear to me! I forgot there was a God, yet never had I so loved him!

MILLER (runs to her and clasps her to his bosom). Louisa! my beloved, my admirable child! Do what thou wilt. Take all—all—my life—the baron— God is my witness—him I can never give thee! [Exit.

LOUISA. Nor would I have him now, father! Time on earth is but a stinted dewdrop in the ocean of eternity. 'Twill swiftly glide in one delicious dream of Ferdinand. I renounce him for this life! But then, mother—then when the bounds of separation are removed—when the hated distinctions of rank no longer part us—when men will be only men—I shall bring nothing with me save my innocence! Yet often has my father told me that at the Almighty's coming riches and titles will be worthless; and that hearts alone will be beyond all price. Oh! then shall I be rich! There, tears will be reckoned for triumphs, and purity of soul be preferred to an illustrious ancestry. Then, then, mother, shall I be noble! In what will he then be superior to the girl of his heart?

MRS. MILLER (starts from her seat). Louisa! the baron! He is jumping over the fence! Where shall I hide myself?

LOUISA (begins to tremble). Oh! do not leave me, mother!

MRS MILLER. Mercy! What a figure I am. I am quite ashamed! I cannot let his lordship see me in this state!

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

LOUISA—FERDINAND. (He flies towards her—she falls back into her chair, pale and trembling. He remains standing before her—they look at each other for some moments in silence. A pause.)

FERDINAND. So pale, Louisa?

LOUISA (rising, and embracing him). It is nothing—nothing now that you are here—it is over.

FERDINAND (takes her hand and raises it to his lips). And does my Louisa still love me? My heart is yesterday's; is thine the same? I flew hither to see if thou wert happy, that I might return and be so too. But I find thee whelmed in sorrow!

LOUISA. Not so, my beloved, not so!

FERDINAND. Confess, Louisa! you are not happy. I see through your soul as clearly as through the transparent lustre of this brilliant. No spot can harbor here unmarked by me—no thought can cloud your brow that does not reach your lover's heart. Whence comes this grief? Tell me, I beseech you! Ah! could I feel assured this mirror still remained unsullied, there'd seem to me no cloud in all the universe! Tell me, dear Louisa, what afflicts you?

LOUISA (looking at him with anxiety for a few moments). Ferdinand! couldst thou but know how such discourse exalts the tradesman's daughter——

FERDINAND (surprised). What say'st thou? Tell me, girl! how camest thou by that thought? Thou art my Louisa! who told thee thou couldst be aught else? See, false one, see, for what coldness I must chide thee! Were indeed thy whole soul absorbed by love for me, never hadst thou found time to draw comparisons! When I am with thee, my prudence is lost in one look from thine eyes: when I am absent in a dream of thee! But thou —thou canst harbor prudence in the sane breast with love! Fie on thee! Every moment bestowed on this sorrow was a robbery from affection and from me!

LOUISA (pressing his hand and shaking her head with a melancholy air). Ferdinand, you would lull my apprehensions to sleep; you would divert my eyes from the precipice into which I am falling. I can see the future! The voice of honor—your prospects, your father's anger—my nothingness. (Shuddering and

suddenly drops his hands.) Ferdinand! a sword hangs over us! They would separate us!

FERDINAND (jumps up). Separate us! Whence these apprehensions, Louisa? Who can rend the bonds that bind two hearts, or separate the tones of one accord? True, I am a nobleman—but show me that my patent of nobility is older than the eternal laws of the universe—or my escutcheon more valid than the handwriting of heaven in my Louisa's eyes? "This woman is for this man?" I am son of the prime minister. For that very reason, what but love can soften the curses which my father's extortions from the country will entail upon me?

LOUISA. Oh! how I fear that father!

FERDINAND. I fear nothing—nothing but that your affection should know bounds. Let obstacles rise between us, huge as mountains, I will look upon them as a ladder by which to fly into the arms of my Louisa! The tempest of opposing fate shall but fan the flame of my affection dangers will only serve to make Louisa yet more charming. Then speak no more of terrors, my love! I myself—I will watch over thee carefully as the enchanter's dragon watches over buried gold. Trust thyself to me! thou shalt need no other angel. I will throw myself between thee and fate—for thee receive each wound. For thee will I catch each drop distilled from the cup of joy, and bring thee in the bowl of love. (Embracing affectionately.) This arm shall support my Louisa through life. Fairer than it dismissed thee, shall heaven receive thee back, and confess with delight that love alone can give perfection to the soul.

LOUISA (disengaging herself from him, greatly agitated). No more! I beseech thee, Ferdinand! no more! Couldst thou know. Oh! leave me, leave me! Little dost thou feel how these hopes rend my heart in pieces like fiends! (Going.)

FERDINAND (detaining her). Stay, Louisa! stay! Why this agitation? Why those anxious looks?

LOUISA. I had forgotten these dreams, and was happy. Now—now—from this day is the tranquillity of my heart no more. Wild impetuous wishes will torment my bosom! Go! God forgive thee! Thou hast hurled a firebrand into my young peaceful heart which nothing can extinguish! (She breaks from him, and rushes from the apartment, followed by FERDINAND.)

SCENE V.—A Chamber in the PRESIDENT.'S House.

The PRESIDENT, with the grand order of the cross about his neck, and a star at his breast—SECRETARY WORM.

PRESIDENT. A serious attachment, say you? No, no, Worm; that I never can believe.

WORM. If your excellency pleases, I will bring proofs of my assertions.

PRESIDENT. That he has a fancy for the wench—flatters her—and, if you will, pretends to love her—all this is very possible—nay—excusable—but—and the daughter of a musician, you say?

WORM. Of Miller, the music-master.

PRESIDENT. Handsome? But that, of course.

WORM (with warmth). A most captivating and lovely blondine, who, without saying too much, might figure advantageously beside the greatest beauties of the court.

PRESIDENT (laughs). It's very plain, Worm, that you have an eye upon the jade yourself—I see that. But listen, Worm. That my son has a passion for the fair sex gives me hope that he will find favor with the ladies. He may make his way at court. The girl is handsome, you say; I am glad to think my son has taste.

Can he deceive the silly wench by holding out honorable intentions—still better; it will show that he is shrewd enough to play the hypocrite when it serves his purpose. He may become prime minister—if he accomplishes his purpose! Admirable! that will prove to me that fortune favors him. Should the farce end with a chubby grandchild—incomparable! I will drink an extra bottle of Malaga to the prospects of my pedigree, and cheerfully pay the wench's lying-in expenses.

WORM. All I wish is that your excellency may not have to drink that bottle to drown your sorrow.

PRESIDENT (sternly). Worm! remember that what I once believe, I believe obstinately—that I am furious when angered. I am willing to pass over as a joke this attempt to stir my blood. That you are desirous of getting rid of your rival, I can very well comprehend, and that, because you might have some difficulty in supplanting the son, you endeavor to make a cat's-paw of the father, I can also understand—I am even delighted to find that you are master of such excellent qualifications in the way of roguery. Only, friend Worm, pray don't make me, too, the butt of your knavery. Understand me, have a care that your cunning trench not upon my plans!

WORM. Pardon me, your excellency! If even—as you suspect—jealousy is concerned, it is only with the eye, and not with the tongue.

PRESIDENT. It would be better to dispense with it altogether. What can it matter to you, simpleton, whether you get your coin fresh from the mint, or it comes through a banker? Console yourself with the example of our nobility. Whether known to the bridegroom or not, I can assure you that, amongst us of rank, scarcely a marriage takes place but what at least half a dozen of the guests—or the footmen—can state the geometrical area of the bridegroom's paradise.

WORM (bowing). My lord! Upon this head I confess myself a plebeian.

PRESIDENT. And, besides, you may soon have the satisfaction of turning the laugh most handsomely against your rival. At this very moment it is under consideration in the cabinet, that, upon the arrival of the new duchess, Lady Milford shall apparently be discarded, and, to complete the deception, form an alliance. You know, Worm, how greatly my influence depends upon this lady—how my mightiest prospects hang upon the passions of the prince. The duke is now seeking a partner for Lady Milford. Some one else may step in—conclude the bargain for her ladyship, win the confidence of the prince, and make himself indispensable, to my cost. Now, to retain the prince in the meshes of my family, I have resolved that my Ferdinand shall marry Lady Milford. Is that clear to you?

WORM. Quite dazzling! Your excellency has at least convinced me that, compared with the president, the father is but a novice. Should the major prove as obedient a son as you show yourself a tender father, your demand may chance to be returned with a protest.

PRESIDENT. Fortunately I have never yet had to fear opposition to my will when once I have pronounced, "It shall be so!" But now, Worm, that brings us back to our former subject! I will propose Lady Milford to my son this very day. The face which he puts upon it shall either confirm your suspicions or entirely confute them.

WORM. Pardon me, my lord! The sullen face which he most assuredly will put upon it may be placed equally to the account of the bride you offer to him as of her from whom you wish to separate him. I would beg of you a more positive test! Propose to him some perfectly unexceptionable woman. Then, if he consents, let Secretary Worm break stones on the highway for the next three years.

PRESIDENT (biting his lips). The devil!

WORM. Such is the case, you may rest assured! The mother—stupidity itself

—has, in her simplicity, betrayed all to me.

PRESIDENT (pacing the room, and trying to repress his rage). Good! this very morning, then!

WORM. Yet, let me entreat your excellency not to forget that the major— is my master's son——

PRESIDENT. No harm shall come to him, Worm.

WORM. And that my service in ridding you of an unwelcome daughter-in-law
——

PRESIDENT. Should be rewarded by me helping you to a wife? That too, Worm!

WORM (bowing with delight). Eternally your lordship's slave. (Going.)

PRESIDENT (threatening him). As to what I have confided to you, Worm! If you dare but to whisper a syllable——

WORM (laughs). Then your excellency will no doubt expose my forgeries!

[Exit.

PRESIDENT. Yes, yes, you are safe enough! I hold you in the fetters of your own knavery, like a trout on the hook!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Marshal Kalb——

PRESIDENT. The very man I wished to see. Introduce him.

[Exit SERVANT.

SCENE VI.

MARSHAL KALB, in a rich but tasteless court-dress, with Chamberlain's keys, two watches, sword, three-cornered hat, and hair dressed a la Herisson. He bustles up to the PRESIDENT, and diffuses a strong scent of musk through the whole theatre—PRESIDENT.

MARSHAL. Ah! good morning, my dear baron! Quite delighted to see you again—pray forgive my not having paid my respects to you at an earlier hour—the most pressing business—the duke's bill of fare—invitation cards—arrangements for the sledge party to-day—ah!—besides it was necessary for me to be at the levee, to inform his highness of the state of the weather.

PRESIDENT. True, marshal! Such weighty concerns were not to be neglected!

MARSHAL. Then a rascally tailor, too, kept me waiting for him!

PRESIDENT. And yet ready to the moment?

MARSHAL. Nor is that all! One misfortune follows at the heels of the other to-day! Only hear me!

PRESIDENT (absent). Can it be possible?

MARSHAL. Just listen! Scarce had I quitted my carriage, when the horses became restive, and began to plunge and rear—only imagine!—splashed my breeches all over with mud! What was to be done? Fancy, my dear baron, just fancy yourself for a moment in my predicament! There I stood! the hour was late! a day's journey to return—yet to appear before his highness in this—good heavens! What did I bethink me of? I pretended to faint! They bundle me into my carriage! I drive home like mad—change my dress—hasten back—and only think!—in spite of all this I was the first person in the antechamber! What say you to that?

PRESIDENT. A most admirable impromptu of mortal wit—but tell me, Kalb, did you speak to the duke?

MARSHAL (importantly). Full twenty minutes and a half.

PRESIDENT. Indeed? Then doubtless you have important news to impart to me?

MARSHAL (seriously, after a pause of reflection). His highness wears a Merde d'Oye beaver to-day.

PRESIDENT. God bless me!—and yet, marshal, I have even greater news to tell you. Lady Milford will soon become my daughter-in-law. That, I think will be new to you?

MARSHAL. Is it possible! And is it already agreed upon?

PRESIDENT. It is settled, marshal—and you would oblige me by forthwith waiting upon her ladyship, and preparing her to receive Ferdinand's visit. You have full liberty, also, to circulate the news of my son's approaching nuptials.

MARSHAL. My dear friend! With consummate pleasure! What can I desire more? I fly to the baroness this moment. Adieu! (Embracing him.) In less than three-quarters of an hour it shall be known throughout the town. [Skips off.]

PRESIDENT (smiling contemptuously). How can people say that such creatures are of no use in the world? Now, then, Master Ferdinand must either consent or give the whole town the lie. (Rings—WORM enters.) Send my son hither. (WORM retires; the PRESIDENT walks up and down, full of thought.)

SCENE VII.

PRESIDENT—FERDINAND.

FERDINAND. In obedience to your commands, sir——

PRESIDENT. Ay, if I desire the presence of my son, I must command it—Ferdinand, I have observed you for some time past, and find no longer that open vivacity of youth which once so delighted me. An unusual sorrow broods upon your features; you shun your father; you shun society. For shame, Ferdinand! At your age a thousand irregularities are easier forgiven than one instant of idle melancholy. Leave this to me, my son! Leave the care of your future happiness to my direction, and study only to co-operate with my designs—come, Ferdinand, embrace me!

FERDINAND. You are most gracious to-day, father!

PRESIDENT. "To-day," you rogue? and your "to-day" with such a vinegar look? (Seriously.) Ferdinand! For whose sake have I trod that dangerous path which leads to the affections of the prince? For whose sake have I forever destroyed my peace with Heaven and my conscience? Hear me, Ferdinand—I am speaking to my son. For whom have I paved the way by the removal of my predecessor? a deed which the more deeply gores my inward feelings the more carefully I conceal the dagger from the world! Tell me, Ferdinand, for whose sake have I done all this?

FERDINAND (recoiling with horror). Surely not for mine, father, not for mine? Surely not on me can fall the bloody reflection of this murder? By my Almighty Maker, it were better never to have been born than to be the pretext for such a crime!

PRESIDENT. What sayest thou? How? But I will attribute these strange notions to thy romantic brain, Ferdinand; let me not lose my temper— ungrateful boy! Thus dost thou repay me for my sleepless nights? Thus for my restless anxiety to promote thy good? Thus for the never-dying scorpion of my conscience? Upon me must fall the burden of responsibility; upon me the curse, the thunderbolt of the Judge. Thou receivest thy fortune from another's hand—

the crime is not attached to the inheritance.

FERDINAND (extending his right hand towards heaven). Here I solemnly abjure an inheritance which must ever remind me of a parent's guilt!

PRESIDENT. Hear me, sirrah! and do not incense me! Were you left to your own direction you would crawl through life in the dust.

FERDINAND. Oh! better, father, far, far better, than to crawl about a throne!

PRESIDENT (repressing his anger). So! Then compulsion must make you sensible of your good fortune! To that point, which, with the utmost striving a thousand others fail to reach, you have been exalted in your very sleep. At twelve you received a commission; at twenty a command. I have succeeded in obtaining for you the duke's patronage. He bids you lay aside your uniform, and share with me his favor and his confidence. He spoke of titles—embassies—of honors bestowed but upon few. A glorious prospect spreads itself before you! The direct path to the place next the throne lies open to you! Nay, to the throne itself, if the actual power of ruling is equivalent to the mere symbol. Does not that idea awaken your ambition?

FERDINAND. No! My ideas of greatness and happiness differ widely from yours. Your happiness is but seldom known, except by the misery of others. Envy, terror, hatred are the melancholy mirrors in which the smiles of princes are reflected. Tears, curses, and the wailings of despair, the horrid banquet that feasts your supposed elect of fortune; intoxicated with these they rush headlong into eternity, staggering to the throne of judgment. My ideas of happiness teach me to look for its fountain in myself! All my wishes lie centered in my heart!

PRESIDENT. Masterly! Inimitable! Admirable! The first schooling I have received these thirty years! Pity that the brain at fifty should be so dull at learning! But—that such talent may not rust, I will place one by your side on whom you can practise your harlequinade follies at pleasure. You will resolve—

resolve this very day—to take a wife.

FERDINAND (starting back amazed). Father!

PRESIDENT. Answer me not. I have made proposals, in your name, to Lady Milford. You will instantly determine upon going to her, and declaring yourself her bridegroom.

FERDINAND. Lady Milford! father?

PRESIDENT. I presume she is not unknown to you!

FERDINAND (passionately). To what brothel is she unknown through the dukedom? But pardon me, dearest father! It is ridiculous to imagine that your proposal can be serious. Would you call yourself father of that infamous son who married a licensed prostitute?

PRESIDENT. Nay, more. I would ask her hand myself, if she would take a man of fifty. Would not you call yourself that infamous father's son?

FERDINAND. No! as God lives! that would I not!

PRESIDENT. An audacity, by my honor! which I pardon for its excessive singularity.

FERDINAND. I entreat you, father, release me from a demand which would render it insupportable to call myself your son.

PRESIDENT. Are you distracted, boy? What reasonable man would not thirst after a distinction which makes him, as one of a trio, the equal and co-partner of his sovereign?

FERDINAND. You are quite an enigma to me, father! "A distinction," do you call it? A distinction to share that with a prince, wherein he places himself on a level with the meanest of his subjects? (The PRESIDENT bursts into a loud

laugh.) You may scoff—I must submit to it in a father. With what countenance should I support the gaze of the meanest laborer, who at least receives an undivided person as the portion of his bride? With what countenance should I present myself before the world? before the prince? nay, before the harlot herself, who seeks to wash out in my shame the landmarks of her honor?

PRESIDENT. Where in the world couldst thou collect such notions, boy?

FERDINAND. I implore you, father, by heaven and earth! By thus sacrificing your only son you can never become so happy as you will make him miserable! If my life can be a step to your advancement, dispose of it. My life you gave me; and I will never hesitate a moment to sacrifice it wholly to your welfare. But my honor, father! If you deprive me of this, the giving me life was a mere trick of wanton cruelty, and I must equally curse the parent and the pander.

PRESIDENT (tapping him on the shoulder in a friendly manner). That's as it should be, my dear boy! Now I see that you are a brave and noble fellow, and worthy of the first woman in the dukedom. You shall have her. This very day you shall be affianced to the Countess of Ostheim.

FERDINAND (in new disorder). Is this, then, destined to be the hour of my destruction?

PRESIDENT (regarding him with an eye of suspicion). In this union, I imagine, you can have no objection on the score of honor?

FERDINAND. None, father, none whatever. Frederica of Ostheim would make any other the happiest of men. (Aside, in the greatest agitation.) His kindness rends in pieces that remnant of my heart which his cruelty left unwounded.

PRESIDENT (his eye still fixed upon him). I expect your gratitude, Ferdinand!

FERDINAND (rushes towards him and kisses his hands). Father, your goodness awakens every spark of sentiment in my bosom. Father! receive my warmest thanks for your kind intentions. Your choice is unexceptionable! But I cannot—I dare not—pity me, father, I never can love the countess.

PRESIDENT (draws back). Ha! ha! now I've caught you, young gentleman! The cunning fox has tumbled into the trap. Oh, you artful hypocrite! It was not then honor which made you refuse Lady Milford? It was not the woman, but the nuptials which alarmed you! (FERDINAND stands petrified for a moment; then recovers himself and prepares to quit the chamber hastily.) Whither now? Stay, sir. Is this the respect due to your father? (FERDINAND returns slowly.) Her ladyship expects you. The duke has my promise! Both court and city believe all is settled. If thou makest me appear a liar, boy! If, before the duke—the lady—the court and city—thou shouldst make me appear a liar!—tremble, boy!—or when I have gained information of certain circumstances—how now? Why does the color so suddenly forsake your cheeks?

FERDINAND (pale and trembling). How? What? Nothing—it is nothing, my father!

PRESIDENT (casting upon him a dreadful look). Should there be cause. If I should discover the source whence this obstinacy proceeds! Boy! boy! the very suspicion drives me distracted! Leave me this moment. 'Tis now the hour of parade. As soon as the word is given, go thou to her ladyship. At my nod a dukedom trembles; we shall see whether a disobedient son dare dispute my will! (Going, returns.) Remember, sir! fail not to wait on Lady Milford, or dread my anger!

[Exit.

FERDINAND (awakens, as if from a dream). Is he gone? Was that a father's voice? Yes, I will go—I will see her—I will say such things to her—hold such a mirror before her eyes. Then, base woman, shouldst thou still demand my hand

—in the presence of the assembled nobles, the military, and the people—gird thyself with all the pride of thy native Britain—I, a German youth, will spurn thee!

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A room in LADY MILFORD'S house. On the right of the stage stands a sofa, on the left a pianoforte.

LADY MILFORD, in a loose but elegant negligee, is running her hand over the keys of the pianoforte as SOPHY advances from the window.

SOPHY. The parade is over, and the officers are separating, but I see no signs of the major.

LADY MILFORD (rises and walks up and down the room in visible agitation). I know not what ails me to-day, Sophy! I never felt so before—you say you do not see him! It is evident enough that he is by no means impatient for this meeting—my heart feels oppressed as if by some heavy crime. Go! Sophy, order the most spirited horse in the stable to be saddled for me—I must away into the open air where I may look on the blue sky and hear the busy hum of man. I must dispel this gloominess by change and motion.

SOPHY. If you feel out of spirits, my lady, why not invite company! Let the prince give an entertainment here, or have the ombre table brought to you. If the prince and all his court were at my beck and call I would let no whim or fancy trouble me!

LADY MILFORD (throwing herself on the couch). Pray, spare me. I would gladly give a jewel in exchange for every hour's respite from the infliction of such company! I always have my rooms tapestried with these creatures! Narrow-

minded, miserable beings, who are quite shocked if by chance a candid and heartfelt word should escape one's lips! and stand aghast as though they saw an apparition; slaves, moved by a single puppet-wire, which I can govern as easily as the threads of my embroidery! What can I have in common with such insipid wretches, whose souls, like their watches, are regulated by machinery? What pleasure can I have in the society of people whose answers to my questions I know beforehand? How can I hold communion with men who dare not venture on an opinion of their own lest it should differ from mine! Away with them—I care not to ride a horse that has not spirit enough to champ the bit! (Goes to the window.)

SOPHY. But surely, my lady, you except the prince, the handsomest, the wittiest, and the most gallant man in all his duchy.

LADY MILFORD (returning). Yes, in his duchy, that was well said—and it is only a royal duchy, Sophy, that could in the least excuse my weakness. You say the world envies me! Poor thing! It should rather pity me! Believe me, of all who drink of the streams of royal bounty there is none more miserable than the sovereign's favorite, for he who is great and mighty in the eyes of others comes to her but as the humble suppliant! It is true that by the talisman of his greatness he can realize every wish of my heart as readily as the magician calls forth the fairy palace from the depths of the earth! He can place the luxuries of both Indies upon my table, turn the barren wilderness to a paradise, can bid the broad rivers of his land play in triumphal arches over my path, or expend all the hard-earned gains of his subjects in a single feu-de-joie to my honor. But can he school his heart to respond to one great or ardent emotion? Can he extort one noble thought from his weak and indigent brain? Alas! my heart is thirsting amid all this ocean of splendor; what avail, then, a thousand virtuous sentiments when I am only permitted to indulge in the pleasures of the senses.

SOPHY (regarding her with surprise). Dear lady, you amaze me! how long is it since I entered your service?

LADY MILFORD. Do you ask because this is the first day on which you have learnt to know me? I have sold my honor to the prince, it is true, but my heart is still my own—a heart, dear Sophy, which even yet may be worth the acceptance of an honorable man—a heart over which the pestilential blast of courtly corruption has passed as the breath which for a moment dims the mirror's lustre. Believe me my spirit would long since have revolted against this miserable thralldom could my ambition have submitted to see another advanced to my place.

SOPHY. And could a heart like yours so readily surrender itself to mere ambition?

LADY MILFORD (with energy). Has it not already been avenged? nay, is it not even at this very moment making me pay a heavy atonement (with emphasis laying her hand on SOPHY'S shoulder)? Believe me, Sophy, woman has but to choose between ruling and serving, but the utmost joy of power is a worthless possession if the mightier joy of being slave to the man we love be denied us.

SOPHY. A truth, dear lady, which I could least of all have expected to hear from your lips!

LADY MILFORD. And wherefore, Sophy? Does not woman show, by her childish mode of swaying the sceptre of power, that she is only fit to go in leading-strings! Have not my fickle humors—my eager pursuit of wild dissipation—betrayed to you that I sought in these to stifle the still wilder throbbings of my heart?

SOPHY (starting back with surprise). This from you, my lady?

LADY MILFORD (continuing with increasing energy). Appease these throbbings. Give me the man in whom my thoughts are centered—the man I adore, without whom life were worse than death. Let me but hear from his lips that the tears of love with which my eyes are bedewed outvie the gems that

sparkle in my hair, and I will throw at the feet of the prince his heart and his dukedom, and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth with the man of my love!

SOPHY (looking at her in alarm). Heavens! my lady! control your emotion

LADY MILFORD (in surprise). You change color! To what have I given utterance? Yet, since I have said thus much, let me say still more—let my confidence be a pledge of your fidelity,—I will tell you all.

SOPHY (looking anxiously around). I fear my lady—I dread it—I have heard enough!

LADY MILFORD. This alliance with the major—you, like the rest of the world, believe to be the result of a court intrigue—Sophy, blush not—be not ashamed of me—it is the work of—my love!

SOPHY. Heavens! As I suspected!

LADY MILFORD. Yes, Sophy, they are all deceived. The weak prince—the diplomatic baron—the silly marshal—each and all of these are firmly convinced that this marriage is a most infallible means of preserving me to the prince, and of uniting us still more firmly! But this will prove the very means of separating us forever, and bursting asunder these execrable bonds. The cheater cheated—outwitted by a weak woman. Ye yourselves are leading me to the man of my heart—this was all I sought. Let him but once be mine—be but mine—then, oh, then, a long farewell to all this despicable pomp!

SCENE II.—An old valet of the DUKE'S, with a casket of jewels. The former.

VALET. His serene highness begs your ladyship's acceptance of these jewels as

a nuptial present. They have just arrived from Venice.

LADY MILFORD (opens the casket and starts back in astonishment). What did these jewels cost the duke?

VALET. Nothing!

LADY MILFORD. Nothing! Are you beside yourself? (retreating a step or two.) Old man! you fix on me a look as though you would pierce me through. Did you say these precious jewels cost nothing?

VALET. Yesterday seven thousand children of the land left their homes to go to America—they pay for all.

LADY MILFORD (sets the casket suddenly down, and paces up and down the room; after a pause, to the VALET). What distresses you, old man? you are weeping!

VALET (wiping his eyes, and trembling violently). Yes, for these jewels. My two sons are among the number.

LADY MILFORD. But they went not by compulsion?

VALET (laughing bitterly). Oh! dear no! they were all volunteers! There were certainly some few forward lads who pushed to the front of the ranks and inquired of the colonel at what price the prince sold his subjects per yoke, upon which our gracious ruler ordered the regiments to be marched to the parade, and the malcontents to be shot. We heard the report of the muskets, and saw brains and blood spurting about us, while the whole band shouted—"Hurrah for America!"

LADY MILFORD. And I heard nothing of all this! saw nothing!

VALET. No, most gracious lady, because you rode off to the bear-hunt with his highness just at the moment the drum was beating for the march. 'Tis a pity

your ladyship missed the pleasure of the sight—here, crying children might be seen following their wretched father—there, a mother distracted with grief was rushing forward to throw her tender infant among the bristling bayonets—here, a bride and bridegroom were separated with the sabre's stroke—and there, graybeards were seen to stand in despair, and fling their very crutches after their sons in the New World—and, in the midst of all this, the drums were beating loudly, that the prayers and lamentations might not reach the Almighty ear.

LADY MILFORD (rising in violent emotion). Away with these jewels—their rays pierce my bosom like the flames of hell. Moderate your grief, old man. Your children shall be restored to you. You shall again clasp them to your bosom.

VALET (with warmth). Yes, heaven knows! We shall meet again! As they passed the city gates they turned round and cried aloud: "God bless our wives and children—long life to our gracious sovereign. At the day of judgment we shall all meet again!"

LADY MILFORD (walks up and down the room in great agitation). Horrible! most horrible!—and they would persuade me that I had dried up all the tears in the land. Now, indeed, my eyes are fearfully opened! Go—tell the prince that I will thank him in person! (As the valet is going she drops the purse into his hat.) And take this as a recompense for the truth you have revealed to me.

VALET (throws the purse with contempt on the table). Keep it, with your other treasures. [Exit.

LADY MILFORD (looking after him in astonishment). Sophy, follow him, and inquire his name. His sons shall be restored to him. (SOPHY goes. LADY MILFORD becomes absorbed in thought. Pause. Then to SOPHY as she returns.) Was there not a report that some town on the frontier had been destroyed by fire, and four hundred families reduced to beggary? (She rings.)

SOPHY. What has made your ladyship just think of that? Yes—such was certainly the fact, and most of these poor creatures are either compelled to serve their creditors as bondsmen, or are dragging out their miserable days in the depths of the royal silver mines.

Enter a SERVANT. What are your ladyship's commands?

LADY MILFORD (giving him the case of jewels). Carry this to my treasurer without delay. Let the jewels be sold and the money distributed among the four hundred families who were ruined by the fire.

SOPHY. Consider, my lady, the risk you run of displeasing his highness.

LADY MILFORD (with dignity). Should I encircle my brows with the curses of his subjects? (Makes a sign to the servant, who goes away with the jewel case.) Wouldst thou have me dragged to the earth by the dreadful weight of the tears of misery? Nay! Sophy, it is better far to wear false jewels on the brow, and to have the consciousness of a good deed within the breast!

SOPHY. But diamonds of such value! Why not rather give some that are less precious? Truly, my lady, it is an unpardonable act.

LADY MILFORD. Foolish girl! For this deed more brilliants and pearls will flow for me in one moment than kings ever wore in their richest diadems! Ay, and infinitely more beautiful!

SERVANT enters. Major von Walter!

SOPHY (running hastily to the help of LADY MILFORD, who seems fainting).

Heavens, my lady, you change color!

LADY MILFORD. The first man who ever made me tremble. (To the SERVANT.) I am not well—but stay—what said the major?—how? O Sophy! I

look sadly ill, do I not?

SOPHY. I entreat you, my lady, compose yourself.

SERVANT. Is it your ladyship's wish that I should deny you to the major?

LADY MILFORD (hesitating). Tell him—I shall be happy to see him. (Exit SERVANT.) What shall I say to him, Sophy? how shall I receive him? I will be silent—alas! I fear he will despise my weakness. He will—ah, me! what sad forebodings oppress my heart! You are going Sophy! stay, yet—no, no—he comes—yes, stay, stay with me——

SOPHY. Collect yourself, my lady, the major——

SCENE III.—FERDINAND VON WALTER. The former.

FERDINAND (with a slight bow). I hope I do not interrupt your ladyship?

LADY MILFORD (with visible emotion). Not at all, baron—not in the least.

FERDINAND. I wait on your ladyship, at the command of my father.

LADY MILFORD. Therein I am his debtor.

FERDINAND. And I am charged to announce to you that our marriage is determined on. Thus far I fulfil the commission of my father.

LADY MILFORD (changing color and trembling). And not of your own heart?

FERDINAND. Ministers and panders have no concern with hearts.

LADY MILFORD (almost speechless with emotion). And you yourself—have you nothing to add?

FERDINAND (looking at SOPHY). Much! my lady, much!

LADY MILFORD (motions to SOPHY to withdraw). May I beg you to take a seat by my side?

FERDINAND. I will be brief, lady.

LADY MILFORD. Well!

FERDINAND. I am a man of honor!

LADY MILFORD. Whose worth I know how to appreciate.

FERDINAND. I am of noble birth!

LADY MILFORD. Noble as any in the land!

FERDINAND. A soldier!

LADY MILFORD (in a soft, affectionate manner). Thus far you have only enumerated advantages which you share in common with many others. Why are you so silent regarding those noble qualities which are peculiarly your own?

FERDINAND (coldly). Here they would be out of place.

LADY MILFORD (with increasing agitation). In what light am I to understand this prelude?

FERDINAND (slowly, and with emphasis). As the protest of the voice of honor—should you think proper to enforce the possession of my hand!

LADY MILFORD (starting with indignation). Major von Walter! What language is this?

FERDINAND (calmly). The language of my heart—of my unspotted name—and of this true sword.

LADY MILFORD. Your sword was given to you by the prince.

FERDINAND. 'Twas the state which gave it, by the hands of the prince. God bestowed on me an honest heart. My nobility is derived from a line of ancestry extending through centuries.

LADY MILFORD. But the authority of the prince——

FERDINAND (with warmth). Can he subvert the laws of humanity, or stamp glory on our actions as easily as he stamps value on the coin of his realm? He himself is not raised above the laws of honor, although he may stifle its whispers with gold—and shroud his infamy in robes of ermine! But enough of this, lady!—it is too late now to talk of blasted prospects—or of the desecration of ancestry—or of that nice sense of honor—girded on with my sword—or of the world's opinion. All these I am ready to trample under foot as soon as you have proved to me that the reward is not inferior to the sacrifice.

LADY MILFORD (in extreme distress turning away). Major! I have not deserved this!

FERDINAND (taking her hand). Pardon me, lady—we are without witnesses. The circumstance which brings us together to-day—and only to-day—justifies me, nay, compels me, to reveal to you my most secret feelings. I cannot comprehend, lady, how a being gifted with so much beauty and spirit—qualities which a man cannot fail to admire—could throw herself away on a prince incapable of valuing aught beyond her mere person—and yet not feel some visitings of shame, when she steps forth to offer her heart to a man of honor!

LADY MILFORD (looking at him with an air of pride). Say on, sir, without reserve.

FERDINAND. You call yourself an Englishwoman—pardon me, lady, I can hardly believe you. The free-born daughter of the freest people under heaven—a people too proud to imitate even foreign virtues—would surely never have sold

herself to foreign vices! It is not possible, lady, that you should be a native of Britain, unless indeed your heart be as much below as the sons of Britannia vaunt theirs to be above all others!

LADY MILFORD. Have you done, sir?

FERDINAND. Womanly vanity—passions—temperament—a natural appetite for pleasure—all these might, perhaps, be pleaded in extenuation—for virtue often survives honor—and many who once trod the paths of infamy have subsequently reconciled themselves to society by the performance of noble deeds, and have thus thrown a halo of glory round their evil doings—but if this were so, whence comes the monstrous extortion that now oppresses the people with a weight never before known? This I would ask in the name of my fatherland—and now, lady, I have done!

LADY MILFORD (with gentleness and dignity). This is the first time, Baron von Walter, that words such as these have been addressed to me—and you are the only man to whom I would in return have vouchsafed an answer. Your rejection of my hand commands my esteem. Your invectives against my heart have my full forgiveness, for I will not believe you sincere, since he who dares hold such language to a woman, that could ruin him in an instant—must either believe that she possesses a great and noble heart— or must be the most desperate of madmen. That you ascribe the misery of this land to me may He forgive, before whose throne you, and I, and the prince shall one day meet! But, as in my person you have insulted the daughter of Britain, so in vindication of my country's honor you must hear my exculpation.

FERDINAND (leaning on his sword). Lady, I listen with interest.

LADY MILFORD. Hear, then, that which I have never yet breathed to mortal, and which none but yourself will ever learn from my lips. I am not the low adventurer you suppose me, sir! Nay! did I listen to the voice of pride, I might even boast myself to be of royal birth; I am descended from the unhappy

Thomas Norfolk, who paid the penalty of his adherence to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, by a bloody death on the scaffold. My father, who, as royal chamberlain, had once enjoyed his sovereign's confidence, was accused of maintaining treasonable relations with France, and was condemned and executed by a decree of the Parliament of Great Britain. Our estates were confiscated, and our family banished from their native soil. My mother died on the day of my father's execution, and I—then a girl of fourteen—fled to Germany with one faithful attendant. A casket of jewels, and this crucifix, placed in my bosom by my dying mother, were all my fortune!

[FERDINAND, absorbed in thought, surveys LADY MILFORD with looks of compassion and sympathy.

LADY MILFORD (continuing with increased emotion). Without a name—without protection or property—a foreigner and an orphan, I reached Hamburg. I had learnt nothing but a little French, and to run my fingers over the embroidery frame, or the keys of my harpsichord. But, though I was ignorant of all useful arts, I had learnt full well to feast off gold and silver, to sleep beneath silken hangings, to bid attendant pages obey my voice, and to listen to the honeyed words of flattery and adulation. Six years passed away in sorrow and in sadness—the remnant of my scanty means was fast melting away—my old and faithful nurse was no more—and—and then it was that fate brought your sovereign to Hamburg. I was walking beside the shores of the Elbe, wondering, as I gazed on its waters, whether they or my sorrows were the deeper, when the duke crossed my path. He followed me, traced me to my humble abode, and, casting himself at my feet, vowed that he loved me. (She pauses, and, after struggling with her emotion, continues in a voice choked by tears.) All the images of my happy childhood were revived in hues of delusive brightness—while the future lowered before me black as the grave. My heart panted for communion with another—and I sank into the arms opened to receive me! (Turning away.) And now you condemn me!

FERDINAND (greatly agitated, follows her and leads her back). Lady!

heavens! what do I hear! What have I done? The guilt of my conduct is unveiled in all its deformity! It is impossible you should forgive me.

LADY MILFORD (endeavoring to overcome her emotion). Hear me on! The prince, it is true, overcame my unprotected youth, but the blood of the Howards still glowed within my veins, and never ceased to reproach me; that I, the descendant of royal ancestors, should stoop to be a prince's paramour! Pride and destiny still contended in my bosom, when the duke brought me hither, where scenes the most revolting burst upon my sight! The voluptuousness of the great is an insatiable hyena—the craving of whose appetite demands perpetual victims. Fearfully had it laid this country waste separating bridegroom and bride—and tearing asunder even the holy bonds of marriage. Here it had destroyed the tranquil happiness of a whole family—there the blighting pest had seized on a young and inexperienced heart, and expiring victims called down bitter imprecations on the heads of the undoers. It was then that I stepped forth between the lamb and the tiger, and, in a moment of dalliance, extorted from the duke his royal promise that this revolting licentiousness should cease.

FERDINAND (pacing the room in violent agitation). No more, lady! No more!

LADY MILFORD. This gloomy period was succeeded by one still more gloomy. The court swarmed with French and Italian adventurers—the royal sceptre became the plaything of Parisian harlots, and the people writhed and bled beneath their capricious rule. Each had her day. I saw them sink before me, one by one, for I was the most skilful coquette of all! It was then that I seized and wielded the tyrant's sceptre whilst he slumbered voluptuously in my embrace—then, Walter, thy country, for the first time, felt the hand of humanity, and reposed in confidence on my bosom. (A pause, during which she gazes upon him with tenderness.) Oh! 'that the man, by whom, of all others, I least wish to be misunderstood, should compel me to turn braggart and parade my unobtrusive virtues to the glare of admiration! Walter, I have burst open the doors of prisons—I have cancelled death-warrants and shortened many a frightful eternity upon

the galleys. Into wounds beyond my power to heal I have at least poured soothing balsam. I have hurled mighty villains to the earth, and oft with the tears of a harlot saved the cause of innocence from impending ruin. Ah! young man, how sweet were then my feelings! How proudly did these actions teach my heart to support the reproaches of my noble blood! And now comes the man who alone can repay me for all that I have suffered—the man, whom perhaps my relenting destiny created as a compensation for former sorrows—the man, whom with ardent affection, I already clasped in my dreams.

FERDINAND (interrupting her). Hold, lady, hold! You exceed the bounds of our conference! You undertook to clear yourself from reproach, and you make me a criminal! Spare me, I beseech you! Spare a heart already overwhelmed by confusion and remorse!

LADY MILFORD (grasping his hand). You must hear me, Walter! hear me now or never. Long enough has the heroine sustained me; now you must feel the whole weight of these tears! Mark me, Walter! Should an unfortunate—impetuously, irresistibly attracted towards you—clasp you to her bosom full of unutterable, inextinguishable love—should this unfortunate—bowed down with the consciousness of shame—disgusted with vicious pleasures—heroically exalted by the inspiration of virtue—throw herself—thus into your arms (embracing him in an eager and supplicating manner); should she do this, and you still pronounce the freezing word "Honor!" Should she pray that through you she might be saved—that through you she might be restored to her hopes of heaven! (Turning away her head, and speaking in a hollow, faltering voice.) Or should she, her prayer refused, listen to the voice of despair, and to escape from your image plunge herself into yet more fearful depths of infamy and vice——

FERDINAND (breaking from her in great emotion). No, by heaven! This is more than I can endure! Lady, I am compelled—Heaven and earth compels me—to make the honest avowal of my sentiments and situation.

LADY MILFORD (hastening from him). Oh! not now! By all that is holy I

entreat you—spare me in this dreadful moment when my lacerated heart bleeds from a thousand wounds. Be your decision life or death—I dare not—I will not hear it!

FERDINAND. I entreat you, lady! I insist! What I have to say will mitigate my offence, and warmly plead your forgiveness for the past. I have been deceived in you, lady. I expected—nay, I wished to find you deserving my contempt. I came determined to insult you, and to make myself the object of your hate. Happy would it have been for us both had my purpose succeeded! (He pauses; then proceeds in a gentle and faltering voice.) Lady, I love!—I love a maid of humble birth—Louisa Miller is her name, the daughter of a music-master. (LADY MILFORD turns away pale and greatly agitated.) I know into what an abyss I plunge myself; but, though prudence bids me conceal my passion, honor overpowers its precepts. I am the criminal—I first destroyed the golden calm of Louisa's innocence—I lulled her heart with aspiring hopes, and surrendered it, like a betrayer, a prey to the wildest of passions. You will bid me remember my rank—my birth—my father—schemes of aggrandisement. But in vain—I love! My hopes become more fervent as the breach widens between nature and the mere conventions of society— between my resolution and worldly prejudices! We shall see whether love or interest is victorious. (LADY MILFORD during this has retired to the extreme end of the apartment, and covers her face with both hands. FERDINAND approaches her.) Have you aught to answer, lady?

LADY MILFORD (in a tone of intense suffering). Nothing! Nothing! but that you destroy yourself and me—and, with us yet a third.

FERDINAND. A third?

LADY MILFORD. Never can you marry Louisa; never can you be happy with me. We shall all be the victims of your father's rashness. I can never hope to possess the heart of a husband who has been forced to give me his hand.

FERDINAND. Forced, lady? Forced? And yet given? Will you enforce a hand without a heart? Will you tear from a maiden a man who is the whole world to her? Will you tear a maiden from a man who has centered all his hopes of happiness on her alone? Will you do this, lady? you who but a moment before were the lofty, noble-minded daughter of Britain?

LADY MILFORD. I will because I must! (earnestly and firmly). My passions, Walter, overcome my tenderness for you. My honor has no alternative. Our union is the talk of the whole city. Every eye, every shaft of ridicule is bent against me. 'Twere a stain which time could never efface should a subject of the prince reject my hand! Appease your father if you have the power! Defend yourself as you best may! my resolution is taken. The mine is fired and I abide the issue.

[Exit. FERDINAND remains in speechless astonishment for some moments; then rushes wildly out.]

SCENE IV.—Miller's House.

MILLER meeting LOUISA and MRS. MILLER.

MILLER. Ay! ay! I told you how it would be!

LOUISA (hastening to him with anxiety). What, father? What?

MILLER (running up and down the room). My cloak, there. Quick, quick! I must be beforehand with him. My cloak, I say! Yes, yes! this was just what I expected!

LOUISA. For God's sake, father! tell me?

MRS. MILLER. What is the matter, Miller? What alarms you?

MILLER (throwing down his wig). Let that go to the friezer. What is the matter, indeed? And my beard, too, is nearly half an inch long. What's the matter? What do you think, you old carrion. The devil has broke loose, and you may look out for squalls.

MRS. MILLER. There, now, that's just the way! When anything goes wrong it is always my fault.

MILLER. Your fault? Yes, you brimstone fagot! and whose else should it be? This very morning when you were holding forth about that confounded major, did I not say then what would be the consequence? That knave, Worm, has blabbed.

MRS. MILLER. Gracious heavens! But how do you know?

MILLER. How do I know? Look yonder! a messenger of the minister is already at the door inquiring for the fiddler.

LOUISA (turning pale, and sitting down). Oh! God! I am in agony!

MILLER. And you, too, with that languishing air? (laughs bitterly). But, right! Right! There is an old saying that where the devil keeps a breeding-cage he is sure to hatch a handsome daughter.

MRS. MILLER. But how do you know that Louisa is in question? You may

have been recommended to the duke; he may want you in his orchestra.

MILLER (jumping up, and seizing his fiddlestick). May the sulphurous rain of hell consume thee! Orchestra, indeed! Ay, where you, you old procuress, shall howl the treble whilst my smarting back groans the base (Throwing himself upon a chair.) Oh! God in heaven!

LOUISA (sinks on the sofa, pale as death). Father! Mother! Oh! my heart sinks within me.

MILLER (starting up with anger). But let me only lay hands on that infernal quill-driver! I'll make him skip—be it in this world or the next; if I don't pound him to a jelly, body and soul; if I don't write all the Ten Commandments, the seven Penitential Psalms, the five books of Moses, and the whole of the Prophets upon his rascally hide so distinctly that the blue hieroglyphics shall be legible at the day of judgment—if I don't, may I——

MRS. MILLER. Yes, yes, curse and swear your hardest! That's the way to frighten the devil! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, gracious heavens! What shall we do? Who can advise us? Speak, Miller, speak; this silence distracts me! (She runs screaming up and down the room.)

MILLER. I will instantly to the minister! I will open my mouth boldly, and tell him all from beginning to end. You knew it before me, and ought to have given me a hint of what was going on! The girl might yet have been advised. It might still have been time to save her! But, no! There was something for your meddling and making, and you must needs add fuel to the fire. Now you have made your bed you may lie on it. As you have brewed so you may drink; I shall take my daughter under my arm and be off with her over the borders.

SCENE V.

MILLER MRS. MILLER LOUISA FERDINAND

MILLER, MRS. MILLER, LOUISA, FERDINAND.

(All speaking together).

FERDINAND (rushes in, terrified, and out of breath). Has my father been here?

LOUISA (starts back in horror). His father? Gracious heaven!

MRS. MILLER (wringing her hands). The minister here? Then it's all over with us!

MILLER (laughs bitterly). Thank God! Thank God! Now comes our benefit!

FERDINAND (rushing towards LOUISA, and clasping her in his arms). Mine thou art, though heaven and hell were placed between us!

LOUISA. I am doomed! Speak, Ferdinand! Did you not utter that dreaded name? Your father?

FERDINAND. Be not alarmed! the danger has passed! I have thee again! again thou hast me! Let me regain my breath on thy dear bosom. It was a dreadful hour!

LOUISA. What was a dreadful hour? Answer me, Ferdinand! I die with apprehension!

FERDINAND (drawing back, gazing upon her earnestly, then in a solemn tone). An hour, Louisa, when another's form stepped between my heart and thee—an hour in which my love grew pale before my conscience—when Louisa ceased to be all in all to Ferdinand!

[LOUISA sinks back upon her chair, and conceals her face.

(FERDINAND stands before her in speechless agitation, then turns away from

her suddenly and exclaims). Never, never! Baroness, 'tis impossible! you ask too much! Never can I sacrifice this innocence at your shrine. No, by the eternal God! I cannot recall my oath, which speaks to me from thy soul—thrilling eyes louder than the thunders of heaven! Behold, lady! Inhuman father, look on this! Would you have me destroy this angel? Shall my perfidy kindle a hell in this heavenly bosom? (turning towards her with firmness). No! I will bear her to thy throne, Almighty Judge! Thy voice shall declare if my affection be a crime. (He grasps her hand, and raises her from the sofa.) Courage, my beloved!—thou hast conquered—and I come forth a victor from the terrible conflict!

LOUISA. No, no, Ferdinand, conceal nothing from me! Declare boldly the dreadful decree! You named your father! You spoke of the baroness! The shivering of death seizes my heart! 'Tis said she is about to be married!

FERDINAND (quite overcome, throws himself at her feet). Yes, and to me, dear unfortunate. Such is my father's will!

LOUISA (after a deep pause, in a tremulous voice, but with assumed resignation). Well! Why am I thus affrighted? Has not my dear father often told me that you never could be mine? But I was obstinate, and believed him not. (A second pause; she falls weeping into her father's arms.) Father, thy daughter is thine own again! Father, forgive me! 'Twas not your child's fault that the dream was so heavenly—the waking so terrible!

MILLER. Louisa! Louisa! O merciful heaven! she has lost her senses! My daughter! My poor child! Curses upon thy seducer! Curses upon the pandering mother who threw thee in his way!

MRS. MILLER (weeping on LOUISA'S neck). Daughter, do I deserve this curse? God forgive you, major! What has this poor lamb done that you bring this misery upon her?

FERDINAND (with resolution). I will unravel the meshes of these intrigues. I

will burst asunder these iron chains of prejudice. As a free-born man will I make my choice, and crush these insect souls with the colossal force of my love!
[Going.]

LOUISA (rises trembling from the sofa, and attempts to follow him). Stay, oh, stay! Whither are you going? Father! Mother! He deserts us in this fearful hour!

MRS. MILLER (hastens towards him, and detains him). The president is coming hither? He will ill-use my child! He will ill-use us all,—and yet, major, you are going to leave us.

MILLER (laughs hysterically). Leave us. Of course he is! What should hinder him? The girl has given him all she had. (Grasping FERDINAND with one hand, and LOUISA with the other.) Listen to me, young gentleman. The only way out of my house is over my daughter's body. If you possess one single spark of honor await your father's coming; tell him, deceiver, how you stole her young and inexperienced heart; or, by the God who made me! (thrusting LOUISA towards him with violence and passion) you shall crush before my eyes this trembling worm whom love for you has brought to shame and infamy!

FERDINAND (returns, and walks to and fro in deep thought). 'Tis true, the President's power is great—parental authority is a mighty word—even crimes claim respect when concealed within its folds. He may push that authority far—very far! But love goes beyond it. Hear me, Louisa; give me thy hand! (clasping it firmly). As surely as I hope for Heaven's mercy in my dying hour, I swear that the moment which separates these hands shall also rend asunder the thread that binds me to existence!

LOUISA. You terrify me! Turn from me! Your lips tremble! Your eyes roll fearfully!

FERDINAND. Nay, Louisa! fear nothing! It is not madness which prompts my oath! 'tis the choicest gift of Heaven, decision, sent to my aid at that critical

moment, when an oppressed bosom can only find relief in some desperate remedy. I love thee, Louisa! Thou shalt be mine! 'Tis resolved! And now for my father!

[He rushes out, and is met by the PRESIDENT.

SCENE VI.

MILLER, MRS. MILLER, LOUISA, FERDINAND, PRESIDENT, with SERVANTS.

PRESIDENT (as he enters). So! here he is! (All start in terror.)

FERDINAND (retiring a few paces). In the house of innocence!

PRESIDENT. Where a son learns obedience to his father!

FERDINAND. Permit me to——

PRESIDENT (interrupting him, turns to MILLER). The father, I presume?

MILLER. I am Miller, the musician.

PRESIDENT (to MRS. MILLER). And you, the mother?

MRS. MILLER. Yes, alas! her unfortunate mother!

FERDINAND (to MILLER.) Father, take Louisa to her chamber—she is fainting.

PRESIDENT. An unnecessary precaution! I will soon arouse her. (To LOUISA.) How long have you been acquainted with the President's son?

LOUISA (with timidity). Of the President's son I have never thought.

Ferdinand von Walter has paid his addresses to me since November last.

FERDINAND. And he adores her!

PRESIDENT (to LOUISA). Has he given you any assurance of his love?

FERDINAND. But a few minutes since, the most solemn, and God was my witness.

PRESIDENT (to his son angrily). Silence! You shall have opportunity enough of confessing your folly. (To LOUISA.) I await your answer.

LOUISA. He swore eternal love to me.

FERDINAND. And I will keep my oath.

PRESIDENT (to FERDINAND). Must I command your silence? (To LOUISA).

Did you accept his rash vows?

LOUISA (with tenderness). I did, and gave him mine in exchange.

FERDINAND (resolutely). The bond is irrevocable——

PRESIDENT (to FERDINAND). If you dare to interrupt me again I'll teach you better manners. (To LOUISA, sneeringly.) And he paid handsomely every time, no doubt?

LOUISA. I do not understand your question.

PRESIDENT (with an insulting laugh). Oh, indeed! Well, I only meant to hint that—as everything has its price—I hope you have been more provident than to bestow your favors gratis—or perhaps you were satisfied with merely participating in the pleasure? Eh? how was it?

FERDINAND (infuriated). Hell and confusion! What does this mean?

LOUISA (to FERDINAND, with dignity and emotion). Baron von Walter, now you are free!

FERDINAND. Father! virtue though clothed in a beggar's garb commands respect!

PRESIDENT (laughing aloud). A most excellent joke! The father is commanded to honor his son's strumpet!

LOUISA. Oh! Heaven and earth! (Sinks down in a swoon.)

FERDINAND (drawing his sword). Father, you gave me life, and, till now, I acknowledged your claim on it. That debt is cancelled. (Replaces his sword in the scabbard, and points to LOUISA.) There lies the bond of filial duty torn to atoms!

MILLER (who has stood apart trembling, now comes forward, by turns gnashing his teeth in rage, and shrinking back in terror). Your excellency, the child is the father's second self. No offence, I hope! Who strikes the child hits the father—blow for blow—that's our rule here. No offence, I hope!

MRS. MILLER. God have mercy on us! Now the old man has begun—we shall all catch it with a vengeance!

PRESIDENT (who has not understood what MILLER said). What? is the old pander stirred up? We shall have something to settle together presently, Mr. Pander!

MILLER. You mistake me, my lord. My name is Miller, at your service for an adagio—but, as to ladybirds, I cannot serve you. As long as there is such an assortment at court, we poor citizens can't afford to lay in stock! No offence, I hope!

MRS. MILLER. For Heaven's sake, man, hold your tongue! would you ruin both wife and child?

FERDINAND (to his father). You play but a sorry part here, my lord, and might well have dispensed with these witnesses.

MILLER (coming nearer, with increasing confidence). To be plain and above board—No offence, I hope—your excellency may have it all your own way in the Cabinet—but this is my house. I'm your most obedient, very humble servant when I wait upon you with a petition, but the rude, unmannerly intruder I have the right to bundle out—no offence, I hope!

PRESIDENT (pale with anger, and approaching MILLER). What? What's that you dare to utter?

MILLER (retreating a few steps). Only a little bit of my mind sir—no offence, I hope!

PRESIDENT (furiously). Insolent villain! Your impertinence shall procure you a lodging in prison. (To his servants). Call in the officers of justice! Away! (Some of the attendants go out. The PRESIDENT paces the stage with a furious air.) The father shall to prison; the mother and her strumpet daughter to the pillory! Justice shall lend her sword to my rage! For this insult will I have ample amends. Shall such contemptible creatures thwart my plans, and set father and son against each other with impunity? Tremble, miscreants! I will glut my hate in your destruction—the whole brood of you—father, mother, and daughter shall be sacrificed to my vengeance!

FERDINAND (to MILLER, in a collected and firm manner). Oh! not so! Fear not, friends! I am your protector. (Turning to the PRESIDENT, with deference). Be not so rash, father! For your own sake let me beg of you no violence. There is a corner of my heart where the name of father has never yet been heard. Oh! press not into that!

PRESIDENT. Silence, unworthy boy! Rouse not my anger to greater fury!

MILLER (recovering from a stupor). Wife, look you to your daughter! I fly to the duke. His highness' tailor—God be praised for reminding me of it at this moment—learns the flute of me—I cannot fail of success. (Is hastening off.)

PRESIDENT. To the duke, will you? Have you forgotten that I am the threshold over which you must pass, or failing, perish? To the duke, you fool? Try to reach him with your lamentations, when, reduced to a living skeleton, you lie buried in a dungeon five fathoms deep, where light and sound never enter; where darkness goggles at hell with gloating eyes! There gnash thy teeth in anguish; there rattle thy chains in despair, and groan, "Woe is me! This is beyond human endurance!"

SCENE VII.

Officers of Justice—the former.

FERDINAND (flies to LOUISA, who, overcome with fear, faints in his arms.)
Louisa!—Help, for God's sake! Terror overpowers her!

[MILLER, catching up his cane and putting on his hat, prepares for defense. MRS. MILLER throws herself on her knees before the PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT (to the officers, showing his star). Arrest these offenders in the duke's name. Boy, let go that strumpet! Fainting or not—when once her neck is fitted with the iron collar the mob will pelt her till she revives.

MRS. MILLER. Mercy, your excellency! Mercy! mercy!

MILLER (snatching her from the ground with violence). Kneel to God, you

howling fool, and not to villains—since I must to prison any way!

PRESIDENT (biting his lips.) You may be out in your reckoning, scoundrel! There are still gallows to spare! (To the officers.) Must I repeat my orders?

[They approach LOUISA—FERDINAND places himself before her.

FERDINAND (fiercely). Touch her who dare! (He draws his sword and flourishes it.) Let no one presume to lay a finger on her, whose life is not well insured. (To the PRESIDENT.) As you value your own safety, father, urge me no further!

PRESIDENT (to the officers in a threatening voice). At your peril, cowards! (They again attempt to seize LOUISA.)

FERDINAND. Hell and furies! Back, I say! (Driving them away.) Once more, father, I warn you—have some thought for your own safety! Drive me not to extremity!

PRESIDENT (enraged to the officers). Scoundrels! Is this your obedience? (The officers renew their efforts.)

FERDINAND. Well, if it must be so (attacking and wounding several of them), Justice forgive me!

PRESIDENT (exasperated to the utmost). Let me see whether I, too, must feel your weapon! (He seizes LOUISA and delivers her to an officer.)

FERDINAND (laughing bitterly). Father! father! Your conduct is a galling satire upon Providence, who has so ill understood her people as to make bad statesmen of excellent executioners!

PRESIDENT (to the officers). Away with her!

FERDINAND. Father, if I cannot prevent it, she must stand in the pillory—

but by her side will also stand the son of the president. Do you still insist?

PRESIDENT. The more entertaining will be the exhibition. Away with her!

FERDINAND. I will pledge the honor of an officer's sword for her. Do you still insist?

PRESIDENT. Your sword is already familiar with disgrace. Away! away! You know my will.

FERDINAND (wrests LOUISA from the officer and holds her with one arm, with the other points his sword at her bosom.) Father, rather than tamely see my wife branded with infamy I will plunge this sword into her bosom. Do you still insist?

PRESIDENT. Do it, if the point be sharp enough!

FERDINAND (releases LOUISA, and looks wildly towards heaven). Be thou witness, Almighty God, that I have left no human means untried to save her! Forgive me now if I have recourse to hellish means. While you are leading her to the pillory (speaking loudly in the PRESIDENT'S ear), I will publish throughout the town a pleasant history of how a president's chair may be gained! [Exit.

PRESIDENT (as if thunder-struck). How? What said he? Ferdinand! Release her instantly! (Rushes after his son.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Room at the President's. Enter PRESIDENT and WORM.

PRESIDENT. That was an infernal piece of business!

WORM. Just what I feared, your excellency. Opposition may inflame the enthusiast, but never converts him.

PRESIDENT. I had placed my whole reliance upon the success of this attempt. I made no doubt but if the girl were once publicly disgraced, he would be obliged as an officer and a gentleman to resign her.

WORM. An admirable idea!—had you but succeeded in disgracing her.

PRESIDENT. And yet—when I reflect on the matter coolly—I ought not to have suffered myself to be overawed. It was a threat which he never could have meant seriously.

WORM. Be not too certain of that! There is no folly too gross for excited passion! You say that the baron has always looked upon government with an eye of disapprobation. I can readily believe it. The principles which he brought with him from college are ill-suited to our atmosphere. What have the fantastic visions of personal nobility and greatness of soul to do in court, where 'tis the perfection of wisdom to be great and little by turns, as occasion demands? The baron is too young and too fiery to take pleasure in the slow and crooked paths

of intrigue. That alone can give impulse to his ambition which seems glorious and romantic!

PRESIDENT (impatiently). But how will these sagacious remarks advance our affairs?

WORM. They will point out to your excellency where the wound lies, and so, perhaps, help you to find a remedy. Such a character—pardon the observation—ought never to have been made a confidant, or should never have been roused to enmity. He detests the means by which you have risen to power! Perhaps it is only the son that has hitherto sealed the lips of the betrayer! Give him but a fair opportunity for throwing off the bonds imposed upon him by nature! only convince him, by unrelenting opposition to his passion, that you are no longer an affectionate father, and that moment the duties of a patriot will rush upon him with irresistible force! Nay, the high-wrought idea of offering so unparalleled a sacrifice at the shrine of justice might of itself alone have charms sufficient to reconcile him to the ruin of a parent!

PRESIDENT. Worm! Worm! To what a horrible abyss do you lead me!

WORM. Never fear, my lord, I will lead you back in safety! May I speak without restraint?

PRESIDENT (throwing himself into a seat). Freely, as felon with felon.

WORM. Forgive me, then. It seems to me that you have to ascribe all your influence as president to the courtly art of intrigue; why not resort to the same means for attaining your ends as a father? I well remember with what seeming frankness you invited your predecessor to a game at piquet, and caroused half the night with him over bumpers of Burgundy; and yet it was the same night on which the great mine you had planned to annihilate him was to explode. Why did you make a public exhibition of enmity to the major? You should by no means have let it appear that you knew anything of his love affair. You should

have made the girl the object of your attacks and have preserved the affection of your son; like the prudent general who does not engage the prime of the enemy's force but creates disaffection among the ranks?

PRESIDENT. How could this have been effected?

WORM. In the simplest manner—even now the game is not entirely lost! Forget for a time that you are a father. Do not contend against a passion which opposition only renders more formidable. Leave me to hatch, from the heat of their own passions, the basilisk which shall destroy them.

PRESIDENT. I am all attention.

WORM. Either my knowledge of human character is very small, or the major is as impetuous in jealousy as in love. Make him suspect the girl's constancy,—whether probable or not does not signify. One grain of leaven will be enough to ferment the whole mass.

PRESIDENT. But where shall we find that grain?

WORM. Now, then, I come to the point. But first explain to me how much depends upon the major's compliance. How far is it of consequence that the romance with the music-master's daughter should be brought to a conclusion and the marriage with Lady Milford effected?

PRESIDENT. How can you ask me, Worm? If the match with Lady Milford is broken off I stand a fair chance of losing my whole influence; on the other hand, if I force the major's consent, of losing my head.

WORM (with animation). Now have the kindness to listen to me. The major must be entangled in a web. Your whole power must be employed against his mistress. We must make her write a love-letter, address it to a third party, and contrive to drop it cleverly in the way of the major.

PRESIDENT. Absurd proposal! As if she would consent to sign her own death-warrant.

WORM. She must do so if you will but let me follow my own plan. I know her gentle heart thoroughly; she has but two vulnerable sides by which her conscience can be attacked; they are her father and the major. The latter is entirely out of the question; we must, therefore, make the most of the musician.

PRESIDENT. In what way?

WORM. From the description your excellency gave me of what passed in his house nothing can be easier than to terrify the father with the threat of a criminal process. The person of his favorite, and of the keeper of the seals, is in some degree the representative of the duke himself, and he who offends the former is guilty of treason towards the latter. At any rate I will engage with these pretences to conjure up such a phantom as shall scare the poor devil out of his seven senses.

PRESIDENT. But recollect, Worm, the affair must not be carried so far as to become serious.

WORM. Nor shall it. It shall be carried no further than is necessary to frighten the family into our toils. The musician, therefore, must be quietly arrested. To make the necessity yet more urgent, we may also take possession of the mother;—and then we begin to talk of criminal process, of the scaffold, and of imprisonment for life, and make the daughter's letter the sole condition of the parent's release.

PRESIDENT. Excellent! Excellent! Now I begin to understand you!

WORM. Louisa loves her father—I might say even to adoration! The danger which threatens his life, or at least his freedom—the reproaches of her conscience for being the cause of his misfortunes—the impossibility of ever becoming the major's wife—the confusion of her brain, which I take upon

myself to produce—all these considerations make our plan certain of success. She must be caught in the snare.

PRESIDENT. But my son—will he not instantly get scent of it? Will it not make him yet more desperate?

WORM. Leave that to me, your excellency! The old folks shall not be set at liberty till they and their daughter have taken the most solemn oath to keep the whole transaction secret, and never to confess the deception.

PRESIDENT. An oath! Ridiculous! What restraint can an oath be?

WORM. None upon us, my lord, but the most binding upon people of their stamp. Observe, how dexterously by this measure we shall both reach the goal of our desires. The girl loses at once the affection of her lover, and her good name; the parents will lower their tone, and, thoroughly humbled by misfortune, will esteem it an act of mercy, if, by giving her my hand, I re-establish their daughter's reputation.

PRESIDENT (shaking his head and smiling). Artful villain! I confess myself outdone—no devil could spin a finer snare! The scholar excels his master. The next question is, to whom must the letter be addressed— with whom to accuse her of having an intrigue?

WORM. It must necessarily be some one who has all to gain or all to lose by your son's decision in this affair.

PRESIDENT (after a moment's reflection). I can think of no one but the marshal.

WORM (shrugs his shoulders). The marshal! He would certainly not be my choice were I Louisa Miller.

PRESIDENT. And why not? What a strange notion! A man who dresses in the

height of fashion—who carries with him an atmosphere of eau de mille fleurs and musk—who can garnish every silly speech with a handful of ducats—could all this possibly fail to overcome the delicacy of a tradesman's daughter? No, no, my good friend, jealousy is not quite so hard of belief. I shall send for the marshal immediately. (Rings.)

WORM. While your excellency takes care of him, and of the fiddler's arrest, I will go and indite the aforesaid letter.

PRESIDENT (seats himself at his writing-table). Do so; and, as soon as it is ready, bring it hither for my perusal.

[Exit WORM.]

[The PRESIDENT, having written, rises and hands the paper to a servant who enters.]

See this arrest executed without a moment's delay, and let Marshal von Kalb be informed that I wish to see him immediately.

SERVANT. The marshal's carriage has just stopped at your lordship's door.

PRESIDENT. So much the better—as for the arrest, let it be managed with such precaution that no disturbance arise.

SERVANT. I will take care, my lord.

PRESIDENT. You understand me? The business must be kept quite secret.

SERVANT. Your excellency shall be obeyed.

[Exit SERVANT.]

SCENE II.

The PRESIDENT—MARSHALL KALB.

MARSHAL (hastily). I have just looked in, en passant, my dear friend! How are you? How do you get on? We are to have the grand opera Dido to-night! Such a conflagration!—a whole town will be in flames!—you will come to the blaze of course—eh?

PRESIDENT. I have conflagration enough in my own house, one that threatens the destruction of all I possess. Be seated, my dear marshal. You arrive very opportunely to give me your advice and assistance in a certain business which will either advance our fortunes or utterly ruin us both!

MARSHAL. Don't alarm me so, my dear friend!

PRESIDENT. As I said before, it must exalt or ruin us entirely! You know my project respecting the major and Lady Milford—you are not ignorant how necessary this union is to secure both our fortunes! Marshal, our plans threaten to come to naught. My son refuses to marry her!

MARSHAL. Refuses! Refuses to marry her? But, my goodness! I have published the news through the whole town. The union is the general topic of conversation.

PRESIDENT. Then you will be talked of by all the town as a spreader of false reports,—in short, Ferdinand loves another.

MARSHAL. Pooh! you are joking! As if that were an obstacle?

PRESIDENT. With such an enthusiast a most insurmountable one!

MARSHAL. Can he be mad enough to spurn his good-fortune? Eh?

PRESIDENT. Ask him yourself and you'll hear what he will answer.

MARSHAL. But, mon Dieu! what can he answer?

PRESIDENT. That he will publish to the world the crime by which we rose to power—that he will denounce our forged letters and receipts—that he will send us both to the scaffold. That is what he can answer.

MARSHAL. Are you out of your mind?

PRESIDENT. Nay, that is what he has already answered? He was actually on the point of putting these threats into execution; and it was only by the most abject submission that I could persuade him to abandon his design. What say you to this, marshal?

MARSHAL (with a look of bewildered stupidity). I am at my wits' end!

PRESIDENT. That might have blown over. But my spies have just brought me notice that the grand cupbearer, von Bock, is on the point of offering himself as a suitor to her ladyship.

MARSHAL. You drive me distracted! Whom did you say? Von Bock? Don't you know that we are mortal enemies? And don't you know why?

PRESIDENT. The first word that I ever heard of it!

MARSHAL. My dear count! You shall hear—your hair will stand on end! You must remember the famous court ball—it is now just twenty years ago. It was the first time that English country-dances were introduced—you remember how the hot wax trickled from the great chandelier on Count Meerschaum's blue and silver domino. Surely, you cannot have forgotten that affair!

PRESIDENT. Who could forget so remarkable a circumstance!

MARSHAL. Well, then, in the heat of the dance Princess Amelia lost her garter. The whole ball, as you may imagine, was instantly thrown into confusion. Von Bock and myself—we were then fellow-pages—crept through the whole

saloon in search of the garter. At length I discovered it. Von Bock perceives my good-fortune—rushes forward—tears it from my hands, and, just fancy—presents it to the princess, and so cheated me of the honor I had so fortunately earned. What do you think of that?

PRESIDENT. 'Twas most insolent!

MARSHAL. I thought I should have fainted upon the spot. A trick so malicious was beyond the powers of mortal endurance. At length I recovered myself; and, approaching the princess, said,—"Von Bock, 'tis true, was fortunate enough to present the garter to your highness; but he who first discovered that treasure finds his reward in silence, and is dumb!"

PRESIDENT. Bravo, marshal! Admirably said! Most admirable!

MARSHAL. And is dumb! But till the day of judgment will I remember his conduct—the mean, sneaking sycophant! And as if that were not aggravation enough, he actually, as we were struggling on the ground for the garter, rubbed all the powder from one side of my peruke with his sleeve, and ruined me for the rest of the evening.

PRESIDENT. This is the man who will marry Lady Milford, and consequently soon take the lead at court.

MARSHAL. You plunge a dagger in my heart! But why must he? Why should he marry her? Why he? Where is the necessity?

PRESIDENT. Because Ferdinand refuses her, and there is no other candidate.

MARSHAL. But is there no possible method of obtaining your son's consent? Let the measure be ever so extravagant or desperate—there is nothing to which I should not willingly consent in order to supplant the hated von Bock.

PRESIDENT. I know but one means of accomplishing this, and that rests

entirely with you.

MARSHAL. With me? Name it, my dear count, name it!

PRESIDENT. You must set Ferdinand and his mistress against each other.

MARSHAL. Against each other? How do you mean?—and how would that be possible.

PRESIDENT. Everything is ours could we make him suspect the girl.

MARSHAL. Ah, of theft, you mean?

PRESIDENT. Pshaw!—he would never believe that! No, no—I mean that she is carrying on an intrigue with another.

MARSHAL. And this other, who is he to be?

PRESIDENT. Yourself!

MARSHAL. How? Must I be her lover? Is she of noble birth?

PRESIDENT. What signifies that? What an idea!—she is the daughter of a musician.

MARSHAL. A plebeian?—that will never do!

PRESIDENT. What will never do? Nonsense, man! Who in the name of wonder would think of asking a pair of rosy cheeks for their owner's pedigree?

MARSHAL. But consider, my dear count, a married man! And my reputation at court!

PRESIDENT. Oh! that's quite another thing! I beg a thousand pardons, marshal; I was not aware that a man of unblemished morals held a higher place in your estimation than a man of power! Let us break up our conference.

MARSHAL. Be not so hasty, count. I did not mean to say that.

PRESIDENT (coldly.) No—no! You are perfectly right. I, too, am weary of office. I shall throw up the game, tender my resignation to the duke, and congratulate von Bock on his accession to the premiership. This duchy is not all the world.

MARSHAL. And what am I to do? It is very fine for you to talk thus! You are a man of learning! But I—mon Dieu! What shall I be if his highness dismisses me?

PRESIDENT. A stale jest!—a thing out of fashion!

MARSHAL. I implore you, my dearest, my most valued friend. Abandon those thoughts. I will consent to everything!

PRESIDENT. Will you lend your name to an assignation to which this Louisa Miller shall invite you in writing?

MARSHAL. Well, in God's name let it be so!

PRESIDENT. And drop the letter where the major cannot fail to find it.

MARSHAL. For instance, on the parade, where I can let it fall as if accidentally in drawing out my handkerchief.

PRESIDENT. And when the baron questions you will you assume the character of a favored rival?

MARSHAL. Mort de ma vie! I'll teach him manners! I'll cure him of interfering in my amours!

PRESIDENT. Good! Now you speak in the right key. The letter shall be written immediately! Come in the evening to receive it, and we will talk over the part you are to play.

MARSHAL. I will be with you the instant I have paid sixteen visits of the very highest importance. Permit me, therefore, to take my leave without delay. (Going.)

PRESIDENT (rings). I reckon upon your discretion, marshal.

MARSHAL (calls back). Ah, mon Dieu! you know me!

[Exit MARSHAL.]

SCENE III.

The PRESIDENT and WORM.

WORM. The music-master and his wife have been arrested without the least disturbance. Will your excellency read this letter?

PRESIDENT (having read it). Excellent! Excellent, my dear secretary! poison like this would convert health itself into jaundiced leprosy. The marshal, too, has taken the bait. Now then away with my proposals to the father, and then lose no time—with the daughter.

[Exeunt on different sides.]

SCENE IV.—Room in MILLER'S House.

LOUISA and FERDINAND.

LOUISA. Cease, I implore you! I expect no more days of happiness. All my hopes are levelled with the dust.

FERDINAND. All mine are exalted to heaven! My father's passions are

roused! He will direct his whole artillery against us! He will force me to become an unnatural son. I will not answer for my filial duty. Rage and despair will wring from me the dark secret that my father is an assassin! The son will deliver the parent into the hands of the executioner. This is a moment of extreme danger, and extreme danger alone could prompt my love to take so daring a leap! Hear me, Louisa! A thought, vast and immeasurable as my love, has arisen in my soul—Thou, Louisa, and I, and Love! Lies not a whole heaven within this circle? Or dost thou feel that there is still something wanting?

LOUISA. Oh! cease! No more! I tremble to think what you would say.

FERDINAND. If we have no longer a claim upon the world, why should we seek its approbation? Why venture where nothing can be gained and all may be lost? Will thine eyes sparkle less brightly reflected by the Baltic waves than by the waters of the Rhine or the Elbe? Where Louise loves me there is my native land! Thy footsteps will make the wild and sandy desert far more attractive than the marble halls of my ancestors. Shall we miss the pomp of cities? Be we where we may, Louisa, a sun will rise and a sun will set—scenes before which the most glorious achievements of art grow pale and dim! Though we serve God no more in his consecrated churches, yet the night shall spread her solemn shadows round us; the changing moon shall hear our confession, and a glorious congregation of stars join in our prayers! Think you our talk of love can ever be exhausted! Oh, no! One smile from Louisa were a theme for centuries—the dream of life will be over ere I can exhaust the charms of a single tear.

LOUISA. And hast thou no duty save that of love?

FERDINAND (embracing her). None so sacred as thy peace of mind!

LOUISA (very seriously). Cease, then, and leave me. I have a father who possesses no treasure save one only daughter. To-morrow he will be sixty years old—that he will fall a victim to the vengeance of the President is most certain!

FERDINAND (interrupting her). He shall accompany us. Therefore no more objections, my beloved. I will go and convert my valuables into gold, and raise money on my father's credit! It is lawful to plunder a robber, and are not his treasures the price for which he has sold his country? This night, when the clock strikes one, a carriage will stop at your door—throw yourself into it, and we fly!

LOUISA. Pursued by your father's curse! a curse, unthinking one, which is never pronounced in vain even by murderers—which the avenging angel hears when uttered by a malefactor in his last agony—which, like a fury, will fearfully pursue the fugitives from shore to shore! No, my beloved! If naught but a crime can preserve you to me, I still have courage to resign you!

FERDINAND (mutters gloomily). Indeed!

LOUISA. Resign you? Oh! horrible beyond all measure is the thought. Horrible enough to pierce the immortal spirit and pale the glowing cheeks of joy! Ferdinand! To resign you! Yet how can one resign what one never possessed? Your heart is the property of your station. My claim was sacrilege, and, shuddering, I withdraw it!

FERDINAND (with convulsed features, and biting his underlip). You withdraw it!

LOUISA. Nay! look upon me, dearest Ferdinand. Gnash not your teeth so bitterly! Come, let my example rouse your slumbering courage. Let me be the heroine of this moment. Let me restore to a father his lost son. I will renounce a union which would sever the bonds by which society is held together, and overthrow the landmarks of social order. I am the criminal. My bosom has nourished proud and foolish wishes, and my present misery is a just punishment. Oh! leave me then the sweet, the consoling idea that mine is the sacrifice. Canst thou deny me this last satisfaction? (FERDINAND, stupefied with agitation and anger, seizes a violin and strikes a few notes upon it; and then tears away the strings, dashes the instrument upon the ground, and, stamping it to pieces, bursts

into a loud laugh.) Walter! God in Heaven! What mean you? Be not thus unmanned! This hour requires fortitude; it is the hour of separation! You have a heart, dear Walter; I know that heart—warm as life is your love—boundless and immeasurable—bestow it on one more noble, more worthy—she need not envy the most fortunate of her sex! (Striving to repress her tears.) You shall see me no more! Leave the vain disappointed girl to bewail her sorrow in sad and lonely seclusion; where her tears will flow unheeded. Dead and gone are all my hopes of happiness in this world; yet still shall I inhale ever and anon the perfumes of the faded wreath! (Giving him her trembling hand, while her face is turned away.) Baron Walter, farewell!

FERDINAND (recovering from the stupor in which he was plunged). Louisa, I fly! Do you indeed refuse to follow me?

LOUISA (who has retreated to the further end of the apartment, conceals her countenance with her hands). My duty bids me stay, and suffer.

FERDINAND. Serpent! thou liest—some other motive chains thee here!

LOUISA (in a tone of the most heartfelt sorrow). Encourage that belief. Haply it may make our parting more supportable.

FERDINAND. What? Oppose freezing duty to fiery love! And dost thou think to cheat me with that delusion? Some rival detains thee here, and woe be to thee and him should my suspicions be confirmed!

[Exit.

SCENE V.

LOUISA (she remains for some time motionless in the seat upon which she has thrown herself. At length she rises, comes forward, and looks timidly around).

Where can my parents be? My father promised to return in a few minutes; yet full five dreadful hours have passed since his departure. Should any accident——good Heavens! What is come over me? Why does my heart palpitate so violently? (Here WORM enters, and remains standing unobserved in the background.) It can be nothing real. 'Tis but the terrible delusion of my overheated blood. When once the soul is wrapp'd in terror the eye behold spectres in every shadow.

SCENE VI.

LOUISA and WORM.

WORM (approaches her). Good evening, miss.

LOUISA. Heavens! who speaks! (Perceives him, and starts back in terror.) Ha! Dreadful! dreadful! I fear some dire misfortune is even now realizing the forebodings of my soul! (To WORM, with a look of disdain.) Do you seek the president? he is no longer here.

WORM. 'Tis you I seek, miss!

LOUISA. I wonder, then, that you did not direct your steps towards the market-place.

WORM. What should I do there?

LOUISA. Release your betrothed from the pillory.

WORM. Louisa, you cherish some false suspicion——

LOUISA (sharply interrupting him). What is your business with me?

WORM. I come with a message from your father.

LOUISA (agitated). From my father? Oh! Where is my father?

WORM. Where he would fain not be!

LOUISA. Quick, quick, for God's sake! Oh! my foreboding heart! Where is my father!

WORM. In prison, if you needs must know!

LOUISA (with a look towards heaven). This, too! This, too! In prison, said you? And why in prison?

WORM. It is the duke's order.

LOUISA. The duke's?

WORM. Who thinking his own dignity offended by the insults offered to the person of his representative——

LOUISA. How? How? Oh ye Almighty Powers!

WORM.——Has resolved to inflict the most exemplary punishment.

LOUISA. This was still wanting! This! Yes, in truth. I now feel that my heart does love another besides Ferdinand! That could not be allowed to escape! The prince's dignity offended? Heavenly Providence! Save, oh! save my sinking faith! (After a moment's pause, she turns to WORM.) And Ferdinand?

WORM. Must choose between Lady Milford's hand and his father's curse and disinheritance.

LOUISA. Terrible choice!—and yet—yet is he the happier of the two. He has no father to lose—and yet to have none is misery enough! My father imprisoned for treason—my Ferdinand compelled to choose between Lady Milford's hand or a parent's curse and disinheritance! Truly admirable! for even villany so perfect

is perfection! Perfection? No! something is still wanting to complete that. Where is my mother?

WORM. In the house of correction.

LOUISA (with a smile of despair). Now the measure is full! It is full, and I am free—released from all duties—all sorrows—all joys! Released even from Providence! I have nothing more to do with it! (A dreadful pause.) Have you aught else to communicate? Speak freely—now I can hear anything with indifference.

WORM. All that has happened you already know.

LOUISA. But not that which is yet to happen! (Another pause, during which she surveys WORM from head to foot.) Unfortunate man! you have entered on a melancholy employment, which can never lead you to happiness. To cause misery to others is sad enough—but to be the messenger of evil is horrible indeed—to be the first to shriek the screech-owl's song, to stand by when the bleeding heart trembles upon the iron shaft of necessity, and the Christian doubts the existence of a God—Heaven protect me! Wert thou paid a ton of gold for every tear of anguish which thou must witness, I would not be a wretch like thee! What is there yet to happen?

WORM. I know not.

LOUISA. You pretend not to know? This light-shunning embassy trembles at the sound of words, but the spectre betrays itself in your ghastly visage. What is there yet to happen? You said the duke will inflict upon him a most exemplary punishment. What call you exemplary?

WORM. Ask me no more.

LOUISA. Terrible man! Some hangman must have schooled thee! Else thou hast not so well learned to prolong the torture of thy victim before giving the

finishing stroke to the agonized heart! Speak! What fate awaits my father? Death thou canst announce with a laughing sneer—what then must that be which thou dost hesitate to disclose? Speak out! Let me at once receive the overwhelming weight of thy tidings! What fate awaits my father?

WORM. A criminal process.

LOUISA. But what is that? I am an ignorant, innocent girl, and understand but little of your fearful terms of law. What mean you by a criminal process?

WORM. Judgment upon life or death.

LOUISA (firmly). Ah! I thank you.

[Exit hastily by a side door.]

WORM (alarmed). What means this? Should the simpleton perchance—confusion! Surely she will not—I must follow her. I am answerable for her life. (As he is going towards the door, LOUISA returns, wrapped in a cloak.)

LOUISA. Your pardon, Mr. Secretary, I must lock the door.

WORM. Whither in such haste?

LOUISA (passing him). To the duke.

WORM (alarmed, detains her). How? Whither?

LOUISA. To the duke. Do you not hear? Even to that very duke whose will is to decide upon my father's life or death. Yet no?—'tis not his will that decides, but the will of wicked men who surround his throne. He lends naught to this process, save the shadow of his majesty, and his royal signature.

WORM (with a burst of laughter). To the duke!

LOUISA. I know the meaning of that sneering laugh—you would tell me that I shall find no compassion there. But though I may meet (God preserve me!) with nothing but scorn—scorn at my sorrows—yet will I go to the duke. I have been told that the great never know what misery is; that they fly from the knowledge of it. But I will teach the duke what misery is; I will paint to him, in all the writhing agonies of death, what misery is; I will cry aloud in wailings that shall creep through the very marrow of his bones, what misery is; and, while at my picture his hairs shall stand on end like quills upon the porcupine, will I shriek into his affrighted ear, that in the hour of death the sinews of these mighty gods of earth shall shrivel and shrink, and that at the day of judgment beggars and kings shall be weighed together in the same balance (Going.)

WORM (ironically). By all means go to the duke! You can really do nothing more prudent; I advise you heartily to the step. Only go, and I give you my word that the duke will grant your suit.

LOUISA (stopping suddenly). What said you? Do you yourself advise the step? (Returns hastily). What am I about to do? Something wicked surely, since this man approves it—how know you that the prince will grant my suit?

WORM. Because he will not have to grant it unrewarded.

LOUISA. Not unrewarded? And what price does he set on his humanity?

WORM. The person of the fair suppliant will be payment enough!

LOUISA (stopping for a moment in mute dismay—in a feeble voice).
Almighty God!

WORM. And I trust that you will not think your father's life over-valued when 'tis purchased at so gracious a price.

LOUISA (with great indignation). True, oh! true! The great are entrenched from truth behind their own vices, safely as behind the swords of cherubim. The

Almighty protect thee, father! Your child can die— but not sin for thee.

WORM. This will be agreeable news for the poor disconsolate old man. "My Louisa," says he, "has bowed me down to the earth; but my Louisa will raise me up again." I hasten to him with your answer. (Affects to be about to depart.)

LOUISA (flies after him and holds him back). Stay! stay! one moment's patience! How nimble this Satan is, when his business is to drive humanity distracted! I have bowed him to the earth! I must raise him up again! Speak to me! Counsel me! What can I, what must I do?

WORM. There is but one means of saving him!

LOUISA. What is that means?

WORM. And your father approves of it——

LOUISA. My father? Oh! name that means.

WORM. It is easy for you to execute.

LOUISA. I know of nothing harder than infamy!

WORM. Suppose you were to release the major from his engagement?

LOUISA. Release him! Do you mock me? Do you call that a choice to which force compelled me?

WORM. You mistake me, dear girl! The major must resign you willingly, and be the first to retract his engagement.

LOUISA. That he will never do.

WORM. So it appears. Should we, do you think, have had recourse to you were it not that you alone are able to help us?

LOUISA. I cannot compel him to hate me.

WORM. We will try! Be seated.

LOUISA (drawing back). Man! What is brooding in thy artful brain?

WORM. Be seated. Here are paper, pens, and ink. Write what I dictate.

LOUISA (sitting down in the greatest uneasiness). What must I write? To whom must I write?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA. Ah! How well thou knowest to torture souls to thy purpose.
(Takes a pen.)

WORM (dictating to her). "My dear Sir (LOUISA writes with a trembling hand,) three days, three insupportable days, have already passed—already passed—since last we met."

LOUISA (starts, and lays down her pen). To whom is the letter?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA. Oh! my God!

WORM. "But for this you must blame the major—the major—who watches me all day with the vigilance of an Argus."

LOUISA (starting up). Villany! Villany beyond all precedent! To whom is the letter?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA (paces to and fro, wringing her hands). No, no, no! This is tyrannical! Oh Heaven! If mortals provoke thee, punish them like mortals; but

wherefore must I be placed between two precipices? Wherefore am I hurled by turns from death to infamy, from infamy to death? Wherefore is my neck made the footstool of this blood-sucking fiend? No; do what thou wilt, I will never write that!

WORM (seizing his hat). As you please, miss! It rests entirely on your own pleasure!

LOUISA. Pleasure, say'st thou? On my own pleasure? Go, barbarian! Suspend some unfortunate over the pit of hell; then make your demands, and ask your victim if it be his pleasure to grant your request! Oh! Thou knowest but too well that the bonds of nature bind our hearts as firmly as chains! But all is now alike indifferent. Dictate! I cease to think! Artifices of hell, I yield to ye! (She resumes her seat at the table.)

WORM. "With the vigilance of an Argus." Have you written it?

LOUISA. Proceed, proceed!

WORM. "The president was here yesterday. It was amusing to see how warm the poor major was in defence of my honor."

LOUISA. Excellent! Excellent! Oh! Admirable! Quick! quick, go on!

WORM. "I had recourse to a swoon—a swoon—that I might not laugh aloud"——

LOUISA. Oh, Heavens!

WORM. "But the mask which I have worn so long is becoming insupportable—insupportable. Oh! if I could but rid myself of him."

LOUISA (rises, and walks a few turns with her head bent down, as if she sought something upon the floor: then returns to her place, and continues to write). "Rid myself of him."

WORM. "He will be on duty to-morrow—observe when he leaves me, and hasten to the usual place." Have you written "the usual place?"

LOUISA. Everything, everything!

WORM. "To the usual place, to meet your devotedly attached Louisa."

LOUISA. Now then, the address?

WORM. "To Marshal von Kalb."

LOUISA. Eternal Providence! A name as foreign to my ear as these scandalous lines are to my heart! (She rises, and for some moments surveys the writing with a vacant gaze. At length she hands it to WORM, speaking in a voice trembling and exhausted.) Take it, Sir! What I now put into your hands is my good name. It is Ferdinand—it is the whole joy of my life! You have it, and now I am a beggar——

WORM. Oh! Not so! Despair not, dear girl! You inspire me with the most heartfelt pity! Perhaps—who knows? I might even now overlook certain parts of your conduct—yes! Heaven is my witness, how deeply I compassionate your sorrows!

LOUISA (giving him a piercing look). Do not explain yourself! You are on the point of asking something more terrible than all.

WORM (attempting to kiss her hand). What if I asked this little hand? Would that be terrible, Louisa?

LOUISA (with great indignation). Yes! for I should strangle you on the bridal night: and for such a deed I would joyfully yield my body to be torn on the rack! (She is going, but comes hurriedly back.) Is all settled between us, sir? May the dove be released?

WORM. A trifle yet remains, maiden! You must swear, by the holy sacrament, to acknowledge this letter for your free and voluntary act.

LOUISA. Oh God! Oh God! And wilt thou grant thine own seal to confirm the works of hell? (WORM leads her away.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Saloon in the PRESIDENT'S House.

FERDINAND VON WALTER enters in great excitement with an open letter in his hand, and is met by a SERVANT.

FERDINAND. Is the marshal here?

SERVANT. My lord, his highness the president is inquiring for you.

FERDINAND. Fire and fury! I ask is the marshal here?

SERVANT. His honor is engaged at the faro-table, above stairs.

FERDINAND. Tell his honor, in the name of all the devils in hell, to make his appearance this instant!

[Exit SERVANT.]

SCENE II.

FERDINAND (hastily reading the letter, at one moment seeming petrified with astonishment, at the next pacing the room with fury). Impossible! quite impossible! A form so heavenly cannot hide so devilish a heart. And yet!—and yet! Though all the angels of heaven should descend on earth and proclaim her

innocence—though heaven and earth, the Creator and the created, should, with one accord, vouch for her innocence—it is her hand, her own hand! Treachery, monstrous, infernal treachery, such as humanity never before witnessed! This, then, was the reason she so resolutely opposed our flight! This it was—Oh, God! Now I awake from my dream! Now the veil is lifted! This, then, is why she surrendered with so much seeming heroism her claims on my affection, and all but cheated me with her saint-like demeanor! (He traverses the chamber rapidly, and then remains for some moments in deep thought.) To fathom my heart to its very core! To reciprocate every lofty sentiment, every gentle emotion, every fiery ebullition! To sympathize with every secret breathing of my soul! To study me even in her tears! To mount with me to the sublimest heights of passion—to brave with me, undaunted, each fearful precipice! God of heaven! And was all this deceit? mere grimace? Oh, if falsehood can assume so lovely an appearance of truth why has no devil yet lied himself back into heaven?

When I unfolded to her the dangers which threatened our affection, with what convincing artifice did the false one turn pale! With what overpowering dignity did she repulse my father's licentious scoffs! yet at that very moment the deceiver was conscious of her guilt! Nay, did she not even undergo the fiery ordeal of truth? Forsooth, the hypocrite fainted! What must now be thy language, sensibility, since coquettes faint? How wilt thou vindicate thyself, innocence?—for even strumpets faint?

She knows her power over me—she has seen through my very heart! My soul shone conspicuous in my eyes at the blush of her first kiss. And that she should have felt nothing! or perhaps felt only the triumph of her art; whilst my happy delirium fancied that in her I embraced a whole heaven, my wildest wishes were hushed! No thought but of her and eternity was present to my mind. Oh, God! and yet she felt nothing? Nothing? but that her artifice had triumphed! That her charms were flattered! Death and vengeance! Nothing, but that I was betrayed!

SCENE III.

FERDINAND, the MARSHAL.

MARSHAL (tripping into the room). I am told, my dear baron, that you have expressed a wish——

FERDINAND (muttering to himself). To break your rascally neck. (Aloud.) Marshal, this letter must have dropped out of your pocket on parade. (With a malicious smile.) And I have been the fortunate finder.

MARSHAL. You?

FERDINAND. By a singular coincidence! Now, balance thy account with heaven!

MARSHAL. You quite alarm me, baron!

FERDINAND. Read it, sir, read it! (Turning from him.) If I am not good enough for a lover perhaps I may do for a pimp. (While the MARSHAL reads, FERDINAND goes to the wall and takes down the pistols.)

KALB (throws the letter upon the table, and rushes off). Confusion!

FERDINAND (leads him back by the arm). Wait a little, my dear marshal! The intelligence contained in that letter appears to be agreeable! The finder must have his reward. (Showing him the pistols.)

MARSHAL (starts back in alarm). Have you lost your senses, baron?

FERDINAND (in a terrible voice). I have more than enough left to rid the world of such a scoundrel as you! Choose one of these instantly! (He forces a pistol into the MARSHAL'S hand, and then draws out his handkerchief.) And now take the other end of this handkerchief! It was given me by the strumpet herself!

MARSHAL. What, shoot over the handkerchief? Baron, are you mad? What can you be thinking of?

FERDINAND. Lay hold of it, I say! or you will be sure to miss your aim, coward! How the coward trembles! You should thank God, you pitiful coward, that you have a chance for once of getting something in your empty brain-box. (The MARSHAL takes to his heels.) Gently, gently! I'll take care of that. (Overtakes him and bolts the door.)

MARSHAL. Surely you will not fight in the chamber?

FERDINAND. As if you were worth the trouble of a walk beyond the boundaries! The report, my dear fellow, will be louder, and, for the first time, you will make some noise in the world. Now, then, take hold!

MARSHAL (wiping his forehead). Yet consider, I entreat. Would you risk your precious life, young and promising as you are, in this desperate manner?

FERDINAND. Take hold, I say! I have nothing more to do in this world!

MARSHAL. But I have much, my dearest, most excellent friend!

FERDINAND. Thou, wretch—thou? What hast thou to do, but to play the stop-gap, where honest men keep aloof! To stretch or shrink seven times in an instant, like the butterfly on a pin? To be privy registrar in chief and clerk of the jordan? To be the cap-and-bell buffoon on which your master sharpens his wit? Well, well, let it be so. I will carry you about with me, as I would a marmot of rare training. You shall skip and dance, like a tamed monkey, to the howling of the damned; fetch, carry, and serve; and with your courtly arts enliven the wailings of everlasting despair!

MARSHAL. Anything you please, dear major! Whatever you please! Only take away the pistols!

FERDINAND. How he stands there, poor trembling wretch! There he stands, a blot on the sixth day of creation. He looks as if he were a piratical counterfeit of the Almighty original. Pity, eternal pity! that an atom of brains should lie wasting in so barren a skull! That single atom bestowed upon a baboon might have made him a perfect man, whereas it is now a mere useless fragment. And that she should share her heart with a thing like this! Monstrous! Incredible! A wretch more formed to wean from sin than to excite it!

MARSHAL. Praised be Heaven! he is getting witty.

FERDINAND. I will let him live! That toleration which spares the caterpillar shall be extended to him! Men shall look on him in wonder, and, shrugging their shoulders, admire the wise dispensation of Providence, which can feed its creatures with husks and scourings; which spreads the table for the raven on the gallows, and for the courtier in the slime of majesty. We wonder at the wisdom of Providence, which even in the world of spirits maintains its staff of venomous reptiles for the dissemination of poison. (Relapsing into rage.) But such vermin shall not pollute my rose; sooner will I crush it to atoms (seizing the MARSHAL and shaking him roughly), thus—and thus—and thus——

MARSHAL. Oh! God, that I were away from here! hundreds of miles away in the asylum for maniacs at Paris! Anywhere but near this man!

FERDINAND. Villain! If she be no longer pure! Villain! If thou hast profaned where I worshipped! (with increased fury). If thou hast polluted, where I believed myself the god! (Pausing suddenly; then in a solemn terrible voice.) It were better for thee, villain, to flee to hell, than to encounter my wrath in heaven! Confess! To what extent has your unhallowed love proceeded?

MARSHAL. Let me go! I will confess everything.

FERDINAND. Oh! it must be more rapturous even to be her licentious paramour than to burn with the purest flame for any other! Would she surrender

her charms to unlicensed pleasure she might dissolve the soul itself to sin, and make voluptuousness pass for virtue (pressing his pistol against the MARSHAL'S breast). To what extremities have you proceeded? Confess this instant or I fire!

MARSHAL. There is nothing at all in it, I assure you! There is not a syllable of truth in the whole business! Have but a moment's patience! You are deceived, indeed you are!

FERDINAND (furiously). And dare you remind me of that, villain? To what extremities have you proceeded? Confess, or you are a dead man!

MARSHAL. Mon Dieu! My God! You mistake my words! Only listen for a moment. When a father——

FERDINAND (still more enraged). No doubt! He threw his daughter into your arms? And how far have you proceeded? Confess, or I will murder you!

MARSHAL. You rave! You will not listen! I never saw her! I don't know her! I know nothing at all about her!

FERDINAND (drawing back). You never saw her? You don't know her? Know nothing at all about her? Louisa is lost to me forever on thy account, and yet in one breath hast thou denied her thrice. Go, wretch, go (he gives him a blow with the pistol, and thrusts him out of the chamber); powder were thrown away on such a miscreant.

[Exit MARSHAL.]

SCENE IV.

FERDINAND (after a long silence, during which his countenance declares him

to be agitated by some dreadful idea). Forever lost? Yes, false unfortunate, both are lost! Ay, by the Almighty God! if I am lost, thou art so too. Judge of the world, ask her not from me! She is mine. For her sake I renounced the whole world—abandoned all thy glorious creation. Leave me the maid, great Judge of the world! Millions of souls pour out their complaints to thee—turn on them thine eye of compassion, but leave me, Almighty Judge—leave me to myself. (Clasping his hands in agony.) Can the bountiful, the munificent Creator be covetous of one miserable soul, and that soul the worst of his creation? The maiden is mine! Once I was her god, but now I am her devil!

(Fixes his eyes with terrible expression.)

An eternity passed with her upon the rack of everlasting perdition! Her melting eye-balls riveted on mine! Our blazing locks entwined together! Our shrieks of agony dissolving into one! And then to renew to her my vows of love, and chant unceasingly her broken oaths! God! God! The union is dreadful—and eternal! (As he is about to rush off, the PRESIDENT meets him.)

SCENE V.

FERDINAND, the PRESIDENT.

FERDINAND (starting back). Ha! my father.

PRESIDENT. I am glad to meet with you, Ferdinand! I come to bring you some pleasant news—something that will certainly surprise you, my dear son. Shall we be seated?

FERDINAND (after gazing upon him for some time with a vacant stare). My father! (Going to him with emotion, and grasping his hand.) My father! (Kissing it, and falling at his feet.) Oh, father!

PRESIDENT. What is the matter? Rise, my son. Your hand burns and trembles!

FERDINAND (wildly). Forgive my ingratitude, father! I am a lost man! I have misinterpreted your kindness! Your meaning was so truly—truly paternal! Oh! you had a prophetic soul! Now it is too late! Pardon! pardon! Your blessing, my dear father!

PRESIDENT (feigning astonishment). Arise, my son! Recollect that your words to me are riddles!

FERDINAND. This Louisa, dear father! Oh! You understand mankind! Your anger was so just, so noble, so truly the zeal of a father! had not its very earnestness led you to mistake the way. This Louisa!

PRESIDENT. Spare me, dear boy! Curses on my severity! come to entreat your forgiveness——

FERDINAND. Forgiveness from me! Curse me rather. Your disapproval was wisdom! Your severity was heavenly mercy! This Louisa, father——

PRESIDENT. Is a noble, a lovely girl! I recall my too rash suspicions! She has won my entire esteem!

FERDINAND (starting up). What? You, too? Father, even you? And is she not, father, the very personification of innocence? And is it not so natural to love this maiden?

PRESIDENT. Say, rather, 'twere a crime not to love her.

FERDINAND. Incredible! wonderful! And you, too, who can so thoroughly see through the heart! And you, who saw her faults with the eyes of hatred! Oh, unexampled hypocrisy! This Louisa, father!

PRESIDENT. Is worthy to be my daughter! Her virtues supply the want of

ancestry, her beauty the want of fortune. My prudential maxims yield to the force of your attachment. Louisa shall be yours!

FERDINAND. Naught but this wanting! Father, farewell! (Rushes out of the apartment.)

PRESIDENT (following him). Stay, my son, stay! Whither do you fly?

SCENE VI.—A magnificent Saloon in LADY MILFORD'S House.

Enter LADY MILFORD and SOPHIA.

LADY MILFORD. You have seen her then? Will she come?

SOPHIA. Yes, in a moment! She was in dishabille, and only requested time to change her dress.

LADY MILFORD. Speak not of her. Silence! I tremble like a criminal at the prospect of beholding that fortunate woman whose heart sympathizes thus cruelly with my own. And how did she receive my invitation?

SOPHIA. She seemed surprised, became thoughtful, fixed her eyes on me steadfastly, and for a while remained silent. I was already prepared for her excuses, when she returned me this answer with a look that quite astonished me; "Tell your mistress that she commands what I myself intended to request to-morrow."

LADY MILFORD. Leave me, Sophia! Pity me! I must blush if she is but an ordinary woman—despair if she is more!

SOPHIA. But, my lady! it is not in this spirit that a rival should be received! Remember who you are! Summon to your aid your birth, your rank, your power! A prouder soul should heighten the gorgeous splendor of your appearance.

LADY MILFORD (in a fit of absence). What is the simpleton babbling about?

SOPHIA (maliciously). Or, is it, perhaps, by chance that to-day, in particular, you are adorned with your most costly brilliants? by chance that you are to-day arrayed in your most sumptuous robes? that your antechamber is crowded with guards and pages; and that the tradesman's daughter is to be received in the most stately apartment of the palace?

LADY MILFORD (angry and nettled). This is outrageous! Insupportable! Oh that woman should have such argus-eyes for woman's weakness! How low, how irretrievably low must I have fallen when such a creature has power to fathom me!

LADY MILFORD, SOPHIA, a SERVANT.

SERVANT (entering). Ma'mselle Miller waits.

LADY MILFORD (to SOPHIA). Hence with you! Leave the room instantly! (Imperiously, as the latter hesitates.) Must I repeat my orders? (SOPHIA retires—LADY MILFORD takes a few turns hastily.) So; 'tis well that I have been excited! I am in the fitter mood for this meeting. (To the SERVANT.) Let her approach.

[Exit SERVANT. LADY MILFORD throws herself upon the sofa, and assumes a negligent but studied attitude.]

SCENE VII.

LADY MILFORD, LOUISA.

LOUISA enters timidly, and remains standing at a great distance from LADY MILFORD, who has turned her back towards her, and for some time watches her attentively in the opposite looking-glass. After a pause

LOUISA. Noble lady, I await your commands.

LADY MILFORD (turning towards LOUISA, and making a slight and distant motion with her head.) Oh! Are you there? I presume the young lady—a certain ——. Pray what is your name?

LOUISA (somewhat sensitively). My father's name is Miller. Your ladyship expressed a wish to see his daughter.

LADY MILFORD. True, true! I remember. The poor musician's daughter, of whom we were speaking the other day. (Aside, after a pause.) Very interesting, but no beauty! (To LOUISA.) Come nearer, my child. (Again aside.) Eyes well practised in weeping. Oh! How I love those eyes! (Aloud.) Nearer—come nearer! Quite close! I really think, my good child, that you are afraid of me!

LOUISA (with firmness and dignity). No, my lady—I despise the opinion of the multitude!

LADY MILFORD (aside). Well, to be sure! She has learnt this boldness from him. (To LOUISA.) You have been recommended to me, miss! I am told that you have been decently educated, and are well disposed. I can readily believe it; besides, I would not, for the world, doubt the word of so warm an advocate.

LOUISA. And yet I remember no one, my lady, who would be at the trouble to seek your ladyship's patronage for me!

LADY MILFORD (significantly). Does that imply my unworthiness, or your humility?

LOUISA. Your words are beyond my comprehension, lady.

LADY MILFORD. More cunning than I should have expected from that open countenance. (To LOUISA.) Your name is Louisa, I believe? May I inquire your

age?

LOUISA. Sixteen, just turned.

LADY MILFORD (starting up). Ha! There it is! Sixteen! The first pulsation of love! The first sweet vibration upon the yet unsounded harp! Nothing is more fascinating. (To LOUISA.) Be seated, lovely girl—I am anxious about you. (To herself.) And he, too, loves for the first time! What wonder, if the ruddy morning beams should meet and blend? (To LOUISA, taking her hand affectionately.) 'Tis settled: I will make your fortune. (To herself.) Oh! there is nothing in it: nothing, but the sweet transient vision of youth! (To LOUISA, patting her on the cheek.) My Sophy is on the point of leaving me to be married: you shall have her place. But just sixteen? Oh! it can never last.

LOUISA (kissing her hand respectfully). Receive my thanks, lady, for your intended favors, and believe me not the less grateful though I may decline to accept them.

LADY MILFORD (relapsing into disdain and anger). Only hear the great lady! Girls of your station generally think themselves fortunate to obtain such promotion. What is your dependence, my dainty one? Are these fingers too delicate for work?—or is it your pretty baby-face that makes you give yourself these airs?

LOUISA. My face, lady, is as little of my own choice as my station!

LADY MILFORD. Perhaps you believe that your beauty will last forever? Poor creature! Whoever put that into your head—be he who he may—has deceived both you and himself! The colors of those cheeks are not burnt in with fire: what your mirror passes off upon you as solid and enduring is but a slight tinselling, which, sooner or later, will rub off in the hands of the purchaser. What then, will you do?

LOUISA. Pity the purchaser, lady, who bought a diamond because it appeared

to be set in gold.

LADY MILFORD (affecting not to hear her). A damsel of your age has ever two mirrors, the real one, and her admirer. The flattering complaisance of the latter counterbalances the rough honesty of the former. What the one proclaims frightful pock-marks, the other declares to be dimples that would adorn the Graces. The credulous maid believes only so much of the former as is confirmed by the latter, and hies from one to the other till she confounds their testimonies, and concludes by fancying them to be both of one opinion. Why do you stare at me so?

LOUISA. Pardon me, lady! I was just then pitying those gorgeous sparkling brilliants, which are unconscious that their possessor is so strenuous a foe to vanity.

LADY MILFORD (reddening). No evasion, miss. Were it not that you depend upon personal attractions, what in the world could induce you to reject a situation, the only one where you can acquire polish of manners and divest yourself of your plebeian prejudices?

LOUISA. And with them, I presume, my plebeian innocence!

LADY MILFORD. Preposterous objection! The most dissolute libertine dares not to disrespect our sex, unless we ourselves encourage him by advances. Prove what you are; make manifest your virtue and honor, and I will guarantee your innocence from danger.

LOUISA. Of that, lady, permit me to entertain a doubt! The palaces of certain ladies are but too often made a theatre for the most unbridled licentiousness. Who will believe that a poor musician's daughter could have the heroism to plunge into the midst of contagion and yet preserve herself untainted? Who will believe that Lady Milford would perpetually hold a scorpion to her breast, and lavish her wealth to purchase the advantage of every moment feeling her cheeks

dyed with the crimson blush of shame? I will be frank, lady!—while I adorned you for some assignation, could you meet my eye unabashed? Could you endure my glance when you returned? Oh! better, far better, would it be that oceans should roll between us—that we should inhabit different climes! Beware, my lady!—hours of temperance, moments of satiety might intrude; the gnawing worm of remorse might plant its sting in your bosom, and then what a torment would it be for you to read in the countenance of your handmaid that calm serenity with which virtue ever rewards an uncorrupted heart! (Retiring a few steps.) Once more, gracious lady, I entreat your pardon!

LADY MILFORD (extremely agitated). Insupportable, that she should tell me this! Still more insupportable, that what she tells is true! (Turning to LOUISA, and looking at her steadfastly.) Girl! girl! this artifice does not blind me. Mere opinions do not speak out so warmly. Beneath the cloak of these sentiments lurks some far dearer interest. 'Tis that which makes my service particularly distasteful—which gives such energy to your language. (In a threatening voice.) What it is I am determined to discover.

LOUISA (with calm dignity). And what if you do discover it? Suppose the contemptuous trampling of your foot should rouse the injured worm, which its Creator has furnished with a sting to protect it against misuse. I fear not your vengeance, lady! The poor criminal extended on the rack can look unappalled even on the dissolution of the world. My misery is so exquisite that even sincerity cannot draw down upon me any further infliction! (After a pause.) You say that you would raise me from the obscurity of my station. I will not examine the motives of this suspicious favor. I will only ask, what could induce you to think me so foolish as to blush at my station? What could induce you to become the architect of my happiness, before you knew whether I was willing to receive that happiness at your hands? I had forever renounced all claims upon the pleasures of the world. I had forgiven fortune that she had dealt with me so niggardly. Ah! why do you remind me of all this. If the Almighty himself hides his glory from the eyes of his creatures, lest the highest seraph should be

overwhelmed by a sense of his own insignificance, why should mortals be so cruelly compassionate? Lady, lady! why is your vaunted happiness so anxious to excite the envy and wonder of the wretched? Does your bliss stand in need of the exhibition of despair for entertainment? Oh! rather grant me that blindness which alone can reconcile me to my barbarous lot! The insect feels itself as happy in a drop of water as though that drop was a paradise: so happy, and so contented! till some one tells it of a world of water, where navies ride and whales disport themselves! But you wish to make me happy, say you? (After a pause, she advances towards LADY MILFORD, and asks her suddenly.) Are you happy, lady? (LADY MILFORD turns from her hastily, and overpowered. LOUISA follows her, and lays her hand upon her bosom.) Does this heart wear the smile of its station? Could we now exchange breast for breast, and fate for fate—were I, in childlike innocence, to ask you on your conscience—were I to ask you as a mother— would you really counsel me to make the exchange?

LADY MILFORD (greatly excited, throwing herself on the sofa). Intolerable! Incomprehensible! No, Louisa, no! This greatness of thought is not your own, and your conceptions are too fiery, too full of youth, to be inspired by your father. Deceive me not! I detect another teacher——

LOUISA (looking piercingly at her). I cannot but wonder, my lady, that you should have only just discovered that other teacher, and yet have previously shown so much anxiety to patronize me!

LADY MILFORD (starting up). 'Tis not to be borne! Well, then, since I cannot escape you, I know him—know everything—know more than I wish to know! (Suddenly restraining herself, then continuing with a violence which by degrees increases to frenzy.) But dare, unhappy one!—dare but still to love, or be beloved by him! What did I say? Dare but to think of him, or to be one of his thoughts! I am powerful, unhappy one!— dreadful in my vengeance! As sure as there is a God in heaven thou art lost forever!

LOUISA (undaunted). Past all redemption, my lady, the moment you succeed

in compelling him to love you!

LADY MILFORD. I understand you—but I care not for his love! I will conquer this disgraceful passion. I will torture my own heart; but thine will I crush to atoms! Rocks and chasms will I hurl between you. I will rush, like a fury, into the heaven of your joys. My name shall affright your loves as a spectre scares an assassin. That young and blooming form in his embrace shall wither to a skeleton. I cannot be blest with him—neither shalt thou. Know, wretched girl; that to blast the happiness of others is in itself a happiness!

LOUISA. A happiness, my lady, which is already beyond your reach! Seek not to deceive your own heart! You are incapable of executing what you threaten! You are incapable of torturing a being who has done you no wrong—but whose misfortune it is that her feelings have been sensible to impressions like your own. But I love you for these transports, my lady!

LADY MILFORD (recovering herself). Where am I? What have I done? What sentiments have I betrayed? To whom have I betrayed them? Oh, Louisa, noble, great, divine soul, forgive the ravings of a maniac! Fear not, my child! I will not injure a hair of thy head! Name thy wishes! Ask what thou wilt! I will serve thee with all my power; I will be thy friend—thy sister! Thou art poor; look (taking off her brilliants), I will sell these jewels—sell my wardrobe—my carriages and horses—all shall be thine—grant me but Ferdinand!

LOUISA (draws back indignantly). Does she mock my despair?—or is she really innocent of participation in that cruel deed? Ha! then I may yet assume the heroine, and make my surrender of him pass for a sacrifice! (Remains for a while absorbed in thought, then approaches LADY MILFORD, seizes her hand, and gazes on her with a fixed and significant look.) Take him, lady! I here voluntarily resign the man whom hellish arts have torn from my bleeding bosom! Perchance you know it not, my lady! but you have destroyed the paradise of two lovers; you have torn asunder two hearts which God had linked together; you have crushed a creature not less dear to him than yourself, and no

less created for happiness; one by whom he was worshipped as sincerely as by you; but who, henceforth, will worship him no more. But the Almighty is ever open to receive the last groan of the trampled worm. He will not look on with indifference when creatures in his keeping are murdered. Now Ferdinand is yours. Take him, lady, take him! Rush into his arms! Drag him with you to the altar! But forget not that the spectre of a suicide will rush between you and the bridal kiss. God be merciful! No choice is left me! (Rushes out of the chamber.)

SCENE VIII.

LADY MILFORD alone, in extreme agitation, gazing on the door by which LOUISA left. At length she recovers from her stupor.

LADY MILFORD. What was that? What preys so on my heart? What said the unhappy one? Still, O heaven, the dreadful, damning words ring in my ears! "Take him! Take him!" What should I take, unfortunate? the bequest of your dying groan—the fearful legacy of your despair? Gracious heaven! am I then fallen so low? Am I so suddenly hurled from the towering throne of my pride that I greedily await what a beggar's generosity may throw me in the last struggle of death? "Take him! Take him!" And with what a tone was it uttered!—with what a look! What! Amelia! is it for this thou hast overleaped the bounds of thy sex? For this didst thou vaunt the glorious title of a free-born Briton, that thy boasted edifice of honor might sink before the nobler soul of a despised and lowly maiden? No, proud unfortunate! No! Amelia Milford may blush for shame,—but shall never be despised. I, too, have courage to resign. (She walks a few paces with a majestic gait.) Hide thyself, weak, suffering woman! Hence, ye sweet and golden dreams of love! Magnanimity alone be now my guide. These lovers are lost, or Amelia must withdraw her claim, and renounce the prince's heart. (After a pause, with animation.) It is determined! The dreadful obstacle is removed—broken are the bonds which bound me to the duke—torn from my bosom this raging passion. Virtue, into thy arms I throw myself. Receive thy

repentant daughter. Ha! how happy do I feel! How suddenly relieved my heart, and how exalted! Glorious as the setting sun, will I this day descend from the pinnacle of my greatness; my grandeur shall expire with my love, and my own heart be the only sharer of my proud exile! (Going to her writing-table with a determined air.) It must be done at once—now, on the spot—before the recollection of Ferdinand renews the cruel conflict in my bosom! (She seats herself, and begins to write).

SCENE IX.

LADY MILFORD, an ATTENDANT, SOPHIA, afterwards the MARSHAL, and then SERVANTS.

SERVANT. Marshal von Kalb is in the ante-chamber, and brings a message from his highness.

LADY MILFORD (not hearing him in the eagerness of writing). How the illustrious puppet will stare! The idea is singular enough, I own, the presuming to astonish his serene numskull. In what confusion will his court be thrown! The whole country will be in a ferment.

SERVANT and SOPHIA. Marshal von Kalb, my lady!

LADY MILFORD (turning round). Who? the marshal? So much the better! Such creatures were designed by nature to carry the ass' panniers.

[Exit SERVANT.

SOPHIA (approaching anxiously). If I were not fearful, my lady, that you would think it presumption. (LADY MILFORD continuing to write eagerly.) Louisa Miller rushed madly to the hall—you are agitated—you speak to yourself. (LADY MILFORD continues writing.) I am quite alarmed. What can

have happened? (The MARSHAL enters, making repeated bows at LADY MILFORD'S back; as she takes no notice of him, he comes nearer, stands behind her chair, touches the hem of her dress, and imprints a kiss on it, saying in a tremulous voice.) His serene highness——

LADY MILFORD (while she peruses hastily what she has written). He will tax me with black ingratitude! "I was poor and forsaken! He raised me from misery! From misery." Detestable exchange! Annul my bond, seducer! The blush of my eternal shame repays my debt with interest.

MARSHAL (after endeavoring in vain to catch her eye). Your ladyship seems somewhat absent. I take the liberty of permitting myself the boldness (very loud)——his serene highness, my lady, has sent me to inquire whether you mean to honor this evening's gala with your presence, or the theatre?

LADY MILFORD (rising, with a laugh). One or the other, sweet sir. In the meantime take this paper to your duke for his dessert. (To SOPHIA.) Do you, Sophia, give directions to have my carriage brought to the door without delay, and call my whole household together in this saloon.

SOPHIA (goes out in great astonishment). Heavens! What do I forebode? What will this end in?

MARSHAL. You seem excited, my lady!

LADY MILFORD. The greater the chance of my letting you into a little truth. Rejoice, my Lord Marshal! There is a place vacant at court. A fine time for panders. (As the MARSHAL throws a look of suspicion upon the paper.) Read it, read it! 'Tis my desire that the contents should be made public. (While he reads it, the domestics enter, and range themselves in the background.)

MARSHAL (reading). "Your highness——an engagement, broken by you so lightly, can no longer be binding on me. The happiness of your subjects was the condition of my love. For three years the deception has lasted. The veil at length

falls from my eyes! I look with disgust on favors which are stained with the tears of your subjects. Bestow the love which I can no longer accept upon your weeping country, and learn from a British princess compassion to your German people. Within an hour I shall have quitted your dominions. JOANNA NORFOLK"

SERVANTS (exclaiming to each other in astonishment). Quitted the dominions!

MARSHAL (replaces the letter upon the table in terror). God forbid, my dear and most excellent lady! The bearer of such a letter would be as mad as the writer!

LADY MILFORD. That is your concern, you pink of a courtier! Alas! I am sorry to know that you, and such as you, would choke even in the utterance of what others dare to do. My advice is that you bake the letter in a venison pasty, so that his most serene highness may find it on his plate!

MARSHAL. God preserve me! What presumption! Ponder well, I entreat you. Reflect on the disgrace which you will bring down upon yourself, my lady!

LADY MILFORD (turning to the assembled domestics, and addressing them in the deepest emotion). You seem amazed, good people; and anxiously awaiting the solution of this riddle? Draw nearer, my friends! You have served me truly and affectionately; have looked into my eyes rather than my purse. My pleasure was your study, my approbation your pride! Woe is me, that the remembrance of your fidelity must be the record of my unworthiness! Unhappy fate, that the darkest season of my life should have been the brightest of yours! (Her eyes suffused with tears.) We must part, my children. Lady Milford has ceased to exist, and Joanna of Norfolk is too poor to repay your love. What little wealth I have my treasurer will share among you. This palace belongs to the duke. The poorest of you will quit it far richer than his mistress! Farewell, my children! (She extends her hand, which they all in turn kiss, with marks of sorrow and

affection.) I understand you, my good people! Farewell! forever farewell! (Struggling with her feelings.) I hear the carriage at the door. (She tears herself away, and is hurrying out when the MARSHAL arrests her progress.) How, now? Pitiful creature, art thou still there?

MARSHAL (who all this while has been gazing in vacant astonishment at the letter). And must I be the person to put this letter into the most august hands of his most serene highness?

LADY MILFORD. Pitiful creature, even thou! Thou must deliver into his most august hands, and convey to his most august ears, that, as I cannot go barefoot to Loretto, I will support myself by the labor of my hands, that I may be purified from the disgrace of having condescended to rule him. (She hurries off—the rest silently disperse.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Twilight; a room in MILLER'S house.

LOUISA sits silent and motionless in a dark corner of the room, her head reclining upon her hand. After a long pause, MILLER enters with a lantern, the light of which he casts anxiously round the chamber, without observing LOUISA, he then puts his hat on the table, and sets down the lantern.

LOUISA, MILLER.

MILLER. She is not here either. No, she is not here! I have wandered through every street; I have sought her with every acquaintance; I have inquired at every door! No one has seen my child! (A silence of some moments.) Patience, poor unhappy father! Patience till morning; then perhaps the corpse of your only one may come floating to shore. Oh, God in heaven! What though my heart has hung too idolatrously upon this daughter, yet surely the punishment is severe! Heavenly Father! Surely it is severe! I will not murmur, Heavenly Father; but the punishment is indeed severe! (Throws himself sorrowfully into a chair.)

LOUISA (without moving from her seat). Thou dost well, wretched old man! Learn betimes to lose.

MILLER (starts up eagerly). Ah! art thou there, my child? Art thou there? But wherefore thus alone, and without a light?

LOUISA. Yet am I not alone. When all things around me are dark and gloomy then have I the companionship which most I love.

MILLER. God defend thee, my child! The worm of conscience alone wakes and watches with the owl; none shun the light but criminals and evil spirits.

LOUISA. And eternity, father, which speaks to the soul in solitude!

MILLER. Louisa, my child! What words are these?

LOUISA (rises, and comes forward). I have fought a hard fight—you know it, father! but God gave me the strength! The fight is over! Father, our sex is called timid and weak; believe it no more! We tremble at a spider, but the black monster, corruption, we hug to our arms in sport! This for your edification, father. Your Louisa is merry.

MILLER. I had rather you wept. It would, please me better.

LOUISA. How I will outwit him, father! How I shall cheat the tyrant! Love is more crafty than malice, and bolder—he knew not that, the man of the unlucky star! Oh! they are cunning so long as they have but to do with the head; but when they have to grapple with the heart the villains are at fault. He thought to seal his treachery with an oath! Oaths, father, may bind the living, but death dissolves even the iron bonds of the sacrament! Ferdinand will learn to know his Louisa. Father, will you deliver this letter for me? Will you do me the kindness?

MILLER. To whom, my child?

LOUISA. Strange question! Infinitude and my heart together had not space enough for a single thought but of him. To whom else should I write?

MILLER (anxiously). Hear me, Louisa! I must read this letter!

LOUISA. As you please, father! but you will not understand it. The characters lie there like inanimate corpses, and live but for the eye of love.

MILLER (reading). "You are betrayed, Ferdinand! An unparalleled piece of villany has dissolved the union of our hearts; but a dreadful vow binds my tongue, and your father has spies stationed upon every side. But, if thou hast courage, my beloved, I know a place where oaths no longer bind, and where spies cannot enter." (MILLER stops short, and gazes upon her steadfastly.)

LOUISA. Why that earnest look, father? Read what follows.

MILLER. "But thou must be fearless enough to wander through a gloomy path with no other guides than God and thy Louisa. Thou must have no companion but love; leave behind all thy hopes, all thy tumultuous wishes—thou wilt need nothing on this journey but thy heart. Darest thou come; then set out as the bell tolls twelve from the Carmelite Tower. Dost thou fear; then erase from the vocabulary of thy sex's virtues the word courage, for a maiden will have put thee to shame." (MILLER lays down the letter and fixes his eyes upon the ground in deep sorrow. At length he turns to LOUISA, and says, in a low, broken voice) Daughter, where is that place?

LOUISA. Don't you know it, father? Do you really not know it? 'Tis strange! I have described it unmistakably! Ferdinand will not fail to find it.

MILLER. Pray speak plainer!

LOUISA. I can think of no pleasing name for it just now! You must not be alarmed, father, if the name I give it has a terrible sound. That place,——Oh! why has no lover invented a name for it! He would have chosen the softest, the sweetest—that place, my dear father—but you must not interrupt me—that place is—the grave!

MILLER (staggering to a seat). Oh, God!

LOUISA (hastens to him, and supports him). Nay, father, be not alarmed! These are but terrors which hover round an empty word! Take away the name

and the grave will seem to be a bridal-bed over which Aurora spreads her golden canopy and spring strews her fairest flowers. None but a groaning sinner pictures death as a skeleton; to others he is a gentle, smiling boy, blooming as the god of love, but not so false—a silent, ministering spirit who guides the exhausted pilgrim through the desert of eternity, unlocks for him the fairy palace of everlasting joy, invites him in with friendly smiles, and vanishes forever!

MILLER. What meanest thou, my child? Surely, thou wilt not lay guilty hands on thine own life?

LOUISA. Speak not thus, father! To quit a community from which I am already rejected, to fly voluntarily to a place from which I cannot much longer be absent, is that a sin?

MILLER. Suicide is the most horrible of sins, my child. 'Tis the only one that can never be repented, since death arrives at the moment the crime is committed.

LOUISA (stands motionless with horror). That is dreadful! But my death will not be so sudden, father. I will spring into the river, and while the waters are closing over me, cry to the Almighty for mercy and forgiveness!

MILLER. That is to say, you will repent the theft as soon as the treasure is secure! Daughter! Daughter! beware how you mock your God when you most need his help! Oh! you have gone far, far astray! You have forgotten the worship of your Creator, and he has withdrawn his protecting hand from you!

LOUISA. Is it, then, a crime to love, father?

MILLER. So long as thou lovest God thou wilt never love man to idolatry. Thou hast bowed me down low, my only one! low! very low! perhaps to the grave! Yet will I not increase the sadness of thy heart. Daughter! I gave vent to my feelings as I entered. I thought myself alone! Thou hast overheard me! and why should I longer conceal the truth. Thou wert my idol! Hear me, Louisa, if there is yet room in thy heart for a father's feelings. Thou wert my all! Of thine

own thou hast nothing more to lose, but I have my all at stake! My life depends on thee! My hairs are turning gray, Louisa; they show that the time is drawing nigh with me when fathers look for a return of the capital invested in the hearts of their children. Wilt thou defraud me of this, Louisa? Wilt thou away and bear with thee all the wealth of thy father?

LOUISA (kissing his hand in the deepest emotion). No, father, no! I go from this world deeply in your debt, and will repay you with usury in the world to come.

MILLER. Beware, my child, lest thy reckoning should be false! (very earnestly and solemnly). Art thou certain that we shall meet in that world to come? Lo! how the color fades from thy cheek! My child must feel that I can scarcely overtake her in that other world if she hurries there before me. (LOUISA throws herself shuddering into his arms, he clasps her warmly to his bosom, and continues in a tone of fervent adjuration.) Oh! Louisa! Louisa! Fallen, perhaps already lost, daughter! Treasure in thy heart the solemn counsels of a father! I cannot eternally watch over thee! I may snatch the dagger from thy hands; but thou canst let out life with a bodkin. I may remove poison from thy reach; but thou canst strangle thyself with a necklace. Louisa! Louisa! I can only warn thee. Wilt thou rush boldly forward till the perfidious phantom which lured thee on vanishes at the awful brink of eternity? Wilt thou dare approach the throne of the Omniscient with the lie on thy lips? "At thy call am I here, Creator!" while thy guilty eyes are in search only of their mortal idol! And when thou shalt see this perishable god of thine own creation, a worm like thee, writhing at the Almighty's feet; when thou shalt hear him in the awful moment give the lie to thy guilty daring, and blast thy delusive hopes of eternal mercy, which the wretch implores in vain for himself; what then! (Louder and more fervently), What, then, unhappy one? (He clasps her still closer to his bosom, and gazes upon her with wild and piercing looks; then suddenly disengages himself.) I can do no more! (Raising his right hand towards heaven.) Immortal Judge, I can do no more to save this soul from ruin! Louisa, do what thou wilt.

Offer up a sacrifice at the altar of this idolized youth that shall make thy evil genius howl for transport and thy good angels forsake thee in despair. Go on! Heap sin upon sin,—add to them this, the last, the heaviest,—and, if the scale be still too light throw in my curse to complete the measure. Here is a knife; pierce thy own heart, and (weeping aloud and rushing away), and with it, thy father's!

LOUISA (following and detaining him). Stay! stay! Oh! father, father!— to think that affection should wound more cruelly than a tyrant's rage! What shall I?—I cannot!—what must I do?

MILLER. If thy lover's kisses burn hotter than thy father's tears—then die!

LOUISA (after a violent internal struggle, firmly). Father! Here is my hand! I will—God! God! what am I doing! What would I?—father, I swear. Woe is me! Criminal that I am where'er I turn! Father, be it so! Ferdinand. God, look down upon the act! Thus I destroy the last memorial of him. (Tearing the letter.)

MILLER (throwing himself in ecstasy upon her neck). There spoke my daughter! Look up, my child! Thou hast lost a lover, but thou hast made a father happy. (Embracing her, and alternately laughing and crying.) My child! my child! I was not worthy to live so blest a moment! God knows how I, poor miserable sinner, became possessed of such an angel! My Louisa! My paradise! Oh! I know but little of love; but that to rend its bonds must be a bitter grief I can well believe!

LOUISA. But let us hasten from this place, my father! Let us fly from the city, where my companions scoff at me, and my good name is lost forever—let us away, far away, from a spot where every object tells of my ruined happiness,—let us fly if it be possible!

MILLER. Whither thou wilt, my daughter! The bread of the Lord grows everywhere, and He will grant ears to listen to my music. Yes! we will fly and leave all behind. I will set the story of your sorrows to the lute, and sing of the

daughter who rent her own heart to preserve her father's. We will beg with the ballad from door to door, and sweet will be the alms bestowed by the hand of weeping sympathy!

SCENE II.

The former; FERDINAND.

LOUISA (who perceives him first, throws herself shrieking into MILLER'S arms). God! There he is! I am lost!

MILLER. Who? Where?

LOUISA (points, with averted face, to the MAJOR, and presses closer to her father). 'Tis he! 'Tis he! himself! Look round, father, look round!—he comes to murder me!

MILLER (perceives him and starts back). How, baron? You here?

FERDINAND (approaches slowly, stands opposite to LOUISA, and fixes a stern and piercing look upon her. After a pause, he says). Stricken conscience, I thank thee! Thy confession is dreadful, but swift and true, and spares me the torment of an explanation! Good evening, Miller!

MILLER. For God's sake! baron, what seek you? What brings you hither? What means this surprise?

FERDINAND. I knew a time when the day was divided into seconds, when eagerness for my presence hung upon the weights of the tardy clock, and when every pulse-throb was counted until the moment of my coming. How is it that I now surprise?

MILLER. Oh, leave us, leave us, baron! If but one spark of humanity still

linger in your bosom;—if you seek not utterly to destroy her whom you profess to love, fly from this house, stay not one moment longer. The blessing of God deserted us when your foot first crossed its threshold. You have brought misery under a roof where all before was joy and happiness. Are you not yet content? Do you seek to deepen the wound which your fatal passion has planted in the heart of my only child?

FERDINAND. Strange father, I have come to bring joyful tidings to your daughter.

MILLER. Perchance fresh hopes, to add to her despair. Away, away, thou messenger of ill! Thy looks belie thy words.

FERDINAND. At length the goal of my hopes appears in view! Lady Milford, the most fearful obstacle to our love, has this moment fled the land. My father sanctions my choice. Fate grows weary of persecuting us, and our propitious stars now blaze in the ascendant—I am come to fulfil my plighted troth, and to lead my bride to the altar.

MILLER. Dost thou hear him, my child? Dost thou hear him mock at thy cheated hopes? Oh, truly, baron! It is so worthy of the deceiver to make a jest of his own crime!

FERDINAND. You think I am jesting? By my honor I am not! My protestations are as true as the love of my Louisa, and I will keep them as sacred as she has kept her oaths. Nothing to me is more sacred. Can you still doubt? Still no joyful blush upon the cheek of my fair bride? 'Tis strange! Falsehood must needs be here the current coin, since truth finds so little credit. You mistrust my words, it seems? Then read this written testimony. (He throws LOUISA her letter to the MARSHAL. She opens it, and sinks upon the floor pale as death.)

MILLER (not observing this). What can this mean, baron? I do not understand

you.

FERDINAND. (leads him to LOUISA). But your daughter has understood me well.

MILLER (throws himself on his knees beside her). Oh, God! my child!

FERDINAND. Pale as a corpse! 'Tis thus your daughter pleases me the best. Your demure and virtuous daughter was never half so lovely as with that deathlike paleness. The blast of the day of judgment, which strips the varnish from every lie, has wafted the painted colors from her cheek, or the juggler might have cheated even the angels of light. This is her fairest countenance. Now for the first time do I see it in its truth. Let me kiss it. (He approaches her.)

MILLER. Back! Away, boy! Trifle not with a father's feelings. I could not defend her from your caresses, but I can from your insults.

FERDINAND. What wouldst thou, old man? With thee I have naught to do. Engage not in a game so irrevocably lost. Or hast thou, too, been wiser than I thought? Hast thou employed the wisdom of thy sixty years in pandering to thy daughter's amours, and disgraced those hoary locks with the office of a pimp? Oh! if it be not so, wretched old man, then lay thyself down and die. There is still time. Thou mayest breathe by last in the sweet delusion, "I was a happy father!" Wait but a moment longer and thine own hand will dash to her infernal home this poisonous viper; thou wilt curse the gift, and him who gave it, and sink to the grave in blasphemy and despair. (To LOUISA.) Speak, wretched one, speak! Didst thou write this letter?

MILLER (to LOUISA, impressively). For God's sake, daughter, forget not! forget not!

LOUISA. Oh, father—that letter!

FERDINAND. Oh! that it should have fallen into the wrong hands. Now

blessed be the accident! It has effected more than the most consummate prudence, and will at the day of judgment avail more than the united wisdom of sages. Accident, did I say? Oh! Providence directs, when a sparrow falls, why not when a devil is unmasked? But I will be answered! Didst thou write that letter?

MILLER (to LOUISA, in a tone of entreaty). Be firm, my child, be firm! But a single "Yes," and all will be over.

FERDINAND. Excellent! excellent! The father, too, is deceived! All, all are deceived by her! Look, how the perfidious one stands there; even her tongue refuses participation in her last lie. I adjure thee by that God so terrible and true—didst thou write that letter?

LOUISA (after a painful struggle, with firmness and decision). I did!

FERDINAND (stands aghast). No! As my soul liveth, thou hast lied. Even innocence itself, when extended on the rack, confesses crime which it never committed—I ask too passionately. Is it not so, Louisa? Thou didst but confess, because I asked passionately?

LOUISA. I confessed the truth!

FERDINAND. No, I tell thee! No! no! Thou didst not write that letter! It is not like thy hand! And, even though it were, why should it be more difficult to counterfeit a writing than to undo a heart? Tell me truly, Louisa! Yet no, no, do not! Thou mightest say yes again, and then I were lost forever. A lie, Louisa! A lie! Oh! if thou didst but know one now—if thou wouldst utter it with that open angelic mien—if thou wouldst but persuade mine ear and eye, though it should deceive my heart ever so monstrously! Oh, Louisa! Then might truth depart in the same breath—depart from our creation, and the sacred cause itself henceforth bow her stiff neck to the courtly arts of deception.

LOUISA. By the Almighty God! by Him who is so terrible and true! I did!

FERDINAND (after a pause, with the expression of the most heartfelt sorrow). Woman! Woman! With what a face thou standest now before me! Offer Paradise with that look, and even in the regions of the damned thou wilt find no purchaser. Didst thou know what thou wert to me, Louisa? Impossible! No! thou knewest not that thou wert my all—all! 'Tis a poor insignificant word! but eternity itself can scarcely circumscribe it. Within it systems of worlds can roll their mighty orbs. All! and to sport with it so wickedly. Oh, 'tis horrible.

LOUISA. Baron von Walter, you have heard my confession! I have pronounced my own condemnation! Now go! Fly from a house where you have been so unhappy.

FERDINAND. 'Tis well! 'tis well! You see I am calm; calm, too, they say, is the shuddering land through which the plague has swept. I am calm. Yet ere I go, Louisa, one more request! It shall be my last. My brain burns with fever! I need refreshment! Will you make me some lemonade?

[Exit LOUISA.]

SCENE III.

FERDINAND and MILLER.

They both pace up and down without speaking, on opposite sides of the room, for some minutes.

MILLER (standing still at length, and regarding the MAJOR with a sorrowful air). Dear baron, perhaps it may alleviate your distress to say that I feel for you most deeply.

FERDINAND. Enough of this, Miller. (Silence again for some moments.) Miller, I forget what first brought me to your house. What was the occasion of

it?

MILLER. How, baron? Don't you remember? You came to take lessons on the flute.

FERDINAND (suddenly). And I beheld his daughter! (Another pause.) You have not kept your faith with me, friend! You were to provide me with repose for my leisure hours; but you betrayed me and sold me scorpions. (Observing MILLER'S agitation.) Tremble not, good old man! (falling deeply affected on his neck)—the fault was none of thine!

MILLER (wiping his eyes). Heaven knows, it was not!

FERDINAND (traversing the room, plunged in the most gloomy meditation). Strange! Oh! beyond conception strange, are the Almighty's dealings with us! How often do terrific weights hang upon slender, almost invisible threads! Did man but know that he should eat death in a particular apple! Hem! Could he but know that! (He walks a few more turns; then stops suddenly, and grasps MILLER'S hand with strong emotion.) Friend, I have paid dearly for thy lessons—and thou, too, hast been no gainer—perhaps mayst even lose thy all. (Quitting him dejectedly.) Unhappy flute-playing, would that it never entered my brain!

MILLER (striving to repress his feelings). The lemonade is long in coming. I will inquire after it, if you will excuse me.

FERDINAND. No hurry, dear Miller! (Muttering to himself.) At least to her father there is none. Stay here a moment. What was I about to ask you? Ay, I remember! Is Louisa your only daughter? Have you no other child?

MILLER (warmly). I have no other, baron, and I wish for no other. That child is my only solace in this world, and on her have I embarked my whole stock of affection.

FERDINAND (much agitated). Ha! Pray see for the drink, good Miller!

[Exit MILLER.

SCENE IV.

FERDINAND alone.

FERDINAND. His only child! Dost thou feel that, murderer? His only one! Murderer, didst thou hear, his only one? The man has nothing in God's wide world but his instrument and that only daughter! And wilt thou rob him of her?

Rob him? Rob a beggar of his last pittance? Break the lame man's crutch, and cast the fragments at his feet? How? Have I the heart to do this? And when he hastens home, impatient to reckon in his daughter's smiles the whole sum of his happiness; and when he enters the chamber, and there lies the rose—withered—dead—crushed—his last, his only, his sustaining hope. Ha! And when he stands before her, and all nature looks on in breathless horror, while his vacant eye wanders hopelessly through the gloom of futurity, and seeks God, but finds him nowhere, and then returns disappointed and despairing! Great God! and has not my father, too, an only son? an only child, but not his only treasure. (After a pause.) Yet stay! What will the old man lose? She who could wantonly jest with the most sacred feelings of love, will she make a father happy? She cannot! She will not! And I deserve thanks for crushing this viper ere the parent feels its sting.

SCENE V.

MILLER returning, and FERDINAND.

MILLER. You shall be served instantly, baron! The poor thing is sitting without, weeping as though her heart would break! Your drink will be mingled

with her tears.

FERDINAND. 'Twere well for her were it only with tears! We were speaking of my lessons, Miller. (Taking out a purse.) I remember that I am still in your debt.

MILLER. How? What? Go along with you, baron! What do you take me for? There is time enough for payment. Do not put such an affront on me; we are not together for the last time, please God.

FERDINAND. Who can tell? Take your money. It is for life or death.

MILLER (laughing). Oh! for the matter of that, baron! As regards that I don't think I should run much risk with you!

FERDINAND. You would run the greatest. Have you never heard that youths have died. That damsels and youths have died, the children of hope, the airy castles of their disappointed parents? What is safe from age and worms has often perished by a thunderbolt. Even your Louisa is not immortal.

MILLER. God gave her to me.

FERDINAND. Hear me! I say to you your Louisa is not immortal. That daughter is the apple of your eye; you hang upon her with your whole heart and soul. Be prudent, Miller! None but a desperate gamester stakes his all upon a single cast. The merchant would be called a madman who embarked his whole fortune in one ship. Think upon this, and remember that I warned you. But why do you not take your money?

MILLER. How, baron, how? All that enormous purse? What can you be thinking of?

FERDINAND. Upon my debt! There! (Throws a heavy purse on the table; some gold drops out.) I cannot hold the dross to eternity.

MILLER (astonished). Mercy on us! what is this? The sound was not of silver! (Goes to the table and cries out in astonishment.) In heaven's name, baron, what means this? What are you about? You must be out of your mind! (Clasping his hands.) There it lies! or I am bewitched. 'Tis damnable! I feel it now; the beauteous, shining, glorious heap of gold! No, Satan, thou shalt not catch my soul with this!

FERDINAND. Have you drunk old wine, or new, Miller?

MILLER (violently). Death and furies! Look yourself, then. It is gold!

FERDINAND. And what of that?

MILLER. Let me implore you, baron! In the name of all the saints in heaven, I entreat you! It is gold!

FERDINAND. An extraordinary thing, it must be admitted.

MILLER (after a pause; addressing him with emotion). Noble sir, I am a plain, straightforward man—do you wish to tempt me to some piece of knavery?—for, heaven knows, that so much gold cannot be got honestly!

FERDINAND (moved). Make yourself quite easy, dear Miller! You have well earned the money. God forbid that I should use it to the corruption of your conscience!

MILLER (jumping about like a madman). It is mine, then! Mine indeed! Mine with the knowledge and consent of God! (Hastening to the door.) Daughter, wife, hurrah, come hither! (Returning.) But, for heaven's sake, how have I all at once deserved this awful treasure? How am I to earn it? How repay it, eh?

FERDINAND. Not by your music lessons, Miller! With this gold do I pay you for (stops suddenly, and shudders)—I pay you—(after a pause, with emotion)—for my three months' unhappy dream of your daughter!

MILLER (taking his hand and pressing it affectionately). Most gracious sir! were you some poor and low-born citizen, and my daughter refused your love, I would pierce her heart with my own hands. (Returning to the gold in a sorrowful tone.) But then I shall have all, and you nothing— and I should have to give up all this glorious heap again, eh?

FERDINAND. Let not that thought distress you, friend. I am about to quit this country, and in that to which I am journeying such coin is not current.

MILLER (still fixing his eyes in transport on the money). Mine, then, it remains? Mine? Yet it grieves me that you are going to leave us. Only just wait a little and you shall see how I'll come out! I'll hold up my head with the best of them. (Puts on his hat with an air, and struts up and down the room.) I'll give my lessons in the great concert-room, and won't I smoke away at the best puyke varinas—and, when you catch me again fiddling at the penny-hop, may the devil take me!

FERDINAND. Stay, Miller! Be silent, and gather up your gold. (Mysteriously.) Keep silence only for this one evening, and do me the favor henceforward to give no more music lessons.

MILLER (still more vehemently grasping his hand, full of inward joy). And my daughter, baron! my daughter! (Letting go.) No, no! Money does not make the man—whether I feed on vegetables or on partridges, enough is enough, and this coat will do very well as long as the sunbeams don't peep in at the elbows. To me money is mere dross. But my girl shall benefit by the blessing; whatever wish I can read in her eyes shall be gratified.

FERDINAND (suddenly interrupting him). Oh! silence! silence!

MILLER (still more warmly). And she shall learn to speak French like a born native, and to dance minuets, and to sing, so that people shall read of her in the newspapers; and she shall wear a cap like the judge's daughter, and a kidebarri

[meaning, no doubt, Cul de Paris, a bustle], as they call it; and the fiddler's daughter shall be talked of for twenty miles round.

FERDINAND. (seizing his hand in extreme agitation). No more! no more! For God's sake be silent! Be silent but for this one night; 'tis the only favor I ask of you.

SCENE VI.

LOUISA with a glass of lemonade; the former.

LOUISA (her eyes swelled with weeping, and trembling voice, while she presents the glass to FERDINAND). Tell me, if it be not to your taste.

FERDINAND (takes the glass, places it on the table, and turns to MILLER). Oh! I had almost forgotten! Good Miller, I have a request to make. Will you do me a little favor?

MILLER. A thousand with pleasure! What are your commands?

FERDINAND. My father will expect me at table. Unfortunately I am in very ill humor. 'Twould be insupportable to me just now to mix in society. Will you go to my father and excuse my absence?

LOUISA (terrified, interrupts him hastily). Oh, let me go!

MILLER. Am I to see the president himself?

FERDINAND. Not himself. Give your message to one of the servants in the ante-chamber. Here is my watch as a credential that I sent you. I shall be here when you return. You will wait for an answer.

LOUISA (very anxiously). Cannot I be the bearer of your message?

FERDINAND (to MILLER, who is going). Stay—one thing more! Here is a letter to my father, which I received this evening enclosed in one to myself. Perhaps on business of importance. You may as well deliver it at the same time.

MILLER (going). Very well, baron!

LOUISA (stopping him, and speaking in a tone of the most exquisite terror).
But, dear father, I could do all this very well! Pray let me go!

MILLER. It is night, my child! and you must not venture out alone!

[Exit.

FERDINAND. Light your father down, Louisa. (LOUISA takes a candle and follows MILLER. FERDINAND in the meantime approaches the table and throws poison into the lemonade). Yes! she must die! The higher powers look down, and nod their terrible assent. The vengeance of heaven subscribes to my decree. Her good angels forsake her, and leave her to her fate!

SCENE VII.

FERDINAND and LOUISA.

LOUISA re-enters slowly with the light, places it on the table, and stops on the opposite side of the room, her eyes fixed on the ground, except when she raises them to him with timid, stolen glances. He stands opposite, looking steadfastly on the earth—a long and deep silence.

LOUISA. If you will accompany me, Baron von Walter, I will try a piece on the harpsichord! (She opens the instrument. FERDINAND makes no answer. A pause.)

LOUISA. You owe me a revenge at chess. Will you play a game with me, Baron von Walter? (Another pause.)

LOUISA. I have begun the pocketbook, baron, which I promised to embroider for you. Will you look at the design? (Still a pause.)

LOUISA. Oh! I am very wretched!

FERDINAND (without changing his attitude). That may well be!

LOUISA. It is not my fault, Baron von Walter, that you are so badly entertained!

FERDINAND (with an insulting laugh). You are not to blame for my bashful modesty——

LOUISA. I am quite aware that we are no longer fit companions. I confess that I was terrified when you sent away my father. I believe, Baron von Walter, that this moment is equally insupportable to us both. Permit me to ask some of my acquaintances to join us.

FERDINAND. Yes, pray do so! And I too will go and invite some of mine.

LOUISA (looking at him with surprise). Baron von Walter!

FERDINAND (very spitefully). By my honor, the most fortunate idea that in our situation could ever enter mortal brain? Let us change this wearisome duet into sport and merriment, and by the aid of certain gallantries, revenge ourselves on the caprices of love.

LOUISA. You are merry, Baron von Walter!

FERDINAND. Oh! wonderfully so! The very street-boys would hunt me through the market-place for a merry-andrew! In fact, Louisa, your example has inspired me—you shall be my teacher. They are fools who prate of endless affection—never-ending sameness grows flat and insipid—variety alone gives zest to pleasure. Have with you, Louisa, we are now of one mind. We will skip from amour to amour, whirl from vice to vice; you in one direction, I in another. Perhaps I may recover my lost tranquillity in some brothel. Perhaps, when our merry race is run, and we become two mouldering skeletons, chance again may bring us together with the most pleasing surprise, and we may, as in a melodrama, recognize each other by a common feature of disease—that mother

whom her children can never disavow. Then, perhaps, disgust and shame may create that union between us which could not be effected by the most tender love.

LOUISA. Oh, Walter! Walter! Thou art already unhappy—wilt thou deserve to be so?

FERDINAND (muttering passionately through his teeth). Unhappy? Who told thee so? Woman, thou art too vile to have any feelings of thine own; how, then, canst thou judge of the feelings of others? Unhappy, did she say?—ha! that word would call my anger from the grave! She knew that I must become unhappy. Death and damnation! she knew it, and yet betrayed me! Look to it, serpent! That was thy only chance of forgiveness. This confession has condemned thee. Till now I thought to palliate thy crime with thy simplicity, and in my contempt thou hadst well nigh escaped my vengeance (seizing the glass hastily). Thou wert not thoughtless, then— thou wert not simple—thou wert nor more nor less than a devil! (He drinks.) The drink is bad, like thy soul! Taste it!

LOUISA. Oh, heavens! 'Twas not without reason that I dreaded this meeting.

FERDINAND (imperiously). Drink! I say.

[LOUISA, offended, takes the glass and drinks. The moment she raises the cup to her lips, FERDINAND turns away with a sudden paleness, and recedes to the further corner of the chamber.]

LOUISA. The lemonade is good.

FERDINAND (his face averted and shuddering.) Much good may it do thee!

LOUISA (sets down the glass). Oh! could you but know, Walter, how cruelly you wrong me!

FERDINAND. Indeed!

LOUISA. A time will come, Walter——

FERDINAND (advancing). Oh! we have done with time.

LOUISA. When the remembrance of this evening will lie heavy on your heart!

FERDINAND (begins to walk to and fro more vehemently, and to become more agitated; he throws away his sash and sword.) Farewell the prince's service!

LOUISA. My God! what mean you!

FERDINAND. I am hot, and oppressed. I would be more at ease.

LOUISA. Drink! drink! it will cool you.

FERDINAND. That it will, most effectually. The strumpet, though, is kind-hearted! Ay, ay, so are they all!

LOUISA (rushing into his arms with the deepest expression of love). That to thy Louisa, Ferdinand?

FERDINAND (thrusting her from him). Away! away! Hence with those soft and melting eyes! they subdue me. Come to me, snake, in all thy monstrous terrors! Spring upon me, scorpion! Display thy hideous folds, and rear thy proud coils to heaven! Stand before my eyes, hateful as the abyss of hell e'er saw thee! but not in that angel form! Take any shape but that! 'Tis too late. I must crush thee like a viper, or despair! Mercy on thy soul!

LOUISA. Oh! that it should come to this!

FERDINAND (gazing on her). So fair a work of the heavenly artist! Who would believe it? Who can believe it? (Taking her hand and elevating it.) I will not arraign thy ordinations, oh! incomprehensible Creator! Yet wherefore didst

thou pour thy poison into such beauteous vessels? Can crime inhabit so fair a region? Oh! 'tis strange! 'tis passing strange!

LOUISA. To hear this, and yet be compelled to silence!

FERDINAND. And that soft, melodious voice! How can broken chords discourse such harmony? (Gazing rapturously upon her figure.) All so lovely! so full of symmetry! so divinely perfect! Throughout the whole such signs that 'twas the favorite work of God! By heaven, as though all mankind had been created but to practise the Creator, ere he modelled this his masterpiece! And that the Almighty should have failed in the soul alone? Is it possible that this monstrous abortion of nature should have escaped as perfect? (Quitting her hastily.) Or did God see an angel's form rising beneath his chisel, and balance the error by giving her a heart wicked in proportion?

LOUISA. Alas for this criminal wilfulness! Rather than confess his own rashness, he accuses the wisdom of heaven!

FERDINAND (falls upon her neck, weeping bitterly). Yet once more, my Louisa! Yet once again, as on the day of our first kiss, when you faltered forth the name of Ferdinand, and the first endearing "Thou!" trembled on thy burning lips. Oh! a harvest of endless and unutterable joys seemed to me at that moment to be budding forth. There lay eternity like a bright May-day before our eyes; thousands of golden years, fair as brides, danced around our souls. Then was I so happy! Oh! Louisa! Louisa! Louisa! Why hast thou used me thus?

LOUISA. Weep, Walter, weep! Your compassion will be more just towards me than your wrath.

FERDINAND. You deceive yourself. These are not nature's tears! not that warm delicious dew which flows like balsam on the wounded soul, and drives the chilled current of feeling swiftly along its course. They are solitary ice-cold drops! the awful, eternal farewell of my love! (With fearful solemnity, laying his

hand on her head.) They are tears for thy soul, Louisa! tears for the Deity, whose inexhaustible beneficence has here missed its aim, and whose noblest work is cast away thus wantonly. Oh methinks the whole universe should clothe itself in black, and weep at the fearful example now passing in its centre. 'Tis but a common sorrow when mortals fall and Paradise is lost; but, when the plague extends its ravages to angels, then should there be wailing throughout the whole creation!

LOUISA. Drive me not to extremities, Walter. I have fortitude equal to most, but it must not be tried by a more than human test. Walter! one word, and then—we part forever. A dreadful fatality has deranged the language of our hearts. Dared I unclothe these lips, Walter, I could tell thee things! I could——But cruel fate has alike fettered my tongue and my heart, and I must endure in silence, even though you revile me as a common strumpet.

FERDINAND. Dost thou feel well, Louisa?

LOUISA. Why that question?

FERDINAND. It would grieve me shouldst thou be called hence with a lie upon thy lips.

LOUISA. I implore you, Walter——

FERDINAND (in violent agitation). No! no! That revenge were too satanic! No! God forbid! I will not extend my anger beyond the grave! Louisa, didst thou love the marshal? Thou wilt leave this room no more!

LOUISA (sitting down). Ask what you will. I shall give no answer.

FERDINAND (in a solemn voice). Take heed for thy immortal soul! Louisa! Didst thou love the marshal? Thou wilt leave this room no more!

LOUISA. I shall give no answer.

FERDINAND (throwing himself on his knees before her in the deepest emotion). Louisa! Didst thou love the marshal? Before this light burns out—thou wilt stand—before the throne of God!

LOUISA (starting from her seat in terror). Merciful Jesus! what was that? And I feel so ill! (She falls back into her chair.)

FERDINAND. Already? Oh, woman, thou eternal paradox! thy delicate nerves can sport with crimes at which manhood trembles; yet one poor grain of arsenic destroys them utterly!

LOUISA. Poison! poison! Oh! Almighty God!

FERDINAND. I fear it is so! Thy lemonade was seasoned in hell! Thou hast pledged death in the draught!

LOUISA. To die! To die! All-merciful God! Poison in my drink! And to die! Oh! have mercy on my soul, thou Father in heaven!

FERDINAND. Ay, be that thy chief concern: I will join thee in that prayer.

LOUISA. And my mother! My father, too! Saviour of the world! My poor forlorn father! Is there then no hope? And I so young, and yet no hope? And must I die so soon?

FERDINAND. There is no hope! None!—you are already doomed! But be calm. We shall journey together.

LOUISA. Thou too, Ferdinand? Poison, Ferdinand! From thee! Oh! God forgive him! God of mercy, lay not this crime on him!

FERDINAND. Look to your own account. I fear it stands but ill.

LOUISA. Ferdinand! Ferdinand! Oh! I can be no longer silent. Death— death absolves all oaths. Ferdinand! Heaven and earth contain nothing more

unfortunate than thou! I die innocent, Ferdinand!

FERDINAND (terrified). Ah! What do I hear? Would she rush into the presence of her Maker with a lie on her lips?

LOUISA. I lie not! I do not lie! In my whole life I never lied but once! Ugh! what an icy shivering creeps through my veins! When I wrote that letter to the marshal.

FERDINAND. Ha! That letter! Blessed be to God! Now I am myself again!

LOUISA (her voice every moment becomes more indistinct. Her fingers tremble with a convulsive motion). That letter. Prepare yourself for a terrible disclosure! My hand wrote what my heart abhorred. It was dictated by your father! (Ferdinand stands like a statue petrified with horror. After a long silence, he falls upon the floor as if struck by lightning.) Oh! that sorrowful act!—Ferdinand—I was compelled— forgive me—thy Louisa would have preferred death—but my father—his life in danger! They were so crafty in their villany.

FERDINAND (starting furiously from the ground). God be thanked! The poison spares me yet! (He seizes his sword.)

LOUISA (growing weaker by degrees). Alas! what would you? He is thy father!

FERDINAND (in the most ungovernable fury). A murderer—the murderer of his son; he must along with us that the Judge of the world may pour his wrath on the guilty alone. (Hastening away).

LOUISA. My dying Redeemer pardoned his murderers,—may God pardon thee and thy father! (She dies.)

FERDINAND (turns quickly round, and perceives her in the convulsions of death, throws himself distractedly on the body). Stay! stay! Fly not from me,

angel of light! (Takes her hand, but lets it fall again instantly.) Cold! cold and damp! her soul has flown! (Starting up suddenly.) God of my Louisa! Mercy! Mercy for the most accursed of murderers! Such was her dying prayer! How fair, how lovely even in death! The pitying destroyer has touched gently on those heavenly features. That sweetness was no mask—the hand of death even has not removed it! (After a pause.) But how is this? why do I feel nothing. Will the vigor of my youth save me? Thankless care! That shall it not. (He seizes the glass.)

SCENE VIII.

FERDINAND, the PRESIDENT, WORM, and SERVANTS, who all rush in alarm into the room. Afterwards MILLER, with a crowd, and OFFICERS of justice, who assemble in the background.

PRESIDENT (an open letter in his hand). My son! what means this? I never can believe——

FERDINAND (throwing the glass at his feet). Convince thyself, murderer! (The PRESIDENT staggers back. All stand speechless. A dreadful pause.)

PRESIDENT. My son! Why hast thou done this?

FERDINAND (without looking at him). Why, to be sure I ought first to have asked the statesman whether the trick suited his cards. Admirably fine and skilful, I confess, was the scheme of jealousy to break the bond of our hearts! The calculation shows a master-mind; 'twas pity only that indignant love would not move on wires like thy wooden puppets.

PRESIDENT (looking round the circle with rolling eyes). Is there no one here who weeps for a despairing father?

MILLER (calling behind the scenes). Let me in! For God's sake, let me in!

FERDINAND. She is now a saint in heaven! Her cause is in the hands of another! (He opens the door for MILLER, who rushes in, followed by officers of justice and a crowd of people.)

MILLER (in the most dreadful alarm). My child! My child! Poison, they cry—poison has been here! My daughter! Where art thou?

FERDINAND (leading him between the PRESIDENT and LOUISA'S corpse). I am innocent. Thank this man for the deed.

MILLER (throwing himself on the body). Oh, Jesus!

FERDINAND. In few words, father!—they begin to be precious to me. I have been robbed of my life by villanous artifice—robbed of it by you! How I may stand with God I tremble to think, but a deliberate villain I have never been! Be my final judgment what it will, may it not fall on thee! But I have committed murder! (In a loud and fearful voice.) A murder whose weight thou canst not hope that I should drag alone before the judgment-seat of God. Here I solemnly bequeath to thee the heaviest, the bloodiest part; how thou mayst answer it be that thy care! (Leading him to LOUISA.) Here, barbarian! Feast thine eyes on the terrible fruits of thy intrigues! Upon this face thy name is inscribed in the convulsions of death, and will be registered by the destroying angel! May a form like this draw thy curtain when thou sleepest, and grasp thee with its clay-cold hand! May a form like this flit before thy soul when thou diest, and drive away thy expiring prayer for mercy! May a form like this stand by thy grave at the resurrection, and before the throne of God when he pronounces thy doom! (He faints, the servants receive him in their arms.)

PRESIDENT (extending his arms convulsively towards heaven). Not from me,
Judge of the world. Ask not these souls from me, but from him!

(Pointing to WORM.)

WORM (starting). From me?

PRESIDENT. Accursed villain, from thee! From thee, Satan! Thou gavest the serpent's counsel! thine be the responsibility; their blood be not on my head, but on thine!

WORM. On mine! on mine! (laughing hysterically.) Oh! Excellent! Now I understand the gratitude of devils. On mine, thou senseless villain! Was he my son? Was I thy master? Mine the responsibility? Ha! by this sight which freezes the very marrow in my bones! Mine it shall be! I will brave destruction, but thou shalt perish with me. Away! away! Cry murder in the streets! Awaken justice! Bind me, officers! Lead me hence! I will discover secrets which shall make the hearer's blood run cold. (Going.)

PRESIDENT (detaining him). Surely, madman, thou wilt not dare?

WORM (tapping him on the shoulder). I will, though,—comrade, I will! I am mad, 'tis true; but my madness is thy work, and now I will act like a madman! Arm in arm with thee will I to the scaffold! Arm in arm with thee to hell! Oh! how it tickles my fancy, villain, to be damned with thee! (The officers carry him off.)

MILLER (who has lain upon LOUISA'S corpse in silent anguish, starts suddenly up, and throws the purse before the MAJOR'S feet.) Poisoner, take back thy accursed gold! Didst thou think to purchase my child with it? (Rushes distractedly out of the chamber.)

FERDINAND (in a voice scarcely audible). Follow him! He is desperate. The gold must be taken care of for his use; 'tis the dreadful acknowledgment of my debt to him. Louisa! I come! Farewell! On this altar let me breathe my last.

PRESIDENT (recovering from his stupor). Ferdinand! my son! Not one last

look for a despairing father? (FERDINAND is laid by the side of LOUISA.)

FERDINAND. My last must sue to God for mercy on myself.

PRESIDENT (falling down before him in the most dreadful agony). The Creator and the created abandon me! Not one last look to cheer me in the hour of death! (FERDINAND stretches out his trembling hand to him, and expires.)

PRESIDENT (springing up). He forgave me! (To the OFFICERS.) Now, lead on, sirs! I am your prisoner.

[Exit, followed by the OFFICERS; the curtain falls.]

THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN

Translated by James Churchill.

The Camp of Wallenstein is an introduction to the celebrated tragedy of that name; and, by its vivid portraiture of the state of the general's army, gives the best clue to the spell of his gigantic power. The blind belief entertained in the unflinching success of his arms, and in the supernatural agencies by which that success is secured to him; the unrestrained indulgence of every passion, and utter disregard of all law, save that of the camp; a hard oppression of the peasantry and plunder of the country, have all swollen the soldiery with an idea of

interminable sway. But as we have translated the whole, we shall leave these reckless marauders to speak for themselves.

Of Schiller's opinion concerning the Camp, as a necessary introduction to the tragedy, the following passage taken from the prologue to the first representation, will give a just idea, and may also serve as a motto to the work:

"Not he it is, who on the tragic scene
Will now appear—but in the fearless bands
Whom his command alone could sway, and whom
His spirit fired, you may his shadow see,
Until the bashful Muse shall dare to bring
Himself before you in a living form;
For power it was that bore his heart astray
His Camp, alone, elucidates his crime."

THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sergeant-Major | of a regiment of Recruit.
Trumpeter | Terzky's carabineers. Citizen.
Artilleryman, Peasant.
Sharpshooters. Peasant Boy.
Mounted Yagers, of Holk's corps. Capuchin.
Dragoons, of Butler's regiment. Regimental Schoolmaster.
Arquebusiers, of Tiefenbach's regiment. Sutler-Woman.
Cuirassier, of a Walloon regiment. Servant Girl.
Cuirassier, of a Lombard regiment. Soldiers' Boys.

Croats. Musicians.

Hulans.

(SCENE.—The Camp before Pilsen, in Bohemia.)

SCENE I.

Sutlers' tents—in front, a Slop-shop. Soldiers of all colors and uniforms thronging about. Tables all filled. Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire. Sutler-woman serving out wine. Soldier-boys throwing dice on a drum-head. Singing heard from the tent.

Enter a Peasant and his Son.

SON.

Father, I fear it will come to harm,
So let us be off from this soldier swarm;
But boist'rous mates will ye find in the shoal—
'Twere better to bolt while our skins are whole.

FATHER.

How now, boy! the fellows wont eat us, though
They may be a little unruly, or so.
See, yonder, arriving a stranger train,
Fresh comers are they from the Saal and Mayne;
Much booty they bring of the rarest sort—
'Tis ours, if we cleverly drive our sport.
A captain, who fell by his comrade's sword,
This pair of sure dice to me transferred;
To-day I'll just give them a trial to see
If their knack's as good as it used to be.
You must play the part of a pitiful devil,

For these roaring rogues, who so loosely revel,
Are easily smoothed, and tricked, and flattered,
And, free as it came, their gold is scattered.
But we—since by bushels our all is taken,
By spoonfuls must ladle it back again;
And, if with their swords they slash so highly,
We must look sharp, boy, and do them slyly.

[Singing and shouting in the tent.

Hark, how they shout! God help the day!
'Tis the peasant's hide for their sport must pay.
Eight months in our beds and stalls have they
Been swarming here, until far around
Not a bird or a beast is longer found,
And the peasant, to quiet his craving maw,
Has nothing now left but his bones to gnaw.
Ne'er were we crushed with a heavier hand,
When the Saxon was lording it o'er the land:
And these are the Emperor's troops, they say!

SON.

From the kitchen a couple are coming this way,
Not much shall we make by such blades as they.

FATHER.

They're born Bohemian knaves—the two—
Belonging to Terzky's carabineers,
Who've lain in these quarters now for years;
The worst are they of the worthless crew.
Strutting, swaggering, proud and vain,
They seem to think they may well disdain
With the peasant a glass of his wine to drain

But, soft—to the left o' the fire I see
Three riflemen, who from the Tyrol should be
Emmerick, come, boy, to them will we.
Birds of this feather 'tis luck to find,
Whose trim's so spruce, and their purse well lined.

[They move towards the tent.

SCENE II.

The above—Sergeant-Major, Trumpeter, Hulan.

TRUMPETER.

What would the boor? Out, rascal, away!

PEASANT.

Some victuals and drink, worthy masters, I pray,
For not a warm morsel we've tasted to day.

TRUMPETER.

Ay, guzzle and guttle—'tis always the way.

HULAN (with a glass).

Not broken your fast! there—drink, ye hound!

He leads the peasant to the tent—the others come forward.

SERGEANT (to the Trumpeter).

Think ye they've done it without good ground?
Is it likely they double our pay to-day,
Merely that we may be jolly and gay?

TRUMPETER.

Why, the duchess arrives to-day, we know,
And her daughter too—

SERGEANT.

Tush! that's mere show—
'Tis the troops collected from other lands
Who here at Pilsen have joined our bands—
We must do the best we can t' allure 'em,
With plentiful rations, and thus secure 'em.
Where such abundant fare they find,
A closer league with us to bind.

TRUMPETER.

Yes!—there's something in the wind.

SERGEANT.

The generals and commanders too—

TRUMPETER.

A rather ominous sight, 'tis true.

SERGEANT.

Who're met together so thickly here—

TRUMPETER.

Have plenty of work on their hands, that's clear.

SERGEANT.

The whispering and sending to and fro—

TRUMPETER.

Ay! Ay!

SERGEANT.

The big-wig from Vienna, I trow,
Who since yesterday's seen to prow! about
In his golden chain of office there—
Something's at the bottom of this, I'll swear.

TRUMPETER.

A bloodhound is he beyond a doubt,
By whom the duke's to be hunted out.

SERGEANT.

Mark ye well, man!—they doubt us now,
And they fear the duke's mysterious brow;
He hath clomb too high for them, and fain
Would they beat him down from his perch again.

TRUMPETER.

But we will hold him still on high—
That all would think as you and I!

SERGEANT.

Our regiment, and the other four
Which Terzky leads—the bravest corps
Throughout the camp, are the General's own,
And have been trained to the trade by himself alone
The officers hold their command of him,
And are all his own, or for life or limb.

SCENE III.

Enter Croat with a necklace. Sharpshooter following him.
The above.

SHARPSHOOTER.

Croat, where stole you that necklace, say?
Get rid of it man—for thee 'tis unmeet:
Come, take these pistols in change, I pray.

CROAT.

Nay, nay, Master Shooter, you're trying to cheat.

SHARPSHOOTER.

Then I'll give you this fine blue cap as well,
A lottery prize which just I've won:
Look at the cut of it—quite the swell!

CROAT (twirling the Necklace in the Sun).
But this is of pearls and of garnets bright,
See, how it plays in the sunny light!

SHARPSHOOTER (taking the Necklace).
Well, I'll give you to boot, my own canteen—
I'm in love with this bauble's beautiful sheen.

[Looks at it.

TRUMPETER.

See, now!—how cleanly the Croat is done
Snacks! Master Shooter, and mum's the word.

CROAT (having put on the cap).
I think your cap is a smartish one.

SHARPSHOOTER (winking to the Trumpeter).
'Tis a regular swop, as these gents have heard.

SCENE IV.

The above. An Artilleryman.

ARTILLERYMAN (to the Sergeant).
How is this I pray, brother carabineer?
Shall we longer stay here, our fingers warming,
While the foe in the field around is swarming?

SERGEANT.
Art thou, indeed, in such hasty fret?
Why the roads, as I think, are scarce passable yet.

ARTILLERYMAN.
For me they are not—I'm snug enough here—
But a courier's come, our wits to waken
With the precious news that Ratisbon's taken.

TRUMPETER.
Ha! then we soon shall have work in hand.

SERGEANT.
Indeed! to protect the Bavarian's land,
Who hates the duke, as we understand,
We won't put ourselves in a violent sweat.

ARTILLERYMAN.
Heyday!—you'll find you're a wiseacre yet.

SCENE V.

The above—Two Yagers. Afterwards Sutler-woman,
Soldier-boy, Schoolmaster, Servant-girl.

FIRST YAGER.

See! see!

Here meet we a jovial company!

TRUMPETER.

Who can these greencoats be, I wonder,
That strut so gay and sprucely yonder!

SERGEANT.

They're the Yagers of Holk—and the lace they wear,
I'll be sworn, was ne'er purchased at Leipzig fair.

SUTLER-WOMAN (bringing wine).

Welcome, good sirs!

FIRST YAGER.

Zounds, how now?

Gustel of Blasewitz here, I vow!

SUTLER-WOMAN.

The same in sooth—and you I know,
Are the lanky Peter of Itzeho:
Who at Glueckstadt once, in revelling night,
With the wags of our regiment, put to flight
All his father's shiners—then crowned the fun—

FIRST YAGER.

By changing his pen for a rifle-gun.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

We're old acquaintance, then, 'tis clear.

FIRST YAGER.

And to think we should meet in Bohemia here!

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, here to-day—to-morrow yonder—
As the rude war-broom, in restless trace,
Scatters and sweeps us from place to place.
Meanwhile I've been doomed far round to wander.

FIRST YAGER.

So one would think, by the look of your face.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Up the country I've rambled to Temsewar,
Whither I went with the baggage-car,
When Mansfeld before us we chased away;
With the duke near Stralsund next we lay,
Where trade went all to pot, I may say.
I jogged with the succors to Mantua;
And back again came, under Feria:
Then, joining a Spanish regiment,
I took a short cut across to Ghent;
And now to Bohemia I'm come to get
Old scores paid off, that are standing yet,
If a helping hand by the duke be lent—
And yonder you see my sutler's tent.

FIRST YAGER.

Well, all things seem in a flourishing way,
But what have you done with the Scotchman, say,
Who once in the camp was your constant flame?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

A villain, who tricked me clean, that same
He bolted, and took to himself whate'er
I'd managed to scrape together, or spare,

Leaving me naught but the urchin there.

SOLDIER-BOY (springing forward).
Mother, is it my papa you name?

FIRST YAGER.
Well, the emperor now must father this elf,
For the army must ever recruit itself.

SCHOOLMASTER.
Forth to the school, ye rogue—d'ye hear?

FIRST YAGER.
He, too, of a narrow room has fear.

SERVANT GIRL (entering).
Aunt, they'll be off.

SUTLER-WOMAN.
I come apace.

FIRST YAGER.
What gypsy is that with the roguish face?

SUTLER-WOMAN.
My sister's child from the south, is she.

FIRST YAGER.
Ay, ay, a sweet little niece—I see.

SECOND YAGER (holding the girl).
Softly, my pretty one! stay with me.

GIRL.
The customers wait, sir, and I must go.

[Disengages herself, and exit.

FIRST YAGER.

That maiden's a dainty morsel, I trow!
And her aunt—by heaven! I mind me well,—
When the best of the regiment loved her so,
To blows for her beautiful face they fell.
What different folks one's doomed to know!
How time glows off with a ceaseless flow!
And what sights as yet we may live to see!

(To the Sergeant and Trumpeter.)

Your health, good sirs, may we be free,
A seat beside you here to take?

SCENE VI.

The Yagers, Sergeant, and Trumpeter.

SERGEANT.

We thank ye—and room will gladly make.
To Bohemia welcome.

FIRST YAGER.

Snug enough here!
In the land of the foe our quarters were queer.

TRUMPETER.

You haven't the look on't—you're spruce to view.

SERGEANT.

Ay, faith, on the Saal, and in Meissen, too,
Your praises are heard from the lips of few.

SECOND YAGER.

Tush, man! why, what the plague d'ye mean?
The Croat had swept the fields so clean,
There was little or nothing for us to glean.

TRUMPETER.

Yet your pointed collar is clean and sightly,
And, then, your hose that sit so tightly!
Your linen so fine, with the hat and feather,
Make a show of smartness altogether!

(To Sergeant.)

That fortune should upon younkers shine—
While nothing in your way comes, or mine.

SERGEANT.

But then we're the Friedlander's regiment
And, thus, may honor and homage claim.

FIRST YAGER.

For us, now, that's no great compliment,
We, also, bear the Friedlander's name.

SERGEANT.

True—you form part of the general mass.

FIRST YAGER.

And you, I suppose, are a separate class!
The difference lies in the coats we wear,
And I have no wish to change with you there.

SERGEANT.

Sir Yager, I can't but with pity melt,
When I think how much among boors you've dwelt.

The clever knack and the proper tone,
Are caught by the general's side alone.

FIRST YAGER.

Then the lesson is wofully thrown away,—
How he hawks and spits, indeed, I may say
You've copied and caught in the cleverest way;
But his spirit, his genius—oh, these I ween,
On your guard parade are but seldom seen.

SECOND YAGER.

Why, zounds! ask for us wherever you will,
Friedland's wild hunt is our title still!
Never shaming the name, all undaunted we go
Alike through the field of a friend, or a foe;
Through the rising stalk, or the yellow corn,
Well know they the blast of Holk's Yager horn.
In the flash of an eye, we are far or near,
Swift as the deluge, or there or here—
As at midnight dark, when the flames outbreak
In the silent dwelling where none awake;
Vain is the hope in weapons or flight,
Nor order nor discipline thwart its might.
Then struggles the maid in our sinewy arms,
But war hath no pity, and scorns alarms.
Go, ask—I speak not with boastful tongue—
In Bareuth, Westphalia, Voigtland, where'er
Our troops have traversed—go, ask them there—
Children and children's children long,
When hundreds and hundreds of years are o'er,
Of Holk will tell and his Yager corps.

SERGEANT.

Why, hark! Must a soldier then be made
By driving this riotous, roaring trade!
'Tis drilling that makes him, skill and sense—
Perception—thought—intelligence.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis liberty makes him! Here's a fuss!
That I should such twaddle as this discuss.
Was it for this that I left the school?
That the scribbling desk, and the slavish rule,
And the narrow walls, that our spirits cramp,
Should be met with again in the midst of the camp?
No! Idle and heedless, I'll take my way,
Hunting for novelty every day;
Trust to the moment with dauntless mind,
And give not a glance or before or behind.
For this to the emperor I sold my hide,
That no other care I might have to bide.
Through the foe's fierce firing bid me ride,
Through fathomless Rhine, in his roaring flow,
Where ev'ry third man to the devil may go,
At no bar will you find me boggling there;
But, farther than this, 'tis my special prayer,
That I may not be bothered with aught like care.

SERGEANT.

If this be your wish, you needn't lack it,
'Tis granted to all with the soldier's jacket.

FIRST YAGER.

What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made
By that man-tormentor, Gustavus, the Swede,
Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said

At morning reveille and evening tattoo;
And, whenever it chanced that we frisky grew,
A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read.

SERGEANT.

Ay, that was a man with the fear of God.

FIRST YAGER.

Girls he detested; and what's rather odd,
If caught with a wench you in wedlock were tacked,—
I could stand it no longer, so off I packed.

SERGEANT.

Their discipline now has a trifle slacked.

FIRST YAGER.

Well, next to the League I rode over; their men
Were mustering in haste against Magdeburg then.
Ha! that was another guess sort of a thing!
In frolic and fun we'd a glorious swing;
With gaming, and drinking, and girls at call,
I'faith, sirs, our sport was by no means small.
For Tilly knew how to command, that's plain;
He held himself in but gave us the rein;
And, long as he hadn't the bother of paying,
"Live and let live!" was the general's saying.
But fortune soon gave him the slip; and ne'er
Since the day of that villanous Leipzig affair
Would aught go aright. 'Twas of little avail
That we tried, for our plans were sure to fail.
If now we drew nigh and rapped at the door,
No greeting awaited, 'twas opened no more;
From place to place we went sneaking about,

And found that their stock of respect was out;
Then touched I the Saxon bounty, and thought
Their service with fortune must needs be fraught.

SERGEANT.

You joined them then just in the nick to share
Bohemia's plunder?

FIRST YAGER.

I'd small luck there.
Strict discipline sternly ruled the day,
Nor dared we a foeman's force display;
They set us to guard the imperial forts,
And plagued us all with the farce of the courts.
War they waged as a jest 'twere thought—
And but half a heart to the business brought,
They would break with none; and thus 'twas plain
Small honor among them could a soldier gain.
So heartily sick in the end grew I
That my mind was the desk again to try;
When suddenly, rattling near and far,
The Friedlander's drum was heard to war.

SERGEANT.

And how long here may you mean to stay?

FIRST YAGER.

You jest, man. So long as he bears the sway,
By my soul! not a thought of change have I;
Where better than here could the soldier lie?
Here the true fashion of war is found,
And the cut of power's on all things round;
While the spirit whereby the movement's given

Mightily stirs, like the winds of heaven,
The meanest trooper in all the throng.
With a hearty step shall I tramp along
On a burgher's neck as undaunted tread
As our general does on the prince's head.
As 'twas in the times of old 'tis now,
The sword is the sceptre, and all must bow.
One crime alone can I understand,
And that's to oppose the word of command.
What's not forbidden to do make bold,
And none will ask you what creed you hold.
Of just two things in this world I wot,
What belongs to the army and what does not,
To the banner alone is my service brought.

SERGEANT.

Thus, Yager, I like thee—thou speakest, I vow,
With the tone of a Friedland trooper now.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis not as an office he holds command,
Or a power received from the emperor's hand;
For the emperor's service what should he care,
What better for him does the emperor fare?
With the mighty power he wields at will,
Has ever he sheltered the land from ill?
No; a soldier-kingdom he seeks to raise,
And for this would set the world in a blaze,
Daring to risk and to compass all—

TRUMPETER.

Hush—who shall such words as these let fall?

FIRST YAGER.

Whatever I think may be said by me,
For the general tells us the word is free.

SERGEANT.

True—that he said so I fully agree,
I was standing by. "The word is free—
The deed is dumb—obedience blind!"
His very words I can call to mind.

FIRST YAGER.

I know not if these were his words or no,
But he said the thing, and 'tis even so.

SECOND YAGER.

Victory ne'er will his flag forsake,
Though she's apt from others a turn to take:
Old Tilly outlived his fame's decline,
But under the banner of Wallenstein,
There am I certain that victory's mine!
Fortune is spell-bound to him, and must yield;
Whoe'er under Friedland shall take the field
Is sure of a supernatural shield:
For, as all the world is aware full well,
The duke has a devil in hire from hell.

SERGEANT.

In truth that he's charmed is past a doubt,
For we know how, at Luetzen's bloody affair,
Where firing was thickest he still was there,
As coolly as might be, sirs, riding about.
The hat on his head was shot thro' and thro',
In coat and boots the bullets that flew

Left traces full clear to all men's view;
But none got so far as to scratch off his skin,
For the ointment of hell was too well rubbed in.

FIRST YAGER.

What wonders so strange can you all see there?
An elk-skin jacket he happens to wear,
And through it the bullets can make no way.

SERGEANT.

'Tis an ointment of witches' herbs, I say,
Kneaded and cooked by unholy spell.

TRUMPETER.

No doubt 'tis the work of the powers of hell.

SERGEANT.

That he reads in the stars we also hear,
Where the future he sees—distant or near—
But I know better the truth of the case
A little gray man, at the dead of night,
Through bolted doors to him will pace—
The sentinels oft have hailed the sight,
And something great was sure to be nigh,
When this little gray-coat had glided by.

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, he's sold himself to the devil,
Wherefore, my lads, let's feast and revel.

SCENE VII.

The above—Recruit, Citizen, Dragoon.

(The Recruit advances from the tent, wearing a tin cap on his head, and carrying a wine-flask.)

RECRUIT.

To father and uncle pray make my bow,
And bid 'em good-by—I'm a soldier now.

FIRST YAGER.

See, yonder they're bringing us something new,

CITIZEN.

Oh, Franz, remember, this day you'll rue.

RECRUIT (sings).

The drum and the fife,
War's rattling throng,
And a wandering life
The world along!
Swift steed—and a hand
To curb and command—
With a blade by the side,
We're off far and wide.
As jolly and free,
As the finch in its glee,
On thicket or tree,
Under heaven's wide hollow—
Hurrah! for the Friedlander's banner I'll follow!

SECOND YAGER.

Foregad! a jolly companion, though.

[They salute him.]

CITIZEN.

He comes of good kin; now pray let him go.

FIRST YAGER.

And we wern't found in the streets you must know.

CITIZEN.

I tell you his wealth is a plentiful stock;
Just feel the fine stuff that he wears for a frock.

TRUMPETER.

The emperor's coat is the best he can wear.

CITIZEN.

To a cap manufactory he is the heir.

SECOND YAGER.

The will of a man is his fortune alone.

CITIZEN.

His grandmother's shop will soon be his own.

FIRST YAGER.

Pish! traffic in matches! who would do't?

CITIZEN.

A wine-shop his grandfather leaves, to boot,
A cellar with twenty casks of wine.

TRUMPETER.

These with his comrades he'll surely share.

SECOND YAGER.

Hark ye, lad—be a camp-brother of mine.

CITIZEN.

A bride he leaves sitting, in tears, apart.

FIRST YAGER.

Good—that now's a proof of an iron heart.

CITIZEN.

His grandmother's sure to die with sorrow.

SECOND YAGER.

The better—for then he'll inherit to-morrow.

SERGEANT (advances gravely, and lays his hand on the
Recruit's tin cap).

The matter no doubt you have duly weighed,
And here a new man of yourself have made;
With hanger and helm, sir, you now belong
To a nobler and more distinguished throng.
Thus, a loftier spirit 'twere well to uphold—

FIRST YAGER.

And, specially, never be sparing of gold.

SERGEANT.

In Fortune's ship, with an onward gale,
My, friend, you have made up your mind to sail.
The earth-ball is open before you—yet there
Naught's to be gained, but by those who dare.
Stupid and sluggish your citizen's found,
Like a dyer's dull jade, in his ceaseless round,
While the soldier can be whatever he will,
For war o'er the earth is the watchword still.
Just look now at me, and the coat I wear,

You see that the emperor's baton I bear—
And all good government, over the earth,
You must know from the baton alone has birth;
For the sceptre that's swayed by the kingly hand
Is naught but a baton, we understand.
And he who has corporal's rank obtained,
Stands on the ladder where all's to be gained,
And you, like another, may mount to that height—

FIRST YAGER.

Provided you can but read and write.

SERGEANT.

Now, hark to an instance of this from me,
And one, which I've lived myself to see
There's Butler, the chief of dragoons, why he,
Whose rank was not higher a whit than mine,
Some thirty years since, at Cologne on Rhine,
Is a major-general now—because
He put himself forward and gained applause;
Filling the world with his martial fame,
While slept my merits without a name.
And even the Friedlander's self—I've heard—
Our general and all-commanding lord,
Who now can do what he will at a word,
Had at first but a private squire's degree;
In the goddess of war yet trusting free,
He reared the greatness which now you see,
And, after the emperor, next is he.
Who knows what more he may mean or get?

(Slyly.)

For all-day's evening isn't come yet.

FIRST YAGER.

He was little at first, though now so great—
For at Altorf, in student's gown he played
By your leave, the part of a roaring blade,
And rattled away at a queerish rate.
His fag he had well nigh killed by a blow,
And their Nur'mburg worships swore he should go
To jail for his pains—if he liked it or no.
'Twas a new-built nest to be christened by him
Who first should be lodged. Well, what was his whim?
Why, he sent his dog forward to lead the way,
And they call the jail from the dog to this day.
That was the game a brave fellow should play,
And of all the great deeds of the general, none
E'er tickled my fancy, like this one.

[During this speech, the second Yager has begun toying
with the girl who has been in waiting.]

DRAGOON (stepping between them).
Comrade—give over this sport, I pray.

SECOND YAGER.
Why, who the devil shall say me nay!

DRAGOON.
I've only to tell you the girl's my own.

FIRST YAGER.
Such a morsel as this, for himself alone!—
Dragoon, why say, art thou crazy grown?

SECOND YAGER.

In the camp to be keeping a wench for one!
No! the light of a pretty girl's face must fall,
Like the beams of the sun, to gladden us all.

(Kisses her.)

DRAGOON (tears her away).
I tell you again, that it shan't be done.

FIRST YAGER.

The pipers are coming, lads! now for fun!

SECOND YAGER (to Dragoon).
I shan't be far off, should you look for me.

SERGEANT.

Peace, my good fellows!—a kiss goes free.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Miners, and play a waltz—at first slowly, and afterwards quicker. The first Yager dances with the girl, the Sutler-woman with the recruit. The girl springs away, and the Yager, pursuing her, seizes hold of a Capuchin Friar just entering.

CAPUCHIN.

Hurrah! halloo! tol, lol, de rol, le!
The fun's at its height! I'll not be away!
Is't an army of Christians that join in such works?
Or are we all turned Anabaptists and Turks?
Is the Sabbath a day for this sport in the land,
As though the great God had the gout in his hand,
And thus couldn't smite in the midst of your band?

Say, is this a time for your revelling shouts,
For your banquetings, feasts, and holiday bouts?
Quid hic stas otiosi? declare
Why, folding your arms, stand ye lazily there?
While the furies of war on the Danube now fare
And Bavaria's bulwark is lying full low,
And Ratisbon's fast in the clutch of the foe.
Yet, the army lies here in Bohemia still,
And caring for naught, so their paunches they fill!
Bottles far rather than battles you'll get,
And your bills than your broad-swords more readily wet;
With the wenches, I ween, is your dearest concern,
And you'd rather roast oxen than Oxenstiern.
In sackcloth and ashes while Christendom's grieving,
No thought has the soldier his guzzle of leaving.
'Tis a time of misery, groans, and tears!
Portentous the face of the heavens appears!
And forth from the clouds behold blood-red,
The Lord's war-mantle is downward spread—
While the comet is thrust as a threatening rod,
From the window of heaven by the hand of God.
The world is but one vast house of woe,
The ark of the church stems a bloody flow,
The Holy Empire—God help the same!
Has wretchedly sunk to a hollow name.
The Rhine's gay stream has a gory gleam,
The cloister's nests are robbed by roysters;
The church-lands now are changed to lurch-lands;
Abbasies, and all other holy foundations
Now are but robber-sees—rogues' habitations.
And thus is each once-blest German state,
Deep sunk in the gloom of the desolate!

Whence comes all this? Oh, that will I tell—
It comes of your doings, of sin, and of hell;
Of the horrible, heathenish lives ye lead,
Soldiers and officers, all of a breed.
For sin is the magnet, on every hand,
That draws your steel throughout the land!
As the onion causes the tear to flow,
So vice must ever be followed by woe—
The W duly succeeds the V,
This is the order of A, B, C.
Ubi erit victoriae spes,
Si offenditur Deus? which says,
How, pray ye, shall victory e'er come to pass,
If thus you play truant from sermon and mass,
And do nothing but lazily loll o'er the glass?
The woman, we're told in the Testament,
Found the penny in search whereof she went.
Saul met with his father's asses again,
And Joseph his precious fraternal train,
But he, who 'mong soldiers shall hope to see
God's fear, or shame, or discipline—he
From his toil, beyond doubt, will baffled return,
Though a hundred lamps in the search he burn.
To the wilderness preacher, th' Evangelist says,
The soldiers, too, thronged to repent of their ways,
And had themselves christened in former days.
Quid faciemus nos? they said:
Toward Abraham's bosom what path must we tread?
Et ait illis, and, said he,
Neminem concutiatis;
From bother and wrongs leave your neighbors free.
Neque calumniam faciatis;

And deal nor in slander nor lies, d'ye see?
Contenti estote—content ye, pray,
Stipendiis vestris—with your pay—
And curse forever each evil way.
There is a command—thou shalt not utter
The name of the Lord thy God in vain;
But, where is it men most blasphemies mutter?
Why here, in Duke Friedland's headquarters, 'tie plain
If for every thunder, and every blast,
Which blazing ye from your tongue-points cast,
The bells were but rung, in the country round,
Not a bellman, I ween, would there soon be found;
And if for each and every unholy prayer
Which to vent from your jabbering jaws you dare,
From your noddles were plucked but the smallest hair,
Ev'ry crop would be smoothed ere the sun went down,
Though at morn 'twere as bushy as Absalom's crown.
Now, Joshua, methinks, was a soldier as well—
By the arm of King David the Philistine fell;
But where do we find it written, I pray,
That they ever blasphemed in this villanous way?
One would think ye need stretch your jaws no more,
To cry, "God help us!" than "Zounds!" to roar.
But, by the liquor that's poured in the cask, we know
With what it will bubble and overflow.
Again, it is written—thou shalt not steal,
And this you follow, i'faith! to the letter,
For open-faced robbery suits ye better.
The gripe of your vulture claws you fix
On all—and your wiles and rascally tricks
Make the gold unhid in our coffers now,
And the calf unsafe while yet in the cow—

Ye take both the egg and the hen, I vow.
Contenti estote—the preacher said;
Which means—be content with your army bread.
But how should the slaves not from duty swerve?
The mischief begins with the lord they serve,
Just like the members so is the head.
I should like to know who can tell me his creed.

FIRST YAGER.

Sir priest, 'gainst ourselves rail on as you will—
Of the general we warn you to breathe no ill.

CAPUCHIN.

Ne custodias gregem meam!
An Ahab is he, and a Jerobeam,
Who the people from faith's unerring way,
To the worship of idols would turn astray,

TRUMPETER and RECRUIT.

Let us not hear that again, we pray.

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Bramarbas, whose iron tooth
Would seize all the strongholds of earth forsooth!
Did he not boast, with ungodly tongue,
That Stralsund must needs to his grasp be wrung,
Though to heaven itself with a chain 'twere strung?

TRUMPETER.

Will none put a stop to his slanderous bawl?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard he is!—and a sorcerer Saul!—

Holofernes!—a Jehu!—denying, we know,
Like St. Peter, his Master and Lord below;
And hence must he quail when the cock doth crow—

BOTH YAGERS.

Now, parson, prepare; for thy doom is nigh.

CAPUCHIN.

A fox more cunning than Herod, I trow—

TRUMPETER and both YAGERS (pressing against him).
Silence, again,—if thou wouldst not die!

CROATS (interfering.)

Stick to it, father; we'll shield you, ne'er fear;
The close of your preachment now let's hear.

CAPUCHIN (still louder).

A Nebuchadnezzar in towering pride!
And a vile and heretic sinner beside!
He calls himself rightly the stone of a wall;
For faith! he's a stumbling-stone to us all.
And ne'er can the emperor have peace indeed,
Till of Friedland himself the land is freed.

[During the last passages which he pronounces in an elevated voice, he has been gradually retreating, the Croats keeping the other soldiers off.

SCENE IX.

The above, without the Capuchin.

FIRST YAGER (to the Sergeant).

But, tell us, what meant he about chanticleer;
Whose crowing the general dares to hear?
No doubt it was uttered in spite and scorn.

SERGEANT.

Listen—'Tis not so untrue as it appears;
For Friedland was rather mysteriously born,
And is 'specially troubled with ticklish ears;
He can never suffer the mew of a cat;
And when the cock crows he starts thereat.

FIRST YAGER.

He's one and the same with the lion in that.

SERGEANT.

Mouse-still must all around him creep,
Strict watch in this the sentinels keep,
For he ponders on matters most grave and deep.

[Voices in the tent. A tumult.
Seize the rascal! Lay on! lay on!

PEASANT'S VOICE.

Help!—mercy—help!

OTHERS.

Peace! peace! begone!

FIRST YAGER.

Deuce take me, but yonder the swords are out!

SECOND YAGER.

Then I must be off, and see what 'tis about.

[Yagers enter the tent.

SUTLER-WOMAN (comes forward).

A scandalous villain!—a scurvy thief!

TRUMPETER.

Good hostess, the cause of this clamorous grief?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

A cut-purse! a scoundrel! the-villain I call.

That the like in my tent should ever befall!

I'm disgraced and undone with the officers all.

SERGEANT.

Well, coz, what is it?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Why, what should it be?

But a peasant they've taken just now with me—

A rogue with false dice, to favor his play.

TRUMPETER.

See I they're bringing the boor and his son this way.

SCENE X.

Soldiers dragging in the peasant, bound.

FIRST YAGER.

He must hang!

SHARPSHOOTERS and DRAGOONS.

To the provost, come on!

SERGEANT.

'Tis the latest order that forth has gone.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

In an hour I hope to behold him swinging!

SERGEANT.

Bad work bad wages will needs be bringing.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (to the others).

This comes of their desperation. We
First ruin them out and out, d'ye see;
Which tempts them to steal, as it seems to me.

TRUMPETER.

How now! the rascal's cause would you plead?
The cur! the devil is in you indeed!

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The boor is a man—as a body may say.

FIRST YAGER (to the Trumpeter).

Let 'em go! they're of Tiefenbach's corps, the railers,
A glorious train of glovers and tailors!
At Brieg, in garrison, long they lay;
What should they know about camps, I pray?

SCENE XI.

The above.—Cuirassiers.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace! what's amiss with the boor, may I crave?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

He has cheated at play, the cozening knave!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

But say, has he cheated you, man, of aught?

FIRST SHARPHOOTER.

Just cleaned me out—and not left me a goat.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And can you, who've the rank of a Friedland man,
So shamefully cast yourself away,
As to try your luck with the boor at play?
Let him run off, so that run he can.

[The peasant escapes, the others throng together.]

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

He makes short work—is of resolute mood—
And that with such fellows as these is good.

Who is he? not of Bohemia, that's clear.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

He's a Walloon—and respect, I trow,
Is due to the Pappenheim cuirassier!

FIRST DRAGOON (joining).

Young Piccolomini leads them now,
Whom they chose as colonel, of their own free might,
When Pappenheim fell in Luetzen's fight.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Durst they, indeed, presume so far?

FIRST DRAGOON.

This regiment is something above the rest.
It has ever been foremost through the war,
And may manage its laws, as it pleases best;
Besides, 'tis by Friedland himself caressed.

FIRST CUIRASSIER (to the Second.)

Is't so in truth, man? Who averred it?

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

From the lips of the colonel himself I heard it.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The devil! we're not their dogs, I weep!

FIRST YAGER.

How now, what's wrong? You're swollen with spleen!

SECOND YAGER.

Is it anything, comrades, may us concern?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

'Tis what none need be wondrous glad to learn.

The Soldiers press round him.

To the Netherlands they would lend us now—
Cuirassiers, Yagers, and Shooters away,
Eight thousand in all must march, they say.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

What! What! again the old wandering way—
I got back from Flanders but yesterday!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (to the Dragoons).
You of Butler's corps must tramp with the rest.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And we, the Walloons, must doubtless be gone.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Why, of all our squadrons these are the best.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

To march where that Milanese fellow leads on.

FIRST YAGER.

The infant? that's queer enough in its way.

SECOND YAGER.

The priest—then, egad! there's the devil to pay.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Shall we then leave the Friedlander's train,
Who so nobly his soldiers doth entertain—
And drag to the field with this fellow from Spain!

A niggard whom we in our souls disdain!
That'll never go down—I'm off, I swear.

TRUMPETER.

Why, what the devil should we do there?
We sold our blood to the emperor—ne'er
For this Spanish red hat a drop we'll spare!

SECOND YAGER.

On the Friedlander's word and credit alone
We ranged ourselves in the trooper line,
And, but for our love to Wallenstein,
Ferdinand ne'er had our service known.

FIRST DRAGOON.

Was it not Friedland that formed our force?
His fortune shall still be the star of our course.

SERGEANT.

Silence, good comrades, to me give ear—
Talking does little to help us here.
Much farther in this I can see than you all,
And a trap has been laid in which we're to fall;

FIRST YAGER.

List to the order-book! hush—be still!

SERGEANT.

But first, Cousin Gustel, I pray thee fill
A glass of Melneck, as my stomach's but weak
When I've tossed it off, my mind I'll speak.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Take it, good sergeant. I quake for fear—

Think you that mischief is hidden here?

SERGEANT.

Look ye, my friends, 'tis fit and clear
That each should consider what's most near.
But as the general says, say I,
One should always the whole of a case descry.
We call ourselves all the Friedlander's troops;
The burgher, on whom we're billeted, stoops
Our wants to supply, and cooks our soups.
His ox, or his horse, the peasant must chain
To our baggage-car, and may grumble in vain.
Just let a lance-corp'ral, with seven good men,
Tow'rd a village from far but come within ken,
You're sure he'll be prince of the place, and may
Cut what capers he will, with unquestioned sway.
Why, zounds! lads, they heartily hate us all—
And would rather the devil should give them a call,
Than our yellow collars. And why don't they fall
On us fairly at once and get rid of our lumber?
They're more than our match in point of number,
And carry the cudgel as we do the sword.
Why can we laugh them to scorn? By my word
Because we make up here a terrible horde.

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, in the mass lies the spell of our might,
And the Friedlander judged the matter aright,
When, some eight or nine years ago, he brought
The emperor's army together. They thought
Twelve thousand enough for the general. In vain,
Said he, such a force I can never maintain.

Sixty thousand I'll bring ye into the plain,
And they, I'll be sworn, won't of hunger die,
And thus were we Wallenstein's men, say I.

SERGEANT.

For example, cut one of my fingers off,
This little one here from my right hand doff.
Is the taking my finger then all you've done?
No, no, to the devil my hand is gone!
'Tis a stump—no more—and use has none.
The eight thousand horse they wish to disband
May be but a finger of our army's hand.
But when they're once gone may we understand
We are but one-fifth the less? Oh, no—
By the Lord, the whole to the devil will go!
All terror, respect, and awe will be over,
And the peasant will swell his crest once more;
And the Board of Vienna will order us where
Our troops must be quartered and how we must fare,
As of old in the days of their beggarly care.
Yes, and how long it will be who can say
Ere the general himself they may take away?
For they don't much like him at court I learn?
And then it's all up with the whole concern!
For who, to our pay, will be left to aid us?
And see that they keep the promise they made us?
Who has the energy—who the mind—
The flashing thought—and the fearless hand—
Together to bring, and thus fastly bind
The fragments that form our close-knit band.
For example, dragoon—just answer us now,
From which of the countries of earth art thou?

DRAGOON.

From distant Erin came I here.

SERGEANT (to the two Cuirassiers).

You're a Walloon, my friend, that's clear,
And you, an Italian, as all may hear.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Who I may be, faith! I never could say;
In my infant years they stole me away.

SERGEANT.

And you, from what far land may you be?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

I come from Buchau—on the Feder Sea.

SERGEANT.

Neighbor, and you?

SECOND ARQUEBUSIER.

I am a Swiss.

SERGEANT (to the second Yager).

And Yager, let's hear where your country is?

SECOND YAGER.

Up above Wismar my fathers dwell.

SERGEANT (pointing to the Trumpeter).

And he's from Eger—and I as well:
And now, my comrades, I ask you whether,
Would any one think, when looking at us,
That we, from the North and South, had thus

Been hitherward drifted and blown together?
Do we not seem as hewn from one mass?
Stand we not close against the foe
As though we were glued or moulded so?
Like mill-work don't we move, d'ye think!
'Mong ourselves in the nick, at a word or wink.
Who has thus cast us here all as one,
Now to be severed again by none?
Who? why, no other than Wallenstein!

FIRST YAGER.

In my life it ne'er was a thought of mine
Whether we suited each other or not,
I let myself go with the rest of the lot.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

I quite agree in the sergeant's opinion—
They'd fain have an end of our camp dominion,
And trample the soldier down, that they
May govern alone in their own good way.
'Tis a conspiracy—a plot, I say!

SUTLER-WOMAN.

A conspiracy—God help the day!
Then my customers won't have cash to pay.

SERGEANT.

Why, faith, we shall all be bankrupts made;
The captains and generals, most of them, paid
The costs of the regiments with private cash,
And, wishing, 'bove all, to cut a dash,
Went a little beyond their means—but thought,
No doubt, that they thus had a bargain bought.

Now they'll be cheated, sirs, one and all,
Should our chief, our head, the general fall.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, Heaven! this curse I never can brook
Why, half of the army stand in my book.
Two hundred dollars I've trusted madly
That Count Isolani who pays so badly.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Well, comrades, let's fix on what's to be done—
Of the ways to save us, I see but one;
If we hold together we need not fear;
So let us stand out as one man here;
And then they may order and send as they will,
Fast planted we'll stick in Bohemia still.
We'll never give in—no, nor march an inch,
We stand on our honor, and must not flinch.

SECOND YAGER.

We're not to be driven the country about,
Let 'em come here, and they'll find it out.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Good sirs, 'twere well to bethink ye still,
That such is the emperor's sovereign will.

TRUMPETER.

Oh, as to the emperor, we needn't be nice.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Let me not hear you say so twice.

TRUMPETER.

Why, 'tis even so—as I just have said.

FIRST YAGER.

True, man—I've always heard 'em say,
'Tis Friedland, alone, you've here to obey.

SERGEANT.

By our bargain with him it should be so,
Absolute power is his, you must know,
We've war, or peace, but as he may please,
Or gold or goods he has power to seize,
And hanging or pardon his will decrees.
Captains and colonels he makes—and he,
In short, by the imperial seal is free,
To hold all the marks of sovereignty.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The duke is high and of mighty will,
But yet must remain, for good or for ill,
Like us all, but the emperor's servant still.

SERGEANT.

Not like us all—I there disagree—
Friedland is quite independent and free,
The Bavarian is no more a prince than he
For, was I not by myself to see,
When on duty at Brandeis, how the emperor said,
He wished him to cover his princely head.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That was because of the Mecklenburgh land,
Which he held in pawn from the emperor's hand.

FIRST YAGER (to the Sergeant).

In the emperor's presence, man! say you so?
That, beyond doubt, was a wonderful go!

SERGEANT (feels in his pocket).

If you question my word in what I have told,
I can give you something to grasp and hold.

[Showing a coin.

Whose image and stamp d'ye here behold?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh! that is a Wallenstein's, sure!

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Well, there, you have it—what doubt can rest
Is he not prince, just as good as the best?
Coins he not money like Ferdinand?
Hath he not his own subjects and land?
Is he not called your highness, I pray?
And why should he not have his soldiers in?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That no one has ever meant to gainsay;
But we're still at the emperor's beck and call,
For his majesty 'tis who pays us all.

TRUMPETER.

In your teeth I deny it—and will again—
His majesty 'tis who pays us not,
For this forty weeks, say, what have we got
But a promise to pay, believed in vain?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

What then! 'tis kept in safe hands, I suppose.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace, good sirs, will you come to blows?
Have you a quarrel and squabble to know
If the emperor be our master or no?
'Tis because of our rank, as his soldiers brave,
That we scorn the lot of the herded slave;
And will not be driven from place to place,
As priest or puppies our path may trace.
And, tell me, is't not the sovereign's gain,
If the soldiers their dignity will maintain?
Who but his soldiers give him the state
Of a mighty, wide-ruling potentate?
Make and preserve for him, far and near,
The voice which Christendom quakes to hear?
Well enough they may his yoke-chain bear,
Who feast on his favors, and daily share,
In golden chambers, his sumptuous fare.
We—we of his splendors have no part,
Naught but hard wearying toil and care,
And the pride that lives in a soldier's heart.

SECOND YAGER.

All great tyrants and kings have shown
Their wit, as I take it, in what they've done;
They've trampled all others with stern command,
But the soldier they've led with a gentle hand.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The soldier his worth must understand;
Whoe'er doesn't nobly drive the trade,
'Twere best from the business far he'd stayed.

If I cheerily set my life on a throw,
Something still better than life I'll know;
Or I'll stand to be slain for the paltry pelf,
As the Croat still does—and scorn myself.

BOTH PAGERS.

Yes—honor is dearer than life itself.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The sword is no plough, nor delving tool,
He, who would till with it, is but a fool.
For us, neither grass nor grain doth grow,
Houseless the soldier is doomed to go,
A changeful wanderer over the earth,
Ne'er knowing the warmth of a home-lit hearth.
The city glances—he halts—not there—
Nor in village meadows, so green and fair;
The vintage and harvest wreath are twined
He sees, but must leave them far behind.
Then, tell me, what hath the soldier left,
If he's once of his self-esteem bereft?
Something he must have his own to call,
Or on slaughter and burnings at once he'll fall.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

God knows, 'tis a wretched life to live!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Yet one, which I, for no other would give,
Look ye—far round in the world I've been,
And all of its different service seen.
The Venetian Republic—the Kings of Spain
And Naples I've served, and served in vain.

Fortune still frowned—and merchant and knight,
Craftsmen and Jesuit, have met my sight;
Yet, of all their jackets, not one have I known
To please me like this steel coat of my own.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Well—that now is what I can scarcely say.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

In the world, a man who would make his way,
Must plague and bestir himself night and day.
To honor and place if he choose the road,
He must bend his back to the golden load.
And if home-delights should his fancy please,
With children and grandchildren round his knees,
Let him follow an honest trade in peace.
I've no taste for this kind of life—not I!
Free will I live, and as freely die.
No man's spoiler nor heir will I be—
But, throned on my nag, I will smile to see
The coil of the crowd that is under me.

FIRST YAGER.

Bravo!—that's as I've always done.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

In truth, sirs, it may be far better fun
To trample thus over your neighbor's crown.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrade, the times are bad of late—
The sword and the scales live separate.
But do not then blame that I've preferred,

Of the two, to lean, as I have, to the sword.
For mercy in war I will yield to none,
Though I never will stoop to be drummed upon.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Who but the soldier the blame should bear
That the laboring poor so hardly fare?
The war with its plagues, which all have blasted
Now sixteen years in the land hath lasted.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why, brother, the blessed God above
Can't have from us all an equal love.
One prays for the sun, at which t'other will fret
One is for dry weather-t'other for wet.
What you, now, regard as with misery rife,
Is to me the unclouded sun of life.
If 'tis at the cost of the burgher and boor,
I really am sorry that they must endure;
But how can I help it? Here, you must know,
'Tis just like a cavalry charge 'gainst the foe:
The steeds loud snorting, and on they go!
Whoever may lie in the mid-career—
Be it my brother or son so dear,
Should his dying groan my heart divide,
Yet over his body I needs must ride,
Nor pitying stop to drag him aside.

FIRST YAGER.

True—who ever asks how another may bide?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Thus, my lads, 'tis my counsel, while

On the soldier Dame Fortune deigns to smile,
That we with both hands her bounty clasp,
For it may not be much longer left to our grasp.
Peace will be coming some over-night,
And then there's an end of our martial might.
The soldier unhorsed, and fresh mounted to boor,
Ere you can think it 'twill be as before.
As yet we're together firm bound in the land,
The hilt is yet fast in the soldier's hand.
But let 'em divide us, and soon we shall find,
Short commons is all that remains behind.

FIRST YAGER.

No, no, by the Lord! That won't do for me.
Come, come, lads, let's all now, as one, agree.

SECOND YAGER.

Yes, let us resolve on what 'tis to be.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (To the Sutler-woman, drawing out his leather
purse).

Hostess, tell us how high you've scored.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, 'tis unworthy a single word.

[They settle.

TRUMPETER.

You do well, sirs, to take a further walk,
Your company only disturbs our talk.

[Exeunt Arquebusiers.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Plague take the fellows—they're brave, I know.

FIRST YAGER.

They haven't a soul 'bove a soapboiler's, though.

SECOND YAGER.

We're now alone, so teach us who can
How best we may meet and mar their plan.

TRUMPETER.

How? Why, let's tell them we will not go!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Despising all discipline! No, my lads, no,
Rather his corps let each of us seek,
And quietly then with his comrades speak,
That every soldier may clearly know,
It were not for his good so far to go;
For my Walloons to answer I'm free,
Every man of 'em thinks and acts with me.

SERGEANT.

The Terzky regiments, both horse and foot,
Will thus resolve, and will keep them to't.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (joining the first).

The Walloons and the Lombards one intent.

FIRST YAGER.

Freedom is Yagers' own element.

SECOND YAGER.

Freedom must ever with might entwine—

I live and will die by Wallenstein.

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

The Lorrainers go on with the strongest tide,
Where spirits are light and courage tried.

DRAGOON.

An Irishman follows his fortune's star.

SECOND SHARPSHOOTER.

The Tyrolese for their sovereign war.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Then, comrades, let each of our corps agree
A pro memoria to sign—that we,
In spite of all force or fraud, will be
To the fortunes of Friedland firmly bound,
For in him is the soldier's father found.
This we will humbly present, when done,
To Piccolomini—I mean the son—
Who understands these kind of affairs,
And the Friedlander's highest favor shares;
Besides, with the emperor's self, they say
He holds a capital card to play.

SECOND YAGER.

Well, then, in this, let us all agree,
That the colonel shall our spokesman be!

ALL (going).

Good! the colonel shall our spokesman be.

SERGEANT.

Hold, sirs—just toss off a glass with me

To the health of Piccolomini.

SUTLER-WOMAN (brings a flask).
This shall not go to the list of scores,
I gladly give it—success be yours!

CUIRASSIER.
The soldier shall sway!

BOTH YAGERS.
The peasant shall pay

DRAGOONS and SHARPSHOOTERS.
The army shall flourishing stand!

TRUMPETER and SERGEANT.
And the Friedlander keep the command!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (sings).

Arouse ye, my comrades, to horse! to horse!
To the field and to freedom we guide!
For there a man feels the pride of his force
And there is the heart of him tried.
No help to him there by another is shown,
He stands for himself and himself alone.

[The soldiers from the background have come forward during the singing of this verse and form the chorus.

CHORUS.

No help to him by another is shown,
He stands for himself and himself alone.

DRAGOON.

Now freedom hath fled from the world, we find
But lords and their bondsmen vile
And nothing holds sway in the breast of mankind
Save falsehood and cowardly guile.
Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,
The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

CHORUS.

Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,
The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

FIRST YAGER.

With the troubles of life he ne'er bothers his pate,
And feels neither fear nor sorrow;
But boldly rides onward to meet with his fate—
He may meet it to-day, or to-morrow!
And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,
Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!

CHORUS.

And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,
Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!

[The glasses are here refilled, and all drink.

SERGEANT.

'Tis from heaven his jovial lot has birth;
Nor needs he to strive or toil.
The peasant may grope in the bowels of earth,

And for treasure may greedily moil
He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,
And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

CHORUS.

He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,
And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

FIRST YAGER.

The rider and lightning steed—a pair
Of terrible guests, I ween!
From the bridal-hall, as the torches glare,
Unbidden they join the scene;
Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove;
By storm he carries the prize of love!

CHORUS.

Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove;
By storm he carries the prize of love!

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why mourns the wench with so sorrowful face?
Away, girl, the soldier must go!
No spot on the earth is his resting-place;
And your true love he never can know.
Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,
He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

CHORUS.

Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,
He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

FIRST YAGER. He takes the two next to him by the hand—the others do the same—and form a large semi-circle.

Then rouse ye, my comrades—to horse! to horse!
In battle the breast doth swell!
Youth boils—the life-cup foams in its force—
Up! ere time can dew dispel!
And deep be the stake, as the prize is high—
Who life would win, he must dare to die!

CHORUS.

And deep be the stake, as the prize is high—
Who life would win, he must dare to die!

[The curtain falls before the chorus has finished.]

THE PICCOLOMINI,

Translated by S. T. Coleridge.

"Upon the whole there can be no doubt that this trilogy forms, in its original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of tragic art the world has witnessed; and none at all, that the execution of the version from which we have quoted so largely, places Mr. Coleridge in the very first rank of poetical translators. He is, perhaps, the solitary example of a man of very great original genius submitting to all the labors, and reaping all the honors of this species of literary exertion."—Blackwood, 1823.

PREFACE.

The two dramas,—PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and the DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a prelude in one act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same lilting metre (if that expression may be permitted), with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This prelude possesses a sort of broad humor, and is not deficient in character: but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the tragedies by a lively picture of laxity of discipline and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are historical dramas taken from a

popular German history; that we must, therefore, judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or, by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard II., or the three parts of Henry VI. We scarcely expect rapidity in an historical drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the scene in the first act of the first play between Questenberg, Max, and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's plays which equals the first scene of the fifth act of the concluding plays. [In this edition, scene iii., act v.] It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands connected with the original author by a certain law of subordination which makes it more decorous to point out excellences than defects; indeed, he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labor will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living author is incumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavor to give a work executed according to laws of compensation he subjects himself to imputations of vanity or misrepresentation.

I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible. S. T. C.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces
in the Thirty Years' War.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant-General.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

COUNT TERZKY, the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law
of Wallenstein.

ILLO, Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

ISOLANI, General of the Croats.

BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.

TIEFENBACH, |

DON MARADAS, | Generals under Wallenstein.

GOETZ, |

KOLATTO, |

NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Terzky.

VON QUESTENBERG, the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.

BAPTISTA SENI, an Astrologer.

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.

THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.

THE COUNTESS TERZRY, Sister of the Duchess.

A CORNET.

COLONELS and GENERALS (several).

PAGES and ATTENDANTS belonging to Wallenstein.

ATTENDANTS and HOBOISTS belonging to Terzky.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR to Count Terzky.

VALET DE CHAMBRE of Count Piccolomini.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-House at Pilsen, decorated with Colors and other War Insignia.

ILLO, with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

ILLO.

Ye have come too late-but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolani, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.
At Donauwerth [1] it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way,
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundreds wagons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!—
We bring it hither——

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!

The very churches are full of soldiers.

[Casts his eye round.

And in the council-house, too, I observe,
You're settled quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Terzky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father—
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Gallas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Gallas.

ILLO (hesitating).

How so? Do you know——

ISOLANI (interrupting him).

Max. Piccolomini here? O bring me to him.
I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeldt hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.

The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the princess [2]
From Caernthen [3]. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hm!

So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,
Of marches and attacks, and batteries;
And lo! the duke provides, and something too
Of gentler sort and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

ILLO (who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to BUTLER,
whom he leads a little on one side).

And how came you to know
That the Count Gallas joins us not?

BUTLER.

Because
He importuned me to remain behind.

ILLO (with warmth).
And you? You hold out firmly!

[Grasping his hand with affection.
Noble Butler!

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the duke
Had laid so newly on me——

ILLO.

I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—major-general,
I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of this regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then
Worked himself step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplexed and doubtful whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend, seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the emperor and his ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would all of us consider it so!
The emperor gives us nothing; from the duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

My noble brother! did I tell you how
The duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my bankers for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin and restored my honor.

ILLO.

Oh that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance,—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and where they can to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!

BUTLER.

Ay!

Those requisitions of the emperor—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The duke will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first
From office!

BUTLER (shocked and confused).

Know you aught then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI (at the same time with BUTLER, and in a hurrying voice).
We should be ruined, every one of us!

ILLO.

Yonder I see our worthy friend [spoken with a sneer] approaching
With the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

BUTLER (shaking his head significantly).
I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO (still in the distance).
Ay! ah! more still! Still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

QUESTENBERG.
Let none approach a camp of Friedland's troops
Who dares to think unworthily of war;
E'en I myself had nigh forgot its evils
When I surveyed that lofty soul of order,
By which, while it destroys the world—itsself
Maintains the greatness which itself created.

OCTAVIO (approaching nearer).
Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother!

Even now am I arrived; it has been else my duty——

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honor.
See, see, my friend!
There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI at the same time
to him.

These two the total sum—strength and despatch.

QUESTENBERG (to OCTAVIO).

And lo! betwixt them both, experienced prudence!

OCTAVIO (presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER and ISOLANI).

The Chamberlain and War-Commissioner Questenberg.
The bearer of the emperor's behests,—
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honor in this noble visitor.

[Universal silence.

ILLO (moving towards QUESTENBERG).

'Tis not the first time, noble minister,
You've shown our camp this honor.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before
I stood beside these colors.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember where that was;
It was at Znaeim [4] in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of the emperor to supplicate our duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBURG.

To supplicate? Nay, bold general!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then—to compel him, if you choose,
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
Before our general, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI (steps up to them).

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day,
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolani?

No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend or foe.

ILLO.

What? 'Twas a favorable year; the boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,
If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds——

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruined
The emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh! we are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, general! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it.
The sword has made the emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
[Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of QUESTENBERG.
Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favor, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the emperor's table,

Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dogs' hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldiers bread and cross his reckoning!

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favor
That fell beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for me!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses!
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The duke procured me in three days what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us!
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,

With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I' faith we should wait long—
"Dash! and through with it!" That's the better watchword.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed "what shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true; the duke does spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (with a sneer).

Count! this comparison you make, not I.

ILLO.

Why, were we all the court supposes us
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG (gravely).

You have taken liberty—it was not given you,
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with the curbs.

ILLO.

Expect to find a restive steed in us.

QUESTENBERG.

A better rider may be found to rule it.

ILLO.

He only brooks the rider who has tamed him.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, tame him once, and then a child may lead him.

ILLO.

The child, we know, is found for him already.

QUESTENBERG.

Be duty, sir, your study, not a name.

BUTLER (who has stood aside with PICCOLOMINI, but with visible interest
in the conversation, advances).

Sir president, the emperor has in Germany
A splendid host assembled; in this kingdom
Full twenty thousand soldiers are cantoned,
With sixteen thousand in Silesia;
Ten regiments are posted on the Weser,
The Rhine, and Maine; in Swabia there are six,
And in Bavaria twelve, to face the Swedes;
Without including in the account the garrisons
Who on the frontiers hold the fortresses.

This vast and mighty host is all obedient
To Friedland's captains; and its brave commanders,
Bred in one school, and nurtured with one milk,
Are all excited by one heart and soul;
They are as strangers on the soil they tread,
The service is their only house and home.
No zeal inspires then for their country's cause,
For thousands like myself were born abroad;
Nor care they for the emperor, for one half
Deserting other service fled to ours,
Indifferent what their banner, whether 'twere,
The Double Eagle, Lily, or the Lion.
Yet one sole man can rein this fiery host
By equal rule, by equal love and fear;
Blending the many-nationed whole in one;
And like the lightning's fires securely led
Down the conducting rod, e'en thus his power
Rules all the mass, from guarded post to post,
From where the sentry hears the Baltic roar,
Or views the fertile vales of the Adige,
E'en to the body-guard, who holds his watch
Within the precincts of the imperial palace!

QUESTENBERG.

What's the short meaning of this long harangue?

BUTLER.

That the respect, the love, the confidence,
Which makes us willing subjects of Duke Friedland,
Are not to be transferred to the first comer
That Austria's court may please to send to us.
We have not yet so readily forgotten

How the command came into Friedland's hands.
Was it, forsooth, the emperor's majesty
That gave the army ready to his hand,
And only sought a leader for it? No.
The army then had no existence. He,
Friedland, it was who called it into being,
And gave it to his sovereign—but receiving
No army at his hand; nor did the emperor
Give Wallenstein to us as general. No,
It was from Wallenstein we first received
The emperor as our master and our sovereign;
And he, he only, binds us to our banners!

OCTAVIO (interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG).
My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors;
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he act daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer,
[Pointing to BUTLER.
Which now is but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when naught but boldness could preserve it,
To the emperor, his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [Military music at a distance.
Hah! here they come!

ILLO.
The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the duchess.

OCTAVIO (to QUESTENBERG).

Then my son Max., too, has returned. 'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Caerntthen hither.

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[To OCTAVIO.

You'll not forget that yet ere noon we meet
The noble envoy at the general's palace.

[Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (with signs of aversion and astonishment).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
And were this spirit universal——

OCTAVIO.

Hm!

You're now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek, then, for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then

This Butler, too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.

QUESTENBERG (walking up and down in evident disquiet).

Friend, friend!

O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendor of the throne.
We had not seen the war-chief, the commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no emperor more—the duke is emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the court.
The least suspicion of the general
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted

This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse to obey the imperial orders.
Friend, he can do it, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance—
Oh! what a proclamation of our weakness!

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the emperor's dominions—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption.

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threatens us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument

Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will he wields.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon
Men's words are even bolder than their deeds;
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Gallas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise; you know
I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.
What'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,
That I, by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have sulked into his graces,
Or with the substance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty

Which we all owe our country and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which stores a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence
Shot out into sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Luetzen.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At a distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded: thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret?

OCTAVIO.

No!

QUESTENBERG.

What! and not warn him either, what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That makes the duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (anxiously).

My honored friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
Reflect a little——

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.
Hush! There he comes!

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!

[He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes
QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor.
Attention, Max., an old friend merits—reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (drily).

Von Questenberg!—welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our headquarters.

QUESTENBERG (seizing his hand).

Nay, draw not

Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on my own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.

[Taking the hands of both.

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!
O savior names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh! Noble minister! You miss your part.
You come not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO (to MAX.).

He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke as here.

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand!
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it,
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his, too, is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently. Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point, to thousand thousands
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence—
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtless!

MAX.

What delight to observe
How he incites and strengthens all around him,

Infusing life and vigor. Every power
Seems as it were redoubled by his presence
He draws forth every latent energy,
Showing to each his own peculiar talent,
Yet leaving all to be what nature made them,
And watching only that they be naught else
In the right place and time; and he has skill
To mould the power's of all to his own end.

QUESTENBERG.

But who denies his knowledge of mankind,
And skill to use it? Our complaint is this:
That in the master he forgets the servant,
As if he claimed by birth his present honors.

MAX.

And does he not so? Is he not endowed
With every gift and power to carry out
The high intents of nature, and to win
A ruler's station by a ruler's talent?

QUESTENBERG.

So then it seems to rest with him alone
What is the worth of all mankind beside!

MAX.

Uncommon men require no common trust;
Give him but scope and he will set the bounds.

QUESTENBERG.

The proof is yet to come.

MAX.

Thus are ye ever.

Ye shrink from every thing of depth, and think
Yourselves are only safe while ye're in shallows.

OCTAVIO (to QUESTENBERG).

'Twere best to yield with a good grace, my friend;
Of him there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (continuing).

In their fear

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day. But in the field,
Ay, there the Present Being makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondences of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind,
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the League
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,

Is yet no devious path. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies, and rapid;
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches,
My son, the road the human being travels,
That, on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

Oh, hear your father, noble youth! hear him
Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose,
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily.
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries,

But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a churchyard;
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

Oh, let the emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet [5] of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed.

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: oh, that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which we have never experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, oh, nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO (attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness).
And so your journey has revealed this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented!
For the camp's stir, and crowd, and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this,
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

Oh day, thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Mashals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmet are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards.
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,

Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (apparently much affected).

O that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (turning round to him quick and vehement).
Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna!
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here
(I'll own it to you freely), indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the general's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, how then
And whence can peace come? Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here I make this vow, here pledge myself,
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas! alas! and stands it so?

[Then in pressing and impatient tones.
What friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes, upon the spot?

OCTAVIO (recovering himself out of a deep study).

He has now opened mine,
And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!

[Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.

QUESTENBERG.

What now? Where go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To——

OCTAVIO (interrupting him and correcting himself).

To the duke. Come, let us go 'Tis done, 'tis done,

I see the net that is thrown over him.

Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not

Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore

Did I keep it from him? You were in the right.

I should have warned him. Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,

That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (more collected).

Come I to the duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour

Which he appointed you for audience. Come!

A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[He leads QUESTENBERG off.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland. Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heavens.

FIRST SERVANT. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be here in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions.

THIRD SERVANT. Ay, and why was the balcony chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet? There one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT. Poh! stuff and nonsense! that's what I call a hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

SENI (with gravity).
My son, there's nothing insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing,

First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (to the second). Say nothing to him, Nat. The duke himself must let him have his own will.

SENI (counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats).
Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT. And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

SENI.
Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT. That's good? and why do you call five a holy number?

SENI.
Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT. The foolish old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT. Ay! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

THIRD SERVANT. Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT. There! Out at the side-door.

[They hurry off: SENI follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table, near the duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went, then, through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the empress, too,
And by both majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter-time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause).

Well, then,—

And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?

[The DUCHESS casts her eyes on the ground, and remains silent.
Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A canker-worm, my lord, a canker-worm
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so?

What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honors were omitted,
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honors and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,

It was the guise of pity, not of favor.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes; they have taken offence. My latest conduct
They railed at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had!
I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me——

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it?

DUCHESS (wiping away her tears after a pause).

She did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (seizes her hand soothingly).

Nay, now collect yourself.
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

DUCHESS (shaking her head).

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

The ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lanormain
In sundry hints and——

WALLENSTEIN (eagerly).

Lanormain! what said he?

DUCHESS.

That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers intrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,

He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than the former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!

[Stifling extreme emotion.]

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk——

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second——

(catches her voice and hesitates.)

WALLENSTEIN.

Second——

DUCHESS.

Most disgraceful

Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?

[Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.

Oh! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS (presses near him in entreaty).

Oh! if there yet be time, my husband, if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear Lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell the heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your emperor,
Before whom you retreat. Oh! no longer
Low trickling malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it! The swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favor
Stand not before us!

SCENE III.

Enter the Countess TERZKY, leading in her hand the Princess THEKLA,
richly adorned with brilliants.

COUNTESS, TEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How sister? What, already upon business?

[Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

[THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as
about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains
standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.

WALLENSTEIN.
Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me,
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.
'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the emperor
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.

WALLENSTEIN.
The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful, silent convent walls,
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The god-like; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS (to THEKLA).

Thou wouldst not now have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years
When last she saw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance! My father has not altered.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!
[Then after a pause.
I was indignant at my destiny,
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illumine my soon-extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
Transmuted to a regal ornament,
Around these beautiful brows.

[He clasps her in his arms as PICCOLOMINI enters.

SCENE IV.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT TERZKY, the others remaining as before.

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

MAX.

My general——

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry [6]
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles—
Yes, yes, remunerate me,—since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favor
Which I leaped forward to receive, and which
I came with grateful heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business

Should be my highest best good fortune!

[TERZKY enters; and delivers letters to the DUKE, which he breaks open hurriedly.

COUNTESS (to MAX.).

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy,
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself forever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX

Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.

[He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still increasing warmth.

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name—Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS (who during this time has been anxiously watching the DUKE, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters). My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN (turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the DUCHESS).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX. PICCOLOMINI offers the DUCHESS his arm; the COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.

TERZKY (calling after him).
Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (in deep thought, to himself).
She has seen all things as they are—it is so,
And squares completely with my other notices,
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the King of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The emperor's delicate son! he's now their savior,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch!

[As he turns round he observes TERZKY, and gives him a letter.

Count Altringer will have himself excused,

And Gallas too—I like not this!

TERZKY.

And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer
Is master of the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

TERZKY.

The count communicates
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERZKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches;
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them;
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbors.

TERZKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all these Goths! these hungry wolves!
Who send such envious, hot, and greedy glances
Toward the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

TERZKY.

You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? they lose patience

While you shift round and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstiern, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations,
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I've not even your handwriting.

WALLENSTEIN.

I never give handwriting; and thou knowest it.

TERZKY.

But how can it be known that you are in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy,
You might have done with safety all you have done.
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on
TERZKY).

And from whence dost thou know
That I'm not gulling him for the emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever opened
My inmost thoughts to thee. The emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,

Of that I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiser than thy fellows.

TERZKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[Enter ILLO.

SCENE VI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the emperor's requisition,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN. How hath Isolani declared himself?

ILLO.

He's yours, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodati?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them?

ILLO.

If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERZKY.

And yet

I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope;
We both are born beneath like stars—in short,
[With an air of mystery.
To this belongs its own peculiar aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,
You must not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honor they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service unconditional.

ILLO.

Why not?

TERZKY.

Devotion unconditional?
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——

WALLENSTEIN (shaking his head).

All unconditional;
No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Terzky give us a set banquet
This evening?

TERZKY.

Yes; and all the generals
Have been invited.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).

Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the generals' word of honor,
Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them that is your concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you in black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you then—then will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Try your fortune.

WALLENSTEIN.

Get but the signatures!

ILLO.

Think what thou dost, thou canst not execute
The emperor's orders, nor reduce thine army,
Nor send the regiments to the Spaniards' aid,
Unless thou wouldst resign thy power forever.
Think on the other hand—thou canst not spurn
The emperor's high commands and solemn orders,
Nor longer temporize, nor seek evasion,
Wouldst thou avoid a rupture with the court.
Resolve then! Wilt thou now by one bold act
Anticipate their ends, or, doubting still,
Await the extremity?

WALLENSTEIN.

There's time before
The extremity arrives.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour,

Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long-enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,
Their king-like leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O! let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself.
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERZKY.

So you say always.

But when will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. Oh, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understandest. How oft
And many a time I've told thee Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
Blind as the subterrestrial, who with wan
Lead-colored shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With serviceable cunning knit together,
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust,

Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed, too, of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What I shall do—only, give way I will not,
Depose me, too, they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

PAGE (entering).

My lords, the generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

TERZKY.

Shall all the chiefs be present?

WALLENSTEIN.

'Twere needless. Both the Piccolomini
Maradas, Butler, Forgoetsch, Deodati,
Karaffa, Isolani—these may come.

[TERZKY goes out with the PAGE.]

WALLENSTEIN (to ILLO).

Hast thou taken heed that Questenberg was watched?
Had he no means of secret intercourse?

ILLO.

I have watched him closely—and he spoke with none
But with Octavio.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTRIN, TERZKY, ILLO.—To them enter QUESTENBERG,
OCTAVIO, and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI,
MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions
QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to
him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank.
There reigns a momentary silence.

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood,
'Tis true, the sum and import, Questenberg,
Of your instructions. I have weighed them well,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;

Yet it seems fitting that the generals
Should hear the will of the emperor from your mouth.
May it please you then to open your commission
Before these noble chieftains?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your highness,
And all these noble chieftains, to consider,
The imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his majesty
The emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favorable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy;
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern,
Yea, and the never-conquered king himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nuernberg,

The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

To the point, so please you.

QUESTENBERG.

A new spirit

At once proclaimed to us the new commander.
No longer strove blind rage with rage more blind;
But in the enlightened field of skill was shown
How fortitude can triumph over boldness,
And scientific art outweary courage.
In vain they tempt him to the fight. He only
Entrenches him still deeper in his hold,
As if to build an everlasting fortress.
At length grown desperate, now, the king resolves
To storm the camp and lead his wasted legions,
Who daily fall by famine and by plague,
To quicker deaths and hunger and disease.
Through lines of barricades behind whose fence
Death lurks within a thousand mouths of fire,
He yet unconquered strives to storm his way.
There was attack, and there resistance, such
As mortal eye had never seen before;
Repulsed at last, the king withdrew his troops
From this so murderous field, and not a foot
Of ground was gained by all that fearful slaughter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Pray spare us these recitals from gazettes,
Which we ourselves beheld with deepest horror.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nuernberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Luetzen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war?
While the young Weimar hero [7] forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty
He superadds his own, and supplicates
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means
When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!

But what had we to do there?

MAX.

To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True;
In that description which the minister gave,
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[TO QUESTENBERG.

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

We hoped upon the Oder to regain
What on the Danube shamefully was lost.
We looked for deeds of all-astounding grandeur
Upon a theatre of war, on which
A Friedland led in person to the field,
And the famed rival of the great Gustavus
Had but a Thurn and Arnheim to oppose him!
Yet the encounter of their mighty hosts
Served but to feast and entertain each other.
Our country groaned beneath the woes of war,
Yet naught but peace prevailed in Friedland's camp!

WALLENSTEIN.

Full many a bloody strife is fought in vain,
Because its youthful general needs a victory.
But 'tis the privilege of the old commander
To spare the costs of fighting useless battles
Merely to show that he knows how to conquer.
It would have little helped my fame to boast

Of conquest o'er an Arnheim; but far more
Would my forbearance have availed my country,
Had I succeeded to dissolve the alliance
Existing 'twixt the Saxon and the Swede.

QUESTENBERG.

But you did not succeed, and so commenced
The fearful strife anew. And here at length,
Beside the river Oder did the duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thurn.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (laughs).

I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and your balconies forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he did put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort,
The winter came. What thinks his majesty
His troops are made of? Aren't we men; subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
Oh, miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in all flee before him,
And when he goes away the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized.
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodati! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldier's pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant. [8]

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole imperial realm no name like mine
Honored with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the princes met
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host,
And what were now my thanks, what had I now
That I, a faithful servant of the sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war that aggrandizes
The emperor alone. What thanks had I?
What? I was offered up to their complaint
Dismissed, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous Diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom
No! since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire and the Diet of the empire.
From the emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general,—
For the common weal, the universal interest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

QUESTENBERG.

First, his imperial majesty hath willed
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season?
And to what quarter wills the emperor
That we direct our course?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.
His majesty resolves, that Regensburg
Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preached
In that cathedral, nor heretical

Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,
Can this be realized?

ILLO.

'Tis not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realized.

QUESTENBERG.

The emperor
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
To advance towards Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! he advanced? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside,
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak
You be the judges, generals. What deserves
That officer who, of his oath neglectful,
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN (raising his voice, as all but ILLO had remained silent and seemingly scrupulous). Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (after a long pause).

According to the letter of the law,

Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows, all the rest rise.

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.

And if I show him favor, 'twill arise

From the reverence that I owe my emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further—here!

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions!

And this the first, that to the diminution

Of my authority no human being,

Not even the emperor's self, should be entitled

To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.

If I stand warranter of the event,

Placing my honor and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come,
Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal

Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand! Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, Father Lanormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'tis as it should be
I see it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?
What, my lord envoy? May I not be suffered

To understand that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in my grasp, and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, and drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control? To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of prince cardinals,
That take their route as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in on tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow,
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, lord envoy?
Straightforward, man! his compact with me pinches
The emperor. He would that I moved off!
Well! I will gratify him!

[Here there commences an agitation among the generals,
which increases continually.

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes;
I see not yet by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in the army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,

I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise i' the time to come.
Well; me no longer it concerns.

[He seats himself.

Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What we with toil and foresight have built up
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? Another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the emperor,
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[During this speech, ISOLANI, TERZKY, ILLO, and MARADAS talk
confusedly with great agitation.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (busily and passionately going from one to another,
and soothing them).

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances! Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may yet be set right again.

TERZKY.

Away! let us away! in the antechamber
Find we the others.

[They go.

BUTLER (to QUESTENBERG).

If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my lord envoy,
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.

[Commutations heard from without.

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, von Questenberg!

[QUESTENBURG is about to speak.

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have performed your duty. We know now
To separate the office from the man.

[AS QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO, GOETZ,
TIEFENBACH,

KOLATTO, press in, several other generals following them.

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH (at the same time).

What are we forced to bear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOLATTO (at the same time).

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN (with stateliness, and pointing to ILLO).
There! the field-marshal knows our will.

[Exit.

[While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Small Chamber.

ILLO and TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His, both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for him, provided,
So doing we infringe no oath or duty
We may be under to the emperor. Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! this formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vapering wine

Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.

TERZKY.

How! think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we have tricked them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery;
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERZKY.

Well, well, it shall content me: let but something
Be done, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The duke that they are his. Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he will have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERZKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once—
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—they are his thoughts, his dreams,
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——

TERZKY.

Ah! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni,
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Takes place in heaven.

ILLO.

O that it might take place
On earth! The generals are full of zeal,
And would with ease be led to anything

Rather than lose their chief. Observe, too, that
We have at last a fair excuse before us
To form a close alliance 'gainst the court,
Yet innocent its title, bearing simply
That we support him only in command.
But in the ardor of pursuit thou knowest
Men soon forget the goal from which they started.
The object I've in view is that the prince
Shall either find them, or believe them ready
For every hazard. Opportunity
Will tempt him on. Be the great step once taken,
Which at Vienna's court can ne'er be pardoned,
The force of circumstances will lead him onward
The farther still and farther. 'Tis the choice
That makes him undecisive—come but need,
And all his powers and wisdom will come with it.

TERZKY.

'Tis this alone the enemy awaits
To change their chief and join their force with ours.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below—
Mark what I say—the right stars, too, will show themselves.
Come to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERZKY.

Do you go thither, Illo? I must stay
And wait here for the Countess Terzky. Know

That we, too, are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! yes!
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

TERZKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.

[Exit ILLO.]

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS steps out from a closet.

COUNT and COUNTESS TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Well—is she coming? I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be here instantly,
You only send him.

TERZKY.

I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, countess, whether or not
We are earning the duke's thanks hereby. You know
No ray has broke out from him on this point.

You have o'erruled me, and yourself know best
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

[Talking to herself while she is advancing.
Here's no heed of full powers and commissions;
My cloudy duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first he, and no other should be chosen
To fetch her hither? This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom [9], whom no one knows—No! no!
This may blind others! I see through thee, brother!
But it beseems thee not to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet! It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing.
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland,
In her who is thy sister.

SERVANT (enters).

The commanders!

[Exit.

TERZKY (to the COUNTESS).

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take care of your guests! Go, send him hither.

TERZKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS (interrupting him).

Go to your guests! Go——

ILLO (comes back).

Where art staying, Terzky?

The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERZKY.

Instantly! instantly!

[To the COUNTESS.

And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion

In the old man——

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!

[Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (peeping in on the stage slyly).

Aunt Terzky! may I venture?

[Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around
him with uneasiness.

She's not here!

Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!

[Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.]

You unkind lady! You refuse me this,
You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances.
These, these are not my habits!

COUNTESS.

You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Into my hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father;
He must not, above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentrate
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O lady! tell me, is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?

I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this,
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavor in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favor
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,

I can't but know is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here "To the heaven's gate," [10]
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendor, 'mid ecstatic worshippers;
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.

MAX.

But where abides she then? Oh, golden time
Of travel, when each morning sun united
And but the coming night divided us;
Then ran no sand, then struck no hour for us,
And time, in our excess of happiness,
Seemed on its course eternal to stand still.
Oh, he hath fallen from out his heaven of bliss
Who can descend to count the changing hours,
No clock strikes ever for the happy!

COUNTESS.

How long is it since you declared your passion?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days?

MAX.

'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where you had joined us, and
That was the last relay of the whole journey;
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safeguard which the duke had sent us—heavy;
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—"Speak with my Aunt Terzky!"
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[The Princess THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing,
observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.]

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my lips touched hers;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us—"Twas you. What since has happened
You know.

COUNTESS (after a pause, with a stolen glance at THEKLA).

And is it your excess of modesty
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?

MAX.

Of your secret?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there;
What she in this first moment of the heart
Taken with surprise——

MAX. (with eagerness).

Well?

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (hurries forward), COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (to the COUNTESS).

Spare yourself the trouble:
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (stepping backward).

My princess!
What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Terzky?

THEKLA (to the COUNTESS).
Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.
Yes; and soon must go,
Where have you stayed so long?

THEKLA.
Alas! my mother,
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.
Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.
Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

MAX.
This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him father!
But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion,
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,

That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should be
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you,—wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice.
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burden of his station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendor
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush! not a word more of this mummery;
You see how soon the burden is thrown off.

[To the COUNTESS.

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.

[To MAX.

It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!

MAX.

You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, were't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews

So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which, having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.
In this short time that I've been present here.
What new unheard-of things have I not seen;
And yet they all must give place to the wond
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (recollecting).

And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA (smiling).

Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,

Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (laughs).

The astrological tower! How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach?

THEKLA.

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

MAX.

That is the duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars all seemed to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars;
And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
Oh, that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
And the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings
Quite in the middle glittered silver bright.
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.

Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith

In the might of stars and angels. 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is love's world, his home, his birth-place;
Delightedly dwells he among fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths, all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend [11], and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'This Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair!

THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,
I, too, with glad and zealous industry,

Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses
And thorns too hath the heaven, and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate:
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will this gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the general's zeal: into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart. Enough
Has he performed for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains will
He retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin, Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly;
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion to create the splendid
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses——

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

Oh, that the sword could win her!

COUNTESS.

What was that?

Did you hear nothing? Seemed as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in a quick, low voice to PICCOLOMINI). Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX.

Impossible!

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a purpose.

MAX.

Purpose! but what purpose?
And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you; but yet believe me
There's some design in this; to make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX.

But these Terzkys—
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! She deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortune! He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA. (falls on his neck).

That are you!

MAX.

You knew him only from this morn! But I

Have lived ten years already in his presence;
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves in order to unite us?
You are silent!
You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two.

[Taking his hand tenderly.

Follow me

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Terzkys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely
On our own hearts!

MAX.

O! shall we e'er be happy?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?
We now have met, then let us hold each other
Clasped in a lasting and a firm embrace.

Believe me this was more than their intent.
Then be our loves like some blest relic kept
Within the deep recesses of the heart.
From heaven alone the love has been bestowed,
To heaven alone our gratitude is due;
It can work wonders for us still.

SCENE VI.

To them enters the COUNTESS TERZKY.

COUNTESS (in a pressing manner).

Come, come!

My husband sends me for you. It is now
The latest moment.

[They not appearing to attend to what she says,
she steps between them.

Part you!

THEKLA.

Oh, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Ay! Then time
Flies swiftly with your highness, princess niece!

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Away! Away!

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.

THEKLA.

Ha! His father!

COUNTESS.

You understand that, niece!

THEKLA.

Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them;
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA (with energy).

Yes! You have hit it aunt! That is my meaning,
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company——

COUNTESS.

What! have you lost your senses, niece?
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX (to THEKLA).

Lady, I must obey. Fairwell, dear lady!

[THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.
What say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA (without looking at him).

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I when you are angry——

[He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise! It comes this way. Off!

[MAX. tears himself away out of her arms and goes. The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.

SCENE VII.

THEKLA (plays and sings).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows, they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day;
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow. [12]

SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS (returns), THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought
It had been more befitting to have shown yourself
More chary of your person.

THEKLA (rising).

And what mean you?

DUCHESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.

THEKLA.

What then?

COUNTESS.

That you're the daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well, and what farther?

DUCHESS.

What? A pretty question!

THEKLA.

He was born that which we have but become.

He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him
To honor with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 'twere well, though, not to run the hazard.

THEHLA.

His father loves him; Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——

COUNTESS.

His!

His father! His! But yours, niece, what of yours?

THERLA.

Why, I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, his, I mean.

COUNTESS (looks at her as scrutinizing).

Niece, you are false.

THEBLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!

THEKLA (interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her).

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumbers from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happier pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me——

COUNTESS.

Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes,
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art;—
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing;
Here is no splendor but of arms. Or thinkest thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding!
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling;
Oh, thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof
Thou'rt the daughter of the mighty—his
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, weakened in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer myself up in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it—
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me him, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Faith hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! His present—his alone.
Is this new life, which lives in me? He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou wouldst oppose thy father, then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA remains silent. The COUNTESS continues.
Thou meanest to force him to thy liking? Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What! he has vanquished all impediment,

And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me; 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will,
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Shouldest e'er demean thee as a lovesick maiden
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

SCENE IX.

THEKLA (who during the last speech had been standing evidently
lost in her reflections).

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so! Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
Oh, she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre where hope abides
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here,
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,

Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[Music from the banquet-room is heard.

There's a dark spirit walking in our house.

And swiftly will the destiny close on us.

It drove me hither from my calm asylum,

It mocks my soul with charming witchery,

It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,

I see it near, I see it nearer floating,

It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power—

And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—

I have no power within me not to move!

[The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.

Oh, when a house is, doomed in fire to perish,

Many and dark Heaven drives his clouds together,

Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,

Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,

And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,

Sling firebrands at the burning edifice. [13]

[Exit THEKLA.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A large saloon lighted up with festal splendor; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the stage a table richly set out, at which eight generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERZKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but further back, two other tables, at each of which six persons are placed. The middle door, which is standing open, gives to the prospect a fourth table with the same number of persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the stage is kept open, for the pages and servants-in-waiting. All is in motion. The band of music belonging to TERZKY's regiment march across the stage, and draw up around the tables. Before they are quite off from the front of the stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERZKY advances towards him with a paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a beaker, or service-cup.

TERZKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here, brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?

Off to thy place—quick! Terzky here has given

The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.

Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.

Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving

At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feudalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up
For thee, who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (call out from the second and third tables).
Count Piccolomini!

TERZKY.
Stop, ye shall have him in an instant. Read
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

MAX. (reads).
"Ingratis servire nefas."

ISOLANI.
That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may it mean?

TERZKY.
No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX. "Inasmuch as our supreme commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and each in particular, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do, hereby oblige ourselves

—likewise by him honorably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as our oath to the emperor will permit it. (These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERZKY.

Now! are you willing to subscribe to this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honor
Can do it, ay, must do it. Pen and ink here!

TERZKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI (drawing MAX. along).

Come, Max!

[Both seat themselves at their table.

SCENE II.

TERZKY, NEUMANN.

TERZKY (beckons to NEUMANN, who is waiting at the side-table and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,

Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your excellency's order.

TERZKY.

Right I lay it yonder and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it.

[NEUMANN lays the copy on the table, and steps back again
to the side-table.

SCENE III.

ILLO (comes out from the second chamber), TERZKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini!

TERZKY.

All right, I think. He has started no object.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERZKY.

How looks it at your table: you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

Oh, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already

It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the emperor
There in his own Venice?" Trust me, count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERZEY.

And Butler?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE IV.

To them enter BUTLER from a second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves;
Field-marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,
[With an air of mystery.
You may depend upon me.

ILLO (with vivacity).

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me! My fidelity
The duke may put to any proof—I'm with him
Tell him so! I'm the emperor's officer,

As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.

TERZKY.

You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER (with a haughty look).
I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Terzky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.
But that is past! and to the duke, field-marshal,
I bring myself, together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humor to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,
That the whole army looks to Colonel Butler
As to a light that moves before them?

BUTLER.

Ay?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my good old name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.

Start not at what I say, sir generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked my judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honor,
Which he so long had trodden. Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.

ILLO.

Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

BUTLER.

A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the duke want. Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeathed to him;
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
Here in the world; naught know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland

To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climbed up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck:
I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine,
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeldt, wanted but a longer life
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERZKY.

That's spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come to the company!

TERZKY.

Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[Exeunt, each to his table.

SCENE V.

The MASTER OF THE CELLAR, advancing with NEUMANN, SERVANTS passing backwards and forwards.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. The best wine! Oh, if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I will tell you, sir officer, it looks no good.

NEUMANN. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. You think so? Well, well! much may be said on that head.

FIRST SERVANT (comes). Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. Now, sir lieutenant, if this aint the seventieth flask——

FIRST SERVANT. Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (continuing his discourse to NEUMANN). They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendor; and wherever the duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink—(to the SERVANTS). What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables,

see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER (comes). The great service-cup is wanted, sir, that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups). This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN. Permit me to look at it. Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold. And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on the first quarter, let me see. That proud amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. The woman you see there on horseback is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN. But what is the cup there on the banner.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the pope this noble privilege; for the pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. That signifies the Bohemian letter-royal which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermark has ruled over us that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter-royal the emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

NEUMANN. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though. There! carry it up!

NEUMANN. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look there! That is, when at Prague Castle, the imperial counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[RUNNER takes the service-cup and goes off with it.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. Oh, let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heartaches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[Health drunk aloud at the second table.

The Prince of Weimar! Hurrah!

[At the third and fourth tables.

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurrah!

[Music strikes up.

FIRST SERVANT. Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT (comes in running). Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT. The Swedish chief commander!

FIRST SERVANT (speaking at the same time). The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT. Just before, when Count Deodati gave out the emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. Po, po! When the wine goes in strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not! You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT. [To the RUNNER, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the MASTER OF THE CELLAR, standing between him and the RUNNER. Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way; 'tis a flask of Frontignac! Snapped it up at the third table. Canst go off with it?

RUNNER (hides it in his, pocket). All right!

[Exit the Second Servant.

THIRD SERVANT (aside to the FIRST). Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quivoga. He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT. For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair. He is the man for speeches to make you stare with.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (to NEUMANN). Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidently with Esterhats?

NEUMANN. Ay, he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas; a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (impatiently). Spaniard! Spaniard! I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows are little better than rogues.

NEUMANN. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

[Taking the flask out of RUNNER'S pocket.
My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[TERZKY hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (to the SERVANTS). The lieutenant-general stands up. Be on the watch. Now! They break up. Off, and move back the forms.

[They rise at all the tables, the SERVANTS hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters, in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the

proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in anything that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.

ISOLANI (while the company is coming forward). Good-night, good-night, Kolatto! Good-night, lieutenant-general! I should rather say good-morning.

GOETZ (to TIEFENBACH). Noble brother! (making the usual compliment after meals).

TIEFENBACH. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ. Yes, my lady countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her! Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (aside to MARADAS). Do me the favor to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.)

ISOLANI (on the point of going). Lights! lights!

TERZKY (advances with the paper to ISOLANI). Noble brother; two minutes longer! Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERZKY. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read. Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI hands over the paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.

TERZKY. Nay, nay, first come, first served. There is no precedence here.

[OCTAVIO runs over the paper with apparent indifference.

TERZKY watches him at some distance.

GOETZ (to TERZKY). Noble count! with your permission—good-night.

TERKZY. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (To the SERVANTS). Ho!

GOETZ. Excuse me—aint able.

TERZKY. A thimble-full.

GOETZ. Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (sits down). Pardon me, nobles! This standing does not agree with me.

TERZKY. Consult your own convenience, general.

TIEFENBACH. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI (pointing at his corpulence). Poor legs! how should they! Such an unmerciful load!

[OCTAVIO subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to TERZKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.

TIEFENBACH. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it. I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ. Why, in simple verity, your Swedes make no nice inquiries about the season.

TERZKY (observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively so that he can scarce direct his pen). Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother? Despatch it.

ISOLANI. The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERZKY gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.

OCTAVIO (advancing to BUTLER). You are not over-fond of the orgies of Bacchus, colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle than of a feast.

BUTLER. I must confess 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO (stepping nearer to him friendlily). Nor in mine neither, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much-honored Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste.

BUTLER. And mine, too, when it can be had.

[The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the meantime returns to OCTAVIO. All this takes places, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.

OCTAVIO (introducing MADARAS to BUTLER.) Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[BUTLER bows.

OCTAVIO (continuing). You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place. I know at your age one loves to be snug and quiet. What if you move your lodgings? Come, be my visitor. (BUTLER makes a low bow.) Nay, without compliment! For a friend like you I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (coldly). Your obliged humble servant, my lord lieutenant-general.

[The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.

OCTAVIO (after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him). You were long absent from us, friend!

MAX. I—urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO. And, I observe, you are still absent!

MAX. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (advancing still nearer). May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? Terzky knows it without asking.

MAX. What does Terzky know?

OCTAVIO. He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (who has been attending to them for some distance steps up). Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

TERZKY (with the paper). Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

OCTAVIO. All.

TERZKY (calling aloud). Ho! Who subscribes?

BUTLER (to TERZKY). Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERZKY. Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH. That's my mark!

ISOLANI. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honored by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (presses on to MAX.). Come, general! let us go. It is late.

TERZKY. One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (pointing to MAX.). Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[MAX. receives the paper from TERZKY, which he looks upon vacantly.]

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand a golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking; GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavoring to keep him back.

ILLO.

What do you want! Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (goes up to OCTAVIO, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks). Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough you never loved me—devil take me! and I never loved you! I am always even with people in that way! Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (Embracing him repeatedly.) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I, but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain, and I'll strangle him! my dear friend!

TERZKY (whispering to him). Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are!

ILLO (aloud). What do you mean? There are none but friends here, are there? (Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.) Not a sneaker amongst us, thank heaven.

TERZKY (to BUTLER, eagerly). Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER (to ILLO). Field-marshal! a word with you. (Leads to the side-board.)

ILLO (cordially). A thousand for one. Fill; fill it once more up to the brim. To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI (to MAX., who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes). Slow and sure, my noble brother! Hast parsed it all yet? Some words yet to go through? Ha?

MAX. (waking as from a dream). What am I to do?

TERZKY, and at the same time ISOLANI. Sign your name. (OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety).

MAX. (returns the paper). Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business; to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERZKY. Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI. Awake man, awake! Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What! Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and would be wiser than all of us together! Look there! thy father has signed; we have all signed.

TERZKY (to OCTAVIO). Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO. My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO (leaves the service-cup on the sideboard). What's the dispute?

TERZKY. He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX. I say it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you. You must subscribe.

MAX. Illo, good-night!

ILLO. No! you come not off so! The duke shall learn who are his friends. (All collect round ILLO and MAX.)

MAX. What my sentiments are towards the duke, the duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

ILLO. This is the thanks the duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners. Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards— nothing

pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERZKY (in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at ILLO's words give a sudden start as preparing to resent them). It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI (with a bitter laugh). Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

ILLO. He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso——

TERZKY (interrupting him). He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

ILLO (raising his voice to the highest pitch). Unless they can slip out by a proviso. What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper). What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

TERZKY (in a low voice to ILLO). What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH (to KOLATTO). Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ. Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI. What do I care for that? Where there stand other names mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH. Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause, concerning our duties to the emperor.

BUTLER (to one of the Commanders). For shame, for shame! Bethink you.

What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our general, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely, and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI (to one of the Generals). Did the duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERZKY (to GOETZ). Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

ILLO. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH. Softly, softly? 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. (having read the paper gives it back). Till to-morrow therefore!

ILLO (stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself and presents the paper to MAX. With one hand, and his sword in the other). Subscribe—Judas!

ISOLANI. Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERZKY, BUTLER (all together). Down with the sword!

MAX. (rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to COUNT TERZKY). Take him off to bed!

[MAX leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI's Mansion. It is Night.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. A VALET DE CHAMBRE with Lights.

OCTAVIO.

And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.

What is the hour?

VALET.

'Tis on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undress.

You may retire to sleep.

[Exit VALET. OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the chamber; MAX. PICCOLOMINI enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows

That odious business was no fault of mine.

'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature,

What thou hast sanctioned, should not, it might seem,

Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO (goes up to him and embraces him).

Follow it,
Oh, follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.
Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.
I will do so;
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[Both seat themselves.
Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.
I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.
And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.
It was a serious business. I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.

Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini;
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.

Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany;
Yes, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honor!

MAX. (rises).

Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Patience! Seat Yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend! Hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father!

Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of thought!
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me, for thine innocence—that secret,
 [Fixing his eyes steadfastly on his son's face.
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

[MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes
to the ground embarrassed.

OCTAVIO (after a pause).

Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the emperor to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

That low priest's legend I know well, but did not

Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they supposed the duke;
What, he can meditate?—the duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honorable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honor lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the duke
No way desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes but to give the empire peace.
And so, because the emperor hates this peace,
Therefore the duke—the duke will force him to it.
All parts of the empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What we would think is not the question here,
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands that link the officer
To his liege emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swollen, that at this hour the emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitor's poniard, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—no,
From his own troops to hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The generals

Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating; whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strongholds are intrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up: to Terzky
Five regiments, foot and horse; to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the duke
Believes he has secured us, means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the bait
With which he doubts not but to catch thee.

MAX.

No! no!

I tell thee, no!

OCTAVIO.

Oh, open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called
Hither to Pilsen? to avail himself
Of our advice? Oh, when did Friedland ever
Need our advice? Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and
Decline we that, to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Gallas stand aloof;

Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fettered.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we, too, should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
Bethink thyself, what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper, the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter

A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measured, speedy ones, must act.
I therefore will confess to thee that all
Which I've intrusted to thee now, that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee, (a pause) Max.! I had it all
From his own mouth, from the duke's mouth I had it.

MAX (in excessive agitation).
No! no! never!

OCTAVIO.
Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
By other means; himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the emperor——

MAX.
He is passionate,
The court has stung him; he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.
Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
His written evidences—showed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave

Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be!—cannot be! cannot be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me.

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my abhorrence, the full sentiment
Of my whole heart—that I have still kept safe
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And thou hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I now do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honor?

MAX.

That he did not evince his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart,
Still in alarm, forever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men: e'en virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms;
I but perform my orders; the emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the emperor;
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

MAX.

It seems a thing appointed, that to-day

I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The duke, thou sayest, did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose:
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend, thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!

OCTAVIO (suppressing resentment).
As yet thou knowest not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.

[After a pause.

Duke Friedland
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon the stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs,
We, too, have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

MAX.
Oh, nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good,
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

OCTAVIO.
With light tread stole he on his evil way,
And light of tread hath vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou knowest but his ostensible commission:
He brought with him a private one, my son!

And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO (seizes the patent).

Max!

In this disclosure place I in thy hands

[A pause.

The empire's welfare and thy father's life.

Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein

A powerful tie of love, of veneration,

Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.

Thou nourishest the wish,—O let me still

Anticipate thy loitering confidence!

The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself

Yet closer to him——

MAX.

Father——

OCTAVIO.

Oh, my son!

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I

Equally sure of thy collectedness?

Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,

To enter this man's presence, when that I

Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his escritoire and gives it to him.

MAX.

What! how! a full imperial patent!

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. (just glances on it).

Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. (throws down the paper).

Oh, this is too much! O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father).

How! what! Thou! thou!

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
Oh, never hope it! Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.

This paper here!—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——

Max.

What? On suspicion?
Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his emperor's royal son.
An honorable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step——

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of high treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

Forever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition,
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches

To the Bohemian forests. What this purports
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCTAVIO.

Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (with enthusiasm).

Thy judgment may mistake; my heart cannot.

[Moderates his voice and manner.

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;

But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:

For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,

Even so doth he resemble them in secret,

Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!

Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.

These smokes at once will kindle into flame—

The edges of this black and stormy cloud

Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view

The unapproachable glide out in splendor.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To then the VALET OF

THE CHAMBER.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A despatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[Exit VALET: the CORNET steps in.]

OCTAVIO.

Ha! cornet—is it you; and from Count Gallas?

Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The lieutenant-general

Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina,

The old negotiator.

OCTAVIO (eagerly).

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester-morning early.
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the despatches——

CORNET.

The lieutenant-general
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things. Was much found on him?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Terzky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the duke's own hand?

CORNET.

Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina.

CORNET.

He was sorely frightened.

When it was told him he must to Vienna;
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past
He's with my master, the lieutenant-general,
At Frauenburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

[CORNET signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.

No one saw you—ha?

CORNET.

No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.
I hold it probable that yet ere evening
I shall despatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[Exit CORNET.

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. (who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in

a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts
as one resolved).

I will procure me light a shorter way.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now? Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO (alarmed).

What——

MAX. (returning).

If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play, thou hast
Miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these: "I ask him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My mouth has never lied to him." No, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
I'll to the duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will! I still am his believer,
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.

How far may not this Terzky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt.

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.

I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blessed the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him! Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy emperor,
Go, give it up free booty! Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labors and state policy.

MAX.

Ay—this state policy! Oh, how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are determined that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, ye, ye force him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For this great monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship that midway on the ocean
Takes fire, at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven!
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune,
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the daylight dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father or my friend.

[During his exit the curtain drops.]

FOOTNOTES.

[1] A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

[2] The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled princes and princesses.

[3] Carinthia.

[4] A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

[5] In the original,—

"Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb' ich hin mit Freuden
Fuers erste Veilchen, das der Maerz uns bringt,
Das duerftige Pfand der neuverjuengten Erde."

[6] A reviewer in the Literary Gazette observes that, in these lines, Mr. Coleridge has misapprehended the meaning of the word "Zug," a team, translating it as "Anzug," a suit of clothes. The following version, as a substitute, I propose:—

When from your stables there is brought to me
A team of four most richly harnessed horses.

The term, however, is "Jagd-zug" which may mean a "hunting equipage," or a "hunting stud;" although Hilpert gives only "a team of four horses."

[7] Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who succeeded Gustavus in command.

[8] The original is not translatable into English:—

—Und sein Sold
Muss dem Soldaten werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:—

And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive—

but a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

[9] In Germany, after honorable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called bride and bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

[10] I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original,—

Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelspforte.

[11] No more of talk, where god or angel guest
With man, as with his friend familiar, used
To sit indulgent. *Paradise Lost*, B. IX.

[12] I found it not in my power to translate this song with literal fidelity preserving at the same time the *Alcaic* movement, and have therefore added the original, with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (spielt and singt).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Maegdlein wandelt an Ufers Gruen;
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getruebet:
Das Herz is gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.

Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurueck,
Ich babe genossen das irdische Glueck,
Ich babe gelebt and geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA (plays and sings). The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discolored with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which my friend, Charles Lamb, has favored me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads:—

The clouds are blackening, the storms are threatening,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan!
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:

The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one.
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

[13] There are few who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy: and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of German I have

added the original:—

Blind-wuethend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebaeude.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Translated by S. T. Coleridge.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in
the Thirty Years' War.

DUCHESS OF FREIDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.

THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.

THE COUNTESS TERZKY, Sister of the Duchess.

LADY NEUBRUNN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant-General.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

COUNT TERZKY, the Commander of several Regiments, and

Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

ILLO, Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

ISOLANI, General of the Croats.

BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.

GORDON, Governor of Egra.

MAJOR GERALDIN.

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

AN ADJUTANT.

NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to TERZKY.

COLONEL WRANGEL, Envoy from the Swedes.

ROSENBURG, Master of Horse.

SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

SENI.

BURGOMASTER of Egra.

ANSPESSADE of the Cuirassiers.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. | Belonging

A PAGE. | to the Duke.

Cuirassiers, Dragoons, and Servants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A room fitted up for astrological labors, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments. Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of different color on its head, stand in a semicircle in the background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye. The remainder of the scene and its disposition is given in the fourth scene of the second act. There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped and conceal them on occasions.

[In the fifth scene of this act it must be dropped; but in the seventh scene it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

WALLENSTEIN at a black table, on which, a speculum astrologicum is described with chalk. SENI is taking observations through a window.

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni. Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour;
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENI.

Your highness must permit me

Just to contemplate Venus. She is now rising
Like as a sun so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,
And now shoots down her strongest influences.

[Contemplating the figure on the table.
Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slyly-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder:
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects:
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI (who has come down from the window).
And in a corner-house, your highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no

Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance,
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight,
For the heaven's journey still, and adjourn not.

[There are knocks at the door.

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERZKY (from without).

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay—'tis Terzky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERZKY (from without).

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you;
It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

[While SENI opens the door for TERZKY, WALLENSTEIN draws the curtain
over the figures.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERZKY.

TERZKY (enters).
Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Gallas has given him up to the emperor.

[SENI draws off the black table, and exit.

WALLENSTEIN (to TERZKY).
Who has been taken? Who is given up?

TERZKY.
The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and everything has passed——

WALLENSTEIN (drawing back).
Nay, not Sesina? Say, no! I entreat thee.

TERZKY.
All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Gallas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstiern, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight

Into the whole—our measures and our motives.

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

ILLO (to TERZKY).
Has he heard it?

TERZKY.
He has heard it.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).
Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the emperor, to regain
His confidence? E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished: then forwards thou must press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERZKY.
They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction——

WALLENSTEIN.
Of my handwriting—no iota. Thee
I punish or thy lies.

ILLO.
And thou believest,
That what this man, and what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reckoning?

His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna?

TERZKY.

In writing thou gavest nothing; but bethink thee,
How far thou venturedst by word of mouth
With this Sesina! And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak! tell us,
What art thou waiting for? Thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down
And if I give them caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, duke, is thine now; for this moment
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day, to-morrow: but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love

On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after the other——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a cursed accident!
Oh! I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
The Swedish general?

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arrived! Know'st
What his commission is——

ILLO.

To thee alone
Will he intrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERZKY.

He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough——

WALLENSTEIN (lost in thought).

Their confidence is lost, irreparably!
And I may act which way I will, I shall

Be and remain forever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——

ILLO.

Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion——

WALLENSTEIN (pacing up and down in extreme agitation).
What! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toyed too freely with the thought!
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I must realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it must take place!

ILLO.

Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

WALLENSTEIN (looking at the paper of Signatures).
I have the generals' word—a written promise!
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

TERZRY.

It was—be fancied——

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right; there needed no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders

Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (eagerly to TERZKY).

Go, call him,
He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay!
Stay but a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise; it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,
And then weigh it.

[Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.]

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (in soliloquy).

Is it possible?

Is't so? I can no longer what I would?

No longer draw back at my liking? I

Must do the deed, because I thought of it?

And fed this heart here with a dream?

Because I did not scowl temptation from my presence,

Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,

Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,

And only kept the road, the access open?

By the great God of Heaven! it was not

My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolved.

I but amused myself with thinking of it.

The free-will tempted me, the power to do

Or not to do it. Was it criminal

To make the fancy minister to hope,

To fill the air with pretty toys of air,

And clutch fantastic sceptres moving toward me?

Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not

The road of duty close beside me—but

One little step, and once more I was in it!

Where am I? Whither have I been transported?

No road, no track behind me, but a wall,

Impenetrable, insurmountable,

Rises obedient to the spells I muttered

And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

[Pauses and remains in deep thought.

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,

Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;

The equivocal demeanor of my life

Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.

And even my purest acts from purest motives

Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance;
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humors, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were not
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart overflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.

[Pauses again.

How else! since that the heart's unbiased instinct
Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, orders.
Stern is the on-look of necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom;
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,

Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
Forever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

[Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after
the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.]

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient, consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in all custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being; that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday.
Whatever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old

House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[To the PAGE,—who here enters.

The Swedish officer? Well, let him enter.

[The PAGE exit, WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep thought
on the door.

Yet, it is pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (after having fixed a searching look on him).
Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause

Of the opposition which that seaport made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my lord! and not my merit,
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom:
The sea and land, it seemed were not to serve
One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN

You plucked the admiral's hat from off my head.

WRANGEL.

I come to place a diadem thereon.

WALLENSTEIN (makes the motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself).

And where are your credentials
Come you provided with full powers, sir general?

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve——

WALLENSTEIN (having read the credentials).

An able letter! Ay—he is a prudent,
Intelligent master whom you serve, sir general!
The chancellor writes me that he but fulfils
His late departed sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great king, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding intellect,

He said, should have command, and be the king.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he might say it safely. General Wrangel,

[Taking his hand affectionately.

Come, fair and open. Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Eh! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremberg;

I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.

'Tis this for which the court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come
Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the game does not lie wholly
To my advantage. Without doubt he thinks,
If I can play false with the emperor,
Who is my sovereign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that the one, too, were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.
Is not this your opinion, too, sir general?

WRANGEL.

I have here a duty merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor hath urged me to the uttermost
I can no longer honorably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it.

[After a pause.

What may have impelled
Your princely highness in this wise to act
Toward your sovereign lord and emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticise.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
This opportunity is in our favor,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledged me to the chancellor,
Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith,

You called an army forth like a creation:
But yet——

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the chancellor thinks
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one-sixtieth part of them——

WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks so? He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are interested
About the cause; and with your hearts you follow
Your banners. Among you whoe'er deserts
To the enemy hath broken covenant
With two lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

WRANGEL.

Great God in heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fireside, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands:
The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,

And has good cause to love it—but this army
That calls itself the imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing except the universal sun.

And this Bohemian land for which we fight
Loves not the master whom the chance of war,
Not its own choice or will, hath given to it.
Men murmur at the oppression of their conscience,
And power hath only awed but not appeased them.
A glowing and avenging memory lives
Of cruel deeds committed on these plains;
How can the son forget that here his father
Was hunted by the bloodhound to the mass?
A people thus oppressed must still be feared,
Whether they suffer or avenge their wrongs.

WRANGEL.

But then the nobles and the officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my lord duke,
In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

[He gives him the paper containing the written oath. WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table,—remaining silent.]

So then;
Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend who can!
My lord duke, I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
These orders I give out immediately
We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the chancellor?

WRANGEL (considerately).

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——

WALLENSTEIN (starting).

Sir Swede!

WRANGEL (calmly proceeding).

Am therefore forced
To insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with the emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief and open! What is the demand?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attached to the emperor, that he seize on Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed!
Prague!—Egra's granted—but—but Prague! 'Twon't do.
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, sir general,
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL (rising).

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Must keep a sharp lookout. We have been called

Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed
The liberty of faith and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my lord duke! it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our king by the Great Stone. [1]
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our monarch conquered for himself and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not to have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty that we are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN (rises).

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I force about, and step
Back to my emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits——

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

[WALLENSTEIN is struck, and silenced.
My lord duke, hear me—we believe that you
At present do mean honorably by us.
Since yesterday we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The chancellor
Contents himself with Alstadt; to your grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and not you me?

I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat that your consideration

Occupy not too long a time. Already

Has this negotiation, my lord duke!

Crept on into the second year. If nothing

Is settled this time, will the chancellor

Consider it as broken off forever?

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure such as this

Ought to be thought of.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of this too,

That sudden action only can procure it.

Success—think first of this, your highness.

[Exit WRANGEL.]

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, and ILLO (re-enter).

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERZKY.

Are you compromised?

ILLO.

This Swede

Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled; and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TERZKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!

TERZKY.

Nay, but bethink you, duke.

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes!—I could not bear it.

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

WALLENSTEIN.

How fared it with the brave and royal Bourbon
Who sold himself unto his country's foes,
And pierced the bosom of his father-land?
Curses were his reward, and men's abhorrence
Avenge the unnatural and revolting deed.

ILLO.

Is that thy case?

WALLENSTEIN.

True faith, I tell thee,
Must ever be the dearest friend of man
His nature prompts him to assert its rights.
The enmity of sects, the rage of parties,
Long-cherished envy, jealousy, unite;
And all the struggling elements of evil
Suspend their conflict, and together league
In one alliance 'gainst their common foe—
The savage beast that breaks into the fold,
Where men repose in confidence and peace.
For vain were man's own prudence to protect him.
'Tis only in the forehead nature plants
The watchful eye; the back, without defence,
Must find its shield in man's fidelity.

TERZKY.

Think not more meanly off thyself than do
Thy foes, who stretch their hands with joy to greet thee.

Less scrupulous far was the imperial Charles,
The powerful head of this illustrious house;
With open arms he gave the Bourbon welcome;
For still by policy the world is ruled.

SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

COUNTESS

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Terzky; bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you:
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me:
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN (sarcastically).

They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (to the others).

Ha! what new scruple?

TERZKY.

The duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He will not what he must!

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How? then, when all
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:
And with success comes pardon hand in hand,
For all event is God's arbitrament.

SERVANT (enters).

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (hastily).

—Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us! I will hear him.

COUNTESS (laughs).

Urgent for him, no doubt? but thou may'st wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[Exit SERVANT.

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.

Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away

All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as fame and fortune. To Vienna
Hence—to the emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that too 'tis too late. They know too much;
He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attain him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, and then the duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young king will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt and build;
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer: in brief,
Commenceth mighty king—in miniature.

And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes:
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,
A fire-new noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favor,
Which, with an undistinguishable ease,
Makes baron or makes prince.

WALLENSTEIN (in extreme agitation).

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee!
Canst thou consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such an height
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;
But to become a nothing, having been——

WALLENSTEIN (starts up in violent agitation).

Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,
Ye powers of aidance! Show me such a way
As I am capable of going. I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me

Magnanimously: "Go; I need thee not."
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after ages [2] speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed.

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
Oh, let not superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear, bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder? with abhorred, accursed poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourished thee?
That were against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken. [3]
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! Duke!
Tell me where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity

And desperation will not sanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me;
He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banqueted together—he and I;
And the young kings themselves held me the basin
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preservest thou each small favor,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wronged to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For the emperor. To the emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him
At Regensburg in the Diet—and he dropped thee!
He let thee fall! he let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stripped bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foe
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.
Say not, the restoration of thy honor
Has made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee;

The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—they needed thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places him, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office; it was she that gave thee
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of nature, of the spirit-giant born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, duke, not thou,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But they are in the wrong, who, fearing thee,
Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself:
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire,
And sword, and desolation, through the circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no, the emperor felt no touch of conscience;
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.

What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him. O most flimsy superstition!

WALLENSTEIN (rising).

I never saw it in this light before,
'Tis even so. The emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and the opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes;
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses
Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?

[Pointing to the different objects in the room.]

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Hast pictured on these walls and all around thee.
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
These seven presiding lords of destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision?

WALLENSTEIN (during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, laboring with passion; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the COUNTESS). Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly Despatch three couriers
——

ILLO (hurrying out).

God in heaven be praised!

WALLENSTEIN.

It is his evil genius and mine.
Our evil genius! It chastises him
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less, than that revenge
E'en now is whetting for my breast the poinard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me. Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.
Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute

Vicegerent. [To TERZKY.

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state cabinet. Myself will speak to
The couriers. And despatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.

No exultation! woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the powers of destiny,
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Encroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[While he is making his exit the curtain drops.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene as in the preceding Act.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN (coming forward in conversation).
He sends me word from Linz that he lies sick;
But I have sure intelligence that he
Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Gallas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou takest on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer yes, and stand as thou went fettered.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The meantime, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

[Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.]

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO (to his son).

I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (advances to him).
My general!

WALLENSTEIN.
That I am no longer, if
Thou stylest thyself the emperor's officer.

MAX.
Then thou wilt leave the army, general?

WALLENSTEIN.
I have renounced the service of the emperor.

MAX.
And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.
[He seats himself.
Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.

[He stops himself, expecting PICCOLOMINI's answer.
I have taken thee by surprise. Answer me not:
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[He rises, retires to the back of the stage. MAX. remains
for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish.
At his first motion WALLENSTEIN returns, and places himself
before him.

MAX.
My general, this day thou makest me

Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act forever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties,
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence,
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the emperor
Thou wagest with the emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,

The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking upon me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power has not departed;
The senses still are in thy bonds, although
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., hear me.

MAX.

Oh, do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me harshly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes, I must use

Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

Oh, that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honor, their good name,
Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,
Which, having staked and lost, they staked themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!
But he who once hath acted infamy
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (grasps his hand).

Calmly, Max.!

Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All that the powers divine
Send from above are universal blessings
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no property
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving powers, depraved in nature,

That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight.
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my general!
Above all others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world and be the master—
He kills thee who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the emperor,
And if it must be force with force repel;
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the traitor—yes! the word
Is spoken out—
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different,
Oh, that is black, black as the pit of hell!

[WALLENSTEIN betrays a sudden agitation.
Thou canst not hear it named, and wilt thou do it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna;
I'll make thy peace for thee with the emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Thou knowest not what has happened.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honorably, even as thou stoodest,
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war!
Thou canst with splendor do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after another, are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[MAX. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance
expressing the most intense anguish.

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Caesar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost.
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of this spirit.

Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[MAX. quits him abruptly. WALLENSTEIN startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERZKY enters.

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel?

TERZKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry?

TERZKY.

It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me.
Nay, I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanished.

ILLO (enters).

Is it true that thou wilt send

Octavio?

TERZKY.

How, Octavio! Whither send him?

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No!

Nay, heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should heaven forbid?

ILLO.

Him!—that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now in the very instant that decides us——

TERZKY.

Thou wilt not do this! No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened

That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERZKY.

Must it be he—he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well fitted for the business.
Therefore I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business!

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not, nor sire nor son,
Because that I esteem them, love them, visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your footpath. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to me because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happened with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him
From Gallas——

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind,
With thy deep-seeing eyes!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me; my faith, which finds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false;
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge that this pledge is not false?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Luetzen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,

I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
And as on some great number set their all
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
I yearned to know which one was faithfulest
Of all, my camp included. Great destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber,
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse killed under me: I sank;
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man;
Then seized me suddenly a savior arm;
It was Octavio's—I woke at once,
'Twas broad day, and Octavio stood before me.
"My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!

In love to me. A strong dream warned me so."
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (significantly).

There's no such thing as chance
And what to us seems merest accident
Springs from the deepest source of destiny.
In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more.

[He is retiring.

TERZKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (stops and turns himself round).

Are ye not like the women, who forever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour!
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—

No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human kernel first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Chamber in the residence of Piccolomini: OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI
(attired for travelling), an ADJUTANT.

OCTAVIO.

Is the detachment here?

ADJUTANT.

It waits below.

OCTAVIO.

And are the soldiers trusty, adjutant?

Say, from what regiment hast thou chosen them?

ADJUTANT.

From Tiefenbach's.

OCTAVIO.

That regiment is loyal,

Keep them in silence in the inner court,

Unseen by all, and when the signal peals

Then close the doors, keep watch upon the house.

And all ye meet be instantly arrested.

[Exit ADJUTANT.

I hope indeed I shall not need their service,

So certain feel I of my well-laid plans;
But when an empire's safety is at stake
'Twere better too much caution than too little.

SCENE V.

A chamber in PICCOLOMINI's dwelling-house: OCTAVIO,
PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, entering.

ISOLANI.

Here am I—well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO (with an air of mystery).
But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (assuming the same air of mystery).
Will it explode, ha? Is the duke about
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence—nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.
That may happen.

ISOLANI.
Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The duke has acted towards me as a friend:
God knows it is so; and I owe him all;
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard,
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the court—yes, and they say
That these stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

Indeed! Pray name to me the chiefs that think so;

ISOLANI.

Plague upon them! all the Germans think so
Esterhazy, Kaunitz, Deodati, too,
Insist upon obedience to the court.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice?

OCTAVIO.

That the emperor has yet such gallant servants,
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest! In very serious earnest,
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause

So strong.

ISOLANI.

The devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of the emperor.

ISOLANI (with an air of defiance).

That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (stammering).

Why,—why—what! this is the emperor's hand and seal
[Reads.

"Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini,
As from ourselves."—Hem!—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!
I—I give you joy, lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit to the order?

ISOLANI.

I—

But you have taken me so by surprise
Time for reflection one must have——

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is——

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your lord and sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason! My God! But who talks then of treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The emperor's army. Now, count! brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to the emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy? Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his imperial majesty?
Did I say so! When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, count, whether you will say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the duke then?

ISOLANI.

 If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him! All scores are rubbed off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you are so well disposed.
This night break off in the utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Gallas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With the emperor—how well disposed you found me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honorably.

[Exit ISOLANI. A SERVANT enters.]

What, Colonel Butler! Show him up.

ISOLANI (returning).

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine,—you know no harm was meant.

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favor us
With all the others only but as much.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, lieutenant-general.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honored friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honor.

OCTAVIO (after both have seated themselves)

You have not

Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Gallas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on me.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare

Yourself the trouble—me the embarrassment.
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further,
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past since he a covenant concluded
With the enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;
For prudence wakes—the emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the duke—
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot?

BUTLER (rises).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler.
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly uttered word remains interred.
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party;
You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (going).
Any other
Commands for me, lieutenant-general?

OCTAVIO.
See your white hairs; recall that word!

BUTLER.
Farewell!

OCTAVIO.
What! Would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earned
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

BUTLER (laughing with bitterness).
Gratitude from the House of Austria!

[He is going.

OCTAVIO (permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him).
Butler!

BUTLER.
What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the count?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO (coldly).

The title that you wished, I mean.

BUTLER (starts in sudden passion).

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO (coldly).

You petitioned for it—

And your petition was repelled—was it so?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.

Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to its sheath! and tell me calmly

How all that happened. I will not refuse you

Your satisfaction afterwards. Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness

For which I never can forgive myself,

Lieutenant-general! Yes; I have ambition.

Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.

It stung me to the quick that birth and title

Should have more weight than merit has in the army.

I would fain not be meaner than my equal,

So in an evil hour I let myself

Be tempted to that measure. It was folly!

But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The gray-haired man, the faithful veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy who did you this ill service?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel!
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard;
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand; some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honors!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me, did the duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay! are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I—but the contents were different.

[BUTLER is suddenly struck.

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[He gives him the letter.

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter, talks he in contempt
Concerning you; counsels the minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

[BUTLER reads through the letter; his knees tremble, he seizes a
chair, and sinks clown in it.

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
To tear you from your emperor: he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.

A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER (his voice trembling).
Can e'er the emperor's majesty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.
More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

[BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labors inwardly
with violent emotions; tries to speak and cannot. At length
he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.]

OCTAVIO.
What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.
Take it.

OCTAVIO.
But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.
O take it!
I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew, from my hands—and
Wear it with honor for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

Perjure myself to such a gracious sovereign?

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the duke!

BUTLER.

Break off from him.

OCTAVIO.

What now? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER (no longer governing his emotion).

Only break off from him? He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All who are loyal are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Gallas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER (strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to

OCTAVIO with resolved countenance).

Count Piccolomini! dare that man speak
Of honor to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.

He who repents so deeply of it dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here upon my word of honor!

OCTAVIO.

What's your design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God,
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell.

[Exit BUTLER.

SERVANT (enters with a billet).

A stranger left it, and is gone.
The prince-duke's horses wait for you below.

[Exit SERVANT.

OCTAVIO (reads).

"Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolani."
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!
Away! This is no longer a safe place
For me! Where can my son be tarrying!

SCENE VII.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. enters almost in a state of derangement, from extreme agitation; his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.

OCTAVIO (advances to him).

I am going off, my son.

[Receiving no answer, he takes his hands

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO drops his hand and starts back.

Oh, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence over him
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Didst creep behind him lurking for thy prey!

Oh, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
That sinkest us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!
Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!
Wallenstein has deceived me—oh, most foully!
But thou has acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. (rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion).
Was't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father,
Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Hadst thou the heart to wish to see him guilty
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in heaven!

MAX.

Oh, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honored.
No, no! not all! She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the heavens
Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is our love,

The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max.!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no, never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son!

[Attempts to take him with him.

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO (more urgently).

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max.! in the emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No emperor has power to prescribe
Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable

Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the departed soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.
Oh, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO (trembling, and losing all self-command).
Max.! Max.! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I think it?)
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

Oh, hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion,
Unholy, miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpowered—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max.! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Tsokana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader and their honor.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

How! not one look

Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

[MAX. falls into his arms, they hold each other for a long time
in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.

(The curtain drops.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A chamber in the house of the Duchess of Friedland.

COUNTESS TERZKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (the two latter sit at the same table at work).

COUNTESS (watching them from the opposite side).
So you have nothing to ask me—nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?

[THEKLA remaining silent, the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.

Why, how comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me
Confess it to me, Thekla: have you seen him?

THEKLA.
To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.
And not heard from him, either? Come, be open.

THEKLA.

No Syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May it please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.

[Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, princess, that he holds
Himself so still, exactly at this time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at this time?

COUNTESS.

He now knows all
'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldness dwells with love—that you have proved
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough: no further preface, I entreat you.
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frightened——

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

Lies within my power to do your father
A weighty service——

THEKLA.

Lies within my power.

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I?

What need of me for that? And is he not
Already linked to him?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the emperor too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty
And honor may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honor.
Duty and honor!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honor.

THEKLA.

How?

COUNTESS.

The emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,

How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then:
Your father has fallen off from the emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery——

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee! No! she never will survive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother:
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
An heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why, think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good! What good?
Must we not part; part ne'er to meet again?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you! He cannot part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas, for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you.
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken—
Oh, do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be taken?

COUNTESS.

Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

THERLA.

How shall I bear to see her?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS (to the COUNTESS).

Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately, too.

COUNTESS.

Nay! there was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am growing so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And you can tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse regiments to the cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed von Questenberg
With a favorable answer?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;
The accursed business of the Regensburg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!

COUNTESS.

No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother,
and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child!

Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In the empress. Oh, that stern, unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffered, not endured? For even as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire

That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he bears me.
Nay, do not weep, my child. Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland; thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEELA.

Oh, let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We, too,
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming flame which now it is.
The emperor loved him, trusted him; and all
He undertook could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starred day at Regensburg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy, uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith

To his old luck and individual power;
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you,
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
Find her in this condition?

DUCHESS.

 Come, my child!
Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off; this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye. Well, now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister!

THEKLA (to the COUNTESS, with marks of great oppression of spirits).
 Aunt, you will excuse me?

(Is going).

COUNTESS.

But, whither? See, your father comes!

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What, now? Why is she going?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS (anxiously).

What ails, then, my beloved child?

[Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavor to detain her. During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.]

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself?

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN,

I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of truth and inward revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To entreat forgiveness for that secretly.
I've wronged this honorable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling of the which
I am not master (fear I would not call it),
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.

And this same man, against whom I am warned,
This honest man is he who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me:
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[Exit ILLO.]

WALLENSTEIN (turns himself round to the females).
Lo, there's the mother with the darling daughter.
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN (to the COUNTESS, aside).
Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,

For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill;
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away from me the evil demon
That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother

I—

DUCHESS.

Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA (to the COUNTESS).

O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety,
Of the overburdened soul—to sing to him
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla! Humorsome!

What! shall thy father have expressed a wish

In vain?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God! how can I——

[The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.

DUCHESS.

My child! Oh, she is ill——

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?

Say, is she often so?

COUNTESS.

Since then herself

Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer

Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.

She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him? Whom?

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini!
Hast thou never noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee,—my sweet child! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen another
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her!

Is the boy mad?

COUNTESS.

Well—hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!

Ay? The thought pleases me.

The young man has no groveling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since

Such and such constant favor you have shown him——

WALLENSTEIN.

He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honor him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband?
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favor by?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners——

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors——

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors! What?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS

O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In life's great drama with a common kinsman?
Have I for this——

[Stops suddenly, repressing himself.

She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness.
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking

[He recollects himself.

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband!
You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN (to the COUNTESS).

Have you announced the place of residence
Which I have destined for her?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet,
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Carinthia then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or seats?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure.

In the emperor's realms, beneath the emperor's
Protection?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope that.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven!

And have you brought it even to this!

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland

You'll find protection.

DUCHESS

In a Lutheran country?

What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg?

The ally of Sweden, the emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS (casting a look of terror on the DUKE and the COUNTESS).
Is it then true? It is. You are degraded
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

COUNTESS (aside to the DUKE).
Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERZKY.

COUNTESS.

Terzky!

What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERZKY (leading WALLENSTEIN aside).
Is it thy command that all the Croats——

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

TERZKY.

We are betrayed.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERZKY.

They are off! This night
The Jaegers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani!

TERZKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN. I?

TERZKY.

No? Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodati?
They are vanished, both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Terzky told thee?

TERZKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERZKY.
Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN (winks at them).
Hush!

COUNTESS (who has been watching them anxiously from the distance and now advances to them). Terzky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

WALLENSTEIN (scarcely suppressing his emotions).
Nothing! let us be gone!

TERZKY (following him).
Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS (holding him back).
Nothing? Do I not see that all the life-blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?

PAGE (enters).
An aide-de-camp inquires for the Count Terzky.

[TERZKY follows the PAGE.

WALLENSTEIN.
Go, hear his business.
[To ILLO.
This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.

Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Terzky's grenadiers relieve him.

[ILLO is going.

Stop!

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.

Him I met

He will be here himself immediately.

Butler remains unshaken,

[ILLO exit. WALLENSTEIN is following him.

COUNTESS.

Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!

There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS (clinging to him).

Gracious Heaven! What is it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!

We are in camp, and this is naught unusual;

Here storm and sunshine follow one another

With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits

Champ the curb angrily, and never yet

Did quiet bless the temples of the leader;

If I am to stay go you. The complaints of women

Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[He is going: TERZKY returns.

TERZKY.

Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (to the COUNTESS).

Sister, retire!

COUNTESS.

No—never!

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis my will.

TERZKY (leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing her attention to the DUCHESS).

Theresa!

DUCHESS.

Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (stepping to the window).

What now, then?

TERZKY.

There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,

With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners;
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Does Piccolomini appear among them?

TERZKY.

We are seeking him: he is nowhere to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did the aide-de-camp deliver to you?

TERZKY.

My regiments had despatched him; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.

But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERZKY.

Oh, that thou hadst believed me! Yester-evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TERZKY.

Thou didst confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by;
I never reckoned yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming-table. With
My fortune and my seeming destiny
He made the bond and broke it, not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which, well-pleased and confident,
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

TERZKY.

Yet, would I rather

Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO.

ILLO (who enters agitated with rage).
Treason and mutiny!

TERZKY.
And what further now?

ILLO.
Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders.
To go off guard—mutinous villains!

TERZKY.
Well!

WALLENSTEIN.
What followed?

ILLO.
They refused obedience to them.

TERZKY.
Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.
Gently! what cause did they assign?

ILLO.
No other,

They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN (in a convulsion of agony).
What? How is that?

ILLO.
He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual from the emperor.

TERZKY.
From the emperor—hearest thou, duke?

ILLO.
At his incitement
The generals made that stealthy flight——

TERZKY.
Duke, hearest thou?

ILLO.
Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the emperor; but 'twas finally concluded,
With all the detail of the operation,
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair and covers his face.]

TERZKY.
Oh, hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

 This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake tell me what has taken place?

ILLO.

The regiments are falling off from us.

TERZKY.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O my foreboding!

[Rushes out of the room.]

TERZKY.

 Hadst thou but believed me!
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven,
On a divine law divination rests;
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion to have affronted

The human form, oh, may the time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To these enter BUTLER.

TERZKY (meeting him).

Oh, look there, Butler! Here we've still a friend!

WALLENSTEIN (meets him with outspread arms and embraces him with warmth).

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly,
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.

My general; I come——

WALLENSTEIN (leaning on BUTLER'S shoulder).

Knowest thou already
That old man has betrayed me to the emperor.
What sayest thou? Thirty years have we together

Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drank from one glass,
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on him,
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder,
And now in the very moment when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.

[He hides his face on BUTLER's breast.

BUTLER.

Forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remembered!
Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by destiny; for in the moment
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not his loss
Was that which struck the pang: Oh, no! his treason
Is that which strikes the pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honored were they both,
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this—swift counsel now beseems us.
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick then!
Despatch some messenger you can rely on

To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[ILLO is going.

BUTLER (detaining him).

My general, whom expect you then?

WALLENSTEIN.

The courier

Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER (hesitating).

Hem!

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now?

BUTLER.

You do not know it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well?

BUTLER.

From what that larum in the camp arose?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what?

BUTLER.

That courier——

WALLENSTEIN (with eager expectation).

Well?

BUTLER.

Is already here.

TERZKY and ILLO (at the same time).
Already here?

WALLENSTEIN.

My courier?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I not know it?

BUTLER.

The sentinels detain him
In custody.

ILLO (stamping with his foot).

Damnation!

BUTLER.

And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains?

BUTLER.

Question me not.

TERZKY.

Illo! Alas for us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me—I can bear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUTLER.

Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Braunau, Koenigingratz,
At Brunn, and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And taken the oaths of fealty anew
To the emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Terzky,
And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERZKY and ILLO express alarm and fury. WALLENSTEIN remains firm and collected.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis decided! 'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN; the others follow him.

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERZKY (enters from a side room).

I can endure no longer. No!

[Looks around her.

Where are they!

No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne. If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following,
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument. But no!
That day I will not see! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA (endeavoring to hold back the DUCHESS)
Dear mother, do stay here!

DUCHESS.

No! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her

Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room? Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

THEKLA.

Nothing
Nothing, dear mother!

DUCHESS (to the COUNTESS).

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe
The duke has been deposed—the duke is not
Deposed—he is——

THEKLA (going to the COUNTESS),

What? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The duke is——

THEKLA (throwing her arms round her mother).

Oh, stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the duke; he is preparing

To join the enemy; the army leave him,
And all has failed.

SCENE XIII.

A spacious room in the Duke of Friedland's palace.

WALLENSTEIN (in armor).

Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.
There I had nothing left me but myself;
But what one man can do you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress; the emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat; and, to
The plough, the workshop is forsaken, all

Swarm to the old familiar long loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest in which the soul abode.

(ILLO and TERZKY enter.)

Courage, friends! courage! we are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Terzky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger when, nine years ago,
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the emperor.

SCENE XIV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERZKY.

(To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERZKY aside,
and talks with him.)

TERZKY.

What do they want?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

TERZKY.

Ten cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you

In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (hastily to NEUMANN).

Let them enter.

[Exit NEUMANN.

This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still

Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE XV.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO, ten CUIRASSIERS (led by an ANSPESSADE [4], march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again).

ANSPESSADE.

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (after he has run through them with his eye, to the ANSPESSADE).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brueggen in Flanders:

Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN. Thou were cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE. 'Twas even so, general!

WALLENSTEIN. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

ANSPESSADE. That which I asked for: the honor to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (turning to a second). Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER. Yes, general!

WALLENSTEIN. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words.
(A pause.) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE. Your noble regiment, the cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE. Because we would first know whom we serve.

WALLENSTEIN. Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (giving the word of command). Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (turning to a third). Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birthplace.

THIRD CUIRASSIER. Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel Duebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER. It was not I, general.

WALLENSTRIN. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother, too: where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER. He is stationed at Olmutz, with the imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (to the ANSPESSADE). Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the emperor
Commanding us——

WALLENSTEIN (interrupting him).

Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the emperor
Commanding us, collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades

At Braunau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmutz, have
Obeyed already; and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story!

[With warmth.

Thyself shall tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant general and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thine own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant!
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?
We will stand by thee, general! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves we will stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces

Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no,
There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honor
Above all others, suffered you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my general! With thy confidence
Thou has honored us, and shown us grace and favor
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over

To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me are they betraying. The emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Luetzen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious;
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt
Through all the turns and windings of his flight:
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march:
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the emperor's bears away
The honors of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet.

ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it!

No one, but thou, who has conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou leadest us out to the bloody field
Of death; thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavored after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world!
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin
And still win new domains.

[The CUIRASSIERS express agitation by their gestures.

Ye're moved—I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh, that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that you can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your general.

[Confidentially.

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us

Wear for a while the appearance of good-will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede! Thou'lt not betray
The emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groanings of my fellow-Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper thee
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years,
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other; every hand's against the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel

This tangle, ever tangling more and more
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE XVI.

To these enter BUTLER.

BUTLER (passionately).
General! this is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.
What is not right?

BUTLER.
It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.
But what?

BUTLER.
It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.
Well, well—but what is it?

BUTLER.
Count Terzky's regiments tear the imperial eagle
From off his banners, and instead of it
Have reared aloft their arms.

ANSPESSADE (abruptly to the CUIRASSIERS).

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!

[To the CUIRASSIERS, who are retiring.

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;

Hark! I will punish it severely. Stop

They do not hear. (To ILLO). Go after them, assure them,

And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[ILLO hurries out.

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!

You are my evil genius, wherefore must you

Announce it in their presence? It was all

In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen

With their improvident over-readiness—

A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.

The zeal of friends it is that razes me,

And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE XVII.

To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the chamber;

THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power—
They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done?

COUNTESS (to TERZKY).

Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERZKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the emperor's hands,
The soldiery have taken their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max. is off too.

TERZKY.

Where can he be? He's
Gone over to the emperor with his father.

[THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face
in her bosom.

DUCHESS (enfolding her in her arms).

Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN (aside to TERZKY).

Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg,
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us.

To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[To ILLO, who returns.

Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar?

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is

Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,

Their colonel, they require: for they affirm,

That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;

And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,

They will find means to free him with the sword.

[All stand amazed.

TERZKY.

What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so?

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.

He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me.

I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be

Still here, then all goes well; for I know what

[Embracing THEKLA.

Will keep him here forever.

TERZKY.

It can't be.

His father has betrayed us, is gone over

To the emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

THEKLA (her eye fixed on the door).
There he is!

SCENE XVIII.

To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.
Yes, here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favorable moment:
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[Advancing to THEKLA, who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[He observes the COUNTESS looking on THEKLA with expressions
of triumph.

No, lady! No!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell forever.

For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—must leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[Grasps her hand.

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I cannot act otherwise.

[THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father.

MAX. turns round to the DUKE, whom he had not till then perceived.

Thou here? It was not thou whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee,
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart;
For any other I am no more concerned.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou that, fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honor
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now passed by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw

All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX (calmly).

Thou wilt proceed with me as thou hast power.
Thou knowest I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou knowest.

[Taking THEKLA by the hand.

See, duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. That hast thou
Laid waste forever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve is no benignant deity,
Like as the blind, irreconcilable,
Fierce element, incapable of compact.
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow. [5]

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! Oh, the charms of hell o'erpowered me
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never.
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against him.
No, I never could have done it. The emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me

When he delivered the commander's staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

MAX.

I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckless have taken place; one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee——
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colors;
Thou wouldst not let them go.
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been

A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have
Altered my feelings toward thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honors;
Thee have I loved: my heart, my self, I gave
To thee; They all were aliens: thou wert
Our child and inmate. [6] Max.! Thou canst not leave me;
It cannot be; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

Ob, my God!

WALLENSTEIN

I have

Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love,
What human tie that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! how can I
Do otherwise. Am I not forced to do it,
My oath—my duty—my honor——

WALLENSTEIN.

How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee
What duties may'st thou have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?
On me thou art planted, I am thy emperor;
To obey me, to belong to me, this is
Thy honor, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet on the which thou livest
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts.
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring, and all his moons.
With little guilt steppes thou into this contest;
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty: let

The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE XIX.

To these enter NEUMANN.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN (to TERZKY).

Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot.

[Exit TERZKY.

Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[NEUMANN exit. ILLO steps to the window.

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (at the window).
Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered,
They level at this house the cannon——

MAX.

Madmen

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

Merciful heaven!

MAX. (to WALLENSTEIN).

Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS).

But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bringest thou, Terzky?

SCENE XX.

To these TERZKY returning.

TERZKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.

Their ardor may no longer be curbed in.
They entreat permission to commence the attack;
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

Oh come
Let not their ardor cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then!

[Turns to MAX.

Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,
Can it have come to this? What! Cousin, cousin!
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the emperor; and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still,

[Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERZKY hurry to the window.]

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERZBY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! Who?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps
Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On—Neumann,

Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN (starting up).

Ha! Death and hell! I will——

TERZKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

No!

For God's sake, no!

ILLO.

Not yet, my general!

Oh, hold him! hold him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me——

MAX.

Do it not;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loitered.
They are emboldened to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice—
Are they not my troops? Am I not their general,
And their long-feared commander! Let me see,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony (mark!) I show myself

To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swollen current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERZKY, and BUTLER follow.]

SCENE XXI.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX., and THEKLA.

COUNTESS (to the DUCHESS).

Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (who during the last scene has been standing at a distance, in a visible struggle of feelings advances).

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither;
My purposed action seemed unblamable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a hard, inhuman being:
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. Oh, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—

I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?

Does not your own heart tell you? Oh! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our general's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
To make the amends. Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow!
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
Oh that an angel would descend from heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of light.

[His eyes glance on THEKLA.

What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it;
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—canst thou
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the duke's——

COUNTESS.

Think, niece——

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou feelest.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved and the unerring God
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or not—that mightest thou think on.
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet are at stake:
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the emperor?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it;
The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice, guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.

Oh! Max.—

MAX. (interrupting her).

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.

The human, not the great part, would I act.
Even from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the duke has done for me, how loved me
And think, too, how my father has repaid him.
Oh likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these, too, are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

Oh, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling——

COUNTESS.

Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hast chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

THEKLA.

Being faithful

To thine own self, thou art faithful, too, to me:

If our fates part, our hearts remain united.

A bloody hatred will divide forever

The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;

But we belong not to our houses. Go!

Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause

From our unholy and unblessed one!

The curse of heaven lies upon our head:

'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me

My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.

Mourn not for me:

My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the scene a loud, wild, long-continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus! accompanied by warlike instruments. MAX. and THEKLA remain without motion in each other's embraces.]

SCENE XXII.

To the above enter TERZKY.

COUNTESS (meeting him).

What meant that cry? What was it?

TERZKY.

All is lost!

COUNTESS.

What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERZKY.

'Twas all in vain.

DUCHESS.

They shouted Vivat!

TERZKY.

To the emperor.

COUNTESS.

The traitors?

TERZKY.

Nay! he was not permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XXIII.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and BUTLER.

WALLENSTEIN (as he enters).

Terzky!

TERZKY.

My general!

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening.

[Exit TERZKY.
Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my general.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor of Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write him instantly
By a post courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my general!

WALLENSTEIN (steps between MAX. and THEKLA, who have remained during this time in each other's arms). Part!

MAX.

O God!

[CUIRASSIERS enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the background. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address MAX.

WALLENSTEIN (to the CUIRASSIERS).

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.

[He turns away, and stands so that MAX. cannot pass by him nor approach the PRINCESS.

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. Oh, do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! Oh, once more show me
Thy ever dear and honored countenance.

[MAX. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled: he
turns to the COUNTESS.

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[The COUNTESS turns away from him; he turns to the DUCHESS.

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no!
Mine is a certain misery. Thanks to heaven!
That offers me a means of ending it.

[The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more
with armed men. MAX. sees BUTLER and addresses him.

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then, remain more faithful

To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the emperor. Come, Butler! promise me.
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see——

[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.

ILLO.

Go—seek for traitors
In Gallas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[MAX. attempts once more to approach THERLA. WALLENSTEIN
prevents

him. MAX. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish, In the
meantime the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from
below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.

MAX.

Blow, blow! Oh, were it but the Swedish trumpets,
And all the naked swords, which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not to desperation. Do it not!
Ye may repent it!

[The stage is entirely filled with armed men.

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me
Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.

[He turns to the background; there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the CUIRASSIERS; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THERLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third acts.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The BURGOMASTER's house at Egra.

BUTLER (just arrived).

Here then he is by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no further! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colors,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou meanest to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attained! Oh, my God!
Tell me, general, I implore thee, tell me
In full, of all these sad events at Pilsen.

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier?

GORDON.

Yes: and in obedience to it
Opened the stronghold to him without scruple,
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me! when even now I saw
The duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attained man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office.
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension.
But sparing and with dignity the duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.

On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Terzky,
And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the emperor. Such a noble!
Of such high talents! What is human greatness?
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
Are but a covered pitfall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep-trod footmarks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority intrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural,
It placed him on a level with his emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe is me!
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear general,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.

The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
This must not be! The duke must never leave
This stronghold on free footing; for I have
Pledged life and honor here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day!
From his hand I received this dignity,
He did himself intrust this stronghold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own:
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!

BUTLER.

Nay! let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is securest.
And all then have deserted him you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from dust
[With a sly glance on BUTLER.
Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honor.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one, I see.

GORDON.

I have enjoyed from him
No grace or favor. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him,
And lend your aid to take him in arrest?

GORDON (pauses, reflecting—then as in deep dejection).
If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betrayed the emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strongholds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so——

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then,
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends
Yet even then he had a daring soul:
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself; yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendor
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distempered fancy.

GORDON.

He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapped and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. [7] Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder;

He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was count, and prince, duke-regent, and dictator,
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the
BURGOMASTER of Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the half eagle only?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown;
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?
[The BURGOMASTER hesitates.
Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie concealed
Within these walls. Confess now, you yourself——
[Fixes, his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER alarmed.
Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it they had
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible, 'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the Reformed in Glogau
At my own instance. Hark ye, burgomaster!
What is your name?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhalbel, my it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hark ye! But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.
[Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER'S shoulder with a certain
solemnity.
The times
Draw near to their fulfilment, burgomaster!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark ye! But keep it to yourself! The end

Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appeared at once in the heaven?

BURGOMASTER.
With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.
Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remained
Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.
We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.
The Turks! That all? I tell you that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Lutherism alone remain.

[Observing GORDON and BUTLER.
I'faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward:
'Twas on our left hand. Did ye hear it here?

GORDON.
Distinctly. The wind brought it from the south.

BUTLER.
It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.
'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.

How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

GORDON.

Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless;
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, general!

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your emperor's service.
I am content with you, lieutenant-colonel.

[To BUTLER.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim,
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[To GORDON.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters to take leave of you, together

With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Joy, general, joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be?

TERZKY.

There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TERZKY.

A countryman from Tirschenreut conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin
A troop of the imperialists from Tachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,

But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Gallas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

TERZKY.

We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter ILLO.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).
A courier, duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERZKY (eagerly).
Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN (at the same time).
What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO.
From the Rhinegrave,
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! o'erpowered by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
[WALLENSTEIN shudders and turns pale.

Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause, in a low voice).
Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN is going, when LADY NEUBRUNN rushes into the room.

Some servants follow her and run across the stage.

NEUBRUNN.
Help! Help!

ILLO and TERZKY (at the same time).
What now?

NEUBRUNN.
The princess!

WALLENSTEIN and TERZKY.
Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (at the same time with them).
She is dying!

[Hurries off the stage, when WALLENSTEIN and TERZKY follow her.

SCENE VI.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.
What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate lady!

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerers,
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be feared.

BUTLER (after a pause).

Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!

GORDON.

Sutler! What?

Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could——

BUTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And you can do the deed?

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.

You would assassinate him?

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

 Your general!
The sacred person of your general!

BUTLER.

My general he has been.

GORDON.

 That 'tis only
An "has been" washes out no villany,
And without judgment passed.

BUTLER.

 The execution
Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

 This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the emperor has passed judgment,
And we but execute his will.

GORDON.

 We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recalled, a life never can be.

BUTLER.

Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward

To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses
His color at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him.

BUTLER.

Had not the emperor's army been defeated
I might have done so. But 'tis now passed by.

GORDON.

Oh, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?

BUTLER.

His destiny, and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier—
I had fallen, defending the emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished!

GORDON.

Doing their duty—that adorns the man!

But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUTLER (brings out a paper).

Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

GORDON.

I? Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.
Come of it what may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

Oh, God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo,
And Terzky likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merrymaking of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadel,
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO and TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightwise for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,

The Piccolomini: be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a count's title to the name of prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUTLER.

'Twas pity, though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our general—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

TERZKY.

Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest till it is bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My lord field-marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of fortune turns;
The emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Gallas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERZKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the duke!—
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The duke will soon assemble
A mighty army: all come crowding, streaming
To banners, dedicate by destiny
To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again! he will become
Once more the mighty lord which he has been.

How will the fools, who've how deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a king and emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims.

[To GORDON.

You will not be forgotten, governor!
He'll take from you this nest, and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
The fall must needy be great. "Great height, great depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more business, for to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Terzky, it is supper-time. What think you?
Nay, shall we have the town illuminated
In honor of the Swede? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERZKY.

Nay! nay! not that, it will not please the duke——

ILLO.

What; we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.
Gordon! good-night, and for the last time take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
To make secure, the watchword may be altered.

At the stroke of ten deliver in the keys
To the duke himself, and then you've quit forever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERZKY (as he is going, to BUTLER).
You come, though, to the castle?

BUTLER.

At the right time.

[Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.]

SCENE VIII.

GORDON and BUTLER.

GORDON (looking after them).
Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding
They rush into the outspread net of murder
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and foolhardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his emperor's blood.

BUTLER.

Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle-gate
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (with earnest anxiety).

Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stop; first tell me——

BUTLER.

You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their hearts shall rouse them. Well,
The duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honor, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and low!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

Oh, think not of his errors now! remember
His greatness, his munificence; think on all

The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen,
Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.

I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now.

[Grasping GORDON's hand.

Gordon! 'tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the duke, and have no cause to love him).
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile occurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked [8] puppet
Of the blind Power, which, out of its own choice,
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten

With such forced marches hitherwards? Fain would I
Have given him to the emperor's mercy. Gordon!
I do not wish his blood,—but I must ransom
The honor of my word,—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or——

[Passionately grasping GORDON's hand.

Listen, then, and know

I am dishonored if the duke escape us.

GORDON.

Oh! to save such a man——

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth

A sacrifice. Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honor.

BUTLER (with a cold and haughty air).

He is a great lord,

This duke, and I am of but mean importance.
This is what you would say! Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honor—
So that the man of princely rank be saved?
We all do stamp our value on ourselves:
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed
That I despise myself compared with him.

Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine therefore he dies!

GORDON.

I am endeavoring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some God
Rescue him from you!

[Exit GORDON.]

BUTLER [9] (alone).

I treasured my good name all my life long;
The duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warped;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worst man of the two. What though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it, too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can dishonor me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I. Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me. The dearest thing a man has is himself.

SCENE IX.

[A gothic and gloomy apartment at the DUCHESS FRIEDLAND's.
THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The DUCHESS and LADY
NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLENSTEIN and the COUNTESS in
conversation.

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in which had fallen
A colonel of the imperial army, frightened her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale,
And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!
And she so unprepared! Poor child! how is it?

[Turning to the DUCHESS.
Is she coming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening——

COUNTESS.

She lives!

THEKLA (looking around her).

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (steps to her, raising her up in his arms).
Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (standing up).
Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.
Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.
He—the man who uttered
That word of misery.

DUCHESS.
Oh, think not of it!
My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.
Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.
I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself.
[She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.
Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.

You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No; never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father——

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak.
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my daughter?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared—
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!

COUNTESS and DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpowered me by surprise,
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence:
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.]

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEKLA.

'Twere
More pleasing to me if alone I saw him;
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.

Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine.

[Going.

COUNTESS (detaining him).

Where art thou going? I heard Terzky say
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

Oh, take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude.
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.

Oh leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart—
These walls breathe on me like a churchyard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty! Niece,
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN (returning).

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me.

DUCHESS (to THEKLA, who starts and shivers).

There—pale as death! Child, 'tis impossible
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[Exeunt DUCHESS and COUNTESS.]

SCENE X.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN (respectfully approaching her).
Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech. How could!—

THEKLA (with dignity).
You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasioned
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.
I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.
The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.
Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.
I am firm,—
I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.
We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Intrenched but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled

Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leaped the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader——

[THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini——

[THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leaped first: the regiment all plunged after.
His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,——

[THEKLA, who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame and is falling. The LADY NEUBRUNN runs to her, and

receives her in her arms.

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady!

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THERLA.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild despair

Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurned; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finished before their last man fell.

THEKLA (faltering).

And where—

Where is—you have not told me all.

CAPTAIN (after a pause).

This morning

We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honor by the Rhinegrave's self,
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us

Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.

NEUBRUNN (to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance).
Look up, my dearest lady——

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.

What is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catherine's.

THEKLA.

And how far is it thither?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreut

And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA

Who

Is their commander?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seckendorf.

[THEKLA steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.

THEKLA.

You have beheld me in my agony,

And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept

[Giving him the ring.

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN (confusedly).

Princess——

[THEKLA silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him.

The captain lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.

SCENE XI.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA (falls on LADY NEUBRUNN's neck).
Now gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.

Away! and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither, where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there?

THEKLA.

What do there?
That wouldst thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, that is all that still remains of him!
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death——

THEKLA.

Is now the only place
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!

Come and make preparations; let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage

THEKLA.

That time is past—
And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms—O God!
I haste—but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless, feeble women?

THEKLA.

We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time?

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night——

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven!

And then the many posts of the enemy!

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length——

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.

How can we pass the gates?

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.

Go, do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recognized——

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horses for our flight?

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady! and your mother?

THEKLA.

Oh! my mother!

NEUBRUNN.

So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother. Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!

THEKLA.

Woe is me! My mother!

[Pauses.

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think what you are doing!

THEKLA.

What can be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.

There a divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
Oh hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—a dim power
Drives me from hence—oh mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm,
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly.

[Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE XII.

THEKLA.

His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up

Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—they would not
Forsake their leader even in his death; they died for him,
And shall I live?
For me too was that laurel garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
I throw it from me. Oh, my only hope;
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is a lot of heroes upon earth!

[Exit THEKLA. [10]

(The Curtain drops.)

SCENE XIII.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN, and ROSENBERG.

NEUBRUNN.

He is here, lady, and he will procure them.

THEKLA.

Wilt thou provide us horses, Rosenberg?

ROSENBERG.

I will, my lady.

THEKLA.

And go with us as well?

ROSENBERG.

To the world's end, my lady.

THEKLA.

But consider,
Thou never canst return unto the duke.

ROSENBERG.

I will remain with thee.

THEKLA.

I will reward thee.
And will commend thee to another master.
Canst thou unseen conduct us from the castle?

ROSENBERG.

I can.

THEKLA.

When can I go?

ROSENBERG.

This very hour.
But whither would you, lady?

THEKLA.

To—Tell him, Neubrunn.

NEUBRUNN.

To Neustadt.

ROSENBERG.

So; I leave you to get ready.

[Exit.

NEUBRUNN.

Oh, see, your mother comes.

THEKLA.

Indeed! O Heaven!

SCENE XIV.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN, the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

He's gone! I find thee more composed, my child.

THEKLA.

I am so, mother; let me only now
Retire to rest, and Neubrunn here be with me.
I want repose.

DUCHESS.

My Thekla, thou shalt have it.
I leave thee now consoled, since I can calm
Thy father's heart.

THEKLA.

Good night, beloved mother!

(Falling on her neck and embracing her with deep emotion).

DUCHESS.

Thou scarcely art composed e'en now, my daughter.
Thou tremblest strongly, and I feel thy heart
Beat audibly on mine.

THEKLA.

Sleep will appease

Its beating: now good-night, good-night, dear mother.

(As she withdraws from her mother's arms the curtain falls).

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Butler's Chamber.

BUTLER, and MAJOR GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes
For there must be no firing—
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry—"Who is loyal to the emperor?"
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Terzky, and despatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the duke. Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?

GERALDIN.

They'll be here anon.

[Exit GERALDIN.]

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him—a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the duke
A prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms, too, have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
Despatch! then, be the word; for enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, and MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, general.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the watchword?

BUTLER.

Long live the emperor!

BOTH (recoiling).

How?

BUTLER.

Live the house of Austria.

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

MACDONALD.

Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor and his country's enemy?

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes! in his name you administered
Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So then!

MACDONALD.

An altered case!

BUTLER (to DEVEREUX%).

Thou wretched man
So easily leavest thou thy oath and colors?

DEVEREUX.

The devil! I but followed your example;
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

MACDONALD.

We've naught to do with thinking—that's your business.
You are our general, and give out the orders;
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER (appeased).

Good, then! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most
He has us.

MACDONALD.

'Tis e'en so!

BUTLER.

Well, for the present
You must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

BUTLER.

Ay, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.

That is still better.

BUTLER.

Listen!

BOTH.

We attend.

BUTLER.

It is the emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland

Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.

It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.

Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUTLER.

And he shall be rewarded from the state
In land and gold who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.

Ay! that sounds well. The words sound always well
That travel hither from the court. Yes! yes!
We know already what court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favor,
Or an old charger, or a parchment-patent,
And such like. The prince-duke pays better.

MACDONALD.

Yes,
The duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUTLER.

All over
With that, my friends. His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.

And is that certain?

BUTLER.

You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.

His lucky fortune's all passed by?

BUTLER.

Forever.

He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.

As poor as we?

DEVEREUX.

Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUTLER.

We'll desert him?

Full twenty thousand have done that already;

We must do more, my countrymen! In short—

We—we must kill him.

BOTH (starting back)

Kill him!

BUTLER.

Yes, must kill him;

And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.

Us!

BUTLER.

You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.

DEVEREUX (after a pause).

Choose you some other.

BUTLER.

What! art dastardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden?

DEVEREUX.

Nay
To assassinate our lord and general——

MACDONALD.

To whom we swore a soldier's oath——

BUTLER.

The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.

No, no! it is too bad!

MACDONALD.

Yes, by my soul!
It is too bad. One has a conscience too——

DEVEREUX.

If it were not our chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claimed our duty——

BUTLER.

Is that the objection?

DEVEREUX.

Were it my own father,
And the emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—but we are soldiers,

And to assassinate our chief commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.

BUTLER.

I am your pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!

DEVEREUX.

'Twill not do.

MACDONALD.

'Twont do!

BUTLER.

Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX (hesitates).

The Pestalutz——

MACDONALD.

What may you want with him?

BUTLER.

If you reject it, we can find enough——

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Why, if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,

One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX (after some reflection).
When do you purpose he should fall?

BUTLER.
This night.
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.
You take upon you all the consequences?

BUTLER.
I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.
And it is
The emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

BUTLER.
The manifesto says—"alive or dead."
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.
Well, dead then! dead! But bow can we come at him.
The town is filled with Terzky's soldiery.

MACDONALD.
Ay! and then Terzky still remains, and Illo——

BUTLER.
With these you shall begin—you understand me?

DEVEREUX.

How! And must they too perish?

BUTLER.

They the first.

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that? Commission me——

BUTLER.

'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley
Have that commission. Soon as that is finished——

DEVEREUX.

Hear, general! It will be all one to you—
Hark ye, let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'Twill be the lesser danger with the duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger! The devil! What do you think me, general,
'Tis the duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell!

Thou knowest that I'm no milksop, general!
But 'tis not eight days since the duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer.
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milksop!

BUTLER.

The duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return,
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the emperor give to him, the prince's mantle.
How doth he thank the emperor? With revolt
And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll despatch him.

BUTLER.

And would'st quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast naught to do but simply
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right,
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against him?
He is not to be wounded—he is——

BUTLER (starting up).

What!

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab, and flash! Hard frozen.
Secured and warranted by the black art
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Ingolstadt there was just such another:
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well.

MACDONALD.

In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me

In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald!
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To the house. I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place,
I lead you through a back door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poinard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.

And when we are there, by what means shall we gain
The duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the court? for he has here
A numerous company of followers.

BUTLER.

The attendants fills the right wing: he hates bustle,

And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

Were it well over—hey, Macdonald! I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows.

MACDONALD.

And I, too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

In plenty, honor, splendor—you may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

 If the business
Squares with one's honor—if that be quite certain.

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His crown and empire. The reward can be
No small one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes! Yes! to rob him of his crown and life.

DEVEREUX.

And must he fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the emperor
Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

[Exeunt BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD and DEVEREUX
through the other.

SCENE III.

A saloon, terminated by a gallery, which extends far
into the background.

WALLENSTEIN sitting at a table. The SWEDISH CAPTAIN
standing before him.

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.

[The SWEDISH CAPTAIN retires. WALLENSTEIN sits lost in thought,
his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The
COUNTESS TERZKY enters, stands before him for awhile, unobserved

by him; at length he starts, sees her and recollects himself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS.

My sister tells me she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee altered, too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. Oh, remain thou firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (rises and strides across the saloon).
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, oh, let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (moves to the window).

There is a busy motion in the heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle [11] of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (A pause.) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly
into the distance.

COUNTESS (looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand).
What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

 Methinks

If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt see him again.

WALLENSTEIN (remains for awhile with absent mind, then assumes a
livelier manner, and turning suddenly to the COUNTESS). See him again? Oh,
never, never again!

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou, then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap,
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. Oh, 'tis well
With him! but who knows what the coming hour
Veiled in thick darkness brings us?

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[WALLENSTEIN by a motion of his hand makes signs to her
to be silent.

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down [12], I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life,
For oh, he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

Oh, be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (stepping to the door).
Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the governor. He brings the keys
Of the citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

Oh, 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee;
A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear! Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking

Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

Ob, my soul

Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings,
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still crush down upon my heart in dreams,
I saw thee, yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTHIN.

This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interred.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices,

Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife
Long ere Ravailiac armed himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him; the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to thee
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou rann'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall.
There seemed no end of it; doors creaked and clapped;

I followed panting, but could not overtake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind,—the hand was cold that grasped me;
'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelop us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (gazing on him).

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life——

[She falls on his breast and weeps.

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he should find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[Exit COUNTESS.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music! and the castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the castle
To the Count Terzky and Field-Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honor of the victory—this tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[Rings. The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER enters.
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[Fixing his eyes on GORDON.
Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that?

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[He takes and looks at the chain.

'Twas the first present of the emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit—
From superstition, if you will. Belike,
It was to be a talisman to me;
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life-long
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

[GROOM OF THE CHAMBER retires with the vestments.

WALLENSTEIN

riser, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before
GORDON in a posture of meditation.

How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were pages of the court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The moralist and preacher, and wouldst rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold, unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner

Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My prince
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already
In harbor, then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front almost,
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[He moves with long strides across the saloon, and remains
on the opposite side over against GORDON.]

Who now persists in calling fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful; with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True, in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;

The fountain of my fortune, which now stops,
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,
"Let the night come before we praise the day."
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men,
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (smiling).

I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient pagans knew
And therefore of their own accord they offered
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.

I too have sacrificed to him—for me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favorable fortune
Can outweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is gluttoned:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

SCENE V.

To these enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni! and beside himself,
If one can trust his looks? What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?

SENI.

Terror, duke!
On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

SENI.

Flee ere the day break!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

WALLENSTEIN.

What now
Is in thy thoughts?

SENI (with louder voice).

Trust not thy person to the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it, then?

SENI (still more urgently).

Oh, wait not the arrival of these Swedes!
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!

Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming!—fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends.

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

SENI.

Come and see! trust thine own eyes.
A fearful sign stands in the house of life—
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet. Oh, be warned!
Deliver not up thyself to these heathens,
To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (laughing gently).

The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to WALLENSTEIN). My duke and general! May I dare presume?

WALLENSTEIN.
Speak freely.

GORDON.
What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ?

WALLENSTEIN.
Ye're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

GORDON (with difficulty suppressing his emotion).
But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?

[Flings himself at his feet.

There is yet time, my prince.

SENI.
Oh hear him! hear him!

GORDON (rises).
The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.

But this I say; he'll find his own destruction,
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valor of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspired by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy;
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his emperor's favor
Then e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (contemplates him with surprise, remains silent a while,
betraying strong emotion).

Gordon—your zeal and fervor lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death offering; and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course.

[Stepping to the window.

All dark and silent—at the castle too

All is now hushed. Light me, chamberlain?

[The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, who had entered during the last dialogue,

and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation and throws himself at the DUKE's feet.

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilment with the emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Carinthia,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! to no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to the emperor.
Gordon, good-night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two was great. May't please you
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN, the GROOM OF THE CHAMBER lighting him. SENI follows, GORDON remains on the darkened stage, following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the further end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.

SCENE VI.

GORDON, BUTLER (at first behind the scenes).

BUTLER (not yet come into view of the stage).
Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON (starts up).
'Tis he! he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.
The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.
What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? alarm the guards?

BUTLER (appears, but scarcely on the stage).
A light gleams hither from the corridor.
It leads directly to the duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.
But then I break my oath to the emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences.

BUTLER (stepping forward).
Hark! Who speaks there?

GORDON.
'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;
But all his rescue were my act and deed;

Mine—and whatever be the consequences
I must sustain them.

BUTLER (advances).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER.

'Tis Gordon. What do you want here?
Was it so late, then, when the duke dismissed you?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

BUTLER.

'Tis wounded.
That Illo fought as he were frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (shuddering).

Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? speak.

GORDON.

He shall not perish! Not through you! The heaven

Refuses your arm. See—'tis wounded!

BUTLER.

There is no need of my arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

[The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER advances from the gallery with his
finger
on his mouth commanding silence.

GORDON.

He sleeps! Oh, murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER.

No! he shall die awake.

[Is going.

GORDON.

His heart still cleaves
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God!

BUTLER (going).

God's merciful!

GORDON (holds him).

Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER (hurrying of).

The next moment
May ruin all.

GORDON (holds him still).

One hour!

BUTLER.

Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him?

GORDON.

Oh, time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from heaven and rescue him. Oh, what
May not one hour achieve!

BUTLER.

You but remind me
How precious every minute is!

[He stamps on the floor.

SCENE VII.

To these enter MACDONALD and DEVEREUX, with the HALBERDIERS.

GORDON (throwing himself between him and them).

No, monster!
First over my dead body thou shalt tread. I will
Hot live to see the accursed deed!

BUTLER (forcing him out of the way).
Weak-hearted dotard!

[Trumpets are heard in the distance.

DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.
Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GORDON (rushes out).
Oh, God of mercy!

BUTLER (calling after him).
Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (hurries in).
Who dares make larum here? Hush! The duke sleeps.

DEVEREUX (with loud, harsh voice).
Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.
Help!
Murder!

BUTLER.
Down with him!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (run through the body by DEVEREUX, falls
at
the entrance of the gallery).
Jesus Maria!

BUTLER.
Burst the doors open.

[They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other. Voices, deadened by the distance—clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence:

SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS TERZKY (with a light).
Her bedchamber is empty; she herself
Is nowhere to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown—but whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? Oh,
If that my husband now were but returned
Home from the banquet! Hark! I wonder whether
The duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! what is that?
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON (rushes in out of breath)
'Tis a mistake!
'Tis not the Swedes; ye must proceed no further—
Butler! Oh, God! where is he?
[Observing the COUNTESS.

Countess! Say——

COUNTESS.

You're come then from the castle? Where's my husband?

GORDON (in an agony of affright).

Your husband! Ask not! To the duke——

COUNTESS.

Not till

You have discovered to me——

GORDON.

On this moment

Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the duke.

While we are speaking——

[Calling loudly.

Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.

Why, he is at the castle with my husband.

[BUTLER comes from the gallery.

GORDON.

'Twas a mistake. 'Tis not the Swedes—it is

The imperialists' lieutenant-general

Has sent me hither—will be here himself

Instantly. You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes

Too late.

[GORDON dashes himself against the wall.

GORDON.

Oh, God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What, too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio

In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the duke?

[She rushes to the gallery.

SCENE X.

Servants run across the stage full of terror. The whole scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.

SENI (from the gallery).

Oh, bloody, frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni?

PAGE (from the gallery).

Oh, piteous sight!

[Other servants hasten in with torches.

COUNTESS.

What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.

And do you ask?

Within the duke lies murdered—and your husband
Assassinated at the castle.

[The COUNTESS stands motionless.

FEMALE SERVANT (rushing across the stage).
Help! help! the duchess!

BURGOMASTER (enters).

What mean these confused
Loud cries that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.

Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the duke lie murdered!

BURGOMASTER (rushing out)

Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT (carrying silver-plate).

That way! the lower
Passages are blocked up.

VOICE (from behind the scene).

Make room for the lieutenant-general!

[At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor, collects
herself, and retires suddenly.

VOICE (from behind the scene).

Keep back the people! Guard the door!

SCENE XI.

To these enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the corridor with the Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN's dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.

OCTAVIO (entering abruptly).

It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[GORDON, without answering, points with his hand to the body of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over the back of the stage. OCTAVIO looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.

DEVEREUX (to BUTLER).

Here is the golden fleece—the duke's sword——

MACDONALD.

Is it your order——

BUTLER (pointing to OCTAVIO).

Here stands he who now
Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[DEVEREUX and MACDONALD retire with marks of obeisance. One drops
away after the other, till only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain
on the stage.

OCTAVIO (turning to BUTLER).

Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?
Oh, God of Justice!

To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your hand is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Merciless man!
Thus to abuse the orders of thy lord—
And stain thy emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

BUTLER (calmly).

I've but fulfilled the emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.

Oh, curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden, transient thought
The unchanging, irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable!

BUTLER.

For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.

The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order; for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge.

[Exit BUTLER.

SCENE XII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERZKY, pale and disordered.
Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.

OCTAVIO (meeting her).
Oh, Countess Terzky! These are the results
Of luckless, unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.
They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared;
This house of splendor, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants

Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCTAVIO (with a deep anguish).

Oh, countess! my house, too, is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murdered? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! the duke is dead.
The emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The emperor is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The empress honors your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms. Therefore no further fears.
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the imperial grace!

COUNTESS (with her eye raised to heaven)

To the grace and mercy of a greater master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found

At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death! Oh, let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains I ask the like grace. The emperor
Is now the proprietor of all our castles;
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

COUNTESS (reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity).

You think

More worthily of me than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonored life. I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

GORDON.

Oh, house of death and horrors!

[An OFFICER enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.

GORDON steps forward and meets him.

What is this

It is the imperial seal.

[He reads the address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.

The Curtain drops.

FOOTNOTES.

[1] A great stone near Luetzen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

[2] Could I have hazarded such a Germanism as the use of the word afterworld for posterity,—*"Es spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Namen"*—might have been rendered with more literal fidelity: Let world and afterworld speak out my name, etc.

[3] I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line,

werth

Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufzuregen.

[4] *Anspessade*, in German, *Gefreiter*, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

[5] I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original, with a literal translation.

"Weh denen, die auf Dich vertraun, an Dich
Die sichre Huette ihres Glueckes lehnen,
Gelockt von deiner geistlichen Gestalt.
Schnell unverhofft, bei naechtlich stiller Weile,
Gaehrts in dem tueckschen Feuerschlunde, ladet,
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg

Treibt ueber alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstoerung."

WALLENSTEIN.

"Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.
Oh, mich hat Hoellenkunst getaeuscht! Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verflecktesten der Geister,
Den Luegenkundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meiner Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hoelle Macht zu widersthn! Ich zog
Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblut naehrt' ich ihn, er sog
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Bruesten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schluessel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel," etc.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

"Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean their secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation."

WALLENSTEIN.—"Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in its entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. Oh, the art of hell has deceived me! The abyss sent up to me the most the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed

him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harbored evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, etc." We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller.

[6] This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst
Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger.
O si sic omnia!

[7] It appears that the account of his conversion being caused by such a fall, and other stories of his juvenile character, are not well authenticated.

[8] We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a statement in the mouth of any character.—T.

[9] [This soliloquy, which, according to the former arrangement, constituted the whole of scene ix., and concluded the fourth act, is omitted in all the printed German editions. It seems probable that it existed in the original manuscript from which Mr. Coleridge translated.—ED.]

[10] The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-and-twenty lines twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play.—C.

[11] These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity:—

Am Himmel ist geschaeftige Bewegung.
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, die Mondessichel wankt
Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle" reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark falcated."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or antic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—The Draft, the Procession of Clouds. The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift stream.

[12] A very inadequate translation of the original:—

Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!

LITERALLY.

I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down?

WILHELM TELL.

By Frederich Schiller

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

HERMANN GESSLER, Governor of Schwytz and Uri.

WERNER, Baron of Attinghausen, free noble of Switzerland.

ULRICH VON RUDENZ, his Nephew.

WERNER STAUFFACHER, |
CONRAD HUNN, |
HANS AUF DER MAUER, |
JORG IM HOFE, | People of Schwytz.
ULRICH DER SCHMIDT, |
JOST VON WEILER, |
ITEL REDING, |

WALTER FURST, |
WILHELM TELL, |
ROSSELMANN, the Priest, |
PETERMANN, Sacristan, | People of Uri.
KUONI, Herdsman, |
WERNI, Huntsman, |
RUODI, Fisherman, |

ARNOLD OF MELCHTHAL, |
CONRAD BAUMGARTEN, |
MEYER VON SARNEN, |
STRUTH VON WINKELRIED, | People of Unterwald.
KLAUS VON DER FLUE, |

BURKHART AM BUHEL, |
ARNOLD VON SEWA, |

PFEIFFER OF LUCERNE.

KUNZ OF GERSAU.

JENNI, Fisherman's Son.

SEPPI, Herdsman's Son.

GERTRUDE, Stauffacher's Wife.

HEDWIG, Wife of Tell, daughter of Furst.

BERTHA OF BRUNECK, a rich heiress.

ARMGART, |

MECHTHILD, | Peasant women.

ELSBETH, |

HILDEGARD, |

WALTER, | Tell's sons.

WILHELM, |

FRIESSHARDT, | Soldiers.

LEUTHOLD, |

RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, Gessler's master of the horse.

JOHANNES PARRICIDA, Duke of Suabia.

STUSSI, Overseer.

THE MAYOR OF URI.

A COURIER.

MASTER STONEMASON, COMPANIONS, AND WORKMEN.

TASKMASTER.

A CRIER.

MONKS OF THE ORDER OF CHARITY.

HORSEMEN OF GESSLER AND LANDENBERG.

MANY PEASANTS; MEN AND WOMEN FROM THE WALDSTETTEN.

WILHELM TELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A high, rocky shore of the lake of Lucerne opposite Schwytz. The lake makes a bend into the land; a hut stands at a short distance from the shore; the fisher boy is rowing about in his boat. Beyond the lake are seen the green meadows, the hamlets, and arms of Schwytz, lying in the clear sunshine. On the left are observed the peaks of the Hacken, surrounded with clouds; to the right, and in the remote distance, appear the Glaciers. The Ranz des Vaches, and the tinkling of cattle-bells, continue for some time after the rising of the curtain.

FISHER BOY (sings in his boat).

Melody of the Ranz des Vaches.

The clear, smiling lake wooed to bathe in its deep,
A boy on its green shore had laid him to sleep;
Then heard he a melody
Flowing and soft,
And sweet, as when angels
Are singing aloft.
And as thrilling with pleasure he wakes from his rest,
The waters are murmuring over his breast;
And a voice from the deep cries,
"With me thou must go,

I charm the young shepherd,
I lure him below."

HERDSMAN (on the mountains).

Air.—Variation of the Ranz des Vaches.

Farewell, ye green meadows,
Farewell, sunny shore,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is o'er.

We go to the hills, but you'll see us again,
When the cuckoo is calling, and wood-notes are gay,
When flowerets are blooming in dingle and plain,
And the brooks sparkle up in the sunshine of May.

Farewell, ye green meadows,
Farewell, sunny shore,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is o'er.

CHAMOIS HUNTER (appearing on the top of a cliff).

Second Variation of the Ranz des Vaches.

On the heights peals the thunder, and trembles the bridge,
The huntsman bounds on by the dizzying ridge,
Undaunted he hies him
O'er ice-covered wild,
Where leaf never budded,
Nor spring ever smiled;
And beneath him an ocean of mist, where his eye
No longer the dwellings of man can espy;
Through the parting clouds only
The earth can be seen,
Far down 'neath the vapor

The meadows of green.

[A change comes over the landscape. A rumbling, cracking noise is heard among the mountains. Shadows of clouds sweep across the scene.

[RUODI, the fisherman, comes out of his cottage. WERNI, the huntsman, descends from the rocks. KUONI, the shepherd, enters, with a milk pail on his shoulders, followed by SERPI, his assistant.

RUODI.

Bestir thee, Jenni, haul the boat on shore.
The grizzly Vale-king [1] comes, the glaciers moan,
The lofty Mytenstein [2] draws on his hood,
And from the Stormcleft chilly blows the wind;
The storm will burst before we are prepared.

KUONI.

'Twill rain ere long; my sheep browse eagerly,
And Watcher there is scraping up the earth.

WERNI.

The fish are leaping, and the water-hen
Dives up and down. A storm is coming on.

KUONI (to his boy).

Look, Seppi, if the cattle are not straying.

SEPPI. There goes brown Liesel, I can hear her bells.

KUONI.

Then all are safe; she ever ranges farthest.

RUODI.

You've a fine yoke of bells there, master herdsman.

WERNI.

And likely cattle, too. Are they your own?

KUONI.

I'm not so rich. They are the noble lord's
Of Attinghaus, and trusted to my care.

RUODI.

How gracefully yon heifer bears her ribbon!

KUONI.

Ay, well she knows she's leader of the herd,
And, take it from her, she'd refuse to feed.

RUODI.

You're joking now. A beast devoid of reason.

WERNI.

That's easy said. But beasts have reason too—
And that we know, we men that hunt the chamois.
They never turn to feed—sagacious creatures!
Till they have placed a sentinel ahead,
Who pricks his ears whenever we approach,
And gives alarm with clear and piercing pipe.

RUODI (to the shepherd).

Are you for home?

KUONI.

The Alp is grazed quite bare.

WERNI.

A safe return, my friend!

KUONI.

The same to you?

Men come not always back from tracks like yours.

RUODI.

But who comes here, running at topmost speed?

WERNI.

I know the man; 'tis Baumgart of Alzellen.

CONRAD BAUMGARTEN (rushing in breathless).

For God's sake, ferryman, your boat!

RUODI.

How now?

Why all this haste?

BAUMGARTEN.

Cast off! My life's at stake!

Set me across!

KUONI.

Why, what's the matter, friend?

WERNI.

Who are pursuing you? First tell us that.

BAUMGARTEN (to the fisherman).

Quick, quick, even now they're close upon my heels!

The viceroy's horsemen are in hot pursuit!

I'm a lost man should they lay hands upon me.

RUODI.

Why are the troopers in pursuit of you?

BAUMGARTEN.

First save my life and then I'll tell you all.

WERNI.

There's blood upon your garments—how is this?

BAUMGARTEN.

The imperial seneschal, who dwelt at Rossberg.

KUONI.

How! What! The Wolfshot? [3] Is it he pursues you?

BAUMGARTEN.

He'll ne'er hunt man again; I've settled him.

ALL (starting back).

Now, God forgive you, what is this you've done!

BAUMGARTEN.

What every free man in my place had done.

I have but used mine own good household right

'Gainst him that would have wronged my wife—my honor.

KUONI.

And has he wronged you in your honor, then?

BAUMGARTEN.

That he did not fulfil his foul desire

Is due to God and to my trusty axe.

WERNI.

You've cleft his skull, then, have you, with your axe?

KUONI.

Oh, tell us all! You've time enough, before
The boat can be unfastened from its moorings.

BAUMGARTEN.

When I was in the forest, felling timber,
My wife came running out in mortal fear:
"The seneschal," she said, "was in my house,
Had ordered her to get a bath prepared,
And thereupon had taken unseemly freedoms,
From which she rid herself and flew to me."
Armed as I was I sought him, and my axe
Has given his bath a bloody benediction.

WERNI.

And you did well; no man can blame the deed.

KUONI.

The tyrant! Now he has his just reward!
We men of Unterwald have owed it long.

BAUMGARTEN.

The deed got wind, and now they're in pursuit.
Heavens! whilst we speak, the time is flying fast.

[It begins to thunder.

KUONI.

Quick, ferrymen, and set the good man over.

RUODI.

Impossible! a storm is close at hand,
Wait till it pass! You must.

BAUMGARTEN.

Almighty heavens!

I cannot wait; the least delay is death.

KUONI (to the fisherman).

Push out. God with you! We should help our neighbors;

The like misfortune may betide us all.

[Thunder and the roaring of the wind.

RUODI.

The south wind's up! [4] See how the lake is rising!

I cannot steer against both storm and wave.

BAUMGARTEN (clasping him by the knees).

God so help you, as now you pity me!

WERNI.

His life's at stake. Have pity on him, man!

KUONI.

He is a father: has a wife and children.

[Repeated peals of thunder.

RUODI.

What! and have I not, then, a life to lose,

A wife and child at home as well as he?

See, how the breakers foam, and toss, and whirl,

And the lake eddies up from all its depths!

Right gladly would I save the worthy man,

But 'tis impossible, as you must see.

BAUMGARTEN (still kneeling).

Then must I fall into the tyrant's hands,
And with the port of safety close in sight!
Yonder it lies! My eyes can measure it,
My very voice can echo to its shores.
There is the boat to carry me across,
Yet must I lie here helpless and forlorn.

KUONI.

Look! who comes here?

RUODI.

'Tis Tell, brave Tell, of Buerglen. [5]

[Enter TELL, with a crossbow.

TELL.

Who is the man that here implores for aid?

KUONI.

He is from Alzellen, and to guard his honor
From touch of foulest shame, has slain the Wolfshot!
The imperial seneschal, who dwelt at Rossberg.
The viceroy's troopers are upon his heels;
He begs the boatman here to take him over,
But he, in terror of the storm, refuses.

RUODI.

Well, there is Tell can steer as well as I.
He'll be my judge, if it be possible.

[Violent peals of thunder—the lake becomes more tempestuous.

Am I to plunge into the jaws of hell?
I should be mad to dare the desperate act.

TELL.

The brave man thinks upon himself the last.
Put trust in God, and help him in his need!

RUODI.

Safe in the port, 'tis easy to advise.
There is the boat, and there the lake! Try you!

TELL.

The lake may pity, but the viceroy will not.
Come, venture, man!

SHEPHERD and HUNTSMAN.

Oh, save him! save him! save him!

RUODI.

Though 'twere my brother, or my darling child,
I would not go. It is St. Simon's day,
The lake is up, and calling for its victim.

TELL.

Naught's to be done with idle talking here.
Time presses on—the man must be assisted.
Say, boatman, will you venture?

RUODI.

No; not I.

TELL.

In God's name, then, give me the boat! I will
With my poor strength, see what is to be done!

KUONI.

Ha, noble Tell!

WERNI.

That's like a gallant huntsman!

BAUMGARTEN.

You are my angel, my preserver, Tell.

TELL.

I may preserve you from the viceroy's power

But from the tempest's rage another must.

Yet you had better fall into God's hands,

Than into those of men.

[To the herdsman.

Herdsman, do thou

Console my wife, should aught of ill befall me.

I do but what I may not leave undone.

[He leaps into the boat.

KUONI (to the fisherman).

A pretty man to be a boatman, truly!

What Tell could risk you dared not venture on.

RUODI.

Far better men than I would not ape Tell.

There does not live his fellow 'mong the mountains.

WERNI (who has ascended a rock).

He pushes off. God help thee now, brave sailor!

Look how his bark is reeling on the waves!

KUONI (on the shore).

The surge has swept clean over it. And now

'Tis out of sight. Yet stay, there 'tis again

Stoutly he stems the breakers, noble fellow!

SEPPI.

Here come the troopers hard as they can ride!

KUONI.

Heavens! so they do! Why, that was help, indeed.

[Enter a troop of horsemen.

FIRST HORSEMAN.

Give up the murderer! You have him here!

SECOND HORSEMAN.

This way he came! 'Tis useless to conceal him!

RUODI and KUONI.

Whom do you mean?

FIRST HORSEMAN (discovering the boat).

The devil! What do I see?

WERNI (from above).

Is't he in yonder boat ye seek? Ride on,
If you lay to, you may o'ertake him yet.

SECOND HORSEMAN.

Curse on you, he's escaped!

FIRST HORSEMAN (to the shepherd and fisherman).

You helped him off,
And you shall pay for it. Fall on their herds!
Down with the cottage! burn it! beat it down!

[They rush off.

SEPPI (hurrying after them).

Oh, my poor lambs!

KUONI (following him).

Unhappy me, my herds!

WERNI.

The tyrants!

RUODI (wringing his hands).

Righteous Heaven! Oh, when will come
Deliverance to this devoted land?

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

A lime-tree in front of STAUFFACHER'S house at Steinen,
in Schwytz, upon the public road, near a bridge.

WERNER STAUFFACHER and PFEIFFER, of Lucerne, enter into
conversation.

PFEIFFER.

Ay, ay, friend Stauffacher, as I have said,
Swear not to Austria, if you can help it.
Hold by the empire stoutly as of yore,
And God preserve you in your ancient freedom!

[Presses his hand warmly and is going.]

STAUFFACHER.

Wait till my mistress comes. Now do! You are
My guest in Schwytz—I in Lucerne am yours.

PFEIFFER.

Thanks! thanks! But I must reach Gersau to-day.
Whatever grievances your rulers' pride
And grasping avarice may yet inflict,
Bear them in patience—soon a change may come.
Another emperor may mount the throne.
But Austria's once, and you are hers forever.

[Exit.

[STAUFACHER sits down sorrowfully upon a bench under the lime tree. Gertrude, his wife, enters, and finds him in this posture. She places herself near him, and looks at him for some time in silence.

GERTRUDE.

So sad, my love! I scarcely know thee now.
For many a day in silence I have marked
A moody sorrow furrowing thy brow.
Some silent grief is weighing on thy heart;
Trust it to me. I am thy faithful wife,
And I demand my half of all thy cares.

[STAUFFACHER gives her his hand and is silent.

Tell me what can oppress thy spirits thus?
Thy toil is blest—the world goes well with thee—
Our barns are full—our cattle many a score;
Our handsome team of sleek and well-fed steeds,
Brought from the mountain pastures safely home,
To winter in their comfortable stalls.
There stands thy house—no nobleman's more fair!
'Tis newly built with timber of the best,
All grooved and fitted with the nicest skill;

Its many glistening windows tell of comfort!
'Tis quartered o'er with scutcheons of all hues,
And proverbs sage, which passing travellers
Linger to read, and ponder o'er their meaning.

STAUFFACHER.

The house is strongly built, and handsomely,
But, ah! the ground on which we built it totters.

GERTRUDE.

Tell me, dear Werner, what you mean by that?

STAUFFACHER.

No later since than yesterday, I sat
Beneath this linden, thinking with delight,
How fairly all was finished, when from Kuessnacht
The viceroy and his men came riding by.
Before this house he halted in surprise:
At once I rose, and, as beseemed his rank,
Advanced respectfully to greet the lord,
To whom the emperor delegates his power,
As judge supreme within our Canton here.
"Who is the owner of this house?" he asked,
With mischief in his thoughts, for well he knew.
With prompt decision, thus I answered him:
"The emperor, your grace—my lord and yours,
And held by one in fief." On this he answered,
"I am the emperor's viceregent here,
And will not that each peasant churl should build
At his own pleasure, bearing him as freely
As though he were the master in the land.
I shall make bold to put a stop to this!"
So saying he, with menaces, rode off,

And left me musing, with a heavy heart,
On the fell purpose that his words betrayed.

GERTRUDE.

Mine own dear lord and husband! Wilt thou take
A word of honest counsel from thy wife?
I boast to be the noble Iberg's child,
A man of wide experience. Many a time,
As we sat spinning in the winter nights,
My sisters and myself, the people's chiefs
Were wont to gather round our father's hearth,
To read the old imperial charters, and
To hold sage converse on the country's weal.
Then heedfully I listened, marking well
What or the wise men thought, or good man wished,
And garnered up their wisdom in my heart.
Hear then, and mark me well; for thou wilt see,
I long have known the grief that weighs thee down.
The viceroy hates thee, fain would injure thee,
For thou hast crossed his wish to bend the Swiss
In homage to this upstart house of princes,
And kept them stanch, like their good sires of old,
In true allegiance to the empire. Say.
Is't not so, Werner? Tell nee, am I wrong?

STAUFFACHER.

'Tis even so. For this doth Gessler hate me.

GERTRUDE.

He burns with envy, too, to see thee living
Happy and free on thy inheritance,
For he has none. From the emperor himself
Thou holdest in fief the lands thy fathers left thee.

There's not a prince in the empire that can show
A better title to his heritage;
For thou hast over thee no lord but one,
And he the mightiest of all Christian kings.
Gessler, we know, is but a younger son,
His only wealth the knightly cloak he wears;
He therefore views an honest man's good fortune
With a malignant and a jealous eye.
Long has he sworn to compass thy destruction
As yet thou art uninjured. Wilt thou wait
Till he may safely give his malice scope?
A wise man would anticipate the blow.

STAUFFACHER.

What's to be done?

GERTRUDE.

Now hear what I advise.

Thou knowest well, how here with us in Schwytz,
All worthy men are groaning underneath
This Gessler's grasping, grinding tyranny.
Doubt not the men of Unterwald as well,
And Uri, too, are chafing like ourselves,
At this oppressive and heart-wearying yoke.
For there, across the lake, the Landenberg
Wields the same iron rule as Gessler here—
No fishing-boat comes over to our side
But brings the tidings of some new encroachment,
Some outrage fresh, more grievous than the last.
Then it were well that some of you—true men—
Men sound at heart, should secretly devise
How best to shake this hateful thralldom off.

Well do I know that God would not desert you,
But lend his favor to the righteous cause.
Hast thou no friend in Uri, say, to whom
Thou frankly may'st unbosom all thy thoughts?

STAUFFACHER.

I know full many a gallant fellow there,
And nobles, too,—great men, of high repute,
In whom I can repose unbounded trust.

[Rising.

Wife! What a storm of wild and perilous thoughts
Hast thou stirred up within my tranquil breast?
The darkest musings of my bosom thou
Hast dragged to light, and placed them full before me,
And what I scarce dared harbor e'en in thought,
Thou speakest plainly out, with fearless tongue.
But hast thou weighed well what thou urgest thus?
Discord will come, and the fierce clang of arms,
To scare this valley's long unbroken peace,
If we, a feeble shepherd race, shall dare
Him to the fight that lords it o'er the world.
Even now they only wait some fair pretext
For setting loose their savage warrior hordes,
To scourge and ravage this devoted land,
To lord it o'er us with the victor's rights,
And 'neath the show of lawful chastisement,
Despoil us of our chartered liberties.

GERTRUDE.

You, too, are men; can wield a battle-axe
As well as they. God ne'er deserts the brave.

STAUFFACHER.

Oh wife! a horrid, ruthless fiend is war,
That strikes at once the shepherd and his flock.

GERTRUDE.

Whate'er great heaven inflicts we must endure;
No heart of noble temper brooks injustice.

STAUFFACHER.

This house—thy pride—war, unrelenting war,
Will burn it down.

GERTRUDE.

And did I think this heart
Enslaved and fettered to the things of earth,
With my own hand I'd hurl the kindling torch.

STAUFFACHER.

Thou hast faith in human kindness, wife; but war
Spares not the tender infant in its cradle.

GERTRUDE.

There is a friend to innocence in heaven
Look forward, Werner—not behind you, now!

STAUFFACHER.

We men may perish bravely, sword in hand;
But oh, what fate, my Gertrude, may be thine?

GERTRUDE.

None are so weak, but one last choice is left.
A spring from yonder bridge, and I am free!

STAUFFACHER (embracing her).

Well may he fight for hearth and home that clasps
A heart so rare as thine against his own!
What are the hosts of emperors to him!
Gertrude, farewell! I will to Uri straight.
There lives my worthy comrade, Walter Furst,
His thoughts and mine upon these times are one.
There, too, resides the noble Banneret
Of Attinghaus. High though of blood he be,
He loves the people, honors their old customs.
With both of these I will take counsel how
To rid us bravely of our country's foe.
Farewell! and while I am away, bear thou
A watchful eye in management at home.
The pilgrim journeying to the house of God,
And pious monk, collecting for his cloister,
To these give liberally from purse and garner.
Stauffacher's house would not be hid. Right out
Upon the public way it stands, and offers
To all that pass an hospitable roof.

[While they are retiring, TELL enters with BAUMGARTEN.]

TELL.

Now, then, you have no further need of me.
Enter yon house. 'Tis Werner Stauffacher's,
A man that is a father to distress.
See, there he is himself! Come, follow me.

[They retire up. Scene changes.]

SCENE III.

A common near Altdorf. On an eminence in the background a castle in progress of erection, and so far advanced that the outline of the whole may be distinguished. The back part is finished; men are working at the front. Scaffolding, on which the workmen are going up and down. A slater is seen upon the highest part of the roof.— All is bustle and activity.

TASKMASTER, MASON, WORKMEN, and LABORERS.

TASKMASTER (with a stick, urging on the workmen).

Up, up! You've rested long enough. To work!
The stones here, now the mortar, and the lime!
And let his lordship see the work advanced
When next he comes. These fellows crawl like snails!

[To two laborers with loads.

What! call ye that a load? Go, double it.
Is this the way ye earn your wages, laggards?

FIRST WORKMAN.

'Tis very hard that we must bear the stones,
To make a keep and dungeon for ourselves!

TASKMASTER.

What's that you mutter? 'Tis a worthless race,
And fit for nothing but to milk their cows,
And saunter idly up and down the mountains.

OLD MAN (sinks down exhausted).

I can no more.

TASKMASTER (shaking him).

Up, up, old man, to work!

FIRST WORKMAN.

Have you no bowels of compassion, thus
To press so hard upon a poor old man,
That scarce can drag his feeble limbs along?

MASTER MASON and WORKMEN.

Shame, shame upon you—shame! It cries to heaven!

TASKMASTER.

Mind your own business. I but do my duty.

FIRST WORKMAN.

Pray, master, what's to be the name of this
Same castle when 'tis built?

TASKMASTER.

The keep of Uri;
For by it we shall keep you in subjection.

WORKMEN.

The keep of Uri.

TASKMASTER.

Well, why laugh at that?

SECOND WORKMAN.

So you'll keep Uri with this paltry place!

FIRST WORKMAN.

How many molehills such as that must first
Be piled above each other ere you make
A mountain equal to the least in Uri?

[TASKMASTER retires up the stage.]

MASTER MASON.

I'll drown the mallet in the deepest lake,
That served my hand on this accursed pile.

[Enter TELL and STAUFFACHER.

STAUFFACHER.

Oh, that I had not lived to see this sight!

TELL.

Here 'tis not good to be. Let us proceed.

STAUFFACHER.

Am I in Uri, in the land of freedom?

MASTER MASON.

Oh, sir, if you could only see the vaults
Beneath these towers. The man that tenants them
Will never hear the cock crow more.

STAUFFACHER.

O God!

MASTER MASON.

Look at these ramparts and these buttresses,
That seem as they were built to last forever.

TELL.

Hands can destroy whatever hands have reared.

[Pointing to the mountains.

That house of freedom God hath built for us.

[A drum is heard. People enter bearing a cap upon a

pole, followed by a crier. Women and children thronging tumultuously after them.

FIRST WORKMAN.

What means the drum? Give heed!

MASTER MASON.

Why here's a mumming!

And look, the cap,—what can they mean by that?

CRIER.

In the emperor's name, give ear!

WORKMEN.

Hush! silence! hush!

CRIER.

Ye men of Uri, ye do see this cap!
It will be set upon a lofty pole
In Altdorf, in the market-place: and this
Is the lord governor's good will and pleasure,
The cap shall have like honor as himself,
And all shall reverence it with bended knee,
And head uncovered; thus the king will know
Who are his true and loyal subjects here:
His life and goods are forfeit to the crown,
That shall refuse obedience to the order.

[The people burst out into laughter. The drum beats,
and the procession passes on.]

FIRST WORKMAN.

A strange device to fall upon, indeed!
Do reverence to a cap! a pretty farce!

Heard ever mortal anything like this?

MASTER MASON.

Down to a cap on bended knee, forsooth!
Rare jesting this with men of sober sense!

FIRST WORKMAN.

Nay, were it but the imperial crown, indeed!
But 'tis the cap of Austria! I've seen it
Hanging above the throne in Gessler's hall.

MASTER MASON.

The cap of Austria! Mark that! A snare
To get us into Austria's power, by heaven!

WORKMEN.

No freeborn man will stoop to such disgrace.

MASTER MASON.

Come—to our comrades, and advise with them!

[They retire up.

TELL (to STAUFFACHER).

You see how matters stand: Farewell, my friend!

STAUFFACHER.

Whither away? Oh, leave us not so soon.

TELL.

They look for me at home. So fare ye well.

STAUFFACHER.

My heart's so full, and has so much to tell you.

TELL.

Words will not make a heart that's heavy light.

STAUFFACHER.

Yet words may possibly conduct to deeds.

TELL.

All we can do is to endure in silence.

STAUFFACHER.

But shall we bear what is not to be borne?

TELL.

Impetuous rulers have the shortest reigns.
When the fierce south wind rises from his chasms,
Men cover up their fires, the ships in haste
Make for the harbor, and the mighty spirit
Sweeps o'er the earth, and leaves no trace behind.
Let every man live quietly at home;
Peace to the peaceful rarely is denied.

STAUFFACHER.

And is it thus you view our grievances?

TELL.

The serpent stings not till it is provoked.
Let them alone; they'll weary of themselves,
Whene'er they see we are not to be roused.

STAUFFACHER.

Much might be done—did we stand fast together.

TELL.

When the ship founders, he will best escape

Who seeks no other's safety but his own.

STAUFFACHER.

And you desert the common cause so coldly?

TELL.

A man can safely count but on himself!

STAUFFACHER.

Nay, even the weak grow strong by union.

TELL.

But the strong man is the strongest when alone.

STAUFFACHER.

Your country, then, cannot rely on you
If in despair she rise against her foes.

TELL.

Tell rescues the lost sheep from yawning gulfs:
Is he a man, then, to desert his friends?
Yet, whatsoe'er you do, spare me from council!
I was not born to ponder and select;
But when your course of action is resolved,
Then call on Tell; you shall not find him fail.

[Exeunt severally. A sudden tumult is heard around the scaffolding.]

MASTER MASON (running in).

What's wrong?

FIRST WORKMAN (running forward).

The slater's fallen from the roof.

BERTHA (rushing in).

Is he dashed to pieces? Run—save him, help!
If help be possible, save him! Here is gold.

[Throws her trinkets among the people.

MASTER MASON.

Hence with your gold,—your universal charm,
And remedy for ill! When you have torn
Fathers from children, husbands from their wives,
And scattered woe and wail throughout the land,
You think with gold to compensate for all.
Hence! Till we saw you we were happy men;
With you came misery and dark despair.

BERTHA (to the TASKMASTER, who has returned).
Lives he?

[TASKMASTER shakes his head.

Ill-fated towers, with curses built,
And doomed with curses to be tenanted!

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The House of WALTER FURST.
WALTER FURST and ARNOLD
VON MELCHTHAL enter simultaneously at different sides.

MELCHTHAL.
Good Walter Furst.

FURST.

If we should be surprised!
Stay where you are. We are beset with spies.

MELCHTHAL.

Have you no news for me from Unterwald?
What of my father? 'Tis not to be borne,
Thus to be pent up like a felon here!
What have I done of such a heinous stamp,
To skulk and hide me like a murderer?
I only laid my staff across the fingers
Of the pert varlet, when before my eyes,
By order of the governor, he tried
To drive away my handsome team of oxen.

FURST.

You are too rash by far. He did no more
Than what the governor had ordered him.
You had transgressed, and therefore should have paid
The penalty, however hard, in silence.

MELCHTHAL.

Was I to brook the fellow's saucy words?
"That if the peasant must have bread to eat;
Why, let him go and draw the plough himself!"
It cut me to the very soul to see
My oxen, noble creatures, when the knave
Unyoked them from the plough. As though they felt
The wrong, they lowed and butted with their horns.
On this I could contain myself no longer,
And, overcome by passion, struck him down.

FURST.

Oh, we old men can scarce command ourselves!

And can we wonder youth shall break its bounds?

MELCHTHAL.

I'm only sorry for my father's sake!
To be away from him, that needs so much
My fostering care! The governor detests him,
Because he hath, whene'er occasion served,
Stood stoutly up for right and liberty.
Therefore they'll bear him hard—the poor old man!
And there is none to shield him from their gripe.
Come what come may, I must go home again.

FURST.

Compose yourself, and wait in patience till
We get some tidings o'er from Unterwald.
Away! away! I hear a knock! Perhaps
A message from the viceroy! Get thee in!
You are not safe from Landenberger's [6] arm
In Uri, for these tyrants pull together.

MELCHTHAL.

They teach us Switzers what we ought to do.

FURST.

Away! I'll call you when the coast is clear.

[MELCHTHAL retires.]

Unhappy youth! I dare not tell him all
The evil that my boding heart predicts!
Who's there? The door ne'er opens but I look
For tidings of mishap. Suspicion lurks
With darkling treachery in every nook.

Even to our inmost rooms they force their way,
These myrmidons of power; and soon we'll need
To fasten bolts and bars upon our doors.

[He opens the door and steps back in surprise as
WERNER STAUFFACHER enters.

What do I see? You, Werner? Now, by Heaven!
A valued guest, indeed. No man e'er set
His foot across this threshold more esteemed.
Welcome! thrice welcome, Werner, to my roof!
What brings you here? What seek you here in Uri?

STAUFFACHER (shakes FURST by the hand).
The olden times and olden Switzerland.

FURST.
You bring them with you. See how I'm rejoiced,
My heart leaps at the very sight of you.
Sit down—sit down, and tell me how you left
Your charming wife, fair Gertrude? Iberg's child,
And clever as her father. Not a man,
That wends from Germany, by Meinrad's Cell, [7]
To Italy, but praises far and wide
Your house's hospitality. But say,
Have you come here direct from Flueelen,
And have you noticed nothing on your way,
Before you halted at my door?

STAUFFACHER (sits down).
I saw
A work in progress, as I came along,
I little thought to see—that likes me ill.

FURST.

O friend! you've lighted on my thought at once.

STAUFFACHER.

Such things in Uri ne'er were known before.
Never was prison here in man's remembrance,
Nor ever any stronghold but the grave.

FURST.

You name it well. It is the grave of freedom.

STAUFFACHER.

Friend, Walter Furst, I will be plain with you.
No idle curiosity it is
That brings me here, but heavy cares. I left
Thraldom at home, and thraldom meets me here.
Our wrongs, e'en now, are more than we can bear.
And who shall tell us where they are to end?
From eldest time the Switzer has been free,
Accustomed only to the mildest rule.
Such things as now we suffer ne'er were known
Since herdsmen first drove cattle to the hills.

FURST.

Yes, our oppressions are unparalleled!
Why, even our own good lord of Attinghaus,
Who lived in olden times, himself declares
They are no longer to be tamely borne.

STAUFFACHER.

In Unterwalden yonder 'tis the same;
And bloody has the retribution been.
The imperial seneschal, the Wolfshot, who

At Rossberg dwelt, longed for forbidden fruits—
Baumgarten's wife, that lives at Alzellen,
He wished to overcome in shameful sort,
On which the husband slew him with his axe.

FURST.

Oh, Heaven is just in all its judgments still!
Baumgarten, say you? A most worthy man.
Has he escaped, and is he safely hid?

STAUFFACHER.

Your son-in-law conveyed him o'er the lake,
And he lies hidden in my house at Steinen.
He brought the tidings with him of a thing
That has been done at Sarnen, worse than all,
A thing to make the very heart run blood!

FURST (attentively).

Say on. What is it?

STAUFFACHER.

There dwells in Melchthal, then,
Just as you enter by the road from Kearns,
An upright man, named Henry of the Halden,
A man of weight and influence in the Diet.

FURST.

Who knows him not? But what of him? Proceed.

STAUFFACHER.

The Landenberg, to punish some offence,
Committed by the old man's son, it seems,
Had given command to take the youth's best pair

Of oxen from his plough: on which the lad
Struck down the messenger and took to flight.

FURST.

But the old father—tell me, what of him?

STAUFFACHER.

The Landenberg sent for him, and required
He should produce his son upon the spot;
And when the old man protested, and with truth,
That he knew nothing of the fugitive,
The tyrant called his torturers.

FURST (springs up and tries to lead him to the other side).

Hush, no more!

STAUFFACHER (with increasing warmth).

"And though thy son," he cried, "Has escaped me now,
I have thee fast, and thou shalt feel my vengeance."
With that they flung the old man to the earth,
And plunged the pointed steel into his eyes.

FURST.

Merciful heavens!

MELCHTHAL (rushing out).

Into his eyes, his eyes?

STAUFFACHER (addresses himself in astonishment to WALTER FURST).
Who is this youth?

MELCHTHAL (grasping him convulsively).

Into his eyes? Speak, speak!

FURST.

Oh, miserable hour!

STAUFFACHER.

Who is it, tell me?

[STAUFFACHER makes a sign to him.

It is his son! All righteous heaven!

MELCHTHAL.

And I

Must be from thence! What! into both his eyes?

FURST.

Be calm, be calm; and bear it like a man!

MELCHTHAL.

And all for me—for my mad wilful folly!

Blind, did you say? Quite blind—and both his eyes?

STAUFFACHER.

Even so. The fountain of his sight's dried up.

He ne'er will see the blessed sunshine more.

FURST.

Oh, spare his anguish!

MELCHTHAL.

Never, never more!

[Presses his hands upon his eyes and is silent for some moments; then turning from one to the other, speaks in a subdued tone, broken by sobs.

O the eye's light, of all the gifts of heaven,
The dearest, best! From light all beings live—
Each fair created thing—the very plants
Turn with a joyful transport to the light,
And he—he must drag on through all his days
In endless darkness! Never more for him
The sunny meads shall glow, the flowerets bloom;
Nor shall he more behold the roseate tints
Of the iced mountain top! To die is nothing,
But to have life, and not have sight—oh, that
Is misery indeed! Why do you look
So piteously at me? I have two eyes,
Yet to my poor blind father can give neither!
No, not one gleam of that great sea of light,
That with its dazzling splendor floods my gaze.

STAUFFACHER.

Ah, I must swell the measure of your grief,
Instead of soothing it. The worst, alas!
Remains to tell. They've stripped him of his all;
Naught have they left him, save his staff, on which,
Blind and in rags, he moves from door to door.

MELCHTHAL.

Naught but his staff to the old eyeless man!
Stripped of his all—even of the light of day,
The common blessing of the meanest wretch.
Tell me no more of patience, of concealment!
Oh, what a base and coward thing am I,
That on mine own security I thought
And took no care of thine! Thy precious head
Left as a pledge within the tyrant's grasp!

Hence, craven-hearted prudence, hence! And all
My thoughts be vengeance, and the despot's blood!
I'll seek him straight—no power shall stay me now—
And at his hands demand my father's eyes.
I'll beard him 'mid a thousand myrmidons!
What's life to me, if in his heart's best blood
I cool the fever of this mighty anguish.

[He is going.

FURST.

Stay, this is madness, Melchthal! What avails
Your single arm against his power? He sits
At Sarnen high within his lordly keep,
And, safe within its battlemented walls,
May laugh to scorn your unavailing rage.

MELCHTHAL.

And though he sat within the icy domes
Of yon far Schreckhorn—ay, or higher, where
Veiled since eternity, the Jungfrau soars,
Still to the tyrant would I make my way;
With twenty comrades minded like myself,
I'd lay his fastness level with the earth!
And if none follow me, and if you all,
In terror for your homesteads and your herds,
Bow in submission to the tyrant's yoke,
I'll call the herdsmen on the hills around me,
And there beneath heaven's free and boundless roof,
Where men still feel as men, and hearts are true
Proclaim aloud this foul enormity!

STAUFFACHER (to FURST).

'Tis at its height—and are we then to wait
Till some extremity——

MELCHTHAL.

What extremity
Remains for apprehension, where men's eyes
Have ceased to be secure within their sockets?
Are we defenceless? Wherefore did we learn
To bend the crossbow—wield the battle-axe?
What living creature, but in its despair,
Finds for itself a weapon of defence?
The baited stag will turn, and with the show
Of his dread antlers hold the hounds at bay;
The chamois drags the huntsman down the abyss;
The very ox, the partner of man's toil,
The sharer of his roof, that meekly bends
The strength of his huge neck beneath the yoke,
Springs up, if he's provoked, whets his strong horn,
And tosses his tormenter to the clouds.

FURST.

If the three Cantons thought as we three do,
Something might, then, be done, with good effect.

STAUFFACHER.

When Uri calls, when Unterwald replies,
Schwytz will be mindful of her ancient league. [8]

MELCHTHAL.

I've many friends in Unterwald, and none
That would not gladly venture life and limb
If fairly backed and aided by the rest.
Oh, sage and reverend fathers of this land,

Here do I stand before your riper years,
An unskilled youth whose voice must in the Diet
Still be subdued into respectful silence.
Do not, because that I am young and want
Experience, slight my counsel and my words.
'Tis not the wantonness of youthful blood
That fires my spirit; but a pang so deep
That even the flinty rocks must pity me.
You, too, are fathers, heads of families,
And you must wish to have a virtuous son
To reverence your gray hairs and shield your eyes
With pious and affectionate regard.
Do not, I pray, because in limb and fortune
You still are unassailed, and still your eyes
Revolve undimmed and sparkling in their spheres;
Oh, do not, therefore, disregard our wrongs!
Above you, too, doth hang the tyrant's sword.
You, too, have striven to alienate the land
From Austria. This was all my father's crime:
You share his guilt and may his punishment.

STAUFFACHER (to FURST).

Do then resolve! I am prepared to follow.

FURST.

First let us learn what steps the noble lords
Von Sillinen and Attinghaus propose.
Their names would rally thousands in the cause.

MELCHTHAL.

Is there a name within the Forest Mountains
That carries more respect than thine—and thine?
To names like these the people cling for help

With confidence—such names are household words.
Rich was your heritage of manly virtue,
And richly have you added to its stores.
What need of nobles? Let us do the work
Ourselves. Although we stood alone, methinks
We should be able to maintain our rights.

STAUFFACHER.

The nobles' wrongs are not so great as ours.
The torrent that lays waste the lower grounds
Hath not ascended to the uplands yet.
But let them see the country once in arms
They'll not refuse to lend a helping hand.

FURST.

Were there an umpire 'twixt ourselves and Austria,
Justice and law might then decide our quarrel.
But our oppressor is our emperor, too,
And judge supreme. 'Tis God must help us, then,
And our own arm! Be yours the task to rouse
The men of Schwytz; I'll rally friends in Uri.
But whom are we to send to Unterwald?

MELCHTHAL.

Thither send me. Whom should it more concern?

FURST.

No, Melchthal, no; thou art my guest, and I
Must answer for thy safety.

MELCHTHAL.

Let me go.
I know each forest track and mountain pass;

Friends too I'll find, be sure, on every hand,
To give me willing shelter from the foe.

STAUFFACHER.

Nay, let him go; no traitors harbor there:
For tyranny is so abhorred in Unterwald
No minions can be found to work her will.
In the low valleys, too, the Alzeller
Will gain confederates and rouse the country.

MELCHTHAL.

But how shall we communicate, and not
Awaken the suspicion of the tyrants?

STAUFFACHER.

Might we not meet at Brunnen or at Treib,
Hard by the spot where merchant-vessels land?

FURST.

We must not go so openly to work.
Hear my opinion. On the lake's left bank,
As we sail hence to Brunnen, right against
The Mytenstein, deep-hidden in the wood
A meadow lies, by shepherds called the Rootli,
Because the wood has been uprooted there.
'Tis where our Canton boundaries verge on yours;—

[To MELCHTHAL.

Your boat will carry you across from Schwytz.

[To STAUFFACHER.

Thither by lonely by-paths let us wend

At midnight and deliberate o'er our plans.
Let each bring with him there ten trusty men,
All one at heart with us; and then we may
Consult together for the general weal,
And, with God's guidance, fix our onward course.

STAUFFACHER.

So let it be. And now your true right hand!
Yours, too, young man! and as we now three men
Among ourselves thus knit our hands together
In all sincerity and truth, e'en so
Shall we three Cantons, too, together stand
In victory and defeat, in life and death.

FURST and MELCHTHAL.

In life and death.

[They hold their hands clasped together for some moments in silence.]

MELCHTHAL.

Alas, my old blind father!
Thou canst no more behold the day of freedom;
But thou shalt hear it. When from Alp to Alp
The beacon-fires throw up their flaming signs,
And the proud castles of the tyrants fall,
Into thy cottage shall the Switzer burst,
Bear the glad tidings to thine ear, and o'er
Thy darkened way shall Freedom's radiance pour.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Mansion of the BARON OF ATTINGHAUSEN. A Gothic hall, decorated with escutcheons and helmets. The BARON, a gray-headed man, eighty-five years old, tall, and of a commanding mien, clad in a furred pelisse, and leaning on a staff tipped with chamois horn. KUONI and six hinds standing round him, with rakes and scythes. ULRICH OF RUDENZ enters in the costume of a knight.

RUDENZ.

Uncle, I'm here! Your will?

ATTINGHAUSEN.

First let me share,
After the ancient custom of our house,
The morning-cup with these my faithful servants!

[He drinks from a cup, which is then passed round.]

Time was I stood myself in field and wood,
With mine own eyes directing all their toil,
Even as my banner led them in the fight,
Now I am only fit to play the steward;
And, if the genial sun come not to me,
I can no longer seek it on the mountains.

Thus slowly, in an ever-narrowing sphere,
I move on to the narrowest and the last,
Where all life's pulses cease. I now am but
The shadow of my former self, and that
Is fading fast—'twill soon be but a name.

KUONI (offering RUDENZ the cup).
A pledge, young master!
[RUDENZ hesitates to take the cup.
Nay, sir, drink it off!
One cup, one heart! You know our proverb, sir!

ATTINGHAUSEN.
Go, children, and at eve, when work is done,
We'll meet and talk the country's business over.

[Exeunt Servants.

Belted and plumed, and all thy bravery on!
Thou art for Altdorf—for the castle, boy?

RUDENZ.
Yes, uncle. Longer may I not delay——

ATTINGHAUSEN (sitting down).
Why in such haste? Say, are thy youthful hours
Doled in such niggard measure that thou must
Be chary of then to thy aged uncle?

RUDENZ.
I see, my presence is not needed here,
I am but as a stranger in this house.

ATTINGHAUSEN (gazes fixedly at him for a considerable time).

Alas, thou art indeed! Alas, that home
To thee has grown so strange! Oh, Uly! Uly!
I scarce do know thee now, thus decked in silks,
The peacock's feather [9] flaunting in thy cap,
And purple mantle round thy shoulders flung;
Thou lookest upon the peasant with disdain,
And takest with a blush his honest greeting.

RUDENZ.

All honor due to him I gladly pay,
But must deny the right he would usurp.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

The sore displeasure of the king is resting
Upon the land, and every true man's heart
Is full of sadness for the grievous wrongs
We suffer from our tyrants. Thou alone
Art all unmoved amid the general grief.
Abandoning thy friends, thou takest thy stand
Beside thy country's foes, and, as in scorn
Of our distress, pursuest giddy joys,
Courting the smiles of princes, all the while
Thy country bleeds beneath their cruel scourge.

RUDENZ.

The land is sore oppressed; I know it, uncle.
But why? Who plunged it into this distress?
A word, one little easy word, might buy
Instant deliverance from such dire oppression,
And win the good-will of the emperor.
Woe unto those who seal the people's eyes,
And make them adverse to their country's good;
The men who, for their own vile, selfish ends,

Are seeking to prevent the Forest States
From swearing fealty to Austria's house,
As all the countries round about have done.
It fits their humor well, to take their seats
Amid the nobles on the Herrenbank; [10]
They'll have the Caesar for their lord, forsooth,
That is to say, they'll have no lord at all.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Must I hear this, and from thy lips, rash boy!

RUDENZ.

You urged me to this answer. Hear me out.
What, uncle, is the character you've stooped
To fill contentedly through life? Have you
No higher pride, than in these lonely wilds
To be the Landamman or Banneret, [11]
The petty chieftain of a shepherd race?
How! Were it not a far more glorious choice
To bend in homage to our royal lord,
And swell the princely splendors of his court,
Than sit at home, the peer of your own vassals,
And share the judgment-seat with vulgar clowns?

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Ah, Uly, Uly; all too well I see,
The tempter's voice has caught thy willing ear,
And poured its subtle poison in thy heart.

RUDENZ.

Yes, I conceal it not. It doth offend
My inmost soul to hear the stranger's gibes,
That taunt us with the name of "Peasant Nobles."

Think you the heart that's stirring here can brook,
While all the young nobility around
Are reaping honor under Hapsburg's banner,
That I should loiter, in inglorious ease,
Here on the heritage my fathers left,
And, in the dull routine of vulgar toil,
Lose all life's glorious spring? In other lands
Deeds are achieved. A world of fair renown
Beyond these mountains stirs in martial pomp.
My helm and shield are rusting in the hall;
The martial trumpet's spirit-stirring blast,
The herald's call, inviting to the lists,
Rouse not the echoes of these vales, where naught
Save cowherd's horn and cattle-bell is heard,
In one unvarying, dull monotony.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Deluded boy, seduced by empty show!
Despise the land that gave thee birth! Ashamed
Of the good ancient customs of thy sires!
The day will come, when thou, with burning tears,
Wilt long for home, and for thy native hills,
And that dear melody of tuneful herds,
Which now, in proud disgust, thou dost despise!
A day when thou wilt drink its tones in sadness,
Hearing their music in a foreign land.
Oh! potent is the spell that binds to home!
No, no, the cold, false world is not for thee.
At the proud court, with thy true heart thou wilt
Forever feel a stranger among strangers.
The world asks virtues of far other stamp
Than thou hast learned within these simple vales.

But go—go thither; barter thy free soul,
Take land in fief, become a prince's vassal,
Where thou might'st be lord paramount, and prince
Of all thine own unburdened heritage!
O, Uly, Uly, stay among thy people!
Go not to Altdorf. Oh, abandon not
The sacred cause of thy wronged native land!
I am the last of all my race. My name
Ends with me. Yonder hang my helm and shield;
They will be buried with me in the grave. [12]
And must I think, when yielding up my breath,
That thou but wait'st the closing of mine eyes,
To stoop thy knee to this new feudal court,
And take in vassalage from Austria's hands
The noble lands, which I from God received
Free and unfettered as the mountain air!

RU DENZ.

'Tis vain for us to strive against the king.
The world pertains to him:—shall we alone,
In mad, presumptuous obstinacy strive
To break that mighty chain of lands, which he
Hath drawn around us with his giant grasp.
His are the markets, his the courts; his too
The highways; nay, the very carrier's horse,
That traffics on the Gotthardt, pays him toll.
By his dominions, as within a net,
We are enclosed, and girded round about.
—And will the empire shield us? Say, can it
Protect itself 'gainst Austria's growing power?
To God, and not to emperors, must we look!
What store can on their promises be placed,

When they, to meet their own necessities,
Can pawn, and even alienate the towns
That flee for shelter 'neath the eagle's wings? [13]
No, uncle. It is wise and wholesome prudence,
In times like these, when faction's all abroad,
To own attachment to some mighty chief.
The imperial crown's transferred from line to line, [14]
It has no memory for faithful service:
But to secure the favor of these great
Hereditary masters, were to sow
Seed for a future harvest.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Art so wise?

Wilt thou see clearer than thy noble sires,
Who battled for fair freedom's costly gem,
With life, and fortune, and heroic arm?
Sail down the lake to Lucerne, there inquire,
How Austria's rule doth weigh the Cantons down.
Soon she will come to count our sheep, our cattle,
To portion out the Alps, e'en to their summits,
And in our own free woods to hinder us
From striking down the eagle or the stag;
To set her tolls on every bridge and gate,
Impoverish us to swell her lust of sway,
And drain our dearest blood to feed her wars.
No, if our blood must flow, let it be shed
In our own cause! We purchase liberty
More cheaply far than bondage.

RUDENZ.

What can we,

A shepherd race, against great Albert's hosts?

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Learn, foolish boy, to know this shepherd race!
I know them, I have led them on in fight—
I saw them in the battle at Favenz.
Austria will try, forsooth, to force on us
A yoke we are determined not to bear!
Oh, learn to feel from what a race thou'rt sprung!
Cast not, for tinsel trash and idle show,
The precious jewel of thy worth away.
To be the chieftain of a freeborn race,
Bound to thee only by their unbought love,
Ready to stand—to fight—to die with thee,
Be that thy pride, be that thy noblest boast!
Knit to thy heart the ties of kindred—home—
Cling to the land, the dear land of thy sires,
Grapple to that with thy whole heart and soul!
Thy power is rooted deep and strongly here,
But in yon stranger world thou'lt stand alone,
A trembling reed beat down by every blast.
Oh come! 'tis long since we have seen thee, Uly!
Tarry but this one day. Only to-day
Go not to Altdorf. Wilt thou? Not to-day!
For this one day bestow thee on thy friends.

[Takes his hand.

RUDENZ.

I gave my word. Unhand me! I am bound.

ATTINGHAUSEN (drops his hand and says sternly).
Bound, didst thou say? Oh yes, unhappy boy,

Thou art, indeed. But not by word or oath.
'Tis by the silken mesh of love thou'rt bound.

[RUDENZ turns away.

Ay, hide thee, as thou wilt. 'Tis she, I know,
Bertha of Bruneck, draws thee to the court;
'Tis she that chains thee to the emperor's service.
Thou think'st to win the noble, knightly maid,
By thy apostacy. Be not deceived.
She is held out before thee as a lure;
But never meant for innocence like thine.

RUDENZ.

No more; I've heard enough. So fare you well.

[Exit.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Stay, Uly! Stay! Rash boy, he's gone! I can
Nor hold him back, nor save him from destruction.
And so the Wolfshot has deserted us;—
Others will follow his example soon.
This foreign witchery, sweeping o'er our hills,
Tears with its potent spell our youth away:
O luckless hour, when men and manners strange
Into these calm and happy valleys came,
To warp our primitive and guileless ways.
The new is pressing on with might. The old,
The good, the simple, fleeteth fast away.
New times come on. A race is springing up,
That think not as their fathers thought before!
What do I here? All, all are in the grave

With whom ere while I moved and held converse;
My age has long been laid beneath the sod:
Happy the man who may not live to see
What shall be done by those that follow me!

SCENE II.

A meadow surrounded by high rocks and wooded ground. On the rocks are tracks, with rails and ladders, by which the peasants are afterwards seen descending. In the background the lake is observed, and over it a moon rainbow in the early part of the scene. The prospect is closed by lofty mountains, with glaciers rising behind them. The stage is dark, but the lake and glaciers glisten in the moonlight.

MELCHTHAL, BAUMGARTEN, WINKELRIED, MEYER VON
SARNEN, BURKHART AM

BUHEL, ARNOLD VON SEWA, KLAUS VON DER FLUE, and four other
peasants,
all armed.

MELCHTHAL (behind the scenes).
The mountain pass is open. Follow me
I see the rock, and little cross upon it:
This is the spot; here is the Rootli.

[They enter with torches.

WINKELRIED.
Hark!

SEWA.
The coast is clear.

MEYER.

None of our comrades come?
We are the first, we Unterwaldeners.

MELCHTHAL.

How far is't in the night?

BAUMGARTEN.

The beacon watch
Upon the Selisberg has just called two.

[A bell is heard at a distance.

MEYER.

Hush! Hark!

BUHEL.

The forest chapel's matin bell
Chimes clearly o'er the lake from Switzerland.

FLUE.

The air is clear, and bears the sound so far.

MELCHTHAL.

Go, you and you, and light some broken boughs,
Let's bid them welcome with a cheerful blaze.

[Two peasants exeunt.

SEWA.

The moon shines fair to-night. Beneath its beams
The lake reposes, bright as burnished steel.

BUHEL.

They'll have an easy passage.

WINKELRIED (pointing to the lake).

Ha! look there!

See you nothing?

MEYER.

What is it? Ay, indeed!

A rainbow in the middle of the night.

MELCHTHAL.

Formed by the bright reflection of the moon!

FLUE.

A sign most strange and wonderful, indeed!

Many there be who ne'er have seen the like.

SEWA.

'Tis doubled, see, a paler one above!

BAUMGARTEN.

A boat is gliding yonder right beneath it.

MELCHTHAL.

That must be Werner Stauffacher! I knew

The worthy patriot would not tarry long.

[Goes with BAUMGARTEN towards the shore.

MEYER.

The Uri men are like to be the last.

BUHEL.

They're forced to take a winding circuit through

The mountains; for the viceroy's spies are out.

[In the meanwhile the two peasants have kindled a fire
in the centre of the stage.

MELCHTHAL (on the shore).
Who's there? The word?

STAUFFACHER (from below).
Friends of the country.

[All retire up the stage, towards the party landing from the boat.
Enter STAUFFACHER, ITEL, REDING, HANS AUF DER MAUER, JORG
IM HOPE,
CONRAD HUNN, ULRICH DER SCHMIDT, JOST VON WEILER, and
three other
peasants, armed.

ALL.

Welcome!

[While the rest remain behind exchanging greetings, MELCHTHAL comes
forward with STAUFFACHER.

MELCHTHAL.
Oh, worthy Stauffacher, I've looked but now
On him, who could not look on me again.
I've laid my hands upon his rayless eyes,
And on their vacant orbits sworn a vow
Of vengeance, only to be cooled in blood.

STAUFFACHER.
Speak not of vengeance. We are here to meet
The threatened evil, not to avenge the past.
Now tell me what you've done, and what secured,
To aid the common cause in Unterwald.

How stands the peasantry disposed, and how
Yourself escaped the wiles of treachery?

MELCHTHAL.

Through the Surenen's fearful mountain chain,
Where dreary ice-fields stretch on every side,
And sound is none, save the hoarse vulture's cry,
I reached the Alpine pasture, where the herds
From Uri and from Engelberg resort,
And turn their cattle forth to graze in common.
Still as I went along, I slaked my thirst
With the coarse oozings of the lofty glacier,
That through the crevices come foaming down,
And turned to rest me in the herdsman's cots, [15]
Where I was host and guest, until I gained
The cheerful homes and social haunts of men.
Already through these distant vales had spread
The rumor of this last atrocity;
And wheresoe'er I went, at every door,
Kind words and gentle looks were there to greet me.
I found these simple spirits all in arms
Against our rulers' tyrannous encroachments.
For as their Alps through each succeeding year
Yield the same roots,—their streams flow ever on
In the same channels,—nay, the clouds and winds
The selfsame course unalterably pursue,
So have old customs there, from sire to son,
Been handed down, unchanging and unchanged;
Nor will they brook to swerve or turn aside
From the fixed, even tenor of their life.
With grasp of their hard hands they welcomed me—
Took from the walls their rusty falchions down—

And from their eyes the soul of valor flashed
With joyful lustre, as I spoke those names,
Sacred to every peasant in the mountains,
Your own and Walter Fuerst's. Whate'er your voice
Should dictate as the right they swore to do;
And you they swore to follow e'en to death.
So sped I on from house to house, secure
In the guest's sacred privilege—and when
I reached at last the valley of my home,
Where dwell my kinsmen, scattered far and near—
And when I found my father stripped and blind,
Upon the stranger's straw, fed by the alms
Of charity——

STAUFFACHER.

Great heaven!

MELCHTHAL.

Yet wept I not!

No—not in weak and unavailing tears
Spent I the force of my fierce, burning anguish;
Deep in my bosom, like some precious treasure,
I locked it fast, and thought on deeds alone.
Through every winding of the hills I crept—
No valley so remote but I explored it;
Nay, even at the glacier's ice-clad base,
I sought and found the homes of living men;
And still, where'er my wandering footsteps turned,
The self-same hatred of these tyrants met me.
For even there, at vegetation's verge,
Where the numbed earth is barren of all fruits,
There grasping hands had been stretched forth for plunder.

Into the hearts of all this honest race,
The story of my wrongs struck deep, and now
They to a man are ours; both heart and hand.
Great things, indeed, you've wrought in little time.

MELCHTHAL.

I did still more than this. The fortresses,
Rossberg and Sarnen, are the country's dread;
For from behind their rocky walls the foe
Swoops, as the eagle from his eyrie, down,
And, safe himself, spreads havoc o'er the land.
With my own eyes I wished to weigh its strength,
So went to Sarnen, and explored the castle.

STAUFFACHER.

How! Risk thyself even in the tiger's den?

MELCHTHAL.

Disguised in pilgrim's weeds I entered it;
I saw the viceroy feasting at his board—
Judge if I'm master of myself or no!
I saw the tyrant, and I slew him not!

STAUFFACHER.

Fortune, indeed, has smiled upon your boldness.

[Meanwhile the others have arrived and join MELCHTHAL
and STAUFFACHER.]

Yet tell me now, I pray, who are the friends,
The worthy men, who came along with you?
Make me acquainted with them, that we may
Speak frankly, man to man, and heart to heart.

MEYER.

In the three Cantons, who, sir, knows not you?
Meyer of Sarnen is my name; and this
Is Struth of Winkelried, my sister's son.

STAUFFACHER.

No unknown name. A Winkelried it was
Who slew the dragoon in the fen at Weiler,
And lost his life in the encounter, too.

WINKELRIED.

That, Master Stauffacher, was my grandfather.

MELCHTHAL (pointing to two peasants).
These two are men belonging to the convent
Of Engelberg, and live behind the forest.
You'll not think ill of them, because they're serfs,
And sit not free upon the soil, like us.
They love the land, and bear a good repute.

STAUFFACHER (to them).

Give me your hands. He has good cause for thanks,
That unto no man owes his body's service.
But worth is worth, no matter where 'tis found.

HUNN.

That is Herr Reding, sir, our old Landamman.

MEYER.

I know him well. There is a suit between us,
About a piece of ancient heritage.
Herr Reding, we are enemies in court,
Here we are one.

[Shakes his hand.

STAUFFACHER.

That's well and bravely said.

WINKELRIED.

Listen! They come. Hark to the horn of Uri!

[On the right and left armed men are seen descending
the rocks with torches.

MAUER.

Look, is not that God's pious servant there?
A worthy priest! The terrors of the night,
And the way's pains and perils scare not him,
A faithful shepherd caring for his flock.

BAUMGARTEN.

The Sacrist follows him, and Walter Fuerst.
But where is Tell? I do not see him there.

[WALTER FURST, ROSSELMANN the Pastor, PETERMANN the Sacrist,
KUONI the Shepherd, WERNI the huntsman, RUODI the Fisherman,
and five other countrymen, thirty-three in all, advance and
take their places round the fire.

FURST.

Thus must we, on the soil our fathers left us,
Creep forth by stealth to meet like murderers,
And in the night, that should their mantle lend
Only to crime and black conspiracy,
Assert our own good rights, which yet are clear
As is the radiance of the noonday sun.

MELCHTHAL.

So be it. What is woven in gloom of night
Shall free and boldly meet the morning light.

ROSSELMANN.

Confederates! listen to the words which God
Inspires my heart withal. Here we are met
To represent the general weal. In us
Are all the people of the land convened.
Then let us hold the Diet, as of old,
And as we're wont in peaceful times to do.
The time's necessity be our excuse
If there be aught informal in this meeting.
Still, wheresoe'er men strike for justice, there
Is God, and now beneath his heaven we stand.

STAUFFACHER.

'Tis well advised. Let us, then, hold the Diet
According to our ancient usages.
Though it be night there's sunshine in our cause.

MELCHTHAL.

Few though our numbers be, the hearts are here
Of the whole people; here the best are met.

HUNN.

The ancient books may not be near at hand,
Yet are they graven in our inmost hearts.

ROSSELMANN.

'Tis well. And now, then, let a ring be formed,
And plant the swords of power within the ground. [16]

MAUER.

Let the Landamman step into his place,
And by his side his secretaries stand.

SACRIST.

There are three Cantons here. Which hath the right
To give the head to the united council?
Schwytz may contest the dignity with Uri,
We Unterwaldeners enter not the field.

MELCHTHAL.

We stand aside. We are not suppliants here,
Invoking aid from our more potent friends.

STAUFFACHER.

Let Uri have the sword. Her banner takes
In battle the precedence of our own.

FURST.

Schwytz, then, must share the honor of the sword;
For she's the honored ancestor of all.

ROSSELMANN.

Let me arrange this generous controversy.
Uri shall lead in battle—Schwytz in council.

FURST (gives STAUFFACHER his hand).
Then take your place.

STAUFFACHER.

Not I. Some older man.

HOFE.

Ulrich, the smith, is the most aged here.

MAUER.

A worthy man, but he is not a freeman;
No bondman can be judge in Switzerland.

STAUFFACHER.

Is not Herr Reding here, our old Landamman?
Where can we find a worthier man than he?

FURST.

Let him be Amman and the Diet's chief?
You that agree with me hold up your hands!

[All hold up their right hands.

REDING (stepping into the centre).

I cannot lay my hands upon the books;
But by yon everlasting stars I swear
Never to swerve from justice and the right.

[The two swords are placed before him, and a circle formed;
Schwytz in the centre, Uri on his right, Unterwald on his left.

REDING (resting on his battle-sword).

Why, at the hour when spirits walk the earth,
Meet the three Cantons of the mountains here,
Upon the lake's inhospitable shore?
And what the purport of the new alliance
We here contract beneath the starry heaven?

STAUFFACHER (entering the circle).

No new alliance do we now contract,
But one our fathers framed, in ancient times,
We purpose to renew! For know, confederates,
Though mountain ridge and lake divide our bounds,

And every Canton's ruled by its own laws,
Yet are we but one race, born of one blood,
And all are children of one common home.

WINKELRIED.

Then is the burden of our legends true,
That we came hither from a distant land?
Oh, tell us what you know, that our new league
May reap fresh vigor from the leagues of old.

STAUFFACHER.

Hear, then, what aged herdsmen tell. There dwelt
A mighty people in the land that lies
Back to the north. The scourge of famine came;
And in this strait 'twas publicly resolved,
That each tenth man, on whom the lot might fall
Should leave the country. They obeyed—and forth,
With loud lamentings, men and women went,
A mighty host; and to the south moved on,
Cutting their way through Germany by the sword,
Until they gained that pine-clad hills of ours;
Nor stopped they ever on their forward course,
Till at the shaggy dell they halted, where
The Mueta flows through its luxuriant meads.
No trace of human creature met their eye,
Save one poor hut upon the desert shore,
Where dwelt a lonely man, and kept the ferry.
A tempest raged—the lake rose mountains high
And barred their further progress. Thereupon
They viewed the country; found it rich in wood,
Discovered goodly springs, and felt as they
Were in their own dear native land once more.

Then they resolved to settle on the spot;
Erected there the ancient town of Schwytz;
And many a day of toil had they to clear
The tangled brake and forest's spreading roots.
Meanwhile their numbers grew, the soil became
Unequal to sustain them, and they crossed
To the black mountain, far as Weissland, where,
Concealed behind eternal walls of ice,
Another people speak another tongue.
They built the village Stanz, beside the Kernwald
The village Altdorf, in the vale of Reuss;
Yet, ever mindful of their parent stem,
The men of Schwytz, from all the stranger race,
That since that time have settled in the land,
Each other recognize. Their hearts still know,
And beat fraternally to kindred blood.

[Extends his hand right and left.

MAUER.

Ay, we are all one heart, one blood, one race!

ALL (joining hands).

We are one people, and will act as one.

STAUFFACHER.

The nations round us bear a foreign yoke;
For they have yielded to the conqueror.
Nay, even within our frontiers may be found
Some that owe villein service to a lord,
A race of bonded serfs from sire to son.
But we, the genuine race of ancient Swiss,
Have kept our freedom from the first till now,

Never to princes have we bowed the knee;
Freely we sought protection of the empire.

ROSSELMANN.

Freely we sought it—freely it was given.
'Tis so set down in Emperor Frederick's charter.

STAUFFACHER.

For the most free have still some feudal lord.
There must be still a chief, a judge supreme,
To whom appeal may lie in case of strife.
And therefore was it that our sires allowed
For what they had recovered from the waste,
This honor to the emperor, the lord
Of all the German and Italian soil;
And, like the other freemen of his realm,
Engaged to aid him with their swords in war;
And this alone should be the freeman's duty,
To guard the empire that keeps guard for him.

MELCHTHAL.

He's but a slave that would acknowledge more.

STAUFFACHER.

They followed, when the Heribann [17] went forth,
The imperial standard, and they fought its battles!
To Italy they marched in arms, to place
The Caesars' crown upon the emperor's head.
But still at home they ruled themselves in peace,
By their own laws and ancient usages.
The emperor's only right was to adjudge
The penalty of death; he therefore named
Some mighty noble as his delegate,

That had no stake or interest in the land.
He was called in, when doom was to be passed,
And, in the face of day, pronounced decree,
Clear and distinctly, fearing no man's hate.
What traces here, that we are bondsmen? Speak,
If there be any can gainsay my words!

HOFE.

No! You have spoken but the simple truth;
We never stooped beneath a tyrant's yoke.

STAUFFACHER.

Even to the emperor we refused obedience,
When he gave judgment in the church's favor;
For when the Abbey of Einsiedlen claimed
The Alp our fathers and ourselves had grazed,
And showed an ancient charter, which bestowed
The land on them as being ownerless—
For our existence there had been concealed—
What was our answer? This: "The grant is void,
No emperor can bestow what is our own:
And if the empire shall deny us justice,
We can, within our mountains, right ourselves!"
Thus spake our fathers! And shall we endure
The shame and infamy of this new yoke,
And from the vassal brook what never king
Dared in the fulness of his power attempt?
This soil we have created for ourselves,
By the hard labor of our hands; we've changed
The giant forest, that was erst the haunt
Of savage bears, into a home for man;
Extirpated the dragon's brood, that wont

To rise, distent with venom, from the swamps;
Rent the thick misty canopy that hung
Its blighting vapors on the dreary waste;
Blasted the solid rock; o'er the abyss
Thrown the firm bridge for the wayfaring man
By the possession of a thousand years
The soil is ours. And shall an alien lord,
Himself a vassal, dare to venture here,
On our own hearths insult us,—and attempt
To forge the chains of bondage for our hands,
And do us shame on our own proper soil?
Is there no help against such wrong as this?

[Great sensation among the people.

Yes! there's a limit to the despot's power!
When the oppressed looks round in vain for justice,
When his sore burden may no more be borne,
With fearless heart he makes appeal to Heaven,
And thence brings down his everlasting rights,
Which there abide, inalienably his,
And indestructible as are the stars.
Nature's primeval state returns again,
Where man stands hostile to his fellow-man;
And if all other means shall fail his need,
One last resource remains—his own good sword.
Our dearest treasures call to us for aid
Against the oppressor's violence; we stand
For country, home, for wives, for children here!

ALL (clashing their swords).
Here stand we for our homes, our wives, and children.

ROSSELMANN (stepping into the circle).
Bethink ye well before ye draw the sword.
Some peaceful compromise may yet be made;
Speak but one word, and at your feet you'll see
The men who now oppress you. Take the terms
That have been often tendered you; renounce
The empire, and to Austria swear allegiance!

MAUER.
What says the priest? To Austria allegiance?

BUHEL.
Hearken not to him!

WINKELRLED.
'Tis a traitor's counsel,
His country's foe!

REDING.
Peace, peace, confederates!

SEWA.
Homage to Austria, after wrongs like these!

FLUE.
Shall Austria exert from us by force
What we denied to kindness and entreaty?

MEYER.
Then should we all be slaves, deservedly.

MAUER.
Yes! Let him forfeit all a Switzer's rights
Who talks of yielding to the yoke of Austria!

I stand on this, Landamman. Let this be
The foremost of our laws!

MELCHTHAL.

Even so! Whoever
Shall talk of tamely bearing Austria's yoke,
Let him be stripped of all his rights and honors;
And no man hence receive him at his hearth!

ALL (raising their right hands).
Agreed! Be this the law!

REDING (after a pause).
The law it is.

ROSSELMANN.
Now you are free—by this law you are free.
Never shall Austria obtain by force
What she has failed to gain by friendly suit.

WEILER.
On with the order of the day! Proceed!

REDING.
Confederates! Have all gentler means been tried?
Perchance the emperor knows not of our wrongs,
It may not be his will that thus we suffer:
Were it not well to make one last attempt,
And lay our grievances before the throne,
Ere we unsheath the sword? Force is at best
A fearful thing even in a righteous cause;
God only helps when man can help no more.

STAUFFACHER (to CONRAD HUNN).

Here you can give us information. Speak!

HUNN.

I was at Rheinfeld, at the emperor's palace,
Deputed by the Cantons to complain
Of the oppression of these governors,
And claim the charter of our ancient freedom,
Which each new king till now has ratified.
I found the envoys there of many a town,
From Suabia and the valley of the Rhine,
Who all received their parchments as they wished
And straight went home again with merry heart.
They sent for me, your envoy, to the council,
Where I was soon dismissed with empty comfort;
"The emperor at present was engaged;
Some other time he would attend to us!"
I turned away, and passing through the hall,
With heavy heart in a recess I saw
The Grand Duke John [18] in tears, and by his side
The noble lords of Wart and Tegerfeld,
Who beckoned me, and said, "Redress yourselves.
Expect not justice from the emperor.
Does he not plunder his own brother's child,
And keep from him his just inheritance?"
The duke claims his maternal property,
Urging he's now of age, and 'tis full time
That he should rule his people and dominions;
What is the answer made to him? The king
Places a chaplet on his head: "Behold,
The fitting ornament," he cries, "of youth!"

MAUER.

You hear. Expect not from the emperor
Or right, or justice. Then redress yourselves!

REDING.

No other course is left us. Now, advise
What plan most likely to insure success.

FURST.

To shake a thraldom off that we abhor,
To keep our ancient rights inviolate,
As we received them from our forefathers—this,
Not lawless innovation, is our aim.
Let Caesar still retain what is his due;
And he that is a vassal let him pay
The service he is sworn to faithfully.

MEYER.

I hold my land of Austria in fief.

FURST.

Continue, then, to pay your feudal service.

WEILER.

I'm tenant of the lords of Rappersweil.

FURST.

Continue, then, to pay them rent and tithe.

ROSSELMANN.

Of Zurich's lady, I'm the humble vassal.

FURST.

Give to the cloister what the cloister claims.

STAUFFACHER.

The empire only is my feudal lord.

FURST.

What needs must be, we'll do, but nothing further.
We'll drive these tyrants and their minions hence,
And raze their towering strongholds to the ground,
Yet shed, if possible, no drop of blood.
Let the emperor see that we were driven to cast
The sacred duties of respect away;
And when he finds we keep within our bounds,
His wrath, belike, may yield to policy;
For truly is that nation to be feared,
That, when in arms, is temperate in its wrath.

REDING.

But, prithee, tell us how may this be done?
The enemy is armed as well as we,
And, rest assured, he will not yield in peace.

STAUFFACHER.

He will, whene'er he sees us up in arms;
We shall surprise him, ere he is prepared.

MEYER.

'Tis easily said, but not so easily done.
Two fortresses of strength command the country.
They shield the foe, and should the king invade us,
The task would then be dangerous indeed.
Rossberg and Sarnen both must be secured,
Before a sword is drawn in either Canton.

STAUFFACHER.

Should we delay, the foe will soon be warned;
We are too numerous for secrecy.

MEYER.

There is no traitor in the Forest States.

ROSSELMANN.

But even zeal may heedlessly betray.

FURST.

Delay it longer, and the keep at Altdorf
Will be complete,—the governor secure.

MEYER.

You think but of yourselves.

SACRISTAN.

You are unjust!

MEYER.

Unjust! said you? Dares Uri taunt us so?

REDING.

Peace, on your oath!

MEYER.

If Schwytz be leagued with Uri,
Why then, indeed, we must perforce be silent.

REDING.

And let me tell you, in the Diet's name,
Your hasty spirit much disturbs the peace.
Stand we not all for the same common cause?

WINKELRIED.

What, if we delay till Christmas? 'Tis then
The custom for the serfs to throng the castle,
Bringing the governor their annual gifts.
Thus may some ten or twelve selected men
Assemble unobserved within its walls,
Bearing about their persons pikes of steel,
Which may be quickly mounted upon staves,
For arms are not admitted to the fort.
The rest can fill the neighboring wood, prepared
To sally forth upon a trumpet's blast,
Whene'er their comrades have secured the gate;
And thus the castle will be ours with ease.

MELCHTHAL.

The Rossberg I will undertake to scale,
I have a sweetheart in the garrison,
Whom with some tender words I could persuade
To lower me at night a hempen ladder.
Once up, my friends will not be long behind.

REDING.

Are all resolved in favor of delay?

[The majority raise their hands.

STAUFFACHER (counting them).

Twenty to twelve is the majority.

FURST.

If on the appointed day the castles fall,
From mountain on to mountain we shall pass
The fiery signal: in the capital
Of every Canton quickly rouse the Landsturm. [19]

Then, when these tyrants see our martial front,
Believe me, they will never make so bold
As risk the conflict, but will gladly take
Safe conduct forth beyond our boundaries.

STAUFFACHER.

Not so with Gessler. He will make a stand.
Surrounded with his dread array of horse,
Blood will he shed before he quits the field.
And even expelled he'd still be terrible.
'Tis hard, indeed 'tis dangerous, to spare him.

BAUMGARTEN.

Place me where'er a life is to be lost;
I owe my life to Tell, and cheerfully
Will pledge it for my country. I have cleared
My honor, and my heart is now at rest.

REDING.

Counsel will come with circumstance. Be patient.
Something must still be trusted to the moment.
Yet, while by night we hold our Diet here,
The morning, see, has on the mountain-tops
Kindled her glowing beacon. Let us part,
Ere the broad sun surprise us.

FURST.

Do not fear.
The night wanes slowly from these vales of ours.

[All have involuntarily taken off their caps, and
contemplate the breaking of day, absorbed in silence.]

ROSSELMANN.

By this fair light, which greeteth us, before
Those other nations, that, beneath us far,
In noisome cities pent, draw painful breath,
Swear we the oath of our confederacy!
We swear to be a nation of true brothers,
Never to part in danger or in death!

[They repeat his words with three fingers raised.

We swear we will be free, as were our sires,
And sooner die than live in slavery!

[All repeat as before.

We swear to put our trust in God Most High,
And not to quail before the might of man!

[All repeat as before, and embrace each other.

STAUFFACHER.

Now every man pursue his several way
Back to his friends his kindred, and his home.
Let the herd winter up his flock and gain
In silence, friends, for our confederacy!
What for a time must be endured, endure.
And let the reckoning of the tyrants grow,
Till the great day arrive, when they shall pay
The general and particular debt at once.
Let every man control his own just rage,
And nurse his vengeance for the public wrongs;
For he whom selfish interest now engage
Defrauds the general weal of what to it belongs.

[As they are going off in profound silence, in three different directions, the orchestra plays a solemn air. The empty scene remains open for some time, showing the rays of the sun rising over the glaciers.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Court before TELL'S house. TELL with an axe. HEDWIG engaged in her domestic duties. WALTER and WILHELM in the background playing with a little cross-bow.

WALTER (sings).

With his cross-bow and his quiver
The huntsman speeds his way,
Over mountain, dale, and river
At the dawning of the day.

As the eagle, on wild pinion,
Is the king in realms of air;
So the hunter claims dominion
Over crag and forest lair.

Far as ever bow can carry
Through the trackless, airy space,
All he sees he makes his quarry,
Soaring bird and beast of chase.

WILHELM (runs forward).
My string has snapped! Wilt mend it for me, father?

TELL.

Not I; a true-born archer helps himself.

[Boys retire.

HEDWIG.

The boys begin to use the bow betimes.

TELL.

'Tis early practice only makes the master.

HEDWIG.

Ah! Would to heaven they never learnt the art!

TELL.

But they shall learn it, wife, in all its points.
Whoe'er would carve an independent way
Through life must learn to ward or plant a blow.

HEDWIG.

Alas, alas! and they will never rest
Contentedly at home.

TELL.

No more can I!
I was not framed by nature for a shepherd.
Restless I must pursue a changing course;
I only feel the flush and joy of life
In starting some fresh quarry every day.

HEDWIG.

Heedless the while of all your wife's alarms
As she sits watching through long hours at home.
For my soul sinks with terror at the tales

The servants tell about your wild adventures.
Whene'er we part my trembling heart forebodes
That you will ne'er come back to me again.
I see you on the frozen mountain steeps,
Missing, perchance, your leap from cliff to cliff;
I see the chamois, with a wild rebound,
Drag you down with him o'er the precipice.
I see the avalanche close o'er your head,
The treacherous ice give way, and you sink down
Entombed alive within its hideous gulf.
Ah! in a hundred varying forms does death
Pursue the Alpine huntsman on his course.
That way of life can surely ne'er be blessed,
Where life and limb are perilled every hour.

TELL.

The man that bears a quick and steady eye,
And trusts to God and his own lusty sinews,
Passes, with scarce a scar, through every danger.
The mountain cannot awe the mountain child.

[Having finished his work, he lays aside his tools.

And now, methinks, the door will hold awhile.
The axe at home oft saves the carpenter.

HEDWIG.

Whither away!

[Takes his cap.

TELL.

To Altdorf, to your father.

HEDWIG.

You have some dangerous enterprise in view? Confess!

TELL.

Why think you so?

HEDWIG.

Some scheme's on foot,
Against the governors. There was a Diet
Held on the Rootli—that I know—and you
Are one of the confederacy I'm sure.

TELL.

I was not there. Yet will I not hold back
Whene'er my country calls me to her aid.

HEDWIG.

Wherever danger is, will you be placed.
On you, as ever, will the burden fall.

TELL.

Each man shall have the post that fits his powers.

HEDWIG.

You took—ay, 'mid the thickest of the storm—
The man of Unterwald across the lake.
'Tis a marvel you escaped. Had you no thought
Of wife and children then?

TELL.

Dear wife, I bad;
And therefore saved the father for his children.

HEDWIG.

To brave the lake in all its wrath; 'Twas not
To put your trust in God! 'Twas tempting him.

TELL.

The man that's over-cautious will do little.

HEDWIG.

Yes, you've a kind and helping hand for all;
But be in straits and who will lend you aid?

TELL.

God grant I ne'er may stand in need of it!

[Takes up his crossbow and arrows.

HEDWIG.

Why take your crossbow with you? Leave it here.

TELL.

I want my right hand when I want my bow.

[The boys return.

WALTER.

Where, father, are you going?

TELL.

To grand-dad, boy—
To Altdorf. Will you go?

WALTER.

Ay, that I will!

HEDWIG.

The viceroy's there just now. Go not to Altdorf.

TELL.

He leaves to-day.

HEDWIG.

Then let him first be gone,
Cross not his path. You know he bears us grudge.

TELL.

His ill-will cannot greatly injure me.
I do what's right, and care for no man's hate.

HEDWIG.

'Tis those who do what's right whom he most hates.

TELL.

Because he cannot reach them. Me, I ween,
His knightship will be glad to leave in peace.

HEDWIG.

Ay! Are you sure of that?

TELL.

Not long ago,
As I was hunting through the wild ravines
Of Shechenthal, untrod by mortal foot,—
There, as I took my solitary way
Along a shelving ledge of rocks, where 'twas
Impossible to step on either side;
For high above rose, like a giant wall,
The precipice's side, and far below
The Shechen thundered o'er its rifted bed;—

[The boys press towards him, looking upon him
with excited curiosity.]

There, face to face, I met the viceroy. He
Alone with me—and I myself alone—
Mere man to man, and near us the abyss.
And when his lordship had perused my face,
And knew the man he had severely fined
On some most trivial ground not long before;
And saw me, with my sturdy bow in hand,
Come striding towards him, then his cheek grew pale,
His knees refused their office, and I thought
He would have sunk against the mountain side.
Then, touched with pity for him, I advanced,
Respectfully, and said, "'Tis I, my lord."
But ne'er a sound could he compel his lips
To frame an answer. Only with his hand
He beckoned me in silence to proceed.
So I passed on, and sent his train to seek him.

HEDWIG.

He trembled then before you? Woe the while
You saw his weakness; that he'll not forgive.

TELL.

I shun him, therefore, and he'll not seek me.

HEDWIG.

But stay away to day. Go hunting rather!

TELL.

What do you fear?

HEDWIG.

I am uneasy. Stay.

TELL.

Why thus distress yourself without a cause?

HEDWIG.

Because there is no cause. Tell, Tell! stay here!

TELL.

Dear wife, I gave my promise I would go.

HEDWIG.

Must you,—then go. But leave the boys with me.

WALTER.

No, mother dear, I'm going with my father.

HEDWIG.

How, Walter! Will you leave your mother then?

WALTER.

I'll bring you pretty things from grandpapa.

[Exit with his father.

WILHELM.

Mother, I'll stay with you!

HEDWIG (embracing him).

Yes, yes! thou art
My own dear child. Thou'rt all that's left to me.

[She goes to the gate of the court, and looks anxiously
after TELL and her son for a considerable time.

SCENE II

SCENE II.

A retired part of the Forest. Brooks dashing in spray over the rocks.

Enter BERTHA in a hunting dress. Immediately afterwards RUDENZ.

BERTHA.

He follows me. Now to explain myself!

RUDENZ (entering hastily).

At length, dear lady, we have met alone
In this wild dell, with rocks on every side,
No jealous eye can watch our interview.
Now let my heart throw off this weary silence.

BERTHA.

But are you sure they will not follow us?

RUDENZ.

See, yonder goes the chase. Now, then, or never!
I must avail me of the precious moment,—
Must hear my doom decided by thy lips,
Though it should part me from thy side forever.
Oh, do not arm that gentle face of thine
With looks so stern and harsh! Who—who am I,
That dare aspire so high as unto thee?
Fame hath not stamped me yet; nor may I take
My place amid the courtly throng of knights,
That, crowned with glory's lustre, woo thy smiles.
Nothing have I to offer but a heart
That overflows with truth and love for thee.

BERTHA (sternly and with severity).

And dare you speak to me of love—of truth?

You, that are faithless to your nearest ties!
You, that are Austria's slave—bartered and sold
To her—an alien, and your country's tyrant!

RUDENZ.

How! This reproach from thee! Whom do I seek
On Austria's side, my own beloved, but thee?

BERTHA.

Think you to find me in the traitor's ranks?
Now, as I live, I'd rather give my hand
To Gessler's self, all despot though he be,
Than to the Switzer who forgets his birth,
And stoops to be the minion of a tyrant.

RUDENZ.

Oh heaven, what must I hear!

BERTHA.

Say! what can lie
Nearer the good man's heart than friends and kindred?
What dearer duty to a noble soul
Than to protect weak, suffering innocence,
And vindicate the rights of the oppressed?
My very soul bleeds for your countrymen;
I suffer with them, for I needs must love them;
They are so gentle, yet so full of power;
They draw my whole heart to them. Every day
I look upon them with increased esteem.
But you, whom nature and your knightly vow,
Have given them as their natural protector,
Yet who desert them and abet their foes,
In forging shackles for your native land,

You—you it is, that deeply grieve and wound me.
I must constrain my heart, or I shall hate you.

RUDENZ.

Is not my country's welfare all my wish?
What seek I for her but to purchase peace
'Neath Austria's potent sceptre?

BERTHA.

Bondage, rather!
You would drive freedom from the last stronghold
That yet remains for her upon the earth.
The people know their own true interests better:
Their simple natures are not warped by show,
But round your head a tangling net is wound.

RUDENZ.

Bertha, you hate me—you despise me!

BERTHA.

Nay! And if I did, 'twere better for my peace.
But to see him despised and despicable,—
The man whom one might love.

RUDENZ.

Oh, Bertha! You
Show me the pinnacle of heavenly bliss,
Then, in a moment, hurl me to despair!

BERTHA.

No, no! the noble is not all extinct
Within you. It but slumbers,—I will rouse it.
It must have cost you many a fiery struggle

To crush the virtues of your race within you.
But, heaven be praised, 'tis mightier than yourself,
And you are noble in your own despite!

RUDENZ.

You trust me, then? Oh, Bertha, with thy love
What might I not become?

BERTHA.

Be only that
For which your own high nature destined you.
Fill the position you were born to fill;—
Stand by your people and your native land.
And battle for your sacred rights!

RUDENZ.

Alas! How can I hope to win you—to possess you,
If I take arms against the emperor?
Will not your potent kinsman interpose,
To dictate the disposal of your hand?

BERTHA.

All my estates lie in the Forest Cantons;
And I am free, when Switzerland is free.

RUDENZ.

Oh! what a prospect, Bertha, hast thou shown me!

BERTHA.

Hope not to win my hand by Austria's favor;
Fain would they lay their grasp on my estates,
To swell the vast domains which now they hold.
The selfsame lust of conquest that would rob

You of your liberty endangers mine.
Oh, friend, I'm marked for sacrifice;—to be
The guerdon of some parasite, perchance!
They'll drag me hence to the imperial court
That hateful haunt of falsehood and intrigue;
There do detested marriage bonds await me.
Love, love alone,—your love can rescue me.

RUDENZ.

And thou could'st be content, love, to live here,
In my own native land to be my own?
Oh, Bertha, all the yearnings of my soul
For this great world and its tumultuous strife,
What were they, but a yearning after thee?
In glory's path I sought for thee alone
And all my thirst of fame was only love.
But if in this calm vale thou canst abide
With me, and bid earth's pomps and pride adieu,
Then is the goal of my ambition won;
And the rough tide of the tempestuous world
May dash and rave around these firm-set hills!
No wandering wishes more have I to send
Forth to the busy scene that stirs beyond.
Then may these rocks that girdle us extend
Their giants walls impenetrably round,
And this sequestered happy vale alone
Look up to heaven, and be my paradise!

BERTHA.

Now art thou all my fancy dreamed of thee.
My trust has not been given to thee in vain.

RUDENZ.

Away, ye idle phantoms of my folly!
In mine own home I'll find my happiness.
Here where the gladsome boy to manhood grew,
Where every brook, and tree, and mountain peak,
Teems with remembrances of happy hours,
In mine own native land thou wilt be mine.
Ah, I have ever loved it well, I feel
How poor without it were all earthly joys.

BERTHA.

Where should we look for happiness on earth,
If not in this dear land of innocence?
Here, where old truth hath its familiar home,
Where fraud and guile are strangers, envy ne'er
Shall dim the sparkling fountain of our bliss,
And ever bright the hours shall o'er us glide.
There do I see thee, in true manly worth,
The foremost of the free and of thy peers,
Revered with homage pure and unconstrained,
Wielding a power that kings might envy thee.

RUDENZ.

And thee I see, thy sex's crowning gem,
With thy sweet woman grace and wakeful love,
Building a heaven for me within my home,
And, as the springtime scatters forth her flowers,
Adorning with thy charms my path of life,
And spreading joy and sunshine all around.

BERTHA.

And this it was, dear friend, that caused my grief,
To see thee blast this life's supremest bliss,
With thine own hand. Ah! what had been my fate,

Had I been forced to follow some proud lord,
Some ruthless despot, to his gloomy castle!
Here are no castles, here no bastioned walls
Divide me from a people I can bless.

RUDENZ.

Yet, how to free myself; to loose the coils
Which I have madly twined around my head?

BERTHA.

Tear them asunder with a man's resolve.
Whatever the event, stand by the people.
It is thy post by birth.

[Hunting horns are heard in the distance.

But bark! The chase!
Farewell,—'tis needful we should part—away!
Fight for thy land; thou lightest for thy love.
One foe fills all our souls with dread; the blow
That makes one free emancipates us all.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.

A meadow near Altdorf. Trees in the foreground. At the back of the stage a cap upon a pole. The prospect is bounded by the Bannberg, which is surmounted by a snow-capped mountain.

FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD on guard.

FRIESSHARDT.

We keep our watch in vain. There's not a soul
Will pass and do obeisance to the cap.
But yesterday the place swarmed like a fair;
Now the whole green looks like a very desert,
Since yonder scarecrow hung upon the pole.

LEUTHHOLD.

Only the vilest rabble show themselves,
And wave their tattered caps in mockery at us.
All honest citizens would sooner make
A tedious circuit over half the town
Than bend their backs before our master's cap.

FRIESSHARDT.

They were obliged to pass this way at noon,
As they were coming from the council house.
I counted then upon a famous catch,
For no one thought of bowing to the cap.
But Rosselmann, the priest, was even with me:
Coming just then from some sick penitent,
He stands before the pole—raises the Host—
The Sacrist, too, must tinkle with his bell—
When down they dropped on knee—myself and all
In reverence to the Host, but not the cap.

LEUTHHOLD.

Hark ye, companion, I've a shrewd suspicion,
Our post's no better than the pillory.
It is a burning shame, a trooper should
Stand sentinel before an empty cap,
And every honest fellow must despise us,
To do obeisance to a cap, too! Faith,

I never heard an order so absurd!

FRIESSHARDT.

Why not, an't please thee, to an empty cap.

Thou'st ducked, I'm sure, to many an empty sconce.

[HILDEGARD, MECHTHILD, and ELSBETH enter with their children and station themselves around the pole.

LEUTHOLD.

And thou art an officious sneaking knave,

That's fond of bringing honest folks to trouble.

For my part, he that likes may pass the cap

I'll shut my eyes and take no note of him.

MECHTHILD.

There hangs the viceroy! Your obeisance, children!

ELSBETH.

I would to God he'd go, and leave his cap!

The country would be none the worse for it.

FRIESSHARDT (driving them away).

Out of the way! Confounded pack of gossips!

Who sent for you? Go, send your husbands here,

If they have courage to defy the order.

[TELL enters with his crossbow, leading his son WALTER by the hand. They pass the hat without noticing it, and advance to the front of the stage.

WALTER (pointing to the Bannberg).

Father, is't true, that on the mountain there,

The trees, if wounded with a hatchet, bleed?

TELL.

Who says so, boy?

WALTER.

The master herdsman, father!
He tells us there's a charm upon the trees,
And if a man shall injure them, the hand
That struck the blow will grow from out the grave.

TELL.

There is a charm about them, that's the truth.
Dost see those glaciers yonder, those white horns,
That seem to melt away into the sky?

WALTER.

They are the peaks that thunder so at night,
And send the avalanches down upon us.

TELL.

They are; and Altdorf long ago had been
Submerged beneath these avalanches' weight,
Did not the forest there above the town
Stand like a bulwark to arrest their fall.

WALTER (after musing a little).

And are there countries with no mountains, father?

TELL.

Yes, if we travel downwards from our heights,
And keep descending in the rivers' courses,
We reach a wide and level country, where
Our mountain torrents brawl and foam no more,
And fair, large rivers glide serenely on.

All quarters of the heaven may there be scanned
Without impediment. The corn grows there
In broad and lovely fields, and all the land
Is fair as any garden to the view.

WALTER.

But, father, tell me, wherefore haste we not
Away to this delightful land, instead
Of toiling here, and struggling as we do?

TELL.

The land is fair and bountiful as Heaven;
But they who till it never may enjoy
The fruits of what they sow.

WALTER.

Live they not free,
As you do, on the land their fathers left them?

TELL.

The fields are all the bishop's or the king's.

WALTER.

But they may freely hunt among the woods?

TELL.

The game is all the monarch's—bird and beast.

WALTER.

But they, at least, may surely fish the streams?

TELL.

Stream, lake, and sea, all to the king belong.

WALTER.

Who is this king, of whom they're so afraid?

TELL.

He is the man who fosters and protects them.

WALTER.

Have they not courage to protect themselves?

TELL.

The neighbor there dare not his neighbor trust.

WALTER.

I should want breathing room in such a land,
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanches.

TELL.

'Tis better, child, to have these glacier peaks
Behind one's back than evil-minded men!

[They are about to pass on.]

WALTER.

See, father, see the cap on yonder pole!

TELL.

What is the cap to us? Come, let's be gone.

[As he is going, FRIESSHARDT, presenting his pike, stops him.]

FRIESSHARDT.

Stand, I command you, in the emperor's name.

TELL (seizing the pike).

What would ye? Wherefore do ye stop my path?

FRIESSHARDT.

You've broke the mandate, and must go with us.

LEUTHOLD.

You have not done obeisance to the cap.

TELL.

Friend, let me go.

FRIESSHARDT.

Away, away to prison!

WALTER.

Father to prison! Help!

[Calling to the side scene.

This way, you men!

Good people, help! They're dragging him to prison!

[ROSSELMANN, the priest, and the SACRISTAN, with
three other men, enter.

SACRISTAN.

What's here amiss?

ROSSELMANN.

Why do you seize this man?

FRIESSHARDT.

He is an enemy of the king—a traitor!

TELL (seizing him with violence).

A traitor, I!

ROSSELMANN.

Friend, thou art wrong. 'Tis Tell,
An honest man, and worthy citizen.

WALTER (descries FURST, and runs up to him).
Grandfather, help! they want to seize my father!

FRIESSHARDT.

Away to prison!

FURST (running in).

Stay! I offer bail.

For God's sake, Tell, what is the matter here?

[MELCHTHAL and STAUFFACHER enter.

LEUTHOLD.

He has contemned the viceroy's sovereign power,
Refusing flatly to acknowledge it.

STAUFFACHER.

Has Tell done this?

MELCHTHAL.

Villain, thou knowest 'tis false!

LEUTHOLD.

He has not made obeisance to the cap.

FURST.

And shall for this to prison? Come, my friend,
Take my security, and let him go.

FRIESSHARDT.

Keep your security for yourself—you'll need it.
We only do our duty. Hence with him.

MELCHTHAL (to the country people).

This is too bad—shall we stand by, and see them.
Drag him away before our very eyes?

SACRISTAN.

We are the strongest. Don't endure it, friends.
Our countrymen will back us to a man.

FRIESSHARDT.

Who dares resist the governor's commands?

OTHER THREE PEASANTS (running in).

We'll help you. What's the matter? Down with them!

[HILDEGARD, MECHTHILD, and ELSBETH return.

TELL.

Go, go, good people, I can help myself.
Think you, had I a mind to use my strength,
These pikes of theirs should daunt me?

MELCHTHAL (to FRIESSHARDT).

Only try—

Try, if you dare, to force him from amongst us.

FURST and STAUFFACHER.

Peace, peace, friends!

FRIESSHARDT (loudly).

Riot! Insurrection, ho!

[Hunting horns without.

WOMEN.

The governor!

FRIESSHARDT (raising his voice).

Rebellion! Mutiny!

STAUFFACHER.

Roar, till you burst, knave!

ROSSELMANN and MELCHTHAL.

Will you hold your tongue?

FRIESSHARDT (calling still louder).

Help, help, I say, the servants of the law!

FURST.

The viceroy here! Then we shall smart for this!

[Enter GESSLER on horseback, with a falcon on his wrist;
RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, BERTHA, and RUDENZ, and a numerous
train of armed attendants, who form a circle of lances
around the whole stage.

HARRAS.

Room for the viceroy!

GESSLER.

Drive the clowns apart.

Why throng the people thus? Who calls for help?

[General silence.

Who was it? I will know.

[FRIESSHARDT steps forward.

And who art thou?

And why hast thou this man in custody?

[Gives his falcon to an attendant.

FRIESSHARDT.

Dread sir, I am a soldier of your guard,
And stationed sentinel beside the cap;
This man I apprehended in the act
Of passing it without obeisance due,
So I arrested him, as you gave order,
Whereon the people tried to rescue him.

GESSLER (after a pause).

And do you, Tell, so lightly hold your king,
And me, who act as his vicegerent here,
That you refuse the greeting to the cap
I hung aloft to test your loyalty?
I read in this a disaffected spirit.

TELL.

Pardon me, good my lord! The action sprung
From inadvertence,—not from disrespect.
Were I discreet, I were not William Tell.
Forgive me now—I'll not offend again.

GESSLER (after a pause).

I hear, Tell, you're a master with the bow,—
And bear the palm away from every rival.

WALTER.

That must be true, sir! At a hundred yards
He'll shoot an apple for you off the tree.

GESSLER.

Is that boy thine, Tell?

TELL.

Yes, my gracious lord.

GESSLER.

Hast any more of them?

TELL.

Two boys, my lord.

GESSLER.

And, of the two, which dost thou love the most?

TELL.

Sir, both the boys are dear to me alike.

GESSLER.

Then, Tell, since at a hundred yards thou canst
Bring down the apple from the tree, thou shalt
Approve thy skill before me. Take thy bow—
Thou hast it there at hand—and make thee ready
To shoot an apple from the stripling's head!
But take this counsel,—look well to thine aim,
See that thou hittest the apple at the first,
For, shouldst thou miss, thy head shall pay the forfeit.

[All give signs of horror.]

TELL.

What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask?
That I, from the head of mine own child!—No, no!
It cannot be, kind sir, you meant not that—
God in His grace forbid! You could not ask
A father seriously to do that thing!

GESSLER.

Thou art to shoot an apple from his head!
I do desire—command it so.

TELL.

What, I!
Level my crossbow at the darling head
Of mine own child? No—rather let me die!

GESSLER.

Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy.

TELL.

Shall I become the murderer of my child!
You have no children, sir—you do not know
The tender throbbings of a father's heart.

GESSLER.

How now, Tell, so discreet upon a sudden
I had been told thou wert a visionary,—
A wanderer from the paths of common men.
Thou lovest the marvellous. So have I now
Culled out for thee a task of special daring.
Another man might pause and hesitate;
Thou dashest at it, heart and soul, at once.

BERTHA.

Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See, how they tremble, and how pale they look,
So little used are they to hear thee jest.

GESSLER.

Who tells thee that I jest?

[Grasping a branch above his head.]

Here is the apple.

Room there, I say! And let him take his distance—
Just eighty paces—as the custom is
Not an inch more or less! It was his boast,
That at a hundred he could bit his man.
Now, archer, to your task, and look you miss not!

HARRAS:

Heavens! this grows serious—down, boy, on your knees,
And beg the governor to spare your life.

FURST (aside to MELCHTHAL, who can scarcely restrain his impatience).
Command yourself—be calm, I beg of you!

BERTHA (to the governor).

Let this suffice you, sir! It is inhuman
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
Although this wretched man had forfeited
Both life and limb for such a slight offence,
Already has he suffered tenfold death.
Send him away uninjured to his home;
He'll know thee well in future; and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.

GESSLER.

Open a way there—quick! Why this delay?
Thy life is forfeited; I might despatch thee,
And see I graciously repose thy fate
Upon the skill of thine own practised hand.
No cause has he to say his doom is harsh,
Who's made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest of thy steady eye. 'Tis well!
Now is a fitting time to show thy skill.

The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
To hit the bull's-eye in the target; that
Can many another do as well as thou;
But he, methinks, is master of his craft
Who can at all times on his skill rely,
Nor lets his heart disturb or eye or hand.

FURST.

My lord, we bow to your authority;
But, oh, let justice yield to mercy here.
Take half my property, nay, take it all,
But spare a father this unnatural doom!

WALTER.

Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man!
Say, where am I to stand? I do not fear;
My father strikes the bird upon the wing,
And will not miss now when 'twould harm his boy!

STAUFFACHER.

Does the child's innocence not touch your heart?

ROSSELMANN.

Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

GESSLER (pointing to the boy).

Bind him to yonder lime tree straight!

WALTER.

Bind me? No, I will not be bound! I will be still,
Still as a lamb—nor even draw my breath!
But if you bind me I cannot be still.

Then I shall writhe and struggle with my bonds.

HARRAS.

But let your eyes at least be bandaged, boy!

WALTER.

And why my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's hand? Not I!
I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink!
Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer!
He doubts thy skill—he thinks to ruin us.
Shoot then and hit though but to spite the tyrant!

[He goes to the lime tree, and an apple is placed on his head.

MELCHTHAL (to the country people).

What! Is this outrage to be perpetrated
Before our very eyes? Where is our oath?

STAUFFACHER.

'Tis all in vain. We have no weapons here;
And see the wood of lances that surrounds us!

MELCHTHAL.

Oh! would to heaven that we had struck at once!
God pardon those who counselled the delay!

GESSLER (to TELL).

Now, to thy task! Men bear not arms for naught.
'Tis dangerous to carry deadly weapons,
And on the archer oft his shaft recoils.
This right these haughty peasant-churls assume
Trenches upon their master's privileges.
None should be armed but those who bear command.

It pleases you wear the bow and bolt;
Well, be it so. I will provide the mark.

TELL (bends the bow and fixes the arrow).
A lane there! Room!

STAUFFACHER.
What, Tell? You would—no, no!
You shake—your hand's unsteady—your knees tremble!

TELL (letting the bow sink down).
There's something swims before mine eyes!

WOMEN.
Great Heaven!

TELL.
Release me from this shot!
Here is my heart!

[Tears open his breast.

Summon your troopers—let them strike me down!

GESSLER.
I do not want thy life, Tell, but the shot.
Thy talent's universal! Nothing daunts thee!
Thou canst direct the rudder like the bow!
Storms fright not thee when there's a life at stake.
Now, savior, help thyself, thou savest all!

[TELL stands fearfully agitated by contending emotions,
his hands moving convulsively, and his eyes turning
alternately to the governor and heaven. Suddenly he

takes a second arrow from his quiver and sticks it in his belt. The governor watches all these motions.

WALTER (beneath the lime tree).
Come, father, shoot! I'm not afraid!

TELL.

It must be!

[Collects himself and levels the bow.

RUDENZ (who all the while has been standing in a state of violent excitement, and has with difficulty restrained himself, advances).
My lord, you will not urge this matter further.
You will not. It was surely but a test.
You've gained your object. Rigor pushed too far
Is sure to miss its aim, however good,
As snaps the bow that's all too straightly bent.

GESSLER.

Peace, till your counsel's asked for!

RUDENZ.

I will speak! Ay, and I dare! I reverence my king;
But acts like these must make his name abhorred.
He sanctions not this cruelty. I dare
Avouch the fact. And you outstep your powers
In handling thus an unoffending people.

GESSLER.

Ha! thou growest bold methinks!

RUDENZ.

I have been dumb

To all the oppressions I was doomed to see.
I've closed mine eyes that they might not behold them,
Bade my rebellious, swelling heart be still,
And pent its struggles down within my breast.
But to be silent longer were to be
A traitor to my king and country both.

BERTHA (casting herself between him and the governor).
Oh, heavens! you but exasperate his rage!

RUDENZ.
My people I forsook, renounced my kindred—
Broke all the ties of nature that I might
Attach myself to you. I madly thought
That I should best advance the general weal,
By adding sinews to the emperor's power.
The scales have fallen from mine eyes—I see
The fearful precipice on which I stand.
You've led my youthful judgment far astray,—
Deceived my honest heart. With best intent,
I had well nigh achieved my country's ruin.

GESSLER.
Audacious boy, this language to thy lord?

RUDENZ.
The emperor is my lord, not you! I'm free
As you by birth, and I can cope with you
In every virtue that beseems a knight.
And if you stood not here in that king's name,
Which I respect e'en where 'tis most abused,
I'd throw my gauntlet down, and you should give
An answer to my gage in knightly fashion.

Ay, beckon to your troopers! Here I stand;
But not like these—

[Pointing to the people.
unarmed. I have a sword,
And he that stirs one step——

STAUFFACHER (exclaims).
The apple's down!

[While the attention of the crowd has been directed
to the spot where BERTHA had cast herself between RUDENZ
and GESSLER, TELL has shot.

ROSSELMANN.
The boy's alive!

MANY VOICES.
The apple has been struck!

[WALTER FURST staggers, and is about to fall. BERTHA supports him.

GESSLER (astonished).
How? Has he shot? The madman!

BERTHA.
Worthy father!
Pray you compose yourself. The boy's alive!

WALTER (runs in with the apple).
Here is the apple, father! Well I knew
You would not harm your boy.

[TELL stands with his body bent forwards, as though he would
follow the arrow. His bow drops from his hand. When he sees

the boy advancing, he hastens to meet him with open arms, and embracing him passionately sinks down with him quite exhausted. All crowd round them deeply affected.

BERTHA.

Oh, ye kind heavens!

FURST (to father and son).

My children, my dear children!

STAUFFACHER.

God be praised!

LEUTHOLD.

Almighty powers! That was a shot indeed!
It will be talked of to the end of time.

HARRAS.

This feat of Tell, the archer, will be told
While yonder mountains stand upon their base.

[Hands the apple to GESSLER.

GESSLER.

By heaven! the apple's cleft right through the core.
It was a master shot I must allow.

ROSSELMANN.

The shot was good. But woe to him who drove
The man to tempt his God by such a feat!

STAUFFACHER.

Cheer up, Tell, rise! You've nobly freed yourself,
And now may go in quiet to your home.

ROSSELMANN.

Come, to the mother let us bear her son!

GESSLER.

A word, Tell.

[They are about to lead him off.

TELL.

Sir, your pleasure?

GESSLER.

Thou didst place
A second arrow in thy belt—nay, nay!
I saw it well—what was thy purpose with it?

TELL (confused).

It is the custom with all archers, sir.

GESSLER.

No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.
There was some other motive, well I know.
Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth;—
Whate'er it be I promise thee thy life,
Wherefore the second arrow?

TELL.

Well, my lord,
Since you have promised not to take my life,
I will, without reserve, declare the truth.

[He draws the arrow from his belt, and fixes his eyes
sternly upon the governor.

If that my hand had struck my darling child,
This second arrow I had aimed at you,
And, be assured, I should not then have missed.

GESSLER.

Well, Tell, I promised thou shouldst have thy life;
I gave my knightly word, and I will keep it.
Yet, as I know the malice of thy thoughts,
I will remove thee hence to sure confinement,
Where neither sun nor moon shall reach thine eyes,
Thus from thy arrows I shall be secure.
Seize on him, guards, and bind him.

[They bind him.

STAUFFACHER.

How, my lord—
How can you treat in such a way a man
On whom God's hand has plainly been revealed?

GESSLER.

Well, let us see if it will save him twice!
Remove him to my ship; I'll follow straight.
In person I will see him lodged at Kuessnacht.

ROSSELMANN.

You dare not do it. Nor durst the emperor's self,
So violate our dearest chartered rights.

GESSLER.

Where are they? Has the emperor confirmed them?
He never has. And only by obedience
Need you expect to win that favor from him.

You are all rebels 'gainst the emperor's power
And bear a desperate and rebellious spirit.
I know you all—I see you through and through.
Him do I single from amongst you now,
But in his guilt you all participate.
The wise will study silence and obedience.

[Exit, followed by BERTHA, RUDENZ, HARRAS, and attendants.
FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD remain.]

FURST (in violent anguish).
All's over now! He is resolved to bring
Destruction on myself and all my house.

STAUFFACHER (to Tell).
Oh, why did you provoke the tyrant's rage?

TELL.
Let him be calm who feels the pangs I felt.

STAUFFACHER.
Alas! alas! Our every hope is gone.
With you we all are fettered and enchained.

COUNTRY PEOPLE (surrounding Tell).
Our last remaining comfort goes with you!

LEUTHOLD (approaching him).
I'm sorry for you, Tell, but must obey.

TELL.
Farewell!

WALTER (clinging to him in great agony).

Oh, father, father, father dear!

TELL (pointing to Heaven).

Thy father is on high—appeal to Him!

STAUFFACHER.

Hast thou no message, Tell, to send your wife?

TELL (clasping the boy passionately to his breast).

The boy's uninjured; God will succor me!

[Tears himself suddenly away, and follows the soldiers
of the guard.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Eastern shore of the Lake of Lucerne; rugged and singularly shaped rocks close the prospect to the west. The lake is agitated, violent roaring and rushing of wind, with thunder and lightning at intervals.

KUNZ OF GERSAU, FISHERMAN and BOY.

KUNZ.

I saw it with these eyes! Believe me, friend,
It happen'd all precisely as I've said.

FISHERMAN.

Tell, made a prisoner, and borne off to Kuessnacht?
The best man in the land, the bravest arm,
Had we resolved to strike for liberty!

KUNZ.

The Viceroy takes him up the lake in person:
They were about to go on board, as I
Left Flueelen; but still the gathering storm,
That drove me here to land so suddenly,
Perchance has hindered their abrupt departure.

FISHERMAN.

Our Tell in chains, and in the viceroy's power!
Oh, trust me, Gessler will entomb him where
He never more shall see the light of day;
For, Tell once free, the tyrant well may dread
The just revenge of one so deep incensed.

KUNZ.

The old Landamman, too—von Attinghaus—
They say, is lying at the point of death.

FISHERMAN.

Then the last anchor of our hopes gives way!
He was the only man who dared to raise
His voice in favor of the people's rights.

KUNZ.

The storm grows worse and worse. So, fare ye well!
I'll go and seek out quarters in the village.
There's not a chance of getting off to-day.

[Exit.

FISHERMAN.

Tell dragged to prison, and the baron dead!
Now, tyranny, exalt thy insolent front—
Throw shame aside! The voice of truth is silenced,
The eye that watched for us in darkness closed,
The arm that should have struck thee down in chains!

BOY.

'Tis hailing hard—come, let us to the cottage
This is no weather to be out in, father!

FISHERMAN.

Rage on, ye winds! Ye lightnings, flash your fires!
Burst, ye swollen clouds! Ye cataracts of heaven,
Descend, and drown the country! In the germ,
Destroy the generations yet unborn!
Ye savage elements, be lords of all!
Return, ye bears; ye ancient wolves, return
To this wide, howling waste! The land is yours.
Who would live here when liberty is gone?

BOY.

Hark! How the wind whistles and the whirlpool roars;
I never saw a storm so fierce as this!

FISHERMAN.

To level at the head of his own child!
Never had father such command before.
And shall not nature, rising in wild wrath,
Revolt against the deed? I should not marvel,
Though to the lake these rocks should bow their heads,
Though yonder pinnacles, yon towers of ice,
That, since creation's dawn, have known no thaw,
Should, from their lofty summits, melt away;
Though yonder mountains, yon primeval cliffs,
Should topple down, and a new deluge overwhelm
Beneath its waves all living men's abodes!

[Bells heard.

BOY.

Hark! they are ringing on the mountain yonder!
They surely see some vessel in distress,
And toll the bell that we may pray for it.

[Ascends a rock.

FISHERMAN.

Woe to the bark that now pursues its course,
Rocked in the cradle of these storm-tossed waves.
Nor helm nor steersman here can aught avail;
The storm is master. Man is like a ball,
Tossed 'twixt the winds and billows. Far, or near,
No haven offers him its friendly shelter!
Without one ledge to grasp, the sheer, smooth rocks
Look down inhospitably on his despair,
And only tender him their flinty breasts.

BOY (calling from above).

Father, a ship; and bearing down from Flueelen.

FISHERMAN.

Heaven pity the poor wretches! When the storm
Is once entangled in this strait of ours,
It rages like some savage beast of prey,
Struggling against its cage's iron bars.
Howling, it seeks an outlet—all in vain;
For the rocks hedge it round on every side,
Walling the narrow pass as high as heaven.

[He ascends a cliff.

BOY.

It is the governor of Uri's ship;
By its red poop I know it, and the flag.

FISHERMAN.

Judgments of Heaven! Yes, it is he himself.

It is the governor! Yonder he sails,
And with him bears the burden of his crimes!
Soon has the arm of the avenger found him;
Now over him he knows a mightier lord.
These waves yield no obedience to his voice,
These rocks bow not their heads before his cap.
Boy, do not pray; stay not the Judge's arm!

BOY.

I pray not for the governor; I pray
For Tell, who is on board the ship with him.

FISHERMAN.

Alas, ye blind, unreasoning elements!
Must ye, in punishing one guilty head,
Destroy the vessel and the pilot too?

BOY.

See, see, they've cleared the Buggisgrat [20]; but now
The blast, rebounding from the Devil's Minster [21],
Has driven them back on the Great Axenberg. [22]
I cannot see them now.

FISHERMAN.

The Hakmesser [23]
Is there, that's foundered many a gallant ship.
If they should fail to double that with skill,
Their bark will go to pieces on the rocks
That hide their jagged peaks below the lake.
They have on board the very best of pilots;
If any man can save them, Tell is he;
But he is manacled, both hand and foot.

[Enter WILLIAM TELL, with his crossbow. He enters precipitately, looks wildly round, and testifies the most violent agitation. When he reaches the centre of the stage, he throws himself upon his knees, and stretches out his hands, first towards the earth, then towards heaven.

BOY (observing him).

See, father! Who is that man, kneeling yonder?

FISHERMAN.

He clutches at the earth with both his hands,
And looks as though he were beside himself.

BOY (advancing).

What do I see? Father, come here, and look!

FISHERMAN (approaches).

Who is it? God in heaven! What! William Tell,
How came you hither? Speak, Tell!

BOY.

Were you not
In yonder ship, a prisoner, and in chains?

FISHERMAN.

Were they not bearing you away to Kuessnacht?

TELL (rising).

I am released.

FISHERMAN and BOY.

Released, oh miracle!

BOY.

Whence came you here?

TELL.

From yonder vessel!

FISHERMAN.

What?

BOY.

Where is the viceroy?

TELL.

Drifting on the waves.

FISHERMAN.

Is't possible? But you! How are you here?

How 'scaped you from your fetters and the storm?

TELL.

By God's most gracious providence. Attend.

FISHERMAN and BOY.

Say on, say on!

TELL.

You know what passed at Altdorf?

FISHERMAN.

I do—say on!

TELL.

How I was seized and bound,
And ordered by the governor to Kuessnacht.

FISHERMAN.

And how with you at Flueelen he embarked.
All this we know. Say, how have you escaped?

TELL.

I lay on deck, fast bound with cords, disarmed,
In utter hopelessness. I did not think
Again to see the gladsome light of day,
Nor the dear faces of my wife and children;
And eyed disconsolate the waste of waters——

FISHERMAN.

Oh, wretched man!

TELL.

Then we put forth; the viceroy,
Rudolph der Harras, and their suite. My bow
And quiver lay astern beside the helm;
And just as we had reached the corner, near
The Little Axen [24], heaven ordained it so,
That from the Gotthardt's gorge, a hurricane
Swept down upon us with such headlong force,
That every rower's heart within him sank,
And all on board looked for a watery grave.
Then heard I one of the attendant train,
Turning to Gessler, in this strain accost him:
"You see our danger, and your own, my lord
And that we hover on the verge of death.
The boatmen there are powerless from fear,
Nor are they confident what course to take;
Now, here is Tell, a stout and fearless man,
And knows to steer with more than common skill.
How if we should avail ourselves of him
In this emergency?" The viceroy then
Addressed me thus: "If thou wilt undertake
To bring us through this tempest safely, Tell,

I might consent to free thee from thy bonds."
I answered, "Yes, my lord, with God's assistance,
I'll see what can be done, and help us heaven!"
On this they loosed me from my bonds, and I
Stood by the helm and fairly steered along;
Yet ever eyed my shooting-gear askance,
And kept a watchful eye upon the shore,
To find some point where I might leap to land
And when I had descried a shelving crag,
That jutted, smooth atop, into the lake——

FISHERMAN.

I know it. 'Tis at foot of the Great Axen;
But looks so steep, I never could have dreamed
'Twere possible to leap it from the boat.

TELL.

I bade the men put forth their utmost might,
Until we came before the shelving crag.
For there, I said, the danger will be past!
Stoutly they pulled, and soon we neared the point;
One prayer to God for his assisting grace,
And straining every muscle, I brought round
The vessel's stern close to the rocky wall;
Then snatching up my weapons, with a bound
I swung myself upon the flattened shelf,
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the hell of waters.
There let it drift about, as heaven ordains!
Thus am I here, delivered from the might
Of the dread storm, and man, more dreadful still.

FISHERMAN.

Tell, Tell, the Lord has manifestly wrought
A miracle in thy behalf! I scarce
Can credit my own eyes. But tell me, now,
Whither you purpose to betake yourself?
For you will be in peril should the viceroy
Chance to escape this tempest with his life.

TELL.

I heard him say, as I lay bound on board,
His purpose was to disembark at Brunnen;
And, crossing Schwytz, convey me to his castle.

FISHERMAN.

Means he to go by land?

TELL.

So he intends.

FISHERMAN.

Oh, then, conceal yourself without delay!
Not twice will heaven release you from his grasp.

TELL.

Which is the nearest way to Arth and Kuessnacht?

FISHERMAN.

The public road leads by the way of Steinen,
But there's a nearer road, and more retired,
That goes by Lowerz, which my boy can show you.

TELL (gives him his hand).

May heaven reward your kindness! Fare ye well!

[As he is going he comes back.

Did not you also take the oath at Rootli?
I heard your name, methinks.

FISHERMAN.

Yes, I was there,
And took the oath of the confederacy;

TELL.

Then do me this one favor; speed to Buerglen
My wife is anxious at my absence—tell her
That I am free, and in secure concealment.

FISHERMAN.

But whither shall I tell her you have fled?

TELL.

You'll find her father with her, and some more,
Who took the oath with you upon the Rootli;
Bid them be resolute, and strong of heart,
For Tell is free and master of his arm;
They shall hear further news of me ere long.

FISHERMAN.

What have you, then, in view? Come, tell me frankly!

TELL.

When once 'tis done 'twill be in every mouth.

[Exit.

FISHERMAN.

Show him the way, boy. Heaven be his support!
Whate'er he has resolved, he'll execute.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Baronial mansion of Attinghausen. The BARON upon a couch dying.

WALTER FURST, STAUFFACHER, MELCHTHAL, and BAUMGARTEN
attending round

him. WALTER TELL kneeling before the dying man.

FURST.

All now is over with him. He is gone.

STAUFFACHER.

He lies not like one dead. The feather, see,
Moves on his lips! His sleep is very calm,
And on his features plays a placid smile.

[BAUMGARTEN goes to the door and speaks with some one.

FURST.

Who's there?

BAUGMARTEN (returning).

Tell's wife, your daughter; she insists
That she must speak with you, and see her boy.

[WALTER TELL rises.

FURST.

I who need comfort—can I comfort her?
Does every sorrow centre on my head?

HEDWIG (forcing her way in).

Where is my child? Unhand me! I must see him.

STAUFFACHER.

Be calm! Reflect you're in the house of death!

HEDWIG (falling upon her boy's neck).
My Walter! Oh, he yet is mine!

WALTER.

Dear mother!

HEDWIG.

And is it surely so? Art thou unhurt?

[Gazing at him with anxious tenderness.

And is it possible he aimed at thee?
How could he do it? Oh, he has no heart—
And he could wing an arrow at his child!

FURST.

His soul was racked with anguish when he did it.
No choice was left him, but to shoot or die!

HEDWIG.

Oh, if he had a father's heart, he would
Have sooner perished by a thousand deaths!

STAUFFACHER.

You should be grateful for God's gracious care,
That ordered things so well.

HEDWIG.

Can I forget
What might have been the issue. God of heaven!

Were I to live for centuries, I still
Should see my boy tied up,—his father's mark,
And still the shaft would quiver in my heart!

MELCHTHAL.

You know not how the viceroy taunted him!

HEDWIG.

Oh, ruthless heart of man! Offend his pride,
And reason in his breast forsakes her seat;
In his blind wrath he'll stake upon a cast
A child's existence, and a mother's heart!

BAUMGARTEN.

Is then your husband's fate not hard enough,
That you embitter it by such reproaches?
Have you no feeling for his sufferings?

HEDWIG (turning to him and gazing full upon him).
Hast thou tears only for thy friend's distress?
Say, where were you when he—my noble Tell,
Was bound in chains? Where was your friendship, then?
The shameful wrong was done before your eyes;
Patient you stood, and let your friend be dragged,
Ay, from your very hands. Did ever Tell
Act thus to you? Did he stand whining by
When on your heels the viceroy's horsemen pressed,
And full before you roared the storm-tossed lake?
Oh, not with idle tears he showed his pity;
Into the boat he sprung, forgot his home,
His wife, his children, and delivered thee!

FURST.

It had been madness to attempt his rescue,
Unarmed, and few in numbers as we were.

HEDWIG (casting herself upon his bosom).
Oh, father, and thou, too, hast lost my Tell!
The country—all have lost him! All lament
His loss; and, oh, how he must pine for us!
Heaven keep his soul from sinking to despair!
No friend's consoling voice can penetrate
His dreary dungeon walls. Should befall sick!
Ah! In the vapors of the murky vault
He must fall sick. Even as the Alpine rose
Grows pale and withers in the swampy air,
There is no life for him, but in the sun,
And in the balm of heaven's refreshing breeze.
Imprisoned? Liberty to him is breath;
He cannot live in the rank dungeon air!

STAUFFACHER.
Pray you be calm! And, hand in hand, we'll all
Combine to burst his prison doors.

HEDWIG.
Without him,
What have you power to do? While Tell was free,
There still, indeed, was hope—weak innocence
Had still a friend, and the oppressed a stay.
Tell saved you all! You cannot all combined
Release him from his cruel prison bonds.

[The BARON wakes.]

BAUMGARTEN.

Hush, hush! He starts!

ATTINGHAUSEN (sitting up).

Where is he?

STAUFFACHER.

Who?

ATTINGHAUSEN.

He leaves me,—

In my last moments he abandons me.

STAUFFACHER.

He means his nephew. Have they sent for him?

FURST.

He has been summoned. Cheerily, Sir! Take comfort!

He has found his heart at last, and is our own.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Say, has he spoken for his native land?

STAUFFACHER.

Ay, like a hero!

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Wherefore comes he not,

That he may take my blessing ere I die?

I feel my life fast ebbing to a close.

STAUFFACHER.

Nay, talk not thus, dear Sir! This last short sleep

Has much refreshed you, and your eye is bright.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Life is but pain, and even that has left me;
My sufferings, like my hopes, have passed away.

[Observing the boy.

What boy is that?

FURST.

Bless him. Oh, good my lord!
He is my grandson, and is fatherless.

[HEDWIG kneels with the boy before the dying man.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

And fatherless I leave you all, ay, all!
Oh, wretched fate, that these old eyes should see
My country's ruin, as they close in death.
Must I attain the utmost verge of life,
To feel my hopes go with me to the grave.

STAUFFACHER (to FURST).

Shall he depart 'mid grief and gloom like this?
Shall not his parting moments be illumed
By hope's delightful beams? My noble lord,
Raise up your drooping spirit! We are not
Forsaken quite—past all deliverance.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Who shall deliver you?

FURST.

Ourselves. For know
The Cantons three are to each other pledged
To hunt the tyrants from the land. The league

Has been concluded, and a sacred oath
Confirms our union. Ere another year
Begins its circling course—the blow shall fall.
In a free land your ashes shall repose.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

The league concluded! Is it really so?

MELCHTHAL.

On one day shall the Cantons rise together.
All is prepared to strike—and to this hour
The secret closely kept though hundreds share it;
The ground is hollow 'neath the tyrant's feet;
Their days of rule are numbered, and ere long
No trace of their dominion shall remain.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

Ay, but their castles, how to master them?

MELCHTHAL.

On the same day they, too, are doomed to fall.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

And are the nobles parties to this league?

STAUFFACHER.

We trust to their assistance should we need it;
As yet the peasantry alone have sworn.

ATTINGHAUSEN (raising himself up in great astonishment).
And have the peasantry dared such a deed
On their own charge without their nobles' aid—
Relied so much on their own proper strength?
Nay then, indeed, they want our help no more;

We may go down to death cheered by the thought
That after us the majesty of man
Will live, and be maintained by other hands.

[He lays his hand upon the head of the child,
who is kneeling before him.

From this boy's head, whereon the apple lay,
Your new and better liberty shall spring;
The old is crumbling down—the times are changing
And from the ruins blooms a fairer life.

STAUFFACHER (to FURST).

See, see, what splendor streams around his eye!
This is not nature's last expiring flame,
It is the beam of renovated life.

ATTINGHAUSEN.

From their old towers the nobles are descending,
And swearing in the towns the civic oath.
In Uechtland and Thurgau the work's begun;
The noble Bern lifts her commanding head,
And Freyburg is a stronghold of the free;
The stirring Zurich calls her guilds to arms;
And now, behold! the ancient might of kings
Is shivered against her everlasting walls.

[He speaks what follows with a prophetic tone;
his utterance rising into enthusiasm.

I see the princes and their haughty peers,
Clad all in steel, come striding on to crush
A harmless shepherd race with mailed hand.

Desperate the conflict: 'tis for life or death;
And many a pass will tell to after years
Of glorious victories sealed in foemen's blood. [25]
The peasant throws himself with naked breast,
A willing victim on their serried lances.
They yield—the flower of chivalry's cut down,
And freedom waves her conquering banner high!

[Grasps the hands Of WALTER FURST and STAUFFACHER.

Hold fast together, then—forever fast!
Let freedom's haunts be one in heart and mind!
Set watches on your mountain-tops, that league
May answer league, when comes the hour to strike.
Be one—be one—be one——

[He falls back upon the cushion. His lifeless hands continue to grasp those of FURST and STAUFFACHER, who regard him for some moments in silence, and then retire, overcome with sorrow. Meanwhile the servants have quietly pressed into the chamber, testifying different degrees of grief. Some kneel down beside him and weep on his body: while this scene is passing the castle bell tolls.

RUDENZ (entering hurriedly).
Lives he? Oh, say, can he still hear my voice?

FURST (averting his face).
You are our signior and protector now;
Henceforth this castle bears another name.

RUDENZ (gazing at the body with deep emotion).
Oh, God! Is my repentance, then, too late?

Could he not live some few brief moments more,
To see the change that has come o'er my heart?
Oh, I was deaf to his true counselling voice
While yet he walked on earth. Now he is gone;
Gone and forever,—leaving me the debt,—
The heavy debt I owe him—undischarged!
Oh, tell me! did he part in anger with me?

STAUFFACHER.

When dying he was told what you had done,
And blessed the valor that inspired your words!

RUDENZ (kneeling down beside the dead body).
Yes, sacred relics of a man beloved!
Thou lifeless corpse! Here, on thy death-cold hand,
Do I abjure all foreign ties forever!
And to my country's cause devote myself.
I am a Switzer, and will act as one
With my whole heart and soul.

[Rises.

Mourn for our friend,
Our common parent, yet be not dismayed!
'Tis not alone his lands that I inherit,—
His heart—his spirit have devolved on me;
And my young arm shall execute the task
For which his hoary age remained your debtor.
Give me your hands, ye venerable fathers!
Thine, Melchthal, too! Nay, do not hesitate,
Nor from me turn distrustfully away.
Accept my plighted vow—my knightly oath!

FURST.

Give him your hands, my friends! A heart like his

That sees and owns its error claims our trust.

MELCHTHAL.

You ever held the peasantry in scorn;
What surety have we that you mean us fair?

RUDENZ.

Oh, think not of the error of my youth!

STAUFFACHER (to MELCHTHAL).

Be one! They were our father's latest words.
See they be not forgotten! Take my hand,—
A peasant's hand,—and with it, noble Sir,
The gage and the assurance of a man!
Without us, sir, what would the nobles be?
Our order is more ancient, too, than yours!

RUDENZ.

I honor it, and with my sword will shield it!

MELCHTHAL.

The arm, my lord, that tames the stubborn earth,
And makes its bosom blossom with increase,
Can also shield a man's defenceless breast.

RUDENZ.

Then you shall shield my breast and I will yours;
Thus each be strengthened by the others' aid!
Yet wherefore talk we while our native land
Is still to alien tyranny a prey?
First let us sweep the foeman from the soil,
Then reconcile our difference in peace!

[After a moment's pause.]

How! You are silent! Not a word for me?
And have I yet no title to your trust?
Then must I force my way, despite your will,
Into the league you secretly have formed.
You've held a Diet on the Rootli,—I
Know this,—know all that was transacted there!
And though I was not trusted with your secret,
I still have kept it like a sacred pledge.
Trust me, I never was my country's foe,
Nor would I ever have ranged myself against you!
Yet you did wrong to put your rising off.
Time presses! We must strike, and swiftly, too!
Already Tell has fallen a sacrifice
To your delay.

STAUFFACHER.

We swore to wait till Christmas.

RUDENZ.

I was not there,—I did not take the oath.
If you delay I will not!

MELCHTHAL.

What! You would——

RUDENZ.

I count me now among the country's fathers,
And to protect you is my foremost duty.

FURST.

Within the earth to lay these dear remains,
That is your nearest and most sacred duty.

RUDENZ.

When we have set the country free, we'll place
Our fresh, victorious wreaths upon his bier.
Oh, my dear friends, 'tis not your cause alone!
I have a cause to battle with the tyrants
That more concerns myself. Know, that my Bertha
Has disappeared,—been carried off by stealth,
Stolen from amongst us by their ruffian bands!

STAUFFACHER.

And has the tyrant dared so fell an outrage
Against a lady free and nobly born?

RUDENZ.

Alas! my friends, I promised help to you,
And I must first implore it for myself?
She that I love is stolen—is forced away,
And who knows where the tyrant has concealed her.
Or with what outrages his ruffian crew
May force her into nuptials she detests?
Forsake me not! Oh help me to her rescue!
She loves you! Well, oh well, has she deserved
That all should rush to arms in her behalf.

STAUFFACHER.

What course do you propose?

RUDENZ.

Alas! I know not.
In the dark mystery that shrouds her fate,
In the dread agony of this suspense,
Where I can grasp at naught of certainty,
One single ray of comfort beams upon me.

From out the ruins of the tyrant's power
Alone can she be rescued from the grave.
Their strongholds must be levelled! Everyone,
Ere we can pierce into her gloomy prison.

MELCHTHAL.

Come, lead us on! We follow! Why defer
Until to-morrow what to-day may do?
Tell's arm was free when we at Rootli swore,
This foul enormity was yet undone.
And change of circumstance brings change of law.
Who such a coward as to waver still?

RUDENZ (to WALTER FURST).

Meanwhile to arms, and wait in readiness
The fiery signal on the mountain-tops.
For swifter than a boat can scour the lake
Shall you have tidings of our victory;
And when you see the welcome flames ascend,
Then, like the lightning, swoop upon the foe,
And lay the despots and their creatures low!

SCENE III.

The pass near Kuessnacht, sloping down from behind, with rocks on either side. The travellers are visible upon the heights, before they appear on the stage. Rocks all round the stage. Upon one of the foremost a projecting cliff overgrown with brushwood.

TELL (enters with his crossbow).

Here through this deep defile he needs must pass;

There leads no other road to Kuessnacht; here
I'll do it; the opportunity is good.
Yon alder tree stands well for my concealment,
Thence my avenging shaft will surely reach him.
The straitness of the path forbids pursuit.
Now, Gessler, balance thine account with Heaven!
Thou must away from earth, thy sand is run.
I led a peaceful, inoffensive life;
My bow was bent on forest game alone,
And my pure soul was free from thoughts of murder.
But thou hast scared me from my dream of peace;
The milk of human kindness thou hast turned
To rankling poison in my breast, and made
Appalling deeds familiar to my soul.
He who could make his own child's head his mark
Can speed his arrow to his foeman's heart.

My children dear, my loved and faithful wife,
Must be protected, tyrant, from thy fury!
When last I drew my bow, with trembling hand,
And thou, with murderous joy, a father forced
To level at his child; when, all in vain,
Writhing before thee, I implored thy mercy,
Then in the agony of my soul I vowed
A fearful oath, which met God's ear alone,
That when my bow next winged an arrow's flight
Its aim should be thy heart. The vow I made
Amid the hellish torments of that moment
I hold a sacred debt, and I will pay it.

Thou art my lord, my emperor's delegate,
Yet would the emperor not have stretched his power

So far as thou. He sent thee to these Cantons
To deal forth law, stern law, for he is angered;
But not to wanton with unbridled will
In every cruelty, with fiendlike joy:
There is a God to punish and avenge.

Come forth, thou bringer once of bitter pangs,
My precious jewel now, my chiefest treasure;
A mark I'll set thee, which the cry of grief
Could never penetrate, but thou shalt pierce it.
And thou, my trusty bowstring, that so oft
Has served me faithfully in sportive scenes,
Desert me not in this most serious hour—
Only be true this once, my own good cord,
That has so often winged the biting shaft:—
For shouldst thou fly successful from my hand,
I have no second to send after thee.

[Travellers pass over the stage.

I'll sit me down upon this bench of stone,
Hewn for the wayworn traveller's brief repose—
For here there is no home. Each hurries by
The other, with quick step and careless look,
Nor stays to question of his grief. Here goes
The merchant, full of care—the pilgrim next,
With slender scrip—and then the pious monk,
The scowling robber, and the jovial player,
The carrier with his heavy-laden horse,
That comes to us from the far haunts of men;
For every road conducts to the world's end.
They all push onwards—every man intent
On his own several business—mine is murder.

[Sits down.

Time was, my dearest children, when with joy
You hailed your father's safe return to home
From his long mountain toils; for when he came
He ever brought some little present with him.
A lovely Alpine flower—a curious bird—
Or elf-boat found by wanderers on the hills.
But now he goes in quest of other game:
In the wild pass he sits, and broods on murder;
And watches for the life-blood of his foe,
But still his thoughts are fixed on you alone,
Dear children. 'Tis to guard your innocence,
To shield you from the tyrant's fell revenge,
He bends his bow to do a deed of blood!

[Rises.

Well—I am watching for a noble prey—
Does not the huntsman, with severest toil,
Roam for whole days amid the winter's cold,
Leap with a daring bound from rock to rock,—
And climb the jagged, slippery steeps, to which
His limbs are glued by his own streaming blood;
And all this but to gain a wretched chamois.
A far more precious prize is now my aim—
The heart of that dire foe who would destroy me.

[Sprightly music heard in the distance, which
comes gradually nearer.

From my first years of boyhood I have used

The bow—been practised in the archer's feats;
The bull's-eye many a time my shafts have hit,
And many a goodly prize have I brought home,
Won in the games of skill. This day I'll make
My master-shot, and win the highest prize
Within the whole circumference of the mountains.

[A marriage train passes over the stage, and goes up
the pass. TELL gazes at it, leaning on his bow. He
is joined by STUSSI, the Ranger.

STUSSI.

There goes the bridal party of the steward
Of Moerlischachen's cloister. He is rich!
And has some ten good pastures on the Alps.
He goes to fetch his bride from Imisee,
There will be revelry to-night at Kuessnacht.
Come with us—every honest man's invited.

TELL.

A gloomy guest fits not a wedding feast.

STUSSI.

If grief oppress you, dash it from your heart!
Bear with your lot. The times are heavy now,
And we must snatch at pleasure while we can.
Here 'tis a bridal, there a burial.

TELL.

And oft the one treads close upon the other.

STUSSI.

So runs the world at present. Everywhere

We meet with woe and misery enough.
There's been a slide of earth in Glarus, and
A whole side of the Glaernisch has fallen in.

TELL.

Strange! And do even the hills begin to totter?
There is stability for naught on earth.

STUSSI.

Strange tidings, too, we hear from other parts.
I spoke with one but now, that came from Baden,
Who said a knight was on his way to court,
And as he rode along a swarm of wasps
Surrounded him, and settling on his horse,
So fiercely stung the beast that it fell dead,
And he proceeded to the court on foot.

TELL.

Even the weak are furnished with a sting.

[ARMGART (enters with several children, and places
herself at the entrance of the pass).

STUSSI.

'Tis thought to bode disaster to the country,
Some horrid deed against the course of nature.

TELL.

Why, every day brings forth such fearful deeds;
There needs no miracle to tell their coming.

STUSSI.

Too true! He's blessed who tills his field in peace,
And sits untroubled by his own fireside.

TELL.

The very meekest cannot rest in quiet,
Unless it suits with his ill neighbor's humor.

[TELL looks frequently with restless expectation
towards the top of the pass.

STUSSI.

So fare you well! You're waiting some one here?

TELL.

I am.

STUSSI.

A pleasant meeting with your friends!
You are from Uri, are you not? His grace
The governor's expected thence to-day.

TRAVELLER (entering).

Look not to see the governor to-day.
The streams are flooded by the heavy rains,
And all the bridges have been swept away.

[TELL rises.

ARMGART (coming forward).

The viceroy not arrived?

STUSSI.

And do you seek him?

ARMGART.

Alas, I do!

STUSSI.

But why thus place yourself
Where you obstruct his passage down the pass?

ARMGART.

Here he cannot escape me. He must hear me.

FRIESSHARDT (coming hastily down the pass, and calls upon the stage).
Make way, make way! My lord, the governor,
Is coming down on horseback close behind me.

[Exit TELL.

ARMGART (with animation).

The viceroy comes!

[She goes towards the pass with her children.
GESSLER and RUDOLPH DER HARRAS appear upon the
heights on horseback.

STUSSI (to FRIESSHARDT).

How got ye through the stream
When all the bridges have been carried down?

FRIESSHARDT.

We've battled with the billows; and, my friend,
An Alpine torrent's nothing after that.

STUSSI.

How! Were you out, then, in that dreadful storm?

FRIESSHARDT.

Ay, that we were! I shall not soon forget it.

STUSSI.

Stay, speak——

FRIESSHARDT.

I cannot. I must to the castle,
And tell them that the governor's at hand.

[Exit.

STUSSI.

If honest men, now, had been in the ship,
It had gone down with every soul on board:—
Some folks are proof 'gainst fire and water both.

[Looking round.

Where has the huntsman gone with whom I spoke?

[Exit.

Enter GESSLER and RUDOLPH DER HARRAS on horseback.

GESSLER.

Say what you please; I am the emperor's servant,
And my first care must be to do his pleasure.
He did not send me here to fawn and cringe
And coax these boors into good humor. No!
Obedience he must have. We soon shall see
If king or peasant is to lord it here?

ARMGART.

Now is the moment! Now for my petition!

GESSLER.

'Twas not in sport that I set up the cap
In Altdorf—or to try the people's hearts—
All this I knew before. I set it up
That they might learn to bend those stubborn necks
They carry far too proudly—and I placed
What well I knew their eyes could never brook
Full in the road, which they perforce must pass,
That, when their eyes fell on it, they might call
That lord to mind whom they too much forget.

HARRAS.

But surely, sir, the people have some rights——

GESSLER.

This is no time to settle what they are.
Great projects are at work, and hatching now;
The imperial house seeks to extend its power.
Those vast designs of conquests, which the sire
Has gloriously begun, the son will end.
This petty nation is a stumbling-block—
One way or other it must be subjected.

[They are about to pass on. ARMMGART throws herself
down before GESSLER.

ARMGART.

Mercy, lord governor! Oh, pardon, pardon!

GESSLER.

Why do you cross me on the public road?
Stand back, I say.

ARMGART.

My husband lies in prison;
My wretched orphans cry for bread. Have pity,
Pity, my lord, upon our sore distress!

HARRAS.

Who are you, woman; and who is your husband?

ARMGART.

A poor wild hay-man of the Rigiberg,
Kind sir, who on the brow of the abyss,
Mows down the grass from steep and craggy shelves,
To which the very cattle dare not climb.

HARRAS (to GESSLER).

By Heaven! a sad and miserable life!
I prithee, give the wretched man his freedom.
How great soever his offence may be,
His horrid trade is punishment enough.

[To ARMGART.

You shall have justice. To the castle bring
Your suit. This is no place to deal with it.

ARMGART.

No, no, I will not stir from where I stand,
Until your grace restore my husband to me.
Six months already has he been in prison,
And waits the sentence of a judge in vain.

GESSLER.

How! Would you force me, woman? Hence! Begone!

ARMGART.

Justice, my lord! Ay, justice! Thou art judge!
The deputy of the emperor—of Heaven!
Then do thy duty, as thou hopest for justice
From Him who rules above, show it to us!

GESSLER.

Hence! drive this daring rabble from my sight!

ARMGART (seizing his horse's reins).

No, no, by Heaven, I've nothing more to lose.
Thou stirrest not, viceroy, from this spot until
Thou dost me fullest justice. Knit thy brows,
And roll thy eyes; I fear not. Our distress
Is so extreme, so boundless, that we care

No longer for thine anger.

GESSLER.

Woman, hence!

Give way, I say, or I will ride thee down.

ARMGART.

Well, do so; there!

[Throws her children and herself upon the ground before him.

Here on the ground I lie,
I and my children. Let the wretched orphans
Be trodden by thy horse into the dust!
It will not be the worst that thou hast done.

HARRAS.

Are you mad, woman?

ARMGART (continuing with vehemence).

Many a day thou hast
Trampled the emperor's lands beneath thy feet.
Oh, I am but a woman! Were I man,
I'd find some better thing to do, than here
Lie grovelling in the dust.

[The music of the wedding party is again heard
from the top of the pass, but more softly.

GESSLER.

Where are my knaves?
Drag her away, lest I forget myself,
And do some deed I may repent hereafter.

HARRAS.

My lord, the servants cannot force a passage;
The pass is blocked up by a marriage party.

GESSLER.

Too mild a ruler am I to this people,
Their tongues are all too bold; nor have they yet
Been tamed to due submission, as they shall be.
I must take order for the remedy;
I will subdue this stubborn mood of theirs,
And crush the soul of liberty within them.
I'll publish a new law throughout the land;
I will——

[An arrow pierces him,—he puts his hand on his heart,
and is about to sink—with a feeble voice.

Oh God, have mercy on my soul!

HARRAS.

My lord! my lord! Oh God! What's this? Whence came it?

ARMGART (starts up).

Dead, dead! He reels, he falls! 'Tis in his heart!

HARRAS (springs from his horse).

This is most horrible! Oh Heavens! sir knight,
Address yourself to God and pray for mercy;
You are a dying man.

GESSLER.

That shot was Tell's.

[He slides from his horse into the arms of RUDOLPH

DER HARRAS, who lays him down upon the bench. TELL appears above, upon the rocks.

TELL.

Thou knowest the archer, seek no other hand.
Our cottages are free, and innocence
Secure from thee: thou'lt be our curse no more.

[TELL disappears. People rush in.

STUSSI.

What is the matter? Tell me what has happened?

ARMGART.

The governor is shot,—killed by an arrow!

PEOPLE (running in).

Who has been shot?

[While the foremost of the marriage party are coming on the stage, the hindmost are still upon the heights.
The music continues.

HARRAS.

He's bleeding fast to death.
Away, for help—pursue the murderer!
Unhappy man, is't thus that thou must die?
Thou wouldst not heed the warnings that I gave thee!

STUSSI.

By heaven, his cheek is pale! His life ebbs fast.

MANY VOICES.

Who did the deed?

HARRAS.

What! Are the people mad
That they make music to a murder? Silence!

[Music breaks off suddenly. People continue to flock in.

Speak, if thou canst, my lord. Hast thou no charge
To intrust me with?

[GESSLER makes signs with his hand, which he repeats
with vehemence, when he finds they are not understood.

What would you have me do?
Shall I to Kuessnacht? I can't guess your meaning.
Do not give way to this impatience. Leave
All thoughts of earth and make your peace with Heaven.

[The whole marriage party gather round the dying man.

STUSSI.

See there! how pale he grows! Death's gathering now
About his heart; his eyes grow dim and glazed.

ARMGART (holds up a child).
Look, children, how a tyrant dies!

HARRAS.

Mad hag!
Have you no touch of feeling that you look
On horrors such as these without a shudder?
Help me—take hold. What, will not one assist
To pull the torturing arrow from his breast?

WOMEN.

We touch the man whom God's own hand has struck!

HARRAS.

All curses light on you!

[Draws his sword.

STUSSI (seizes his arm).

Gently, sir knight!

Your power is at an end. 'Twere best forbear.
Our country's foe is fallen. We will brook
No further violence. We are free men.

ALL.

The country's free!

HARRAS.

And is it come to this?

Fear and obedience at an end so soon?

[To the soldiers of the guard who are thronging in.

You see, my friends, the bloody piece of work
They've acted here. 'Tis now too late for help,
And to pursue the murderer were vain.
New duties claim our care. Set on to Kuessnacht,
And let us save that fortress for the king!
For in an hour like this all ties of order,
Fealty, and faith are scattered to the winds.
No man's fidelity is to be trusted.

[As he is going out with the soldiers six

FRATRES MISERICORDIAE appear.

ARMGART.

Here come the brotherhood of mercy. Room!

STUSSI.

The victim's slain, and now the ravens stoop.

BROTHERS OF MERCY (form a semicircle round the body, and sing in solemn tones).

With hasty step death presses on,
Nor grants to man a moment's stay,
He falls ere half his race be run
In manhood's pride is swept away!
Prepared or unprepared to die,
He stands before his Judge on high.

[While they are repeating the last two lines, the curtain falls.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A common near Altdorf. In the background to the right the keep of Uri, with the scaffold still standing, as in the third scene of the first act. To the left the view opens upon numerous mountains, on all of which signal fires are burning. Day is breaking, and bells are heard ringing from various distances.

RUODI, KUONI, WERNI, MASTER MASON, and many other country people,
also women and children.

RUODI.
Look at the fiery signals on the mountains!

MASTER MASON.
Hark to the bells above the forest there!

RUODI.
The enemy's expelled.

MASTER MASON.
The forts are taken.

RUODI.
And we of Uri, do we still endure

Upon our native soil the tyrant's keep?
Are we the last to strike for liberty?

MASTER MASON.

Shall the yoke stand that was to bow our necks?
Up! Tear it to the ground!

ALL.

Down, down with it!

RUODI.

Where is the Stier of Uri?

URI.

Here. What would ye?

RUODI.

Up to your tower, and wind us such a blast,
As shall resound afar, from hill to hill;
Rousing the echoes of each peak and glen,
And call the mountain men in haste together!

[Exit STIER OF URI—enter WALTER FURST.]

FURST.

Stay, stay, my friends! As yet we have not learned
What has been done in Unterwald and Schwytz.
Let's wait till we receive intelligence!

RUODI.

Wait, wait for what? The accursed tyrant's dead,
And the bright day of liberty has dawned!

MASTER MASON.

How! Do these flaming signals not suffice,
That blaze on every mountain top around?

RUODI.

Come all, fall to—come, men and women, all!
Destroy the scaffold! Tear the arches down!
Down with the walls; let not a stone remain.

MASTER MASON.

Come, comrades, come! We built it, and we know
How best to hurl it down.

ALL.

Come! Down with it!

[They fall upon the building at every side.

FURST.

The floodgate's burst. They're not to be restrained.

[Enter MELCHTHAL and BAUMGARTEN.

MELCHTHAL.

What! Stands the fortress still, when Sarnen lies
In ashes, and when Rossberg is a ruin?

FURST.

You, Melchthal, here? D'ye bring us liberty?
Say, have you freed the country of the foe?

MELCHTHAL.

We've swept them from the soil. Rejoice, my friend;
Now, at this very moment, while we speak,
There's not a tyrant left in Switzerland!

FURST.

How did you get the forts into your power?

MELCHTHAL.

Rudenz it was who with a gallant arm,
And manly daring, took the keep at Sarnen.
The Rossberg I had stormed the night before.
But hear what chanced. Scarce had we driven the foe
Forth from the keep, and given it to the flames,
That now rose crackling upwards to the skies,
When from the blaze rushed Diethelm, Gessler's page,
Exclaiming, "Lady Bertha will be burnt!"

FURST.

Good heavens!

[The beams of the scaffold are heard falling.

MELCHTHAL.

'Twas she herself. Here had she been
Immured in secret by the viceroy's orders.
Rudenz sprang up in frenzy. For we heard
The beams and massive pillars crashing down,
And through the volumed smoke the piteous shrieks
Of the unhappy lady.

FURST.

Is she saved?

MELCHTHAL.

Here was a time for promptness and decision!
Had he been nothing but our baron, then
We should have been most chary of our lives;

But he was our confederate, and Bertha
Honored the people. So without a thought,
We risked the worst, and rushed into the flames.

FURST.

But is she saved?

MELCHTHAL.

She is. Rudenz and I
Bore her between us from the blazing pile,
With crashing timbers toppling all around.
And when she had revived, the danger past,
And raised her eyes to meet the light of heaven,
The baron fell upon my breast; and then
A silent vow of friendship passed between us—
A vow that, tempered in yon furnace heat,
Will last through every shock of time and fate.

FURST.

Where is the Landenberg?

MELCHTHAL.

Across the Bruenig.
No fault of mine it was, that he, who quenched
My father's eyesight, should go hence unharmed.
He fled—I followed—overtook and seized him,
And dragged him to my father's feet. The sword
Already quivered o'er the caitiff's head,
When at the entreaty of the blind old man,
I spared the life for which he basely prayed.
He swore Urphede [26], never to return:
He'll keep his oath, for he has felt our arm.

FURST.

Thank God, our victory's unstained by blood!

CHILDREN (running across the stage with fragments of wood).
Liberty! Liberty! Hurrah, we're free!

FURST.

Oh! what a joyous scene! These children will,
E'en to their latest day, remember it.

[Girls bring in the cap upon a pole. The whole stage
is filled with people.

RUODI.

Here is the cap, to which we were to bow!

BAUMGARTEN.

Command us, how we shall dispose of it.

FURST.

Heavens! 'Twas beneath this cap my grandson stood!

SEVERAL VOICES.

Destroy the emblem of the tyrant's power!
Let it burn!

FURST.

No. Rather be preserved!
'Twas once the instrument of despots—now
'Twill be a lasting symbol of our freedom.

[Peasants, men, women, and children, some standing,
others sitting upon the beams of the shattered scaffold,
all picturesquely grouped, in a large semicircle.

MELCHTHAL.

Thus now, my friends, with light and merry hearts,
We stand upon the wreck of tyranny;
And gallantly have we fulfilled the oath,
Which we at Rootli swore, confederates!

FURST.

The work is but begun. We must be firm.
For, be assured, the king will make all speed,
To avenge his viceroy's death, and reinstate,
By force of arms, the tyrant we've expelled.

MELCHTHAL.

Why, let him come, with all his armaments!
The foe within has fled before our arms;
We'll give him welcome warmly from without!

RUODI.

The passes to the country are but few;
And these we'll boldly cover with our bodies.

BAUMGARTEN.

We are bound by an indissoluble league,
And all his armies shall not make us quail.

[Enter ROSSELMANN and STAUFFACHER.

ROSSELMANN (speaking as he enters).
These are the awful judgments of the lord!

PEASANT.

What is the matter?

ROSSELMANN.

In what times we live!

FURST.

Say on, what is't? Ha, Werner, is it you?

What tidings?

PEASANT.

What's the matter?

ROSSELMANN.

Hear and wonder.

STAUFFACHER.

We are released from one great cause of dread.

ROSSELMANN.

The emperor is murdered.

FURST.

Gracious heaven!

[PEASANTS rise up and throng round STAUFFACHER.

ALL.

Murdered! the emperor? What! The emperor! Hear!

MELCHTHAL.

Impossible! How came you by the news?

STAUFFACHER.

'Tis true! Near Bruck, by the assassin's hand,
King Albert fell. A most trustworthy man,
John Mueller, from Schaffhausen, brought the news.

FURST.

Who dared commit so horrible a deed?

STAUFFACHER.

The doer makes the deed more dreadful still;
It was his nephew, his own brother's child,
Duke John of Austria, who struck the blow.

MELCHTHAL.

What drove him to so dire a parricide?

STAUFFACHER.

The emperor kept his patrimony back,
Despite his urgent importunities;
'Twas said, indeed, he never meant to give it,
But with a mitre to appease the duke.
However this may be, the duke gave ear,
To the ill counsel of his friends in arms;
And with the noble lords, von Eschenbach,
Von Tegerfeld, von Wart, and Palm, resolved,
Since his demands for justice were despised,
With his own hands to take revenge at least.

FURST.

But say, how compassed he the dreadful deed?

STAUFFACHER.

The king was riding down from Stein to Baden,
Upon his way to join the court at Rheinfeld,—
With him a train of high-born gentlemen,
And the young princes, John and Leopold.
And when they reached the ferry of the Reuss,
The assassins forced their way into the boat,
To separate the emperor from his suite.

His highness landed, and was riding on
Across a fresh-ploughed field—where once, they say,
A mighty city stood in Pagan times—
With Hapsburg's ancient turrets full in sight,
Where all the grandeur of his line had birth—
When Duke John plunged a dagger in his throat,
Palm ran him through the body with his lance,
Eschenbach cleft his skull at one fell blow,
And down he sank, all weltering in his blood,
On his own soil, by his own kinsmen slain.
Those on the opposite bank, who saw the deed,
Being parted by the stream, could only raise
An unavailing cry of loud lament.
But a poor woman, sitting by the way,
Raised him, and on her breast he bled to death.

MELCHTHAL.

Thus has he dug his own untimely grave,
Who sought insatiably to grasp at all.

STAUFFACHER.

The country round is filled with dire alarm.
The mountain passes are blockaded all,
And sentinels on every frontier set;
E'en ancient Zurich barricades her gates,
That for these thirty years have open stood,
Dreading the murderers, and the avengers more,
For cruel Agnes comes, the Hungarian queen,
To all her sex's tenderness a stranger,
Armed with the thunders of the church to wreak
Dire vengeance for her parent's royal blood,
On the whole race of those that murdered him,—

Upon their servants, children, children's children,—
Nay on the stones that build their castle walls.
Deep has she sworn a vow to immolate
Whole generations on her father's tomb,
And bathe in blood as in the dew of May.

MELCHTHAL.

Know you which way the murderers have fled?

STAUFFACHER.

No sooner had they done the deed than they
Took flight, each following a different route,
And parted, ne'er to see each other more.
Duke John must still be wandering in the mountains.

FURST.

And thus their crime has yielded them no fruits.
Revenge is barren. Of itself it makes
The dreadful food it feeds on; its delight
Is murder—its satiety despair.

STAUFFACHER.

The assassins reap no profit by their crime;
But we shall pluck with unpolluted hands
The teeming fruits of their most bloody deed,
For we are ransomed from our heaviest fear;
The direst foe of liberty has fallen,
And, 'tis reported, that the crown will pass
From Hapsburg's house into another line.
The empire is determined to assert
Its old prerogative of choice, I hear.

FURST and several others.

Has any one been named to you?

STAUFFACHER.

The Count

Of Luxembourg is widely named already.

FURST.

'Tis well we stood so stanchly by the empire!
Now we may hope for justice, and with cause.

STAUFFACHER.

The emperor will need some valiant friends,
And he will shelter us from Austria's vengeance.

[The peasantry embrace. Enter SACRIST, with imperial messenger.]

SACRIST.

Here are the worthy chiefs of Switzerland!

ROSSELMANN and several others.

Sacrist, what news?

SACRISTAN.

A courier brings this letter.

ALL (to WALTER FURST).

Open and read it.

FURST (reading).

"To the worthy men
Of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald, the Queen
Elizabeth sends grace and all good wishes!"

MANY VOICES.

What wants the queen with us? Her reign is done.

FURST (reads).

"In the great grief and doleful widowhood,
In which the bloody exit of her lord
Has plunged her majesty, she still remembers
The ancient faith and love of Switzerland."

MELCHTHAL.

She ne'er did that in her prosperity.

ROSSELMANN.

Hush, let us hear.

FURST (reads).

"And she is well assured,
Her people will in due abhorrence hold
The perpetrators of this damned deed.
On the three Cantons, therefore, she relies,
That they in nowise lend the murderers aid;
But rather, that they loyally assist
To give them up to the avenger's hand,
Remembering the love and grace which they
Of old received from Rudolph's princely house."

[Symptoms of dissatisfaction among the peasantry.]

MANY VOICES.

The love and grace!

STAUFFACHER.

Grace from the father we, indeed, received,
But what have we to boast of from the son?
Did he confirm the charter of our freedom,
As all preceding emperors had done?

Did he judge righteous judgment, or afford
Shelter or stay to innocence oppressed?
Nay, did he e'en give audience to the envoys
We sent to lay our grievances before him?
Not one of all these things e'er did the king.
And had we not ourselves achieved our rights
By resolute valor our necessities
Had never touched him. Gratitude to him!
Within these vales he sowed not gratitude.
He stood upon an eminence—he might
Have been a very father to his people,
But all his aim and pleasure was to raise
Himself and his own house: and now may those
Whom he has aggrandized lament for him!

FURST.

We will not triumph in his fall, nor now
Recall to mind the wrongs we have endured.
Far be't from us! Yet, that we should avenge
The sovereign's death, who never did us good,
And hunt down those who ne'er molested us,
Becomes us not, nor is our duty. Love
Must bring its offerings free and unconstrained;
From all enforced duties death absolves—
And unto him we are no longer bound.

MELCHTHAL.

And if the queen laments within her bower,
Accusing heaven in sorrow's wild despair;
Here see a people from its anguish freed.
To that same heaven send up its thankful praise,
For who would reap regrets must sow affection.

[Exit the imperial courier.

STAUFFACHER (to the people).

But where is Tell? Shall he, our freedom's founder,
Alone be absent from our festival?
He did the most—endured the worst of all.
Come—to his dwelling let us all repair,
And bid the savior of our country hail!

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II.

Interior of TELL'S cottage. A fire burning on the hearth.
The open door shows the scene outside.

HEDWIG, WALTER, and WILHELM.

HEDWIG.

Boys, dearest boys! your father comes to-day.
He lives, is free, and we and all are free!
The country owes its liberty to him!

WALTER.

And I too, mother, bore my part in it;
I shall be named with him. My father's shaft
Went closely by my life, but yet I shook not!

HEDWIG (embracing him).

Yes, yes, thou art restored to me again.
Twice have I given thee birth, twice suffered all
A mother's agonies for thee, my child!

But this is past; I have you both, boys, both!
And your dear father will be back to-day.

[A monk appears at the door.

WILHELM.

See, mother, yonder stands a holy friar;
He's asking alms, no doubt.

HEDWIG.

Go lead him in,
That we may give him cheer, and make him feel
That he has come into the house of joy.

[Exit, and returns immediately with a cup.

WILHELM (to the monk).

Come in, good man. Mother will give you food.

WALTER.

Come in, and rest, then go refreshed away!

MONK (glancing round in terror, with unquiet looks).
Where am I? In what country?

WALTER.

Have you lost
Your way, that you are ignorant of this?
You are at Buerglen, in the land of Uri,
Just at the entrance of the Sheckenthal.

MONK (to HEDWIG).

Are you alone? Your husband, is he here?

HEDWIG.

I momentarily expect him. But what ails you?
You look as one whose soul is ill at ease.
Who'er you be, you are in want; take that.

[Offers him the cup.]

MONK.

Howe'er my sinking heart may yearn for food,
I will take nothing till you've promised me——

HEDWIG.

Touch not my dress, nor yet advance one step.
Stand off, I say, if you would have me hear you.

MONK.

Oh, by this hearth's bright, hospitable blaze,
By your dear children's heads, which I embrace——

[Grasps the boys.]

HEDWIG.

Stand back, I say! What is your purpose, man?
Back from my boys! You are no monk,—no, no.
Beneath that robe content and peace should dwell,
But neither lives within that face of thine.

MONK.

I am the veriest wretch that breathes on earth.

HEDWIG.

The heart is never deaf to wretchedness;
But thy look freezes up my inmost soul.

WALTER (springs up).

Mother, my father!

HEDWIG.

Oh, my God!

[Is about to follow, trembles and stops.

WILHELM (running after his brother).

My father!

WALTER (without).

Thou'rt here once more!

WILHELM (without).

My father, my dear father!

TELL (without).

Yes, here I am once more! Where is your mother?

[They enter.

WALTER.

There at the door she stands, and can no further,
She trembles so with terror and with joy.

TELL.

Oh Hedwig, Hedwig, mother of my children!
God has been kind and helpful in our woes.
No tyrant's hand shall e'er divide us more.

HEDWIG (falling on his neck).

Oh, Tell, what have I suffered for thy sake!

[Monk becomes attentive.

TELL.

Forget it now, and live for joy alone!
I'm here again with you! This is my cot
I stand again on mine own hearth!

WILHELM.

But, father,
Where is your crossbow left? I see it not.

TELL.

Nor shalt thou ever see it more, my boy.
It is suspended in a holy place,
And in the chase shall ne'er be used again.

HEDWIG.

Oh, Tell, Tell!

[Steps back, dropping his hand.

TELL.

What alarms thee, dearest wife?

HEDWIG.

How—how dost thou return to me? This hand—
Dare I take hold of it? This hand—Oh God!

TELL (with firmness and animation).
Has shielded you and set my country free;
Freely I raise it in the face of Heaven.

[MONK gives a sudden start—he looks at him.

Who is this friar here?

HEDWIG.

Ah, I forgot him.
Speak thou with him; I shudder at his presence.

MONK (stepping nearer).
Are you that Tell that slew the governor?

TELL.
Yes, I am he. I hide the fact from no man.

MONK.
You are that Tell! Ah! it is God's own hand
That hath conducted me beneath your roof.

TELL (examining him closely).
You are no monk. Who are you?

MONK.
You have slain
The governor, who did you wrong. I too,
Have slain a foe, who late denied me justice.
He was no less your enemy than mine.
I've rid the land of him.

TELL (drawing back).
Thou art—oh horror!
In—children, children—in without a word.
Go, my dear wife! Go! Go! Unhappy man,
Thou shouldst be——

HEIWIG.
Heavens, who is it?

TELL.
Do not ask.

Away! away! the children must not hear it.
Out of the house—away! Thou must not rest
'Neath the same roof with this unhappy man!

HEDWIG.

Alas! What is it? Come!

[Exit with the children.

TELL (to the MONK).

Thou art the Duke
Of Austria—I know it. Thou hast slain
The emperor, thy uncle, and liege lord.

DUKE JOHN.

He robbed me of my patrimony.

TELL.

How!
Slain him—thy king, thy uncle! And the earth
Still bears thee! And the sun still shines on thee!

DUKE JOHN.

Tell, hear me, ere you——

TELL.

Reeking with the blood
Of him that was thy emperor and kinsman,
Durst thou set foot within my spotless house?
Show thy fell visage to a virtuous man,
And claim the rites of hospitality?

DUKE JOHN.

I hoped to find compassion at your hands.

You also took revenge upon your foe!

TELL.

Unhappy man! And dar'st thou thus confound
Ambition's bloody crime with the dread act
To which a father's direful need impelled him?
Hadst thou to shield thy children's darling heads?
To guard thy fireside's sanctuary—ward off
The last, worst doom from all that thou didst love?
To heaven I raise my unpolluted hands,
To curse thine act and thee! I have avenged
That holy nature which thou hast profaned.
I have no part with thee. Thou art a murderer;
I've shielded all that was most dear to me.

DUKE JOHN.

You cast me off to comfortless despair!

TELL.

My blood runs cold even while I talk with thee.
Away! Pursue thine awful course! Nor longer
Pollute the cot where innocence abides!

[DUKE JOHN turns to depart.

DUKE JOHN.

I cannot live, and will no longer thus!

TELL.

And yet my soul bleeds for thee—gracious heaven!
So young, of such a noble line, the grandson
Of Rudolph, once my lord and emperor,
An outcast—murderer—standing at my door,

The poor man's door—a suppliant, in despair!

[Covers his face.

DUKE JOHN.

If thou hast power to weep, oh let my fate
Move your compassion—it is horrible.
I am—say, rather was—a prince. I might
Have been most happy had I only curbed
The impatience of my passionate desires;
But envy gnawed my heart—I saw the youth
Of mine own cousin Leopold endowed
With honor, and enriched with broad domains,
The while myself, that was in years his equal,
Was kept in abject and disgraceful nonage.

TELL.

Unhappy man, thy uncle knew thee well,
When he withheld both land and subjects from thee;
Thou, by thy mad and desperate act hast set
A fearful seal upon his sage resolve.
Where are the bloody partners of thy crime?

DUKE JOHN.

Where'er the demon of revenge has borne them;
I have not seen them since the luckless deed.

TELL.

Know'st thou the empire's ban is out,—that thou
Art interdicted to thy friends, and given
An outlawed victim to thine enemies!

DUKE JOHN.

Therefore I shun all public thoroughfares,
And venture not to knock at any door—
I turn my footsteps to the wilds, and through
The mountains roam, a terror to myself.
From mine own self I shrink with horror back,
Should a chance brook reflect my ill-starred form.
If thou hast pity for a fellow-mortal——

[Falls down before him.

TELL.

Stand up, stand up!

DUKE JOHN.

Not till thou shalt extend
Thy hand in promise of assistance to me.

TELL.

Can I assist thee? Can a sinful man?
Yet get thee up,—how black soe'er thy crime,
Thou art a man. I, too, am one. From Tell
Shall no one part uncomforted. I will
Do all that lies within my power.

DUKE JOHN (springs up and grasps him ardently by the hand).

Oh, Tell,
You save me from the terrors of despair.

TELL.

Let go my band! Thou must away. Thou canst not
Remain here undiscovered, and discovered
Thou canst not count on succor. Which way, then,
Wilt bend thy steps? Where dost thou hope to find

A place of rest?

DUKE JOHN.

Alas! alas! I know not.

TELL.

Hear, then, what heaven suggested to my heart,
Thou must to Italy,—to Saint Peter's city,—
There cast thyself at the pope's feet,—confess
Thy guilt to him, and ease thy laden soul!

DUKE JOHN.

But will he not surrender me to vengeance!

TELL.

Whate'er he does receive as God's decree.

DUKE JOHN.

But how am I to reach that unknown land?
I have no knowledge of the way, and dare not
Attach myself to other travellers.

TELL.

I will describe the road, and mark me well
You must ascend, keeping along the Reuss,
Which from the mountains dashes wildly down.

DUKE JOHN (in alarm).

What! See the Reuss? The witness of my deed!

TELL.

The road you take lies through the river's gorge,
And many a cross proclaims where travellers
Have perished 'neath the avalanche's fall.

DUKE JOHN.

I have no fear for nature's terrors, so
I can appease the torments of my soul.

TELL.

At every cross kneel down and expiate
Your crime with burning penitential tears
And if you 'scape the perils of the pass,
And are not whelmed beneath the drifted snows
That from the frozen peaks come sweeping down,
You'll reach the bridge that hangs in drizzling spray;
Then if it yield not 'neath your heavy guilt,
When you have left it safely in your rear,
Before you frowns the gloomy Gate of Rocks,
Where never sun did shine. Proceed through this,
And you will reach a bright and gladsome vale.
Yet must you hurry on with hasty steps,
For in the haunts of peace you must not linger.

DUKE JOHN.

Oh, Rudolph, Rudolph, royal grandsire! thus
Thy grandson first sets foot within thy realms!

TELL.

Ascending still you gain the Gotthardt's heights,
On which the everlasting lakes repose,
That from the streams of heaven itself are fed,
There to the German soil you bid farewell;
And thence, with rapid course, another stream
Leads you to Italy, your promised land.

[Ranz des Vaches sounded on Alp-horns is heard without.

But I hear voices! Hence!

HEDWIG (hurrying in).

Where art thou, Tell?

Our father comes, and in exulting bands
All the confederates approach.

DUKE JOHN (covering himself).

Woe's me!

I dare not tarry 'mid this happiness!

TELL.

Go, dearest wife, and give this man to eat.
Spare not your bounty. For his road is long,
And one where shelter will be hard to find.
Quick! they approach.

HEDWIG.

Who is he?

TELL.

Do not ask
And when he quits thee, turn thine eyes away
That they may not behold the road he takes.

[DUKE JOHN advances hastily towards TELL, but he beckons him aside and exit. When both have left the stage, the scene changes, and discloses in—

SCENE III.

The whole valley before TELL'S house, the heights which enclose

it occupied by peasants, grouped into tableaux. Some are seen crossing a lofty bridge which crosses to the Sechen. WALTER FURST with the two boys. WERNER and STAUFFACHER come forward. Others throng after them. When TELL appears all receive him with loud cheers.

ALL.

Long live brave Tell, our shield, our liberator.

[While those in front are crowding round TELL and embracing him, RUDENZ and BERTHA appear. The former salutes the peasantry, the latter embraces HEDWIG. The music, from the mountains continues to play. When it has stopped, BERTHA steps into the centre of the crowd.

BERTHA.

Peasants! Confederates! Into your league
Receive me here that happily am the first
To find protection in the land of freedom.
To your brave hands I now intrust my rights.
Will you protect me as your citizen?

PEASANTS.

Ay, that we will, with life and fortune both!

BERTHA.

'Tis well! And to this youth I give my hand.
A free Swiss maiden to a free Swiss man!

RUDENZ.

And from this moment all my serfs are free!

[Music and the curtain falls.

FOOTNOTES.

[1] The German is Thalvogt, Ruler of the Valley—the name given figuratively to a dense gray mist which the south wind sweeps into the valleys from the mountain tops. It is well known as the precursor of stormy weather.

[2] A steep rock standing on the north of Ruetli, and nearly opposite to Brumen.

[3] In German, Wolfenschiessen—a young man of noble family, and a native of Unterwalden, who attached himself to the house of Austria and was appointed Burgvogt, or seneschal, of the castle of Rossberg. He was killed by Baumgarten in the manner and for the cause mentioned in the text.

[4] Literally, the Foehn is loose! "When," says Mueller, in his History of Switzerland, "the wind called the Foehn is high the navigation of the lake becomes extremely dangerous. Such is its vehemence that the laws of the country require that the fires shall be extinguished in the houses while it lasts, and the night watches are doubled. The inhabitants lay heavy stones upon the roofs of their houses to prevent their being blown away."

[5] Buerglen, the birthplace and residence of Tell. A chapel erected in 1522 remains on the spot formerly occupied by his house.

[6] Berenger von Landenberg, a man of noble family in Thurgau and governor of Unterwald, infamous for his cruelties to the Swiss, and particularly to the venerable Henry of the Halden. He was slain at the battle of Morgarten in 1315.

[7] A cell built in the ninth century by Meinrad, Count Hohenzollern, the founder of the Convent of Einsiedlen, subsequently alluded to in the text.

[8] The League, or Bond, of the Three Cantons was of very ancient origin. They met and renewed it from time to time, especially when their liberties were threatened with danger. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the end of the

thirteenth century, when Albert of Austria became emperor, and when, possibly, for the first time, the bond was reduced to writing. As it is important to the understanding of many passages of the play, a translation is subjoined of the oldest known document relating to it. The original, which is in Latin and German, is dated in August, 1291, and is under the seals of the whole of the men of Schwytz, the commonalty of the vale of Uri, and the whole of the men of the upper and lower vales of Stanz.

THE BOND.

Be it known to every one, that the men of the Dale of Uri, the Community of Schwytz, as also the men of the mountains of Unterwald, in consideration of the evil times, have full confidently bound themselves, and sworn to help each other with all their power and might, property and people, against all who shall do violence to them, or any of them. That is our Ancient Bond.

Whoever hath a Seignior, let him obey according to the conditions of his service.

We are agreed to receive into these dales no Judge who is not a countryman and indweller, or who hath bought his place.

Every controversy amongst the sworn confederates shall be determined by some of the sagest of their number, and if any one shall challenge their judgment, then shall he be constrained to obey it by the rest.

Whoever intentionally or deceitfully kills another shall be executed, and whoever shelters him shall be banished.

Whoever burns the property of another shall no longer be regarded as a countryman, and whoever shelters him shall make good the damage done.

Whoever injures another, or robs him, and hath property in our country, shall make satisfaction out of the same.

No one shall distraint a debtor without a judge, nor any one who is not his debtor, or the surety for such debtor.

Every one in these dales shall submit to the judge, or we, the sworn confederates, all will take satisfaction for all the injury occasioned by his contumacy. And if in any internal division the one party will not accept justice, all the rest shall help the other party. These decrees shall, God willing, endure eternally for our general advantage.

[9] The Austrian knights were in the habit of wearing a plume of peacocks' feathers in their helmets. After the overthrow of the Austrian dominion in Switzerland it was made highly penal to wear the peacock's feather at any public assembly there.

[10] The bench reserved for the nobility.

[11] The Landamman was an officer chosen by the Swiss Gemeinde, or Diet, to preside over them. The Banneret was an officer intrusted with the keeping of the state banner, and such others as were taken in battle.

[12] According to the custom by which, when the last male descendant of a noble family died, his sword, helmet, and shield were buried with him.

[13] This frequently occurred. But in the event of an imperial city being mortgaged for the purpose of raising money it lost its freedom, and was considered as put out of the realm.

[14] An allusion to the circumstance of the imperial crown not being hereditary, but conferred by election on one of the counts of the empire.

[15] These are the cots, or shealings, erected by the herdsmen for shelter while pasturing their herds on the mountains during the summer. These are left deserted in winter, during which period Melchthal's journey was taken.

[16] It was the custom at the meetings of the Landes Gemeinde, or Diet, to set swords upright in the ground as emblems of authority.

[17] The Heribann was a muster of warriors similar to the arriere ban in France.

[18] The Duke of Suabia, who soon afterwards assassinated his uncle, for withholding his patrimony from him.

[19] A sort of national militia.

[20, 21, 22, 23] Rocks on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne.

[24] A rock on the shore of the lake of Lucerne.

[25] An allusion to the gallant self-devotion of Arnold Struthan of Winkelried at the battle of Sempach (9th July, 1386), who broke the Austrian phalanx by rushing on their lances, grasping as many of them as he could reach, and concentrating them upon his breast. The confederates rushed forward through the gap thus opened by the sacrifice of their comrade, broke and cut down their enemy's ranks, and soon became the masters of the field. "Dear and faithful confederates, I will open you a passage. Protect my wife and children," were the words of Winkelried as he rushed to death.

[26] The Urphede was an oath of peculiar force. When a man who was at feud with another, invaded his lands and was worsted, he often made terms with his enemy by swearing the Urphede, by which he bound himself to depart and never to return with a hostile intention;

DON CARLOS.

By Frederich Schiller

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PHILIP THE SECOND, King of Spain.

DON CARLOS, Prince, Son of Philip.

ALEXANDER FARNESE, Prince of Parma.

MARQUIS DE POSA.

DUKE OF ALVA.

Grandees of Spain:

COUNT LERMA, Colonel of the Body Guard,

DUKE OF FERIA, Knight of the Golden Fleece,

DUKE OF MEDINA SIDONIA, Admiral,

DON RAIMOND DE TAXIS, Postmaster-General,

DOMINGO, Confessor to the King.

GRAND INQUISITOR of Spain.

PRIOR of a Carthusian Convent.

PAGE of the Queen.

DON LOUIS MERCADO, Physician to the Queen.

ELIZABETH DE VALOIS, Queen of Spain.

INFANTA CLARA FARNESE, a Child three years of age.

DUCHESS D'OLIVAREZ, Principal Attendant on the Queen.

Ladies Attendant on the Queen:

MARCHIONESS DE MONDECAR,

PRINCESS EBOLI,

COUNTESS FUENTES,

Several Ladies, Nobles, Pages, Officers of the Body-Guard, and mute Characters.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Royal Gardens in Aranjuez.

CARLOS and DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

Our pleasant sojourn in Aranjuez
Is over now, and yet your highness quits
These joyous scenes no happier than before.
Our visit hath been fruitless. Oh, my prince,
Break this mysterious and gloomy silence!
Open your heart to your own father's heart!
A monarch never can too dearly buy
The peace of his own son—his only son.

[CARLOS looks on the ground in silence.
Is there one dearest wish that bounteous Heaven
Hath e'er withheld from her most favored child?
I stood beside, when in Toledo's walls
The lofty Charles received his vassals' homage,
When conquered princes thronged to kiss his hand,
And there at once six mighty kingdoms fell
In fealty at his feet: I stood and marked
The young, proud blood mount to his glowing cheek,

I saw his bosom swell with high resolves,
His eye, all radiant with triumphant pride,
Flash through the assembled throng; and that same eye
Confessed, "Now am I wholly satisfied!"

[CARLOS turns away.

This silent sorrow, which for eight long moons
Hath hung its shadows, prince, upon your brow—
The mystery of the court, the nation's grief—
Hath cost your father many a sleepless night,
And many a tear of anguish to your mother.

CARLOS (turning hastily round).

My mother! Grant, O heaven, I may forget
How she became my mother!

DOMINGO.

Gracious prince!

CARLOS (passing his hands thoughtfully over his brow).

Alas! alas! a fruitful source of woe
Have mothers been to me. My youngest act,
When first these eyes beheld the light of day,
Destroyed a mother.

DOMINGO.

Is it possible
That this reproach disturbs your conscience, prince?

CARLOS.

And my new mother! Hath she not already
Cost me my father's heart? Scarce loved at best.
My claim to some small favor lay in this—
I was his only child! 'Tis over! She

Hath blest him with a daughter—and who knows
What slumbering ills the future hath in store?

DOMINGO.

You jest, my prince. All Spain adores its queen.
Shall it be thought that you, of all the world,
Alone should view her with the eyes of hate—
Gaze on her charms, and yet be coldly wise?
How, prince? The loveliest lady of her time,
A queen withal, and once your own betrothed?
No, no, impossible—it cannot be!
Where all men love, you surely cannot hate.
Carlos could never so belie himself.
I prithee, prince, take heed she do not learn
That she hath lost her son's regard. The news
Would pain her deeply.

CARLOS. Ay, sir! think you so?

DOMINGO.

Your highness doubtless will remember how,
At the late tournament in Saragossa,
A lance's splinter struck our gracious sire.
The queen, attended by her ladies, sat
High in the centre gallery of the palace,
And looked upon the fight. A cry arose,
"The king! he bleeds!" Soon through the general din,
A rising murmur strikes upon her ear.
"The prince—the prince!" she cries, and forward rushed,
As though to leap down from the balcony,
When a voice answered, "No, the king himself!"
"Then send for his physicians!" she replied,
And straight regained her former self-composure.

[After a short pause.
But you seem wrapped in thought?

CARLOS. In wonder, sir,
That the king's merry confessor should own
So rare a skill in the romancer's art.

[Austerely.
Yet have I heard it said that those
Who watch men's looks and carry tales about,
Have done more mischief in this world of ours
Than the assassin's knife, or poisoned bowl.
Your labor, Sir, hath been but ill-bestowed;
Would you win thanks, go seek them of the king.

DOMINGO.
This caution, prince, is wise. Be circumspect
With men—but not with every man alike.
Repel not friends and hypocrites together;
I mean you well, believe me!

CARLOS. Say you so?
Let not my father mark it, then, or else
Farewell your hopes forever of the purple.

DOMINGO (starts).

CARLOS.
How!

CARLOS. Even so! Hath he not promised you
The earliest purple in the gift of Spain?

DOMINGO.
You mock me, prince!

CARLOS. Nay! Heaven forefend, that I
Should mock that awful man whose fateful lips
Can doom my father or to heaven or hell!

DOMINGO.

I dare not, prince, presume to penetrate
The sacred mystery of your secret grief,
Yet I implore your highness to remember
That, for a conscience ill at ease, the church
Hath opened an asylum, of which kings
Hold not the key—where even crimes are purged
Beneath the holy sacramental seal.
You know my meaning, prince—I've said enough.

CARLOS.

No! be it, never said, I tempted so
The keeper of that seal.

DOMINGO.

Prince, this mistrust—
You wrong the most devoted of your servants.

CARLOS.

Then give me up at once without a thought
Thou art a holy man—the world knows that—
But, to speak plain, too zealous far for me.
The road to Peter's chair is long and rough,
And too much knowledge might encumber you.
Go, tell this to the king, who sent thee hither!

DOMINGO.

Who sent me hither?

CARLOS. Ay! Those were my words.
Too well-too well, I know, that I'm betrayed,
Slandered on every hand—that at this court
A hundred eyes are hired to watch my steps.
I know, that royal Philip to his slaves
Hath sold his only son, and every wretch,
Who takes account of each half-uttered word,
Receives such princely guerdon as was ne'er
Bestowed on deeds of honor, Oh, I know
But hush!—no more of that! My heart will else
O'erflow and I've already said too much.

DOMINGO.
The king is minded, ere the set of sun,
To reach Madrid: I see the court is mustering.
Have I permission, prince?

CARLOS. I'll follow straight.

[Exit DOMINGO.]

CARLOS (after a short silence).
O wretched Philip! wretched as thy son!
Soon shall thy bosom bleed at every pore,
Torn by suspicion's poisonous serpent fang.
Thy fell sagacity full soon shall pierce
The fatal secret it is bent to know,
And thou wilt madden, when it breaks upon thee!

SCENE II.

CARLOS, MARQUIS OF POSA.

CARLOS.

Lo! Who comes here? 'Tis he! O ye kind heavens,
My Roderigo!

MARQUIS. Carlos!

CARLOS. Can it be?

And is it truly thou? O yes, it is!
I press thee to my bosom, and I feel
Thy throbbing heart beat wildly 'gainst mine own.
And now all's well again. In this embrace
My sick, sad heart is comforted. I hang
Upon my Roderigo's neck!

MARQUIS. Thy heart!

Thy sick sad heart! And what is well again
What needeth to be well? Thy words amaze me.

CARLOS.

What brings thee back so suddenly from Brussels?
Whom must I thank for this most glad surprise?
And dare I ask? Whom should I thank but thee,
Thou gracious and all bounteous Providence?
Forgive me, heaven! if joy hath crazed my brain.
Thou knewest no angel watched at Carlos' side,
And sent me this! And yet I ask who sent him.

MARQUIS.

Pardon, dear prince, if I can only meet
With wonder these tumultuous ecstacies.
Not thus I looked to find Don Philip's son.
A hectic red burns on your pallid cheek,
And your lips quiver with a feverish heat.

What must I think, dear prince? No more I see
The youth of lion heart, to whom I come
The envoy of a brave and suffering people.
For now I stand not here as Roderigo—
Not as the playmate of the stripling Carlos—
But, as the deputy of all mankind,
I clasp thee thus:—'tis Flanders that clings here
Around thy neck, appealing with my tears
To thee for succor in her bitter need.
This land is lost, this land so dear to thee,
If Alva, bigotry's relentless tool,
Advance on Brussels with his Spanish laws.
This noble country's last faint hope depends
On thee, loved scion of imperial Charles!
And, should thy noble heart forget to beat
In human nature's cause, Flanders is lost!

CARLOS.

Then it is lost.

MARQUIS.

What do I hear? Alas!

CARLOS.

Thou speakest of times that long have passed away.
I, too, have had my visions of a Carlos,
Whose cheek would fire at freedom's glorious name,
But he, alas! has long been in his grave.
He, thou seest here, no longer is that Carlos,
Who took his leave of thee in Alcala,
Who in the fervor of a youthful heart,
Resolved, at some no distant time, to wake
The golden age in Spain! Oh, the conceit,

Though but a child's, was yet divinely fair!
Those dreams are past!

MARQUIS.

Said you, those dreams, my prince!
And were they only dreams?

CARLOS.

Oh, let me weep,
Upon thy bosom weep these burning tears,
My only friend! Not one have I—not one—
In the wide circuit of this earth,—not one
Far as the sceptre of my sire extends,
Far as the navies bear the flag of Spain,
There is no spot—none—none, where I dare yield
An outlet to my tears, save only this.
I charge thee, Roderigo! Oh, by all
The hopes we both do entertain of heaven,
Cast me not off from thee, my friend, my friend!

[POSA bends over him in silent emotion.

Look on me, Posa, as an orphan child,
Found near the throne, and nurtured by thy love.
Indeed, I know not what a father is.
I am a monarch's son. Oh, were it so,
As my heart tells me that it surely is,
That thou from millions hast been chosen out
To comprehend my being; if it be true,
That all-creating nature has designed
In me to reproduce a Roderigo,
And on the morning of our life attuned
Our souls' soft concords to the selfsame key;
If one poor tear, which gives my heart relief,

To thee were dearer than my father's favor——

MARQUIS.

Oh, it is dearer far than all the world!

CARLOS.

I'm fallen so low, have grown so poor withal,
I must recall to thee our childhood's years,—
Must ask thee payment of a debt incurred
When thou and I were scarce to boyhood grown.
Dost thou remember, how we grew together,
Two daring youths, like brothers, side by side?
I had no sorrow but to see myself
Eclipsed by thy bright genius. So I vowed,
Since I might never cope with thee in power,
That I would love thee with excess of love.
Then with a thousand shows of tenderness,
And warm affection, I besieged thy heart,
Which cold and proudly still repulsed them all.
Oft have I stood, and—yet thou sawest it never
Hot bitter tear-drops brimming in mine eyes,
When I have marked thee, passing me unheeded,
Fold to thy bosom youths of humbler birth.
"Why only these?" in anguish, once I asked—
"Am I not kind and good to thee as they?"
But dropping on thy knees, thine answer came,
With an unloving look of cold reserve,
"This is my duty to the monarch's son!"

MARQUIS.

Oh, spare me, dearest prince, nor now recall
Those boyish acts that make me blush for shame.

CARLOS.

I did not merit such disdain from thee—
You might despise me, crush my heart, but never
Alter my love. Three times didst thou repulse
The prince, and thrice he came to thee again,
To beg thy love, and force on thee his own.
At length chance wrought what Carlos never could.
Once we were playing, when thy shuttlecock
Glanced off and struck my aunt, Bohemia's queen,
Full in the face! She thought 'twas with intent,
And all in tears complained unto the king.
The palace youth were summoned on the spot,
And charged to name the culprit. High in wrath
The king vowed vengeance for the deed: "Although
It were his son, yet still should he be made
A dread example!" I looked around and marked
Thee stand aloof, all trembling with dismay.
Straight I stepped forth; before the royal feet
I flung myself, and cried, "'Twas I who did it;
Now let thine anger fall upon thy son!"

MARQUIS.

Ah, wherefore, prince, remind me?

CARLOS.

Hear me further!
Before the face of the assembled court,
That stood, all pale with pity, round about,
Thy Carlos was tied up, whipped like a slave;
I looked on thee, and wept not. Blow rained on blow;
I gnashed my teeth with pain, yet wept I not!
My royal blood streamed 'neath the pitiless lash;

I looked on thee, and wept not. Then you came,
And fell half-choked with sobs before my feet:
"Carlos," you cried, "my pride is overcome;
I will repay thee when thou art a king."

MARQUIS (stretching forth his hand to CARLOS).
Carlos, I'll keep my word; my boyhood's vow
I now as man renew. I will repay thee.
Some day, perchance, the hour may come——

CARLOS.

Now! now!
The hour has come; thou canst repay me all.
I have sore need of love. A fearful secret
Burns in my breast; it must—it must be told.
In thy pale looks my death-doom will I read.
Listen; be petrified; but answer not.
I love—I love—my mother!

MARQUIS.

O my God!

CARLOS.

Nay, no forbearance! spare me not! Speak! speak!
Proclaim aloud, that on this earth's great round
There is no misery to compare with mine.
Speak! speak!—I know all—all that thou canst say
The son doth love his mother. All the world's
Established usages, the course of nature,
Rome's fearful laws denounce my fatal passion.
My suit conflicts with my own father's rights,
I feel it all, and yet I love. This path
Leads on to madness, or the scaffold. I

Love without hope, love guiltily, love madly,
With anguish, and with peril of my life;
I see, I see it all, and yet I love.

MARQUIS.

The queen—does she know of your passion?

CARLOS.

Could I

Reveal it to her? She is Philip's wife—
She is the queen, and this is Spanish ground,
Watched by a jealous father, hemmed around
By ceremonial forms, how, how could I
Approach her unobserved? 'Tis now eight months,
Eight maddening months, since the king summoned me
Home from my studies, since I have been doomed
To look on her, adore her day by day,
And all the while be silent as the grave!
Eight maddening months, Roderigo; think of this!
This fire has seethed and raged within my breast!
A thousand, thousand times, the dread confession
Has mounted to my lips, yet evermore
Shrunk, like a craven, back upon my heart.
O Roderigo! for a few brief moments
Alone with her!

MARQUIS.

Ah! and your father, prince!

CARLOS.

Unhappy me! Remind me not of him.
Tell me of all the torturing pangs of conscience,
But speak not, I implore you, of my father!

MARQUIS.

Then do you hate your father?

CARLOS.

No, oh, no!

I do not hate my father; but the fear
That guilty creatures feel,—a shuddering dread,—
Comes o'er me ever at that terrible name.
Am I to blame, if slavish nurture crushed
Love's tender germ within my youthful heart?
Six years I'd numbered, ere the fearful man,
They told me was my father, met mine eyes.
One morning 'twas, when with a stroke I saw him
Sign four death-warrants. After that I ne'er
Beheld him, save when, for some childish fault,
I was brought out for chastisement. O God!
I feel my heart grow bitter at the thought.
Let us away! away!

MARQUIS.

Nay, Carlos, nay,
You must, you shall give all your sorrow vent,
Let it have words! 'twill ease your o'erfraught heart.

CARLOS.

Oft have I struggled with myself, and oft
At midnight, when my guards were sunk in sleep,
With floods of burning tears I've sunk before
The image of the ever-blessed Virgin,
And craved a filial heart, but all in vain.
I rose with prayer unheard. O Roderigo!
Unfold this wondrous mystery of heaven,
Why of a thousand fathers only this

Should fall to me—and why to him this son,
Of many thousand better? Nature could not
In her wide orb have found two opposites
More diverse in their elements. How could
She bind the two extremes of human kind—
Myself and him—in one so holy bond?
O dreadful fate! Why was it so decreed?
Why should two men, in all things else apart,
Concur so fearfully in one desire?
Roderigo, here thou seest two hostile stars,
That in the lapse of ages, only once,
As they sweep onwards in their orb'd course,
Touch with a crash that shakes them to the centre,
Then rush apart forever and forever.

MARQUIS.

I feel a dire foreboding.

CARLOS.

So do I.

Like hell's grim furies, dreams of dreadful shape
Pursue me still. My better genius strives
With the fell projects of a dark despair.
My wilder'd subtle spirit crawls through maze
On maze of sophistries, until at length
It gains a yawning precipice's brink.
O Roderigo! should I e'er in him
Forget the father—ah! thy deathlike look
Tells me I'm understood—should I forget
The father—what were then the king to me?

MARQUIS (after a pause).

One thing, my Carlos, let me beg of you!

Whate'er may be your plans, do nothing,—nothing,—
Without your friend's advice. You promise this?

CARLOS.

All, all I promise that thy love can ask!
I throw myself entirely upon thee!

MARQUIS.

The king, I hear, is going to Madrid.
The time is short. If with the queen you would
Converse in private, it is only here,
Here in Aranjuez, it can be done.
The quiet of the place, the freer manners,
All favor you.

CARLOS.

And such, too, was my hope;
But it, alas! was vain.

MARQUIS.

Not wholly so.
I go to wait upon her. If she be
The same in Spain she was in Henry's court,
She will be frank at least. And if I can
Read any hope for Carlos in her looks—
Find her inclined to grant an interview—
Get her attendant ladies sent away——

CARLOS.

Most of them are my friends—especially
The Countess Mondecar, whom I have gained
By service to her son, my page.

MARQUIS.

'Tis well;
Be you at hand, and ready to appear,
Whene'er I give the signal, prince.

CARLOS.

I will,—
Be sure I will:—and all good speed attend thee!

MARQUIS.

I will not lose a moment; so, farewell.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.

The Queen's Residence in Aranjuez. The Pleasure Grounds,
intersected by an avenue, terminated by the Queen's Palace.

The QUEEN, DUCHESS OF OLIVAREZ, PRINCESS OF EBOLI, and
MARCHIONESS
OF MONDECAR, all advancing from the avenue.

QUEEN (to the MARCHIONESS).
I will have you beside me, Mondecar.
The princess, with these merry eyes of hers,
Has plagued me all the morning. See, she scarce
Can hide the joy she feels to leave the country.

EBOLI.

'Twere idle to conceal, my queen, that I
Shall be most glad to see Madrid once more.

MONDECAR.

And will your majesty not be so, too?
Are you so grieved to quit Aranjuez?

QUEEN.

To quit—this lovely spot at least I am.
This is my world. Its sweetness oft and oft
Has twined itself around my inmost heart.
Here, nature, simple, rustic nature greets me,
The sweet companion of my early years—
Here I indulge once more my childhood's sports,
And my dear France's gales come blowing here.
Blame not this partial fondness—all hearts yearn
For their own native land.

EBOLI.

But then how lone,
How dull and lifeless it is here! We might
As well be in La Trappe.

QUEEN.

I cannot see it.
To me Madrid alone is lifeless. But
What saith our duchess to it?

OLIVAREZ.

Why, methinks,
Your majesty, since kings have ruled in Spain,
It hath been still the custom for the court
To pass the summer months alternately
Here and at Pardo,—in Madrid, the winter.

QUEEN.

Well, I suppose it has! Duchess, you know
I've long resigned all argument with you.

MONDECAR.

Next month Madrid will be all life and bustle.
They're fitting up the Plaza Mayor now,
And we shall have rare bull-fights; and, besides,
A grand auto da fe is promised us.

QUEEN.

Promised? This from my gentle Mondecar!

MONDECAR.

Why not? 'Tis only heretics they burn!

QUEEN.

I hope my Eboli thinks otherwise!

EBOLI.

What, I? I beg your majesty may think me
As good a Christian as the marchioness.

QUEEN.

Alas! I had forgotten where I am,—
No more of this! We were speaking, I think,
About the country? And methinks this month
Has flown away with strange rapidity.
I counted on much pleasure, very much,
From our retirement here, and yet I have not
Found that which I expected. Is it thus
With all our hopes? And yet I cannot say
One wish of mine is left ungratified.

OLIVAREZ.

You have not told us, Princess Eboli,
If there be hope for Gomez,—and if we may
Expect ere long to greet you as his bride?

QUEEN.

True—thank you, duchess, for reminding me!

[Addressing the PRINCESS.

I have been asked to urge his suit with you.
But can I do it? The man whom I reward
With my sweet Eboli must be a man
Of noble stamp indeed.

OLIVAREZ.

And such he is,
A man of mark and fairest fame,—a man
Whom our dear monarch signally has graced
With his most royal favor.

QUEEN.

He's happy in
Such high good fortune; but we fain would know,
If he can love, and win return of love.
This Eboli must answer.

EBOLI (stands speechless and confused, her eyes bent on the ground;
at last she falls at the QUEEN's feet).

Gracious queen!
Have pity on me! Let me—let me not,—
For heaven's sake, let me not be sacrificed.

QUEEN.

Be sacrificed! I need no more. Arise!
'Tis a hard fortune to be sacrificed.

I do believe you. Rise. And is it long
Since you rejected Gomez' suit?

EBOLI.

Some months—
Before Prince Carlos came from Alcala.

QUEEN (starts and looks at her with an inquisitive glance).
Have you tried well the grounds of your refusal?

EBOLI (with energy).
It cannot be, my queen, no, never, never,—
For a thousand reasons, never!

QUEEN.
One's enough,
You do not love him. That suffices me.
Now let it pass.
[To her other ladies.
I have not seen the Infanta
Yet this morning. Pray bring her, marchioness.

OLIVAREZ (looking at the clock).
It is not yet the hour, your majesty.

QUEEN.
Not yet the hour for me to be a mother!
That's somewhat hard. Forget not, then, to tell me
When the right hour does come.

[A page enters and whispers to the first lady, who
thereupon turns to the QUEEN.

OLIVAREZ.

The Marquis Posa!
May it please your majesty.

QUEEN.

The Marquis Posa!

OLIVAREZ.

He comes from France, and from the Netherlands,
And craves the honor to present some letters
Intrusted to him by your royal mother.

QUEEN.

Is this allowed?

OLIVAREZ (hesitating).

A case so unforeseen
Is not provided for in my instructions.
When a Castilian grandee, with despatches
From foreign courts, shall in her garden find
The Queen of Spain, and tender them——

QUEEN.

Enough! I'll venture, then, on mine own proper peril.

OLIVAREZ.

May I, your majesty, withdraw the while?

QUEEN.

E'en as you please, good duchess!

[Exit the DUCHESS, the QUEEN gives the PAGE a sign, who thereupon retires.]

SCENE IV.

The QUEEN, PRINCESS EBOLI, MARCHIONESS OF MONDECAR, and
MARQUIS OF POSA.

QUEEN.

I bid you welcome, sir, to Spanish ground!

MARQUIS.

Ground which I never with so just a pride
Hailed for the country of my sires as now.

QUEEN (to the two ladies).

The Marquis Posa, ladies, who at Rheims
Coped with my father in the lists, and made
My colors thrice victorious; the first
That made me feel how proud a thing it was
To be the Queen of Spain and Spanish men.

[Turning to the MARQUIS.

When we last parted in the Louvre, Sir,
You scarcely dreamed that I should ever be
Your hostess in Castile.

MARQUIS.

Most true, my liege!

For at that time I never could have dreamed
That France should lose to us the only thing
We envied her possessing.

QUEEN.

How, proud Spaniard!

The only thing! And you can venture this—
This to a daughter of the house of Valois!

MARQUIS.

I venture now to say it, gracious queen,
Since now you are our own.

QUEEN.

Your journey hither
Has led you, as I hear, through France. What news
Have you brought with you from my honored mother
And from my dearest brothers?

MARQUIS (handing letters).

I left your royal mother sick at heart,
Bereft of every joy save only this,
To know her daughter happy on the throne
Of our imperial Spain.

QUEEN.

Could she be aught
But happy in the dear remembrances
Of relatives so kind—in the sweet thoughts
Of the old time when—Sir, you've visited
Full many a court in these your various travels,
And seen strange lands and customs manifold;
And now, they say, you mean to keep at home
A greater prince in your retired domain
Than is King Philip on his throne—a freer.
You're a philosopher; but much I doubt
If our Madrid will please you. We are so—
So quiet in Madrid.

MARQUIS.

And that is more
Than all the rest of Europe has to boast.

QUEEN.

I've heard as much. But all this world's concerns
Are well-nigh blotted from my memory.

[To PRINCESS EBOLI.

Princess, methinks I see a hyacinth
Yonder in bloom. Wilt bring it to me, sweet?

[The PRINCESS goes towards the palace, the QUEEN
softly to the MARQUIS.

I'm much mistaken, sir, or your arrival
Has made one heart more happy here at court.

MARQUIS.

I have found a sad one—one that in this world
A ray of sunshine——

EBOLI.

As this gentleman
Has seen so many countries, he, no doubt,
Has much of note to tell us.

MARQUIS.

Doubtless, and
To seek adventures is a knight's first duty—
But his most sacred is to shield the fair.

MONDECAR.

From giants! But there are no giants now!

MARQUIS.

Power is a giant ever to the weak.

QUEEN.

The chevalier says well. There still are giants;
But there are knights no more.

MARQUIS.

Not long ago,
On my return from Naples, I became
The witness of a very touching story,
Which ties of friendship almost make my own
Were I not fearful its recital might
Fatigue your majesty——

QUEEN.

Have I a choice?
The princess is not to be lightly balked.
Proceed. I too, sir, love a story dearly.

MARQUIS.

Two noble houses in Mirandola,
Weary of jealousies and deadly feuds,
Transmitted down from Guelphs and Ghibellines,
Through centuries of hate, from sire to son,
Resolved to ratify a lasting peace
By the sweet ministry of nuptial ties.
Fernando, nephew of the great Pietro,
And fair Matilda, old Colonna's child,
Were chosen to cement this holy bond.
Nature had never for each other formed
Two fairer hearts. And never had the world
Approved a wiser or a happier choice.
Still had the youth adored his lovely bride
In the dull limner's portraiture alone.
How thrilled his heart, then, in the hope to find
The truth of all that e'en his fondest dreams

Had scarcely dared to credit in her picture!
In Padua, where his studies held him bound;
Fernando panted for the joyful hour,
When he might murmur at Matilda's feet
The first pure homage of his fervent love.

[The QUEEN grows more attentive; the MARQUIS continues, after a short pause, addressing himself chiefly to PRINCESS EBOLI.

Meanwhile the sudden death of Pietro's wife
Had left him free to wed. With the hot glow
Of youthful blood the hoary lover drinks
The fame that reached him of Matilda's charms.
He comes—he sees—he loves! The new desire
Stifles the voice of nature in his heart.
The uncle woos his nephew's destined bride,
And at the altar consecrates his theft.

QUEEN.

And what did then Fernando?

MARQUIS.

On the wings
Of Jove, unconscious of the fearful change,
Delirious with the promised joy, he speeds
Back to Mirandola. His flying steed
By starlight gains the gate. Tumultuous sounds
Of music, dance, and jocund revelry
Ring from the walls of the illumined palace.
With faltering steps he mounts the stair; and now
Behold him in the crowded nuptial hall,
Unrecognized! Amid the reeling guests
Pietro sat. An angel at his side—

An angel, whom he knows, and who to him
Even in his dreams, seemed ne'er so beautiful.
A single glance revealed what once was his—
Revealed what now was lost to him forever.

EBOLI.

O poor Fernando!

QUEEN.

Surely, sir, your tale
Is ended? Nay, it must be.

MARQUIS.

No, not quite.

QUEEN.

Did you not say Fernando was your friend?

MARQUIS.

I have no dearer in the world.

EBOLI.

But pray
Proceed, sir, with your story.

MARQUIS.

Nay, the rest
Is very sad—and to recall it sets
My sorrow fresh abroad. Spare me the sequel.

[A general silence.]

QUEEN (turning to the PRINCESS EBOLI).

Surely the time is come to see my daughter,

I prithee, princess, bring her to me now!

[The PRINCESS withdraws. The MARQUIS beckons a Page. The QUEEN opens the letters, and appears surprised. The MARQUIS talks with MARCHIONESS MONDECAR. The QUEEN having read the letters, turns to the MARQUIS with a penetrating look.

QUEEN.

You have not spoken of Matilda! She
Haply was ignorant of Fernando's grief?

MARQUIS.

Matilda's heart has no one fathomed yet—
Great souls endure in silence.

QUEEN.

You look around you. Who is it you seek?

MARQUIS.

Just then the thought came over me, how one,
Whose name I dare not mention, would rejoice,
Stood he where I do now.

QUEEN.

And who's to blame,
That he does not?

MARQUIS (interrupting her eagerly).

My liege! And dare I venture
To interpret thee, as fain I would? He'd find
Forgiveness, then, if now he should appear.

QUEEN (alarmed).

Now, marquis, now? What do you mean by this?

MARQUIS.

Might he, then, hope?

QUEEN.

You terrify me, marquis.

Surely he will not——

MARQUIS.

He is here already.

SCENE V.

The QUEEN, CARLOS, MARQUIS POSA, MARCHIONESS MONDECAR.

The two latter go towards the avenue.

CARLOS (on his knees before the QUEEN).

At length 'tis come—the happy moment's come,
And Charles may touch this all-beloved hand.

QUEEN.

What headlong folly's this? And dare you break
Into my presence thus? Arise, rash man!
We are observed; my suite are close at hand.

CARLOS.

I will not rise. Here will I kneel forever,
Here will I lie enchanted at your feet,
And grow to the dear ground you tread on?

QUEEN.

Madman! To what rude boldness my indulgence leads!
Know you, it is the queen, your mother, sir,

Whom you address in such presumptuous strain?
Know, that myself will to the king report
This bold intrusion——

CARLOS.

And that I must die!
Let them come here, and drag me to the scaffold!
A moment spent in paradise like this
Is not too dearly purchased by a life.

QUEEN.

But then your queen?

CARLOS (rising).

O God, I'll go, I'll go!
Can I refuse to bend to that appeal?
I am your very plaything. Mother, mother,
A sign, a transient glance, one broken word
From those dear lips can bid me live or die.
What would you more? Is there beneath the sun
One thing I would not haste to sacrifice
To meet your lightest wish?

QUEEN.

Then fly!

CARLOS.

God!

QUEEN.

With tears I do conjure you, Carlos, fly!
I ask no more. O fly! before my court,
My guards, detecting us alone together,

Bear the dread tidings to your father's ear.

CARLOS.

I bide my doom, or be it life or death.
Have I staked every hope on this one moment,
Which gives thee to me thus at length alone,
That idle fears should balk me of my purpose?
No, queen! The world may round its axis roll
A hundred thousand times, ere chance again
Yield to my prayers a moment such as this.

QUEEN.

It never shall to all eternity.
Unhappy man! What would you ask of me?

CARLOS.

Heaven is my witness, queen, how I have struggled,
Struggled as mortal never did before,
But all in vain! My manhood fails—I yield.

QUEEN.

No more of this—for my sake—for my peace.

CARLOS.

You were mine own,—in face of all the world,—
Affianced to me by two mighty crowns,
By heaven and nature plighted as my bride,
But Philip, cruel Philip, stole you from me!

QUEEN.

He is your father?

CARLOS.

And he is your husband!

QUEEN.

And gives to you for an inheritance,
The mightiest monarchy in all the world.

CARLOS.

And you, as mother!

QUEEN.

Mighty heavens! You rave!

CARLOS.

And is he even conscious of his treasure?
Hath he a heart to feel and value yours?
I'll not complain—no, no, I will forget,
How happy, past all utterance, I might
Have been with you,—if he were only so.
But he is not—there, there, the anguish lies!
He is not, and he never—never can be.
Oh, you have robbed me of my paradise,
Only to blast it in King Philip's arms!

QUEEN.

Horrible thought!

CARLOS.

Oh, yes, right well I know
Who 'twas that knit this ill-starred marriage up.
I know how Philip loves, and how he wooed.
What are you in this kingdom—tell me, what?
Regent, belike! Oh, no! If such you were,
How could fell Alvas act their murderous deeds,
Or Flanders bleed a martyr for her faith?
Are you even Philip's wife? Impossible,—

Beyond belief. A wife doth still possess
Her husband's heart. To whom doth his belong?
If ever, perchance, in some hot feverish mood,
He yields to gentler impulse, begs he not
Forgiveness of his sceptre and gray hairs?

QUEEN.

Who told you that my lot, at Philip's side
Was one for men to pity?

CARLOS.

My own heart!
Which feels, with burning pangs, how at my side
It had been to be envied.

QUEEN.

Thou vain man!
What if my heart should tell me the reverse?
How, sir, if Philip's watchful tenderness,
The looks that silently proclaim his love,
Touched me more deeply than his haughty son's
Presumptuous eloquence? What, if an old man's
Matured esteem——

CARLOS.

That makes a difference! Then,
Why then, forgiveness!—I'd no thought of this;
I had no thought that you could love the king.

QUEEN.

To honor him's my pleasure and my wish.

CARLOS.

Then you have never loved?

QUEEN.

Singular question!

CARLOS.

Then you have never loved?

QUEEN.

I love no longer!

CARLOS.

Because your heart forbids it, or your oath?

QUEEN.

Leave me; nor never touch this theme again.

CARLOS.

Because your oath forbids it, or your heart?

QUEEN.

Because my duty—but, alas, alas!
To what avails this scrutiny of fate,
Which we must both obey?

CARLOS.

Must—must obey?

QUEEN.

What means this solemn tone?

CARLOS.

Thus much it means
That Carlos is not one to yield to must
Where he hath power to will! It means, besides,

'That Carlos is not minded to live on,
The most unhappy man in all his realm,
When it would only cost the overthrow
Of Spanish laws to be the happiest.

QUEEN.

Do I interpret rightly? Still you hope?
Dare you hope on, when all is lost forever?

CARLOS.

I look on naught as lost—except the dead.

QUEEN.

For me—your mother, do you dare to hope?

[She fixes a penetrating look on him, then continues
with dignity and earnestness.

And yet why not? A new elected monarch
Can do far more—make bonfires of the laws
His father left—o'erthrow his monuments—
Nay, more than this—for what shall hinder him?—
Drag from his tomb, in the Escorial,
The sacred corpse of his departed sire,
Make it a public spectacle, and scatter
Forth to the winds his desecrated dust.
And then, at last, to fill the measure up——

CARLOS.

Merciful heavens, finish not the picture!

QUEEN.

End all by wedding with his mother.

CARLOS.

Oh!

Accursed son!

[He remains for some time paralyzed and speechless.

Yes, now 'tis out, 'tis out!

I see it clear as day. Oh, would it had

Been veiled from me in everlasting darkness!

Yes, thou art gone from me—gone—gone forever.

The die is cast; and thou art lost to me.

Oh, in that thought lies hell; and a hell, too,

Lies in the other thought, to call thee mine.

Oh, misery! I can bear my fate no longer,

My very heart-strings strain as they would burst.

QUEEN.

Alas, alas! dear Charles, I feel it all,

The nameless pang that rages in your breast;

Your pangs are infinite, as is your love,

And infinite as both will be the glory

Of overmastering both. Up, be a man,

Wrestle with them boldly. The prize is worthy

Of a young warrior's high, heroic heart;

Worthy of him in whom the virtues flow

Of a long ancestry of mighty kings.

Courage! my noble prince! Great Charles's grandson

Begins the contest with undaunted heart,

Where sons of meaner men would yield at once.

CARLOS.

Too late, too late! O God, it is too late!

QUEEN.

Too late to be a man! O Carlos, Carlos!

How nobly shows our virtue when the heart
Breaks in its exercise! The hand of Heaven
Has set you up on high,—far higher, prince,
Than millions of your brethren. All she took
From others she bestowed with partial hand
On thee, her favorite; and millions ask,
What was your merit, thus before your birth
To be endowed so far above mankind?
Up, then, and justify the ways of Heaven;
Deserve to take the lead of all the world,
And make a sacrifice ne'er made before.

CARLOS.

I will, I will; I have a giant's strength
To win your favor; but to lose you, none.

QUEEN.

Confess, my Carlos, I have harshly read thee;
It is but spoken, and waywardness, and pride,
Attract you thus so madly to your mother!
The heart you lavish on myself belongs
To the great empire you one day shall rule.
Look that you sport not with your sacred trust!
Love is your high vocation; until now
It hath been wrongly bent upon your mother:
Oh, lead it back upon your future realms,
And so, instead of the fell stings of conscience,
Enjoy the bliss of being more than man.
Elizabeth has been your earliest love,
Your second must be Spain. How gladly, Carlos,
Will I give place to this more worthy choice!

CARLOS (overpowered by emotion, throws himself at her feet).

How great thou art, my angel! Yes, I'll do
All, all thou canst desire. So let it be.

[He rises.

Here in the sight of heaven I stand and swear—
I swear to thee, eternal—no, great Heaven!—
Eternal silence only,—not oblivion!

QUEEN.

How can I ask from you what I myself
Am not disposed to grant?

MARQUIS (hastening from the alley).

The king!

QUEEN.

Oh God!

MARQUIS.

Away, away! fly from these precincts, prince!

QUEEN.

His jealousy is dreadful—should he see you——

CARLOS.

I'll stay.

QUEEN.

And who will be the victim then?

CARLOS (seizing the MARQUIS by the arm).

Away, away! Come, Roderigo, come!

[Goes and returns.

What may I hope to carry hence with me?

QUEEN.

Your mother's friendship.

CARLOS.

Friendship! Mother!

QUEEN.

And

These tears with it—they're from the Netherlands.

[She gives him some letters. Exit CARLOS with the MARQUIS.
The QUEEN looks restlessly round in search of her ladies,
who are nowhere to be seen. As she is about to retire up,
the KING enters.]

SCENE VI.

The KING, the QUEEN, DUKE ALVA, COUNT LERMA, DOMINGO,
LADIES, GRANDEES, who remain at a little distance.

KING.

How, madam, alone; not even one of all
Your ladies in attendance? Strange! Where are they?

QUEEN.

My gracious lord!

KING.

Why thus alone, I say?

[To his attendants.]

I'll take a strict account of this neglect.

'Tis not to be forgiven. Who has the charge

Of waiting on your majesty to-day?

QUEEN.

Oh, be not angry! Good, my lord, 'tis I
Myself that am to blame—at my request
The Princess Eboli went hence but now.

KING.

At your request!

QUEEN.

To call the nurse to me,
With the Infanta, whom I longed to see.

KING.

And was your retinue dismissed for that?
This only clears the lady first in waiting.
Where was the second?

MONDECAR (who has returned and mixed with the other ladies,
steps forward).

Your majesty, I feel
I am to blame for this.

KING.

You are, and so
I give you ten years to reflect upon it,
At a most tranquil distance from Madrid.

[The MARCHIONESS steps back weeping. General silence.
The bystanders all look in confusion towards the QUEEN.]

QUEEN.

What weep you for, dear marchioness?

[To the KING.

If I

Have erred, my gracious liege, the crown I wear,
And which I never sought, should save my blushes
Is there a law in this your kingdom, sire,
To summon monarch's daughters to the bar?
Does force alone restrain your Spanish ladies?
Or need they stronger safeguard than their virtue?
Now pardon me, my liege; 'tis not my wont
To send my ladies, who have served me still
With smiling cheerfulness, away in tears.
Here, Mondecar.

[She takes off her girdle and presents it to the MARCHIONESS.

You have displeased the king,
Not me. Take this remembrance of my favor,
And of this hour. I'd have you quit the kingdom.
You have only erred in Spain. In my dear France,
All men are glad to wipe such tears away.
And must I ever be reminded thus?
In my dear France it had been otherwise.

[Leaning on the MARCHIONESS and covering her face.

KING.

Can a reproach, that in my love had birth,
Afflict you so? A word so trouble you,
Which the most anxious tenderness did prompt?

[He turns towards the GEANDEES.

Here stand the assembled vassals of my throne.
Did ever sleep descend upon these eyes,
Till at the close of the returning day

I've pondered, how the hearts of all my subjects
Were beating 'neath the furthest cope of heaven?
And should I feel more anxious for my throne
Than for the partner of my bosom? No!
My sword and Alva can protect my people,
My eye alone assures thy love.

QUEEN.

My liege,
If that I have offended——

KING.

I am called
The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my dominions never sets.
All this another hath possessed before,
And many another will possess hereafter.
That is mine own. All that the monarch hath
Belongs to chance—Elizabeth to Philip.
This is the point in which I feel I'm mortal.

QUEEN.

What fear you, sire?

KING.

Should these gray hairs not fear?
But the same instant that my fear begins
It dies away forever.

[To the grandees.

I run over
The nobles of my court and miss the foremost.
Where is my son, Don Carlos?

[No one answers.

He begins

To give me cause of fear. He shuns my presence
Since he came back from school at Alcalá.
His blood is hot. Why is his look so cold?
His bearing all so stately and reserved?
Be watchful, duke, I charge you.

ALVA.

So I am:

Long as a heart against this corslet beats,
So long may Philip slumber undisturbed;
And as God's cherub guards the gates of heaven
So doth Duke Alva guard your royal throne.

LERMA.

Dare I, in all humility, presume
To oppose the judgment of earth's wisest king?
Too deeply I revere his gracious sire
To judge the son so harshly. I fear much
From his hot blood, but nothing from his heart.

KING.

Lerma, your speech is fair to soothe the father,
But Alva here will be the monarch's shield—
No more of this.

[Turning to his suite.

Now speed we to Madrid,
Our royal duties summon us. The plague
Of heresy is rife among my people;
Rebellion stalks within my Netherlands—
The times are imminent. We must arrest
These erring spirits by some dread example.
The solemn oath which every Christian king

Hath sworn to keep I will redeem to-morrow.
'Twill be a day of doom unparalleled.
Our court is bidden to the festival.

[He leads off the QUEEN, the rest follow.]

SCENE VII.

DON CARLOS (with letters in his hand), and MARQUIS POSA
enter from opposite sides.

CARLOS.

I am resolved—Flanders shall yet be saved:
So runs her suit, and that's enough for me!

MARQUIS.

There's not another moment to be lost:
'Tis said Duke Alva in the cabinet
Is named already as the governor.

CARLOS.

Betimes to-morrow will I see the king
And ask this office for myself. It is
The first request I ever made to him,
And he can scarce refuse. My presence here
Has long been irksome to him. He will grasp
This fair pretence my absence to secure.
And shall I confess to thee, Roderigo?
My hopes go further. Face to face with him,
'Tis possible the pleading of a son
May reinstate him in his father's favor.
He ne'er hath heard the voice of nature speak;

Then let me try for once, my Roderigo,
What power she hath when breathing from my lips.

MARQUIS.

Now do I hear my Carlos' voice once more;
Now are you all yourself again!

SCENE VIII.

The preceding. COUNT LERMA.

COUNT.

Your grace,
His majesty has left Aranjuez;
And I am bidden——

CARLOS.

Very well, my lord—
I shall overtake the king——

MARQUIS (affecting to take leave with ceremony).

Your highness, then,
Has nothing further to intrust to me?

CARLOS.

Nothing. A pleasant journey to Madrid!
You may, hereafter, tell me more of Flanders.

[To LERMA, who is waiting for him.

Proceed, my lord! I'll follow thee anon.

SCENE IX.

DON CARLOS, MARQUIS POSA.

CARLOS.

I understood thy hint, and thank thee for it.
A stranger's presence can alone excuse
This forced and measured tone. Are we not brothers?
In future, let this puppet-play of rank
Be banished from our friendship. Think that we
Had met at some gay masking festival,
Thou in the habit of a slave, and I
Robed, for a jest, in the imperial purple.
Throughout the revel we respect the cheat,
And play our parts with sportive earnestness,
Tripping it gayly with the merry throng;
But should thy Carlos beckon through his mask,
Thou'dst press his hand in silence as he passed,
And we should be as one.

MARQUIS.

The dream's divine!
But are you sure that it will last forever?
Is Carlos, then, so certain of himself
As to despise the charms of boundless sway?
A day will come—an all-important day—
When this heroic mind—I warn you now—
Will sink o'erwhelmed by too severe a test.
Don Philip dies; and Carlos mounts the throne,
The mightiest throne in Christendom. How vast
The gulf that yawns betwixt mankind and him—
A god to-day, who yesterday was man!
Steeled to all human weakness—to the voice

Of heavenly duty deaf. Humanity—
To-day a word of import in his ear—
Barters itself, and grovels 'mid the throng
Of gaping parasites; his sympathy
For human woe is turned to cold neglect,
His virtue sunk in loose voluptuous joys.
Peru supplies him riches for his folly,
His court engenders devils for his vices.
Lulled in this heaven the work of crafty slaves,
He sleeps a charmed sleep; and while his dream
Endures his godhead lasts. And woe to him
Who'd break in pity this lethargic trance!
What could Roderigo do? Friendship is true,
And bold as true. But her bright flashing beams
Were much too fierce for sickly majesty:
You would not brook a subject's stern appeal,
Nor I a monarch's pride!

CARLOS.

Tearful and true,
Thy portraiture of monarchs. Yes—thou'rt right,
But 'tis their lusts that thus corrupt their hearts,
And hurry them to vice. I still am pure.
A youth scarce numbering three-and-twenty years.
What thousands waste in riotous delights,
Without remorse—the mind's more precious part—
The bloom and strength of manhood—I have kept,
Hoarding their treasures for the future king.
What could unseat my Posa from my heart,
If woman fail to do it?

MARQUIS.

I, myself!
Say, could I love you, Carlos, warm as now,
If I must fear you?

CARLOS.

That will never be.
What need hast thou of me? What cause hast thou
To stoop thy knee, a suppliant at the throne?
Does gold allure thee? Thou'rt a richer subject
Than I shall be a king! Dost covet honors?
E'en in thy youth, fame's brimming chalice stood
Full in thy grasp—thou flung'st the toy away.
Which of us, then, must be the other's debtor,
And which the creditor? Thou standest mute.
Dost tremble for the trial? Art thou, then,
Uncertain of thyself?

MARQUIS.

Carlos, I yield!
Here is my band.

CARLOS.

Is it mine own?

MARQUIS.

Forever—
In the most pregnant meaning of the word!

CARLOS.

And wilt thou prove hereafter to the king
As true and warm as to the prince to-day?

MARQUIS.

I swear!

CARLOS.

And when round my unguarded heart
The serpent flattery winds its subtle coil,
Should e'er these eyes of mine forget the tears
They once were wont to shed; or should these ears
Be closed to mercy's plea,—say, wilt thou, then,
The fearless guardian of my virtue, throw
Thine iron grasp upon me, and call up
My genius by its mighty name?

MARQUIS.

I will.

CARLOS.

And now one other favor let me beg.
Do call me thou! Long have I envied this
Dear privilege of friendship to thine equals.
The brother's thou beguiles my ear, my heart,
With sweet suggestions of equality.
Nay, no reply:—I guess what thou wouldst say—
To thee this seems a trifle—but to me,
A monarch's son, 'tis much. Say, wilt thou be
A brother to me?

MARQUIS.

Yes; thy brother, yes!

CARLOS.

Now to the king—my fears are at an end.
Thus, arm-in-arm with thee, I dare defy
The universal world into the lists.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The royal palace at Madrid.

KING PHILIP under a canopy; DUKE ALVA at some distance,
with his head covered; CARLOS.

CARLOS.

The kingdom takes precedence—willingly
Doth Carlos to the minister give place—
He speaks for Spain; I am but of the household.

[Bows and steps backward.]

KING.

The duke remains—the Infanta may proceed.

CARLOS (turning to ALVA).

Then must I put it to your honor, sir,
To yield my father for a while to me.
A son, you know, may to a father's ear
Unbosom much, in fulness of his heart,
That not befits a stranger's ear. The king
Shall not be taken from you, sir—I seek
The father only for one little hour.

KING.

Here stands his friend.

CARLOS.

And have I e'er deserved
To think the duke should be a friend of mine?

KING.

Or tried to make him one? I scarce can love
Those sons who choose more wisely than their fathers.

CARLOS.

And can Duke Alva's knightly spirit brook
To look on such a scene? Now, as I live,
I would not play the busy meddler's part,
Who thrusts himself, unasked, 'twixt sire and son,
And there intrudes without a blush, condemned
By his own conscious insignificance,
No, not, by heaven, to win a diadem!

KING (rising, with an angry look at the Prince).
Retire, my lord!

[ALVA goes to the principal door, through which CARLOS
had entered, the KING points to the other.

No, to the cabinet,
Until I call you.

SCENE II.

KING PHILIP. DON CARLOS.

CARLOS (as soon as the DUKE has left the apartment, advances to the KING,

throws himself at his feet, and then, with great emotion).

My father once again!

Thanks, endless thanks, for this unwonted favor!

Your hand, my father! O delightful day!

The rapture of this kiss has long been strange

To your poor Carlos. Wherefore have I been

Shut from my father's heart? What have I done?

KING.

Carlos, thou art a novice in these arts—

Forbear, I like them not——

CARLOS (rising).

And is it so?

I hear your courtiers in those words, my father!

All is not well, by heaven, all is not true,

That a priest says, and a priest's creatures plot.

I am not wicked, father; ardent blood

Is all my failing;—all my crime is youth;—

Wicked I am not—no, in truth, not wicked;—

Though many an impulse wild assails my heart,

Yet is it still untainted.

KING.

Ay, 'tis pure—

I know it—like thy prayers——

CARLOS.

Now, then, or never!

We are, for once, alone—the barrier

Of courtly form, that severed sire and son

Has fallen! Now a golden ray of hope
Illumes my soul—a sweet presentment
Pervades my heart—and heaven itself inclines,
With choirs of joyous angels, to the earth,
And full of soft emotion, the thrice blest
Looks down upon this great, this glorious scene!
Pardon, my father!

[He falls on his knees before him.]

KING.

Rise, and leave me.

CARLOS.

Father!

KING (tearing himself from him).
This trifling grows too bold.

CARLOS.

A son's devotion
Too bold! Alas!

KING.

And, to crown all, in tears!
Degraded boy! Away, and quit my sight!

CARLOS.

Now, then, or never!—pardon, O my father!

KING.

Away, and leave my sight! Return to me
Disgraced, defeated, from the battle-field,
Thy sire shall meet thee with extended arms:

But thus in tears, I spurn thee from my feet.
A coward's guilt alone should wash its stains
In such ignoble streams. The man who weeps
Without a blush will ne'er want cause for tears!

CARLOS.

Who is this man? By what mistake of nature
Has he thus strayed amongst mankind? A tear
Is man's unerring, lasting attribute.
Whose eye is dry was ne'er of woman born!
Oh, teach the eye that ne'er hath overflowed,
The timely science of a tear—thou'lt need
The moist relief in some dark hour of woo.

KING.

Think'st thou to shake thy father's strong mistrust
With specious words?

CARLOS.

Mistrust! Then I'll remove it.
Here will I hang upon my father's breast,
Strain at his heart with vigor, till each shred
Of that mistrust, which, with a rock's endurance,
Clings firmly round it, piecemeal fall away.
And who are they who drive me from the king—
My father's favor? What requital hath
A monk to give a father for a son?
What compensation can the duke supply
For a deserted and a childless age?
Would'st thou be loved? Here in this bosom springs
A fresher, purer fountain, than e'er flowed
From those dark, stagnant, muddy reservoirs,
Which Philip's gold must first unlock.

KING.

No more,
Presuming boy! For know the hearts thou slanderest
Are the approved, true servants of my choice.
'Tis meet that thou do honor to them.

CARLOS.

Never!
I know my worth—all that your Alva dares—
That, and much more, can Carlos. What cares he,
A hireling! for the welfare of the realm
That never can be his? What careth he
If Philip's hair grow gray with hoary age?
Your Carlos would have loved you:—Oh, I dread
To think that you the royal throne must fill
Deserted and alone.

KING (seemingly struck by this idea, stands in deep thought; after a pause).

I am alone!

CARLOS (approaching him with eagerness).
You have been so till now. Hate me no more,
And I will love you dearly as a son:
But hate me now no longer! Oh, how sweet,
Divinely sweet it is to feel our being
Reflected in another's beauteous soul;
To see our joys gladden another's cheek,
Our pains bring anguish to another's bosom,
Our sorrows fill another's eye with tears!
How sweet, how glorious is it, hand in hand,
With a dear child, in inmost soul beloved,

To tread once more the rosy paths of youth,
And dream life's fond illusions o'er again!
How proud to live through endless centuries
Immortal in the virtues of a son;
How sweet to plant what his dear hand shall reap;
To gather what will yield him rich return,
And guess how high his thanks will one day rise!
My father of this early paradise
Your monks most wisely speak not.

KING (not without emotion).

Oh, my son,
Thou hast condemned thyself in painting thus
A bliss this heart hath ne'er enjoyed from thee.

CARLOS.

The Omniscient be my judge! You till this hour
Have still debarred me from your heart, and all
Participation in your royal cares.
The heir of Spain has been a very stranger
In Spanish land—a prisoner in the realm
Where he must one day rule. Say, was this just,
Or kind? And often have I blushed for shame,
And stood with eyes abashed, to learn perchance
From foreign envoys, or the general rumor,
Thy courtly doings at Aranjuez.

KING.

Thy blood flows far too hotly in thy veins.
Thou would'st but ruin all.

CARLOS.

But try me, father.

'Tis true my blood flows hotly in my veins.
Full three-and-twenty years I now have lived,
And naught achieved for immortality.
I am aroused—I feel my inward powers—
My title to the throne arouses me
From slumber, like an angry creditor;
And all the misspent hours of early youth,
Like debts of honor, clamor in mine ears.
It comes at length, the glorious moment comes
That claims full interest on the intrusted talent.
The annals of the world, ancestral fame,
And glory's echoing trumpet urge me on.
Now is the blessed hour at length arrived
That opens wide to me the list of honor.
My king, my father! dare I utter now
The suit which led me hither?

KING.

Still a suit?

Unfold it.

CARLOS.

The rebellion in Brabant
Increases to a height—the traitor's madness
By stern, but prudent, vigor must be met.
The duke, to quell the wild enthusiasm,
Invested with the sovereign's power, will lead
An army into Flanders. Oh, how full
Of glory is such office! and how suited
To open wide the temple of renown
To me, your son! To my hand, then, O king,
Intrust the army; in thy Flemish lands

I am well loved, and I will freely gage
My life for their fidelity and truth.

KING.

Thou speakest like a dreamer. This high office
Demands a man—and not a stripling's arm.

CARLOS.

It but demands a human being, father:
And that is what Duke Alva ne'er hath been.

KING.

Terror alone can tie rebellion's hands:
Humanity were madness. Thy soft soul
Is tender, son: they'll tremble at the duke.
Desist from thy request.

CARLOS.

Despatch me, sire,
To Flanders with the army—dare rely
E'en on my tender soul. The name of prince,
The royal name emblazoned on my standard,
Conquers where Alva's butchers but dismay.
Here on my knees I crave it—this the first
Petition of my life. Trust Flanders to me.

KING (contemplating CARLOS with a piercing look).
Trust my best army to thy thirst for rule,
And put a dagger in my murderer's hand!

CARLOS.

Great God! and is this all—is this the fruit
Of a momentous hour so long desired!

[After some thought, in a milder tone.
Oh, speak to me more kindly—send me not
Thus comfortless away—dismiss me not
With this afflicting answer, oh, my father!
Use me more tenderly, indeed, I need it.
This is the last resource of wild despair—
It conquers every power of firm resolve
To beat it as a man—this deep contempt—
My every suit denied: Let me away—
Unheard and foiled in all my fondest hopes,
I take my leave. Now Alva and Domingo
May proudly sit in triumph where your son
Lies weeping in the dust. Your crowd of courtiers,
And your long train of cringing, trembling nobles,
Your tribe of sallow monks, so deadly pale,
All witnessed how you granted me this audience.
Let me not be disgraced. Oh, strike me not
With this most deadly wound—nor lay me bare
To sneering insolence of menial taunts!
"That strangers riot on your bounty, whilst
Carlos, your son, may supplicate in vain."
And as a pledge that you would have me honored,
Despatch me straight to Flanders with the army.

KING.

Urge thy request no farther—as thou wouldst
Avoid the king's displeasure.

CARLOS.

I must brave
My king's displeasure, and prefer my suit
Once more, it is the last. Trust Flanders to me!

I must away from Spain. To linger here
Is to draw breath beneath the headsman's axe:
The air lies heavy on me in Madrid
Like murder on a guilty soul—a change,
An instant change of clime alone can cure me.
If you would save my life, despatch me straight
Without delay to Flanders.

KING (with affected coldness).

Invalids,
Like thee, my son—need not be tended close,
And ever watched by the physician's eye—
Thou stayest in Spain—the duke will go to Flanders.

CARLOS (wildly).

Assist me, ye good angels!

KING (starting).

Hold, what mean
Those looks so wild?

CARLOS.

Father, do you abide
Immovably by this determination?

KING.

It was the king's.

CARLOS.

Then my commission's done.

[Exit in violent emotion.]

SCENE III.

King, sunk in gloomy contemplation, walks a few steps up and down; Alva approaches with embarrassment.

KING.

Hold yourself ready to depart for Brussels
Upon a moment's notice.

ALVA.

All is prepared, my liege.

KING.

And your credentials
Lie ready sealed within my cabinet,—
Meanwhile obtain an audience of the queen,
And bid the prince farewell.

ALVA.

As I came in
I met him with a look of frenzy wild
Quitting the chamber; and your majesty
Is strangely moved, methinks, and bears the marks
Of deep excitement—can it be the theme
Of your discourse——

KING.

Concerned the Duke of Alva.
[The KING keeps his eye steadfastly fixed on him.
I'm pleased that Carlos hates my councillors,
But I'm disturbed that he despises them.

[ALVA, coloring deeply, is about to speak.
No answer now: propitiate the prince.

ALVA.

Sire!

KING.

Tell me who it was that warned me first
Of my son's dark designs? I listened then
To you, and not to him. I will have proof.
And for the future, mark me, Carlos stands
Nearer the throne—now duke—you may retire.

[The KING retires into his cabinet. Exit DUKE by another door.]

SCENE IV.

The antechamber to the QUEEN'S apartments. DON CARLOS enters in conversation with a PAGE. The attendants retire at his approach.

CARLOS.

For me this letter? And a key! How's this?
And both delivered with such mystery!
Come nearer, boy:—from whom didst thou receive them?

PAGE (mysteriously).

It seemed to me the lady would be guessed
Rather than be described.

CARLOS (starting).

The lady, what!
Who art thou, boy?

[Looking earnestly at the PAGE.]

PAGE.

A page that serves the queen.

CARLOS (affrighted, putting his hand to the PAGE's mouth).

Hold, on your life! I know enough: no more.

[He tears open the letter hastily, and retires to read it; meanwhile DUKE ALVA comes, and passing the Prince, goes unperceived by him into the QUEEN'S apartment, CARLOS trembles violently and changes color; when he has read the letter he remains a long time speechless, his eyes steadfastly fixed on it; at last he turns to the PAGE.

She gave you this herself?

PAGE.

With her own hands.

CARLOS.

She gave this letter to you then herself?
Deceive me not: I ne'er have seen her writing,
And I must credit thee, if thou canst swear it;
But if thy tale be false, confess it straight,
Nor put this fraud on me.

PAGE.

This fraud, on whom?

CARLOS (looking once more at the letter, then at the PAGE with doubt and earnestness).

Your parents—are they living? and your father—
Serves he the king? Is he a Spaniard born?

PAGE.

He fell a colonel on St. Quentin's field,

Served in the cavalry of Savoy's duke—
His name Alonzo, Count of Henarez.

CARLOS (taking his hand, and looking fixedly in his eyes).
The king gave you this letter?

PAGE (with emotion).
Gracious prince,
Have I deserved these doubts?

CARLOS (reading the letter).
"This key unlocks
The back apartments in the queen's pavilion,
The furthest room lies next a cabinet
Wherein no listener's foot dare penetrate;
Here may the voice of love without restraint
Confess those tender feelings, which till now
The heart with silent looks alone hath spoken.
The timid lover gains an audience here,
And sweet reward repays his secret sorrow."

[As if awakening from a reverie.

I am not in a dream, do not rave,
This is my right hand, this my sword—and these
Are written words. 'Tis true—it is no dream.
I am beloved, I feel I am beloved.

[Unable to contain himself, he rushes hastily through the room,
and raises his arms to heaven.

PAGE.
Follow me, prince, and I will lead the way.

CARLOS.

Then let me first collect my scattered thoughts.
The alarm of joy still trembles in my bosom.
Did I e'er lift my fondest hopes so high,
Or trust my fancy to so bold a flight?
Show me the man can learn thus suddenly
To be a god. I am not what I was.
I feel another heaven—another sun
That was not here before. She loves—she loves me!

PAGE (leading him forward).

But this is not the place: prince! you forget.

CARLOS.

The king! My father!

[His arms sink, he casts a timid look around, then
collecting himself.

This is dreadful! Yes,
You're right, my friend. I thank you: I was not
Just then myself. To be compelled to silence,
And bury in my heart this mighty bliss,
Is terrible!

[Taking the PAGE by the hand, and leading him aside.

Now here! What thou hast seen,
And what not seen, must be within thy breast
Entombed as in the grave. So now depart;
I shall not need thy guidance; they must not
Surprise us here! Now go.

[The PAGE is about to depart.

Yet hold, a word!

[The PAGE returns. CARLOS lays his hand on his shoulder, and looks him steadily in the face.

A direful secret hast thou in thy keeping,
Which, like a poison of terrific power,
Shivers the cup that holds it into atoms.
Guard every look of thine, nor let thy head
Guess at thy bosom's secret. Be thou like
The senseless speaking-trumpet that receives
And echoes back the voice, but hears it not.
Thou art a boy! Be ever so; continue
The pranks of youth. My correspondent chose
Her messenger of love with prudent skill!
The king will ne'er suspect a serpent here.

PAGE.

And I, my prince, shall feel right proud to know
I am one secret richer than the king.

CARLOS.

Vain, foolish boy! 'tis this should make thee tremble.
Approach me ever with a cold respect:
Ne'er be induced by idle pride to boast
How gracious is the prince! No deadlier sin
Canst thou commit, my son, than pleasing me.
Whate'er thou hast in future for my ear,
Give not to words; intrust not to thy lips,
Ne'er on that common high road of the thoughts
Permit thy news to travel. Speak with an eye,
A finger; I will answer with a look.
The very air, the light, are Philip's creatures,

And the deaf walls around are in his pay.
Some one approaches; fly, we'll meet again.

[The QUEEN'S chamber opens, and DUKE ALVA comes out.

PAGE.

Be careful, prince, to find the right apartment.

[Exit.

CARLOS.

It is the duke! Fear not, I'll find the way.

SCENE V.

DON CARLOS. DUKE OF ALVA.

ALVA (meeting him).

Two words, most gracious prince.

CARLOS.

Some other time.

[Going.

ALVA.

The place is not the fittest, I confess;
Perhaps your royal highness may be pleased
To grant me audience in your private chamber.

CARLOS.

For what? And why not here? Only be brief.

ALVA.

The special object which has brought me hither,
Is to return your highness lowly thanks
For your good services.

CARLOS.

Thanks to me—
For what? Duke Alva's thanks!

ALVA.

You scarce had left
His majesty, ere I received in form
Instructions to depart for Brussels.

CARLOS.

What!
For Brussels!

ALVA.

And to what, most gracious prince,
Must I ascribe this favor, but to you—
Your intercession with the king?

CARLOS.

Ob, no!
Not in the least to me; but, duke, you travel,
So Heaven be with your grace!

ALVA.

And is this all?
It seems, indeed, most strange! And has your highness
No further orders, then, to send to Flanders?

CARLOS.

What should I have?

ALVA.

Not long ago, it seemed,
The country's fate required your presence.

CARLOS.

How?

But yes, you're right,—it was so formerly;
But now this change is better as it is.

ALVA.

I am amazed——

CARLOS.

You are an able general,
No one doubts that—envy herself must own it.
For me, I'm but a youth—so thought the king.

CARLOS.

The king was right, quite right. I see it now
Myself, and am content—and so no more.
God speed your journey, as you see, just now
My hands are full, and weighty business presses.
The rest to-morrow, or whene'er you will,
Or when you come from Brussels.

ALVA.

What is this?

CARLOS.

The season favors, and your route will lie
Through Milan, Lorraine, Burgundy, and on
To Germany! What, Germany? Ay, true,

In Germany it was—they know you there.
'Tis April now, May, June,—in July, then,
Just so! or, at the latest, soon in August,—
You will arrive in Brussels, and no doubt
We soon shall hear of your victorious deeds.
You know the way to win our high esteem,
And earn the crown of fame.

ALVA (significantly).

Indeed! condemned
By my own conscious insignificance!

CARLOS.

You're sensitive, my lord, and with some cause,
I own it was not fair to use a weapon
Against your grace you were unskilled to wield.

ALVA.

Unskilled!

CARLOS.

'Tis pity I've no leisure now
To fight this worthy battle fairly out
But at some other time, we——

ALVA.

Prince, we both
Miscalculate—but still in opposite ways.
You, for example, overrate your age
By twenty years, whilst on the other band,
I, by as many, underrate it——

CARLOS.

Well

ALVA.

And this suggests the thought, how many nights
Beside this lovely Lusitanian bride—
Your mother—would the king right gladly give
To buy an arm like this, to aid his crown.
Full well he knows, far easier is the task
To make a monarch than a monarchy;
Far easier too, to stock the world with kings
Than frame an empire for a king to rule.

CARLOS.

Most true, Duke Alva, yet——

ALVA.

And how much blood,
Your subjects' dearest blood, must flow in streams
Before two drops could make a king of you.

CARLOS.

Most true, by heaven! and in two words comprised,
All that the pride of merit has to urge
Against the pride of fortune. But the moral—
Now, Duke Alva!

ALVA.

Woe to the nursling babe
Of royalty that mocks the careful hand
Which fosters it! How calmly it may sleep
On the soft cushion of our victories!
The monarch's crown is bright with sparkling gems,
But no eye sees the wounds that purchased them.

This sword has given our laws to distant realms,
Has blazed before the banner of the cross,
And in these quarters of the globe has traced
Ensanguined furrows for the seed of faith.
God was the judge in heaven, and I on earth.

CARLOS.

God, or the devil—it little matters which;
Yours was his chosen arm—that stands confessed.
And now no more of this. Some thoughts there are
Whereof the memory pains me. I respect
My father's choice,—my father needs an Alva!
But that he needs him is not just the point
I envy in him: a great man you are,
This may be true, and I well nigh believe it,
Only I fear your mission is begun
Some thousand years too soon. Alva, methinks,
Were just the man to suit the end of time.
Then when the giant insolence of vice
Shall have exhausted Heaven's enduring patience,
And the rich waving harvest of misdeeds
Stand in full ear, and asks a matchless reaper,
Then should you fill the post. O God! my paradise!
My Flanders! But of this I must not think.
'Tis said you carry with you a full store
Of sentences of death already signed.
This shows a prudent foresight! No more need
To fear your foes' designs, or secret plots:
Oh, father! ill indeed I've understood thee.
Calling thee harsh, to save me from a post,
Where Alva's self alone can fitly shine!
'Twas an unerring token of your love.

ALVA.

These words deserve——

CARLOS.

What!

ALVA.

But your birth protects you.

CARLOS (seizing his sword).

That calls for blood! Duke, draw your sword!

ALVA (slightinglly).

On whom?

CARLOS. (pressing upon him).

Draw, or I run you through.

ALVA.

Then be it so.

[They fight.

SCENE VI.

The QUEEN, DON CARLOS, DUKE ALVA.

QUEEN (coming from her room alarmed).

How! naked swords?

[To the PRINCE in an indignant and commanding tone.

Prince Carlos!

CARLOS (agitated at the QUEEN's look, drops his arm, stands motionless, then rushes to the DUKE, and embraces him).

Pardon, duke!

Your pardon, sir! Forget, forgive it all!

[Throws himself in silence at the QUEEN'S feet, then rising suddenly, departs in confusion.

ALVA.

By heaven, 'tis strange!

QUEEN (remains a few moments as if in doubt, then retiring to her apartment).

A word with you, Duke ALVA.

[Exit, followed by the DUKE.

SCENE VII.

The PRINCESS EBOLI's apartment.

The PRINCESS in a simple, but elegant dress, playing on the lute.
The QUEEN's PAGE enters.

PRINCESS (starting up suddenly)
He comes!

PAGE (abruptly).
Are you alone? I wonder much
He is not here already; but he must
Be here upon the instant.

PRINCESS.

Do you say must!
Then he will come, this much is certain then.

PAGE.
He's close upon my steps. You are beloved,
Adored, and with more passionate regard
Than mortal ever was, or can be loved.
Oh! what a scene I witnessed!

PRINCESS (impatiently draws him to her).
Quick, you spoke
With him! What said he? Tell me straight—
How did he look? what were his words? And say—
Did he appear embarrassed or confused
And did he guess who sent the key to him?
Be quick! or did he not? He did not guess
At all, perhaps! or guessed amiss! Come, speak,
How! not a word to answer me? Oh, fie!
You never were so dull—so slow before,
'Tis past all patience.

PAGE.
Dearest lady, hear me!
Both key and note I placed within his hands,
In the queen's antechamber, and he started
And gazed with wonder when I told him that
A lady sent me!

PRINCESS.
Did he start? go on!
That's excellent. Proceed, what next ensued?

PAGE.

I would have told him more, but he grew pale,
And snatched the letter from my hand, and said
With look of deadly menace, he knew all.
He read the letter with confusion through,
And straight began to tremble.

PRINCESS.

He knew all!
He knew it all? Were those his very words?

PAGE.

He asked me, and again he asked, if you
With your own hands had given me the letter?

PRINCESS.

If I? Then did he mention me by name?

PAGE.

By name! no name he mentioned: there might be
Listeners, he said, about the palace, who
Might to the king disclose it.

PRINCESS (surprised).

Said he that?

PAGE.

He further said, it much concerned the king;
Deeply concerned—to know of that same letter.

PRINCESS.

The king! Nay, are you sure you heard him right?
The king! Was that the very word he used?

PAGE.

It was. He called it a most perilous secret,
And warned me to be strictly on my guard,
Never with word or look to give the king
Occasion for suspicion.

PRINCESS (after a pause, with astonishment).

All agrees!

It can be nothing else—he must have heard
The tale—'tis very strange! Who could have told him,
I wonder who? The eagle eye of love
Alone could pierce so far. But tell me further—
He read the letter.

PAGE.

Which, he said, conveyed
Such bliss as made him tremble, and till then
He had not dared to dream of. As he spoke
The duke, by evil chance, approached the room,
And this compelled us——

PRINCESS (angrily).

What in all the world
Could bring the duke to him at such a time?
What can detain him? Why appears he not?
See how you've been deceived; how truly blest
Might he have been already—in the time
You've taken to describe his wishes to me!

PAGE.

The duke, I fear——

PRINCESS.

Again, the duke! What can

The duke want here? What should a warrior want
With my soft dreams of happiness? He should
Have left him there, or sent him from his presence.
Where is the man may not be treated thus?
But Carlos seems as little versed in love
As in a woman's heart—he little knows
What minutes are. But hark! I hear a step;
Away, away!

[PAGE hastens out.

Where have I laid my lute?
I must not seem to wait for him. My song
Shall be a signal to him.

SCENE VIII.

The PRINCESS, DON CARLOS.

The PRINCESS has thrown herself upon an ottoman,
and plays.

CARLOS (rushes in; he recognizes the PRINCESS, and stands
thunderstruck).

Gracious Heaven!
Where am I?

PRINCESS (lets her lute fall, and meeting him)
What? Prince Carlos! yes, in truth.

CARLOS.
Where am I? Senseless error; I have missed
The right apartment.

PRINCESS.

With what dexterous skill
Carlos contrives to hit the very room
Where ladies sit alone!

CARLOS.

Your pardon, princess!
I found—I found the antechamber open.

PRINCESS.

Can it be possible? I fastened it
Myself; at least I thought so——

CARLOS.

Ay! you thought,
You only thought so; rest assured you did not.
You meant to lock it, that I well believe:
But most assuredly it was not locked.
A lute's sweet sounds attracted me, some hand
Touched it with skill; say, was it not a lute?

[Looking round inquiringly.

Yes, there it lies, and Heaven can bear me witness
I love the lute to madness. I became
All ear, forgot myself in the sweet strain,
And rushed into the chamber to behold
The lovely eyes of the divine musician
Who charmed me with the magic of her tones.

PRINCESS.

Innocent curiosity, no doubt!
But it was soon appeased, as I can prove.

[After a short silence, significantly.

I must respect the modesty that has,

To spare a woman's blushes, thus involved
Itself in so much fiction.

CARLOS (with sincerity).

Nay, I feel
I but augment my deep embarrassment,
In vain attempt to extricate myself.
Excuse me for a part I cannot play.
In this remote apartment, you perhaps
Have sought a refuge from the world, to pour
The inmost wishes of your secret heart
Remote from man's distracting eye. By me,
Unhappy that I am, your heavenly dreams
Are all disturbed, and the atonement now
Must be my speedy absence.

[Going.

PRINCESS (surprised and confused, but immediately recovering herself).

Oh! that step
Were cruel, prince, indeed!

CARLOS.

Princess, I feel
What such a look in such a place imports:
This virtuous embarrassment has claims
To which my manhood never can be deaf.
Woe to the wretch whose boldness takes new fire
From the pure blush of maiden modesty!
I am a coward when a woman trembles.

PRINCESS.

Is't possible?—such noble self-control
In one so young, and he a monarch's son!

Now, prince, indeed you shall remain with me,
It is my own request, and you must stay.
Near such high virtue, every maiden fear
Takes wing at once; but your appearance here
Disturbed me in a favorite air, and now
Your penalty shall be to hear me sing it.

CARLOS (sits down near the PRINCESS, not without reluctance).
A penalty delightful as the sin!
And sooth to say, the subject of the song
Was so divine, again and yet again
I'd gladly hear it.

PRINCESS
What! you heard it all?
Nay, that was too bad, prince. It was, I think,
A song of love.

CARLOS.
And of successful love,
If I mistake not—dear delicious theme
From those most beauteous lips—but scarce so true,
Methinks, as beautiful.

PRINCESS.
What! not so true?
Then do you doubt the tale?

CARLOS.
I almost doubt
That Carlos and the Princess Eboli,
When they discourse on such a theme as love,
May not quite understand each other's hearts.

[The PRINCESS starts; he observes it, and continues with playful gallantry.

Who would believe those rosy-tinted cheeks
Concealed a heart torn by the pangs of love.
Is it within the range of wayward chance
That the fair Princess Eboli should sigh
Unheard—unanswered? Love is only known
By him who hopelessly persists in love.

PRINCESS (with all her former vivacity).
Hush! what a dreadful thought! this fate indeed
Appears to follow you of all mankind,
Especially to-day.

[Taking his hand with insinuating interest.

You are not happy,
Dear prince—you're sad! I know too well you suffer,
And wherefore, prince? When with such loud appeal
The world invites you to enjoy its bliss—
And nature on you pours her bounteous gifts,
And spreads around you all life's sweetest joys.
You, a great monarch's son, and more—far more—
E'en in your cradle with such gifts endowed
As far eclipsed the splendor of your rank.
You, who in those strict courts where women rule,
And pass, without appeal, unerring sentence
On manly worth and honor, even there
Find partial judges. You, who with a look
Can prove victorious, and whose very coldness
Kindles aflame; and who, when warmed with passion,
Can make a paradise, and scatter round
The bliss of heaven, the rapture of the gods.

The man whom nature has adorned with gifts
To render thousands happy, gifts which she
Bestows on few—that such a man as this
Should know what misery is! Thou, gracious Heaven,
That gavest him all those blessings, why deny
Him eyes to see the conquests he has made?

CARLOS (who has been lost in absence of mind, suddenly recovers himself
by the silence of the PRINCESS, and starts up).
Charming! inimitable! Princess, sing
That passage, pray, again.

PRINCESS (looking at him with astonishment).
Where, Carlos, were
Your thoughts the while?

CARLOS (jumps up).
By heaven, you do remind me
In proper time—I must away—and quickly.

PRINCESS (holding him back).
Whither away?

CARLOS.
Into the open air.
Nay, do not hold me, princess, for I feel
As though the world behind me were in flames.

PRINCESS (holding him forcibly back).
What troubles you? Whence comes these strange, these wild,
Unnatural looks? Nay, answer me!

[CARLOS stops to reflect, she draws him to the sofa to her.
Dear Carlos,

You need repose, your blood is feverish.
Come, sit by me: dispel these gloomy fancies.
Ask yourself frankly can your head explain
The tumult of your heart—and if it can—
Say, can no knight be found in all the court,
No lady, generous as fair, to cure you—
Rather, I should have said, to understand you?
What, no one?

CARLOS (hastily, without thinking).

If the Princess Eboli——

PRINCESS (delighted, quickly).

Indeed!

CARLOS.

Would write a letter for me, a few words
Of kindly intercession to my father;—
They say your influence is great.

PRINCESS.

Who says so?

[Aside.

Ha! was it jealousy that held thee mute!

CARLOS.

Perchance my story is already public.
I had a sudden wish to visit Brabant
Merely to win my spurs—no more. The king,
Kind soul, is fearful the fatigues of war
Might spoil my singing!

PRINCESS.

Prince, you play me false!
Confess that by this serpent subterfuge
You would mislead me. Look me in the face,
Deceitful one! and say would he whose thoughts
Were only bent on warlike deeds—would he
E'er stoop so low as, with deceitful hand,
To steal fair ladies' ribbons when they drop,
And then—your pardon! hoard them—with such care?

[With light action she opens his shirt frill, and seizes
a ribbon which is there concealed.]

CARLOS (drawing back with amazement).
Nay, princess—that's too much—I am betrayed.
You're not to be deceived. You are in league
With spirits and with demons!

PRINCESS.

Are you then
Surprised at this? What will you wager, Carlos
But I recall some stories to your heart?
Nay, try it with me; ask whate'er you please,
And if the triflings of my sportive fancy—
The sound half-uttered by the air absorbed—
The smile of joy checked by returning gloom—
If motions—looks from your own soul concealed
Have not escaped my notice—judge if I
Can err when thou wouldst have me understand thee?

CARLOS.

Why, this is boldly ventured; I accept
The wager, princess. Then you undertake
To make discoveries in my secret heart

Unknown even to myself.

PRINCESS (displeased, but earnestly).

Unknown to thee!

Reflect a moment, prince! Nay, look around;
This boudoir's not the chamber of the queen,
Where small deceits are practised with full license.
You start, a sudden blush o'erspreads your face.
Who is so bold, so idle, you would ask,
As to watch Carlos when he deems himself
From scrutiny secure? Who was it, then,
At the last palace-ball observed you leave
The queen, your partner, standing in the dance,
And join, with eager haste, the neighboring couple,
To offer to the Princess Eboli
The hand your royal partner should have claimed?
An error, prince, his majesty himself,
Who just then entered the apartment, noticed.

CARLOS (with ironical smile).

His majesty? And did he really so?
Of all men he should not have seen it.

PRINCESS.

Nor yet that other scene within the chapel,
Which doubtless Carlos hath long since forgotten.
Prostrate before the holy Virgin's image,
You lay in prayer, when suddenly you heard—
'Twas not your fault—a rustling from behind
Of ladies' dresses. Then did Philip's son,
A youth of hero courage, tremble like
A heretic before the holy office.
On his pale lips died the half-uttered prayer.

In ecstasy of passion, prince—the scene
Was truly touching—for you seized the hand,
The blessed Virgin's cold and holy hand,
And showered your burning kisses on the marble.

CARLOS.

Princess, you wrong me: that was pure devotion!

PRINCESS.

Indeed! that's quite another thing. Perhaps
It was the fear of losing, then, at cards,
When you were seated with the queen and me,
And you with dexterous skill purloined my glove.

[CARLOS starts surprised.

That prompted you to play it for a card?

CARLOS.

What words are these? O Heaven, what have I done?

PRINCESS.

Nothing I hope of which you need repent!
How pleasantly was I surprised to find
Concealed within the glove a little note,
Full of the warmest tenderest romance,

CARLOS (interrupting her suddenly).
Mere poetry! no more. My fancy teems
With idle bubbles oft, which break as soon
As they arise—and this was one of them;
So, prithee, let us talk of it no more.

PRINCESS (leaving him with astonishment, and regarding him for
some time at a distance).

I am exhausted—all attempts are vain
To hold this youth. He still eludes my grasp.

[Remains silent a few moments.

But stay! Perchance 'tis man's unbounded pride,
That thus to add a zest to my delight.
Assumes a mask of timid diffidence.
'Tis so.

[She approaches the PRINCE again, and looks at him doubtingly.

Explain yourself, prince, I entreat you.
For here I stand before a magic casket,
Which all my keys are powerless to unlock.

CARLOS.

As I before you stand.

PRINCESS (leaves him suddenly, walks a few steps up and down in silence,
apparently lost in deep thought. After a pause, gravely and solemnly).

Then thus at last—

I must resolve to speak, and Carlos, you
Shall be my judge. Yours is a noble nature,
You are a prince—a knight—a man of honor.
I throw myself upon your heart—protect me
Or if I'm lost beyond redemption's power,
Give me your tears in pity for my fate.

[The PRINCE draws nearer.

A daring favorite of the king demands
My hand—his name Ruy Gomez, Count of Silva,
The king consents—the bargain has been struck,
And I am sold already to his creature.

CARLOS (with evident emotion).

Sold! you sold! Another bargain, then,
Concluded by this royal southern trader!

PRINCESS.

No; but hear all—'tis not enough that I
Am sacrificed to cold state policy,
A snare is laid to entrap my innocence.
Here is a letter will unmask the saint!

[CARLOS takes the paper, and without reading it listens
with impatience to her recital.

Where Shall I find protection, prince? Till now
My virtue was defended by my pride,
At length——

CARLOS.

At length you yielded! Yielded? No.
For God's sake say not so!

PRINCESS.

Yielded! to whom?
Poor piteous reasoning. Weak beyond contempt
Your haughty minds, who hold a woman's favor,
And love's pure joys, as wares to traffic for!
Love is the only treasure on the face
Of this wide earth that knows no purchaser
Besides itself—love has no price but love.
It is the costly gem, beyond all price,
Which I must freely give away, or—bury
For ever unenjoyed—like that proud merchant
Whom not the wealth of all the rich Rialto
Could tempt—a great rebuke to kings! to save

From the deep ocean waves his matchless pearl,
Too proud to barter it beneath its worth!

CARLOS (aside).

Now, by great heaven, this woman's beautiful.

PRINCESS.

Call it caprice or pride, I ne'er will make
Division of my joys. To him, alone,
I choose as mine, I give up all forever.
One only sacrifice I make; but that
Shall be eternal. One true heart alone
My love shall render happy: but that one
I'll elevate to God. The keen delight
Of mingling souls—the kiss—the swimming joys
Of that delicious hour when lovers meet,
The magic power of heavenly beauty—all
Are sister colors of a single ray—
Leaves of one single blossom. Shall I tear
One petal from this sweet, this lovely flower,
With reckless hand, and mar its beauteous chalice?
Shall I degrade the dignity of woman,
The masterpiece of the Almighty's hand,
To charm the evening of a reveller?

CARLOS.

Incredible! that in Madrid should dwell
This matchless creature! and unknown to me
Until this day.

PRINCESS.

Long since had I forsaken
This court—the world—and in some blest retreat

Immured myself; but one tie binds me still
Too firmly to existence. Perhaps—alas!
'Tis but a phantom—but 'tis dear to me.
I love—but am not loved in turn.

CARLOS (full of ardor, going towards her).

You are!

As true as God is throned in heaven! I swear
You are—you are unspeakably beloved.

PRINCESS.

You swear it, you!—sure 'twas an angel's voice.
Oh, if you swear it, Carlos, I'll believe it.
Then I am truly loved!

CARLOS (embracing her with tenderness).

Bewitching maid,

Thou creature worthy of idolatry
I stand before thee now all eye, all ear,
All rapture and delight. What eye hath seen thee—
Under yon heaven what eye could e'er have seen thee,
And boast he never loved? What dost thou here
In Philip's royal court! Thou beauteous angel!
Here amid monks and all their princely train.
This is no clime for such a lovely flower—
They fain would rifle all thy sweets—full well
I know their hearts. But it shall never be—
Not whilst I draw life's breath. I fold thee thus
Within my arms, and in these hands I'll bear thee
E'en through a hell replete with mocking fiends.
Let me thy guardian angel prove.

PRINCESS (with a countenance full of love).

O Carlos!

How little have I known thee! and how richly
With measureless reward thy heart repays
The weighty task of—comprehending thee!

[She takes his hand and is about to kiss it.

CARLOS (drawing it back).

Princess! What mean you?

PRINCESS (with tenderness and grace, looking at his hand attentively).

Oh, this beauteous hand!

How lovely 'tis, and rich! This hand has yet
Two costly presents to bestow!—a crown—
And Carlos' heart:—and both these gifts perchance
Upon one mortal!—both on one—Oh, great
And godlike gift—almost too much for one!
How if you share the treasure, prince! A queen
Knows naught of love—and she who truly loves
Cares little for a crown! 'Twere better, prince,
Then to divide the treasure—and at once—
What says my prince? Have you done so already?
Have you in truth? And do I know the blest one?

CARLOS.

Thou shalt. I will unfold myself to thee,
To thy unspotted innocence, dear maid,
Thy pure, unblemished nature. In this court
Thou art the worthiest—first—the only one
To whom this soul has stood revealed.
Then, yes! I will not now conceal it—yes,
I love!

PRINCESS.

Oh, cruel heart! Does this avowal prove
So painful to thee? Must I first deserve
Thy pity—ere I hope to win thy love?

CARLOS (starting).

What say'st thou?

PRINCESS.

So to trifle with me, prince!
Indeed it was not well—and to deny
The key——

CARLOS.

The key! the key! Oh yes, 'tis so!

[After a dead silence.

I see it all too plainly! Gracious heaven!

[His knees totter, he leans against a chair, and covers
his face with his hands. A long silence on both sides.
The PRINCESS screams and falls.

PRINCESS.

Oh, horrible! What have I done!

CARLOS.

Hurled down
So far from all my heavenly joys! 'Tis dreadful!

PRINCESS (hiding her face in the cushion).
Oh, God! What have I said?

CARLOS (kneeling before her).

I am not guilty.
My passion—an unfortunate mistake—
By heaven, I am not guilty——

PRINCESS (pushing him from her).
Out of my sight,
For heaven's sake!

CARLOS.
No, I will not leave thee thus.
In this dread anguish leave thee——

PRINCESS (pushing him forcibly away).
Oh, in pity—
For mercy's sake, away—out of my sight!
Wouldst thou destroy me? How I hate thy presence!

[CARLOS going.]

Give, give me back the letter and the key.
Where is the other letter?

CARLOS.
The other letter?

PRINCESS.
That from the king, to me——

CARLOS (terrified).
From whom?

PRINCESS.
The one I just now gave you.

CARLOS.

From the king!
To you!

PRINCESS.
Oh, heavens, how dreadfully have I
Involved myself! The letter, sir! I must
Have it again.

CARLOS.
The letter from the king!
To you!

PRINCESS.
The letter! give it, I implore you
By all that's sacred! give it.

CARLOS.
What, the letter
That will unmask the saint! Is this the letter?

PRINCESS.
Now I'm undone! Quick, give it me——

CARLOS.
The letter——

PRINCESS (wringing her hands in despair).
What have I done? O dreadful, dire imprudence!

CARLOS.
This letter comes, then, from the king! Princess,
That changes all indeed, and quickly, too.
This letter is beyond all value—priceless!
All Philip's crowns are worthless, and too poor

To win it from my hands. I'll keep this letter.

PRINCESS (throwing herself prostrate before him as he is going).
Almighty Heaven! then I am lost forever.

[Exit CARLOS.

SCENE IX.

The PRINCESS alone.

She seems overcome with surprise, and is confounded.
After CARLOS' departure she hastens to call him back.

PRINCESS.

Prince, but one word! Prince, hear me. He is gone.
And this, too, I am doomed to bear—his scorn!
And I am left in lonely wretchedness,
Rejected and despised!

[Sinks down upon a chair. After a pause

And yet not so;

I'm but displaced—supplanted by some wanton.
He loves! of that no longer doubt is left;
He has himself confessed it—but my rival—
Who can she be? Happy, thrice happy one!
This much stands clear: he loves where he should not.
He dreads discovery, and from the king
He hides his guilty passion! Why from him
Who would so gladly hail it? Or, is it not
The father that he dreads so in the parent?
When the king's wanton purpose was disclosed,
His features glowed with triumph, boundless joy

Flashed in his eyes, his rigid virtue fled;
Why was it mute in such a cause as this?
Why should he triumph? What hath he to gain
If Philip to his queen——

[She stops suddenly, as if struck by a thought, then drawing hastily from her bosom the ribbon which she had taken from CARLOS, she seems to recognize it.

Fool that I am!

At length 'tis plain. Where have my senses been?
My eyes are opened now. They loved each other
Long before Philip wooed her, and the prince
Ne'er saw me but with her! She, she alone
Was in his thoughts when I believed myself
The object of his true and boundless love.
O matchless error! and have I betrayed
My weakness to her?

[Pauses.

Should his love prove hopeless?
Who can believe it? Would a hopeless love
Persist in such a struggle? Called to revel
In joys for which a monarch sighs in vain!
A hopeless love makes no such sacrifice.
What fire was in his kiss! How tenderly
He pressed my bosom to his beating heart!
Well nigh the trial had proved dangerous
To his romantic, unrequited passion!
With joy he seized the key he fondly thought
The queen had sent:—in this gigantic stride
Of love he puts full credence—and he comes—
In very truth comes here—and so imputes

To Philip's wife a deed so madly rash.
And would he so, had love not made him bold?
'Tis clear as day—his suit is heard—she loves!
By heaven, this saintly creature burns with passion;
How subtle, too, she is! With fear I trembled
Before this lofty paragon of virtue!
She towered beside me, an exalted being,
And in her beams I felt myself eclipsed;
I envied her the lovely, cloudless calm,
That kept her soul from earthly tumults free.
And was this soft serenity but show?
Would she at both feasts revel, holding up
Her virtue's godlike splendor to our gaze,
And riot in the secret joys of vice?
And shall the false dissembler cozen thus,
And win a safe immunity from this
That no avenger comes? By heavens she shall not!
I once adored her,—that demands revenge:—
The king shall know her treachery—the king!

[After a pause.

'Tis the sure way to win the monarch's ear!

[Exit.

SCENE X.

A chamber in the royal palace.

DUKE OF ALVA, FATHER DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

Something to tell me!

ALVA.

Ay! a thing of moment,
Of which I made discovery to-day,
And I would have your judgment on it.

DOMINGO.

How!
Discovery! To what do you allude?

ALVA.

Prince Carlos and myself this morning met
In the queen's antechamber. I received
An insult from him—we were both in heat—
The strife grew loud—and we had drawn our swords.
Alarmed, from her apartments rushed the queen.
She stepped between us,—with commanding eye
Of conscious power, she looked upon the prince.
'Twas but a single glance,—but his arm dropped,
He fell upon my bosom—gave me then
A warm embrace, and vanished.

DOMINGO (after a pause).

This seems strange.
It brings a something to my mind, my lord!
And thoughts like these I own have often sprung
Within my breast; but I avoid such fancies—
To no one have I e'er confided them.
There are such things as double-edged swords
And untrue friends,—I fear them both.
'Tis hard to judge among mankind, but still more hard
To know them thoroughly. Words slipped at random
Are confidants offended—therefore I
Buried my secret in my breast, till time

Should drag it forth to light. 'Tis dangerous
To render certain services to kings.
They are the bolts, which if they miss the mark,
Recoil upon the archer! I could swear
Upon the sacrament to what I saw.
Yet one eye-witness—one word overheard—
A scrap of paper—would weigh heavier far
Than my most strong conviction! Cursed fate
That we are here in Spain!

ALVA.

And why in Spain?

DOMINGO.

There is a chance in every court but this
For passion to forget itself, and fall.
Here it is warned by ever-wakeful laws.
Our Spanish queens would find it hard to sin—
And only there do they meet obstacles,
Where best 'twould serve our purpose to surprise them.

ALVA.

But listen further: Carlos had to-day
An audience of the king; the interview
Lasted an hour, and earnestly he sought
The government of Flanders for himself.
Loudly he begged, and fervently. I heard him
In the adjoining cabinet. His eyes
Were red with tears when I encountered him.
At noon he wore a look of lofty triumph,
And vowed his joy at the king's choice of me.

He thanked the king. "Matters are changed," he said,

"And things go better now." He's no dissembler:
How shall I reconcile such contradictions?
The prince exults to see himself rejected,
And I receive a favor from the king
With marks of anger! What must I believe?
In truth this new-born dignity doth sound
Much more like banishment than royal favor!

DOMINGO.

And is it come to this at last? to this?
And has one moment crumbled into dust
What cost us years to build? And you so calm,
So perfectly at ease! Know you this youth?
Do you foresee the fate we may expect
Should he attain to power? The prince! No foe
Am I of his. Far other cares than these
Gnaw at my rest—cares for the throne—for God,
And for his holy church! The royal prince—
(I know him, I can penetrate his soul),
Has formed a horrible design, Toledo!
The wild design—to make himself the regent,
And set aside our pure and sacred faith.
His bosom glows with some new-fangled virtue,
Which, proud and self-sufficient, scorns to rest
For strength on any creed. He dares to think!
His brain is all on fire with wild chimeras;
He reverences the people! And is this
A man to be our king?

ALVA.

Fantastic dreams!
No more. A boy's ambition, too, perchance

To play some lofty part! What can he less?
These thoughts will vanish when he's called to rule.

DOMINGO.

I doubt it! Of his freedom he is proud,
And scorns those strict restraints all men must bear
Who hope to govern others. Would he suit
Our throne? His bold gigantic mind
Would burst the barriers of our policy.
In vain I sought to enervate his soul
In the loose joys of this voluptuous age.
He stood the trial. Fearful is the spirit
That rules this youth; and Philip soon will see
His sixtieth year.

ALVA.

Your vision stretches far!

DOMINGO.

He and the queen are both alike in this.
Already works, concealed in either breast,
The poisonous wish for change and innovation.
Give it but way, 'twill quickly reach the throne.
I know this Valois! We may tremble for
The secret vengeance of this quiet foe
If Philip's weakness hearken to her voice!
Fortune so far hath smiled upon us. Now
We must anticipate the foe, and both
Shall fall together in one fatal snare.
Let but a hint of such a thing be dropped
Before the king, proved or unproved, it reeks not!
Our point is gained if he but waver. We
Ourselves have not a doubt; and once convinced,

'Tis easy to convince another's mind.
Be sure we shall discover more if we
Start with the faith that more remains concealed.

ALVA.

But soft! A vital question! Who is he
Will undertake the task to tell the king?

DOMINGO.

Nor you, nor I! Now shall you learn, what long
My busy spirit, full of its design,
Has been at work with, to achieve its ends.
Still is there wanting to complete our league
A third important personage. The king
Loves the young Princess Eboli—and I
Foster this passion for my own designs.
I am his go-between. She shall be schooled
Into our plot. If my plan fail me not,
In this young lady shall a close ally—
A very queen, bloom for us. She herself
Asked me, but now, to meet her in this chamber.
I'm full of hope. And in one little night
A Spanish maid may blast this Valois lily.

ALVA.

What do you say! Can I have heard aright?
By Heaven! I'm all amazement. Compass this,
And I'll bow down to thee, Dominican!
The day's our own.

DOMINGO.

Soft! Some one comes: 'tis she—
'Tis she herself!

ALVA.

I'm in the adjoining room
If you should——

DOMINGO.

Be it so: I'll call you in.

[Exit ALVA.]

SCENE XI.

PRINCESS, DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

At your command, princess.

PRINCESS.

We are perhaps
Not quite alone?

[Looking inquisitively after the DUKE.]

You have, as I observe,
A witness still by you.

DOMINGO.

How?

PRINCESS.

Who was he,
That left your side but now?

DOMINGO.

It was Duke ALVA.
Most gracious princess, he requests you will
Admit him to an audience after me.

PRINCESS.

Duke Alva! How? What can he want with me?
You can, perhaps, inform me?

DOMINGO.

I?—and that
Before I learn to what important chance
I owe the favor, long denied, to stand
Before the Princess Eboli once more?
[Pauses awaiting her answer.
Has any circumstance occurred at last
To favor the king's wishes? Have my hopes
Been not in vain, that more deliberate thought
Would reconcile you to an offer which
Caprice alone and waywardness could spurn?
I seek your presence full of expectation——

PRINCESS.

Was my last answer to the king conveyed?

DOMINGO.

I have delayed to inflict this mortal wound.
There still is time, it rests with you, princess,
To mitigate its rigor.

PRINCESS.

Tell the king
That I expect him.

DOMINGO.

May I, lovely princess,
Indeed accept this as your true reply?

PRINCESS.

I do not jest. By heaven, you make me tremble
What have I done to make e'en you grow pale?

DOMINGO.

Nay, lady, this surprise—so sudden—I
Can scarcely comprehend it.

PRINCESS.

Reverend sir!
You shall not comprehend it. Not for all
The world would I you comprehended it.
Enough for you it is so—spare yourself
The trouble to investigate in thought,
Whose eloquence hath wrought this wondrous change.
But for your comfort let me add, you have
No hand in this misdeed,—nor has the church.
Although you've proved that cases might arise
Wherein the church, to gain some noble end,
Might use the persons of her youthful daughters!
Such reasonings move not me; such motives, pure,

Right reverend sir, are far too high for me.

DOMINGO.

When they become superfluous, your grace,
I willingly retract them.

PRINCESS.

Seek the king,
And ask him as from me, that he will not
Mistake me in this business. What I have been
That am I still. 'Tis but the course of things
Has changed. When I in anger spurned his suit,
I deemed him truly happy in possessing
Earth's fairest queen. I thought his faithful wife
Deserved my sacrifice. I thought so then,
But now I'm undeceived.

DOMINGO.

Princess, go on!
I hear it all—we understand each other.

PRINCESS.

Enough. She is found out. I will not spare her.
The hypocrite's unmasked!—She has deceived
The king, all Spain, and me. She loves, I know
She loves! I can bring proofs that will make you tremble.
The king has been deceived—but he shall not,
By heaven, go unrevenged! The saintly mask
Of pure and superhuman self-denial
I'll tear from her deceitful brow, that all
May see the forehead of the shameless sinner.
'Twill cost me dear, but here my triumph lies,
That it will cost her infinitely more.

DOMINGO.

Now all is ripe, let me call in the duke.

[Goes out.

PRINCESS (astonished).

What means all this?

SCENE XII.

The PRINCESS, DUKE ALVA, DOMINGO.

DOMINGO (leading the DUKE in).

Our tidings, good my lord,
Come somewhat late. The Princess Eboli
Reveals to us a secret we had meant
Ourselves to impart to her.

ALVA.

My visit, then,
Will not so much surprise her, but I never
Trust my own eyes in these discoveries.
They need a woman's more discerning glance.

PRINCESS.

Discoveries! How mean you?

DOMINGO.

Would we knew
What place and fitter season you——

PRINCESS.

Just So!

To-morrow noon I will expect you both.
Reasons I have why this clandestine guilt
Should from the king no longer be concealed.

ALVA.

'Tis this that brings us here. The king must know it.
And he shall hear the news from you, princess,
From you alone:—for to what tongue would he
Afford such ready credence as to yours,
Friend and companion ever of his spouse?

DOMINGO.

As yours, who more than any one at will
Can o'er him exercise supreme command.

ALVA.

I am the prince's open enemy.

DOMINGO.

And that is what the world believes of me.
The Princess Eboli's above suspicion.
We are compelled to silence, but your duty,
The duty of your office, calls on you
To speak. The king shall not escape our hands.
Let your hints rouse him, we'll complete the work.

ALVA.

It must be done at once, without delay;
Each moment now is precious. In an hour
The order may arrive for my departure.

DOMINGO (after a short pause, turns to the PRINCESS).

Cannot some letters be discovered? Truly,
An intercepted letter from the prince
Would work with rare effect. Ay! let me see—
Is it not so? You sleep, princess, I think,
In the same chamber with her majesty?

PRINCESS.

The next to hers. But of what use is that?

DOMINGO.

Oh, for some skill in locks! Have you observed
Where she is wont to keep her casket key?

PRINCESS (in thought).

Yes, that might lead to something; yes, I think
The key is to be found.

DOMINGO.

Letters, you know,
Need messengers. Her retinue is large;
Who do you think could put us on the scent?
Gold can do much.

ALVA.

Can no one tell us whether
The prince has any trusty confidant?

DOMINGO.

Not one; in all Madrid not one.

ALVA.

That's strange!

DOMINGO.

Rely on me in this. He holds in scorn
The universal court. I have my proofs.

ALVA.

Stay! It occurs to me, as I was leaving
The queen's apartments, I beheld the prince
In private conference with a page of hers.

PRINCESS (suddenly interrupting).

O no! that must have been of something else.

DOMINGO.

Could we not ascertain the fact? It seems
Suspicious.

[To the DUKE.

Did you know the page, my lord!

PRINCESS.

Some trifle; what else could it be?
Enough, I'm sure of that. So we shall meet again
Before I see the king; and by that time
We may discover much.

DOMINGO (leading her aside).

What of the king?

Say, may he hope? May I assure him so?
And the entrancing hour which shall fulfil
His fond desires, what shall I say of that?

PRINCESS.

In a few days I will feign sickness, and
Shall be excused from waiting on the queen.
Such is, you know, the custom of the court,

And I may then remain in my apartment.

DOMINGO.

'Tis well devised! Now the great game is won,
And we may bid defiance to all queens!

PRINCESS.

Hark! I am called. I must attend the queen,
So fare you well.

[Exit.

SCENE XIII.

ALVA and DOMINGO.

DOMINGO (after a pause, during which he has watched the PRINCESS).

My lord! these roses, and—
Your battles——

ALVA.

And your god!—why, even so
Thus we'll await the lightning that will scathe us!

[Exeunt.

SCENE XIV.

A Carthusian Convent.

DON CARLOS and the PRIOR.

CARLOS (to the PRIOR, as he comes in).

Been here already? I am sorry for it.

PRIOR.

Yes, thrice since morning. 'Tis about an hour
Since he went hence.

CARLOS.

But he will sure return.
Has he not left some message?

PRIOR.

Yes; he promised
To come again at noon.

CARLOS (going to a window, and looking round the country).

Your convent lies
Far from the public road. Yonder are seen
The turrets of Madrid—just so—and there
The Manzanares flows. The scenery is
Exactly to my wish, and all around
Is calm and still as secrecy itself.

PRIOR.

Or as the entrance to another world.

CARLOS.

Most worthy sir, to your fidelity
And honor, have I now intrusted all
I hold most dear and sacred in the world.
No mortal man must know, or even suspect,
With whom I here hold secret assignation.
Most weighty reasons prompt me to deny,
To all the world, the friend whom I expect,

Therefore I choose this convent. Are we safe
From traitors and surprise? You recollect
What you have sworn.

PRIOR.

Good sir, rely on us.
A king's suspicion cannot pierce the grave,
And curious ears haunts only those resorts
Where wealth and passion dwell—but from these walls
The world's forever banished.

CARLOS.

You may think,
Perhaps, beneath this seeming fear and caution
There lies a guilty conscience?

PRIOR.

I think nothing.

CARLOS.

If you imagine this, most holy father,
You err—indeed you err. My secret shuns
The sight of man—but not the eye of God.

PRIOR.

Such things concern us little. This retreat
To guilt, and innocence alike, is open,
And whether thy designs be good or ill,
Thy purpose criminal or virtuous,—that
We leave to thee to settle with thy heart.

CARLOS (with warmth).

Our purpose never can disgrace your God.

'Tis his own noblest work. To you indeed,
I may reveal it.

PRIOR.

To what end, I pray?
Forego, dear prince, this needless explanation.
The world and all its troubles have been long
Shut from my thoughts—in preparation for
My last long journey. Why recall them to me
For the brief space that must precede my death?
'Tis little for salvation that we need—
But the bell rings, and summons me to prayer.

[Exit PRIOR.]

SCENE XV.

DON CARLOS; the MARQUIS POSA enters.

CARLOS.

At length once more,—at length——

MARQUIS.

Oh, what a trial
For the impatience of a friend! The sun
Has risen twice—twice set—since Carlos' fate
Has been resolved, and am I only now
To learn it: speak,—you're reconciled!

CARLOS.

With whom?

MARQUIS.

The king! And Flanders, too,—its fate is settled!

CARLOS.

The duke sets out to-morrow. That is fixed.

MARQUIS.

That cannot be—it is not surely so.
Can all Madrid be so deceived? 'Tis said
You had a private audience, and the king——

CARLOS.

Remained inflexible, and we are now
Divided more than ever.

MARQUIS.

Do you go
To Flanders?

CARLOS.

No!

MARQUIS.

Alas! my blighted hopes!

CARLOS.

Of this hereafter. Oh, Roderigo! since
We parted last, what have I not endured?
But first thy counsel? I must speak with her!

MARQUIS.

Your mother? No! But wherefore?

CARLOS.

I have hopes—
But you turn pale! Be calm—I should be happy.
And I shall be so: but of this anon—
Advise me now, how I may speak with her.

MARQUIS.

What mean you? What new feverish dream is this?

CARLOS.

By the great God of wonders 'tis no dream!
'Tis truth, reality——

[Taking out the KING's letter to the PRINCESS EBOLI.

Contained in this
Important paper—yes, the queen is free,—
Free before men and in the eyes of heaven;
There read, and cease to wonder at my words.

MARQUIS (opening the letter).

What do I here behold? The king's own hand!

[After he has read it.

To whom addressed?

CARLOS.

To Princess Eboli.

Two days ago, a page who serves the queen,
Brought me, from unknown hands, a key and letter,
Which said that in the left wing of the palace,
Where the queen lodges, lay a cabinet,—
That there a lady whom I long had loved
Awaited me. I straight obeyed the summons.

MARQUIS.

Fool! madman! you obeyed it——

CARLOS.

Not that I
The writing knew; but there was only one
Such woman, who could think herself adored
By Carlos. With delight intoxicate
I hastened to the spot. A heavenly song,
Re-echoing from the innermost apartment,
Served me for guide. I reached the cabinet—
I entered and beheld—conceive my wonder!

MARQUIS.

I guess it all——

CARLOS.

I had been lost forever,
But that I fell into an angel's hands!
She, hapless chance, by my imprudent looks,
Deceived, had yielded to the sweet delusion
And deemed herself the idol of my soul.
Moved by the silent anguish of my breast,
With thoughtless generosity, her heart
Nobly determined to return my love;
Deeming respectful fear had caused my silence,
She dared to speak, and all her lovely soul
Laid bare before me.

MARQUIS.

And with calm composure,
You tell this tale! The Princess Eboli
Saw through your heart; and doubtless she has pierced
The inmost secret of your hidden love.
You've wronged her deeply, and she rules the king.

CARLOS (confidently).

But she is virtuous!

MARQUIS.

She may be so
From love's mere selfishness. But much I fear
Such virtue—well I know it: know how little
It hath the power to soar to that ideal,
Which, first conceived in sweet and stately grace,
From the pure soul's maternal soil, puts forth
Spontaneous shoots, nor asks the gardener's aid
To nurse its lavish blossoms into life.
'Tis but a foreign plant, with labor reared,
And warmth that poorly imitates the south,
In a cold soil and an unfriendly clime.
Call it what name you will—or education,
Or principle, or artificial virtue
Won from the heat of youth by art and cunning,
In conflicts manifold—all noted down
With scrupulous reckoning to that heaven's account,
Which is its aim, and will requite its pains.
Ask your own heart! Can she forgive the queen
That you should scorn her dearly-purchased virtue,
To pine in hopeless love for Philip's wife.

CARLOS.

Knowest thou the princess, then, so well?

MARQUIS.

Not I—
I've scarcely seen her twice. And yet thus much
I may remark. To me she still appears
To shun alone the nakedness of vice,

Too weakly proud of her imagined virtue.
And then I mark the queen. How different, Carlos,
Is everything that I behold in her!
In native dignity, serene and calm,
Wearing a careless cheerfulness—unschooled
In all the trained restraints of conduct, far
Removed from boldness and timidity,
With firm, heroic step, she walks along
The narrow middle path of rectitude,
Unconscious of the worship she compels,
Where she of self-approval never dreamed.
Say, does my Carlos in this mirror trace
The features of his Eboli? The princess
Was constant while she loved; love was the price,
The understood condition of her virtue.
You failed to pay that price—'twill therefore fall.

CARLOS (with warmth).

No, no!

[Hastily pacing the apartment.

I tell thee, no! And, Roderigo,
Ill it becomes thee thus to rob thy Carlos
Of his high trust in human excellence,
His chief, his dearest joy!

MARQUIS.

Deserve I this?
Friend of my soul, this would I never do—
By heaven I would not. Oh, this Eboli!
She were an angel to me, and before
Her glory would I bend me prostrate down,
In reverence deep as thine, if she were not

The mistress of thy secret.

CARLOS.

See how vain,
How idle are thy fears! What proofs has she
That will not stamp her maiden brow with shame?
Say, will she purchase with her own dishonor
The wretched satisfaction of revenge?

MARQUIS.

Ay! to recall a blush, full many a one
Has doomed herself to infamy.

CARLOS (with increased vehemence).

Nay, that
Is far too harsh—and cruel! She is proud
And noble; well I know her, and fear nothing.
Vain are your efforts to alarm my hopes.
I must speak to my mother.

MARQUIS.

Now? for what?

CARLOS.

Because I've nothing more to care for now.
And I must know my fate. Only contrive
That I may speak with her.

MARQUIS.

And wilt thou show
This letter to her?

CARLOS.

Question me no more,

But quickly find the means that I may see her.

MARQUIS (significantly).

Didst thou not tell me that thou lov'st thy mother?

And wouldst thou really show this letter to her?

[CARLOS fixes his eyes on the ground, and remains silent.

I read a something, Carlos, in thy looks
Unknown to me before. Thou turn'st thine eyes
Away from me. Then it is true, and have I
Judged thee aright? Here, let me see that paper.

[CARLOS gives him the letter, and the MARQUIS tears it.

CARLOS.

What! art thou mad?

[Moderating his warmth.

In truth—I must confess it,
That letter was of deepest moment to me.

MARQUIS.

So it appeared: on that account I tore it.

[The MARQUIS casts a penetrating look on the PRINCE,
who surveys him with doubt and surprise. A long silence.

Now speak to me with candor, Carlos. What
Have desecrations of the royal bed
To do with thee—thy love? Dost thou fear Philip?
How are a husband's violated duties
Allied with thee and thy audacious hopes?
Has he sinned there, where thou hast placed thy love?
Now then, in truth, I learn to comprehend thee—

How ill till now I've understood thy love!

CARLOS.

What dost thou think, Roderigo?

MARQUIS.

Oh, I feel

From what it is that I must wean myself.
Once it was otherwise! Yes, once thy soul
Was bounteous, rich, and warm, and there was room
For a whole world in thy expanded heart.
Those feelings are extinct—all swallowed up
In one poor, petty, selfish passion. Now
Thy heart is withered, dead! No tears last thou
For the unhappy fate of wretched Flanders—
No, not another tear. Oh, Carlos! see
How poor, how beggarly, thou hast become,
Since all thy love has centered in thyself!

CARLOS (flings himself into a chair. After a pause, with scarcely suppressed tears). Too well I know thou lovest me no more!

MARQUIS.

Not so, my Carlos. Well I understand
This fiery passion: 'tis the misdirection
Of feelings pure and noble in themselves.
The queen belonged to thee: the king, thy father,
Despoiled thee of her—yet till now thou hast
Been modestly distrustful of thy claims.
Philip, perhaps, was worthy of her! Thou
Scarce dared to breathe his sentence in a whisper—
This letter has resolved thy doubts, and proved
Thou art the worthier man. With haughty joy

Thou saw'st before thee rise the doom that waits
On tyranny convicted of a theft,
But thou wert proud to be the injured one:
Wrongs undeserved great souls can calmly suffer,
Yet here thy fancy played thee false: thy pride
Was touched with satisfaction, and thy heart
Allowed itself to hope: I plainly saw
This time, at least, thou didst not know thyself.

CARLOS (with emotion).

Thou'rt wrong, Roderigo; for my thoughts were far
Less noble than thy goodness would persuade me.

MARQUIS.

And am I then e'en here so little known?
See, Carlos, when thou errest, 'tis my way,
Amid a hundred virtues, still to find
That one to which I may impute thy fall.
Now, then, we understand each other better,
And thou shalt have an audience of the queen.

CARLOS (falling on his neck).

Oh, how I blush beside thee!

MARQUIS.

Take my word,
And leave the rest to me. A wild, bold thought,
A happy thought is dawning in my mind;
And thou shalt hear it from a fairer mouth,
I hasten to the queen. Perhaps to-morrow
Thy wish may be achieved. Till then, my Carlos,
Forget not this—"That a design conceived
Of lofty reason, which involves the fate,

The sufferings of mankind, though it be baffled
Ten thousand times, should never be abandoned."
Dost hear? Remember Flanders.

CARLOS.

Yes! all, all
That thou and virtue bid me not forget.

MARQUIS (going to a window).
The time is up—I hear thy suite approaching.
[They embrace.
Crown prince again, and the vassal.

CARLOS.

Dost thou go
Straight to Madrid?

MARQUIS.

Yes, straight.

CARLOS.

Hold! one word more.
How nearly it escaped me! Yet 'twas news
Of deep importance. "Every letter now
Sent to Brabant is opened by the king!"
So be upon thy guard. The royal post
Has secret orders.

MARQUIS.

How have you learned this?

CARLOS.

Don Raymond Taxis is my trusty friend.

MARQUIS (after a pause).

Well! then they may be sent through Germany.

[Exeunt on different sides.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The king's bedchamber. On the toilet two burning lights. In the background several pages asleep resting on their knees. The KING, in half undress, stands before the table, with one arm bent over the chair, in a reflecting posture. Before him is a medallion and papers.

KING.

Of a warm fancy she has ever been!
Who can deny it? I could never love her,
Yet has she never seemed to miss my love.
And so 'tis plain—she's false!

[Makes a movement which brings him to himself.
He looks round with surprise.

Where have I been?
Is no one watching here, then, save the king?
The light's burnt out, and yet it is not day.
I must forego my slumbers for to-night.
Take it, kind nature, for enjoyed! No time
Have monarchs to retrieve the nights they lose.
I'm now awake, and day it shall be.

[He puts out the candles, and draws aside the window-curtain.
He observes the sleeping pages—remains for some time standing
before them—then rings a bell.

All

Asleep within the antechamber, too?

SCENE II.

The KING, COUNT LERMA.

LERMA (surprised at seeing the KING).
Does not your majesty feel well?

KING.
The left Pavilion of the palace was in flames:
Did you not hear the alarm?

LERMA.
No, my liege.

KING.
No! What? And did I only dream it then?
'Twas surely real! Does not the queen sleep there?

LERMA.
She does, your majesty.

KING.
This dream affrights me!
In future let the guards be doubled there
As soon as it grows dark. Dost hear? And yet

Let it be done in secret. I would not——
Why do you gaze on me?

LERMA.

Your bloodshot eyes,
I mark, that beg repose. Dare I remind
My liege of an inestimable life,
And of your subjects, who with pale dismay
Would in such features read of restless nights?
But two brief hours of morning sleep would——

KING (with troubled look).

Shall I find sleep within the Escorial?
Let the king sleep, and he may lose his crown,
The husband, his wife's heart. But no! not so;
This is but slander. Was it not a woman
Whispered the crime to me? Woman, thy name
Is calumny? The deed I'll hold unproved,
Until a man confirms the fatal truth!

[To the pages, who in the meanwhile have awaked.

Summon Duke Alva!

[Pages go.

Count, come nearer to me.

[Fixes a searching look on the COUNT.

Is all this true? Oh for omniscience now,
Though but so long as a man's pulse might beat.
Is it true? Upon your oath! Am I deceived?

LERMA.

My great, my best of kings!

KING (drawing back).

King! naught but king!
And king again! No better answer than
Mere hollow echo! When I strike this rock
For water, to assuage my burning thirst,
It gives me molten gold.

LERMA.

What true, my liege?

KING.

Oh, nothing, nothing! Leave me! Get thee gone!

[The COUNT going, the KING calls him back again.

Say, are you married? and are you a father?

LERMA.

I am, your majesty.

KING.

What! married—yet
You dare to watch a night here with your king!
Your hair is gray, and yet you do not blush
To think your wife is honest. Get thee home;
You'll find her locked, this moment, in your son's
Incestuous embrace. Believe your king.
Now go; you stand amazed; you stare at me
With searching eye, because of my gray hairs.
Unhappy man, reflect. Queens never taint
Their virtue thus: doubt it, and you shall die!

LERMA (with warmth).

Who dare do so? In all my monarch's realms
Who has the daring hardihood to breathe
Suspicion on her angel purity?
To slander thus the best of queens——

KING.

The best!

The best, from you, too! She has ardent friends,
I find, around. It must have cost her much—
More than methinks she could afford to give.
You are dismissed; now send the duke to me.

LERMA.

I hear him in the antechamber.

[Going.

KING (with a milder tone).

Count,

What you observed is very true. My head
Burns with the fever of this sleepless night!
What I have uttered in this waking dream,
Mark you, forget! I am your gracious king!

[Presents his hand to kiss. Exit LERMA, opening
the door at the same time to DUKE ALVA.

SCENE III.

The KING and DUKE ALVA.

ALVA (approaching the KING with an air of doubt).

This unexpected order, at so strange
An hour!

[Starts on looking closer at the KING.

And then those looks!

KING (has seated himself, and taken hold of the medallion on the table.
Looks at the DUKE for some time in silence).

Is it true

I have no faithful servant!

ALVA.

How?

KING.

A blow

Aimed at my life in its most vital part!

Full well 'twas known, yet no one warned me of it.

ALVA (with a look of astonishment).

A blow aimed at your majesty! and yet

Escape your Alva's eye?

KING (showing him letters).

Know you this writing?

ALVA.

It is the prince's hand.

KING (a pause—watches the DUKE closely).

Do you suspect

Then nothing? Often have you cautioned me

Gainst his ambition. Was there nothing more

Than his ambition should have made me tremble?

ALVA.

Ambition is a word of largest import,
And much it may comprise.

KING.

And had you naught
Of special purport to disclose?

ALVA (after a pause, mysteriously).

Your majesty
Hath given the kingdom's welfare to my charge:
On this my inmost, secret thoughts are bent,
And my best vigilance. Beyond this charge
What I may think, suspect, or know belongs
To me alone. These are the sacred treasures
Which not the vassal only, but the slave,
The very slave, may from a king withhold.
Not all that to my mind seems plain is yet
Mature enough to meet the monarch's ear.
Would he be answered—then must I implore
He will not question as a king.

KING (handing the letters).

Read these.

ALVA (reads them, and turns to the KING with a look of terror).
Who was the madman placed these fatal papers
In my king's bands?

KING.

You know, then, who is meant?
No name you see is mentioned in the paper.

ALVA (stepping back confused).
I was too hasty!

KING.

But you know!

ALVA (after some consideration).

'Tis spoken!

The king commands,—I dare not now conceal.
I'll not deny it—I do know the person.

KING (starting up in violent emotion).

God of revenge! inspire me to invent
Some new, unheard-of torture! Is their crime
So clear, so plain, so public to the world,
That without e'en the trouble of inquiry
The veriest hint suffices to reveal it?
This is too much! I did not dream of this!
I am the last of all, then, to discern it—
The last in all my realm?

ALVA (throwing himself at the KING'S feet).

Yes, I confess

My guilt, most gracious monarch. I'm ashamed
A coward prudence should have tied my tongue
When truth, and justice, and my sovereign's honor
Urged me to speak. But since all else are silent
And since the magic spell of beauty binds
All other tongues, I dare to give it voice;
Though well I know a son's warm protestations,
A wife's seductive charms and winning tears——

KING (suddenly with warmth).

Rise, Alva! thou hast now my royal promise;
Rise, and speak fearlessly!

ALVA (rising).

Your majesty,
Perchance, may bear in your remembrance still
What happened in the garden at Aranjuez.
You found the queen deserted by her ladies,
With looks confused—alone, within a bower,—

KING.

Proceed. What further have I yet to hear?

ALVA.

The Marchioness of Mondecar was banished
Because she boldly sacrificed herself
To save the queen! It has been since discovered
She did no more than she had been commanded.
Prince Carlos had been there.

KING (starting).

The prince! What more?

ALVA.

Upon the ground the footsteps of a man
Were traced, till finally they disappeared
Close to a grotto, leftward of the bower,
Where lay a handkerchief the prince had dropped.
This wakened our suspicions. But besides,
The gardener met the prince upon the spot,—
Just at the time, as near as we can guess,
Your majesty appeared within the walk.

KING (recovering from gloomy thought).
And yet she wept when I but seemed to doubt!
She made me blush before the assembled court,
Blush to my very self! By heaven! I stood
In presence of her virtue, like a culprit.

[A long and deep silence. He sits down and hides his face.]

Yes, Alva, you are right! All this may lead
To something dreadful—leave me for a moment——

ALVA.
But, gracious sire, all this is not enough——

KING (snatching up the papers).
Nor this, nor this?—nor all the harmony
Of these most damning proofs? 'Tis clear as day—
I knew it long ago—their heinous guilt
Began when first I took her from your hands,
Here in Madrid. I think I see her now,
With look of horror, pale as midnight ghost,
Fixing her eyes upon my hoary hair!
'Twas then the treacherous game began!

ALVA.
The prince,
In welcoming a mother—lost his bride!
Long had they nursed a mutual passion, long
Each other's ardent feelings understood,
Which her new state forbade her to indulge.
The fear which still attends love's first avowal
Was long subdued. Seduction, bolder grown,
Spoke in those forms of easy confidence

Which recollections of the past allowed.
Allied by harmony of souls and years,
And now by similar restraints provoked,
They readily obeyed their wild desires.
Reasons of state opposed their early union—
But can it, sire, be thought she ever gave
To the state council such authority?
That she subdued the passion of her soul
To scrutinize with more attentive eye
The election of the cabinet. Her heart
Was bent on love, and won a diadem.

KING (offended, and with bitterness).
You are a nice observer, duke, and I
Admire your eloquence. I thank you truly.

[Rising coldly and haughtily.
But you are right. The queen has deeply erred
In keeping from me letters of such import,
And in concealing the intrusive visit
The prince paid in the garden:—from a false
Mistaken honor she has deeply erred
And I shall question further.

[Ringing the bell.
Who waits now
Within the antechamber? You, Duke Alva,
I need no longer. Go.

ALVA.
And has my zeal
A second time displeased your majesty?

KING (to a page who enters).
Summon Domingo. Duke, I pardon you

For having made me tremble for a moment,
With secret apprehension, lest yourself
Might fall a victim to a foul misdeed.

[Exit ALVA.

SCENE IV.

The KING, DOMINGO.

KING walks up and down the room to collect his thoughts.

DOMINGO (after contemplating the KING for some time with a respectful
silence).

How joyfully surprised I am to find
Your majesty so tranquil and collected.

KING.

Surprised!

DOMINGO.

And heaven be thanked my fears were groundless!
Now may I hope the best.

KING.

Your fears! What feared you?

DOMINGO.

I dare not hide it from your majesty
That I had learned a secret——

KING (gloomily).

And have I

Expressed a wish to share your secret with you?
Who ventures to anticipate me thus?
Too forward, by mine honor!

DOMINGO.

Gracious monarch!
The place, the occasion, seal of secrecy
'Neath which I learned it—free me from this charge.
It was intrusted to me at the seat
Of penitence—intrusted as a crime
That deeply weighed upon the tender soul
Of the fair sinner who confessed her guilt,
And sought the pardon of offended heaven.
Too late the princess weeps a foul misdeed
That may involve the queen herself in ruin.

KING.

Indeed! Kind soul! You have correctly guessed
The occasion of your summons. You must guide me
Through this dark labyrinth wherein blind zeal
Has tangled me. From you I hope for truth.
Be candid with me; what must I believe,
And what determine? From your sacred office
I look for strictest truth.

DOMINGO.

And if, my liege,
The mildness ever incident to this
My holy calling, did not such restraint
Impose upon me, still I would entreat
Your majesty, for your own peace of mind,
To urge no further this discovery,
And cease forever to pursue a secret

Which never can be happily explained.
All that is yet discovered may be pardoned.
Let the king say the word—and then the queen
Has never sinned. The monarch's will bestows
Virtue and fortune, both with equal ease.
And the king's undisturbed tranquillity
Is, in itself, sufficient to destroy
The rumors set on foot by calumny.

KING.

What! Rumors! and of me! among my subjects!

DOMINGO.

All falsehood, sire! Naught but the vilest falsehood!
I'll swear 'tis false! Yet what's believed by all,
Groundless and unconfirmed although it be,
Works its effect, as sure as truth itself.

KING.

Not in this case, by heaven!

DOMINGO.

A virtuous name
Is, after all, my liege, the only prize
Which queens and peasants' wives contest together.

KING.

For which I surely have no need to tremble.

[He looks doubtingly at DOMINGO. After a pause.]

Priest, thou hast something fearful to impart.
Delay it not. I read it plainly stamped
In thy ill-boding looks. Then out with it,

Whate'er it be. Let me no longer tremble
Upon the rack. What do the people say?

DOMINGO.

The people, sire, are liable to err,
Nay err assuredly. What people think
Should not alarm the king. Yet that they should
Presume so far as to indulge such thoughts——

KING.

Why must I beg this poisonous draught so long?

DOMINGO.

The people often muse upon that month
Which brought your majesty so near the grave,
From that time, thirty weeks had scarce elapsed,
Before the queen's delivery was announced.

[The KING rises and rings the bell. DUKE ALVA
enters. DOMINGO alarmed.

I am amazed, your majesty!

KING (going towards ALVA).

Toledo!

You are a man—defend me from this priest!

DOMINGO (he and DUKE ALVA exchange embarrassed looks. After a
pause).

Could we have but foreseen that this occurrence
Would be avenged upon its mere relater.

KING.

Said you a bastard? I had scarce, you say,

Escaped the pangs of death when first she felt
She should, in nature's time, become a mother.
Explain how this occurred! 'Twas then, if I
Remember right, that you, in every church,
Ordered devotions to St. Dominick,
For the especial wonder he vouchsafed.
On one side or the other, then, you lie!
What would you have me credit? Oh, I see
Full plainly through you now! If this dark plot
Had then been ripe your saint had lost his fame.

ALVA.

This plot?

KING.

How can you with a harmony
So unexampled in your very thoughts
Concur, and not have first conspired together?
Would you persuade me thus? Think you that I
Perceived not with what eagerness you pounced
Upon your prey? With what delight you fed
Upon my pain,—my agony of grief?
Full well I marked the ardent, burning zeal
With which the duke forestalled the mark of grace
I destined for my son. And how this priest
Presumed to fortify his petty spleen
With my wrath's giant arm! I am, forsooth,
A bow which each of you may bend at pleasure
But I have yet a will. And if I needs
Must doubt—perhaps I may begin with you.

ALVA.

Reward like this our truth did ne'er expect.

KING.

Your truth! Truth warns of apprehended danger.
'Tis malice that speaks only of the past.
What can I gain by your officiousness?
Should your suspicion ripen to full truth,
What follows but the pangs of separation,
The melancholy triumphs of revenge?
But no: you only fear—you feed me with
Conjectures vague. To hell's profound abyss
You lead me on, then flee yourself away.

DOMINGO.

What other proofs than these are possible,
When our own eyes can scarcely trust themselves?

KING (after a long pause, turning earnestly and solemnly
towards DOMINGO).

The grandees of the realm shall be convened,
And I will sit in judgment. Then step forth
In front of all, if you have courage for it,
And charge her as a strumpet. She shall die—
Die without mercy—and the prince, too, with her!
But mark me well: if she but clear herself
That doom shall fall on you. Now, dare you show
Honor to truth by such a sacrifice?
Determine. No, you dare not. You are silent.
Such is the zeal of liars!

ALVA (who has stood at a distance, answers coldly and calmly).
I will do it.

KING (turns round with astonishment and looks at the DUKE for

a long time without moving).
That's boldly said! But thou hast risked thy life
In stubborn conflicts for far less a prize.
Has risked it with a gamester's recklessness—
For honor's empty bubble. What is life
To thee? I'll not expose the royal blood
To such a madman's power, whose highest hope
Must be to yield his wretched being up
With some renown. I spurn your offer. Go;
And wait my orders in the audience chamber.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The KING alone.

Now give me, gracious Providence! a man.
Thou'st given me much already. Now vouchsafe me
A man! for thou alone canst grant the boon.
Thine eye doth penetrate all hidden things
Oh! give me but a friend: for I am not
Omniscient like to thee. The ministers
Whom thou hast chosen for me thou dost know—
And their deserts: and as their merits claim,
I value them. Their subjugated vices,
Coerced by rein severe, serve all my ends,
As thy storms purify this nether world.
I thirst for truth. To reach its tranquil spring,
Through the dark heaps of thick surrounding error,
Is not the lot of kings. Give me the man,

So rarely found, of pure and open heart,
Of judgment clear, and eye unprejudiced,
To aid me in the search. I cast the lots.
And may I find that man, among the thousands
Who flutter in the sunshine of a court.

[He opens an escritoire and takes out a portfolio.
After turning over the leaves a long time.

Nothing but names, mere names are here:—no note
E'en of the services to which they owe
Their place upon the roll! Oh, what can be
Of shorter memory than gratitude!
Here, in this other list, I read each fault
Most accurately marked. That is not well!
Can vengeance stand in need of such a help?

[He reads further.

Count Egmont! What doth he here? Long ago
The victory of St. Quentin is forgotten.
I place him with the dead.

[He effaces this name and writes it on the other roll
after he has read further.

The Marquis Posa!

The Marquis Posa! I can scarce recall
This person to mind. And doubly marked!
A proof I destined him for some great purpose.
How is it possible? This man, till now,
Has ever shunned my presence—still has fled
His royal debtor's eye? The only man,

By heaven, within the compass of my realm,
Who does not court my favor. Did he burn
With avarice, or ambition, long ago
He had appeared before my throne. I'll try
This wondrous man. He who can thus dispense
With royalty will doubtless speak the truth.

SCENE VI.

The Audience Chamber.

DON CARLOS in conversation with the PRINCE of PARMA. DUKES ALVA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA, COUNT LERMA, and other GRANDEES, with papers in their hands, awaiting the KING.

MEDINA SIDONIA (seems to be shunned by all the GRANDEES, turns towards DUKE ALVA, who, alone and absorbed in himself, walks up and down).

Duke, you have had an audience of the king?
How did you find him minded?

ALVA.

Somewhat ill
For you, and for the news you bring.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

My heart
Was lighter 'mid the roar of English cannon
Than here on Spanish ground.

[CARLOS, who had regarded him with silent sympathy,

now approaches him and presses his hand.

My warmest thanks,
Prince, for this generous tear. You may perceive
How all avoid me. Now my fate is sealed.

CARLOS.

Still hope the best both from my father's favor,
And your own innocence.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

Prince, I have lost
A fleet more mighty than e'er ploughed the waves.
And what is such a head as mine to set
'Gainst seventy sunken galleons? And therewith
Five hopeful sons! Alas! that breaks my heart.

SCENE VII.

The KING enters from his chamber, attired. The former
all uncover and make room on both sides, while they form
a semicircle round him. Silence.

KING (rapidly surveying the whole circle).
Be covered, all.

[DON CARLOS and the PRINCE of PARMA approach first
and kiss the KING's hand: he turns with friendly mien
to the latter, taking no notice of his son.

Your mother, nephew, fain
Would be informed what favor you have won

Here in Madrid.

PARMA.

That question let her ask
When I have fought my maiden battle, sire.

KING.

Be satisfied; your turn will come at last,
When these old props decay.

[To the DUKE OF FERIA.

What brings you here?

FERIA (kneeling to the KING).

The master, sire, of Calatrava's order
This morning died. I here return his cross.

KING (takes the order and looks round the whole circle).
And who is worthiest after him to wear it?

[He beckons to DUKE ALVA, who approaches and bends
on one knee. The KING hangs the order on his neck.

You are my ablest general! Ne'er aspire
To more, and, duke, my favors shall not fail you.

[He perceives the DUKE of MEDINA SIDONIA.

My admiral!

MEDINA SIDONIA.

And here you see, great king,
All that remains of the Armada's might,
And of the flower of Spain.

KING (after a pause).

God rules above us!
I sent you to contend with men, and not
With rocks and storms. You're welcome to Madrid.

[Extending his hand to him to kiss.

I thank you for preserving in yourself
A faithful servant to me. For as such
I value him, my lords; and 'tis my will
That you should honor him.

[He motions him to rise and cover himself, then turns
to the others.

What more remains?

[To DON CARLOS and the PRINCE OF PARMA.

Princes, I thank you.

[They retire; the other GRANDEES approach, and kneeling,
hand their papers to the KING. He looks over them rapidly,
and hands them to DUKE ALVA.

Duke, let these be laid
Before me in the council. Who waits further?

[No one answers.

How comes it that amidst my train of nobles
The Marquis Posa ne'er appears? I know
This Marquis Posa served me with distinction.
Does he still live? Why is he not among you?

LERMA.

The chevalier is just returned from travel,
Completed through all Europe. He is now
Here in Madrid, and waits a public day
To cast himself before his sovereign's feet.

ALVA.

The Marquis Posa? Right, he is the same
Bold Knight of Malta, sire, of whom renown
Proclaims this gallant deed. Upon a summons
Of the Grand Master, all the valiant knights
Assembled in their island, at that time
Besieged by Soliman. This noble youth,
Scarce numbering eighteen summers, straightway fled
From Alcala, where he pursued his studies,
And suddenly arrived at La Valette.
"This Cross," he said, "was bought for me; and now
To prove I'm worthy of it." He was one
Of forty knights who held St. Elmo's Castle,
At midday, 'gainst Piali, Ulucciali,
And Mustapha, and Hassem; the assault
Being thrice repeated. When the castle fell,
And all the valiant knights were killed around him,
He plunged into the ocean, and alone
Reached La Valette in safety. Two months after
The foe deserts the island, and the knight
Returned to end his interrupted studies.

FERIA.

It was the Marquis Posa, too, who crushed
The dread conspiracy in Catalonia;
And by his marked activity preserved
That powerful province to the Spanish crown.

KING.

I am amazed! What sort of man is this
Who can deserve so highly, yet awake
No pang of envy in the breasts of three
Who speak his praise? The character he owns
Must be of noble stamp indeed, or else
A very blank. I'm curious to behold
This wondrous man.

[To DUKE ALVA.

Conduct him to the council
When mass is over.

[Exit DUKE. The KING calls FERIA.

And do you preside
Here in my place.

[Exit.

FERIA.

The king is kind to-day.

MEDIA SIDONIA.

Call him a god! So he has proved to me!

FERIA.

You well deserve your fortune, admiral!
You have my warmest wishes.

ONE OF THE GRANDEES.

Sir, and mine.

A SECOND.

And also mine.

A THIRD.

My heart exults with joy—
So excellent a general!

THE FIRST.

The king
Showed you no kindness, 'twas your strict desert.

LERMA (to MEDINA SIDONIA, taking leave).
Oh, how two little words have made your fortune!

[Exeunt all.

SCENE VIII.

The KING's Cabinet.

MARQUIS POSA and DUKE ALVA.

MARQUIS (as he enters).
Does he want me? What me? Impossible!
You must mistake the name. What can he want
With me?

ALVA.

To know you.

MARQUIS.

Curiosity!
No more; I regret the precious minutes
That I must lose: time passes swiftly by.

ALVA.

I now commend you to your lucky stars.

The king is in your hands. Employ this moment
To your own best advantage; for, remember,
If it is lost, you are alone to blame.

SCENE IX.

The MARQUIS alone.

MARQUIS.

Duke, 'tis well spoken! Turn to good account
The moment which presents itself but once!
Truly this courtier reads a useful lesson
If not in his sense good, at least in mine.

[Walks a few steps backwards and forwards.

How came I here? Is it caprice or chance
That shows me now my image in this mirror?
Why, out of millions, should it picture me—
The most unlikely—and present my form
To the king's memory? Was this but chance?
Perhaps 'twas something more!—what else is chance
But the rude stone which from the sculptor's hand
Receives its life? Chance comes from Providence,
And man must mould it to his own designs.
What the king wants with me but little matters;
I know the business I shall have with him.
Were but one spark of truth with boldness flung
Into the despot's soul, how fruitful 'twere
In the kind hand of Providence; and so
What first appeared capricious act of chalice,

May be designed for some momentous end.

Whate'er it be, I'll act on this belief.

[He takes a few turns in the room, and stands at last in tranquil contemplation before a painting. The KING appears in the neighboring room, where he gives some orders. He then enters and stands motionless at the door, and contemplates the MARQUIS for some time without being observed.

SCENE X.

The KING, and MARQUIS POSA.

The MARQUIS, as soon as he observes the KING, comes forward and sinks on one knee; then rises and remains standing before him without any sign of confusion.

KING (looks at him with surprise).
We've met before then?

MARQUIS.

No.

KING.

You did my crown
Some service? Why then do you shun my thanks?
My memory is thronged with suitor's claims.
One only is omniscient. 'Twas your duty
To seek your monarch's eye! Why did you not?

MARQUIS.

Two days have scarce elapsed since my return

From foreign travel, sire.

KING.

I would not stand
Indebted to a subject; ask some favor——

MARQUIS.

I enjoy the laws.

KING.

So does the murderer!

MARQUIS.

Then how much more the honest citizen!
My lot contents me, sire.

KING (aside).

By heavens! a proud
And dauntless mind! That was to be expected.
Proud I would have my Spaniards. Better far
The cup should overflow than not be full.
They say you've left my service?

MARQUIS.

To make way
For some one worthier, I withdrew.

KING.

'Tis pity. When spirits such as yours make holiday,
The state must suffer. But perchance you feared
To miss the post best suited to your merits.

MARQUIS.

Oh, no! I doubt not the experienced judge,

In human nature skilled—his proper study,—
Will have discovered at a glance wherein
I may be useful to him, wherein not.
With deepest gratitude, I feel the favor
Wherewith, by so exalted an opinion,
Your majesty is loading me; and yet——

[He pauses.

KING.

You hesitate?

MARQUIS.

I am, I must confess,
Sire, at this moment, unprepared to clothe
My thoughts, as the world's citizen, in phrase
Beseeming to your subject. When I left
The court forever, sire, I deemed myself
Released from the necessity to give
My reasons for this step.

KING.

Are they so weak?
What do you fear to risk by their disclosure?

MARQUIS.

My life at farthest, sire,—were time allowed
For me to weary you—but this denied—

Then truth itself must suffer. I must choose
'Twixt your displeasure and contempt.
And if I must decide, I rather would appear
Worthy of punishment than pity.

KING (with a look of expectation).

Well?

MARQUIS.

I cannot be the servant of a prince.

[The KING looks at him with astonishment.

I will not cheat the buyer. Should you deem

Me worthy of your service, you prescribe

A course of duty for me; you command

My arm in battle and my head in council.

Then, not my actions, but the applause they meet

At court becomes their object. But for me

Virtue possesses an intrinsic worth.

I would, myself, create that happiness

A monarch, with my hand, would seek to plant,

And duty's task would prove an inward joy,

And be my willing choice. Say, like you this?

And in your own creation could you hear

A new creator? For I ne'er could stoop

To be the chisel where I fain would be—

The sculptor's self. I dearly love mankind,

My gracious liege, but in a monarchy

I dare not love another than myself.

KING.

This ardor is most laudable. You wish

To do good deeds to others; how you do them

Is but of small account to patriots,

Or to the wise. Choose then within these realms

The office where you best may satisfy

This noble impulse.

MARQUIS.

'Tis not to be found.

KING.

How!

MARQUIS.

What your majesty would spread abroad,
Through these my hands—is it the good of men?
Is it the happiness that my pure love
Would to mankind impart? Before such bliss
Monarchs would tremble. No! Court policy
Has raised up new enjoyments for mankind.
Which she is always rich enough to grant;
And wakened, in the hearts of men, new wishes
Which such enjoyments only can content.
In her own mint she coins the truth—such truth!
As she herself can tolerate: all forms
Unlike her own are broken. But is that
Which can content the court enough for me?
Must my affection for my brother pledge
Itself to work my brother injury?
To call him happy when he dare not think?
Sire, choose not me to spread the happiness
Which you have stamped for us. I must decline
To circulate such coin. I cannot be
The servant of a prince.

KING (suddenly).

You are, perhaps,
A Protestant?

MARQUIS (after some reflection).

Our creeds, my liege, are one.

[A pause.

I am misunderstood. I feared as much.
You see the veil torn by my hand aside
From all the mysteries of majesty.
Who can assure you I shall still regard
As sacred that which ceases to alarm me?
I may seem dangerous, because I think
Above myself. I am not so, my liege;
My wishes lie corroding here. The rage

[Laying his hand on his breast.

For innovation, which but serves to increase
The heavy weight of chains it cannot break,
Shall never fire my blood! The world is yet
Unripe for my ideal; and I live
A citizen of ages yet to come.
But does a fancied picture break your rest?
A breach of yours destroys it.

KING.

Say, am I
The first to whom your views are known?

MARQUIS.

You are.

KING (rises, walks a few paces and then stops opposite
the MARQUIS—aside).

This tone, at least, is new; but flattery
Exhausts itself. And men of talent still
Disdain to imitate. So let us test
Its opposite for once. Why should I not?
There is a charm in novelty. Should we
Be so agreed, I will bethink me now
Of some new state employment, in whose duties
Your powerful mind——

MARQUIS.

Sire, I perceive how small,
How mean, your notions are of manly worth.
Suspecting, in an honest man's discourse,
Naught but a flatterer's artifice—methinks
I can explain the cause of this your error.
Mankind compel you to it. With free choice
They have disclaimed their true nobility,
Lowered themselves to their degraded state.
Before man's inward worth, as from a phantom,
They fly in terror—and contented with
Their poverty, they ornament their chains
With slavish prudence; and they call it virtue
To bear them with a show of resignation.

Thus did you find the world, and thus it was
By your great father handed o'er to you.
In this debased connection—how could you
Respect mankind?

KING.

Your words contain some truth.

MARQUIS.

Alas! that when from the Creator's hand
You took mankind, and moulded him to suit
Your own ideas, making yourself the god
Of this new creature, you should overlook
That you yourself remained a human being—
A very man, as from God's hands you came.
Still did you feel a mortal's wants and pains.
You needed sympathy; but to a God
One can but sacrifice, and pray, and tremble—
Wretched exchange! Perversion most unblest
Of sacred nature! Once degrade mankind,
And make him but a thing to play upon,
Who then can share the harmony with you?

KING (aside).

By heaven, he moves me!

MARQUIS.

But this sacrifice
To you is valueless. You thus become
A thing apart, a species of your own.
This is the price you pay for being a god;
'Twere dreadful were it not so, and if you
Gained nothing by the misery of millions!

And if the very freedom you destroyed
Were the sole blessing that could make you happy.
Dismiss me, sire, I pray you; for my theme
Bears me too far; my heart is full; too strong
The charm, to stand before the only man
To whom I may reveal it.

[The COUNT LERMA enters, and whispers a few words
to the KING, who signs him to withdraw, and continues
sitting in his former posture.

KING (to the MARQUIS, after LERMA is gone).

Nay, continue.

MARQUIS (after a pause).

I feel, sire—all the worth——

KING.

Proceed; you had
Yet more to say to me.

MARQUIS.

Your majesty,
I lately passed through Flanders and Brabant,
So many rich and blooming provinces,
Filled with a valiant, great, and honest people.
To be the father of a race like this
I thought must be divine indeed; and then
I stumbled on a heap of burnt men's bones.

[He stops, he fixes a penetrating look on the KING,
who endeavors to return his glance; but he looks on
the ground, embarrassed and confused.

True, you are forced to act so; but that you
Could dare fulfil your task—this fills my soul
With shuddering horror! Oh, 'tis pity that
The victim, weltering in his blood, must cease
To chant the praises of his sacrificer!
And that mere men—not beings loftier far—
Should write the history of the world. But soon
A milder age will follow that of Philip,
An age of truer wisdom; hand in hand,
The subjects' welfare and the sovereign's greatness
Will walk in union. Then the careful state
Will spare her children, and necessity
No longer glory to be thus inhuman.

KING.

When, think you, would that blessed age arrive,
If I had shrunk before the curse of this?
Behold my Spain, see here the burgher's good
Blooms in eternal and unclouded peace.
A peace like this will I bestow on Flanders.

MARQUIS (hastily).

The churchyard's peace! And do you hope to end
What you have now begun? Say, do you hope
To check the ripening change of Christendom,
The universal spring, that shall renew
The earth's fair form? Would you alone, in Europe,
Fling yourself down before the rapid wheel
Of destiny, which rolls its ceaseless course,
And seize its spokes with human arm. Vain thought!
Already thousands have your kingdom fled
In joyful poverty: the honest burgher

For his faith exiled, was your noblest subject!
See! with a mother's arms, Elizabeth
Welcomes the fugitives, and Britain blooms
In rich luxuriance, from our country's arts.
Bereft of the new Christian's industry,
Granada lies forsaken, and all Europe
Exulting, sees his foe oppressed with wounds,
By its own hands inflicted!

[The KING is moved; the MARQUIS observes it,
and advances a step nearer.

You would plant
For all eternity, and yet the seeds
You sow around you are the seeds of death!
This hopeless task, with nature's laws at strife,
Will ne'er survive the spirit of its founder.
You labor for ingratitude; in vain,
With nature you engage in desperate struggle—
In vain you waste your high and royal life
In projects of destruction. Man is greater
Than you esteem him. He will burst the chains
Of a long slumber, and reclaim once more
His just and hallowed rights. With Nero's name,
And fell Busiris', will he couple yours;
And—ah! you once deserved a better fate.

KING.

How know you that?

MARQUIS.

In very truth you did—
Yes, I repeat it—by the Almighty power!

Restore us all you have deprived us of,
And, generous as strong, let happiness
Flow from your horn of plenty—let man's mind
Ripen in your vast empire—give us back
All you have taken from us—and become,
Amidst a thousand kings, a king indeed!

[He advances boldly, and fixes on him a look of earnestness and enthusiasm.

Oh, that the eloquence of all those myriads,
Whose fate depends on this momentous hour,
Could hover on my lips, and fan the spark
That lights thine eye into a glorious flame!
Renounce the mimicry of godlike powers
Which level us to nothing. Be, in truth,
An image of the Deity himself!
Never did mortal man possess so much
For purpose so divine. The kings of Europe
Pay homage to the name of Spain. Be you
The leader of these kings. One pen-stroke now,
One motion of your hand, can new create
The earth! but grant us liberty of thought.

[Casts himself at his feet.

KING (surprised, turns away his face, then again looks towards the MARQUIS). Enthusiast most strange! arise; but I——

MARQUIS.

Look round on all the glorious face of nature,
On freedom it is founded—see how rich,
Through freedom it has grown. The great Creator

Bestows upon the worm its drop of dew,
And gives free-will a triumph in abodes
Where lone corruption reigns. See your creation,
How small, how poor! The rustling of a leaf
Alarms the mighty lord of Christendom.
Each virtue makes you quake with fear. While he,
Not to disturb fair freedom's blest appearance,
Permits the frightful ravages of evil
To waste his fair domains. The great Creator
We see not—he conceals himself within
His own eternal laws. The sceptic sees
Their operation, but beholds not Him.
"Wherefore a God!" he cries, "the world itself
Suffices for itself!" And Christian prayer
Ne'er praised him more than doth this blasphemy.

KING.

And will you undertake to raise up this
Exalted standard of weak human nature
In my dominions?

MARQUIS.

You can do it, sire.
Who else? Devote to your own people's bliss
The kingly power, which has too long enriched
The greatness of the throne alone. Restore
The prostrate dignity of human nature,
And let the subject be, what once he was,
The end and object of the monarch's care,
Bound by no duty, save a brother's love.
And when mankind is to itself restored,
Roused to a sense of its own innate worth,

When freedom's lofty virtues proudly flourish—
Then, sire, when you have made your own wide realms
The happiest in the world, it then may be
Your duty to subdue the universe.

KING (after a long pause).

I've heard you to the end. Far differently
I find, than in the minds of other men,
The world exists in yours. And you shall not
By foreign laws be judged. I am the first
To whom you have your secret self disclosed;
I know it—so believe it—for the sake
Of this forbearance—that you have till now
Concealed these sentiments, although embraced
With so much ardor,—for this cautious prudence.
I will forget, young man, that I have learned them,
And how I learned them. Rise! I will confute
Your youthful dreams by my matured experience,
Not by my power as king. Such is my will,
And therefore act I thus. Poison itself
May, in a worthy nature, be transformed
To some benignant use. But, sir, beware
My Inquisition! 'Twould afflict me much——

MARQUIS.

Indeed!

KING (lost in surprise).

Ne'er met I such a man as that!
No, marquis, no! you wrong me! Not to you
Will I become a Nero—not to you!—
All happiness shall not be blasted round me,
And you at least, beneath my very eyes,

May dare continue to remain a man.

MARQUIS (quickly).

And, sire, my fellow-subjects? Not for me,
Nor my own cause, I pleaded. Sire! your subjects——

KING.

Nay, if you know so well how future times
Will judge me, let them learn at least from you,
That when I found a man, I could respect him.

MARQUIS.

Oh, let not the most just of kings at once
Be the most unjust! In your realm of Flanders
There are a thousand better men than I.
But you—sire! may I dare to say so much—
For the first time, perhaps, see liberty
In milder form portrayed.

KING (with gentle severity).

No more of this,
Young man! You would, I know, think otherwise
Had you but learned to understand mankind
As I. But truly—I would not this meeting
Should prove our last. How can I hope to win you?

MARQUIS.

Pray leave me as I am. What value, sire,
Should I be to you were you to corrupt me?

KING.

This pride I will not bear. From this day forth
I hold you in my service. No remonstrance——

For I will have it so.

[After a pause.

But how is this?

What would I now? Was it not truth I wished?

But here is something more. Marquis, so far
You've learned to know me as a king; but yet
You know me not as man—

[The MARQUIS seems to meditate.

I understand you—

Were I the most unfortunate of fathers,
Yet as a husband may I not be blest?

MARQUIS.

If the possession of a hopeful son,
And a most lovely spouse, confer a claim
On mortal to assume that title, sire,
In both respects, you are supremely blest.

KING (with a serious look).

That am I not—and never, till this hour,
Have I so deeply felt that I am not so.

[Contemplating the MARQUIS with a look of melancholy.

MARQUIS.

The prince possesses a right noble mind.
I ne'er have known him otherwise.

KING.

I have
The treasure he has robbed me of, no crown
Can e'er requite. So virtuous a queen!

MARQUIS.

Who dare assert it, sire?

KING.

The world! and scandal!

And I myself! Here lie the damning proofs
Of doubtless guilt—and others, too, exist,
From which I fear the worst. But still 'tis hard
To trust one proof alone. Who brings the charge?
And oh! if this were possible—that she,
The queen, so foully could pollute her honor,
Then how much easier were it to believe
An Eboli may be a slanderer!
Does not that priest detest my son and her?
And can I doubt that Alva broods revenge?
My wife has higher worth than all together.

MARQUIS.

And there exists besides in woman's soul
A treasure, sire, beyond all outward show,
Above the reach of slander—female virtue!

KING.

Marquis! those thoughts are mine. It costs too much
To sink so low as they accuse the queen.
The sacred ties of honor are not broken
With so much ease, as some would fain persuade me.
Marquis, you know mankind. Just such a man
As you I long have wished for—you are kind—
Cheerful—and deeply versed in human nature—
Therefore I've chosen you——

MARQUIS (surprised and alarmed).

Me, sire!

KING.

 You stand
Before your king and ask no special favor—
For yourself nothing!—that is new to me—
You will be just—ne'er weakly swayed by passion.
Watch my son close—search the queen's inmost heart.
You shall have power to speak with her in private.
Retire.

 [He rings a bell.]

MARQUIS.

 And if with but one hope fulfilled
I now depart, then is this day indeed
The happiest of my life.

KING (holds out his hand to him to kiss).

 I hold it not
Amongst my days a lost one.

 [The MARQUIS rises and goes. COUNT LERMA enters.]

 Count, in future,
The marquis is to enter, unannounced.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

QUEEN, DUCHESS OLIVAREZ, PRINCESS EBOLI, COUNTESS FUENTES.

QUEEN (to the first lady as she rises).
And so the key has not been found! My casket
Must be forced open then—and that at once.

[She observes PRINCESS EBOLI, who approaches and kisses her hand.

Welcome, dear princess! I rejoice to see you
So near recovered. But you still look pale.

FUENTES (with malice).
The fault of that vile fever which affects
The nerves so painfully. Is't not, princess?

QUEEN.
I wished to visit you, dear Eboli,
But dared not.

OLIVAREZ.
Oh! the Princess Eboli
Was not in want of company.

QUEEN.

Why, that
I readily believe, but what's the matter?
You tremble——

PRINCESS.

Nothing—nothing, gracious queen.
Permit me to retire.

QUEEN.

You hide it from us—
And are far worse than you would have us think.
Standing must weary you. Assist her, countess,
And let her rest awhile upon that seat.

PRINCESS (going).

I shall be better in the open air.

QUEEN.

Attend her, countess. What a sudden illness!

[A PAGE enters and speaks to the DUCHESS, who then
addresses the QUEEN.]

OLIVAREZ.

The Marquis Posa waits, your majesty,
With orders from the king.

QUEEN.

Admit him then.

[PAGE admits the MARQUIS and exit.]

SCENE II.

MARQUIS POSA. The former.

The MARQUIS falls on one knee before the QUEEN, who signs to him to rise.

QUEEN.

What are my lord's commands? And may I dare
Thus publicly to hear——

MARQUIS.

My business is
In private with your royal majesty.

[The ladies retire on a signal from the QUEEN.]

SCENE III.

The QUEEN, MARQUIS POSA.

QUEEN (full of astonishment).
How! Marquis, dare I trust my eyes? Are you
Commissioned to me from the king?

MARQUIS.

Does this
Seem such a wonder to your majesty?
To me 'tis otherwise.

QUEEN.

The world must sure
Have wandered from its course! That you and he——

I must confess——

MARQUIS.

It does sound somewhat strange—
But be it so. The present times abound
In prodigies.

QUEEN.

But none can equal this.

MARQUIS.

Suppose I had at last allowed myself
To be converted, and had weary grown
Of playing the eccentric at the court
Of Philip. The eccentric! What is that?
He who would be of service to mankind
Must first endeavor to resemble them.
What end is gained by the vain-glorious garb
Of the sectarian? Then suppose—for who
From vanity is so completely free
As for his creed to seek no proselytes?
Suppose, I say, I had it in my mind
To place my own opinions on the throne!

QUEEN.

No, marquis! no! Not even in jest could I
Suspect you of so wild a scheme as this;
No visionary you! to undertake
What you can ne'er accomplish.

MARQUIS.

But that seems
To be the very point at issue.

QUEEN.

What
I chiefly blame you, marquis, for, and what
Could well estrange me from you—is——

MARQUIS.

Perhaps
Duplicity!

QUEEN.

At least—a want of candor.
Perhaps the king himself has no desire
You should impart what now you mean to tell me.

MARQUIS.

No.

QUEEN.

And can evil means be justified
By honest ends? And—pardon me the doubt—
Can your high bearing stoop to such an office?
I scarce can think it.

MARQUIS.

Nor, indeed, could I,
Were my sole purpose to deceive the king.
'Tis not my wish—I mean to serve him now
More honestly than he himself commands.

QUEEN.

'Tis spoken like yourself. Enough of this—
What would the king?

MARQUIS.

The king? I can, it seems,
Retaliate quickly on my rigid judge
And what I have deferred so long to tell,
Your majesty, perhaps, would willingly
Longer defer to hear. But still it must
Be heard. The king requests your majesty
Will grant no audience to the ambassador
Of France to-day. Such were my high commands—
They're executed.

QUEEN.

Marquis, is that all
You have to tell me from him?

MARQUIS.

Nearly all
That justifies me thus to seek your presence.

QUEEN.

Well, marquis, I'm contented not to hear
What should, perhaps, remain a secret from me.

MARQUIS.

True, queen! though were you other than yourself,
I should inform you straight of certain things—
Warn you of certain men—but this to you
Were a vain office. Danger may arise
And disappear around you, unperceived.
You will not know it—of too little weight
To chase the slumber from your angel brow.
But 'twas not this, in sooth, that brought me hither,
Prince Carlos——

QUEEN.

What of him? How have you left him?

MARQUIS.

E'en as the only wise man of his time,
In whom it is a crime to worship truth—
And ready, for his love to risk his life,
As the wise sage for his. I bring few words—
But here he is himself.

[Giving the QUEEN a letter.

QUEEN (after she has read it).

He says he must
Speak with me——

MARQUIS.

So do I.

QUEEN.

And will he thus
Be happy—when he sees with his own eyes,
That I am wretched?

MARQUIS.

No; but more resolved,
More active.

QUEEN.

How?

MARQUIS.

Duke Alva is appointed
To Flanders.

QUEEN.

Yes, appointed—so I hear.

MARQUIS.

The king cannot retract:—we know the king.
This much is clear, the prince must not remain
Here in Madrid, nor Flanders be abandoned.

QUEEN.

And can you hinder it?

MARQUIS.

Perhaps I can,
But then the means are dangerous as the evil—
Rash as despair—and yet I know no other.

QUEEN.

Name them.

MARQUIS.

To you, and you alone, my queen,
Will I reveal them; for from you alone,
Carlos will hear them named without a shudder.
The name they bear is somewhat harsh.

QUEEN.

Rebellion!

MARQUIS.

He must prove faithless to the king, and fly
With secrecy to Brussels, where the Flemings
Wait him with open arms. The Netherlands
Will rise at his command. Our glorious cause
From the king's son will gather matchless strength,

The Spanish throne shall tremble at his arms,
And what his sire denied him in Madrid,
That will he willingly concede in Brussels.

QUEEN.

You've spoken with the king to-day—and yet
Maintain all this.

MARQUIS.

Yes, I maintain it all,
Because I spoke with him.

QUEEN (after a pause).

The daring plan
Alarms and pleases me. You may be right—
The thought is bold, and that perhaps enchants me.
Let it but ripen. Does Prince Carlos know it?

MARQUIS.

It was my wish that he should hear it first
From your own lips.

QUEEN.

The plan is doubtless good,
But then the prince's youth——

MARQUIS.

No disadvantage!
He there will find the bravest generals
Of the Emperor Charles—an Egmont and an Orange—
In battle daring, and in council wise.

QUEEN (with vivacity).

True—the design is grand and beautiful!

The prince must act; I feel it sensibly.
The part he's doomed to play here in Madrid
Has bowed me to the dust on his account.
I promise him the aid of France and Savoy;
I think with you, lord marquis—he must act—
But this design needs money——

MARQUIS.

It is ready.

QUEEN.

I, too, know means.

MARQUIS.

May I then give him hopes
Of seeing you?

QUEEN.

I will consider it.

MARQUIS.

The prince, my queen, is urgent for an answer.
I promised to procure it.

[Presenting his writing tablet to the QUEEN.

Two short lines
Will be enough.

QUEEN (after she has written).

When do we meet again?

MARQUIS.

Whene'er you wish.

QUEEN.

Whene'er I wish it, marquis!
How can I understand this privilege?

MARQUIS.
As innocently, queen, as e'er you may.
But we enjoy it—that is sure enough.

QUEEN (interrupting).
How will my heart rejoice should this become
A refuge for the liberties of Europe,
And this through him! Count on my silent aid!

MARQUIS (with animation).
Right well I knew your heart would understand me.

[The DUCHESS OLIVAREZ enters.

QUEEN (coldly to the MARQUIS).
My lord! the king's commands I shall respect
As law. Assure him of the queen's submission.

[She makes a sign to him. Exit MARQUIS.

SCENE IV.

A Gallery.
DON CARLOS, COUNT LERMA.

CARLOS.
Here we are undisturbed. What would you now
Impart to me?

LERMA.

Your highness has a friend
Here at the court.

CARLOS (starting).

A friend! I knew it not!
But what's your meaning?

LERMA.

I must sue for pardon
That I am learned in more than I should know.
But for your highness' comfort I've received it
From one I may depend upon—in short,
I have it from myself.

CARLOS.

Whom speak you of?

LERMA.

The Marquis Posa.

CARLOS.

What!

LERMA.

And if your highness
Has trusted to him more of what concerns you
Than every one should know, as I am led
To fear——

CARLOS.

You fear!

LERMA.

He has been with the king.

CARLOS.

Indeed!

LERMA.

Two hours in secret converse too.

CARLOS.

Indeed!

LERMA.

The subject was no trifling matter.

CARLOS.

That I can well believe.

LERMA.

And several times
I heard your name.

CARLOS.

That's no bad sign, I hope.

LERMA.

And then, this morning, in the king's apartment,
The queen was spoken of mysteriously.

CARLOS (starts back astonished).

Count Lerma!

LERMA.

When the marquis had retired
I was commanded to admit his lordship
In future unannounced.

CARLOS.

Astonishing!

LERMA.

And without precedent do I believe,
Long as I served the king——

CARLOS.

'Tis strange, indeed!
How did you say the queen was spoken of?

LERMA (steps back).
No, no, my prince! that were against my duty.

CARLOS.

'Tis somewhat strange! One secret you impart.
The other you withhold.

LERMA.

The first was due
To you, the other to the king.

CARLOS.

You're right.

LERMA.

And still I've thought you, prince, a man of honor.

CARLOS.

Then you have judged me truly.

LERMA.

But all virtue
Is spotless till it's tried.

CARLOS.

Some stand the trial.

LERMA.

A powerful monarch's favor is a prize
Worth seeking for; and this alluring bait
Has ruined many a virtue.

CARLOS.

Truly said!

LERMA.

And oftentimes 'tis prudent to discover—
What scarce can longer be concealed.

CARLOS.

Yes, prudent

It may be, but you say you've ever known
The marquis prove himself a man of honor.

LERMA.

And if he be so still my fears are harmless,
And you become a double gainer, prince.

[Going.

CARLOS (follows him with emotion, and presses his hand).

Treble I gain, upright and worthy man,
I gain another friend, nor lose the one
Whom I before possessed.

[Exit LERMA.

SCENE V.

MARQUIS POSA comes through the gallery. CARLOS.

MARQUIS.

Carlos! My Carlos!

CARLOS.

Who calls me? Ah! 'tis thou—I was in haste
To gain the convent! You will not delay.

[Going.

MARQUIS.

Hold! for a moment.

CARLOS.

We may be observed.

MARQUIS.

No chance of that. 'Tis over now. The queen——

CARLOS.

You've seen my father.

MARQUIS.

Yes! he sent for me.

CARLOS (full of expectation).

Well!

MARQUIS.

'Tis all settled—you may see the queen.

CARLOS.

Yes! but the king! What said the king to you?

MARQUIS.

Not much. Mere curiosity to learn
My history. The zeal of unknown friends—
I know not what. He offered me employment.

CARLOS.

Which you, of course, rejected?

MARQUIS.

Yes, of course

CARLOS.

How did you separate?

MARQUIS.

Oh, well enough!

CARLOS.

And was I mentioned?

MARQUIS.

Yes; in general terms.

[Taking out a pocketbook and giving it to the PRINCE.

See here are two lines written by the queen,
To-morrow I will settle where and how.

CARLOS (reads it carelessly, puts the tablet in his pocket,
and is going).

You'll meet me at the prior's?

MARQUIS.

Yes! But stay
Why in such haste? No one is coming hither.

CARLOS (with a forced smile).
Have we in truth changed characters? To-day
You seem so bold and confident.

MARQUIS.
To-day—
Wherefore to-day?

CARLOS.
What writes the queen to me?

MARQUIS.
Have you not read this instant?

CARLOS.
I? Oh yes.

MARQUIS.
What is't disturbs you now?

CARLOS (reads the tablet again, delighted and fervently).
Angel of Heaven!
I will be so,—I will be worthy of thee.
Love elevates great minds. So come what may,
Whatever thou commandest, I'll perform.
She writes that I must hold myself prepared
For a great enterprise! What can she mean?
Dost thou not know?

MARQUIS.
And, Carlos, if I knew,
Say, art thou now prepared to hear it from me?

CARLOS.

Have I offended thee? I was distracted.
Roderigo, pardon me.

MARQUIS.

Distracted! How?

CARLOS.

I scarcely know! But may I keep this tablet?

MARQUIS.

Not so! I came to ask thee for thine own.

CARLOS.

My tablet! Why?

MARQUIS.

And whatsoever writings
You have, unfit to meet a stranger's eye—
Letters or memorandums, and in short,
Your whole portfolio.

CARLOS.

Why?

MARQUIS.

That we may be
Prepared for accidents. Who can prevent
Surprise? They'll never seek them in my keeping.
Here, give them to me——

CARLOS (uneasy).

Strange! What can it mean?

MARQUIS.

Be not alarmed! 'Tis nothing of importance
A mere precaution to prevent surprise.
You need not be alarmed!

CARLOS (gives him the portfolio).

Be careful of it.

MARQUIS.

Be sure I will.

CARLOS (looks at him significantly).

I give thee much, Roderigo!

MARQUIS.

Not more than I have often had from thee.
The rest we'll talk of yonder. Now farewell.

[Going.

CARLOS (struggling with himself, then calls him back).

Give me my letters back; there's one amongst them
The queen addressed to me at Alcala,
When I was sick to death. Still next my heart
I carry it; to take this letter from me
Goes to my very soul. But leave me that,
And take the rest.

[He takes it out, and returns the portfolio.

MARQUIS.

I yield unwillingly—
For 'twas that letter which I most required.

CARLOS.

Farewell!

[He goes away slowly, stops a moment at the door, turns back again, and brings him the letter.

You have it there.

[His hand trembles, tears start from his eyes, he falls on the neck of the MARQUIS, and presses his face to his bosom.

Oh, not my father,
Could do so much, Roderigo! Not my father!

[Exit hastily.

SCENE VI.

MARQUIS (looks after him with astonishment).

And is this possible! And to this hour
Have I not known him fully? In his heart
This blemish has escaped my eye. Distrust
Of me—his friend! But no, 'tis calumny!
What hath he done that I accuse him thus
Of weakest weakness. I myself commit
The fault I charge on him. What have I done
Might well surprise him! When hath he displayed
To his best friend such absolute reserve?
Carlos, I must afflict thee—there's no help—
And longer still distress thy noble soul.
In me the king hath placed his confidence,

His holiest trust reposed—as in a casket,
And this reliance calls for gratitude.
How can disclosure serve thee when my silence
Brings thee no harm—serves thee, perhaps? Ah! why
Point to the traveller the impending storm?
Enough, if I direct its anger past thee!
And when thou wakest the sky's again serene.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

The KING's Cabinet.

The KING seated, near him the INFANTA CLARA EUGENIA.

KING (after a deep silence).

No—she is sure my daughter—or can nature
Thus lie like truth! Yes, that blue eye is mine!
And I am pictured in thy every feature.
Child of my love! for such thou art—I fold thee
Thus to my heart; thou art my blood.

[Starts and pauses:

My blood—

What's worse to fear? Are not my features his?

[Takes the miniature in his hand and looks first at
the portrait, then at the mirror opposite; at last he
throws it on the ground, rises hastily, and pushes the
INFANTA from him.

Away, away! I'm lost in this abyss.

SCENE VIII.

COUNT LERMA and the KING.

LERMA.

Her majesty is in the antechamber.

KING.

What! Now?

LERMA.

And begs the favor of an audience.

KING.

Now! At this unaccustomed hour! Not now—
I cannot see her yet.

LERMA.

Here comes the queen.

[Exit LERMA.]

SCENE IX.

The KING, the QUEEN enters, and the INFANTA.

The INFANTA runs to meet the QUEEN and clings to her;
the QUEEN falls at the KING's feet, who is silent,
and appears confused and embarrassed.

QUEEN.

My lord! My husband! I'm constrained to seek
Justice before the throne!

KING.

What? Justice!

QUEEN.

Yes!

I'm treated with dishonor at the court!

My casket has been rifled.

KING.

What! Your casket?

QUEEN.

And things I highly value have been plundered.

KING.

Things that you highly value.

QUEEN.

From the meaning

Which ignorant men's officiousness, perhaps,

Might give to them——

KING.

What's this? Officiousness,

And meaning! How? But rise.

QUEEN.

Oh no, my husband!

Not till you bind yourself by sacred promise,

By virtue of your own authority,

To find the offender out, and grant redress,

Or else dismiss my suite, which hides a thief.

KING.

But rise! In such a posture! Pray you, rise.

QUEEN (rises).

'Tis some one of distinction—I know well;
My casket held both diamonds and pearls
Of matchless value, but he only took
My letters.

KING.

May I ask——

QUEEN.

Undoubtedly,
My husband. They were letters from the prince:
His miniature as well.

KING.

From whom?

QUEEN.

The prince,
Your son.

KING.

To you?

QUEEN.

Sent by the prince to me.

KING.

What! From Prince Carlos! Do you tell me that?

QUEEN.

Why not tell you, my husband?

KING.

And not blush.

QUEEN.

What mean you? You must surely recollect
The letters Carlos sent me to St. Germain,
With both courts' full consent. Whether that leave
Extended to the portrait, or alone
His hasty hope dictated such a step,
I cannot now pretend to answer; but
If even rash, it may at least be pardoned
For thus much I may be his pledge—that then
He never thought the gift was for his mother.

[Observes the agitation of the KING.

What moves you? What's the matter?

INFANTA (who has found the miniature on the ground, and has been
playing with it, brings it to the QUEEN).

Look, dear mother!

See what a pretty picture!

QUEEN.

What then my——

[She recognizes the miniature, and remains in speechless
astonishment. They both gaze at each other. After a long pause.

In truth, this mode of trying a wife's heart
Is great and royal, sire! But I should wish
To ask one question?

KING.

'Tis for me to question.

QUEEN.

Let my suspicions spare the innocent.
And if by your command this theft was done——

KING.

It was so done!

QUEEN.

Then I have none to blame,
And none to pity—other than yourself—
Since you possess a wife on whom such schemes
Are thrown away.

KING.

This language is not new—
Nor shall you, madam, now again deceive me
As in the gardens of Aranjuez—
My queen of angel purity, who then
So haughtily my accusation spurned—
I know her better now.

QUEEN.

What mean you, sire?

KING.

Madam! thus briefly and without reserve—
Say is it true? still true, that you conversed
With no one there? Is really that the truth?

QUEEN.

I spoke there with the prince.

KING.

Then is clear

As day! So daring! heedless of mine honor!

QUEEN.

Your honor, sire! If that be now the question,
A greater honor is, methinks, at stake
Than Castile ever brought me as a dowry.

KING.

Why did you then deny the prince's presence?

QUEEN.

Because I'm not accustomed to be questioned
Like a delinquent before all your courtiers;
I never shall deny the truth when asked
With kindness and respect. Was that the tone
Your majesty used towards me in Aranjuez?
Are your assembled grandees the tribunal
Queens must account to for their private conduct?
I gave the prince the interview he sought
With earnest prayer, because, my liege and lord,
I—the queen—wished and willed it, and because
I never can admit that formal custom
Should sit as judge on actions that are guiltless;
And I concealed it from your majesty
Because I chose not to contend with you
About this right in presence of your courtiers.

KING.

You speak with boldness, madam!

QUEEN.

I may add,
Because the prince, in his own father's heart,

Scarce finds that kindness he so well deserves.

KING.

So well deserves!

QUEEN.

Why, sire! should I conceal it!
Highly do I esteem him—yes! and love him
As a most dear relation, who was once
Deemed worthy of a dearer—tenderer—title.
I've yet to learn that he, on this account,
Should be estranged from me beyond all others,—
Because he once was better loved than they.
Though your state policy may knit together
What bands it pleases—'tis a harder task
To burst such ties! I will not hate another
For any one's command—and since I must
So speak—such dictates I will not endure.

KING.

Elizabeth! you've seen me in weak moments—
And their remembrance now emboldens you.
On that strong influence you now depend,
Which you have often, with so much success,
Against my firmness tried. But fear the more
The power which has seduced me to be weak
May yet inflame me to some act of madness.

QUEEN.

What have I done?

KING (takes her hand).

If it should prove but so—

And is it not already? If the full
Accumulated measure of your guilt
Become but one breath heavier—should I be
Deceived——

[Lets her hand go.

I can subdue these last remains
Of weakness—can and will—then woe betide
Myself and you, Elizabeth!

QUEEN.

What crime
Have I committed?

KING.

On my own account then
Shall blood be shed.

QUEEN.

And has it come to this?
Oh, Heaven!

KING.

I shall forget myself—I shall
Regard no usage and no voice of nature—
Not e'en the law of nations.

QUEEN.

Oh, how much
I pity you!

KING.

The pity of a harlot!

INFANTA (clinging to her mother in terror).

The king is angry, and my mother weeps.

[KING pushes the child violently from the QUEEN.

QUEEN (with mildness and dignity, but with faltering voice).
This child I must protect from cruelty—
Come with me, daughter.

[Takes her in her arms.

If the king no more
Acknowledge thee—beyond the Pyrenees
I'll call protectors to defend our cause.

[Going.

KING (embarrassed).
Queen!

QUEEN.
I can bear no more—it is too much!

[Hastening to the door, she falls with her child on the threshold.

KING (running to her assistance).
Heavens! What is that?

INFANTA (cries out with terror).
She bleeds! My mother bleeds!

[Runs out.

KING (anxiously assisting her).
Oh, what a fearful accident! You bleed;
Do I deserve this cruel punishment?
Rise and collect yourself—rise, they are coming!
They will surprise us! Shall the assembled court

Divert themselves with such a spectacle?
Must I entreat you? Rise.

[She rises, supported by the KING.]

SCENE X.

The former, ALVA, DOMINGO entering, alarmed, ladies follow.

KING.

Now let the queen
Be led to her apartment; she's unwell.

[Exit the QUEEN, attended by her ladies.
ALVA and DOMINGO come forward.]

ALVA.

The queen in tears, and blood upon her face!

KING.

Does that surprise the devils who've misled me?

ALVA and DOMINGO.

We?

KING.

You have said enough to drive me mad.
But nothing to convince me.

ALVA.

We gave you
What we ourselves possessed.

KING.

May hell reward you!
I've done what I repent of! Ah! was hers,
The language of a conscience dark with guilt?

MARQUIS POSA (from without).
Say, can I see the king?

SCENE XI.

The former, MARQUIS POSA.

KING (starts up at the sound of his voice, and advances
some paces to meet him).

Ah! here he comes.

Right welcome, marquis! Duke! I need you now
No longer. Leave us.

[ALVA and DOMINGO look at each other with silent
astonishment and retire.

SCENE XII.

The KING, and MARQUIS POSA.

MARQUIS.

That old soldier, sire,
Who has faced death, in twenty battles, for you,
Must hold it thankless to be so dismissed.

KING.

'Tis thus for you to think—for me to act;
In a few hours you have been more to me
Than that man in a lifetime. Nor shall I
Keep my content a secret. On your brow
The lustre of my high and royal favor
Shall shine resplendent—I will make that man
A mark for envy whom I choose my friend.

MARQUIS.

What if the veil of dark obscurity
Were his sole claim to merit such a title?

KING.

What come you now to tell me?

MARQUIS.

As I passed
Along the antechamber a dread rumor
Fell on my ear,—it seemed incredible,—
Of a most angry quarrel—blood—the queen——

KING.

Come you from her?

MARQUIS.

I should be horrified
Were not the rumor false: or should perhaps
Your majesty meantime have done some act—
Discoveries of importance I have made,
Which wholly change the aspect of affairs.

KING.

How now?

MARQUIS.

I found an opportunity
To seize your son's portfolio, with his letters,
Which, as I hope, may throw some light——

[He gives the PRINCE's portfolio to the KING.

KING (looks through it eagerly).

A letter

From the emperor, my father. How I a letter
Of which I ne'er remember to have heard.

[He reads it through, puts it aside, and goes
to the other papers.

A drawing of some fortress—detached thoughts
From Tacitus—and what is here? The hand
I surely recognize—it is a lady's.

[He reads it attentively, partly to himself,
and partly aloud.

"This key—the farthest chamber of the queen's
Pavilion!" Ha! what's this? "The voice of love,—
The timid lover—may—a rich reward."
Satanic treachery! I see it now.
'Tis she—'tis her own writing!

MARQUIS.

The queen's writing!
Impossible!

KING.

The Princess Eboli's.

MARQUIS.

Then, it was true, what the queen's page confessed,
Not long since—that he brought this key and letter.

KING (grasping the MARQUIS' hand in great emotion).

Marquis! I see that I'm in dreadful hands.
This woman—I confess it—'twas this woman
Forced the queen's casket: and my first suspicions
Were breathed by her. Who knows how deep the priest
May be engaged in this? I am deceived
By cursed villany.

MARQUIS.

Then it was lucky——

KING.

Marquis! O marquis! I begin to fear
I've wronged my wife.

MARQUIS.

If there exist between
The prince and queen some secret understandings,
They are of other import, rest assured,
Than those they charge her with. I know, for certain,
The prince's prayer to be despatched to Flanders
Was by the queen suggested.

KING.

I have thought so.

MARQUIS.

The queen's ambitious. Dare I speak more fully?
She sees, with some resentment, her high hopes

All disappointed, and herself shut out
From share of empire. Your son's youthful ardor
Offers itself to her far-reaching views,
Her heart! I doubt if she can love.

KING.

Her schemes
Of policy can never make me tremble.

MARQUIS.

Whether the Infant loves her—whether we
Have something worse to fear from him,—are things
Worthy our deep attention. To these points
Our strictest vigilance must be directed.

KING.

You must be pledge for him.

MARQUIS.

And if the king
Esteem me capable of such a task,
I must entreat it be intrusted to me
Wholly without conditions.

KING.

So it shall.

MARQUIS.

That in the steps which I may think required,
I may be thwarted by no coadjutors,
Whatever name they bear.

KING.

I pledge my word

You shall not. You have proved my guardian angel.
How many thanks I owe you for this service!

[LERMA enters—the KING to him.

How did you leave the queen?

LERMA.

But scarce recovered
From her deep swoon.

[He looks at the MARQUIS doubtfully, and exit.

MARQUIS (to the KING, after a pause).

One caution yet seems needful.
The prince may be advised of our design,
For he has many faithful friends in Ghent,
And may have partisans among the rebels.
Fear may incite to desperate resolves;
Therefore I counsel that some speedy means
Be taken to prevent this fatal chance.

KING.

You are quite right—but how?

MARQUIS.

Your majesty
May sign a secret warrant of arrest
And place it in my hands, to be employed,
As may seem needful, in the hour of danger.

[The KING appears thoughtful.

This step must be a most profound state secret

Until——

KING (going to his desk and writing the warrant of arrest).

The kingdom is at stake, and now
The pressing danger sanctions urgent measures.
Here marquis! I need scarcely say—use prudence.

MARQUIS (taking the warrant).

'Tis only for the last extremity.

KING (laying his hand on the shoulder of the MARQUIS).

Go! Go, dear marquis! Give this bosom peace,
And bring back slumber to my sleepless pillow.

[Exeunt at different sides.]

SCENE XIII.

A Gallery.

CARLOS entering in extreme agitation, COUNT LERMA
meeting him.

CARLOS.

I have been seeking you.

LERMA.

And I your highness.

CARLOS.

For heaven's sake is it true?

LERMA.

What do you mean?

CARLOS.

That the king drew his dagger, and that she
Was borne, all bathed in blood, from the apartment?
Now answer me, by all that's sacred; say,
What am I to believe? What truth is in it?

LERMA.

She fainted, and so grazed her skin in falling
That is the whole.

CARLOS.

Is there no further danger?
Count, answer on your honor.

LERMA.

For the queen
No further danger; for yourself, there's much!

CARLOS.

None for my mother. Then, kind Heaven, I thank thee.
A dreadful rumor reached me that the king
Raved against child and mother, and that some
Dire secret was discovered.

LERMA.

And the last
May possibly be true.

CARLOS.

Be true! What mean you?

LERMA.

One warning have I given you, prince, already,
And that to-day, but you despised it; now
Perhaps you'll profit better by a second.

CARLOS.

Explain yourself.

LERMA.

If I mistake not, prince,
A few days since I noticed in your hands
An azure-blue portfolio, worked in velvet
And chased with gold.

CARLOS (with anxiety).

Yes, I had such a one.

LERMA.

And on the cover, if I recollect, a portrait
Set in pearls?

CARLOS.

'Tis right; go on.

LERMA.

I entered the king's chamber on a sudden,
And in his hands I marked that same portfolio,
The Marquis Posa standing by his side.

CARLOS (after a short silence of astonishment, hastily).

'Tis false!

LERMA (warmly).

Then I'm a traitor!

CARLOS (looking steadfastly at him).

That you are!

LERMA.

Well, I forgive you.

CARLOS (paces the apartment in extreme agitation, at length stands still before him).

Has he injured thee?

What have our guiltless ties of friendship done,
That with a demon's zeal thou triest to rend them?

LERMA.

Prince, I respect the grief which renders you
So far unjust.

CARLOS.

Heaven shield me from suspicion!

LERMA.

And I remember, too, the king's own words.
Just as I entered he addressed the marquis:
"How many thanks I owe you for this news."

CARLOS.

Oh, say no more!

LERMA.

Duke Alva is disgraced!
The great seal taken from the Prince Ruy Gomez,
And given to the marquis.

CARLOS (lost in deep thought).

And from me

Has he concealed all this? And why from me?

LERMA.

As minister all-powerful, the court
Looks on him now—as favorite unrivalled!

CARLOS.

He loved me—loved me greatly: I was dear
As his own soul is to him. That I know—
Of that I've had a thousand proofs. But should
The happiness of millions yield to one?
Must not his country dearer to him prove
Than Carlos? One friend only is too few
For his capacious heart. And not enough
Is Carlos' happiness to engross his love.
He offers me a sacrifice to virtue;
And shall I murmur at him? Now 'tis certain
I have forever lost him.

[He steps aside and covers his face.]

LERMA.

Dearest prince!
How can I serve you?

CARLOS (without looking at him).

Get you to the king;
Go and betray me. I have naught to give.

LERMA.

Will you then stay and brave the ill that follows?

CARLOS (leans on a balustrade and looks forward with a vacant gaze).
I've lost him now, and I am destitute!

LERMA (approaching him with sympathizing emotion).
And will you not consult your safety, prince?

CARLOS.
My safety! Generous man!

LERMA:
And is there, then,
No other person you should tremble for?

CARLOS (starts up).
Heavens! you remind me now. Alas! My mother!
The letter that I gave him—first refused—
Then after, gave him!

[He paces backwards and forwards with agitation,
wringing his hands.

Has she then deserved
This blow from him? He should have spared her, Lerma.

[In a hasty, determined tone.

But I must see her—warn her of her danger—
I must prepare her, Lerma, dearest Lerma!
Whom shall I send? Have I no friend remaining?
Yes! Heaven be praised! I still have one; and now
The worst is over.

[Exit quickly.

LEEMA (follows, and calls after him).
Whither, whither, prince?

SCENE XIV.

The QUEEN, ALVA, DOMINGO.

ALVA.
If we may be permitted, gracious queen——

QUEEN.
What are your wishes?

DOMINGO.
A most true regard
For your high majesty forbids us now
To watch in careless silence an event
Pregnant with danger to your royal safety.

ALVA.
We hasten, by a kind and timely warning,
To counteract a plot that's laid against you.

DOMINGO.
And our warm zeal, and our best services,
To lay before your feet, most gracious queen!

QUEEN (looking at them with astonishment).
Most reverend sir, and you, my noble duke,
You much surprise me. Such sincere attachment,
In truth, I had not hoped for from Domingo,

Nor from Duke Alva. Much I value it.
A plot you mention, menacing my safety—
Dare I inquire by whom——

ALVA.

You will beware a certain Marquis Posa
He has of late been secretly employed
In the king's service.

QUEEN.

With delight I hear
The king has made so excellent a choice.
Report, long since, has spoken of the marquis
As a deserving, great, and virtuous man—
The royal grace was ne'er so well bestowed!

DOMINGO.

So well bestowed! We think far otherwise.

ALVA.

It is no secret now, for what designs
This man has been employed.

QUEEN.

How! What designs?
You put my expectation on the rack.

DOMINGO.

How long is it since last your majesty
Opened your casket?

QUEEN.

Why do you inquire?

DOMINGO.

Did you not miss some articles of value?

QUEEN.

Why these suspicions? What I missed was then
Known to the court! But what of Marquis Posa?
Say, what connection has all this with him?

ALVA.

The closest, please your majesty—the prince
Has lost some papers of importance;
And they were seen this morning with the king
After the marquis had an audience of him.

QUEEN (after some consideration).

This news is strange indeed—inexplicable
To find a foe where I could ne'er have dreamed it,
And two warm friends I knew not I possessed!

[Fixing her eyes steadfastly upon them.

And, to speak truth, I had well nigh imputed
To you the wicked turn my husband served me.

ALVA.

To us!

QUEEN.

To you yourselves!

DOMINGO.

To me! Duke Alva!

QUEEN (her eyes still fastened on them).

I am glad to be so timely made aware
Of my rash judgment—else had I resolved
This very day to beg his majesty
Would bring me face to face with my accusers.
But I'm contented now. I can appeal
To the Duke Alva for his testimony.

ALVA.

For mine? You would not sure do that!

QUEEN.

Why not?

ALVA.

'Twould counteract the services we might
Render in secret to you.

QUEEN.

How! in secret?

[With stern dignity.

I fain would know what secret projects, duke,
Your sovereign's spouse can have to form with you,
Or, priest! with you—her husband should not know?
Think you that I am innocent or guilty?

DOMINGO.

Strange question!

ALVA.

Should the monarch prove unjust—
And at this time——

QUEEN.

Then I must wait for justice

Until it come—and they are happiest far
Whose consciences may calmly wait their right.

[Bows to them and exit. DOMINGO and ALVA exeunt
on the opposite side.

SCENE XV.

Chamber Of PRINCESS EBOLI.

PRINCESS EBOLI. CARLOS immediately after.

EBOLI.

Is it then true—the strange intelligence,
That fills the court with wonder?

CARLOS (enters).

Do not fear
Princess! I shall be gentle as a child.

EBOLI.

Prince, this intrusion!

CARLOS.

Are you angry still?
Offended still with me——

EBOLI.

Prince!

CARLOS (earnestly).

Are you angry?
I pray you answer me.

EBOLI.

What can this mean?

You seem, prince, to forget—what would you with me?

CARLOS (seizing her hand with warmth).

Dear maiden! Can you hate eternally?

Can injured love ne'er pardon?

EBOLI (disengaging herself).

Prince! of what

Would you remind me?

CARLOS.

Of your kindness, dearest!

And of my deep ingratitude. Alas,

Too well I know it! deeply have I wronged thee—

Wounded thy tender heart, and from thine eyes,

Thine angel eyes, wrung precious tears, sweet maid!

But ah! 'tis not repentance leads me hither.

EBOLI.

Prince! leave me—I——

CARLOS.

I come to thee, because

Thou art a maid of gentle soul—because

I trust thy heart—thy kind and tender heart.

Think, dearest maiden! think, I have no friend,

No friend but thee, in all this wretched world—

Thou who wert once so kind wilt not forever

Hate me, nor will thy anger prove eternal.

EBOLI (turning away her face).

O cease! No more! for heaven's sake! leave me, prince.

CARLOS.

Let me remind thee of those golden hours—
Let me remind thee of thy love, sweet maid—
That love which I so basely have offended!
Oh, let me now appear to thee again
As once I was—and as thy heart portrayed me.
Yet once again, once only, place my image,
As in days past, before thy tender soul,
And to that idol make a sacrifice
Thou canst not make to me.

EBOLI.

Oh, Carlos, cease!
Too cruelly thou sportest with my feelings!

CARLOS.

Be nobler than thy sex! Forgive an insult!
Do what no woman e'er has done before thee,
And what no woman, after thee, can equal.
I ask of thee an unexampled favor.
Grant me—upon my knees I ask of thee
Grant me two moments with the queen, my mother!

[He casts himself at her feet.

SCENE XVI.

The former. MARQUIS POSA rushes in; behind him two
Officers of the Queen's Guard.

MARQUIS (breathless and agitated, rushing between CARLOS and the PRINCESS).

Say, what has he confessed? Believe him not!

CARLOS (still on his knees, with loud voice).

By all that's holy——

MARQUIS (interrupting him with vehemence).

He is mad! He raves!

Oh, listen to him not!

CARLOS (louder and more urgent).

It is a question

Of life and death; conduct me to her straight.

MARQUIS (dragging the PRINCESS from him by force).

You die, if you but listen.

[To one of the officers, showing an order.

Count of Cordova!

In the king's name, Prince Carlos is your prisoner.

[CARLOS stands bewildered. The PRINCESS utters a cry of horror, and tries to escape. The officers are astounded.

A long and deep pause ensues. The MARQUIS trembles violently, and with difficulty preserves his composure.

[To the PRINCE.

I beg your sword—The Princess Eboli
Remains——

[To the officers.

And you, on peril of your lives,
Let no one with his highness speak—no person—
Not e'en yourselves.

[He whispers a few words to one officer, then turns to the other.

I hasten, instantly,
To cast myself before our monarch's feet,
And justify this step——

[To the PRINCE.

And prince! for you—
Expect me in an hour.

[CARLOS permits himself to be led away without any signs of consciousness, except that in passing he casts a languid, dying look on the MARQUIS. The PRINCESS endeavors again to escape; the MARQUIS pulls her back by the arm.

SCENE XVII.

PRINCESS EBOLI, MARQUIS POSA.

EBOLI.

For Heaven's sake let me leave this place——

MARQUIS (leads her forward with dreadful earnestness).

Thou wretch!

What has he said to thee?

EBOLI.

Oh, leave me! Nothing.

MARQUIS (with earnestness; holding her back by force).

How much has he imparted to thee? Here

No way is left thee to escape. To none

In this world shalt thou ever tell it.

EBOLI (looking at him with terror).
Heavens! What would you do? Would you then murder me?

MARQUIS (drawing a dagger).
Yes, that is my resolve. Be speedy!

EBOLI.
Mercy!
What have I then committed?

MARQUIS (looking towards heaven, points the dagger to her breast).
Still there's time—
The poison has not issued from these lips.
Dash but the bowl to atoms, all remains
Still as before! The destinies of Spain
Against a woman's life!

[Remains doubtingly in this position.

EBOLI (having sunk down beside him, looks in his face).
Do not delay—
Why do you hesitate? I beg no mercy—
I have deserved to die, and I am ready.

MARQUIS (letting his hand drop slowly—after some reflection).
It were as cowardly as barbarous.
No! God be praised! another way is left.

[He lets the dagger fall and hurries out. The PRINCESS
hastens out through another door.

SCENE XVIII.

A Chamber of the QUEEN.
The QUEEN to the COUNTESS FUENTES.

What means this noisy tumult in the palace?
Each breath to-day alarms me! Countess! see
What it portends, and hasten back with speed.

[Exit COUNTESS FUENTES—the PRINCESS EBOLI rushes in.]

SCENE XIX.

The QUEEN, PRINCESS EBOLI.

EBOLI (breathless, pale, and wild, falls before the QUEEN).
Help! Help! O Queen! he's seized!

QUEEN.
Who?

EBOLI.
He's arrested
By the king's orders given to Marquis Posa.

QUEEN.
Who is arrested? Who?

EBOLI.
The prince!

QUEEN.
Thou ravest

EBOLI.

This moment they are leading him away.

QUEEN.

And who arrested him?

EBOLI.

The Marquis Posa.

QUEEN.

Then heaven be praised! it was the marquis seized him!

EBOLI.

Can you speak thus, and with such tranquil mien?

Oh, heavens! you do not know—you cannot think——

QUEEN.

The cause of his arrest! some trifling error,

Doubtless arising from his headlong youth!

EBOLI.

No! no! I know far better. No, my queen!

Remorseless treachery! There's no help for him.

He dies!

QUEEN.

He dies!

EBOLI.

And I'm his murderer!

QUEEN.

What! Dies? Thou ravest! Think what thou art saying?

EBOLI.

And wherefore—wherefore dies he? Had I known

That it would come to this!

QUEEN (takes her affectionately by the hand).

Oh, dearest princess,
Your senses are distracted, but collect
Your wandering spirits, and relate to me
More calmly, not in images of horror
That fright my inmost soul, whate'er you know!
Say, what has happened?

EBOLI.

Oh, display not, queen,
Such heavenly condescension! Like hot flames
This kindness sears my conscience. I'm not worthy
To view thy purity with eyes profane.
Oh, crush the wretch, who, agonized by shame,
Remorse, and self-reproach writhes at thy feet!

QUEEN.

Unhappy woman! Say, what is thy guilt?

EBOLI.

Angel of light! Sweet saint! thou little knowest
The demon who has won thy loving smiles.
Know her to-day; I was the wretched thief
Who plundered thee.

QUEEN.

What! Thou?

EBOLI.

And gave thy letters
Up to the king?

QUEEN.

What! Thou?

EBOLI.

And dared accuse thee!

QUEEN.

Thou! Couldst thou this?

EBOLI.

Revenge and madness—love—
I hated thee, and loved the prince!

QUEEN.

And did
His love so prompt thee?

QUEEN.

And who arrested him?

EBOLI.

I had owned my love,
But met with no return.

QUEEN (after a pause).

Now all's explained!
Rise up!—you loved him—I have pardoned you
I have forgotten all. Now, princess, rise.

[Holding out her hand to the PRINCESS.]

EBOLI.

No, no; a foul confession still remains.
I will not rise, great queen, till I——

QUEEN.

Then speak!
What have I yet to hear?

EBOLI.

The king! Seduction!
Oh, now you turn away. And in your eyes
I read abhorrence. Yes; of that foul crime
I charged you with, I have myself been guilty.

[She presses her burning face to the ground. Exit QUEEN. A long pause. The COUNTESS OLIVAREZ, after some minutes, comes out of the cabinet, into which the QUEEN entered, and finds the PRINCESS still lying in the above posture. She approaches in silence. On hearing a noise, the latter looks up and becomes like a mad person when she misses the QUEEN.

SCENE XX.

PRINCESS EBOLI, COUNTESS OLIVAREZ.

EBOLI.

Heavens! she has left me. I am now undone!

OLIVAREZ (approaching her).
My princess—Eboli!

EBOLI.

I know your business,
Duchess, and you come hither from the queen,
To speak my sentence to me; do it quickly.

OLIVAREZ.

I am commanded by your majesty
To take your cross and key.

EBOLI (takes from her breast a golden cross, and gives it to the UCHESS).

And but once more
May I not kiss my gracious sovereign's hand?

OLIVAREZ.

In holy Mary's convent shall you learn
Your fate, princess.

EBOLI (with a flood of tears).

Alas! then I no more
Shall ever see the queen.

OLIVAREZ (embraces her with her face turned away).

Princess, farewell.

[She goes hastily away. The PRINCESS follows her as far as the door of the cabinet, which is immediately locked after the DUCHESS. She remains a few minutes silent and motionless on her knees before it. She then rises and hastens away, covering her face.]

SCENE XXI.

QUEEN, MARQUIS POSA.

QUEEN.

Ah, marquis, I am glad you're come at last!

MARQUIS (pale, with a disturbed countenance and trembling voice, in solemn, deep agitation, during the whole scene).

And is your majesty alone? Can none
Within the adjoining chamber overhear us?

QUEEN.

No one! But why? What news would you impart?

[Looking at him closely, and drawing back alarmed.

And what has wrought this change in you? Speak, marquis,
You make me tremble—all your features seem
So marked with death!

MARQUIS.

You know, perhaps, already.

QUEEN.

That Carlos is arrested—and they add,
By you! Is it then true? From no one else
Would I believe it but yourself.

MARQUIS.

'Tis true.

QUEEN.

By you?

MARQUIS.

By me?

QUEEN (looks at him for some time doubtingly).

I still respect your actions
E'en when I comprehend them not. In this
Pardon a timid woman! I much fear
You play a dangerous game.

MARQUIS.

And I have lost it.

QUEEN.

Merciful heaven!

MARQUIS.

Queen, fear not! He is safe,
But I am lost myself.

QUEEN.

What do I hear?

MARQUIS.

Who bade me hazard all on one chance throw?
All? And with rash, foolhardy confidence,
Sport with the power of heaven? Of bounded mind,
Man, who is not omniscient, must not dare
To guide the helm of destiny. 'Tis just!
But why these thoughts of self. This hour is precious
As life can be to man: and who can tell
Whether the parsimonious hand of fate
May not have measured my last drops of life.

QUEEN.

The hand of fate! What means this solemn tone?
I understand these words not—but I shudder.

MARQUIS.

He's saved! no matter at what price—he's saved!
But only for to-day—a few short hours
Are his. Oh, let him husband them! This night
The prince must leave Madrid.

QUEEN.

This very night?

MARQUIS.

All measures are prepared. The post will meet him
At the Carthusian convent, which has served
So long as an asylum to our friendship.
Here will he find, in letters of exchange,
All in the world that fortune gifts me with.
Should more be wanting, you must e'en supply it.
In truth, I have within my heart full much
To unburden to my Carlos—it may chance
I shall want leisure now to tell him all
In person—but this evening you will see him,
And therefore I address myself to you.

QUEEN.

Oh, for my peace of mind, dear marquis, speak!
Explain yourself more clearly! Do not use
This dark, and fearful, and mysterious language!
Say, what has happened?

MARQUIS.

I have yet one thing,
A matter of importance on my mind:
In your hands I deposit it. My lot
Was such as few indeed have e'er enjoyed—
I loved a prince's son. My heart to one—
To that one object given.—embraced the world!
I have created in my Carlos' soul,
A paradise for millions! Oh, my dream
Was lovely! But the will of Providence
Has summoned me away, before my hour,

From this my beauteous work. His Roderigo
Soon shall be his no more, and friendship's claim
Will be transferred to love. Here, therefore, here,
Upon this sacred altar—on the heart
Of his loved queen—I lay my last bequest
A precious legacy—he'll find it here,
When I shall be no more.

[He turns away, his voice choked with grief.

QUEEN.

 This is the language
Of a dying man—it surely emanates
But from your blood's excitement—or does sense
Lie hidden in your language?

MARQUIS (has endeavored to collect himself, and continues
in a solemn voice).

 Tell the prince,
That he must ever bear in mind the oath
We swore, in past enthusiastic days,
Upon the sacred host. I have kept mine—
I'm true to him till death—'tis now his turn——

QUEEN.

Till death?

MARQUIS.

 Oh, bid him realize the dream,
The glowing vision which our friendship painted,
Of a new-perfect realm! And let him lay
The first hand on the rude, unshapened stone.
Whether he fail or prosper—all alike—

Let him commence the work. When centuries
Have rolled away shall Providence again
Raise to the throne a princely youth like him,
And animate again a favorite son
Whose breast shall burn with like enthusiasm.
Tell him, in manhood, he must still revere
The dreams of early youth, nor ope the heart
Of heaven's all-tender flower to canker-worms
Of boasted reason,—nor be led astray
When, by the wisdom of the dust, he hears
Enthusiasm, heavenly-born, blasphemed.
I have already told him.

QUEEN.

Whither, marquis? Whither does all this tend?

MARQUIS.

And tell him further, I lay upon his soul the happiness
Of man—that with my dying breath I claim,
Demand it of him—and with justest title.
I had designed a new, a glorious morn,
To waken in these kingdoms: for to me
Philip had opened all his inmost heart—
Called me his son—bestowed his seals upon me—
And Alva was no more his counsellor.

[He pauses, and looks at the QUEEN for a few moments in silence.]

You weep! I know those tears, beloved soul!
Oh, they are tears of joy!—but it is past—
Forever past! Carlos or I? The choice
Was prompt and fearful. One of us must perish!
And I will be that one. Oh, ask no more!

QUEEN.

Now, now, at last, I comprehend your meaning,
Unhappy man! What have you done?

MARQUIS.

Cut off

Two transient hours of evening to secure
A long, bright summer-day! I now give up
The king forever. What were I to the king?
In such cold soil no rose of mine could bloom;
In my great friend must Europe's fortune ripen.
Spain I bequeath to him, still bathed in blood
From Philip's iron hand. But woe to him,
Woe to us both, if I have chosen wrong!
But no—oh, no! I know my Carlos better—
'Twill never come to pass!—for this, my queen,
You stand my surety.

[After a silence.

Yes! I saw his love

In its first blossom—saw his fatal passion
Take root in his young heart. I had full power
To check it; but I did not. The attachment
Which seemed to me not guilty, I still nourished.
The world may censure me, but I repent not,
Nor does my heart accuse me. I saw life
Where death appeared to others. In a flame
So hopeless I discerned hope's golden beam.
I wished to lead him to the excellent—
To exalt him to the highest point of beauty.
Mortality denied a model to me,
And language, words. Then did I bend his views
To this point only—and my whole endeavor

Was to explain to him his love.

QUEEN.

Your friend,
Marquis! so wholly occupied your mind,
That for his cause you quite forgot my own—
Could you suppose that I had thrown aside
All woman's weaknesses, that you could dare
Make me his angel, and confide alone
In virtue for his armor? You forget
What risks this heart must run, when we ennoble
Passion with such a beauteous name as this.

MARQUIS.

Yes, in all other women—but in one,
One only, 'tis not so. For you, I swear it.
And should you blush to indulge the pure desire
To call heroic virtue into life?
Can it affect King Philip, that his works
Of noblest art, in the Escorial, raise
Immortal longings in the painter's soul,
Who stands entranced before them? Do the sounds
That slumber in the lute, belong alone
To him who buys the chords? With ear unmoved
He may preserve his treasure:—he has bought
The wretched right to shiver it to atoms,
But not the power to wake its silver tones,
Or, in the magic of its sounds, dissolve.
Truth is created for the sage, as beauty
Is for the feeling heart. They own each other.
And this belief, no coward prejudice
Shall make me e'er disclaim. Then promise, queen,

That you will ever love him. That false shame,
Or fancied dignity, shall never make you
Yield to the voice of base dissimulation:—
That you will love him still, unchanged, forever.
Promise me this, oh, queen! Here solemnly
Say, do you promise?

QUEEN.

That my heart alone
Shall ever vindicate my love, I promise——

MARQUIS (drawing his hand back).
Now I die satisfied—my work is done.

[He bows to the QUEEN, and is about to go.

QUEEN (follows him with her eyes in silence).
You are then going, marquis, and have not
Told me how soon—and when—we meet again?

MARQUIS (comes back once more, his face turned away).
Yes, we shall surely meet again!

QUEEN.

Now, Posa,
I understand you. Why have you done this?

MARQUIS.
Carlos or I myself!

QUEEN.

No! no! you rush
Headlong into a deed you deem, sublime.
Do not deceive yourself: I know you well:

Long have you thirsted for it. If your pride
But have its fill, what matters it to you
Though thousand hearts should break. Oh! now, at length,
I comprehend your feelings—'tis the love
Of admiration which has won your heart——

MARQUIS (surprised, aside).
No! I was not prepared for this——

QUEEN (after a pause).
Oh, marquis!
Is there no hope of preservation?

MARQUIS.
None.

QUEEN.
None? Oh, consider well! None possible!
Not e'en by me?

MARQUIS.
Not even, queen, by thee.

QUEEN.
You but half know me—I have courage, marquis——

MARQUIS.
I know it——

QUEEN.
And no means of safety?

MARQUIS.
None

QUEEN (turning away and covering her face).
Go! Never more shall I respect a man——

MARQUIS (casts himself on his knees before her in evident emotion).
O queen! O heaven! how lovely still is life!

[He starts up and rushes out. The QUEEN retires into her cabinet.

SCENE XXII.

DUKE ALVA and DOMINGO walking up and down in silence and separately.

COUNT LERMA comes out of the KING's cabinet, and afterwards DON RAYMOND OF TAXIS, the Postmaster-General.

LERMA.
Has not the marquis yet appeared?

ALVA.
Not yet.

[LERMA about to re-enter the cabinet.

TAXIS (enters).
Count Lerma! Pray announce me to the king?

LERMA.
His majesty cannot be seen.

TAXIS.
But say
That I must see him; that my business is
Of urgent import to his majesty.

Make haste—it will admit of no delay.

[LERMA enters the cabinet.

ALVA.

Dear Taxis, you must learn a little patience—
You cannot see the king.

TAXIS.

Not see him! Why?

ALVA.

You should have been considerate, and procured
Permission from the Marquis Posa first—
Who keeps both son and father in confinement.

TAXIS.

The Marquis Posa! Right—that is the man
From whom I bring this letter.

ALVA.

Ah! What letter?

TAXIS.

A letter to be forwarded to Brussels.

ALVA (attentively).

To Brussels?

TAXIS.

And I bring it to the king.

ALVA.

Indeed! to Brussels! Heard you that, Domingo?

DOMINGO (joining them).
Full of suspicion!

TAXIS.
And with anxious mien,
And deep embarrassment he gave it to me.

DOMINGO.
Embarrassment! To whom is it directed?

TAXIS.
The Prince of Orange and Nassau.

ALVA.
To William!
There's treason here, Domingo!

DOMINGO.
Nothing less!
In truth this letter must, without delay,
Be laid before the king. A noble service
You render, worthy man—to be so firm
In the discharge of duty.

TAXIS.
Reverend sir!
'Tis but my duty.

ALVA.
But you do it well.

LERMA (coming out of the cabinet, addressing TAXIS).
The king will see you.
[TAXIS goes in.]

Is the marquis come?

DOMINGO.

He has been sought for everywhere.

ALVA.

'Tis strange!

The prince is a state prisoner! And the king
Knows not the reason why!

DOMINGO.

He never came
To explain the business here.

ALVA.

What says the king?

LERMA.

The king spoke not a word.

[A noise in the cabinet.

ALVA.

What noise is that?

TAXIS (coming out of the cabinet).
Count Lerma!

[Both enter.

ALVA (to DOMINGO).

What so deeply can engage them.

DOMINGO.

That look of fear! This intercepted letter!
It augurs nothing good.

ALVA.

He sends for Lerma!
Yet he must know full well that you and I
Are both in waiting.

DOMINGO.

Ah! our day is over!

ALVA.

And am I not the same to whom these doors
Flew open once? But, ah! how changed is all
Around me and how strange!

[DOMINGO approaches the cabinet door softly, and remains
listening before it.

ALVA (after a pause).

Hark! All is still
And silent as the grave!' I hear them breathe.

DOMINGO.

The double tapestry absorbs the sounds!

ALVA.

Away! there's some one coming. All appears
So solemn and so still—as if this instant
Some deep momentous question were decided.

SCENE XXIII.

The PRINCE OF PARMA, the DUKES OF FERIA and MEDINA

SIDONIA, with other GRANDEES enter—the preceding.

PARMA.

Say, can we see the king?

ALVA.

No!

PARMA.

Who is with him?

FERIA.

The Marquis Posa, doubtless?

ALVA.

Every instant
He is expected here.

PARMA.

This moment we
Arrive from Saragossa. Through Madrid
Terror prevails! Is the announcement true?

Domingo.

Alas, too true!

FERIA.

That he has been arrested
By the marquis!

ALVA.

Yes.

PARMA.

And wherefore? What's the cause?

ALVA.

Wherefore? That no one knows, except the king
And Marquis Posa.

PARMA.

And without the warrant
Of the assembled Cortes of the Realm?

FERIA.

That man shall suffer, who has lent a hand
To infringe the nation's rights.

ALVA.

And so say I!

MEDINA SIDONIA.

And I!

THE OTHER GRANDEES.

And all of us!

ALVA.

Who'll follow me
Into the cabinet? I'll throw myself
Before the monarch's feet.

LERMA (rushing out of the cabinet).

The Duke of Alva!

DOMINGO.

Then God be praised at last!

LERMA.

When Marquis Posa

Comes, say the king's engaged and he'll be sent for.

DOMINGO (to LERMA; all the others having gathered round him, full of anxious expectation). Count! What has happened? You are pale as death!

LERMA (hastening away).
Fell villany!

PARMA and FERIA.
What! what!

MEDINA SIDONIA.
How is the king?

DOMINGO (at the same time).
Fell villany! Explain——

LERMA.
The king shed tears!

DOMINGO.
Shed tears!

ALL (together with astonishment).
The king shed tears!

[The bell rings in the cabinet, COUNT LERMA hastens in.]

DOMINGO.
Count, yet one word.
Pardon! He's gone! We're fettered in amazement.

SCENE XXIV.

PRINCESS EBOLI, FERIA, MEDINA SIDONIA, PARMA,
DOMINGO, and other grandees.

EBOLI (hurriedly and distractedly).

Where is the king? Where? I must speak with him.

[To FERIA.

Conduct me to him, duke!

FERIA.

The monarch is
Engaged in urgent business. No one now
Can be admitted.

EBOLI.

Has he signed, as yet,
The fatal sentence? He has been deceived.

DOMINGO (giving her a significant look at a distance).
The Princess Eboli!

EBOLI (going to him).

What! you here, priest?
The very man I want! You can confirm
My testimony!

[She seizes his hand and would drag him into the cabinet.

DOMINGO.

I? You rave, princess!

FERIA.

Hold back. The king cannot attend you now.

EBOLI.

But he must hear me; he must hear the truth
The truth, were he ten times a deity.

EBOLI.

Man, tremble at the anger of thy idol.
I have naught left to hazard.

[Attempts to enter the cabinet; ALVA rushes out, his eyes
sparkling, triumph in his gait. He hastens to DOMINGO,
and embraces him.

ALVA.

Let each church
Resound with high To Dennis. Victory
At length is ours.

DOMINGO.

What! Ours?

ALVA (to DOMINGO and the other GRANDEES).

Now to the king.
You shall hereafter hear the sequel from me.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A chamber in the royal palace, separated from a large fore-court by an iron-barred gate. Sentinels walking up and down. CARLOS sitting at a table, with his head leaning forward on his arms, as if he were asleep. In the background of the chamber are some officers, confined with him. The MARQUIS POSA enters, unobserved by him, and whispers to the officers, who immediately withdraw. He himself steps close up to CARLOS, and looks at him for a few minutes in silent sorrow. At last he makes a motion which awakens him out of his stupor. CARLOS rises, and seeing the MARQUIS, starts back. He regards him for some time with fixed eyes, and draws his hand over his forehead as if he wished to recollect something.

MARQUIS.

Carlos! 'tis I.

CARLOS (gives him his hand).

Comest thou to me again?

'Tis friendly of thee, truly.

MARQUIS.

Here I thought

Thou mightest need a friend.

CARLOS.

Indeed! was that
Thy real thought? Oh, joy unspeakable!
Right well I knew thou still wert true to me.

MARQUIS.

I have deserved this from thee.

CARLOS.

Hast thou not?
And now we understand each other fully,
It joys my heart. This kindness, this forbearance
Becomes our noble souls. For should there be
One rash, unjust demand amongst my wishes,
Wouldst thou, for that, refuse me what was just?
Virtue I know may often be severe,
But never is she cruel and inhuman.
Oh! it hath cost thee much; full well I know
How thy kind heart with bitter anguish bled
As thy hands decked the victim for the altar.

MARQUIS.

What meanest thou, Carlos?

CARLOS.

Thou, thyself, wilt now
Fulfil the joyous course I should have run.
Thou wilt bestow on Spain those golden days
She might have hoped in vain to win from me.
I'm lost, forever lost; thou saw'st it clearly.
This fatal love has scattered, and forever,
All the bright, early blossoms of my mind.
To all the great, exalted hopes I'm dead.

Chance led thee to the king—or Providence,—
It cost thee but my secret—and at once
He was thine own—thou may'st become his angel:
But I am lost, though Spain perhaps may flourish.
Well, there is nothing to condemn, if not
My own mad blindness. Oh, I should have known
That thou art no less great than tender-hearted.

MARQUIS.

No! I foresaw not, I considered not
That friendship's generous heart would lead thee on
Beyond my worldly prudence. I have erred,
My fabric's shattered—I forgot thy heart.

CARLOS.

Yet, if it had been possible to spare
Her fate—oh, how intensely I had thanked thee!
Could I not bear the burden by myself?
And why must she be made a second victim?
But now no more, I'll spare thee this reproach.
What is the queen to thee? Say, dost thou love her?
Could thy exalted virtue e'er consult
The petty interests of my wretched passion?
Oh, pardon me! I was unjust——

MARQUIS.

Thou art so!
But not for this reproach. Deserved I one,
I merit all—and then I should not stand
Before you as I do.

[He takes out his portfolio.

I have some letters
To give you back of those you trusted to me.

CARLOS (looks first at the letters, then at the MARQUIS, in astonishment).

How!

MARQUIS.

I return them now because they may
Prove safer in thy custody than mine.

CARLOS.

What meanest thou? Has his majesty not read them?
Have they not been before him?

MARQUIS.

What, these letters!

CARLOS.

Thou didst not show them all, then?

MARQUIS.

Who has said
That ever I showed one?

CARLOS (astonished).

Can it be so?
Count Lerma——

MARQUIS.

He! he told thee so! Now all
Is clear as day. But who could have foreseen it?
Lerma! Oh, no, he hath not learned to lie.
'Tis true, the king has all the other letters.

CARLOS (looks at him long with speechless astonishment).

But wherefore am I here?

MARQUIS.

For caution's sake,
Lest thou should chance, a second time, to make
An Eboli thy confidant.

CARLOS (as if waking from a dream).

Ha! Now
I see it all—all is explained.

MARQUIS (goes to the door).

Who's there?

SCENE II.

DUKE ALVA. The former.

ALVA (approaching the PRINCE with respect, but turning his
back on the MARQUIS during the whole scene).
Prince, you are free. Deputed by the king
I come to tell you so.

[CARLOS looks at the MARQUIS with astonishment.
General silence.

And I, in truth,
Am fortunate to have this honor first——

CARLOS (looking at both with extreme amazement, after a pause,
to the DUKE).
I am imprisoned, duke, and set at freedom,

Unconscious of the cause of one or other.

ALVA.

As far as I know, prince, 'twas through an error,
To which the king was driven by a traitor.

CARLOS.

Then am I here by order of the king?

ALVA.

Yes, through an error of his majesty.

CARLOS.

That gives me pain, indeed. But when the king
Commits an error, 'twould beseem the king,
Methinks, to remedy the fault in person.
I am Don Philip's son—and curious eyes
And slanderous looks are on me. What the king
Hath done from sense of duty ne'er will I
Appear to owe to your considerate favor.
I am prepared to appear before the Cortes,
And will not take my sword from such a hand.

ALVA.

The king will never hesitate to grant
Your highness a request so just. Permit
That I conduct you to him.

CARLOS.

Here I stay
Until the king or all Madrid shall come
To lead me from my prison. Take my answer.

[ALVA withdraws. He is still seen for some time

lingering in the court and giving orders to the guards.

SCENE III.

CARLOS and MARQUIS POSA.

CARLOS (after the departure of the DUKE, full of expectation and astonishment, to the MARQUIS).

What means all this? Inform me, Roderigo—
Art thou not, then, the minister?

MARQUIS.

I was,
As thou canst well perceive——
[Going to him with great emotion.
O Carlos! Now

I have succeeded—yes—it is accomplished—
'Tis over now—Omnipotence be praised,
To whom I owe success.

CARLOS.

Success! What mean you?
Thy words perplex me.

MARQUIS (takes his hand).

Carlos! thou art saved—
Art free—but I——
[He stops short.

CARLOS.

But thou——

MARQUIS.

Thus to my breast
I press thee now, with friendship's fullest right,
A right I've bought with all I hold most dear.
How great, how lovely, Carlos, is this moment
Of self-approving joy?

CARLOS.

What sudden change
I mark upon thy features! Proudly now
Thy bosom heaves, thine eyes dart vivid fire!

MARQUIS.

We must say farewell, Carlos! Tremble 'not,
But be a man! And what thou more shalt hear,
Promise me, not by unavailing sorrow,
Unworthy of great souls, to aggravate
The pangs of parting. I am lost to thee,
Carlos, for many years—fools say forever.

[CARLOS withdraws his hand, but makes no reply.]

Be thou a man: I've reckoned much on thee—
I have not even shunned to pass with thee
This awful hour—which men, in words of fear,
Have termed the final one. I own it, Carlos,
I joy to pass it thus. Come let us sit—
I feel myself grown weary and exhausted.

[He approaches CARLOS, who is in a lifeless stupor, and allows himself to be involuntarily drawn down by him.]

Where art thou? No reply! I must be brief.

Upon the day that followed our last meeting
At the Carthusian monastery the king
Called me before him. What ensued thou knowest,
And all Madrid. Thou hast not heard, however,
Thy secret even then had reached his ears—
That letters in the queen's possession found
Had testified against thee. This I learned
From his own lips—I was his confidant.

[He pauses for CARLOS' answer, but he still
remains silent.

Yes, Carlos, with my lips I broke my faith—
Guided the plot myself that worked thy ruin.
Thy deed spoke trumpet-tongued; to clear thee fully
'Twas now too late: to frustrate his revenge
Was all that now remained for me; and so
I made myself thy enemy to-serve thee
With fuller power—dost thou not hear me, Carlos,

CARLOS.
Go on! go on! I hear thee.

MARQUIS.
To this point
I'm guiltless. But the unaccustomed beams
Of royal favor dazzled me. The rumor,
As I had well foreseen, soon reached thine ears
But by mistaken delicacy led,
And blinded by my vain desire to end
My enterprise alone, I kept concealed
From friendship's ear my hazardous design.
This was my fatal error! Here I failed!

I know it. My self-confidence was madness.
Pardon that confidence—'twas founded, Carlos,
Upon our friendship's everlasting base.

[He pauses. CARLOS passes from torpid silence to
violent agitation.

That which I feared befell. Unreal dangers
Alarmed your mind. The bleeding queen—the tumult
Within the palace—Lerma's interference—
And, last of all, my own mysterious silence,
Conspired to overwhelm thy heart with wonder.
Thou wavered'st, thought'st me lost; but far too noble
To doubt thy friend's integrity, thy soul
Clothed his defection with a robe of honor,
Nor judged him faithless till it found a motive
To screen and justify his breach of faith.
Forsaken by thy only friend—'twas then
Thou sought'st the arms of Princess Eboli—
A demon's arms! 'Twas she betrayed thee, Carlos!
I saw thee fly to her—a dire foreboding
Struck on my heart—I followed thee too late!
Already wert thou prostrate at her feet,
The dread avowal had escaped thy lips—
No way was left to save thee.

CARLOS.

No! her heart
Was moved, thou dost mistake, her heart was moved.

MARQUIS.

Night overspread my mind. No remedy,
No refuge, no retreat was left to me

In nature's boundless compass. Blind despair
Transformed me to a fury—to a tiger—
I raised my dagger to a woman's breast.
But in that moment—in that dreadful moment—
A radiant sunbeam fell upon my soul.
"Could I mislead the king! Could I succeed
In making him think me the criminal!
However improbable, the very guilt
Will be enough to win the king's belief.
I'll dare the task—a sudden thunderbolt
May make the tyrant start—what want I further?
He stops to think, and Carlos thus gains time
To fly to Brussels."

CARLOS.

And hast thou done this?

MARQUIS.

I have despatched a letter to Prince William,
Saying I loved the queen, and had escaped
The king's mistrust in the unjust suspicion
Which falsely fell on thee—that I had found
Means, through the monarch's favor, to obtain
Free access to the queen. I added, further,
That I was fearful of discovery—
That thou hadst learned my secret, and hadst sped
To Princess Eboli, with hopes through her
To warn the queen—that I had made thee prisoner—
And now that all seemed lost, I had resolved
To fly to Brussels. This same letter I——

CARLOS (interrupts him, terrified).

Hast surely not intrusted to the post!

Thou knowest that letters to Brabant and Flanders——

MARQUIS.

Are given to the king; and as things go
Taxis would seem to have discharged his duty.

CARLOS.

Heavens! then I'm lost.

MARQUIS.

How lost? What meanest thou?

CARLOS.

And thou, alas! art lost together with me—
This dreadful fraud my father ne'er will pardon.

MARQUIS.

This fraud! Thou'rt mad! Who will disclose it to him?

CARLOS (regards him with a fixed look).

Who! Dost thou ask? I will myself.

MARQUIS.

Thou ravest!

Stand back——

CARLOS.

Away! For heaven's sake hold me not.
While I stay here, he's hiring the assassins.

MARQUIS.

Then is our time more precious—and we still
Have much to say.

CARLOS.

What! Before all is finished?

[He makes another effort to go. The MARQUIS holds him by the arm, and looks at him impressively.

MARQUIS.

Carlos! was I so scrupulous—so eager—
When thou, a boy, didst shed thy blood for me?

CARLOS (with emotion, and full of admiration).
Kind Providence!

MARQUIS.

Reserve thyself for Flanders!
The kingdom is thy destiny—'tis mine
To give my life for thee.

CARLOS (takes his hand with deep sensibility).
No, no! he will not,
Cannot resist a virtue so sublime.
I will conduct thee to him, and together,
Arm linked in arm, will we appear before him.
Then thus will I address him: "Father, see,
This is the way a friend acts towards his friend."
Trust me, 'twill move him—it will touch his heart.
He's not without humanity,—my father.
Yes, it will move him. With hot tears, his eyes
Will overflow—and he will pardon us.

[A shot is fired through the iron grating. CARLOS leaps up.

Whom was that meant for?

MARQUIS (sinking down).

I believe—for me.

CARLOS (falling to the earth with a loud cry of grief).
O God of mercy!

MARQUIS.

He is quick—the king.
I had hoped—a little longer—Carlos—think
Of means of flight—dost hear me?—of thy flight.
Thy mother—knows it all—I can no more.

[Dies.

[CARLOS remains by the corpse, like one bereft of life. After some time the KING enters, accompanied by many GRANDEES; and starts, panic-struck, at the sight. A general and deep silence. The GRANDEES range themselves in a semi-circle round them both, and regard the KING and his SON alternately. The latter continues without any sign of life. The KING regards him in thoughtful silence.

SCENE IV.

The KING, CARLOS, the DUKESS ALVA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA,

PRINCE OF PARMA, COUNT LERMA, DOMINGO, and numerous GRANDEES.

KING (in a gentle tone).
Thy prayer hath met a gracious hearing, prince,
And here I come, with all the noble peers
Of this my court, to bring thee liberty.

[CARLOS raises his eyes and looks around him like one awakened

from a dream. His eyes are fixed now on the KING, now on the corpse; he gives no answer.

Receive thy sword again. We've been too rash!

[He approaches him, holds out his hand, and assists him to rise.

My son's not in his place; Carlos, arise!
Come to thy father's arms! His love awaits thee.

CARLOS (receives the embrace of the KING without any consciousness.
Suddenly recollects himself, pauses and looks fixedly at him).
Thou smell'st of blood—no, I cannot embrace thee!

[Pushes his father back. All the GRANDEES are in commotion.
CARLOS to them:—

Nay, stand not there confounded and amazed!—
What monstrous action have I done? Defiled
The anointed of the Lord! Oh, fear me not,
I would not lay a hand on him. Behold,
Stamped on his forehead is the damning brand!
The hand of God hath marked him!

KING (about to go quickly).
Nobles! follow.

CARLOS.
Whither? You stir not from this spot.

[Detaining the KING forcibly with both hands, while with one he manages to seize the sword which the KING has brought with him, and it comes from the scabbard.

KING.

What! Draw
A sword upon thy father?

ALL THE GRANDEES (drawing their swords).
Regicide!

CARLOS (holding the KING firmly with one hand, the naked sword
in the other).

Put up your swords! What! Think you I am mad?
I am not so: or you were much to blame
Thus to remind me, that upon the point
Of this my sword, his trembling life doth hover.
I pray you, stand aloof; for souls like mine
Need soothing. There—hold back! And with the king
What I have yet to settle touches not
Your loyalty. See there—his hand is bloody!
Do you not see it? And now look you here!

[Pointing to the corpse.

This hath he done with a well-practised hand.

KING (to the GRANDEES, who press anxiously around him).
Retire! Why do you tremble? Are we not
Father and son? I will yet wait and see
To what atrocious crime his nature——

CARLOS.

Nature
I know her not. Murder is now the word!
The bonds of all humanity are severed,
Thine own hands have dissolved them through the realm.
Shall I respect a tie which thou hast scorned?

Oh, see! see here! the foulest deed of blood
That e'er the world beheld. Is there no God
That kings, in his creation, work such havoc?
Is there no God, I ask? Since mother's wombs
Bore children, one alone—and only one—
So guiltlessly hath died. And art thou sensible
What thou hast done? Oh, no! he knows it not:
Knows not that he has robbed—despoiled the world
Of a more noble, precious, dearer life
Than he and all his century can boast.

KING (with a tone of softness).

If I have been too hasty, Carlos—thou
For whom I have thus acted, should at least
Not call me to account.

CARLOS.

Is't possible!

Did you then never guess how dear to me
Was he who here lies dead? Thou lifeless corpse!
Instruct him—aid his wisdom, to resolve
This dark enigma now. He was my friend.
And would you know why he has perished thus?
He gave his life for me.

KING.

Ha? my suspicions!

CARLOS.

Pardon, thou bleeding corpse, that I profane
Thy virtue to such ears. But let him blush
With deep-felt shame, the crafty politician,
That his gray-headed wisdom was o'erreached,

E'en by the judgment of a youth. Yes, sire,
We two were brothers! Bound by nobler bands
Than nature ties. His whole life's bright career
Was love. His noble death was love for me.
E'en in the moment when his brief esteem
Exalted you, he was my own. And when
With fascinating tongue he sported with
Your haughty, giant mind, 'twas your conceit
To bridle him; but you became yourself
The pliant tool of his exalted plans.
That I became a prisoner, my arrest,
Was his deep friendship's meditated work.
That letter to Prince William was designed
To save my life. It was the first deceit
He ever practised. To insure my safety
He rushed on death himself, and nobly perished.
You lavished on him all your favor; yet
For me he died. Your heart, your confidence,
You forced upon him. As a toy he held
Your sceptre and your power; he cast them from him,
And gave his life for me.

[The KING stands motionless, with eyes fixed on the ground;
all the GRANDEES regard him with surprise and alarm.

How could it be
That you gave credit to this strange deceit?
Meanly indeed he valued you, to try
By such coarse artifice to win his ends.
You dared to court his friendship, but gave way
Before a test so simple. Oh, no! never
For souls like yours was such a being formed.

That well he knew himself, when he rejected
Your crowns, your gifts, your greatness, and yourself.
This fine-toned lyre broke in your iron hand,
And you could do no more than murder him.

ALVA (never having taken his eyes from the KING, and observing his
emotion with uneasiness, approaches him with apprehension).
Keep not this deathlike silence, sire. Look round,
And speak at least to us.

CARLOS.

Once you were not
Indifferent to him. And deeply once
You occupied his thoughts. It might have been
His lot to make you happy. His full heart
Might have enriched you; with its mere abundance
An atom of his soul had been enough
To make a god of you. You've robbed yourself—
Plundered yourself and me. What could you give,
To raise again a spirit like to this?

[Deep silence. Many of the GRANDEES turn away, or conceal
their faces in their mantles.

Oh, ye who stand around with terror dumb,
And mute surprise, do not condemn the youth
Who holds this language to the king, his father.
Look on this corpse. Behold! for me he died.
If ye have tears—if in your veins flow blood,
Not molten brass, look here, and blame me not.

[He turns to the KING with more self-possession and calmness.

Doubtless you wait the end of this rude scene?
Here is my sword, for you are still my king.
Think not I fear your vengeance. Murder me,
As you have murdered this most noble man.
My life is forfeit; that I know full well.
But what is life to me? I here renounce
All that this world can offer to my hopes.
Seek among strangers for a son. Here lies
My kingdom.

[He sinks down on the corpse, and takes no part in what follows.
A confused tumult and the noise of a crowd is heard in the distance.
All is deep silence round the KING. His eyes scan the circle over,
but no one returns his looks.

KING.

What! Will no one make reply?
Each eye upon the ground, each look abashed!
My sentence is pronounced. I read it here
Proclaimed in all this lifeless, mute demeanor.
My vassals have condemned me.

[Silence as before. The tumult grows louder. A murmur is heard
among the GRANDEES. They exchange embarrassed looks. COUNT LERMA
at length gently touches ALVA.

LERMA.

Here's rebellion!

ALVA (in a low voice).
I fear it.

LERMA.

It approaches! They are coming!

SCENE V.

An officer of the Body Guard. The former.

OFFICER (urgently).

Rebellion! Where's the king?

[He makes his way through the crowd up to the KING.

Madrid's in arms!

To thousands swelled, the soldiery and people
Surround the palace; and reports are spread
That Carlos is a prisoner—that his life
Is threatened. And the mob demand to see
Him living, or Madrid will be in flames.

THE GRANDEES (with excitement).

Defend the king!

ALVA (to the KING, who remains quiet and unmoved).

Fly, sire! your life's in danger.

As yet we know not who has armed the people.

KING (rousing from his stupor, and advancing with dignity among them).

Stands my throne firm, and am I sovereign yet
Over this empire? No! I'm king no more.
These cowards weep—moved by a puny boy.
They only wait the signal to desert me.
I am betrayed by rebels!

ALVA.

Dreadful thought!

KING.

There! fling yourselves before him—down before
The young, the expectant king; I'm nothing now
But a forsaken, old, defenceless man!

ALVA.

Spaniards! is't come to this?

[All crowd round the KING, and fall on their knees before
him with drawn swords. CARLOS remains alone with the corpse,
deserted by all.

KING (tearing off his mantle and throwing it from him).

There! clothe him now
With this my royal mantle; and on high
Bear him in triumph o'er my trampled corpse!

[He falls senseless in ALVA's and LERMA's arms.

LERMA.

For heaven's sake, help!

FERIA.

Oh, sad, disastrous chance!

LERMA.

He faints!

ALVA (leaves the KING in LERMA's and FERIA's hands).

Attend his majesty! whilst I
Make it my aim to tranquillize Madrid.

[Exit ALVA. The KING is borne off, attended by all the grandees.

SCENE VI.

CARLOS remains behind with the corpse. After a few moments Louis MERCADO appears, looks cautiously round him, and stands a long time silent behind the PRINCE, who does not observe him.

MERCADO.

I come, prince, from her majesty the queen.

[CARLOS turns away and makes no reply.

My name, Mercado, I'm the queen's physician
See my credentials.

[Shows the PRINCE a signet ring. CARLOS remains still silent.

And the queen desires
To speak with you to-day—on weighty business.

CARLOS.

Nothing is weighty in this world to me.

MERCADO.

A charge the Marquis Posa left with her.

CARLOS (looking up quickly).

Indeed! I come this instant.

MERCADO.

No, not yet,
Most gracious prince! you must delay till night.
Each avenue is watched, the guards are doubled
You ne'er could reach the palace unperceived;
You would endanger everything.

CARLOS.

And yet——

MERCADO.

I know one means alone that can avail us.
'Tis the queen's thought, and she suggests it to you;
But it is bold, adventurous, and strange!

CARLOS.

What is it?

MERCADO.

A report has long prevailed
That in the secret vaults, beneath the palace,
At midnight, shrouded in a monk's attire,
The emperor's departed spirit walks.
The people still give credit to the tale,
And the guards watch the post with inward terror.
Now, if you but determine to assume
This dress, you may pass freely through the guards,
Until you reach the chamber of the queen,
Which this small key will open. Your attire
Will save you from attack. But on the spot,
Prince! your decision must be made at once.
The requisite apparel and the mask
Are ready in your chamber. I must haste
And take the queen your answer.

CARLOS.

And the hour?

MERCADO.

It is midnight.

CARLOS.

Then inform her I will come.

[Exit MERCADO.]

SCENE VII.

CARLOS and COUNT LERMA.

LERMA.

Save yourself, prince! The king's enraged against you.
Your liberty, if not your life's in danger!
Ask me no further—I have stolen away
To give you warning—fly this very instant!

CARLOS.

Heaven will protect me!

LERMA.

As the queen observed
To me, this moment, you must leave Madrid
This very day, and fly to Brussels, prince.
Postpone it not, I pray you. The commotion
Favors your flight. The queen, with this design,
Has raised it. No one will presume so far
As to lay hand on you. Swift steeds await you
At the Carthusian convent, and behold,
Here are your weapons, should you be attacked.

[LERMA gives him a dagger and pistols.]

CARLOS.

Thanks, thanks, Count Lerma!

LERMA.

This day's sad event
Has moved my inmost soul! No faithful friend
Will ever love like him. No patriot breathes
But weeps for you. More now I dare not say.

CARLOS.

Count Lerma! he who's gone considered you
A man of honor.

LERMA.

Farewell, prince, again!
Success attend you! Happier times will come—
But I shall be no more. Receive my homage!

[Falls on one knee.

CARLOS (endeavors to prevent him, with much emotion).
Not so—not so, count! I am too much moved—
I would not be unmanned!

LERMA (kissing his hand with feeling).

My children's king!
To die for you will be their privilege!
It is not mine, alas! But in those children
Remember me! Return in peace to Spain.
May you on Philip's throne feel as a man,
For you have learned to suffer! Undertake
No bloody deed against your father, prince!
Philip compelled his father to yield up
The throne to him; and this same Philip now
Trembles at his own son. Think, prince, of that
And may Heaven prosper and direct your path!

[Exit quickly. CARLOS about to hasten away by another side, but turns rapidly round, and throws himself down before the corpse, which he again folds in his arms. He then hurries from the room.]

SCENE VIII.

The KING's Antechamber.

DUKE ALVA and DUKE FERIA enter in conversation.

ALVA.

The town is quieted. How is the king?

FERIA.

In the most fearful state. Within his chamber
He is shut up, and whatso'er may happen
He will admit no person to his presence.
The treason of the marquis has at once
Changed his whole nature. We no longer know him.

ALVA.

I must go to him, nor respect his feelings.
A great discovery which I have made——

FERIA.

A new discovery!

ALVA.

A Carthusian monk
My guards observed, with stealthy footsteps, creep
Into the prince's chamber, and inquire
With anxious curiosity, about
The Marquis Posa's death. They seized him straight,

And questioned him. Urged by the fear of death,
He made confession that he bore about him
Papers of high importance, which the marquis
Enjoined him to deliver to the prince,
If, before sunset, he should not return.

FERIA.

Well, and what further?

ALVA.

These same letters state
That Carlos from Madrid must fly before
The morning dawn.

FERIA.

Indeed!

ALVA.

And that a ship at Cadiz lies
Ready for sea, to carry him to Flushing.
And that the Netherlands but wait his presence,
To shake the Spanish fetters from their arms.

FERIA.

Can this be true?

ALVA.

And other letters say
A fleet of Soliman's will sail for Rhodes,
According to the treaty, to attack
The Spanish squadron in the Midland seas.

FERIA.

Impossible.

ALVA.

And hence I understand
The object of the journeys, which of late
The marquis made through Europe. 'Twas no less
Than to rouse all the northern powers to arms
In aid of Flanders' freedom.

FERIA.

Was it so?

ALVA.

There is besides appended to these letters
The full concerted plan of all the war
Which is to disunite from Spain's control
The Netherlands forever. Naught omitted;
The power and opposition close compared;
All the resources accurately noted,
Together with the maxims to be followed,
And all the treaties which they should conclude.
The plan is fiendish, but 'tis no less splendid.

FERIA.

The deep, designing traitor!

ALVA.

And, moreover,
There is allusion made, in these same letters,
To some mysterious conference the prince
Must with his mother hold upon the eve
Preceding his departure.

FERIA.

That must be
This very day.

ALVA.

At midnight. But for this
I have already taken proper steps.
You see the case is pressing. Not a moment
Is to be lost. Open the monarch's chamber.

FERIA.

Impossible! All entrance is forbidden.

ALVA.

I'll open then myself; the increasing danger
Must justify my boldness.

[As he is on the point of approaching the door it opens,
and the KING comes out.

FERIA.

'Tis himself.

SCENE IX.

The KING. The preceding.

All are alarmed at his appearance, fall back, and let him pass through them. He appears to be in a waking dream, like a sleep-walker. His dress and figure indicate the disorder caused by his late fainting. With slow steps he walks past the GRANDEES and looks at each with a fixed eye, but without recognizing any of them. At last he stands still, wrapped in thought, his eyes fixed on the ground, till the emotions of his mind

gradually express themselves in words.

KING.

Restore me back the dead! Yes, I must have him.

DOMINGO (whispering to ALVA).

Speak to him, duke.

KING.

He died despising me!

Have him again I must, and make him think
More nobly of me.

ALVA (approaching with fear).

Sire!

KING (looking round the circle).

Who speaks to me!

Have you forgotten who I am? Why not
Upon your knees, before your king, ye creatures!
Am I not still your king? I must command
Submission from you. Do you all then slight me
Because one man despised me?

ALVA.

Gracious king!

No more of him: a new and mightier foe
Arises in the bosom of your realm.

FERIA.

Prince Carlos——

KING.

Had a friend who died for him;

For him! With me he might have shared an empire.
How he looked down upon me! From the throne
Kings look not down so proudly. It was plain
How vain his conquest made him. His keen sorrow
Confessed how great his loss. Man weeps not so
For aught that's perishable. Oh, that he might
But live again! I'd give my Indies for it!
Omnipotence! thou bring'st no comfort to me:
Thou canst not stretch thine arm into the grave
To rectify one little act, committed
With hasty rashness, 'gainst the life of man.
The dead return no more. Who dare affirm
That I am happy? In the tomb he dwells,
Who scorned to flatter me. What care I now
For all who live? One spirit, one free being,
And one alone, arose in all this age!
He died despising me!

ALVA.

Our lives are useless!
Spaniards, let's die at once! E'en in the grave
This man still robs us of our monarch's heart.

KING (sits down, and leans his head on his arm).
Oh! had he died for me! I loved him, too,
And much. Dear to me was he as a son.
In his young mind there brightly rose for me
A new and beautiful morning. Who can say
What I had destined for him? He to me
Was a first love. All Europe may condemn me,
Europe may overwhelm me with its curse,
But I deserved his thanks.

DOMINGO.

What spell is this?

KING.

And, say, for whom did he desert me thus?
A boy,—my son? Oh, no, believe it not!
A Posa would not perish for a boy;
The scanty flame of friendship could not fill
A Posa's heart. It beat for human kind.
His passion was the world, and the whole course
Of future generations yet unborn.
To do them service he secured a throne—
And lost it. Such high treason 'gainst mankind
Could Posa e'er forgive himself? Oh, no;
I know his feelings better. Not that he
Carlos preferred to Philip, but the youth—
The tender pupil,—to the aged monarch.
The father's evening sunbeam could not ripen
His novel projects. He reserved for this
The young son's orient rays. Oh, 'tis undoubted,
They wait for my decease.

ALVA.

And of your thoughts,
Read in these letters strongest confirmation.

KING.

'Tis possible he may miscalculate.
I'm still myself. Thanks, Nature, for thy gifts;
I feel within my frame the strength of youth;
I'll turn their schemes to mockery. His virtue
Shall be an empty dream—his death, a fool's.
His fall shall crush his friend and age together.

We'll test it now—how they can do without me.
The world is still for one short evening mine,
And this same evening will I so employ,
That no reformer yet to come shall reap
Another harvest, in the waste I'll leave,
For ten long generations after me.
He would have offered me a sacrifice
To his new deity—humanity!
So on humanity I'll take revenge.
And with his puppet I'll at once commence.

[To the DUKE ALVA.

What you have now to tell me of the prince,
Repeat. What tidings do these letters bring?

ALVA.

These letters, sire, contain the last bequest
Of Posa to Prince Carlos.

KING (reads the papers, watched by all present. He then lays them aside
and walks in silence up and down the room).

Summon straight

The cardinal inquisitor; and beg
He will bestow an hour upon the king,
This very night!

TAXIS.

Just on the stroke of two
The horses must be ready and prepared,
At the Carthusian monastery.

ALVA.

Spies
Despatched by me, moreover, have observed

Equipments at the convent for a journey,
On which the prince's arms were recognized.

FERIA.

And it is rumored that large sums are raised
In the queen's name, among the Moorish agents,
Destined for Brussels.

KING.

Where is Carlos?

ALVA.

With Posa's body.

KING.

And there are lights as yet
Within the queen's apartments?

ALVA.

Everything
Is silent there. She has dismissed her maids
Far earlier than as yet has been her custom.
The Duchess of Arcos, who was last with her,
Left her in soundest sleep.

[An officer of the Body Guard enters, takes the DUKE OF FERIA
aside, and whispers to him. The latter, struck with surprise,
turns to DUKE ALVA. The others crowd round him, and a murmuring
noise arises.

FERIA, TAXIS, and DOMINGO (at the same time)

'Tis wonderful!

KING.

What is the matter!

FERIA.

News scarce credible!

DOMINGO.

Two soldiers, who have just returned from duty,
Report—but—oh, the tale's ridiculous!

KING.

What do they say?

ALVA.

They say, in the left wing
Of the queen's palace, that the emperor's ghost
Appeared before them, and with solemn gait
Passed on. This rumor is confirmed by all
The sentinels, who through the whole pavilion
Their watches keep. And they, moreover, add,
The phantom in the queen's apartment vanished.

KING.

And in what shape appeared it?

OFFICER.

In the robes,
The same attire he in Saint Justi wore
For the last time, apparelled as a monk.

KING.

A monk! And did the sentries know his person
Whilst he was yet alive? They could not else
Determine that it was the emperor.

OFFICER.

The sceptre which he bore was evidence
It was the emperor.

DOMINGO.

And the story goes
He often has been seen in this same dress.

KING.

Did no one speak to him?

OFFICER.

No person dared.
The sentries prayed, and let him pass in silence.

KING.

The phantom vanished in the queen's apartments!

OFFICER.

In the queen's antechamber.

[General silence.

KING (turns quickly round).

What say you?

ALVA.

Sire! we are silent.

KING (after some thought, to the OFFICER).

Let my guards be ready
And under arms, and order all approach
To that wing of the palace to be stopped.
I fain would have a word with this same ghost.

[Exit OFFICER. Enter a PAGE.

PAGE.

The cardinal inquisitor.

KING (to all present).

Retire!

[The CARDINAL INQUISITOR, an old man of ninety, and blind, enters, supported on a staff, and led by two Dominicans. The GRANDEES fall on their knees as he passes, and touch the hem of his garment. He gives them his blessing, and they depart.

SCENE X.

The KING and the GRAND INQUISITOR. A long silence.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Say, do I stand before the king?

KING.

You do.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

I never thought it would be so again!

KING.

I now renew the scenes of early youth,
When Philip sought his sage instructor's counsel.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Your glorious sire, my pupil, Charles the Fifth,
Nor sought or needed counsel at my hands.

KING.

So much happier he! I, cardinal,
Am guilty of a murder, and no rest——

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What was the reason for this murder?

KING.

'Twas
A fraud unparalleled——

GRAND INQUISITOR.

I know it all.

KING.

What do you know? Through whom, and since what time?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

For years——what you have only learned since sunset.

KING (with astonishment).

You know this man then!

GRAND INQUISITOR.

All his life is noted
From its commencement to its sudden close,
In Santa Casa's holy registers.

KING.

Yet he enjoyed his liberty!

GRAND INQUISITOR.

The chain

With which he struggled, but which held him bound,
Though long, was firm, nor easy to be severed.

KING.

He has already been beyond the kingdom.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Where'er he travelled I was at his side.

KING (walks backwards and forwards in displeasure).

You knew the hands, then, I had fallen into;
And yet delayed to warn me!

GRAND INQUISITOR.

This rebuke

I pay you back. Why did you not consult us
Before you sought the arms of such a man?
You knew him: one sole glance unmasked him to you.
Why did you rob the office of its victim?
Are we thus trifled with! When majesty
Can stoop to such concealment, and in secret,
Behind our backs, league with our enemies,
What must our fate be then? If one be spared
What plea can justify the fate of thousands?

KING.

But he, no less, has fallen a sacrifice.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No; he is murdered—basely, foully murdered.
The blood that should so gloriously have flowed
To honor us has stained the assassin's hand.
What claim had you to touch our sacred rights?

He but existed, by our hands to perish.
God gave him to this age's exigence,
To perish, as a terrible example,
And turn high-vaunting reason into shame.
Such was my long-laid plan—behold, destroyed
In one brief hour, the toil of many years.
We are defrauded, and your only gain
Is bloody hands.

KING.

Passion impelled me to it.
Forgive me.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Passion! And does royal Philip
Thus answer me? Have I alone grown old?
[Shaking his head angrily.
Passion! Make conscience free within your realms,
If you're a slave yourself.

KING.

In things like this
I'm but a novice. Bear in patience with me.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No, I'm ill pleased with you—to see you thus
Tarnish the bygone glories of your reign.
Where is that Philip, whose unchanging soul,
Fixed as the polar star in heaven above,
Round its own axis still pursued its course?
Is all the memory of preceding years
Forever gone? And did the world become
New moulded when you stretched your hand to him?

Was poison no more poison? Did distinction
'Twixt good and evil, truth and falsehood, vanish?
What then is resolution? What is firmness?
What is the faith of man, if in one weak,
Unguarded hour, the rules of threescore years
Dissolve in air, like woman's fickle favor?

KING.

I looked into his eyes. Oh, pardon me
This weak relapse into mortality.
The world has one less access to your heart;
Your eyes are sunk in night.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What did this man
Want with you? What new thing could he adduce,
You did not know before? And are you versed
So ill with fanatics and innovators?
Does the reformer's vaunting language sound
So novel to your ears? If the firm edifice
Of your conviction totters to mere words,
Should you not shudder to subscribe the fate
Of many thousand poor, deluded souls
Who mount the flaming pile for nothing worse?

KING.

I sought a human being. These Domingos——

GRAND INQUISITOR.

How! human beings! What are they to you?
Cyphers to count withal—no more! Alas!
And must I now repeat the elements
Of kingly knowledge to my gray-haired pupil?

An earthly god must learn to bear the want
Of what may be denied him. When you whine
For sympathy is not the world your equal?
What rights should you possess above your equals?

KING (throwing himself into a chair).
I'm a mere suffering mortal, that I feel;
And you demand from me, a wretched creature,
What the Creator only can perform.

GRAND INQUISITOR.
No, sire; I am not thus to be deceived.
I see you through. You would escape from us.
The church's heavy chains pressed hard upon you;
You would be free, and claim your independence.

[He pauses. The KING is silent.
We are avenged. Be thankful to the church,
That checks you with the kindness of a mother.
The erring choice you were allowed to make
Has proved your punishment. You stand reprov'd!
Now you may turn to us again. And know
If I, this day, had not been summoned here,
By Heaven above! before to-morrow's sun,
You would yourself have stood at my tribunal!

KING.
Forbear this language, priest. Restrain thyself.
I'll not endure it from thee. In such tones
No tongue shall speak to me.

GRAND INQUISITOR.
Then why, O king
Call up the ghost of Samuel? I've anointed

Two monarchs to the throne of Spain. I hoped
To leave behind a firm-established work.
I see the fruit of all my life is lost.
Don Philip's hands have shattered what I built.
But tell me, sire, wherefore have I been summoned?
What do I hear? I am not minded, king,
To seek such interviews again.

KING.

But one
One service more—the last—and then in peace
Depart. Let all the past be now forgotten—
Let peace be made between us. We are friends.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

When Philip bends with due humility.

KING (after a pause).

My son is meditating treason.

GRAND INQUISITOR,

Well!

And what do you resolve?

KING.

On all, or nothing.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What mean you by this all?

KING.

He must escape,
Or die.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Well, sire! decide.

KING.

And can you not
Establish some new creed to justify
The bloody murder of one's only son?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

To appease eternal justice God's own Son
Expired upon the cross.

KING.

And can you spread
This creed throughout all Europe?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Ay, as far
As the true cross is worshipped.

KING.

But I sin—
Sin against nature. Canst thou, by thy power,
Silence her mighty voice.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

The voice of nature
Avails not over faith.

KING.

My right to judge
I place within your hands. Can I retrace
The step once taken?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Give him to me!

KING.

My only son! For whom then have I labored?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

For the grave rather than for liberty!

KING (rising up).

We are agreed. Come with me.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Monarch! Whither

KING.

From his own father's hands to take the victim.

[Leads him away.

SCENE XI.

Queen's Apartment.

CARLOS. The QUEEN. Afterwards the KING and attendants. CARLOS in monk's attire, a mask over his face, which he is just taking off; under his arm a naked sword. It is quite dark. He approaches a door, which is in the act of opening. The QUEEN comes out in her night-dress with a lighted candle. CARLOS falls on one knee before her.

CARLOS.

Elizabeth!

QUEEN (regarding him with silent sorrow).

Do we thus meet again?

CARLOS.

'Tis thus we meet again!

[A silence.

QUEEN (endeavoring to collect herself).

Carlos, arise!

We must not now unnerve each other thus.

The mighty dead will not be honored now

By fruitless tears. Tears are for petty sorrows!

He gave himself for thee! With his dear life

He purchased thine. And shall this precious blood

Flow for a mere delusion of the brain?

Oh, Carlos, I have pledged myself for thee.

On that assurance did he flee from hence

More satisfied. Oh, do not falsify

My word.

CARLOS (with animation)

To him I'll raise a monument

Nobler than ever honored proudest monarch,

And o'er his dust a paradise shall bloom!

QUEEN.

Thus did I hope to find thee! This was still

The mighty purpose of his death. On me

Devolves the last fulfilment of his plans,

And I will now fulfil my solemn oath.

Yet one more legacy your dying friend

Bequeathed to me. I pledged my word to him,

And wherefore should I now conceal it from you?
To me did he resign his Carlos—I
Defy suspicion, and no longer tremble
Before mankind, but will for once assume
The courage of a friend; My heart shall speak.
He called our passion—virtue! I believe him,
And will my heart no longer——

CARLOS.

Hold, O queen!
Long was I sunk in a delusive dream.
I loved, but now I am at last awake
Forgotten be the past. Here are your letters,—
Destroy my own. Fear nothing from my passion,
It is extinct. A brighter flame now burns,
And purifies my being. All my love
Lies buried in the grave. No mortal wish
Finds place within this bosom.

[After a pause, taking her hand.

I have come
To bid farewell to you, and I have learned
There is a higher, greater good, my mother,
Than to call thee mine own. One rapid night
Has winged the tardy progress of my years,
And prematurely ripened me to manhood.
I have no further business in the world,
But to remember him. My harvest now
Is ended.

[He approaches the QUEEN, who conceals her face.

Mother! will you not reply!

QUEEN.

Carlos! regard not these my tears. I cannot
Restrain then. But believe me I admire you.

CARLOS.

Thou wert the only partner of our league
And by this name thou shalt remain to me
The most beloved object in this world.
No other woman can my friendship share,
More than she yesterday could win my love.
But sacred shall the royal widow be,
Should Providence conduct me to the throne.

[The KING, accompanied by the GRAND INQUISITOR,
appears in the background without being observed.]

I hasten to leave Spain, and never more
Shall I behold my father in this world.
No more I love him. Nature is extinct
Within this breast. Be you again his wife—
His son's forever lost to him! Return
Back to your course of duty—I must speed
To liberate a people long oppressed
From a fell tyrant's hand. Madrid shall hail
Carlos as king, or ne'er behold him more.
And now a long and last farewell——

[He kisses her.]

QUEEN.

Oh, Carlos!
How you exalt me! but I dare not soar
To such a height of greatness:—yet I may
Contemplate now your noble mind with wonder.

CARLOS.

Am I not firm, Elizabeth? I hold thee
Thus in my arms and tremble not. The fear
Of instant death had, yesterday, not torn me
From this dear spot.

[He leaves her.

All that is over now,
And I defy my mortal destinies.
I've held thee in these arms and wavered not.
Hark! Heard you nothing!

[A clock strikes.

QUEEN.

Nothing but the bell
That tolls the moment of our separation.

CARLOS.

Good night, then, mother! And you shall, from Ghent,
Receive a letter, which will first proclaim
Our secret enterprise aloud. I go
To dare King Philip to an open contest.
Henceforth there shall be naught concealed between us!
You need not shun the aspect of the world.
Be this my last deceit.

[About to take up the mask—the KING stands between them.

KING.

It is thy last.

[The QUEEN falls senseless.

CARLOS (hastens to her and supports her in his arms).

Is the queen dead? Great heavens!

KING (coolly and quietly to the GRAND INQUISITOR).

Lord Cardinal!

I've done my part. Go now, and do your own.

[Exit.

DEMETRIUS

By Frederick Schiller

ACT I.

SCENE I.

THE DIET AT CRACOW.

On the rising of the curtain the Polish Diet is discovered, seated in the great senate hall. On a raised platform, elevated by three steps, and surmounted by a canopy, is the imperial throne, the escutcheons of Poland and Lithuania suspended on each side. The KING seated upon the throne; on his right and left hand his ten royal officers standing on the platform. Below the platform the BISHOPS, PALATINES, and CASTELLANS seated on each side of the stage. Opposite to these stand the Provincial DEPUTIES, in a double line, uncovered. All armed. The ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN, as the primate of the kingdom, is seated next the proscenium; his chaplain behind him, bearing a golden cross.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

Thus then hath this tempestuous Diet been
Conducted safely to a prosperous close;
And king and commons part as cordial friends.
The nobles have consented to disarm,
And straight disband the dangerous Rocoss [1];
Whilst our good king his sacred word has pledged,
That every just complaint shall have redress.
And now that all is peace at home, we may
Look to the things that claim our care abroad.

Is it the will of the most high Estates
That Prince Demetrius, who hath advanced
A claim to Russia's crown, as Ivan's son,
Should at their bar appear, and in the face
Of this august assembly prove his right?

[1] An insurrectionary muster of the nobles.

CASTELLAN OF CRACOW.

Honor and justice both demand he should;
It were unseemly to refuse his prayer.

BISHOP OF WERMELAND.

The documents on which he rests have been
Examined, and are found authentic. We
May give him audience.

SEVERAL DEPUTIES.

Nay! We must, we must!

LEO SAPIEHA.

To hear is to admit his right.

ODOWALSKY.

And not

To hear is to reject his claims unheard.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

Is it your will that he have audience?
I ask it for the second time—and third.

IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

Let him stand forth before our throne!

SENATORS.

And speak!

DEPUTIES.

Yes, yes! Let him be heard!

[The Imperial GRAND MARSHAL beckons with his baton to the doorkeeper, who goes out.

LEO SAPIEHA (to the CHANCELLOR).

Write down, my lord,
That here I do protest against this step,
And all that may ensue therefrom, to mar
The peace of Poland's state and Moscow's crown.

[Enters DEMETRIUS. Advances some steps towards the throne, and makes three bows with his head uncovered, first to the KING, next to the SENATORS, and then to the DEPUTIES, who all severally answer with an inclination of the head. He then takes up his position so as to keep within his eye a great portion of the assemblage, and yet not to turn his back upon the throne.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

Prince Dmitri, son of Ivan! if the pomp
Of this great Diet scare thee, or a sight
So noble and majestic chain thy tongue,
Thou may'st—for this the senate have allowed—
Choose thee a proxy, wheresoe'er thou list,
And do thy mission by another's lips.

DEMETRIUS.

My lord archbishop, I stand here to claim
A kingdom, and the state of royalty.

'Twould ill beseem me should I quake before
A noble people, and its king and senate.
I ne'er have viewed a circle so august,
But the sight swells my heart within my breast
And not appals me. The more worthy ye,
To me ye are more welcome; I can ne'er
Address my claim to nobler auditory.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

. . . . The august republic
Is favorably bent. . . .

DEMETRIUS.

Most puissant king! Most worthy and most potent
Bishops and palatines, and my good lords,
The deputies of the august republic!
It gives me pause and wonder to behold
Myself, Czar Ivan's son, now stand before
The Polish people in their Diet here.
Both realms were sundered by a bloody hate,
And, whilst my father lived, no peace might be.
Yet now hath Heaven so ordered these events,
That I, his blood, who with my nurse's milk
Imbided the ancestral hate, appear before you
A fugitive, compelled to seek my rights
Even here in Poland's heart. Then, ere I speak,
Forget magnanimously all rancors past,
And that the Czar, whose son I own myself,
Rolled war's red billows to your very homes.
I stand before you, sirs, a prince despoiled.
I ask protection. The oppressed may urge
A sacred claim on every noble breast.

And who in all earth's circuit shall be just,
If not a people great and valiant,—one
In plenitude of power so free, it needs
To render 'count but to itself alone,
And may, unchallenged, lend an open ear
And aiding hand to fair humanity.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

You do allege you are Czar Ivan's son;
And truly, nor your bearing nor your speech
Gainsays the lofty title that you urge,
But shows us that you are indeed his son.
And you shall find that the republic bears
A generous spirit. She has never quailed
To Russia in the field! She loves, alike,
To be a noble foe—a cordial friend.

DEMETRIUS.

Ivan Wasilowitch, the mighty Czar
Of Moscow, took five spouses to his bed,
In the long years that spared him to the throne.
The first, a lady of the heroic line
Of Romanoff, bare him Feodor, who reigned
After his father's death. One only son,
Dmitri, the last blossom of his strength,
And a mere infant when his father died,
Was born of Marfa, of Nagori's line.
Czar Feodor, a youth, alike effeminate
In mind and body, left the reins of power
To his chief equerry, Boris Godunow,
Who ruled his master with most crafty skill.
Feodor was childless, and his barren bride

Denied all prospect of an heir. Thus, when
The wily Boiar, by his fawning arts,
Had coiled himself into the people's favor,
His wishes soared as high as to the throne.
Between him and his haughty hopes there stood
A youthful prince, the young Demetrius
Iwanowitsch, who with his mother lived
At Uglitsch, where her widowhood was passed.
Now, when his fatal purpose was matured,
He sent to Uglitsch ruffians, charged to put
The Czarowitsch to death.
One night, when all was hushed, the castle's wing,
Where the young prince, apart from all the rest,
With his attendants lay, was found on fire.
The raging flames engulfed the pile; the prince
Unseen, unheard, was spirited away,
And all the world lamented him as dead.
All Moscow knows these things to be the truth.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

Yes, these are facts familiar to us all.
The rumor ran abroad, both far and near,
That Prince Demetrius perished in the flames
When Uglitsch was destroyed. And, as his death
Raised to the throne the Czar who fills it now,
Fame did not hesitate to charge on him
This murder foul and pitiless. But yet,
His death is not the business now in hand!
This prince is living still! He lives in you!
So runs your plea. Now bring us to the proofs!
Whereby do you attest that you are he?
What are the signs by which you shall be known?

How 'scaped you those were sent to hunt you down
And now, when sixteen years are passed, and you
Well nigh forgot, emerge to light once more?

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis scarce a year since I have known myself;
I lived a secret to myself till then,
Surmising naught of my imperial birth.
I was a monk with monks, close pent within
The cloister's precincts, when I first began
To waken to a consciousness of self.
My impetuous spirit chafed against the bars,
And the high blood of princes began to course
In strange unbidden moods along my veins.
At length I flung the monkish cowl aside,
And fled to Poland, where the noble Prince
Of Sendomir, the generous, the good,
Took me as guest into his princely house,
And trained me up to noble deeds of arms.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

How? You still ignorant of what you were?
Yet ran the rumor then on every side,
That Prince Demetrius was still alive.
Czar Boris trembled on his throne, and sent
His sassafs to the frontiers, to keep
Sharp watch on every traveller that stirred.
Had not the tale its origin with you?
Did you not give the rumor birth yourself?
Had you not named to any that you were
Demetrius?

DEMETRIUS.

I relate that which I know.
If a report went forth I was alive,
Then had some god been busy with the fame.
Myself I knew not. In the prince's house,
And in the throng of his retainers lost,
I spent the pleasant springtime of my youth.

In silent homage
My heart was vowed to his most lovely daughter.
Yet in those days it never dreamed to raise
Its wildest thoughts to happiness so high.
My passion gave offence to her betrothed,
The Castellan of Lemberg. He with taunts
Chafed me, and in the blindness of his rage
Forgot himself so wholly as to strike me.
Thus savagely provoked, I drew my sword;
He, blind with fury, rushed upon the blade,
And perished there by my unwitting hand.

MEISCHEK.

Yes, it was even so.

DEMETRIUS.

Mine was the worst mischance! A nameless youth,
A Russian and a stranger, I had slain
A grandee of the empire—in the house
Of my kind patron done a deed of blood,
And sent to death his son-in-law and friend.
My innocence availed not; not the pity
Of all his household, nor his kindness—his,
The noble Palatine's,—could save my life;
For it was forfeit to the law, that is,
Though lenient to the Poles, to strangers stern.

Judgment was passed on me—that judgment death.
I knelt upon the scaffold, by the block;
To the fell headsman's sword I bared my throat,
And in the act disclosed a cross of gold,
Studded with precious gems, which had been hung
About my neck at the baptismal font.
This sacred pledge of Christian redemption
I had, as is the custom of my people,
Worn on my neck concealed, where'er I went,
From my first hours of infancy; and now,
When from sweet life I was compelled to part,
I grasped it as my only stay, and pressed it
With passionate devotion to my lips.

[The Poles intimate their sympathy by dumb show.

The jewel was observed; its sheen and worth
Awakened curiosity and wonder.
They set me free, and questioned me; yet still
I could not call to memory a time
I had not worn the jewel on my person.
Now it so happened that three Boiars who
Had fled from the resentment of their Czar
Were on a visit to my lord at Sambor.
They saw the trinket,—recognized it by
Nine emeralds alternately inlaid
With amethysts, to be the very cross
Which Ivan Westislowsky at the font
Hung on the neck of the Czar's youngest son.
They scrutinized me closer, and were struck
To find me marked with one of nature's freaks,
For my right arm is shorter than my left.

Now, being closely plied with questions, I
Bethought me of a little psalter which
I carried from the cloister when I fled.
Within this book were certain words in Greek
Inscribed there by the Igumen himself.
What they imported was unknown to me,
Being ignorant of the language. Well, the psalter
Was sent for, brought, and the inscription read.
It bore that Brother Wasili Philaret
(Such was my cloister-name), who owned the book,
Was Prince Demetrius, Ivan's youngest son,
By Andrei, an honest Diak, saved
By stealth in that red night of massacre.
Proofs of the fact lay carefully preserved
Within two convents, which were pointed out.
On this the Boiars at my feet fell down,
Won by the force of these resistless proofs,
And hailed me as the offspring of their Czar.
So from the yawning gulfs of black despair
Fate raised me up to fortune's topmost heights.
And now the mists cleared off, and all at once
Memories on memories started into life
In the remotest background of the past.
And like some city's spires that gleam afar
In golden sunshine when naught else is seen,
So in my soul two images grew bright,
The loftiest sun-peaks in the shadowy past.
I saw myself escaping one dark night,
And a red lurid flame light up the gloom
Of midnight darkness as I looked behind me
A memory 'twas of very earliest youth,
For what preceded or came after it

In the long distance utterly was lost.
In solitary brightness there it stood
A ghastly beacon-light on memory's waste.
Yet I remembered how, in later years,
One of my comrades called me, in his wrath
Son of the Czar. I took it as a jest,
And with a blow avenged it at the time.
All this now flashed like lightning on my soul,
And told with dazzling certainty that I
Was the Czar's son, so long reputed dead.
With this one word the clouds that had perplexed
My strange and troubled life were cleared away.
Nor merely by these signs, for such deceive;
But in my soul, in my proud, throbbing heart
I felt within me coursed the blood of kings;
And sooner will I drain it drop by drop
Than bate one jot my title to the crown.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

And shall we trust a scroll which might have found
Its way by merest chance into your hands
Backed by the tale of some poor renegades?
Forgive me, noble youth! Your tone, I grant,
And bearing, are not those of one who lies;
Still you in this may be yourself deceived.
Well may the heart be pardoned that beguiles
Itself in playing for so high a stake.
What hostage do you tender for your word?

DEMETRIUS.

I tender fifty, who will give their oaths,—
All Piasts to a man, and free-born Poles

Of spotless reputation,—each of whom
Is ready to enforce what I have urged.
There sits the noble Prince of Sendomir,
And at his side the Castellan of Lublin;
Let them declare if I have spoke the truth.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN.

How seem these things to the august Estates?
To the enforcement of such numerous proofs
Doubt and mistrust, methinks, must needs give way.
Long has a creeping rumor filled the world
That Dmitri, Ivan's son, is still alive.
The Czar himself confirms it by his fears.
—Before us stands a youth, in age and mien
Even to the very freak that nature played,
The lost heir's counterpart, and of a soul
Whose noble stamp keeps rank with his high claims.
He left a cloister's precincts, urged by strange,
Mysterious promptings; and this monk-trained boy
Was straight distinguished for his knightly feats.
He shows a trinket which the Czarowitsch
Once wore, and one that never left his side;
A written witness, too, by pious hands,
Gives us assurance of his princely birth;
And, stronger still, from his unvarnished speech
And open brow truth makes his best appeal.
Such traits as these deceit doth never don;
It masks its subtle soul in vaunting words,
And in the high-glossed ornaments of speech.
No longer, then, can I withhold the title
Which he with circumstance and justice claims
And, in the exercise of my old right,

I now, as primate, give him the first voice.

ARCHBISHOP OF LEMBERG.

My voice goes with the primate's.

SEVERAL VOICES.

So does mine.

SEVERAL PALATINES.

And mine!

ODOWALSKY.

And mine.

DEPUTIES.

And all!

SAPIEHA.

My gracious sirs!

Weigh well ere you decide! Be not so hasty!

It is not meet the council of the realm

Be hurried on to——

ODOWALSKY.

There is nothing here

For us to weigh; all has been fully weighed.

The proofs demonstrate incontestably.

This is not Moscow, sirs! No despot here

Keeps our free souls in manacles. Here truth

May walk by day or night with brow erect.

I will not think, my lords, in Cracow here,

Here in the very Diet of the Poles,

That Moscow's Czar should have obsequious slaves.

DEMETRIUS.

Oh, take my thanks, ye reverend senators!
That ye have lent your credence to these proofs;
And if I be indeed the man whom I
Protest myself, oh, then, endure not this
Audacious robber should usurp my seat,
Or longer desecrate that sceptre which
To me, as the true Czarowitsch, belongs.
Yes, justice lies with me,—you have the power.
'Tis the most dear concern of every state
And throne, that right should everywhere prevail,
And all men in the world possess their own.
For there, where justice holds uncumbered sway,
There each enjoys his heritage secure,
And over every house and every throne
Law, truth, and order keep their angel watch.
It is the key-stone of the world's wide arch,
The one sustaining and sustained by all,
Which, if it fail, brings all in ruin down.

(Answers of SENATORS giving assent to DEMETRIUS.)

DEMETRIUS.

Oh, look on me, renowned Sigismund!
Great king, on thine own bosom turn thine eyes.
And in my destiny behold thine own.
Thou, too, hast known the rude assaults of fate;
Within a prison camest thou to the world;
Thy earliest glances fell on dungeon walls.
Thou, too, hadst need of friends to set thee free,
And raise thee from a prison to a throne.
These didst thou find. That noble kindness thou

Didst reap from them, oh, testify to me.
And you, ye grave and honored councillors,
Most reverend bishops, pillars of the church,
Ye palatines and castellans of fame,
The moment has arrived, by one high deed,
To reconcile two nations long estranged.
Yours be the glorious boast, that Poland's power
Hath given the Muscovites their Czar, and in
The neighbor who oppressed you as a foe
Secure an ever-grateful friend. And you,
The deputies of the august republic,
Saddle your steeds of fire! Leap to your seats!
To you expand high fortune's golden gates;
I will divide the foeman's spoil with you.
Moscow is rich in plunder; measureless
In gold and gems, the treasures of the Czar;
I can give royal guerdons to my friends,
And I will give them, too. When I, as Czar,
Set foot within the Kremlin, then, I swear,
The poorest of you all, that follows me,
Shall robe himself in velvet and in sables;
With costly pearls his housings shall he deck,
And silver be the metal of least worth,
That he shall shoe his horses' hoofs withal.

[Great commotion among the DEPUTIES. KORELA, Hetman
of the Cossacks, declares himself ready to put himself
at the head of an army.]

ODOWALSKY.

How! shall we leave the Cossack to despoil us
At once of glory and of booty both?

We've made a truce with Tartar and with Turk,
And from the Swedish power have naught to fear.
Our martial spirit has been wasting long
In slothful peace; our swords are red with rust.
Up! and invade the kingdom of the Czar,
And win a grateful and true-hearted friend,
Whilst we augment our country's might and glory.

MANY DEPUTIES.

War! War with Moscow!

OTHERS.

Be it so resolved!
On to the votes at once!

SAPIEHA (rises).

Grand marshal, please
To order silence! I desire to speak.

A CROWD OF VOICES.

War! War with Moscow!

SAPIEHA.

Nay, I will be heard.
Ho, marshal, do your duty!

[Great tumult within and outside the hall.

GRAND MARSHAL.

'Tis, you see,
Quite fruitless.

SAPIEHA.

What? The marshal's self suborned?

Is this our Diet, then, no longer free?
Throw down your staff, and bid this brawling cease;
I charge you, on your office, to obey!

[The GRAND MARSHAL casts his baton into the centre
of the hall; the tumult abates.

What whirling thoughts, what mad resolves are these?
Stand we not now at peace with Moscow's Czar?
Myself, as your imperial envoy, made
A treaty to endure for twenty years;
I raised this right hand, that you see, aloft
In solemn pledge, within the Kremlin's walls;
And fairly hath the Czar maintained his word.
What is sworn faith? what compacts, treaties, when
A solemn Diet tramples on them all?

DEMETRIUS.

Prince Leo Sapieha! You concluded
A bond of peace, you say, with Moscow's Czar?
That did you not; for I, I am that Czar.
In me is Moscow's majesty; I am
The son of Ivan, and his rightful heir.
Would the Poles treat with Russia for a peace,
Then must they treat with me! Your compact's null,
As being made with one whose title's null.

ODOWALSKY.

What reck we of your treaty? So we willed
When it was made—our wills are changed to-day.

SAPIEHA.

Is it, then, come to this? If none beside

Will stand for justice, then, at least, will I.
I'll rend the woof of cunning into shreds,
And lay its falsehoods open to the day.
Most reverend primate! art thou, canst thou be
So simple-souled, or canst thou so dissemble?
Are ye so credulous, my lords? My liege,
Art thou so weak? Ye know not—will not know,
Ye are the puppets of the wily Waywode
Of Sandomir, who reared this spurious Czar,
Whose measureless ambition, while we speak,
Clutches in thought the spoils of Moscow's wealth.
Is't left for me to tell you that even now
The league is made and sworn betwixt the twain,—
The pledge the Waywode's youngest daughter's hand?
And shall our great republic blindly rush
Into the perils of an unjust war,
To aggrandize the Waywode, and to crown
His daughter as the empress of the Czar?
There's not a man he has not bribed and bought.
He means to rule the Diet, well I know;
I see his faction rampant in this hall,
And, as 'twere not enough that he controlled
The Sejm Walmy by a majority,
He's girt the Diet with three thousand horse,
And all Cracow is swarming like a hive
With his sworn feudal vassals. Even now
They throng the halls and chambers where we sit,
To hold our liberty of speech in awe.
Yet stirs no fear in my undaunted heart;
And while the blood keeps current in my veins,
I will maintain the freedom of my voice!
Let those who think like men come stand by me

Whilst I have life shall no resolve be passed
That is at war with justice and with reason.
'Twas I that ratified the peace with Moscow,
And I will hazard life to see it kept.

ODOWALSKY.

Give him no further hearing! Take the votes!

[The BISHOP OF CRACOW and WILNA rise, and descend
each to his own side, to collect the votes.

MANY.

War, war with Moscow!

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN (to SAPIEHA).

Noble sir, give way!

You see the mass are hostile to your views;
Then do not force a profitless division!

IMPERIAL HIGH CHANCELLOR (descends from the throne to SAPIEHA).

The king entreats you will not press the point,
Sir Waywode, to division in the Diet.

DOORKEEPER (aside to ODOWALSKY).

Keep a bold front, and fearless—summon those
That wait without. All Cracow stands by you.

IMPERIAL GRAND MARSHAL (to SAPIEHA).

Such excellent decrees have passed before;
Oh, cease, and for their sake, so fraught with good,
Unite your voice with the majority!

BISHOP OF CRACOW (has collected the votes on his side).

On this right bench are all unanimous.

SAPIEHA.

And let them to a man! Yet I say no!
I urge my veto—I break up the Diet.
Stay further progress! Null and void fire all
The resolutions passed——

[General commotion; the KING descends from the throne, the barriers are broken down, and there arises a tumultuous uproar. DEPUTIES draw their swords, and threaten SAPIEHA with them. The BISHOPS interpose, and protect him with their stoles.

Majority?

What is it? The majority is madness;
Reason has still ranked only with the few.
What cares he for the general weal that's poor?
Has the lean beggar choice, or liberty?
To the great lords of earth, that hold the purse,
He must for bread and raiment sell his voice.
'Twere meet that voices should be weighed, not counted.
Sooner or later must the state be wrecked,
Where numbers sway and ignorance decides.

ODOWALSKY.

Hark to the traitor!——

DEPUTIES.

Hew him into shreds!
Down with him!

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN (snatches the crucifix out of his chaplain's hand and interposes).

Peace, peace

Shall native blood be in the Diet shed?

Prince Sapieha! be advised!

[To the BISHOPS.

Bring him away,
And interpose your bosoms as his shield!
Through this side door remove him quietly,
Or the wild mob will tear him limb from limb!

[SAPIEHA, still casting looks of defiance, is forced away by the BISHOPS, whilst the ARCHBISHOPS OF GNESEN and LEMBERG keep the DEPUTIES at bay. Amidst violent tumult and clashing of arms, the hall is emptied of all but DEMETRIUS, MEISCHEK, ODOWALSKY, and the Hetman of the Cossacks.

ODOWALSKY.

That point miscarried,—
Yet shall you not lack aid because of this:
If the republic holds the peace with Moscow,
At our own charges we shall push your claims.

KORELA.

Who ever could have dreamed, that he alone
Would hold his ground against the assembled Diet?

MEISCHEK.

The king! the king!

[Enter KING SIGISMUND, attended by the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, the GRAND MARSHAL, and several BISHOPS.

KING.

Let me embrace you, prince!
At length the high republic does you justice;

My heart has done so long, and many a day.
Your fate doth move me deeply, as, indeed,
What monarch's heart but must be moved by it?

DEMETRIUS.

The past, with all its sorrows, is forgot;
Here on your breast I feel new life begin.

KING.

I love not many words; yet what a king
May offer, who has vassals richer far
Than his poor self, that do I offer you.
You have been witness of an untoward scene,
But deem not ill of Poland's realm because
A tempest jars the vessel of the state.

MEISCHEK.

When winds are wild the steersman backs his helm,
And makes for port with all the speed he may.

KING.

The Diet is dissolved. Although I wished,
I could not break the treaty with the Czar.
But you have powerful friends; and if the Pole,
At his own risk, take arms on your behalf,
Or if the Cossack choose to venture war,
They are free men, I cannot say them nay.

MEISCHEK.

The whole Rocoss is under arms already.
Please it but you, my liege, the angry stream
That raved against your sovereignty may turn
Its wrath on Moscow, leaving you unscathed.

KING.

The best of weapons Russia's self will give thee;
Thy surest buckler is the people's heart.
By Russia only Russia will be vanquished.
Even as the Diet heard thee speak to-day,
Speak thou at Moscow to thy subjects, prince.
So chain their hearts, and thou wilt be their king.
In Sweden I by right of birth ascended
The throne of my inheritance in peace;
Yet did I lose the kingdom of my sires
Because my people's hearts were not with me.

Enter MARINA.

MEISCHEK.

My gracious liege, here, kneeling at your feet,
Behold Marina, youngest of my daughters;
The prince of Moscow offers her his heart.
Thou art the stay and pillar of our house,
And only from thy royal hand 'tis meet
That she receive her spouse and sovereign.

[MARINA kneels to the KING.

KING.

Well, if you wish it, cousin, gladly I
Will do the father's office to the Czar.

[To DEMETRIUS, giving him MARINA'S hand.

Thus do I bring you, in this lovely pledge,
High fortune's blooming goddess; and may these
Old eyes be spared to see this gracious pair
Sit in imperial state on Moscow's throne.

MARINA.

My liege, I humbly thank your grace, and shall
Esteem me still your slave where'er I be.

KING.

Rise up, Czaritza! This is not a place
For you, the plighted bridesmaid of the Czar;
For you, the daughter of my foremost Waywode.
You are the youngest of your sisters; yet
Your spirit wings a high and glorious course,

And nobly grasps the top of sovereignty.

DEMETRIUS.

Be thou, great monarch, witness of my oath,
As, prince to prince, I pledge it here to you!
This noble lady's hand I do accept
As fortune's dearest pledge, and swear that, soon
As on my father's throne I take my seat,
I'll lead her home in triumph as my bride,
With all the state that fits a mighty queen.
And, for a dowry, to my bride I give
The principalities Pleskow and Great Neugart,
With all towns, hamlets, and in-dwellers there,
With all the rights and powers of sovereignty,
In absolute possession evermore;
And this, my gift, will I as Czar confirm
In my free city, Moscow. Furthermore,
As compensation to her noble sire
For present charges, I engage to pay
A million ducats, Polish currency.
So help me God, and all his saints, as I
Have truly sworn this oath, and shall fulfil it.

KING.

You will do so; you never will forget
For what you are the noble Waywode's debtor;
Who, for your wishes, perils his sure wealth,
And, for your hopes, a child his heart adores,
A friend so rare is to be rarely prized!
Then when your hopes are crowned forget not ever
The steps by which you mounted to the throne,
Nor with your garments let your heart be changed!

Think, that in Poland first you knew yourself,
That this land gave you birth a second time.

DEMETRIUS.

I have been nurtured in adversity;
And learned to reverence the beautiful bond
Which links mankind with sympathies of love.

KING.

But now you enter on a realm where all—
Use, custom, morals—are untried and strange,
In Poland here reigns freedom absolute;
The king himself, although in pomp supreme,
Must ofttime be the serf of his noblesse;
But there the father's sacred power prevails,
And in the subject finds a passive slave.

DEMETRIUS.

That glorious freedom which surrounds me here
I will transplant into my native land,
And turn these bond-serfs into glad-souled men;
Not o'er the souls of slaves will I bear rule.

KING.

Do naught in haste; but by the time be led!
Prince, ere we part, three lessons take from me,
And truly follow them when thou art king.
It is a king that gives them, old and tried,
And they may prove of profit to thy youth.

DEMETRIUS.

Oh, share thy wisdom with me! Thou hast won
The reverence of a free and mighty people;

What must I do to earn so fair a prize?

KING.

You come from a strange land,
Borne on the weapons of a foreign foe;
This first felt wrong thou hast to wash away.
Then bear thee like a genuine son of Moscow,
With reverence due to all her usages.
Keep promise with the Poles, and value them,
For thou hast need of friends on thy new throne:
The arm that placed thee there can hurl thee down.
Esteem them honorably, yet ape them not;
Strange customs thrive not in a foreign soil.
And, whatsoe'er thou dost, revere thy mother—
You'll find a mother——

DEMETRIUS.

Oh, my liege!

KING.

High claim
Hath she upon thy filial reverence.
Do her all honor. 'Twixt thy subjects and
Thyself she stands, a sacred, precious link.
No human law o'errides the imperial power;
Nothing but nature may command its awe;
Nor can thy people own a surer pledge,
That thou art gentle, than thy filial love.
I say no more. Much yet is to be done,
Ere thou mak'st booty of the golden fleece.
Expect no easy victory!
Czar Boris rules with strong and skilful hand;
You take the field against no common man.

He that by merit hath achieved the throne,
Is not puffed from his seat by popular breath;
His deeds do serve to him for ancestors.
To your good fortune I commend you now;
Already twice, as by a miracle,
Hath it redeemed you from the grasp of death;
'Twill put the finish on its work, and crown you.

[Exeunt omnes but MARINA and ODOWALSKY.]

ODOWALSKY.

Say, lady, how have I fulfilled my charge?
Truly and well, and wilt thou laud my zeal?

MARINA.

'Tis, Odowalsky, well we are alone;
Matters of weight have we to canvass which
'Tis meet the prince know nothing of. May he
Pursue the voice divine that goads him on!
If in himself he have belief, the world
Will catch the flame, and give him credence too.
He must be kept in that vague, shadowing mist,
Which is a fruitful mother of great deeds,
While we see clear, and act in certainty.
He lends the name—the inspiration; we
Must bear the brain, the shaping thought, for him;
And when, by art and craft, we have insured
The needful levies, let him still dream on,
And think they dropped, to aid him, from the clouds.

ODOWALSKY.

Give thy commands: I live but for thy service.
Think'st thou this Moscovite or his affairs

Concern my thoughts? 'Tis thou, thou and thy glory
For which I will adventure life and all.
For me no fortune blossoms; friendless, landless,
I dare not let my hopes aspire to thee.
Thy grace I may not win, but I'll deserve it.
To make thee great be my one only aim;
Then, though another should possess thee, still
Thou wilt be mine—being what I have made thee.

MARINA.

Therefore my whole heart do I pledge to thee;
To thee I trust the acting of my thoughts.
The king doth mean us false. I read him through.
'Twas a concerted farce with Sapieha,
A juggle, all! 'Twould please him well, belike,
To see my father's power, which he dreads deeply,
Enfeebled in this enterprise—the league
Of the noblesse, which shook his heart with fear,
Drawn off in this campaign on foreign bounds,
While he himself sits neutral in the fray.
He thinks to share our fortune, if we win;
And if we lose, he hopes with greater ease
To fix on us the bondage of his yoke.
We stand alone. This die is cast. If he
Cares for himself, we shall be selfish too.
You lead the troops to Kioff. There let them swear
Allegiance to the prince, and unto me;—
Mark you, to me! 'Tis needful for our ends.
I want your eye, and not your arm alone.

ODOWALSKY.

Command me—speak—

MARINA.

You lead the Czarowitsch.
Keep your eye on him; stir not from his side,
Render me 'count of every step he makes.

ODOWALSKY.

Rely on me, he'll never cast us off.

MARINA.

No man is grateful. Once his throne is sure,
He'll not be slow to cast our bonds aside.
The Russian hates the Pole—must hate him ever;
No bond of amity can link their hearts.

Enter OPALINSKY, BIELSKY, and several Polish noblemen.

OPALINSKY.

Fair patron, get us gold, and we march with you,
This lengthened Diet has consumed our all.
Let us have gold, we'll make thee Russia's queen.

MARINA.

The Bishop of Kamienieck and Culm
Lends money on the pawn of land and serfs.
Sell, barter, pledge the hamlets of your boors,
Turn all to silver, horses, means of war!
War is the best of chapmen. He transmutes
Iron into gold. Whate'er you now may lose
You'll find in Moscow twenty-fold again.

BIELSKY.

Two hundred more wait in the tavern yonder;
If you will show yourself, and drain a cup

With them, they're yours, all yours—I know them well.

MARINA.

Expect me! You shall introduce me to them.

OPALINSKY.

'Tis plain that you were born to be a queen.

MARINA.

I was, and therefore I must be a queen.

BIELSKY.

Ay, mount the snow-white steed, thine armor on,
And so, a second Vanda, lead thy troops,
Inspired by thee, to certain victory.

MARINA.

My spirit leads you. War is not for women.
The rendezvous is in Kioff. Thither my father
Will lead a levy of three thousand horse.
My sister's husband gives two thousand more,
And the Don sends a Cossack host in aid.
Do you all swear you will be true to me?

ALL.

All, all—we swear! (draw their swords.)
Vivat Marina, Russiae Regina!

[MARINA tears her veil in pieces, and divides it among them.
Exeunt omnes but MARINA.

Enter MEISCHEK.

MARINA.

Wherefore so sad, when fortune smiles on us,
When every step thrives to our utmost wish,
And all around are arming in our cause?

MEISCHEK.

'Tis even because of this, my child! All, all
Is staked upon the cast. Thy father's means
Are in these warlike preparations swamped.
I have much cause to ponder seriously;
Fortune is false, uncertain the result.
Mad, venturous girl, what hast thou brought me to?
What a weak father have I been, that I
Did not withstand thy importunities!
I am the richest Waywode of the empire,
The next in honor to the king. Had we
But been content to be so, and enjoyed
Our stately fortunes with a tranquil soul!
Thy hopes soared higher—not for thee sufficed
The moderate station which thy sisters won.
Thou wouldst attain the loftiest mark that can
By mortals be achieved, and wear a crown.
I, thy fond, foolish father, longed to heap
On thee, my darling one, all glorious gains,
So by thy prayers I let myself be fooled,
And peril my sure fortunes on a chance.

MARINA.

How? My dear father, dost thou rue thy goodness?
Who with the meaner prize can live content,
When o'er his head the noblest courts his grasp?

MEISCHEK.

Thy sisters wear no crowns, yet they are happy.

MARINA.

What happiness is that to leave the home
Of the Waywode, my father, for the house
Of some count palatine, a grateful bride?
What do I gain of new from such a change?
And can I joy in looking to the morrow
When it brings naught but what was stale to-day?
Oh, tasteless round of petty, worn pursuits!
Oh, wearisome monotony of life!
Are they a guerdon for high hopes, high aims?
Or love or greatness I must have: all else
Are unto me alike indifferent.
Smooth off the trouble from thy brow, dear father!
Let's trust the stream that bears us on its breast,
Think not upon the sacrifice thou makest,
Think on the prize, the goal that's to be won—
When thou shalt see thy daughter robed in state,
In regal state, aloft on Moscow's throne,
And thy son's sons the rulers of the world!

MEISCHEK.

I think of naught, see naught, but thee, my child,
Girt with the splendors of the imperial crown.
Thou'rt bent to have it; I cannot gainsay thee.

MARINA.

Yet one request, my dearest, best of fathers,
I pray you grant me!

MEISCHEK.

Name thy wish, my child.

MARINA.

Shall I remain shut up at Sambor with
The fires of boundless longing in my breast?
Beyond the Dnieper will my die be cast,
While boundless space divides me from the spot;
Can I endure it? Oh, the impatient spirit
Will lie upon the rack of expectation
And measure out this monstrous length of space
With groans and anxious throbbings of the heart.

MEISCHEK.

What dost thou wish? What is it thou wouldst have?

MARINA.

Let me abide the issue in Kioff!
There I can gather tidings at their source.
There on the frontier of both kingdoms——

MEISCHEK.

Thy spirit's over-bold. Restrain it, child!

MARINA.

Yes, thou dost yield,—thou'lt take me with thee, then?

MEISCHEK.

Thou rulest me. Must I not do thy will?

MARINA.

My own dear father, when I am Moscow's queen
Kioff, you know, must be our boundary.
Kioff must then be mine, and thou shalt rule it.

MEISCHEK.

Thou dreamest, girl! Already the great Moscow

Is for thy soul too narrow; thou, to grasp
Domains, wilt strip them from thy native land.

MARINA.

Kioff belonged not to our native land;
There the Varegers ruled in days of yore.
I have the ancient chronicles by heart;
'Twas from the Russian empire wrenched by force.
I will restore it to its former crown.

MEISCHEK.

Hush, hush! The Waywode must not hear such talk.

[Trumpet without. They're breaking up.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Greek convent in a bleak district near the sea Belozero. A train of nuns, in black robes and veils, passes over the back of the stage. MARFA, in a white veil, stands apart from the others, leaning on a tombstone. OLGA steps out from the train, remains gazing at her for a time, and then advances to her.

OLGA.

And does thy heart not urge thee forth with us
To taste reviving nature's opening sweets?
The glad sun comes, the long, long night retires,
The ice melts in the streams, and soon the sledge
Will to the boat give place and summer swallow.
The world awakes once more, and the new joy
Woos all to leave their narrow cloister cells
For the bright air and freshening breath of spring.
And wilt thou only, sunk in lasting grief,
Refuse to share the general exultation?

MARFA.

On with the rest, and leave me to myself!
Let those rejoice who still have power to hope.
The time that puts fresh youth in all the world

Brings naught to me; to me the past is all,
My hopes, my joys are with the things that were.

OLGA.

Dost thou still mourn thy son—still, still lament
The sovereignty which thou has lost? Does time,
Which pours a balm on every wounded heart,
Lose all its potency with thee alone?
Thou wert the empress of this mighty realm,
The mother of a blooming son. He was
Snatched from thee by a dreadful destiny;
Into this dreary convent wert thou thrust,
Here on the verge of habitable earth.
Full sixteen times since that disastrous day
The face of nature hath renewed its youth;
Still have I seen no change come over thine,
That looked a grave amid a blooming world.
Thou'rt like some moonless image, carved in stone
By sculptor's chisel, that doth ever keep
The selfsame fixed unalterable mien.

MARFA.

Yes, time, fell time, hath signed and set me up
As a memorial of my dreadful fate.
I will not be at peace, will not forget.
That soul must be of poor and shallow stamp
Which takes a cure from time—a recompense
For what can never be compensated!
Nothing shall buy my sorrow from me. No,
As heaven's vault still goes with the wanderer,
Girds and environs him with boundless grasp,
Turn where he will, by sea or land, so goes

My anguish with me, wheresoe'er I turn;
It hems me round, like an unbounded sea;
My ceaseless tears have failed to drain its depths.

OLGA.

Oh, see! what news can yonder boy have brought,
The sisters round him throng so eagerly?
He comes from distant shores, where homes abound,
And brings us tidings from the land of men.
The sea is clear, the highways free once more.
Art thou not curious to learn his news?
Though to the world we are as good as dead,
Yet of its changes willingly we hear,
And, safe upon the shore, with wonder mark
The roar and ferment of the trampling waves.

[NUNS come down the stage with a FISHER BOY.]

XENIA—HELENA.

Speak, speak, and tell us all the news you bring.

ALEXIA.

Relate what's passing in the world beyond.

FISHER BOY.

Good, pious ladies, give me time to speak!

XENIA.

Is't war—or peace?

ALEXIA.

Who's now upon the throne?

FISHER BOY.

A ship is to Archangel just come in
From the north pole, where everything is ice.

OLGA.

How came a vessel into that wild sea?

FISHER BOY.

It is an English merchantman, and it
Has found a new way out to get to us.

ALEXIA.

What will not man adventure for his gain?

XENIA.

And so the world is nowhere to be barred!

FISHER BOY.

But that's the very smallest of the news.
'Tis something very different moves the world.

ALEXIA.

Oh, speak and tell us!

OLGA.

Say, what has occurred?

FISHER BOY.

We live to hear strange marvels nowadays:
The dead rise up, and come to life again.

OLGA.

Explain yourself.

FISHER BOY.

Prince Dmitri, Ivan's son,

Whom we have mourned for dead these sixteen years,
Is now alive, and has appeared in Poland.

OLGA.

The prince alive?

MARFA (starting).

My son!

OLGA.

Compose thyself!

Calm down thy heart till we have learned the whole.

ALEXIA.

How can this possibly be so, when he
Was killed, and perished in the flames at Uglitsch?

FISHER BOY.

He managed somehow to escape the fire,
And found protection in a monastery.
There he grew up in secrecy, until
His time was come to publish who he was.

OLGA (to MARFA).

You tremble, princess! You grow pale!

MARFA.

I know

That it must be delusion, yet so little
Is my heart steeled 'gainst fear and hope e'en now,
That in my breast it flutters like a bird.

OLGA.

Why should it be delusion? Mark his words!

How could this rumor spread without good cause?

FISHER BOY.

Without good cause? The Lithuanians
And Poles are all in arms upon his side.
The Czar himself quakes in his capital.

[MARFA is compelled by her emotion to lean upon OLGA and ALEXIA.

XENIA.

Speak on, speak, tell us everything you know.

ALEXIA.

And tell us, too, of whom you stole the news.

FISHER BOY.

I stole the news? A letter has gone forth
To every town and province from the Czar.
This letter the Posadmik of our town
Read to us all, in open market-place.
It bore, that busy schemers were abroad,
And that we should not lend their tales belief.
But this made us believe them; for, had they
Been false, the Czar would have despised the lie.

MARFA.

Is this the calm I thought I had achieved?
And clings my heart so close to temporal things,
That a mere word can shake my inward soul?
For sixteen years have I bewailed my son,
And yet at once believe that still he lives.

OLGA.

Sixteen long years thou'st mourned for him as dead,

And yet his ashes thou hast never seen!
Naught countervails the truth of the report.
Nay, does not Providence watch o'er the fate
Of kings and monarchies? Then welcome hope!
More things befall than thou canst comprehend.
Who can set limits to the Almighty's power?

MARFA.

Shall I turn back to look again on life,
To which long since I spoke a sad farewell?
It was not with the dead my hopes abode.
Oh, say no more of this. Let not my heart
Hang on this phantom hope! Let me not lose
My darling son a second time. Alas!
My peace of mind is gone,—my dream of peace
I cannot trust these tidings,—yet, alas,
I can no longer dash them from my soul!
Woe's me, I never lost my son till now.
Oh, now I can no longer tell if I
Shall seek him 'mongst the living or the dead,
Tossed on the rock of never-ending doubt.

OLGA [A bell sounds,—the sister PORTERESS enters.
Why has the bell been sounded, sister, say?

PORTERESS.

The lord archbishop waits without; he brings
A message from the Czar, and craves an audience.

OLGA.

Does the archbishop stand within our gates?
What strange occurrence can have brought him here?

XENIA.

Come all, and give him greeting as befits.

[They advance towards the gate as the ARCHBISHOP enters;
they all kneel before him, and he makes the sign of the
Greek cross over them.

ARCHBISHOP.

The kiss of peace I bring you in the name
Of Father, Son, and of the Holy Ghost,
Proceeding from the Father!

OLGA.

Sir, we kiss
In humblest reverence thy paternal hand!
Command thy daughters!

ARCHBISHOP.

My mission is addressed to Sister Marfa.

OLGA.

See, here she stands, and waits to know thy will.

[All the NUNS withdraw.

ARCHBISHOP.

It is the mighty prince who sends me here;
Upon his distant throne he thinks of thee;
For as the sun, with his great eye of flame,
Sheds light and plenty all abroad the world,
So sweeps the sovereign's eye on every side;
Even to the farthest limits of his realm
His care is wakeful and his glance is keen.

MARFA.

How far his arm can strike I know too well.

ARCHBISHOP.

He knows the lofty spirit fills thy soul,
And therefore feels indignantly the wrong
A bold-faced villain dares to offer thee.
Learn, then, in Poland, an audacious churl,
A renegade, who broke his monkish vows,
Laid down his habit, and renounced his God,
Doth use the name and title of thy son,
Whom death snatched from thee in his infancy.
The shameless varlet boasts him of thy blood,
And doth affect to be Czar Ivan's son;
A Waywode breaks the peace; from Poland leads
This spurious monarch, whom himself created,
Across our frontiers, with an armed power:
So he beguiles the Russians' faithful hearts,
And lures them on to treason and revolt.

The Czar,

With pure, paternal feeling, sends me to thee.
Thou hold'st the manes of thy son in honor;
Nor wilt permit a bold adventurer
To steal his name and title from the tomb,
And with audacious hand usurp his rights.
Thou wilt proclaim aloud to all the world
That thou dost own him for no son of thine.
Thou wilt not nurse a bastard's alien blood
Upon thy heart, that beats so nobly; never!
Thou wilt—and this the Czar expects from thee—
Give the vile counterfeit the lie, with all
The righteous indignation it deserves.

MARFA (who has during the last speech subdued the most violent emotion).
What do I hear, archbishop? Can it be?
Oh, tell me, by what signs and marks of proof
This bold-faced trickster doth uphold himself
As Ivan's son, whom we bewailed as dead?

ARCHBISHOP.

By some faint, shadowy likeness to the Czar,
By documents which chance threw in his way,
And by a precious trinket, which he shows,
He cheats the credulous and wondering mob.

MARFA.

What is the trinket? Oh, pray, tell me what?

ARCHBISHOP.

A golden cross, gemmed with nine emeralds,
Which Ivan Westislowisky, so he says,
Hung round his neck at the baptismal font.

MARFA.

What do you say? He shows this trinket, this?

[With forced composure.

And how does he allege he came by it?

ARCHBISHOP.

A faithful servant and Diak, he says,
Preserved him from the assassins and the flames,
And bore him to Smolenskow privily.

MARFA.

But where was he brought up? Where, gives he forth,

Was he concealed and fostered until now?

ARCHBISHOP.

In Tschudow's monastery he was reared,
Unknowing who he was; from thence he fled
To Lithuania and Poland, where
He served the Prince of Sendomir, until
An accident revealed his origin.

MARFA.

With such a tale as this can he find friends
To peril life and fortune in his cause?

ARCHBISHOP.

Oh, madam, false, false-hearted is the Pole,
And enviously he eyes our country's wealth.
He welcomes every pretext that may serve
To light the flames of war within our bounds!

MARFA.

And were there credulous spirits, even in Moscow,
Could by this juggle be so lightly stirred?

ARCHBISHOP.

Oh, fickle, princess, is the people's heart!
They dote on alteration, and expect
To reap advantage from a change of rulers.
The bold assurance of the falsehood charms;
The marvellous finds favor and belief.
Therefore the Czar is anxious thou shouldst quell
This mad delusion, as thou only canst.
A word from thee annihilates the traitor
That falsely claims the title of thy son.

It joys me thus to see thee moved. I see
The audacious juggle rouses all thy pride,
And, with a noble anger paints thy cheek.

MARFA.

And where, where, tell me, does he tarry now,
Who dares usurp the title of my son?

ARCHBISHOP.

E'en now he's moving on to Tscherinsko;
His camp at Kioff has broke up, 'tis rumored;
And with a force of mounted Polish troops
And Don Cossacks, he comes to push his claims.

MARFA.

Oh, God Almighty, thanks, thanks, thanks, that thou
Hast sent me rescue and revenge at last!

ARCHBISHOP.

How, Marfa, how am I to construe this?

MARFA.

Ob, heavenly powers, conduct him safely here!
Hover, oh all ye angels, round his banners!

ARCHBISHOP.

Can it be so? The traitor, canst thou trust——

MARFA.

He is my son. Yes! by these signs alone
I recognize him. By thy Czar's alarm
I recognize him. Yes! He lives! He comes!
Down, tyrant, from thy throne, and shake with fear!
There still doth live a shoot from Rurik's stem;

The genuine Czar—the rightful heir draws nigh,
He comes to claim a reckoning for his own.

ARCHBISHOP.

Dost thou bethink thee what thou say'st? 'Tis madness!

MARFA.

At length—at length has dawned the day of vengeance,
Of restoration. Innocence is dragged
To light by heaven from the grave's midnight gloom.
The haughty Godunow, my deadly foe,
Must crouch and sue for mercy at my feet;
Oh, now my burning wishes are fulfilled!

ARCHBISHOP.

Can hate and rancorous malice blind you so?

MARFA.

Can terror blind your monarch so, that he
Should hope deliverance from me—from me—
Whom he hath done immeasurable wrong?
I shall, forsooth, deny the son whom heaven
Restores me by a miracle from the grave,
And to please him, the butcher of my house,
Who piled upon me woes unspeakable?
Yes, thrust from me the succor God has sent
In the sad evening of my heavy anguish?
No, thou escap'st me not. No, thou shalt hear me,
I have thee fast, I will not let thee free.
Oh, I can ease my bosom's load at last!
At last launch forth against mine enemy
The long-pent anger of my inmost soul!
Who was it, who,

That shut me up within this living tomb,
In all the strength and freshness of my youth,
With all its feelings glowing in my breast?
Who from my bosom rent my darling son,
And chartered ruffian hands to take his life?
Oh, words can never tell what I have suffered,
When, with a yearning that would not be still,
I watched throughout the long, long starry nights,
And noted with my tears the hours elapse!
The day of succor comes, and of revenge;
I see the mighty glorying in his might.

ARCHBISHOP.

You think the Czar will dread you—you mistake.

MARFA.

He's in my power—one little word from me,
One only, sets the seal upon his fate!
It was for this thy master sent thee here!
The eyes of Russia and of Poland now
Are closely bent upon me. If I own
The Czarowitsch as Ivan's son and mine,
Then all will do him homage; his the throne.
If I disown him, then he is undone;
For who will credit that his rightful mother,
A mother wronged, so foully wronged as I,
Could from her heart repulse its darling child,
To league with the despoilers of her house?
I need but speak one word and all the world
Deserts him as a traitor. Is't not so?
This word you wish from me. That mighty service,
Confess, I can perform for Godunow!

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou wouldst perform it for thy country, and
Avert the dread calamities of war,
Shouldst thou do homage to the truth. Thyself,
Ay, thou hast ne'er a doubt thy son is dead;
And couldst thou testify against thy conscience?

MARFA.

These sixteen years I've mourned his death; but yet
I ne'er have seen his ashes. I believed
His death, there trusting to the general voice
And my sad heart—I now believe he lives,
Trusting the general voice and my strong hope.
'Twere impious, with audacious doubts, to seek
To set a bound to the Almighty's will;
And even were he not my heart's dear son,
Yet should he be the son of my revenge.
In my child's room I take him to my breast,
Whom heaven has sent me to avenge my wrongs.

ARCHBISHOP.

Unhappy one, dost thou defy the strong?
From his far-reaching arm thou art not safe
Even in the convent's distant solitude.

MARFA.

Kill me he may, and stifle in the grave,
Or dungeon's gloom, my woman's voice, that it
Shall not reverberate throughout the world.
This he may do; but force me to speak aught
Against my will, that can he not; though backed
By all thy craft—no, he has missed his aim!

ARCHBISHOP.

Is this thy final purpose. Ponder well!
Hast thou no gentler message for the Czar?

MARFA.

Tell him to hope for heaven, if so he dare,
And for his people's love, if so he can.

ARCHBISHOP.

Enough! thou art bent on thy destruction.
Thou lean'st upon a reed, will break beneath thee;
One common ruin will o'erwhelm ye both.

[Exit.

MARFA.

It is my son, I cannot doubt 'tis he.
Even the wild hordes of the uncultured wastes
Take arms upon his side; the haughty Pole,
The palatine, doth stake his noble daughter
On the pure gold of his most righteous cause,
And I alone reject him—I, his mother?
I, only I, shook not beneath the storm
Of joy that lifts all hearts with dizzying whirl,
And scatters turmoil widely o'er the earth.
He is my son—I must, will trust in him,
And grasp with living confidence the hand
Which heaven hath sent for my deliverance.
'Tis he, he comes with his embattled hosts,
To set me free, and to avenge my shame!
Hark to his drums, his martial trumpets' clang!
Ye nations come—come from the east and south.
Forth from your steppes, your immemorial woods

Of every tongue, of every raiment come!
Bridle the steed, the reindeer, and the camel!
Sweep hither, countless as the ocean waves,
And throng around the banners of your king!
Oh, wherefore am I mewed and fettered here,
A prisoned soul with longings infinite!
Thou deathless sun, that circlest earth's huge ball,
Be thou the messenger of my desires!
Thou all-pervading, chainless breeze that sweep'st
With lightning speed to earth's remotest bound,
Oh, bear to him the yearnings of my heart.
My prayers are all I have to give; but these
I pour all glowing from my inmost soul,
And send them up to heaven on wings of flame,
Like armed hosts, I send them forth to hail him.

SCENE II.

A height crowned with trees. A wide and smiling landscape occupies the background, which is traversed by a beautiful river, and enlivened by the budding green of spring. At various points the towers of several towns are visible. Drums and martial music without. Enter ODOWALSKY, and other officers, and immediately afterwards DEMETRIUS.

ODOWALSKY.

Go, lead the army downward by the wood,
Whilst we look round us here upon the height.

[Exeunt some of the officers.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS (starting back).

Ha! what a prospect!

ODOWALSKY.

Sire, thou see'st thy kingdom
Spread out before thee. That is Russian land.

RAZIN.

Why, e'en this pillar here bears Moscow's arms;
Here terminates the empire of the Poles.

DEMETRIUS.

Is that the Dnieper, rolls its quiet stream
Along these meadows?

ODOWALSKY.

That, sire, is the Desna;
See, yonder rise the towers of Tschernizow!

RAZIN.

Yon gleam you see upon the far horizon
Is from the roofs of Sewerisch Novogrod.

DEMETRIUS.

What a rich prospect! What fair meadow lands!

ODOWALSKY.

The spring has decked them with her trim array;
A teeming harvest clothes the fruitful soil.

DEMETRIUS.

The view is lost in limitless expanse.

RAZIN.

Yet is this but a small beginning, sire,
Of Russia's mighty empire. For it spreads
Towards the east to confines unexplored,
And on the north has ne'er a boundary,
Save the productive energy of earth.
Behold, our Czar is quite absorbed in thought.

DEMETRIUS.

On these fair meads dwell peace, unbroken peace,
And with war's terrible array I come
To scatter havoc, like a listed foe!

ODOWALSKY.

Hereafter 'twill be time to think of that.

DEMETRIUS.

Thou feelest as a Pole, I am Moscow's son.
It is the land to which I owe my life;
Forgive me, thou dear soil, land of my home,
Thou sacred boundary-pillar, which I clasp,
Whereon my sire his broad-spread eagle graved,
That I, thy son, with foreign foemen's arms,
Invade the tranquil temple of thy peace.
'Tis to reclaim my heritage I come,
And the proud name that has been stolen from me.
Here the Varegers, my forefathers, ruled,
In lengthened line, for thirty generations;
I am the last of all their lineage, snatched
From murder by God's special providence.

SCENE III.

A Russian village. An open square before a church.
The tocsin is heard. GLEB, ILIA, and TIMOSKA rush in,
armed with hatchets.

GLEB (entering from a house).
Why are they running?

ILIA (entering from another house).
Who has tolled the bell.

TIMOSKA.
Neighbors, come forth! Come all, to council come!

[Enter OLEG and IGOR, with many other peasants,
women and children, who carry bundles.

GLEB.
Whence come ye hither with your wives and children?

IGOR.
Fly, fly! The Pole has fallen upon the land
At Maromesk, and slaughters all he finds.

OLEG.
Fly into the interior—to strong towns!
We've fired our cottages, there's not a soul
Left in the village, and we're making now
Up country for the army of the Czar.

TIMOSKA.
Here comes another troop of fugitives.

[IWANSKA and PETRUSCHKA, with armed peasantry,
enter on different sides.

IWANSKA.

Long live the Czar! The mighty prince Dmitri!

GLEB.

How! What is this!

ILIA.

What do you mean?

TIMOSKA.

Who are you?

PETRUSCHKA.

Join all who're loyal to our princely line!

TIMOSKA.

What means all this? There a whole village flies
Up country to escape the Poles, while you
Make for the very point whence these have fled,
To join the standard of the country's foe!

PETRUSCHKA.

What foe? It is no foe that comes; it is
The people's friend, the emperor's rightful heir.

* * * * *

The POSADMIK (the village judge) enters to read a manifesto by Demetrius.
Vacillation of the inhabitants of the village between the two parties.
The peasant women are the first to be won over to Demetrius, and turn the
scale.

Camp of DEMETRIUS. He is worsted in the first action, but the army of the Czar Boris conquers in a manner against its will, and does not follow up its advantages. Demetrius, in despair, is about to destroy himself, and is with difficulty prevented from doing so by Korela and Odowalsky. Overbearing demeanor of the Cossacks even to DEMETRIUS.

Camp of the army of the CZAR BORIS. He is absent himself, and this injures his cause, as he is feared but not loved. His army is strong, but not to be relied on. The leaders are not unanimous, and partly incline to the side of Demetrius from a variety of motives. One of their number, Soltikow, declares for him from conviction. His adherence is attended with the most important results; a large portion of the army deserts to DEMETRIUS.

BORIS in Moscow. He still maintains his position as absolute ruler, and has faithful servants around him; but already he is discomposed by evil tidings. He is withheld from joining the army by apprehension of a rebellion in Moscow. He is also ashamed as Czar to enter the field in person against a traitor. Scene between him and the archbishop.

Bad news pours in from all sides, and Boris' danger grows momentarily more imminent. He hears of the revolt of the peasantry and the provincial towns,—of the inactivity and mutiny of the army,—of the commotions in Moscow,—of the advance of Demetrius. Romanow, whom he has deeply wronged, arrives in Moscow. This gives rise to new apprehensions. Now come the tidings that the Boiars are flying to the camp of Demetrius, and that the whole army has gone over to him.

BORIS and AXINIA. The Czar appears in a touching aspect as father, and in the dialogue with his daughter unfolds his inmost nature.

BORIS has made his way to the throne by crime, but undertaken and fulfilled all the duties of a monarch; to the country he is a valuable prince and a true father of his people. It is only in his personal dealings with individuals that he is cunning, revengeful, and cruel. His spirit as well as his rank elevates him above all that surround him. The long possession of supreme power, the habit of ruling over men, and the despotic form of government, have so nursed his pride that it is impossible for him to outlive his greatness. He sees clearly what awaits him; but still he is Czar, and not degraded, though he resolves to die.

He believes in forewarnings, and in his present mood things appear to him of significance which, on other occasions, he had despised. A particular circumstance, in which he seems to hear the voice of destiny, decides him.

Shortly before his death his nature changes; he grows milder, even towards the messengers of evil, and is ashamed of the bursts of rage with which he had received them before. He permits the worst to be told to him, and even rewards the narrator.

So soon as he learns the misfortune that seals his fate, he leaves the stage without further explanation, with composure and resignation. Shortly afterwards he returns in the habit of a monk, and removes his daughter from the sight of his last moments. She is to seek protection from insult in a cloister; his son, Feodor, as a child, will perhaps have less to fear. He takes poison, and enters a retired chamber to die in peace.

General confusion at the tidings of the Czar's death. The Boiars form an imperial council and rule in the Kremlin. Romanow (afterwards Czar, and founder of the now ruling house) enters at the head of an armed force, swears, on the bosom of the Czar, an oath of allegiance to his son Feodor, and compels the Boiars to follow his example. Revenge and ambition are far from his soul; he pursues only justice. He loves Axinia without hope, and is, without knowing it,

beloved by her in return.

ROMANOW hastens to the army to secure it for the young Czar. Insurrection in Moscow, brought about by the adherents of Demetrius. The people drag the Boiars from their houses, make themselves masters of Feodor and Axinia—put them in prison, and send delegates to Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS in Tula, at the pinnacle of success. The army is his own; the keys of numerous towns are brought to him. Moscow alone appears to offer resistance. He is mild and amiable, testifies a noble emotion at the intelligence of the death of Boris, pardons a detected conspiracy against his life, despises the servile adulations of the Russians, and is for sending them away. The Poles, on the other hand, by whom he is surrounded, are rude and violent, and treat the Russians with contempt. Demetrius longs for a meeting with his mother, and sends a messenger to Marina.

Among the multitude of Russians who throng around Demetrius in Tula appears a man whom he at once recognizes; he is greatly delighted to see him. He bids all the rest withdraw, and so soon as he is alone with this man he thanks him, with full heart, as his preserver and benefactor. This person hints that Demetrius is under especial obligations to him, and to a greater extent than he is himself aware. Demetrius urges him to explain, and the assassin of the genuine Demetrius thereupon discloses the real facts of the case. For this murder he had received no recompense, but on the contrary had nothing but death to anticipate from Boris. Thirsting for revenge, he stumbled upon a boy, whose resemblance to the Czar Ivan struck him. This circumstance must be turned to account. He seized the boy, fled with him from Uglitsch, brought him to a monk, whom he succeeded in gaining over for his ends, and delivered to him the trinkets which he had himself taken from the murdered Demetrius. By means of this boy, whom

he had never lost sight of, and whose steps he had attended upon all occasions without being observed, he is now revenged. His tool, the false Demetrius, rules over Russia in Boris' room.

During this narration a mighty change comes over Demetrius. His silence is awful. In the moment of the highest rage and despair, the assassin drives him to the extreme of endurance, when with a defying and insolent air he demands his reward. Demetrius strikes him to the earth.

Soliloquy of Demetrius. Internal conflict; but the feeling of the necessity for maintaining his position as Czar is triumphant.

The delegates from Moscow arrive, and submit themselves to Demetrius. They are received gloomily, and with a menacing demeanor. Among them is the Patriarch. Demetrius deposes him from his dignity, and soon afterwards sentences to death a Russian of rank, who had questioned the authenticity of his birth.

MARFA and OLGA await Demetrius under a magnificent tent. Marfa speaks of the approaching interview with more doubt and fear than hope, and trembles as the moment draws near which should assure her highest happiness. Olga speaks to her, herself without faith. During the long journey they have both had time to recall the whole circumstances; the first exultation had given place to reflection. The gloomy silence and the repulsive glances of the guards who surround the tent serve still further to augment their despondency.

The trumpets sound. Marfa is irresolute whether she shall advance to meet Demetrius. Now he stands before her alone. The little that was left of hope in her heart altogether vanishes on seeing him. An unknown something steps between them—Nature does not speak—they are separated forever. The first impulse is

an endeavor to approach; Marfa is the first to make a movement to recede. Demetrius observes it, and remains for a moment paralyzed. Significant silence.

DEMETRIUS. Does thy heart say nothing? Dost thou not recognize thy blood in me?

MARFA is silent.

DEMETRIUS. The voice of nature is holy and free; I will neither constrain nor belie it. Had thy heart spoken at the first glance then had mine answered it; thou shouldst have found a pious, loving son in me. The claim of duty would have concurred with inclination and heartfelt affection. But if thou dost not feel as a mother for me, then, think as a princess, command thyself as a queen! Fate unexpectedly gave me to thee as a son; accept me as a gift of heaven. Though even I were not thy son, which I now appear to be, still I rob thy son of nothing. I stripped it from thy foe. Thee and thy blood have I avenged; I have delivered thee from the grave in which thou went entombed alive, and led thee back into the royal seat. That thy destiny is linked with mine thou knowest. With me thou standest, and with me must fall. All the people's eyes are upon us. I hate deception, and what I do not feel I may not show; but I do really feel a reverence for thee, and this feeling, which bends my knee before thee, comes from my heart.

[Dumb show of MARFA, to indicate her internal emotion.]

DEMETRIUS. Make thy resolve! Let that which nature will not prompt be the free act of thy will! I ask no hypocrisy—no falsehood, from thee; I ask genuine feelings. Do not seem to be my mother, but be so. Throw the past from thee—grasp the present with thy whole heart! If I am not thy son yet I am the Czar—I have power and success upon my side. He who lies in his grave is dust; he has no heart to love thee, no eye to smile upon thee. Turn to the living.

[MARFA bursts into tears.]

DEMETRIUS. Oh, these golden drops are welcome to me. Let them flow!
Show thyself thus to the people!

[At a signal from DEMETRIUS the tent is thrown open, and the assembled Russians become spectators of this scene.

Entrance of Demetrius into Moscow. Great splendor, but of a military kind. Poles and Cossacks compose the procession. Gloom and terror mingle with the demonstrations of joy. Distrust and misfortune surround the whole.

Romanow, who came to the army too late, has returned to Moscow to protect Feodor and Axinia. It is all in vain; he is himself thrown into prison. Axinia flies to Marfa, and at her feet implores protection against the Poles. Here Demetrius sees her, and a violent and irresistible passion is kindled in his breast. Axinia detests him.

DEMETRIUS as Czar. A fearful element sustains him, but he does not control it: he is urged on by the force of strange passions. His inward consciousness betokens a general distrust; he has no friend on whom he can rely. Poles and Cossacks, by their insolent licentiousness, injure him in the popular opinion. Even that which is creditable to him—his popular manners, simplicity, and contempt of stiff ceremonial, occasions dissatisfaction. Occasionally he offends, through inadvertency, the usages of the country. He persecutes the monks because he suffered severely under them. Moreover, he is not exempt from despotic caprices in the moments of offended pride. Odowalsky knows how to make himself at all times indispensable to him, removes the Russians to a distance, and maintains his overruling influence.

DEMETRIUS meditates inconstancy to Marina. He confers upon the point with the Archbishop Iob, who, in order to get rid of the Poles, falls in with his

desire, and puts before him an exalted picture of the imperial power.

MARINA appears with a vast retinue in Moscow. Meeting with Demetrius. Hollow and cold meeting on both sides; she, however, wears her disguise with greater skill. She urges an immediate marriage. Preparations are made for a magnificent festival.

By the orders of Marina a cup of poison is brought to Axinia. Death is welcome to her; she was afraid of being forced to the altar with the Czar.

Violent grief of Demetrius. With a broken heart he goes to the betrothal with Marina.

After the marriage Marina discloses to him that she does not consider him to be the true Demetrius, and never did. She then coldly leaves him in a state of extreme anguish and dismay.

Meanwhile SCHINSKOI, one of the former generals of the Czar Boris, avails himself of the growing discontent of the people, and becomes the head of a conspiracy against Demetrius.

ROMANOW, in prison, is comforted by a supernatural apparition. Axinia's spirit stands before him, opens to him a prospect of happier times in store, and enjoins him calmly to allow destiny to ripen, and not to stain himself with blood. ROMANOW receives a hint that he may himself be called to the throne. Soon afterwards he is solicited to take part in the conspiracy, but declines.

SOLTIKOW reproaches himself bitterly for having betrayed his country to Demetrius. But he will not be a second time a traitor, and adheres, from principle

and against his feelings, to the party which he has once adopted. As the misfortune has happened, he seeks at least to alleviate it, and to enfeeble the power of the Poles. He pays for this effort with his life; but he accepts death as a merited punishment, and confesses this when dying to Demetrius himself.

CASIMIR, a brother of LODOISKA, a young Polish lady, who has been secretly and hopelessly attached to Demetrius, in the house of the Waywode of Sandomir, has, at his sister's request, accompanied Demetrius in the campaign, and in every encounter defended him bravely. In the moment of danger, when all the other retainers of Demetrius think only of their personal safety, Casimir alone remains faithful to him, and sacrifices life in his defence.

The conspiracy breaks out. Demetrius is with Marfa when the leading conspirators force their way into the room. The dignity and courage of Demetrius have a momentary effect upon the rebels. He nearly succeeds in disarming them by a promise to place the Poles at their disposal. But at this point SCHINSKOI rushes in with an infuriated band. An explicit declaration is demanded from the ex-empress; she is required to swear, upon the cross, that Demetrius is her son. To testify against her conscience in a manner so solemn is impossible. She turns from Demetrius in silence, and is about to withdraw. "Is she silent?" exclaims the tumultuous throng. "Does she disown him?" "Then, traitor, die!" and Demetrius falls, pierced by their swords, at Marfa's feet.

MARY STUART.

A TRAGEDY.

By Frederick Schiller

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ELIZABETH, Queen of England.

MARY STUART, Queen of Scots, a Prisoner in England.

ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of Leicester.

GEORGE TALBOT, Earl of Shrewsbury.

WILLIAM CECIL, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer.

EARL OF KENT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVISON, Secretary of State.

SIR AMIAS PAULET, Keeper of MARY.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, his Nephew.

COUNT L'AUBESPINE, the French Ambassador.

O'KELLY, Mortimer's Friend.

COUNT BELLIEVRE, Envoy Extraordinary from France.

SIR DRUE DRURY, another Keeper of MARY.

SIR ANDREW MELVIL, her House Steward.

BURGOYNE, her Physician.

HANNAH KENNEDY, her Nurse.

MARGARET CURL, her Attendant.

Sheriff of the County.

Officer of the Guard.

French and English Lords.

Soldiers.

Servants of State belonging to ELIZABETH.

Servants and Female Attendants of the Queen of Scots.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A common apartment in the Castle of Fotheringay.

HANNAH KENNEDY, contending violently with PAULET, who is about to break open a closet; DRURY with an iron crown.

KENNEDY.

How now, sir? what fresh outrage have we here?
Back from that cabinet!

PAULET.

Whence came the jewel?
I know 'twas from an upper chamber thrown;
And you would bribe the gardener with your trinkets.
A curse on woman's wiles! In spite of all
My strict precaution and my active search,
Still treasures here, still costly gems concealed!
And doubtless there are more where this lay hid.

[Advancing towards the cabinet.

KENNEDY.

Intruder, back! here lie my lady's secrets.

PAULET.

Exactly what I seek.

[Drawing forth papers.

KENNEDY.

Mere trifling papers;
The amusements only of an idle pen,
To cheat the dreary tedium of a dungeon.

PAULET.

In idle hours the evil mind is busy.

KENNEDY.

Those writings are in French.

PAULET.

So much the worse!
That tongue betokens England's enemy.

KENNEDY.

Sketches of letters to the Queen of England.

PAULET.

I'll be their bearer. Ha! what glitters here?

[He touches a secret spring, and draws out jewels from
a private drawer.

A royal diadem enriched with stones,
And studded with the fleur-de-lis of France.

[He hands it to his assistant.

Here, take it, Drury; lay it with the rest.

[Exit DRURY.

[And ye have found the means to hide from us
Such costly things, and screen them, until now,
From our inquiring eyes?]

KENNEDY.

Oh, insolent
And tyrant power, to which we must submit.

PAULET.

She can work ill as long as she hath treasures;
For all things turn to weapons in her hands.

KENNEDY (supplicating).

Oh, sir! be merciful; deprive us not
Of the last jewel that adorns our life!
'Tis my poor lady's only joy to view
This symbol of her former majesty;
Your hands long since have robbed us of the rest.

PAULET.

'Tis in safe custody; in proper time
'Twill be restored to you with scrupulous care.

KENNEDY.

Who that beholds these naked walls could say
That majesty dwelt here? Where is the throne?
Where the imperial canopy of state?
Must she not set her tender foot, still used
To softest treading, on the rugged ground?
With common pewter, which the lowliest dame
Would scorn, they furnish forth her homely table.

PAULET.

Thus did she treat her spouse at Stirling once;
And pledged, the while, her paramour in gold.

KENNEDY.

Even the mirror's trifling aid withheld.

PAULET.

The contemplation of her own vain image
Incites to hope, and prompts to daring deeds.

KENNEDY.

Books are denied her to divert her mind.

PAULET.

The Bible still is left to mend her heart.

KENNEDY.

Even of her very lute she is deprived!

PAULET.

Because she tuned it to her wanton airs.

KENNEDY.

Is this a fate for her, the gentle born,
Who in her very cradle was a queen?
Who, reared in Catherine's luxurious court,
Enjoyed the fulness of each earthly pleasure?
Was't not enough to rob her of her power,
Must ye then envy her its paltry tinsel?
A noble heart in time resigns itself
To great calamities with fortitude;
But yet it cuts one to the soul to part
At once with all life's little outward trappings!

PAULET.

These are the things that turn the human heart
To vanity, which should collect itself
In penitence; for a lewd, vicious life,
Want and abasement are the only penance.

KENNEDY.

If youthful blood has led her into error,
With her own heart and God she must account:
There is no judge in England over her.

PAULET.

She shall have judgment where she hath transgressed.

KENNEDY.

Her narrow bonds restrain her from transgression.

PAULET.

And yet she found the means to stretch her arm
Into the world, from out these narrow bonds,
And, with the torch of civil war, inflame
This realm against our queen (whom God preserve).
And arm assassin bands. Did she not rouse
From out these walls the malefactor Parry,
And Babington, to the detested crime
Of regicide? And did this iron grate
Prevent her from decoying to her toils
The virtuous heart of Norfolk? Saw we not
The first, best head in all this island fall
A sacrifice for her upon the block?
[The noble house of Howard fell with him.]
And did this sad example terrify
These mad adventurers, whose rival zeal

Plunges for her into this deep abyss?
The bloody scaffold bends beneath the weight
Of her new daily victims; and we ne'er
Shall see an end till she herself, of all
The guiltiest, be offered up upon it.
Oh! curses on the day when England took
This Helen to its hospitable arms.

KENNEDY.

Did England then receive her hospitably?
Oh, hapless queen! who, since that fatal day
When first she set her foot within this realm,
And, as a suppliant—a fugitive—
Came to implore protection from her sister,
Has been condemned, despite the law of nations,
And royal privilege, to weep away
The fairest years of youth in prison walls.
And now, when she hath suffered everything
Which in imprisonment is hard and bitter,
Is like a felon summoned to the bar,
Fouly accused, and though herself a queen,
Constrained to plead for honor and for life.

PAULET.

She came amongst us as a murderess,
Chased by her very subjects from a throne
Which she had oft by vilest deeds disgraced.
Sworn against England's welfare came she hither,
To call the times of bloody Mary back,
Betray our church to Romish tyranny,
And sell our dear-bought liberties to France.
Say, why disdained she to subscribe the treaty

Of Edinburgh—to resign her claim
To England's crown—and with one single word,
Traced by her pen, throw wide her prison gates?
No:—she had rather live in vile confinement,
And see herself ill-treated, than renounce
The empty honors of her barren title.
Why acts she thus? Because she trusts to wiles,
And treacherous arts of base conspiracy;
And, hourly plotting schemes of mischief, hopes
To conquer, from her prison, all this isle.

KENNEDY.

You mock us, sir, and edge your cruelty
With words of bitter scorn:—that she should form
Such projects; she, who's here immured alive,
To whom no sound of comfort, not a voice
Of friendship comes from her beloved home;
Who hath so long no human face beheld,
Save her stern gaoler's unrelenting brows;
Till now, of late, in your uncourteous cousin
She sees a second keeper, and beholds
Fresh bolts and bars against her multiplied.

PAULET.

No iron-grate is proof against her wiles.
How do I know these bars are not filed through?
How that this floor, these walls, that seem so strong
Without, may not be hollow from within,
And let in felon treachery when I sleep?
Accursed office, that's intrusted to me,
To guard this cunning mother of all ill!
Fear scares me from my sleep; and in the night

I, like a troubled spirit, roam and try
The strength of every bolt, and put to proof
Each guard's fidelity:—I see, with fear,
The dawning of each morn, which may confirm
My apprehensions:—yet, thank God, there's hope
That all my fears will soon be at an end;
For rather would I at the gates of hell
Stand sentinel, and guard the devilish host
Of damned souls, than this deceitful queen.

KENNEDY.

Here comes the queen.

PAULET.

Christ's image in her hand.
Pride, and all worldly lusts within her heart.

SCENE II.

The same. Enter MARY, veiled, a crucifix in her hand.

KENNEDY (hastening toward her).
O gracious queen! they tread us under foot;
No end of tyranny and base oppression;
Each coming day heaps fresh indignities,
New sufferings on thy royal head.

MARY.

Be calm—
Say, what has happened?

KENNEDY.

See! thy cabinet
Is forced—thy papers—and thy only treasure,
Which with such pains we had secured, the last
Poor remnant of thy bridal ornaments
From France, is in his hands—naught now remains
Of royal state—thou art indeed bereft!

MARY.

Compose yourself, my Hannah! and believe me,
'Tis not these baubles that can make a queen—
Basely indeed they may behave to us,
But they cannot debase us. I have learned
To use myself to many a change in England;
I can support this too. Sir, you have taken
By force what I this very day designed
To have delivered to you. There's a letter
Amongst these papers for my royal sister
Of England. Pledge me, sir, your word of honor,
To give it to her majesty's own hands,
And not to the deceitful care of Burleigh.

PAULET.

I shall consider what is best to do.

MARY.

Sir, you shall know its import. In this letter
I beg a favor, a great favor of her,—
That she herself will give me audience,—she
Whom I have never seen. I have been summoned
Before a court of men, whom I can ne'er
Acknowledge as my peers—of men to whom
My heart denies its confidence. The queen
Is of my family, my rank, my sex;

To her alone—a sister, queen, and woman—
Can I unfold my heart.

PAULET.

Too oft, my lady,
Have you intrusted both your fate and honor
To men less worthy your esteem than these.

MARY.

I, in the letter, beg another favor,
And surely naught but inhumanity
Can here reject my prayer. These many years
Have I, in prison, missed the church's comfort,
The blessings of the sacraments—and she
Who robs me of my freedom and my crown,
Who seeks my very life, can never wish
To shut the gates of heaven upon my soul.

PAULET.

Whene'er you wish, the dean shall wait upon you.

MARY (interrupting him sharply).

Talk to me not of deans. I ask the aid
Of one of my own church—a Catholic priest.

PAULET.

[That is against the published laws of England.

MARY.

The laws of England are no rule for me.
I am not England's subject; I have ne'er
Consented to its laws, and will not bow
Before their cruel and despotic sway.

If 'tis your will, to the unheard-of rigor
Which I have borne, to add this new oppression,
I must submit to what your power ordains;
Yet will I raise my voice in loud complaints.]
I also wish a public notary,
And secretaries, to prepare my will—
My sorrows and my prison's wretchedness
Prey on my life—my days, I fear, are numbered—
I feel that I am near the gates of death.

PAULET.

These serious contemplations well become you.

MARY.

And know I then that some too ready hand
May not abridge this tedious work of sorrow?
I would indite my will and make disposal
Of what belongs to me.

PAULET.

 This liberty
May be allowed to you, for England's queen
Will not enrich herself by plundering you.

MARY.

I have been parted from my faithful women,
And from my servants; tell me, where are they?
What is their fate? I can indeed dispense
At present with their service, but my heart
Will feel rejoiced to know these faithful ones
Are not exposed to suffering and to want!

PAULET.

Your servants have been cared for; [and again
You shall behold whate'er is taken from you
And all shall be restored in proper season.]

[Going.

MARY.

And will you leave my presence thus again,
And not relieve my fearful, anxious heart
From the fell torments of uncertainty?
Thanks to the vigilance of your hateful spies,
I am divided from the world; no voice
Can reach me through these prison-walls; my fate
Lies in the hands of those who wish my ruin.
A month of dread suspense is passed already
Since when the forty high commissioners
Surprised me in this castle, and erected,
With most unseemly haste, their dread tribunal;
They forced me, stunned, amazed, and unprepared,
Without an advocate, from memory,
Before their unexampled court, to answer
Their weighty charges, artfully arranged.
They came like ghosts,—like ghosts they disappeared,
And since that day all mouths are closed to me.
In vain I seek to construe from your looks
Which hath prevailed—my cause's innocence
And my friends' zeal—or my foes' cursed counsel.
Oh, break this silence! let me know the worst;
What have I still to fear, and what to hope.

PAULET.

Close your accounts with heaven.

MARY.

From heaven I hope
For mercy, sir; and from my earthly judges
I hope, and still expect, the strictest justice.

PAULET.

Justice, depend upon it, will be done you.

MARY.

Is the suit ended, sir?

PAULET.

I cannot tell.

MARY.

Am I condemned?

PAULET.

I cannot answer, lady.

MARY.

[Sir, a good work fears not the light of day.]

PAULET.

The day will shine upon it, doubt it not.]

MARY.

Despatch is here the fashion. Is it meant
The murderer shall surprise me, like the judges?

PAULET.

Still entertain that thought and he will find you
Better prepared to meet your fate than they did.

MARY (after a pause).

Sir, nothing can surprise me which a court
Inspired by Burleigh's hate and Hatton's zeal,
Howe'er unjust, may venture to pronounce:
But I have yet to learn how far the queen
Will dare in execution of the sentence.

PAULET.

The sovereigns of England have no fear
But for their conscience and their parliament.
What justice hath decreed her fearless hand
Will execute before the assembled world.

SCENE III.

The same. MORTIMER enters, and without paying attention
to the QUEEN, addresses PAULET.

MORTIMER.

Uncle, you're sought for.

[He retires in the same manner. The QUEEN remarks it, and
turns towards PAULET, who is about to follow him.]

MARY.

Sir, one favor more
If you have aught to say to me—from you
I can bear much—I reverence your gray hairs;
But cannot bear that young man's insolence;
Spare me in future his unmannered rudeness.

PAULET.

I prize him most for that which makes you hate him

He is not, truly, one of those poor fools
Who melt before a woman's treacherous tears.
He has seen much—has been to Rheims and Paris,
And brings us back his true old English heart.
Lady, your cunning arts are lost on him.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

MARY, KENNEDY.

KENNEDY.

And dare the ruffian venture to your face
Such language! Oh, 'tis hard—'tis past endurance.

MARY (lost in reflection).

In the fair moments of our former splendor
We lent to flatterers a too willing ear;—
It is but just, good Hannah, we should now
Be forced to hear the bitter voice of censure.

KENNEDY.

So downcast, so depressed, my dearest lady!
You, who before so gay, so full of hope,
Were used to comfort me in my distress;
More gracious were the task to check your mirth
Than chide your heavy sadness.

MARY.

Well I know him—
It is the bleeding Darnley's royal shade,

Rising in anger from his darksome grave
And never will he make his peace with me
Until the measures of my woes be full.

KENNEDY.

What thoughts are these—

MARY.

Thou may'st forget it, Hannah;
But I've a faithful memory—'tis this day
Another wretched anniversary
Of that regretted, that unhappy deed—
Which I must celebrate with fast and penance.

KENNEDY.

Dismiss at length in peace this evil spirit.
The penitence of many a heavy year,
Of many a suffering, has atoned the deed;
The church, which holds the key of absolution,
Pardons the crime, and heaven itself's appeased.

MARY.

This long-atoned crime arises fresh
And bleeding from its lightly-covered grave;
My husband's restless spirit seeks revenge;
No sacred bell can exorcise, no host
In priestly hands dismiss it to his tomb.

KENNEDY.

You did not murder him; 'twas done by others.

MARY.

But it was known to me; I suffered it,

And lured him with my smiles to death's embrace.

KENNEDY.

Your youth extenuates your guilt. You were
Of tender years.

MARY.

So tender, yet I drew
This heavy guilt upon my youthful head.

KENNEDY.

You were provoked by direst injuries,
And by the rude presumption of the man,
Whom out of darkness, like the hand of heaven,
Your love drew forth, and raised above all others.
Whom through your bridal chamber you conducted
Up to your throne, and with your lovely self,
And your hereditary crown, distinguished
[Your work was his existence, and your grace
Bedewed him like the gentle rains of heaven.]
Could he forget that his so splendid lot
Was the creation of your generous love?
Yet did he, worthless as he was, forget it.
With base suspicions, and with brutal manners,
He wearied your affections, and became
An object to you of deserved disgust:
The illusion, which till now had overcast
Your judgment, vanished; angrily you fled
His foul embrace, and gave him up to scorn.
And did he seek again to win your love?
Your favor? Did he e'er implore your pardon?
Or fall in deep repentance at your feet?
No; the base wretch defied you; he, who was

Your bounty's creature, wished to play your king,
[And strove, through fear, to force your inclination.]
Before your eyes he had your favorite singer,
Poor Rizzio, murdered; you did but avenge
With blood the bloody deed——

MARY.

And bloodily,
I fear, too soon 'twill be avenged on me:
You seek to comfort me, and you condemn me.

KENNEDY.

You were, when you consented to this deed,
No more yourself; belonged not to yourself;
The madness of a frantic love possessed you,
And bound you to a terrible seducer,
The wretched Bothwell. That despotic man
Ruled you with shameful, overbearing will,
And with his philters and his hellish arts
Inflamed your passions.

MARY.

All the arts he used
Were man's superior strength and woman's weakness.

KENNEDY.

No, no, I say. The most pernicious spirits
Of hell he must have summoned to his aid,
To cast this mist before your waking senses.
Your ear no more was open to the voice
Of friendly warning, and your eyes were shut
To decency; soft female bashfulness
Deserted you; those cheeks, which were before

The seat of virtuous, blushing modesty,
Glowed with the flames of unrestrained desire.
You cast away the veil of secrecy,
And the flagitious daring of the man
O'ercame your natural coyness: you exposed
Your shame, unblushingly, to public gaze:
You let the murderer, whom the people followed
With curses, through the streets of Edinburgh,
Before you bear the royal sword of Scotland
In triumph. You begirt your parliament
With armed bands; and by this shameless farce,
There, in the very temple of great justice,
You forced the judges of the land to clear
The murderer of his guilt. You went still further—
O God!

MARY.

Conclude—nay, pause not—say for this
I gave my hand in marriage at the altar.

KENNEDY.

O let an everlasting silence veil
That dreadful deed: the heart revolts at it.
A crime to stain the darkest criminal!
Yet you are no such lost one, that I know.
I nursed your youth myself—your heart is framed
For tender softness: 'tis alive to shame,
And all your fault is thoughtless levity.
Yes, I repeat it, there are evil spirits,
Who sudden fix in man's unguarded breast
Their fatal residence, and there delight
To act their dev'lish deeds; then hurry back

Unto their native hell, and leave behind
Remorse and horror in the poisoned bosom.
Since this misdeed, which blackens thus your life,
You have done nothing ill; your conduct has
Been pure; myself can witness your amendment.
Take courage, then; with your own heart make peace.
Whatever cause you have for penitence,
You are not guilty here. Nor England's queen,
Nor England's parliament can be your judge.
Here might oppresses you: you may present
Yourself before this self-created court
With all the fortitude of innocence.

MARY.

I hear a step.

KENNEDY.

It is the nephew—In.

SCENE V.

The same. Enter MORTIMER, approaching cautiously.

MORTIMER (to KENNEDY).

Step to the door, and keep a careful watch,
I have important business with the queen.

MARY (with dignity).

I charge thee, Hannah, go not hence—remain.

MORTIMER.

Fear not, my gracious lady—learn to know me.

[He gives her a card.

MARY (She examines it, and starts back astonished).
Heavens! What is this?

MORTIMER (to KENNEDY).

Retire, good Kennedy;
See that my uncle comes not unawares.

MARY (to KENNEDY, who hesitates, and looks at the QUEEN inquiringly).
Go in; do as he bids you.

[KENNEDY retires with signs of wonder.

SCENE VI.

MARY, MORTIMER.

MARY.

From my uncle
In France—the worthy Cardinal of Lorrain?

[She reads.

"Confide in Mortimer, who brings you this;
You have no truer, firmer friend in England."

[Looking at him with astonishment.

Can I believe it? Is there no delusion
To cheat my senses? Do I find a friend
So near, when I conceived myself abandoned
By the whole world? And find that friend in you,

The nephew of my gaoler, whom I thought
My most inveterate enemy?

MORTIMER (kneeling).

Oh, pardon,
My gracious liege, for the detested mask,
Which it has cost me pain enough to wear;
Yet through such means alone have I the power
To see you, and to bring you help and rescue.

MARY.

Arise, sir; you astonish me; I cannot
So suddenly emerge from the abyss
Of wretchedness to hope: let me conceive
This happiness, that I may credit it.

MORTIMER.

Our time is brief: each moment I expect
My uncle, whom a hated man attends;
Hear, then, before his terrible commission
Surprises you, how heaven prepares your rescue.

MARY.

You come in token of its wondrous power.

MORTIMER.

Allow me of myself to speak.

MARY.

Say on.

MORTIMER.

I scarce, my liege, had numbered twenty years,
Trained in the path of strictest discipline

And nursed in deadliest hate to papacy,
When led by irresistible desire
For foreign travel, I resolved to leave
My country and its puritanic faith
Far, far behind me: soon with rapid speed
I flew through France, and bent my eager course
On to the plains of far-famed Italy.
'Twas then the time of the great jubilee:
And crowds of palmers filled the public roads;
Each image was adorned with garlands; 'twas
As if all human-kind were wandering forth
In pilgrimage towards the heavenly kingdom.
The tide of the believing multitude
Bore me too onward, with resistless force,
Into the streets of Rome. What was my wonder,
As the magnificence of stately columns
Rushed on my sight! the vast triumphal arches,
The Colosseum's grandeur, with amazement
Struck my admiring senses; the sublime
Creative spirit held my soul a prisoner
In the fair world of wonders it had framed.
I ne'er had felt the power of art till now.
The church that reared me hates the charms of sense;
It tolerates no image, it adores
But the unseen, the incorporeal word.
What were my feelings, then, as I approached
The threshold of the churches, and within,
Heard heavenly music floating in the air:
While from the walls and high-wrought roofs there streamed
Crowds of celestial forms in endless train—
When the Most High, Most Glorious pervaded
My captivated sense in real presence!

And when I saw the great and godlike visions,
The Salutation, the Nativity,
The Holy Mother, and the Trinity's
Descent, the luminous transfiguration
And last the holy pontiff, clad in all
The glory of his office, bless the people!
Oh! what is all the pomp of gold and jewels
With which the kings of earth adorn themselves!
He is alone surrounded by the Godhead;
His mansion is in truth an heavenly kingdom,
For not of earthly moulding are these forms!

MARY.

O spare me, sir! No further. Spread no more
Life's verdant carpet out before my eyes,
Remember I am wretched, and a prisoner.

MORTIMER.

I was a prisoner, too, my queen; but swift
My prison-gates flew open, when at once
My spirit felt its liberty, and hailed
The smiling dawn of life. I learned to burst
Each narrow prejudice of education,
To crown my brow with never-fading wreaths,
And mix my joy with the rejoicing crowd.
Full many noble Scots, who saw my zeal,
Encouraged me, and with the gallant French
They kindly led me to your princely uncle,
The Cardinal of Guise. Oh, what a man!
How firm, how clear, how manly, and how great!
Born to control the human mind at will!
The very model of a royal priest;

A ruler of the church without an equal!

MARY.

You've seen him then,—the much loved, honored man,
Who was the guardian of my tender years!
Oh, speak of him! Does he remember me?
Does fortune favor him? And prospers still
His life? And does he still majestic stand,
A very rock and pillar of the church?

MORTIMER.

The holy man descended from his height,
And deigned to teach me the important creed
Of the true church, and dissipate my doubts.
He showed me how the glimmering light of reason
Serves but to lead us to eternal error:
That what the heart is called on to believe
The eye must see: that he who rules the church
Must needs be visible; and that the spirit
Of truth inspired the councils of the fathers.
How vanished then the fond imaginings
And weak conceptions of my childish soul
Before his conquering judgment, and the soft
Persuasion of his tongue! So I returned
Back to the bosom of the holy church,
And at his feet abjured my heresies.

MARY.

Then of those happy thousands you are one,
Whom he, with his celestial eloquence,
Like the immortal preacher of the mount,
Has turned and led to everlasting joy!

MORTIMER.

The duties of his office called him soon
To France, and I was sent by him to Rheims,
Where, by the Jesuits' anxious labor, priests
Are trained to preach our holy faith in England.
There, 'mongst the Scots, I found the noble Morgan,
And your true Lesley, Ross's learned bishop,
Who pass in France their joyless days of exile.
I joined with heartfelt zeal these worthy men,
And fortified my faith. As I one day
Roamed through the bishop's dwelling, I was struck
With a fair female portrait; it was full
Of touching wond'rous charms; with magic might
It moved my inmost soul, and there I stood
Speechless, and overmastered by my feelings.
"Well," cried the bishop, "may you linger thus
In deep emotion near this lovely face!
For the most beautiful of womankind,
Is also matchless in calamity.
She is a prisoner for our holy faith,
And in your native land, alas! she suffers."

[MARY is in great agitation. He pauses.

MARY.

Excellent man! All is not lost, indeed,
While such a friend remains in my misfortunes!

MORTIMER.

Then he began, with moving eloquence,
To paint the sufferings of your martyrdom;
He showed me then your lofty pedigree,
And your descent from Tudor's royal house.

He proved to me that you alone have right
To reign in England, not this upstart queen,
The base-born fruit of an adult'rous bed,
Whom Henry's self rejected as a bastard.
[He from my eyes removed delusion's mist,
And taught me to lament you as a victim,
To honor you as my true queen, whom I,
Deceived, like thousands of my noble fellows,
Had ever hated as my country's foe.]
I would not trust his evidence alone;
I questioned learned doctors; I consulted
The most authentic books of heraldry;
And every man of knowledge whom I asked
Confirmed to me your claim's validity.
And now I know that your undoubted right
To England's throne has been your only wrong,
This realm is justly yours by heritage,
In which you innocently pine as prisoner.

MARY.

Oh, this unhappy right!—'tis this alone
Which is the source of all my sufferings.

MORTIMER.

Just at this time the tidings reached my ears
Of your removal from old Talbot's charge,
And your committal to my uncle's care.
It seemed to me that this disposal marked
The wond'rous, outstretched hand of favoring heaven;
It seemed to be a loud decree of fate,
That it had chosen me to rescue you.
My friends concur with me; the cardinal

Bestows on me his counsel and his blessing,
And tutors me in the hard task of feigning.
The plan in haste digested, I commenced
My journey homewards, and ten days ago
On England's shores I landed. Oh, my queen.

[He pauses.

I saw then, not your picture, but yourself—
Oh, what a treasure do these walls enclose!
No prison this, but the abode of gods,
More splendid far than England's royal court.
Happy, thrice happy he, whose envied lot
Permits to breathe the selfsame air with you!
It is a prudent policy in her
To bury you so deep! All England's youth
Would rise at once in general mutiny,
And not a sword lie quiet in its sheath:
Rebellion would uprear its giant head,
Through all this peaceful isle, if Britons once
Beheld their captive queen.

MARY.

'Twere well with her,
If every Briton saw her with your eyes!

MORTIMER.

Were each, like me, a witness of your wrongs,
Your meekness, and the noble fortitude
With which you suffer these indignities—
Would you not then emerge from all these trials
Like a true queen? Your prison's infamy,
Hath it despoiled your beauty of its charms?

You are deprived of all that graces life,
Yet round you life and light eternal beam.
Ne'er on this threshold can I set my foot,
That my poor heart with anguish is not torn,
Nor ravished with delight at gazing on you.
Yet fearfully the fatal time draws near,
And danger hourly growing presses on.
I can delay no longer—can no more
Conceal the dreadful news.

MARY.

My sentence then!
It is pronounced? Speak freely—I can bear it.

MORTIMER.

It is pronounced! The two-and-forty judges
Have given the verdict, "guilty"; and the Houses
Of Lords and Commons, with the citizens
Of London, eagerly and urgently
Demand the execution of the sentence:—
The queen alone still craftily delays,
That she may be constrained to yield, but not
From feelings of humanity or mercy.

MARY (collected).

Sir, I am not surprised, nor terrified.
I have been long prepared for such a message.
Too well I know my judges. After all
Their cruel treatment I can well conceive
They dare not now restore my liberty.
I know their aim: they mean to keep me here
In everlasting bondage, and to bury,
In the sepulchral darkness of my prison,

My vengeance with me, and my rightful claims.

MORTIMER.

Oh, no, my gracious queen;—they stop not there:
Oppression will not be content to do
Its work by halves:—as long as e'en you live,
Distrust and fear will haunt the English queen.
No dungeon can inter you deep enough;
Your death alone can make her throne secure.

MARY.

Will she then dare, regardless of the shame,
Lay my crowned head upon the fatal block?

MORTIMER.

She will most surely dare it, doubt it not.

MARY.

And can she thus roll in the very dust
Her own, and every monarch's majesty?

MORTIMER.

She thinks on nothing now but present danger,
Nor looks to that which is so far removed.

MARY.

And fears she not the dread revenge of France?

MORTIMER.

With France she makes an everlasting peace;
And gives to Anjou's duke her throne and hand.

MARY.

Will not the King of Spain rise up in arms?

MORTIMER.

She fears not a collected world in arms?
If with her people she remains at peace.

MARY.

Were this a spectacle for British eyes?

MORTIMER.

This land, my queen, has, in these latter days,
Seen many a royal woman from the throne
Descend and mount the scaffold:—her own mother
And Catherine Howard trod this fatal path;
And was not Lady Grey a crowned head?

MARY (after a pause).

No, Mortimer, vain fears have blinded you;
'Tis but the honest care of your true heart,
Which conjures up these empty apprehensions.
It is not, sir, the scaffold that I fear:
There are so many still and secret means
By which her majesty of England may
Set all my claims to rest. Oh, trust me, ere
An executioner is found for me,
Assassins will be hired to do their work.
'Tis that which makes me tremble, Mortimer:
I never lift the goblet to my lips
Without an inward shuddering, lest the draught
May have been mingled by my sister's love.

MORTIMER.

No:—neither open or disguised murder
Shall e'er prevail against you:—fear no more;
All is prepared;—twelve nobles of the land

Are my confederates, and have pledged to-day,
Upon the sacrament, their faith to free you,
With dauntless arm, from this captivity.
Count Aubespine, the French ambassador,
Knows of our plot, and offers his assistance:
'Tis in his palace that we hold our meetings.

NARY.

You make me tremble, sir, but not for joy!
An evil boding penetrates my heart.
Know you, then, what you risk? Are you not scared
By Babington and Tichburn's bloody heads,
Set up as warnings upon London's bridge?
Nor by the ruin of those many victims
Who have, in such attempts, found certain death,
And only made my chains the heavier?
Fly hence, deluded, most unhappy youth!
Fly, if there yet be time for you, before
That crafty spy, Lord Burleigh, track your schemes,
And mix his traitors in your secret plots.
Fly hence:—as yet, success hath never smiled
On Mary Stuart's champions.

MORTIMER.

I am not scared
By Babington and Tichburn's bloody heads
Set up as warnings upon London's bridge;
Nor by the ruin of those many victims
Who have, in such attempts, found certain death:
They also found therein immortal honor,
And death, in rescuing you, is dearest bliss.

MARY.

It is in vain: nor force nor guile can save me:—
My enemies are watchful, and the power
Is in their hands. It is not Paulet only
And his dependent host; all England guards
My prison gates: Elizabeth's free will
Alone can open them.

MORTIMER.

Expect not that.

MARY.

One man alone on earth can open them.

MORTIMER.

Oh, let me know his name!

MARY.

Lord Leicester.

MORTIMER.

He!

[Starts back in wonder.

The Earl of Leicester! Your most bloody foe,
The favorite of Elizabeth! through him——

MARY.

If I am to be saved at all, 'twill be
Through him, and him alone. Go to him, sir;
Freely confide in him: and, as a proof
You come from me, present this paper to him.

[She takes a paper from her bosom; MORTIMER draws back,

and hesitates to take it.

It doth contain my portrait:—take it, sir;
I've borne it long about me; but your uncle's
Close watchfulness has cut me off from all
Communication with him;—you were sent
By my good angel.

[He takes it.

MORTIMER.

Oh, my queen! Explain
This mystery.

MARY.

Lord Leicester will resolve it.
Confide in him, and he'll confide in you.
Who comes?

KENNEDY (entering hastily).

'Tis Paulet; and he brings with him
A nobleman from court.

MORTIMER.

It is Lord Burleigh.
Collect yourself, my queen, and strive to hear
The news he brings with equanimity.

[He retires through a side door, and KENNEDY follows him.

SCENE VII.

Enter LORD BURLEIGH, and PAULET.

PAULET (to MARY).

You wished to-day assurance of your fate;
My Lord of Burleigh brings it to you now;
Hear it with resignation, as beseems you.

MARY.

I hope with dignity, as it becomes
My innocence, and my exalted station.

BURLEIGH.

I come deputed from the court of justice.

MARY.

Lord Burleigh lends that court his willing tongue,
Which was already guided by his spirit.

PAULET.

You speak as if no stranger to the sentence.

MARY.

Lord Burleigh brings it; therefore do I know it.

PAULET.

[It would become you better, Lady Stuart,
To listen less to hatred.

MARY.

I but name
My enemy: I said not that I hate him.]
But to the matter, sir.

BURLEIGH.

You have acknowledged
The jurisdiction of the two-and-forty.

MARY.

My lord, excuse me, if I am obliged
So soon to interrupt you. I acknowledged,
Say you, the competence of the commission?
I never have acknowledged it, my lord;
How could I so? I could not give away
My own prerogative, the intrusted rights
Of my own people, the inheritance
Of my own son, and every monarch's honor
[The very laws of England say I could not.]
It is enacted by the English laws
That every one who stands arraigned of crime
Shall plead before a jury of his equals:
Who is my equal in this high commission?
Kings only are my peers.

BURLEIGH.

But yet you heard
The points of accusation, answered them
Before the court——

MARY.

'Tis true, I was deceived
By Hatton's crafty counsel:—he advised me,
For my own honor, and in confidence
In my good cause, and my most strong defence,
To listen to the points of accusation,
And prove their falsehoods. This, my lord, I did
From personal respect for the lords' names,
Not their usurped charge, which I disclaim.

BURLEIGH.

Acknowledge you the court, or not, that is
Only a point of mere formality,
Which cannot here arrest the course of justice.
You breathe the air of England; you enjoy
The law's protection, and its benefits;
You therefore are its subject.

MARY.

Sir, I breathe
The air within an English prison walls:
Is that to live in England; to enjoy
Protection from its laws? I scarcely know
And never have I pledged my faith to keep them.
I am no member of this realm; I am
An independent, and a foreign queen.

BURLEIGH.

And do you think that the mere name of queen
Can serve you as a charter to foment
In other countries, with impunity,
This bloody discord? Where would be the state's
Security, if the stern sword of justice
Could not as freely smite the guilty brow
Of the imperial stranger as the beggar's?

MARY.

I do not wish to be exempt from judgment,
It is the judges only I disclaim.

BURLEIGH.

The judges? How now, madam? Are they then

Base wretches, snatched at hazard from the crowd?
Vile wranglers that make sale of truth and justice;
Oppression's willing hirelings, and its tools?
Are they not all the foremost of this land,
Too independent to be else than honest,
And too exalted not to soar above
The fear of kings, or base servility?
Are they not those who rule a generous people
In liberty and justice; men, whose names
I need but mention to dispel each doubt,
Each mean suspicion which is raised against them?
Stands not the reverend primate at their head,
The pious shepherd of his faithful people,
The learned Talbot, keeper of the seals,
And Howard, who commands our conquering fleets?
Say, then, could England's sovereign do more
Than, out of all the monarchy, elect
The very noblest, and appoint them judges
In this great suit? And were it probable
That party hatred could corrupt one heart;
Can forty chosen men unite to speak
A sentence just as passion gives command?

MARY (after a short pause).

I am struck dumb by that tongue's eloquence,
Which ever was so ominous to me.
And how shall I, a weak, untutored woman,
Cope with so subtle, learned an orator?
Yes truly; were these lords as you describe them,
I must be mute; my cause were lost indeed,
Beyond all hope, if they pronounce me guilty.
But, sir, these names, which you are pleased to praise,

These very men, whose weight you think will crush me,
I see performing in the history
Of these dominions very different parts:
I see this high nobility of England,
This grave majestic senate of the realm,
Like to an eastern monarch's vilest slaves,
Flatter my uncle Henry's sultan fancies:
I see this noble, reverend House of Lords,
Venal alike with the corrupted Commons,
Make statutes and annul them, ratify
A marriage and dissolve it, as the voice
Of power commands: to-day it disinherits,
And brands the royal daughters of the realm
With the vile name of bastards, and to-morrow
Crowns them as queens, and leads them to the throne.
I see them in four reigns, with pliant conscience,
Four times abjure their faith; renounce the pope
With Henry, yet retain the old belief;
Reform themselves with Edward; hear the mass
Again with Mary; with Elizabeth,
Who governs now, reform themselves again.

BURLEIGH.

You say you are not versed in England's laws,
You seem well read, methinks, in her disasters.

MARY.

And these men are my judges?

[As LORD BURLEIGH seems to wish to speak.

My lord treasurer,
Towards you I will be just, be you but just
To me. 'Tis said that you consult with zeal

The good of England, and of England's queen;
Are honest, watchful, indefatigable;
I will believe it. Not your private ends,
Your sovereign and your country's weal alone,
Inspire your counsels and direct your deeds.
Therefore, my noble lord, you should the more
Distrust your heart; should see that you mistake not
The welfare of the government for justice.
I do not doubt, besides yourself, there are
Among my judges many upright men:
But they are Protestants, are eager all
For England's quiet, and they sit in judgment
On me, the Queen of Scotland, and the papist.
It is an ancient saying, that the Scots
And England to each other are unjust;
And hence the rightful custom that a Scot
Against an Englishman, or Englishman
Against a Scot, cannot be heard in judgment.
Necessity prescribed this cautious law;
Deep policy oft lies in ancient customs:
My lord, we must respect them. Nature cast
Into the ocean these two fiery nations
Upon this plank, and she divided it
Unequally, and bade them fight for it.
The narrow bed of Tweed alone divides
These daring spirits; often hath the blood
Of the contending parties dyed its waves.
Threatening, and sword in hand, these thousand years,
From both its banks they watch their rival's motions,
Most vigilant and true confederates,
With every enemy of the neighbor state.
No foe oppresses England, but the Scot

Becomes his firm ally; no civil war
Inflames the towns of Scotland, but the English
Add fuel to the fire: this raging hate
Will never be extinguished till, at last,
One parliament in concord shall unite them,
One common sceptre rule throughout the isle.

BURLEIGH.

And from a Stuart, then, should England hope
This happiness?

MARY.

Oh! why should I deny it?
Yes, I confess, I cherished the fond hope;
I thought myself the happy instrument
To join in freedom, 'neath the olive's shade,
Two generous realms in lasting happiness!
I little thought I should become the victim
Of their old hate, their long-lived jealousy;
And the sad flames of that unhappy strife,
I hoped at last to smother, and forever:
And, as my ancestor, great Richmond, joined
The rival roses after bloody contest,
To join in peace the Scotch and English crowns.

BURLEIGH.

An evil way you took to this good end,
To set the realm on fire, and through the flames
Of civil war to strive to mount the throne.

MARY.

I wished not that:—I wished it not, by Heaven!
When did I strive at that? Where are your proofs?

BURLEIGH.

I came not hither to dispute; your cause
Is no more subject to a war of words.
The great majority of forty voices
Hath found that you have contravened the law
Last year enacted, and have now incurred
Its penalty.

[Producing the verdict.

MARY.

Upon this statute, then,
My lord, is built the verdict of my judges?

BURLEIGH (reading).

Last year it was enacted, "If a plot
Henceforth should rise in England, in the name
Or for the benefit of any claimant
To England's crown, that justice should be done
On such pretender, and the guilty party
Be prosecuted unto death." Now, since
It has been proved——

MARY.

Lord Burleigh, I can well
Imagine that a law expressly aimed
At me, and framed to compass my destruction
May to my prejudice be used. Oh! Woe
To the unhappy victim, when the tongue
That frames the law shall execute the sentence.
Can you deny it, sir, that this same statute
Was made for my destruction, and naught else?

BURLEIGH.

It should have acted as a warning to you:
By your imprudence it became a snare.
You saw the precipice which yawned before you;
Yet, truly warned, you plunged into the deep.
With Babington, the traitor, and his bands
Of murderous companions, were you leagued.
You knew of all, and from your prison led
Their treasonous plottings with a deep-laid plan.

MARY.

When did I that, my lord? Let them produce
The documents.

BURLEIGH.

You have already seen them
They were before the court, presented to you.

MARY.

Mere copies written by another hand;
Show me the proof that they were dictated
By me, that they proceeded from my lips,
And in those very terms in which you read them.

BURLEIGH.

Before his execution, Babington
Confessed they were the same which he received.

MARY.

Why was he in his lifetime not produced
Before my face? Why was he then despatched
So quickly that he could not be confronted
With her whom he accused?

BURLEIGH.

Besides, my lady,
Your secretaries, Curl and Nau, declare
On oath, they are the very selfsame letters
Which from your lips they faithfully transcribed.

MARY.

And on my menials' testimony, then,
I am condemned; upon the word of those
Who have betrayed me, me, their rightful queen!
Who in that very moment, when they came
As witnesses against me, broke their faith!

BURLEIGH.

You said yourself, you held your countryman
To be an upright, conscientious man.

MARY.

I thought him such; but 'tis the hour of danger
Alone, which tries the virtue of a man.
[He ever was an honest man, but weak
In understanding; and his subtle comrade,
Whose faith, observe, I never answered for,
Might easily seduce him to write down
More than he should;] the rack may have compelled him
To say and to confess more than he knew.
He hoped to save himself by this false witness,
And thought it could not injure me—a queen.

BURLEIGH.

The oath he swore was free and unconstrained.

MARY.

But not before my face! How now, my lord?
The witnesses you name are still alive;
Let them appear against me face to face,
And there repeat what they have testified.
Why am I then denied that privilege,
That right which e'en the murderer enjoys?
I know from Talbot's mouth, my former keeper,
That in this reign a statute has been passed
Which orders that the plaintiff be confronted
With the defendant; is it so, good Paulet?
I e'er have known you as an honest man;
Now prove it to me; tell me, on your conscience,
If such a law exist or not in England?

PAULET.

Madam, there does: that is the law in England.
I must declare the truth.

MARY.

Well, then, my lord,
If I am treated by the law of England
So hardly, when that law oppresses me,
Say, why avoid this selfsame country's law,
When 'tis for my advantage? Answer me;
Why was not Babington confronted with me?
Why not my servants, who are both alive?

BURLEIGH.

Be not so hasty, lady; 'tis not only
Your plot with Babington——

MARY.

'Tis that alone

Which arms the law against me; that alone
From which I'm called upon to clear myself.
Stick to the point, my lord; evade it not.

BURLEIGH.

It has been proved that you have corresponded
With the ambassador of Spain, Mendoza——

MARY.

Stick to the point, my lord.

BURLEIGH.

That you have formed
Conspiracies to overturn the fixed
Religion of the realm; that you have called
Into this kingdom foreign powers, and roused
All kings in Europe to a war with England.

MARY.

And were it so, my lord—though I deny it—
But e'en suppose it were so: I am kept
Imprisoned here against all laws of nations.
I came not into England sword in hand;
I came a suppliant; and at the hands
Of my imperial kinswoman I claimed
The sacred rights of hospitality,
When power seized upon me, and prepared
To rivet fetters where I hoped protection.
Say, is my conscience bound, then, to this realm?
What are the duties that I owe to England?
I should but exercise a sacred right,
Derived from sad necessity, if I
Warred with these bonds, encountered might with might,

Roused and incited every state in Europe
For my protection to unite in arms.
Whatever in a rightful war is just
And loyal, 'tis my right to exercise:
Murder alone, the secret, bloody deed,
My conscience and my pride alike forbid.
Murder would stain me, would dishonor me:
Dishonor me, my lord, but not condemn me,
Nor subject me to England's courts of law:
For 'tis not justice, but mere violence,
Which is the question 'tween myself and England.

BURLEIGH (significantly).

Talk not, my lady, of the dreadful right
Of power: 'tis seldom on the prisoner's side.

MARY.

I am the weak, she is the mighty one:
'Tis well, my lord; let her, then, use her power;
Let her destroy me; let me bleed, that she
May live secure; but let her, then, confess
That she hath exercised her power alone,
And not contaminate the name of justice.
Let her not borrow from the laws the sword
To rid her of her hated enemy;
Let her not clothe in this religious garb
The bloody daring of licentious might;
Let not these juggling tricks deceive the world.

[Returning the sentence.

Though she may murder me, she cannot judge me:
Let her no longer strive to join the fruits

Of vice with virtue's fair and angel show;
But let her dare to seem the thing she is.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

BURLEIGH, PAULET.

BURLEIGH.

She scorns us, she defies us! will defy us,
Even at the scaffold's foot. This haughty heart
Is not to be subdued. Say, did the sentence
Surprise her? Did you see her shed one tear,
Or even change her color? She disdains
To make appeal to our compassion. Well
She knows the wavering mind of England's queen.
Our apprehensions make her bold.

PAULET.

My lord,
Take the pretext away which buoys it up,
And you shall see this proud defiance fail
That very moment. I must say, my lord,
Irregularities have been allowed
In these proceedings; Babington and Ballard
Should have been brought, with her two secretaries,
Before her, face to face.

BURLEIGH.

No, Paulet, no.
That was not to be risked; her influence

Upon the human heart is too supreme;
Too strong the female empire of her tears.
Her secretary, Curl, if brought before her,
And called upon to speak the weighty word
On which her life depends, would straight shrink back
And fearfully revoke his own confession.

PAULET.

Then England's enemies will fill the world
With evil rumors; and the formal pomp
Of these proceedings to the minds of all
Will only signalize an act of outrage.

BURLEIGH.

That is the greatest torment of our queen,
[That she can never 'scape the blame. Oh God!]
Had but this lovely mischief died before
She set her faithless foot on English ground.

PAULET.

Amen, say I!

BURLEIGH.

Had sickness but consumed her!

PAULET.

England had been secured from such misfortune.

BURLEIGH.

And yet, if she had died in nature's course,
The world would still have called us murderers.

PAULET.

'Tis true, the world will think, despite of us,

Whate'er it list.

BURLEIGH.

Yet could it not be proved?
And it would make less noise.

PAULET.

Why, let it make
What noise it may. It is not clamorous blame,
'Tis righteous censure only which can wound.

BURLEIGH.

We know that holy justice cannot 'scape
The voice of censure; and the public cry
Is ever on the side of the unhappy:
Envy pursues the laurelled conqueror;
The sword of justice, which adorns the man,
Is hateful in a woman's hand; the world
Will give no credit to a woman's justice
If woman be the victim. Vain that wo,
The judges, spoke what conscience dictated;
She has the royal privilege of mercy;
She must exert it: 'twere not to be borne,
Should she let justice take its full career.

PAULET.

And therefore——

BURLEIGH.

Therefore should she live? Oh, no,
She must not live; it must not be. 'Tis this,
Even this, my friend, which so disturbs the queen,

And scares all slumber from her couch; I read
Her soul's distracting contest in her eyes:
She fears to speak her wishes, yet her looks,
Her silent looks, significantly ask,
"Is there not one amongst my many servants
To save me from this sad alternative?
Either to tremble in eternal fear
Upon my throne, or else to sacrifice
A queen of my own kindred on the block?"

PAULET.

'Tis even so; nor can it be avoided——

BURLEIGH.

Well might it be avoided, thinks the queen,
If she had only more attentive servants.

PAULET.

How more attentive?

BURLEIGH.

Such as could interpret
A silent mandate.

PAULET.

What? A silent mandate!

BURLEIGH.

Who, when a poisonous adder is delivered
Into their hands, would keep the treacherous charge
As if it were a sacred, precious jewel?

PAULET.

A precious jewel is the queen's good name

And spotless reputation: good my lord,
One cannot guard it with sufficient care.

BURLEIGH.

When out of Shrewsbury's hands the Queen of Scots
Was trusted to Sir Amias Paulet's care,
The meaning was——

PAULET.

I hope to God, my lord,
The meaning was to give the weightiest charge
Into the purest hands; my lord, my lord!
By heaven I had disdained this bailiff's office
Had I not thought the service claimed the care
Of the best man that England's realm can boast.
Let me not think I am indebted for it
To anything but my unblemished name.

BURLEIGH.

Spread the report she wastes; grows sicker still
And sicker; and expires at last in peace;
Thus will she perish in the world's remembrance,
And your good name is pure.

PAULET.

But not my conscience.

BURLEIGH.

Though you refuse us, sir, your own assistance,
You will not sure prevent another's hand.

PAULET.

No murderer's foot shall e'er approach her threshold

Whilst she's protected by my household gods.
Her life's a sacred trust; to me the head
Of Queen Elizabeth is not more sacred.
Ye are the judges; judge, and break the staff;
And when 'tis time then let the carpenter
With axe and saw appear to build the scaffold.
My castle's portals shall be open to him,
The sheriff and the executioners:
Till then she is intrusted to my care;
And be assured I will fulfil my trust,
She shall nor do nor suffer what's unjust.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

London, a Hall in the Palace of Westminster. The EARL OF KENT
and SIR WILLIAM DAVISON meeting.

DAVISON.

Is that my Lord of Kent? So soon returned?
Is then the tourney, the carousal over?

KENT.

How now? Were you not present at the tilt?

DAVISON.

My office kept me here.

KENT.

Believe me, sir,
You've lost the fairest show which ever state
Devised, or graceful dignity performed:
For beauty's virgin fortress was presented
As by desire invested; the Earl-Marshal,
The Lord-High Admiral, and ten other knights
Belonging to the queen defended it,
And France's cavaliers led the attack.
A herald marched before the gallant troop,

And summoned, in a madrigal, the fortress;
And from the walls the chancellor replied;
And then the artillery was played, and nosegays
Breathing delicious fragrance were discharged
From neat field-pieces; but in vain, the storm
Was valiantly resisted, and desire
Was forced, unwillingly, to raise the siege.

DAVISON.

A sign of evil-boding, good my lord,
For the French Suitors.

KENT.

Why, you know that this
Was but in sport; when the attack's in earnest
The fortress will, no doubt, capitulate.

DAVISON.

Ha! think you so? I never can believe it.

KENT.

The hardest article of all is now
Adjusted and acceded to by France;
The Duke of Anjou is content to hold
His holy worship in a private chapel;
And openly he promises to honor
And to protect the realm's established faith.
Had ye but heard the people's joyful shouts
Where'er the tidings spread, for it has been
The country's constant fear the queen might die
Without immediate issue of her body;
And England bear again the Romish chains
If Mary Stuart should ascend the throne.

DAVISON.

This fear appears superfluous; she goes
Into the bridal chamber; Mary Stuart
Enters the gates of death.

KENT.

The queen approaches.

SCENE II.

Enter ELIZABETH, led in by LEICESTER, COUNT AUBESPINE,
BELLIEVRE, LORDS SHREWSBURY and BURLEIGH, with other
French and English gentlemen.

ELIZABETH (to AUBESPINE).

Count, I am sorry for these noblemen
Whose gallant zeal hath brought them over sea
To visit these our shores, that they, with us,
Must miss the splendor of St. Germain's court.
Such pompous festivals of godlike state
I cannot furnish as the royal court
Of France. A sober and contented people,
Which crowd around me with a thousand blessings
Whene'er in public I present myself:
This is the spectacle which I can show,
And not without some pride, to foreign eyes.
The splendor of the noble dames who bloom
In Catherine's beauteous garden would, I know,
Eclipse myself, and my more modest merits.

AUBESPINE.

The court of England has one lady only
To show the wondering foreigner; but all
That charms our hearts in the accomplished sex
Is seen united in her single person.

BELLIEVRE.

Great majesty of England, suffer us
To take our leave, and to our royal master,
The Duke of Anjou, bring the happy news.
The hot impatience of his heart would not
Permit him to remain at Paris; he
At Amiens awaits the joyful tidings;
And thence to Calais reach his posts to bring
With winged swiftness to his tranced ear
The sweet consent which, still we humbly hope,
Your royal lips will graciously pronounce.

ELIZABETH.

Press me no further now, Count Bellievre.
It is not now a time, I must repeat,
To kindle here the joyful marriage torch.
The heavens lower black and heavy o'er this land;
And weeds of mourning would become me better
Than the magnificence of bridal robes.
A fatal blow is aimed against my heart;
A blow which threatens to oppress my house.

BELLIEVRE.

We only ask your majesty to promise
Your royal hand when brighter days shall come.

ELIZABETH.

Monarchs are but the slaves of their condition;

They dare not hear the dictates of their hearts;
My wish was ever to remain unmarried,
And I had placed my greatest pride in this,
That men hereafter on my tomb might read,
"Here rests the virgin queen." But my good subjects
Are not content that this should be: they think,
E'en now they often think upon the time
When I shall be no more. 'Tis not enough
That blessings now are showered upon this land;
They ask a sacrifice for future welfare,
And I must offer up my liberty,
My virgin liberty, my greatest good,
To satisfy my people. Thus they'd force
A lord and master on me. 'Tis by this
I see that I am nothing but a woman
In their regard; and yet methought that I
Had governed like a man, and like a king.
Well wot I that it is not serving God
To quit the laws of nature; and that those
Who here have ruled before me merit praise,
That they have oped the cloister gates, and given
Thousands of victims of ill-taught devotion
Back to the duties of humanity.
But yet a queen who hath not spent her days
In fruitless, idle contemplation; who,
Without murmur, indefatigably
Performs the hardest of all duties; she
Should be exempted from that natural law
Which doth ordain one half of human kind
Shall ever be subservient to the other.

AUBESPINE.

Great queen, you have upon your throne done honor
To every virtue; nothing now remains
But to the sex, whose greatest boast you are
To be the leading star, and give the great
Example of its most consistent duties.
'Tis true, the man exists not who deserves
That you to him should sacrifice your freedom;
Yet if a hero's soul, descent, and rank,
And manly beauty can make mortal man
Deserving of this honor——

ELIZABETH.

Without doubt,
My lord ambassador, a marriage union
With France's royal son would do me honor;
Yes, I acknowledge it without disguise,
If it must be, if I cannot prevent it,
If I must yield unto my people's prayers,
And much I fear they will o'erpower me,
I do not know in Europe any prince
To whom with less reluctance I would yield
My greatest treasure, my dear liberty.
Let this confession satisfy your master.

BELLIEVRE.

It gives the fairest hope, and yet it gives
Nothing but hope; my master wishes more.

ELIZABETH.

What wishes he?

[She takes a ring from her finger, and thoughtfully examines it.

In this a queen has not
One privilege above all other women.

This common token marks one common duty,
One common servitude; the ring denotes
Marriage, and 'tis of rings a chain is formed.
Convey this present to his highness; 'tis
As yet no chain, it binds me not as yet,
But out of it may grow a link to bind me.

BELLIEVRE (kneeling).

This present, in his name, upon my knees,
I do receive, great queen, and press the kiss
Of homage on the hand of her who is
Henceforth my princess.

ELIZABETH (to the EARL OF LEICESTER, whom she, during the last
speeches,
had continually regarded).

By your leave, my lord.

[She takes the blue ribbon from his neck [1], and invests Bellievre
with it.

Invest his highness with this ornament,
As I invest you with it, and receive you
Into the duties of my gallant order.
And, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Thus perish
All jealousy between our several realms,
And let the bond of confidence unite
Henceforth, the crowns of Britain and of France.

BELLIEVRE.

Most sovereign queen, this is a day of joy;
Oh that it could be so for all, and no
Afflicted heart within this island mourn.

See! mercy beams upon thy radiant brow;
Let the reflection of its cheering light
Fall on a wretched princess, who concerns
Britain and France alike.

ELIZABETH.

No further, count!
Let us not mix two inconsistent things;
If France be truly anxious for my hand,
It must partake my interests, and renounce
Alliance with my foes.

AUBESPINE.

In thine own eyes
Would she not seem to act unworthily,
If in this joyous treaty she forgot
This hapless queen, the widow of her king;
In whose behalf her honor and her faith
Are bound to plead for grace.

ELIZABETH.

Thus urged, I know
To rate this intercession at its worth;
France has discharged her duties as a friend,
I will fulfil my own as England's queen.

[She bows to the French ambassadors, who, with the other gentlemen, retire respectfully.]

[1] Till the time of Charles the First, the Knights of the Garter wore the blue ribbon with the George about their necks, as they still do the collars, on great days.—TRANSLATOR.

SCENE III.

Enter BURLEIGH, LEICESTER, and TALBOT.
The QUEEN takes her seat.

BURLEIGH.

Illustrious sovereign, thou crown'st to-day
The fervent wishes of thy people; now
We can rejoice in the propitious days
Which thou bestowest upon us; and we look
No more with fear and trembling towards the time
Which, charged with storms, futurity presented.
Now, but one only care disturbs this land;
It is a sacrifice which every voice
Demands; Oh! grant but this and England's peace
Will be established now and evermore.

ELIZABETH.

What wish they still, my lord? Speak.

BURLEIGH.

They demand
The Stuart's head. If to thy people thou
Wouldst now secure the precious boon of freedom,
And the fair light of truth so dearly won,
Then she must die; if we are not to live
In endless terror for thy precious life
The enemy must fall; for well thou know'st
That all thy Britons are not true alike;
Romish idolatry has still its friends
In secret, in this island, who foment
The hatred of our enemies. Their hearts
All turn toward this Stuart; they are leagued

With the two plotting brothers of Lorrain,
The foes inveterate of thy house and name.
'Gainst thee this raging faction hath declared
A war of desolation, which they wage
With the deceitful instruments of hell.
At Rheims, the cardinal archbishop's see,
There is the arsenal from which they dart
These lightnings; there the school of regicide;
Thence, in a thousand shapes disguised, are sent
Their secret missionaries to this isle;
Their bold and daring zealots; for from thence
Have we not seen the third assassin come?
And inexhausted is the direful breed
Of secret enemies in this abyss.
While in her castle sits at Fotheringay,
The Ate [1] of this everlasting war,
Who, with the torch of love, spreads flames around;
For her who sheds delusive hopes on all,
Youth dedicates itself to certain death;
To set her free is the pretence—the aim
Is to establish her upon the throne.
For this accursed House of Guise denies
Thy sacred right; and in their mouths thou art
A robber of the throne, whom chance has crowned.
By them this thoughtless woman was deluded,
Proudly to style herself the Queen of England;
No peace can be with her, and with her house;
[Their hatred is too bloody, and their crimes
Too great;] thou must resolve to strike, or suffer—
Her life is death to thee, her death thy life.

ELIZABETH.

My lord, you bear a melancholy office;
I know the purity which guides your zeal,
The solid wisdom which informs your speech;
And yet I hate this wisdom, when it calls
For blood, I hate it in my inmost soul.
Think of a milder counsel—Good my Lord
Of Shrewsbury, we crave your judgment here.

TALBOT.

[Desire you but to know, most gracious queen,
What is for your advantage, I can add
Nothing to what my lord high-treasurer
Has urged; then, for your welfare, let the sentence
Be now confirmed—this much is proved already:
There is no surer method to avert
The danger from your head and from the state.
Should you in this reject our true advice,
You can dismiss your council. We are placed
Here as your counsellors, but to consult
The welfare of this land, and with our knowledge
And our experience we are bound to serve you!
But in what's good and just, most gracious queen,
You have no need of counsellors, your conscience
Knows it full well, and it is written there.
Nay, it were overstepping our commission
If we attempted to instruct you in it.

ELIZABETH.

Yet speak, my worthy Lord of Shrewsbury,
'Tis not our understanding fails alone,
Our heart too feels it wants some sage advice.]

TALBOT.

Well did you praise the upright zeal which fires
Lord Burleigh's loyal breast; my bosom, too,
Although my tongue be not so eloquent,
Beats with no weaker, no less faithful pulse.
Long may you live, my queen, to be the joy
Of your delighted people, to prolong
Peace and its envied blessings in this realm.
Ne'er hath this isle beheld such happy days
Since it was governed by its native kings.
Oh, let it never buy its happiness
With its good name; at least, may Talbot's eyes
Be closed in death e'er this shall come to pass.

ELIZABETH.

Forbid it, heaven, that our good name be stained!

TALBOT.

Then must you find some other way than this
To save thy kingdom, for the sentence passed
Of death against the Stuart is unjust.
You cannot upon her pronounce a sentence
Who is not subject to you.

ELIZABETH.

Then, it seems,
My council and my parliament have erred;
Each bench of justice in the land is wrong,
Which did with one accord admit this right.

TALBOT (after a pause).

The proof of justice lies not in the voice
Of numbers; England's not the world, nor is
Thy parliament the focus, which collects

The vast opinion of the human race.
This present England is no more the future
Than 'tis the past; as inclination changes,
Thus ever ebbs and flows the unstable tide
Of public judgment. Say not, then, that thou
Must act as stern necessity compels,
That thou must yield to the importunate
Petitions of thy people; every hour
Thou canst experience that thy will is free.
Make trial, and declare thou hatest blood,
And that thou wilt protect thy sister's life;
Show those who wish to give thee other counsels,
That here thy royal anger is not feigned,
And thou shalt see how stern necessity
Can vanish, and what once was titled justice
Into injustice be converted: thou
Thyself must pass the sentence, thou alone
Trust not to this unsteady, trembling reed,
But hear the gracious dictates of thy heart.
God hath not planted rigor in the frame
Of woman; and the founders of this realm,
Who to the female hand have not denied
The reins of government, intend by this
To show that mercy, not severity,
Is the best virtue to adorn a crown.

ELIZABETH.

Lord Shrewsbury is a fervent advocate
For mine and England's enemy; I must
Prefer those counsellors who wish my welfare.

TALBOT.

Her advocates have an invidious task!
None will, by speaking in her favor, dare
To meet thy anger: stiffer, then, an old
And faithful counsellor (whom naught on earth
Can tempt on the grave's brink) to exercise
The pious duty of humanity.
It never shall be said that, in thy council,
Passion and interest could find a tongue,
While mercy's pleading voice alone was mute,
All circumstances have conspired against her;
Thou ne'er hast seen her face, and nothing speaks
Within thy breast for one that's stranger to thee.
I do not take the part of her misdeeds;
They say 'twas she who planned her husband's murder:
'Tis true that she espoused his murderer.
A grievous crime, no doubt; but then it happened
In darksome days of trouble and dismay,
In the stern agony of civil war,
When she, a woman, helpless and hemmed in
By a rude crowd of rebel vassals, sought
Protection in a powerful chieftain's arms.
God knows what arts were used to overcome her!
For woman is a weak and fragile thing.

ELIZABETH.

Woman's not weak; there are heroic souls
Among the sex; and, in my presence, sir,
I do forbid to speak of woman's weakness.

TALBOT.

Misfortune was for thee a rigid school;
Thou wast not stationed on the sunny side

Of life; thou sawest no throne, from far, before thee;
The grave was gaping for thee at thy feet.
At Woodstock, and in London's gloomy tower,
'Twas there the gracious father of this land
Taught thee to know thy duty, by misfortune.
No flatterer sought thee there: there learned thy soul,
Far from the noisy world and its distractions,
To commune with itself, to think apart,
And estimate the real goods of life.
No God protected this poor sufferer:
Transplanted in her early youth to France,
The court of levity and thoughtless joys,
There, in the round of constant dissipation,
She never heard the earnest voice of truth;
She was deluded by the glare of vice,
And driven onward by the stream of ruin.
Hers was the vain possession of a face,
And she outshone all others of her sex
As far in beauty, as in noble birth.

ELIZABETH.

Collect yourself, my Lord of Shrewsbury;
Bethink you we are met in solemn council.
Those charms must surely be without compare,
Which can engender, in an elder's blood,
Such fire. My Lord of Leicester, you alone
Are silent; does the subject which has made
Him eloquent, deprive you of your speech?

LEICESTER.

Amazement ties my tongue, my queen, to think
That they should fill thy soul with such alarms,

And that the idle tales, which, in the streets,
Of London, terrify the people's ears,
Should reach the enlightened circle of thy council,
And gravely occupy our statesmen's minds.
Astonishment possesses me, I own,
To think this lackland Queen of Scotland, she
Who could not save her own poor throne, the jest
Of her own vassals, and her country's refuse,
[Who in her fairest days of freedom, was
But thy despised puppet,] should become
At once thy terror when a prisoner.
What, in Heaven's name, can make her formidable?
That she lays claim to England? that the Guises
Will not acknowledge thee as queen?
[Did then Thy people's loyal fealty await
These Guises' approbation?] Can these Guises,
With their objections, ever shake the right
Which birth hath given thee; which, with one consent,
The votes of parliament have ratified?
And is not she, by Henry's will, passed o'er
In silence? Is it probable that England,
As yet so blessed in the new light's enjoyment,
Should throw itself into this papist's arms?
From thee, the sovereign it adores, desert
To Darnley's murderess? What will they then,
These restless men, who even in thy lifetime
Torment thee with a successor; who cannot
Dispose of thee in marriage soon enough
To rescue church and state from fancied peril?
Stand'st thou not blooming there in youthful prime
While each step leads her towards the expecting tomb?
By Heavens, I hope thou wilt full many a year

Walk o'er the Stuart's grave, and ne'er become
Thyself the instrument of her sad end.

BURLEIGH.

Lord Leicester hath not always held this tone.

LEICESTER.

'Tis true, I in the court of justice gave
My verdict for her death; here, in the council,
I may consistently speak otherwise
Here, right is not the question, but advantage.
Is this a time to fear her power, when France,
Her only succor, has abandoned her?
When thou preparest with thy hand to bless
The royal son of France, when the fair hope
Of a new, glorious stem of sovereigns
Begins again to blossom in this land?
Why hasten then her death? She's dead already.
Contempt and scorn are death to her; take heed
Lest ill-timed pity call her into life.
'Tis therefore my advice to leave the sentence,
By which her life is forfeit, in full force.
Let her live on; but let her live beneath
The headsman's axe, and, from the very hour
One arm is lifted for her, let it fall.

ELIZABETH (rises).

My lords, I now have heard your several thoughts,
And give my ardent thanks for this your zeal.
With God's assistance, who the hearts of kings
Illumines, I will weigh your arguments,
And choose what best my judgment shall approve.

[To BURLEIGH.

[Lord Burleigh's honest fears, I know it well,
Are but the offspring of his faithful care;
But yet, Lord Leicester has most truly said,
There is no need of haste; our enemy
Hath lost already her most dangerous sting—
The mighty arm of France: the fear that she
Might quickly be the victim of their zeal
Will curb the blind impatience of her friends.]

[1] The picture of Ate, the goddess of mischief, we are acquainted with from Homer, II. v. 91, 130. I. 501. She is a daughter of Jupiter, and eager to prejudice every one, even the immortal gods. She counteracted Jupiter himself, on which account he seized her by her beautiful hair, and hurled her from heaven to the earth, where she now, striding over the heads of men, excites them to evil in order to involve them in calamity.—
HERDER.

Shakspeare has, in Julius Caesar, made a fine use of this image:—

"And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge
with Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

I need not point out to the reader the beautiful propriety of introducing the evil spirit on this occasion.—TRANSLATOR.

SCENE IV.

Enter SIR AMIAS PAULET and MORTIMER.

ELIZABETH.

There's Sir Amias Paulet; noble sir,
What tidings bring you?

PAULET.

Gracious sovereign,
My nephew, who but lately is returned
From foreign travel, kneels before thy feet,
And offers thee his first and earliest homage,
Grant him thy royal grace, and let him grow
And flourish in the sunshine of thy favor.

MORTIMER (kneeling on one knee).
Long live my royal mistress! Happiness
And glory from a crown to grace her brows!

ELIZABETH.

Arise, sir knight; and welcome here in England;
You've made, I hear, the tour, have been in France
And Rome, and tarried, too, some time at Rheims:
Tell me what plots our enemies are hatching?

MORTIMER.

May God confound them all! And may the darts
Which they shall aim against my sovereign,
Recoiling, strike their own perfidious breasts!

ELIZABETH.

Did you see Morgan, and the wily Bishop
Of Ross?

MORTIMER.

I saw, my queen, all Scottish exiles
Who forge at Rheims their plots against this realm.
I stole into their confidence in hopes
To learn some hint of their conspiracies.

PAULET.

Private despatches they intrusted to him,
In cyphers, for the Queen of Scots, which he,
With loyal hand, hath given up to us.

ELIZABETH.

Say, what are then their latest plans of treason?

MORTIMER.

It struck them all as 'twere a thunderbolt,
That France should leave them, and with England close
This firm alliance; now they turn their hopes
Towards Spain——

ELIZABETH.

This, Walsingham hath written us.

MORTIMER.

Besides, a bull, which from the Vatican
Pope Sixtus lately levelled at thy throne,
Arrived at Rheims, as I was leaving it;
With the next ship we may expect it here.

LEICESTER.

England no more is frightened by such arms.

BURLEIGH.

They're always dangerous in bigots' hands.

ELIZABETH (looking steadfastly at MORTIMER).
Your enemies have said that you frequented
The schools at Rheims, and have abjured your faith.

MORTIMER.
So I pretended, that I must confess;
Such was my anxious wish to serve my queen.

ELIZABETH (to PAULET, who presents papers to her).
What have you there?

PAULET.
'Tis from the Queen of Scots.
'Tis a petition, and to thee addressed.

BURLEIGH (hastily catching at it).
Give me the paper.

PAULET (giving it to the QUEEN).
By your leave, my lord
High-treasurer; the lady ordered me
To bring it to her majesty's own hands.
She says I am her enemy; I am
The enemy of her offences only,
And that which is consistent with my duty
I will, and readily, oblige her in.

[The QUEEN takes the letter: as she reads it MORTIMER
and LEICESTER speak some words in private.]

BURLEIGH (to PAULET).
What may the purport of the letter be?
Idle complaints, from which one ought to screen
The queen's too tender heart.

PAULET.

What it contains
She did not hide from me; she asks a boon;
She begs to be admitted to the grace
Of speaking with the queen.

BURLEIGH.

It cannot be.

TALBOT.

Why not? Her supplication's not unjust.

BURLEIGH.

For her, the base encourager of murder;
Her, who hath thirsted for our sovereign's blood,
The privilege to see the royal presence
Is forfeited: a faithful counsellor
Can never give this treacherous advice.

TALBOT.

And if the queen is gracious, sir, are you
The man to hinder pity's soft emotions?

BURLEIGH.

She is condemned to death; her head is laid
Beneath the axe, and it would ill become
The queen to see a death-devoted head.
The sentence cannot have its execution
If the queen's majesty approaches her,
For pardon still attends the royal presence,
As sickness flies the health-dispensing hand.

ELIZABETH (having read the letter, dries her tears).

Oh, what is man! What is the bliss of earth!
To what extremities is she reduced
Who with such proud and splendid hopes began!
Who, called to sit on the most ancient throne
Of Christendom, misled by vain ambition,
Hoped with a triple crown to deck her brows!
How is her language altered, since the time
When she assumed the arms of England's crown,
And by the flatterers of her court was styled
Sole monarch of the two Britannic isles!
Forgive me, lords, my heart is cleft in twain,
Anguish possesses me, and my soul bleeds
To think that earthly goods are so unstable,
And that the dreadful fate which rules mankind
Should threaten mine own house, and scowl so near me.

TALBOT.

Oh, queen! the God of mercy hath informed
Your heart; Oh! hearken to this heavenly guidance.
Most grievously, indeed, hath she atoned.
Her grievous crime, and it is time that now,
At last, her heavy penance have an end.
Stretch forth your hand to raise this abject queen,
And, like the luminous vision of an angel,
Descend into her gaol's sepulchral night.

BURLEIGH.

Be steadfast, mighty queen; let no emotion
Of seeming laudable humanity
Mislead thee; take not from thyself the power
Of acting as necessity commands.
Thou canst not pardon her, thou canst not save her:

Then heap not on thyself the odious blame,
That thou, with cruel and contemptuous triumph,
Didst glut thyself with gazing on thy victim.

LEICESTER.

Let us, my lords, remain within our bounds;
The queen is wise, and doth not need our counsels
To lead her to the most becoming choice.
This meeting of the queens hath naught in common
With the proceedings of the court of justice.
The law of England, not the monarch's will,
Condemns the Queen of Scotland, and 'twere worthy
Of the great soul of Queen Elizabeth,
To follow the soft dictates of her heart,
Though justice swerves not from its rigid path.

ELIZABETH.

Retire, my lords. We shall, perhaps, find means
To reconcile the tender claims of pity
With what necessity imposes on us.
And now retire.

[The LORDS retire; she calls SIR EDWARD MORTIMER back.

Sir Edward Mortimer!

SCENE V.

ELIZABETH, MORTIMER.

ELIZABETH (having measured him for some time with her eyes in silence).
You've shown a spirit of adventurous courage
And self-possession, far beyond your years.

He who has timely learnt to play so well
The difficult dissembler's needful task
Becomes a perfect man before his time,
And shortens his probationary years.
Fate calls you to a lofty scene of action;
I prophesy it, and can, happily
For you, fulfil, myself, my own prediction.

MORTIMER.

Illustrious mistress, what I am, and all
I can accomplish, is devoted to you.

ELIZABETH.

You've made acquaintance with the foes of England.
Their hate against me is implacable;
Their fell designs are inexhaustible.
As yet, indeed, Almighty Providence
Hath shielded me; but on my brows the crown
Forever trembles, while she lives who fans
Their bigot-zeal, and animates their hopes.

MORTIMER.

She lives no more, as soon as you command it.

ELIZABETH.

Oh, sir! I thought I saw my labors end,
And I am come no further than at first,
I wished to let the laws of England act,
And keep my own hands pure from blood's defilement.
The sentence is pronounced—what gain I by it?
It must be executed, Mortimer,
And I must authorize the execution.
The blame will ever light on me, I must

Avow it, nor can save appearances.
That is the worst——

MORTIMER.

But can appearances
Disturb your conscience where the cause is just?

ELIZABETH.

You are unpractised in the world, sir knight;
What we appear, is subject to the judgment
Of all mankind, and what we are, of no man.
No one will be convinced that I am right:
I must take care that my connivance in
Her death be wrapped in everlasting doubt.
In deeds of such uncertain double visage
Safety lies only in obscurity.
Those measures are the worst that stand avowed;
What's not abandoned, is not wholly lost.

MORTIMER (seeking to learn her meaning).
Then it perhaps were best——

ELIZABETH (quick).

Ay, surely 'twere
The best; Oh, sir, my better angel speaks
Through you;—go on then, worthy sir, conclude
You are in earnest, you examine deep,
Have quite a different spirit from your uncle.

MORTIMER (surprised).
Have you imparted then your wishes to him?

ELIZABETH.

I am sorry that I have.

MORTIMER.

Excuse his age,
The old man is grown scrupulous; such bold
Adventures ask the enterprising heart
Of youth——

ELIZABETH.

And may I venture then on you——

MORTIMER.

My hand I'll lend thee; save then as thou canst
Thy reputation——

ELIZABETH.

Yes, sir; if you could
But waken me some morning with this news
"Maria Stuart, your bloodthirsty foe,
Breathed yesternight her last"——

MORTIMER.

Depend on me.

ELIZABETH.

When shall my head lie calmly down to sleep?

MORTIMER.

The next new moon will terminate thy fears.

ELIZABETH.

And be the selfsame happy day the dawn
Of your preferment—so God speed you, sir;
And be not hurt, if, chance, my thankfulness

Should wear the mask of darkness. Silence is
The happy suitor's god. The closest bonds,
The dearest, are the works of secrecy.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

MORTIMER (alone).

Go, false, deceitful queen! As thou deludest
The world, e'en so I cozen thee; 'tis right,
Thus to betray thee; 'tis a worthy deed.
Look I then like a murderer? Hast thou read
Upon my brow such base dexterity?
Trust only to my arm, and keep thine own
Concealed—assume the pious outward show
Of mercy 'fore the world, while reckoning
In secret on my murderous aid; and thus
By gaining time we shall insure her rescue.
Thou wilt exalt me!—show'st me from afar
The costly recompense: but even were
Thyself the prize, and all thy woman's favor,
What art thou, poor one, and what canst thou proffer?
I scorn ambition's avaricious strife,
With her alone is all the charm of life,
O'er her, in rounds of endless glory, hover
Spirits with grace, and youth eternal blessed,
Celestial joy is throned upon her breast.
Thou hast but earthly, mortal goods to offer—
That sovereign good, for which all else be slighted,

When heart in heart, delighting and delighted;
Together flow in sweet forgetfulness;—
Ne'er didst thou woman's fairest crown possess,
Ne'er hast thou with thy hand a lover's heart requited.
I must attend Lord Leicester, and deliver
Her letter to him—'tis a hateful charge—
I have no confidence in this court puppet—
I can effect her rescue, I alone;
Be danger, honor, and the prize my own.

[As he is going, PAULET meets him.

SCENE VII.

MORTIMER, PAULET.

PAULET.

What said the queen to you?

MORTIMER.

'Twas nothing, sir;
Nothing of consequence——

PAULET (looking at him earnestly).

Hear, Mortimer!
It is a false and slippery ground on which
You tread. The grace of princes is alluring,
Youth loves ambition—let not yours betray you.

MORTIMER.

Was it not yourself that brought me to the court?

PAULET.

Oh, would to God I had not done as much!
The honor of our house was never reaped
In courts—stand fast, my nephew—purchase not
Too dear, nor stain your conscience with a crime.

MORTIMER.

What are these fears? What are you dreaming of?

PAULET.

How high soever the queen may pledge herself
To raise you, trust not her alluring words.
[The spirit of the world's a lying spirit,
And vice is a deceitful, treacherous friend.]
She will deny you, if you listen to her;
And, to preserve her own good name, will punish
The bloody deed, which she herself enjoined.

MORTIMER.

The bloody deed!—

PAULET.

Away, dissimulation!—
I know the deed the queen proposed to you.
She hopes that your ambitious youth will prove
More docile than my rigid age. But say,
Have you then pledged your promise, have you?

MORTIMER.

Uncle!

PAULET.

If you have done so, I abandon you,

And lay my curse upon you——

LEICESTER (entering).

Worthy sir!

I with your nephew wish a word. The queen
Is graciously inclined to him; she wills
That to his custody the Scottish queen
Be with full powers intrusted. She relies
On his fidelity.

PAULET.

Relies!—'tis well——

LEICESTER.

What say you, sir?

PAULET.

Her majesty relies
On him; and I, my noble lord, rely
Upon myself, and my two open eyes.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

LEICESTER, MORTIMER.

LEICESTER (surprised).

What ailed the knight?

MORTIMER.

My lord, I cannot tell
What angers him: the confidence, perhaps,

The queen so suddenly confers on me.

LEICESTER.

Are you deserving then of confidence?

MORTIMER.

This would I ask of you, my Lord of Leicester.

LEICESTER.

You said you wished to speak with me in private.

MORTIMER.

Assure me first that I may safely venture.

LEICESTER.

Who gives me an assurance on your side?

Let not my want of confidence offend you;

I see you, sir, exhibit at this court

Two different aspects; one of them must be

A borrowed one; but which of them is real?

MORTIMER.

The selfsame doubts I have concerning you.

LEICESTER.

Which, then, shall pave the way to confidence?

MORTIMER.

He, who by doing it, is least in danger.

LEICESTER.

Well, that are you——

MORTIMER.

No, you; the evidence

Of such a weighty, powerful peer as you
Can overwhelm my voice. My accusation
Is weak against your rank and influence.

LEICESTER.

Sir, you mistake. In everything but this
I'm powerful here; but in this tender point
Which I am called upon to trust you with,
I am the weakest man of all the court,
The poorest testimony can undo me.

MORTIMER.

If the all-powerful Earl of Leicester deign
To stoop so low to meet me, and to make
Such a confession to me, I may venture
To think a little better of myself,
And lead the way in magnanimity.

LEICESTER.

Lead you the way of confidence, I'll follow.

MORTIMER (producing suddenly the letter).
Here is a letter from the Queen of Scotland.

LEICESTER (alarmed, catches hastily at the letter).
Speak softly, sir! what see I? Oh, it is
Her picture!

[Kisses and examines it with speechless joy—a pause.]

MORTIMER (who has watched him closely the whole time).
Now, my lord, I can believe you.

LEICESTER (having hastily run through the letter).

You know the purport of this letter, sir.

MORTIMER.

Not I.

LEICESTER.

Indeed! She surely hath informed you.

MORTIMER.

Nothing hath she informed me of. She said
You would explain this riddle to me—'tis
To me a riddle, that the Earl of Leicester,
The far-famed favorite of Elizabeth,
The open, bitter enemy of Mary,
And one of those who spoke her mortal sentence,
Should be the man from whom the queen expects
Deliverance from her woes; and yet it must be;
Your eyes express too plainly what your heart
Feels for the hapless lady.

LEICESTER.

Tell me, Sir,
First, how it comes that you should take so warm
An interest in her fate; and what it was
Gained you her confidence?

MORTIMER.

My lord, I can,
And in few words, explain this mystery.
I lately have at Rome abjured my creed,
And stand in correspondence with the Guises.
A letter from the cardinal archbishop
Was my credential with the Queen of Scots.

LEICESTER.

I am acquainted, sir, with your conversion;
'Twas that which waked my confidence towards you.
[Each remnant of distrust be henceforth banished;]
Your hand, sir, pardon me these idle doubts,
I cannot use too much precaution here.
Knowing how Walsingham and Burleigh hate me,
And, watching me, in secret spread their snares;
You might have been their instrument, their creature
To lure me to their toils.

MORTIMER.

How poor a part
So great a nobleman is forced to play
At court! My lord, I pity you.

LEICESTER.

With joy
I rest upon the faithful breast of friendship,
Where I can ease me of this long constraint.
You seem surprised, sir, that my heart is turned
So suddenly towards the captive queen.
In truth, I never hated her; the times
Have forced me to be her enemy.
She was, as you well know, my destined bride,
Long since, ere she bestowed her hand on Darnley,
While yet the beams of glory round her smiled,
Coldly I then refused the proffered boon.
Now in confinement, at the gates of death,
I claim her at the hazard of my life.

MORTIMER.

True magnanimity, my lord.

LEICESTER.

The state
Of circumstances since that time is changed.
Ambition made me all insensible
To youth and beauty. Mary's hand I held
Too insignificant for me; I hoped
To be the husband of the Queen of England.

MORTIMER.

It is well known she gave you preference
Before all others.

LEICESTER.

So, indeed, it seemed.
Now, after ten lost years of tedious courtship
And hateful self-constraint—oh, sir, my heart
Must ease itself of this long agony.
They call me happy! Did they only know
What the chains are, for which they envy me!
When I had sacrificed ten bitter years
To the proud idol of her vanity;
Submitted with a slave's humility
To every change of her despotic fancies
The plaything of each little wayward whim.
At times by seeming tenderness caressed,
As oft repulsed with proud and cold disdain;
Alike tormented by her grace and rigor:
Watched like a prisoner by the Argus eyes
Of jealousy; examined like a schoolboy,
And railed at like a servant. Oh, no tongue
Can paint this hell.

MORTIMER.

My lord, I feel for you.

LEICESTER.

To lose, and at the very goal, the prize
Another comes to rob me of the fruits
Of my so anxious wooing. I must lose
To her young blooming husband all those rights
Of which I was so long in full possession;
And I must from the stage descend, where I
So long have played the most distinguished part.
'Tis not her hand alone this envious stranger
Threatens, he'd rob me of her favor too;
She is a woman, and he formed to please.

MORTIMER.

He is the son of Catherine. He has learnt
In a good school the arts of flattery.

LEICESTER.

Thus fall my hopes; I strove to seize a plank
To bear me in this shipwreck of my fortunes,
And my eye turned itself towards the hope
Of former days once more; then Mary's image
Within me was renewed, and youth and beauty
Once more asserted all their former rights.
No more 'twas cold ambition; 'twas my heart
Which now compared, and with regret I felt
The value of the jewel I had lost.
With horror I beheld her in the depths.
Of misery, cast down by my transgression;
Then waked the hope in me that I might still
Deliver and possess her; I contrived

To send her, through a faithful hand, the news
Of my conversion to her interests;
And in this letter which you brought me, she
Assures me that she pardons me, and offers
Herself as guerdon if I rescue her.

MORTIMER.

But you attempted nothing for her rescue.
You let her be condemned without a word:
You gave, yourself, your verdict for her death;
A miracle must happen, and the light
Of truth must move me, me, her keeper's nephew,
And heaven must in the Vatican at Rome
Prepare for her an unexpected succour,
Else had she never found the way to you.

LEICESTER.

Oh, sir, it has tormented me enough!
About this time it was that they removed her
From Talbot's castle, and delivered her
Up to your uncle's stricter custody.
Each way to her was shut. I was obliged
Before the world to persecute her still;
But do not think that I would patiently
Have seen her led to death. No, Sir; I hoped,
And still I hope, to ward off all extremes,
Till I can find some certain means to save her.

MORTIMER.

These are already found: my Lord of Leicester;
Your generous confidence in me deserves
A like return. I will deliver her.
That is my object here; my dispositions

Are made already, and your powerful aid
Assures us of success in our attempt.

LEICESTER.

What say you? You alarm me! How? You would——

MORTIMER.

I'll open forcibly her prison-gates;
I have confederates, and all is ready.

LEICESTER.

You have confederates, accomplices?
Alas! In what rash enterprise would you
Engage me? And these friends, know they my secret?

MORTIMER.

Fear not; our plan was laid without your help,
Without your help it would have been accomplished,
Had she not signified her resolution
To owe her liberty to you alone.

LEICESTER.

And can you, then, with certainty assure me
That in your plot my name has not been mentioned?

MORTIMER.

You may depend upon it. How, my lord,
So scrupulous when help is offered you?
You wish to rescue Mary, and possess her;
You find confederates; sudden, unexpected,
The readiest means fall, as it were from Heaven,
Yet you show more perplexity than joy.

LEICESTER.

We must avoid all violence; it is
Too dangerous an enterprise.

MORTIMER.

Delay
Is also dangerous.

LEICESTER.

I tell you, Sir,
'Tis not to be attempted——

MORTIMER.

My lord,
Too hazardous for you, who would possess her;
But we, who only wish to rescue her,
We are more bold.

LEICESTER.

Young man, you are too hasty
In such a thorny, dangerous attempt.

MORTIMER.

And you too scrupulous in honor's cause.

LEICESTER.

I see the trammels that are spread around us.

MORTIMER.

And I feel courage to break through them all.

LEICESTER.

Foolhardiness and madness, is this courage?

MORTIMER.

This prudence is not bravery, my lord.

LEICESTER.

You surely wish to end like Babington.

MORTIMER.

You not to imitate great Norfolk's virtue.

LEICESTER.

Norfolk ne'er won the bride he wooed so fondly.

MORTIMER.

But yet he proved how truly he deserved her.

LEICESTER.

If we are ruined, she must fall with us.

MORTIMER.

If we risk nothing, she will ne'er be rescued.

LEICESTER.

You will not weigh the matter, will not hear;
With blind and hasty rashness you destroy
The plans which I so happily had framed.

MORTIMER.

And what were then the plans which you had framed?
What have you done then to deliver her?
And how, if I were miscreant enough
To murder her, as was proposed to me
This moment by Elizabeth, and which
She looks upon as certain; only name
The measures you have taken to protect her?

LEICESTER.

Did the queen give you, then, this bloody order?

MORTIMER.

She was deceived in me, as Mary is in you.

LEICESTER.

And have you promised it? Say, have you?

MORTIMER.

That she might not engage another's hand,
I offered mine.

LEICESTER.

Well done, sir; that was right;
This gives us leisure, for she rests secure
Upon your bloody service, and the sentence
Is unfulfilled the while, and we gain time.

MORTIMER (angrily).

No, we are losing time.

LEICESTER.

The queen depends
On you, and will the readier make a show
Of mercy; and I may prevail on her
To give an audience to her adversary;
And by this stratagem we tie her hands
Yes! I will make the attempt, strain every nerve.

MORTIMER.

And what is gained by this? When she discovers
That I am cheating her, that Mary lives;
Are we not where we were? She never will

Be free; the mildest doom which can await her
At best is but perpetual confinement.
A daring deed must one day end the matter;
Why will you not with such a deed begin?
The power is in your hands, would you but rouse
The might of your dependents round about
Your many castles, 'twere an host; and still
Has Mary many secret friends. The Howards
And Percies' noble houses, though their chiefs
Be fallen, are rich in heroes; they but wait
For the example of some potent lord.
Away with feigning—act an open part,
And, like a loyal knight, protect your fair;
Fight a good fight for her! You know you are
Lord of the person of the Queen of England,
Whene'er you will: invite her to your castle,
Oft hath she thither followed you—then show
That you're a man; then speak as master; keep her
Confined till she release the Queen of Scots.

LEICESTER.

I am astonished—I am terrified!
Where would your giddy madness hurry you?
Are you acquainted with this country? Know you
The deeps and shallows of this court? With what
A potent spell this female sceptre binds
And rules men's spirits round her? 'Tis in vain
You seek the heroic energy which once
Was active in this land! it is subdued,
A woman holds it under lock and key,
And every spring of courage is relaxed.
Follow my counsel—venture nothing rashly.

Some one approaches—go——

MORTIMER.

And Mary hopes—
Shall I return to her with empty comfort?

LEICESTER.

Bear her my vows of everlasting love.

MORTIMER.

Bear them yourself! I offered my assistance
As her deliverer, not your messenger.

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

ELIZABETH, LEICESTER.

ELIZABETH.

Say, who was here? I heard the sound of voices.

LEICESTER (turning quickly and perplexed round on hearing the QUEEN).
It was young Mortimer——

ELIZABETH.

How now, my lord:
Why so confused?

LEICESTER (collecting himself).

Your presence is the cause.
Ne'er did I see thy beauty so resplendent,
My sight is dazzled by thy heavenly charms.

Oh!

ELIZABETH.

Whence this sigh?

LEICESTER.

Have I no reason, then,
To sigh? When I behold you in your glory,
I feel anew, with pain unspeakable,
The loss which threatens me.

ELIZABETH.

What loss, my lord?

LEICESTER.

Your heart; your own inestimable self
Soon will you feel yourself within the arms
Of your young ardent husband, highly blessed;
He will possess your heart without a rival.
He is of royal blood, that am not I.
Yet, spite of all the world can say, there lives not
One on this globe who with such fervent zeal
Adores you as the man who loses you.
Anjou hath never seen you, can but love
Your glory and the splendor of your reign;
But I love you, and were you born of all
The peasant maids the poorest, I the first
Of kings, I would descend to your condition,
And lay my crown and sceptre at your feet!

ELIZABETH.

Oh, pity me, my Dudley; do not blame me;
I cannot ask my heart. Oh, that had chosen

Far otherwise! Ah, how I envy others
Who can exalt the object of their love!
But I am not so blest: 'tis not my fortune
To place upon the brows of him, the dearest
Of men to me, the royal crown of England.
The Queen of Scotland was allowed to make
Her hand the token of her inclination;
She hath had every freedom, and hath drunk,
Even to the very dregs, the cup of joy.

LEICESTER.

And now she drinks the bitter cup of sorrow.

ELIZABETH.

She never did respect the world's opinion;
Life was to her a sport; she never courted
The yoke to which I bowed my willing neck.
And yet, methinks, I had as just a claim
As she to please myself and taste the joys
Of life: but I preferred the rigid duties
Which royalty imposed on me; yet she,
She was the favorite of all the men
Because she only strove to be a woman;
And youth and age became alike her suitors.
Thus are the men voluptuaries all!
The willing slaves of levity and pleasure;
Value that least which claims their reverence.
And did not even Talbot, though gray-headed,
Grow young again when speaking of her charms?

LEICESTER.

Forgive him, for he was her keeper once,
And she has fooled him with her cunning wiles.

ELIZABETH.

And is it really true that she's so fair?
So often have I been obliged to hear
The praises of this wonder—it were well
If I could learn on what I might depend:
Pictures are flattering, and description lies;
I will trust nothing but my own conviction.
Why gaze you at me thus?

LEICESTER.

I placed in thought
You and Maria Stuart side by side.
Yes! I confess I oft have felt a wish,
If it could be but secretly contrived,
To see you placed beside the Scottish queen,
Then would you feel, and not till then, the full
Enjoyment of your triumph: she deserves
To be thus humbled; she deserves to see,
With her own eyes, and envy's glance is keen,
Herself surpassed, to feel herself o'ermatched,
As much by thee in form and princely grace
As in each virtue that adorns the sex.

ELIZABETH.

In years she has the advantage——

LEICESTER.

Has she so?
I never should have thought it. But her griefs,
Her sufferings, indeed! 'tis possible
Have brought down age upon her ere her time.
Yes, and 'twould mortify her more to see thee

As bride—she hath already turned her back
On each fair hope of life, and she would see thee
Advancing towards the open arms of joy.
See thee as bride of France's royal son,
She who hath always plumed herself so high
On her connection with the house of France,
And still depends upon its mighty aid.

ELIZABETH (with a careless air).
I'm teased to grant this interview.

LEICESTER.
She asks it
As a favor; grant it as a punishment.
For though you should conduct her to the block,
Yet would it less torment her than to see
Herself extinguished by your beauty's splendor.
Thus can you murder her as she hath wished
To murder you. When she beholds your beauty,
Guarded by modesty, and beaming bright,
In the clear glory of unspotted fame
(Which she with thoughtless levity discarded),
Exalted by the splendor of the crown,
And blooming now with tender bridal graces—
Then is the hour of her destruction come.
Yes—when I now behold you—you were never,
No, never were you so prepared to seal
The triumph of your beauty. As but now
You entered the apartment, I was dazzled
As by a glorious vision from on high.
Could you but now, now as you are, appear
Before her, you could find no better moment.

ELIZABETH.

Now? no, not now; no, Leicester; this must be
Maturely weighed—I must with Burleigh——

LEICESTER.

Burleigh!

To him you are but sovereign, and as such
Alone he seeks your welfare; but your rights,
Derived from womanhood, this tender point
Must be decided by your own tribunal,
Not by the statesman; yet e'en policy
Demands that you should see her, and allure
By such a generous deed the public voice.
You can hereafter act as it may please you,
To rid you of the hateful enemy.

ELIZABETH.

But would it then become me to behold
My kinswoman in infamy and want?
They say she is not royally attended;
Would not the sight of her distress reproach me?

LEICESTER.

You need not cross her threshold; hear my counsel.
A fortunate conjuncture favors it.
The hunt you mean to honor with your presence
Is in the neighborhood of Fotheringay;
Permission may be given to Lady Stuart
To take the air; you meet her in the park,
As if by accident; it must not seem
To have been planned, and should you not incline,
You need not speak to her.

ELIZABETH.

If I am foolish,
Be yours the fault, not mine. I would not care
To-day to cross your wishes; for to-day
I've grieved you more than all my other subjects.

[Tenderly.

Let it then be your fancy. Leicester, hence
You see the free obsequiousness of love.
Which suffers that which it cannot approve.

[LEICESTER prostrates himself before her, and the curtain falls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

In a park. In the foreground trees; in the background a distant prospect.

MARY advances, running from behind the trees.
HANNAH KENNEDY follows slowly.

KENNEDY.
You hasten on as if endowed with wings;
I cannot follow you so swiftly; wait.

MARY.
Freedom returns! Oh let me enjoy it.
Let me be childish; be thou childish with me.
Freedom invites me! Oh, let me employ it
Skimming with winged step light o'er the lea;
Have I escaped from this mansion of mourning?
Holds me no more the sad dungeon of care?
Let me, with joy and with eagerness burning,
Drink in the free, the celestial air.

KENNEDY.
Oh, my dear lady! but a very little
Is your sad gaol extended; you behold not

The wall that shuts us in; these plaited tufts
Of trees hide from your sight the hated object.

MARY.

Thanks to these friendly trees, that hide from me
My prison walls, and flatter my illusion!
Happy I now may deem myself, and free;
Why wake me from my dream's so sweet confusion?
The extended vault of heaven around me lies,
Free and unfettered range my wandering eyes
O'er space's vast, immeasurable sea!
From where yon misty mountains rise on high
I can my empire's boundaries explore;
And those light clouds which, steering southwards, fly,
Seek the mild clime of France's genial shore.

Fast fleeting clouds! ye meteors that fly;
Could I but with you sail through the sky!
Tenderly greet the dear land of my youth!
Here I am captive! oppressed by my foes,
No other than you may carry my woes.
Free through the ether your pathway is seen,
Ye own not the power of this tyrant queen.

KENNEDY.

Alas! dear lady! You're beside yourself,
This long-lost, long-sought freedom makes you rave.

MARY.

Yonder's a fisher returning to his home;
Poor though it be, would he lend me his wherry,
Quick to congenial shores would I ferry.
Spare is his trade, and labor's his doom;
Rich would I freight his vessel with treasure;

Such a draught should be his as he never had seen;
Wealth should he find in his nets without measure,
Would he but rescue a poor captive queen.

KENNEDY.

Fond, fruitless wishes! See you not from far
How we are followed by observing spies?
A dismal, barbarous prohibition scares
Each sympathetic being from our path.

MARY.

No, gentle Hannah! Trust me, not in vain
My prison gates are opened. This small grace
Is harbinger of greater happiness.
No! I mistake not; 'tis the active hand
Of love to which I owe this kind indulgence.
I recognize in this the mighty arm
Of Leicester. They will by degrees expand
My prison; will accustom me, through small,
To greater liberty, until at last
I shall behold the face of him whose hand
Will dash my fetters off, and that forever.

KENNEDY.

Oh, my dear queen! I cannot reconcile
These contradictions. 'Twas but yesterday
That they announced your death, and all at once,
To-day, you have such liberty. Their chains
Are also loosed, as I have oft been told,
Whom everlasting liberty awaits.

[Hunting horns at a distance.]

MARY.

Hear'st then the bugle, so blithely resounding?
Hear'st thou its echoes through wood and through plain?
Oh, might I now, on my nimble steed bounding,
Join with the jocund, the frolicsome train.

[Hunting horns again heard.]

Again! Oh, this sad and this pleasing remembrance!
These are the sounds which, so sprightly and clear,
Oft, when with music the hounds and the horn
So cheerfully welcomed the break of the morn,
On the heaths of the Highlands delighted my ear.

SCENE II.

Enter PAULET.

PAULET.

Well, have I acted right at last, my lady?
Do I for once, at least, deserve your thanks?

MARY.

How! Do I owe this favor, sir, to you?

PAULET.

Why not to me? I visited the court,
And gave the queen your letter.

MARY.

Did you give it?
In very truth did you deliver it?

And is this freedom which I now enjoy
The happy consequence?

PAULET (significantly).

Nor that alone;
Prepare yourself to see a greater still.

MARY.

A greater still! What do you mean by that?

PAULET.

You heard the bugle-horns?

MARY (starting back with foreboding apprehension).

You frighten me.

PAULET.

The queen is hunting in the neighborhood——

MARY.

What!

PAULET.

In a few moments she'll appear before you.

KENNEDY (hastening towards MARY, and about to fall).

How fare you, dearest lady? You grow pale.

PAULET.

How? Is't not well? Was it not then your prayer?

'Tis granted now, before it was expected;

You who had ever such a ready speech,

Now summon all your powers of eloquence,

The important time to use them now is come.

MARY.

Oh, why was I not told of this before?
Now I am not prepared for it—not now
What, as the greatest favor, I besought,
Seems to me now most fearful; Hannah, come,
Lead me into the house, till I collect
My spirits.

PAULET.

Stay; you must await her here.
Yes! I believe you may be well alarmed
To stand before your judge.

SCENE III.

Enter the EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

MARY.

'Tis not for that, O God!
Far other thoughts possess me now.
Oh, worthy Shrewsbury! You come as though
You were an angel sent to me from heaven.
I cannot, will not see her. Save me, save me
From the detested sight!

SHREWSBURY.

Your majesty,
Command yourself, and summon all your courage,
'Tis the decisive moment of your fate.

MARY.

For years I've waited, and prepared myself.

For this I've studied, weighed, and written down
Each word within the tablet of my memory
That was to touch and move her to compassion.
Forgotten suddenly, effaced is all,
And nothing lives within me at this moment
But the fierce, burning feeling of my wrongs.
My heart is turned to direst hate against her;
All gentle thoughts, all sweet forgiving words,
Are gone, and round me stand with grisly mien,
The fiends of hell, and shake their snaky locks!

SHREWSBURY.

Command your wild, rebellious blood;—constrain
The bitterness which fills your heart. No good
Ensues when hatred is opposed to hate.
How much soe'er the inward struggle cost
You must submit to stern necessity,
The power is in her hand, be therefore humble.

MARY.

To her? I never can.

SHREWSBURY.

But pray, submit.
Speak with respect, with calmness! Strive to move
Her magnanimity; insist not now
Upon your rights, not now—'tis not the season.

MARY.

Ah! woe is me! I've prayed for my destruction,
And, as a curse to me, my prayer is heard.
We never should have seen each other—never!
Oh, this can never, never come to good.

Rather in love could fire and water meet,
The timid lamb embrace the roaring tiger!
I have been hurt too grievously; she hath
Too grievously oppressed me;—no atonement
Can make us friends!

SHREWSBURY.

First see her, face to face:
Did I not see how she was moved at reading
Your letter? How her eyes were drowned in tears?
No—she is not unfeeling; only place
More confidence in her. It was for this
That I came on before her, to entreat you
To be collected—to admonish you——

MARY (seizing his hand).

Oh, Talbot! you have ever been my friend,
Had I but stayed beneath your kindly care!
They have, indeed, misused me, Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY.

Let all be now forgot, and only think
How to receive her with submissiveness.

MARY.

Is Burleigh with her, too, my evil genius?

SHREWSBURY.

No one attends her but the Earl of Leicester.

MARY.

Lord Leicester?

SHREWSBURY.

Fear not him; it is not he
Who wishes your destruction;—'twas his work
That here the queen hath granted you this meeting.

MARY.
Ah! well I knew it.

SHREWSBURY.
What?

PAULET.
The queen approaches.

[They all draw aside; MARY alone remains, leaning on KENNEDY.]

SCENE IV.

The same, ELIZABETH, EARL OF LEICESTER, and Retinue.

ELIZABETH (to LEICESTER).
What seat is that, my lord?

LEICESTER.
'Tis Fotheringay.

ELIZABETH (to SHREWSBURY).
My lord, send back our retinue to London;
The people crowd too eager in the roads,
We'll seek a refuge in this quiet park.

[TALBOT sends the train away. She looks steadfastly at MARY,
as she speaks further with PAULET.]

My honest people love me overmuch.
These signs of joy are quite idolatrous.
Thus should a God be honored, not a mortal.

MARY (who the whole time had leaned, almost fainting, on KENNEDY, rises now, and her eyes meet the steady, piercing look of ELIZABETH; she shudders and throws herself again upon KENNEDY'S bosom).
O God! from out these features speaks no heart.

ELIZABETH.
What lady's that?

[A general, embarrassed silence.

LEICESTER.
You are at Fotheringay,
My liege!

ELIZABETH (as if surprised, casting an angry look at LEICESTER).
Who hath done this, my Lord of Leicester?

LEICESTER.
'Tis past, my queen;—and now that heaven hath led
Your footsteps hither, be magnanimous;
And let sweet pity be triumphant now.

SHREWSBURY.
Oh, royal mistress! yield to our entreaties;
Oh, cast your eyes on this unhappy one
Who stands dissolved in anguish.

[MARY collects herself, and begins to advance towards
ELIZABETH, stops shuddering at half way: her action

expresses the most violent internal struggle.

ELIZABETH.

How, my lords!

Which of you then announced to me a prisoner
Bowed down by woe? I see a haughty one
By no means humbled by calamity.

MARY.

Well, be it so:—to this will I submit.
Farewell high thought, and pride of noble mind!
I will forget my dignity, and all
My sufferings; I will fall before her feet
Who hath reduced me to this wretchedness.

[She turns towards the QUEEN.

The voice of heaven decides for you, my sister.
Your happy brows are now with triumph crowned,
I bless the Power Divine which thus hath raised you.
But in your turn be merciful, my sister;

[She kneels.

Let me not lie before you thus disgraced;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from the depths of her distress.

ELIZABETH (stepping back).

You are where it becomes you, Lady Stuart;
And thankfully I prize my God's protection,
Who hath not suffered me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.

MARY (with increasing energy of feeling).

Think on all earthly things, vicissitudes.
Oh! there are gods who punish haughty pride:
Respect them, honor them, the dreadful ones
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me!
Before these strangers' eyes dishonor not
Yourself in me: profane not, nor disgrace
The royal blood of Tudor. In my veins
It flows as pure a stream as in your own.
Oh, for God's pity, stand not so estranged
And inaccessible, like some tall cliff,
Which the poor shipwrecked mariner in vain
Struggles to seize, and labors to embrace.
My all, my life, my fortune now depends
Upon the influence of my words and tears;
That I may touch your heart, oh, set mine free.
If you regard me with those icy looks
My shuddering heart contracts itself, the stream
Of tears is dried, and frigid horror chains
The words of supplication in my bosom!

ELIZABETH (cold and severe).

What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart?
You wished to speak with me; and I, forgetting
The queen, and all the wrongs I have sustained,
Fulfil the pious duty of the sister,
And grant the boon you wished for of my presence.
Yet I, in yielding to the generous feelings
Of magnanimity, expose myself
To rightful censure, that I stoop so low.
For well you know you would have had me murdered.

MARY.

Oh! how shall I begin? Oh, how shall I
So artfully arrange my cautious words
That they may touch, yet not offend your heart?
Strengthen my words, O Heaven! and take from them
Whate'er might wound. Alas! I cannot speak
In my own cause without impeaching you,
And that most heavily, I wish not so;
You have not as you ought behaved to me:
I am a queen, like you: yet you have held me
Confined in prison. As a suppliant
I came to you, yet you in me insulted
The pious use of hospitality;
Slighting in me the holy law of nations,
Immured me in a dungeon—tore from me
My friends and servants; to unseemly want
I was exposed, and hurried to the bar
Of a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.
No more of this;—in everlasting silence
Be buried all the cruelties I suffered!
See—I will throw the blame of all on fate,
'Twere not your fault, no more than it was mine.
An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
To kindle in our hearts the flame of hate,
By which our tender youth had been divided.
It grew with us, and bad, designing men
Fanned with their ready breath the fatal fire:
Frantics, enthusiasts, with sword and dagger
Armed the uncalled-for hand! This is the curse
Of kings, that they, divided, tear the world
In pieces with their hatred, and let loose
The raging furies of all hellish strife!
No foreign tongue is now between us, sister,

[Approaching her confidently, and with a flattering tone.

Now stand we face to face; now, sister, speak:
Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you,—
Alas! had you vouchsafed to hear me then,
When I so earnest sought to meet your eye,
It never would have come to this, nor would,
Here in this mournful place, have happened now
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

ELIZABETH.

My better stars preserved me. I was warned,
And laid not to my breast the poisonous adder!
Accuse not fate! your own deceitful heart
It was, the wild ambition of your house
As yet no enmities had passed between us,
When your imperious uncle, the proud priest,
Whose shameless hand grasps at all crowns, attacked me
With unprovoked hostility, and taught
You, but too docile, to assume my arms,
To vest yourself with my imperial title,
And meet me in the lists in mortal strife:
What arms employed he not to storm my throne?
The curses of the priests, the people's sword,
The dreadful weapons of religious frenzy;—
Even here in my own kingdom's peaceful haunts
He fanned the flames of civil insurrection;
But God is with me, and the haughty priest
Has not maintained the field. The blow was aimed
Full at my head, but yours it is which falls!

MARY.

I'm in the hand of heaven. You never will

Exert so cruelly the power it gives you.

ELIZABETH.

Who shall prevent me? Say, did not your uncle
Set all the kings of Europe the example,
How to conclude a peace with those they hate.
Be mine the school of Saint Bartholomew;
What's kindred then to me, or nation's laws?
The church can break the bands of every duty;
It consecrates the regicide, the traitor;
I only practise what your priests have taught!
Say then, what surety can be offered me,
Should I magnanimously loose your bonds?
Say, with what lock can I secure your faith,
Which by Saint Peter's keys cannot be opened?
Force is my only surety; no alliance
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

MARY.

Oh! this is but your wretched, dark suspicion!
For you have constantly regarded me
But as a stranger, and an enemy.
Had you declared me heir to your dominions,
As is my right, then gratitude and love
In me had fixed, for you, a faithful friend
And kinswoman.

ELIZABETH.

Your friendship is abroad,
Your house is papacy, the monk your brother.
Name you my successor! The treacherous snare!
That in my life you might seduce my people;
And, like a sly Armida, in your net

Entangle all our noble English youth;
That all might turn to the new rising sun,
And I——

MARY.

O sister, rule your realm in peace;
I give up every claim to these domains—
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lamed;
Greatness entices me no more: your point
Is gained; I am but Mary's shadow now—
My noble spirit is at last broke down
By long captivity:—you've done your worst
On me; you have destroyed me in my bloom!
Now, end your work, my sister;—speak at length
The word, which to pronounce has brought you hither;
For I will ne'er believe that you are come,
To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.
Pronounce this word;—say, "Mary, you are free:
You have already felt my power,—learn now
To honor too my generosity."
Say this, and I will take my life, will take
My freedom, as a present from your hands.
One word makes all undone;—I wait for it;—
Oh, let it not be needlessly delayed.
Woe to you if you end not with this word!
For should you not, like some divinity,
Dispensing noble blessings, quit me now,
Then, sister, not for all this island's wealth,
For all the realms encircled by the deep,
Would I exchange my present lot for yours.

ELIZABETH.

And you confess at last that you are conquered:
Are all your schemes run out? No more assassins
Now on the road? Will no adventurer
Attempt again for you the sad achievement?
Yes, madam, it is over:—you'll seduce
No mortal more. The world has other cares;—
None is ambitious of the dangerous honor
Of being your fourth husband—you destroy
Your wooers like your husbands.

MARY (starting angrily).

Sister, sister!—

Grant me forbearance, all ye powers of heaven!

ELIZABETH (regards her long with a look of proud contempt).

Those then, my Lord of Leicester, are the charms
Which no man with impunity can view,
Near which no woman dare to stand?
In sooth, this honor has been cheaply gained;
She who to all is common, may with ease
Become the common object of applause.

MARY.

This is too much!

ELIZABETH (laughing insultingly).

You show us now, indeed,
Your real face; till now 'twas but the mask.

MARY (burning with rage, yet dignified and noble).

My sins were human, and the faults of youth:
Superior force misled me. I have never
Denied or sought to hide it: I despised

All false appearance, as became a queen.
The worst of me is known, and I can say,
That I am better than the fame I bear.
Woe to you! when, in time to come, the world
Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds,
With which thy arch-hypocrisy has veiled
The raging flames of lawless, secret lust.
Virtue was not your portion from your mother;
Well know we what it was which brought the head
Of Anna Boleyn to the fatal block.

SHREWSBURY (stepping between both QUEENS).
Oh! Heaven! Alas, and must it come to this!
Is this the moderation, the submission,
My lady?—

MARY.
Moderation! I've supported
What human nature can support: farewell,
Lamb-hearted resignation, passive patience,
Fly to thy native heaven; burst at length
Thy bonds, come forward from thy dreary cave,
In all thy fury, long suppressed rancor!
And thou, who to the angered basilisk
Impart'st the murderous glance, oh, arm my tongue
With poisoned darts!

SHREWSBURY.
She is beside herself!
Exasperated, mad! My liege, forgive her.

[ELIZABETH, speechless with anger, casts enraged looks at MARY.]

LEICESTER (in the most violent agitation; he seeks to lead ELIZABETH away).

Attend not to her rage! Away, away,
From this disastrous place!

MARY (raising her voice).

A bastard soils,
Profanes the English throne! The generous Britons
Are cheated by a juggler, [whose whole figure
Is false and painted, heart as well as face!]
If right prevailed, you now would in the dust
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch!

[ELIZABETH hastily quits the stage; the lords follow her
in the greatest consternation.

SCENE V.

MARY, KENNEDY.

KENNEDY.

What have you done? She has gone hence in wrath
All hope is over now!

MARY (still quite beside herself).

Gone hence in wrath!
She carries death within her heart! I know it.

[Falling on KENNEDY'S bosom.

Now I am happy, Hannah! and at last,
After whole years of sorrow and abasement,

One moment of victorious revenge
A weight falls off my heart, a weight of mountains;
I plunged the steel in my oppressor's breast!

KENNEDY.

Unhappy lady! Frenzy overcomes you.
Yes, you have wounded your inveterate foe;
'Tis she who wields the lightning, she is queen,
You have insulted her before her minion.

MARY.

I have abased her before Leicester's eyes;
He saw it, he was witness of my triumph.
How did I hurl her from her haughty height,
He saw it, and his presence strengthened me.

SCENE VI.

Enter MORTIMER.

KENNEDY.

Oh, Sir! What an occurrence!

MORTIMER.

I heard all—

[Gives the nurse a sign to repair to her post,
and draws nearer; his whole appearance expresses
the utmost violence of passion.

Thine is the palm;—thou trod'st her to the dust!—
Thou wast the queen, she was the malefactor;—

I am transported with thy noble courage;—
Yes! I adore thee; like a Deity,
My sense is dazzled by thy heavenly beams.

MARY (with vivacity and expectation).
You spoke with Leicester, gave my letter to him.
My present, too?—oh, speak, sir.

MORTIMER (beholding her with glowing looks).
How thy noble,
Thy royal indignation shone, and cast
A glory round thy beauty; yes, by heavens,
Thou art the fairest woman upon earth!

MARY.
Sir, satisfy, I beg you, my impatience;
What says his lordship? Say, sir, may I hope?

MORTIMER.
Who?—he?—he is a wretch, a very coward,
Hope naught from him; despise him, and forget him!

MARY.
What say you?

MORTIMER.
He deliver, and possess you!
Why let him dare it:—he!—he must with me
In mortal contest first deserve the prize!

MARY.
You gave him not my letter? Then, indeed
My hopes are lost!

MORTIMER.

The coward loves his life.
Whoe'er would rescue you, and call you his,
Must boldly dare affront e'en death itself!

MARY.

Will he do nothing for me?

MORTIMER.

Speak not of him.
What can he do? What need have we of him?
I will release you; I alone.

MARY.

Alas!
What power have you?

MORTIMER.

Deceive yourself no more;
Think not your case is now as formerly;
The moment that the queen thus quitted you,
And that your interview had ta'en this turn,
All hope was lost, each way of mercy shut.
Now deeds must speak, now boldness must decide,
To compass all must all be hazarded;
You must be free before the morning break.

MARY.

What say you, sir—to-night?—impossible!

MORTIMER.

Hear what has been resolved:—I led my friends
Into a private chapel, where a priest

Heard our confession, and, for every sin
We had committed, gave us absolution;
He gave us absolution too, beforehand,
For every crime we might commit in future;
He gave us too the final sacrament,
And we are ready for the final journey.

MARY.

Oh, what an awful, dreadful preparation!

MORTIMER.

We scale, this very night, the castle's walls;
The keys are in my power; the guards we murder!
Then from thy chamber bear thee forcibly.
Each living soul must die beneath our hands,
That none remain who might disclose the deed.

MARY.

And Drury, Paulet, my two keepers, they
Would sooner spill their dearest drop of blood.

MORTIMER.

They fall the very first beneath my steel.

MARY.

What, sir! Your uncle? How! Your second father!

MORTIMER.

Must perish by my hand—I murder him!

MARY.

Oh, bloody outrage!

MORTIMER.

We have been absolved
Beforehand; I may perpetrate the worst;
I can, I will do so!

MARY.

Oh, dreadful, dreadful!

MORTIMER.

And should I be obliged to kill the queen,
I've sworn upon the host, it must be done!

MARY.

No, Mortimer; ere so much blood for me——

MORTIMER.

What is the life of all compared to thee,
And to my love? The bond which holds the world
Together may be loosed, a second deluge
Come rolling on, and swallow all creation!
Henceforth I value nothing; ere I quit
My hold on thee, may earth and time be ended!

MARY (retiring)

Heavens! Sir, what language, and what looks! They scare,
They frighten me!

MORTIMER (with unsteady looks, expressive of great madness).

Life's but a moment—death
Is but a moment too. Why! let them drag me
To Tyburn, let them tear me limb from limb,
With red-hot pincers——
[Violently approaching her with extended arms.
If I clasp but thee

Within my arms, thou fervently beloved!

MARY.

Madman, avaunt!

MORTIMER.

To rest upon this bosom,
To press upon this passion-breathing mouth——

MARY.

Leave me, for God's sake, sir; let me go in——

MORTIMER.

He is a madman who neglects to clasp
His bliss in folds that never may be loosed,
When Heaven has kindly given it to his arms.
I will deliver you, and though it cost
A thousand lives, I do it; but I swear,
As God's in Heaven I will possess you too!

MARY.

Oh! will no God, no angel shelter me?
Dread destiny! thou throwest me, in thy wrath,
From one tremendous terror to the other!
Was I then born to waken naught but frenzy?
Do hate and love conspire alike to fright me!

MORTIMER.

Yes, glowing as their hatred is my love;
They would behead thee, they would wound this neck,
So dazzling white, with the disgraceful axe!
Oh! offer to the living god of joy
What thou must sacrifice to bloody hate!

Inspire thy happy lover with those charms
Which are no more thine own. Those golden locks
Are forfeit to the dismal powers of death,
Oh! use them to entwine thy slave forever!

MARY.

Alas! alas! what language must I hear!
My woe, my sufferings should be sacred to you,
Although my royal brows are so no more.

MORTIMER.

The crown is fallen from thy brows, thou hast
No more of earthly majesty. Make trial,
Raise thy imperial voice, see if a friend,
If a deliverer will rise to save you.
Thy moving form alone remains, the high,
The godlike influence of thy heavenly beauty;
This bids me venture all, this arms my hand
With might, and drives me tow'rd the headsman's axe.

MARY.

Oh! who will save me from his raging madness?

MORTIMER.

Service that's bold demands a bold reward.
Why shed their blood the daring? Is not life
Life's highest good? And he a madman who
Casts life away? First will I take my rest,
Upon the breast that glows with love's own fire!

[He presses her violently to his bosom.]

MARY.

Oh, must I call for help against the man
Who would deliver me!

MORTIMER.

Thou'rt not unfeeling,
The world ne'er censured thee for frigid rigor;
The fervent prayer of love can touch thy heart.
Thou mad'st the minstrel Rizzio blest, and gavest
Thyself a willing prey to Bothwell's arms.

MARY.

Presumptuous man!

MORTIMER.

He was indeed thy tyrant,
Thou trembled'st at his rudeness, whilst thou loved'st him;
Well, then—if only terror can obtain thee—
By the infernal gods!

MARY.

Away—you're mad!

MORTIMER.

I'll teach thee then before me, too, to tremble.

KENNEDY (entering suddenly).

They're coming—they approach—the park is filled
With men in arms.

MORTIMER (starting and catching at his sword).

I will defend you—I——

MARY.

O Hannah! save me, save me from his hands.

Where shall I find, poor sufferer, an asylum?
Oh! to what saint shall I address my prayers?
Here force assails me, and within is murder!

[She flies towards the house, KENNEDY follows her.]

SCENE VII.

MORTIMER, PAULET, and DRURY rush in in the greatest consternation. Attendants hasten over the stage.

PAULET.

Shut all the portals—draw the bridges up.

MORTIMER.

What is the matter, uncle?

PAULET.

Where is the murderess?

Down with her, down into the darkest dungeon!

MORTIMER.

What is the matter? What has passed?

PAULET.

The queen!

Accursed hand! Infernal machination!

MORTIMER.

The queen! What queen?

PAULET.

What queen! The Queen of England;

She has been murdered on the road to London.

[Hastens into the house.

SCENE VIII.

MORTIMER, soon after O'KELLY.

MORTIMER (after a pause).

Am I then mad? Came not one running by
But now, and cried aloud, the queen is murdered!
No, no! I did but dream. A feverish fancy
Paints that upon my mind as true and real,
Which but existed in my frantic thoughts.
Who's there? It is O'Kelly. So dismayed!

O'KELLY (rushing in).

Flee, Mortimer, oh! flee—for all is lost!

MORTIMER.

What then is lost?

O'KELLY.

Stand not on question. Think
On speedy flight.

MORTIMER.

What has occurred?

O'KELLY.

Sauvage,
That madman, struck the blow.

MORTIMER.

It is then true!

O'KELLY.

True, true—oh! save yourself.

MORTIMER (exultingly).

The queen is murdered—
And Mary shall ascend the English throne!

O'KELLY.

Is murdered! Who said that?

MORTIMER.

Yourself.

O'KELLY.

She lives,
And I, and you, and all of us are lost.

MORTIMER.

She lives!

O'KELLY.

The blow was badly aimed, her cloak
Received it. Shrewsbury disarmed the murderer.

MORTIMER.

She lives!

O'KELLY.

She lives to whelm us all in ruin;
Come, they surround the park already; come.

MORTIMER.

Who did this frantic deed?

O'KELLY.

It was the monk
From Toulon, whom you saw immersed in thought,
As in the chapel the pope's bull was read,
Which poured anathemas upon the queen.
He wished to take the nearest, shortest way,
To free, with one bold stroke, the church of God,
And gain the crown of martyrdom: he trusted
His purpose only to the priest, and struck
The fatal blow upon the road to London.

MORTIMER (after a long silence).

Alas! a fierce, destructive fate pursues thee,
Unhappy one! Yes—now thy death is fixed;
Thy very angel has prepared thy fall!

O'KELLY.

Say, whither will you take your flight? I go
To hide me in the forests of the north.

MORTIMER.

Fly thither, and may God attend your flight;
I will remain, and still attempt to save
My love; if not, my bed shall be upon her grave.

[Exeunt at different sides.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Antechamber.

COUNT AUBESPINE, the EARLS Of KENT and LEICESTER.

AUBESPINE.

How fares her majesty? My lords, you see me
Still stunned, and quite beside myself for terror!
How happened it? How was it possible
That in the midst of this most loyal people——

LEICESTER.

The deed was not attempted by the people.
The assassin was a subject of your king,
A Frenchman.

AUBESPINE.

Sure a lunatic.

LEICESTER.

A papist,
Count Aubespine!

SCENE II.

Enter BURLEIGH, in conversation with DAVISON.

BURLEIGH.

Sir; let the death-warrant
Be instantly made out, and pass the seal;
Then let it be presented to the queen;
Her majesty must sign it. Hasten, sir,
We have no time to lose.

DAVISON.

It shall be done.

[Exit.

AUBESPINE.

My lord high-treasurer, my faithful heart
Shares in the just rejoicings of the realm.
Praised be almighty Heaven, who hath averted
Assassination from our much-loved queen!

BURLEIGH.

Praised be His name, who thus hath turned to scorn
The malice of our foes!

AUBESPINE.

May heaven confound
The perpetrator of this cursed deed!

BURLEIGH.

Its perpetrator and its base contriver!

AUBESPINE.

Please you, my lord, to bring me to the queen,
That I may lay the warm congratulations

Of my imperial master at her feet.

BURLEIGH.

There is no need of this.

AUBESPINE (officially).

My Lord of Burleigh,
I know my duty.

BURLEIGH.

Sir, your duty is
To quit, and that without delay, this kingdom.

AUBESPINE (stepping back with surprise).
What! How is this?

BURLEIGH.

The sacred character
Of an ambassador to-day protects you,
But not to-morrow.

AUBESPINE.

What's my crime?

BURLEIGH.

Should I
Once name it, there were then no pardon for it.

AUBESPINE.

I hope, my lord, my charge's privilege——

BURLEIGH.

Screens not a traitor.

LEICESTER and KENT.

Traitor! How?

AUBESPINE.

My Lord,
Consider well——

BURLEIGH.

Your passport was discovered
In the assassin's pocket.

KENT.

Righteous heaven!

AUBESPINE.

Sir, many passports are subscribed by me;
I cannot know the secret thoughts of men.

BURLEIGH.

He in your house confessed, and was absolved.

AUBESPINE.

My house is open——

BURLEIGH.

To our enemies.

AUBESPINE.

I claim a strict inquiry.

BURLEIGH.

Tremble at it.

AUBESPINE.

My monarch in my person is insulted,
He will annul the marriage contract.

BURLEIGH.

That

My royal mistress has annulled already;
England will not unite herself with France.
My Lord of Kent, I give to you the charge
To see Count Aubespine embarked in safety.
The furious populace has stormed his palace,
Where a whole arsenal of arms was found;
Should he be found, they'll tear him limb from limb,
Conceal him till the fury is abated—
You answer for his life.

AUBESPINE.

I go—I leave

This kingdom where they sport with public treaties
And trample on the laws of nations. Yet
My monarch, be assured, will vent his rage
In direst vengeance!

BURLEIGH.

Let him seek it here.

[Exeunt KENT and AUBESPINE.]

SCENE III.

LEICESTER, BURLEIGH.

LEICESTER.

And thus you loose yourself the knot of union
Which you officiously, uncalled for, bound!

You have deserved but little of your country,
My lord; this trouble was superfluous.

BURLEIGH.

My aim was good, though fate declared against it;
Happy is he who has so fair a conscience!

LEICESTER.

Well know we the mysterious mien of Burleigh
When he is on the hunt for deeds of treason.
Now you are in your element, my lord;
A monstrous outrage has been just committed,
And darkness veils as yet its perpetrators:
Now will a court of inquisition rise;
Each word, each look be weighed; men's very thoughts
Be summoned to the bar. You are, my lord,
The mighty man, the Atlas of the state,
All England's weight lies upon your shoulders.

BURLEIGH.

In you, my lord, I recognize my master;
For such a victory as your eloquence
Has gained I cannot boast.

LEICESTER.

What means your lordship?

BURLEIGH.

You were the man who knew, behind my back,
To lure the queen to Fotheringay Castle.

LEICESTER.

Behind your back! When did I fear to act

Before your face?

BURLEIGH.

You led her majesty?

Oh, no—you led her not—it was the queen
Who was so gracious as to lead you thither.

LEICESTER.

What mean you, my lord, by that?

BURLEIGH.

The noble part

You forced the queen to play! The glorious triumph
Which you prepared for her! Too gracious princess!
So shamelessly, so wantonly to mock
Thy unsuspecting goodness, to betray thee
So pitiless to thy exulting foe!
This, then, is the magnanimity, the grace
Which suddenly possessed you in the council!
The Stuart is for this so despicable,
So weak an enemy, that it would scarce
Be worth the pains to stain us with her blood.
A specious plan! and sharply pointed too;
'Tis only pity this sharp point is broken.

LEICESTER.

Unworthy wretch! this instant follow me,
And answer at the throne this insolence.

BURLEIGH.

You'll find me there, my lord; and look you well
That there your eloquence desert you not.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

LEICESTER alone, then MORTIMER.

LEICESTER.

I am detected! All my plot's disclosed!
How has my evil genius tracked my steps!
Alas! if he has proofs, if she should learn
That I have held a secret correspondence
With her worst enemy; how criminal
Shall I appear to her! How false will then
My counsel seem, and all the fatal pains
I took to lure the queen to Fotheringay!
I've shamefully betrayed, I have exposed her
To her detested enemy's revilings!
Oh! never, never can she pardon that.
All will appear as if premeditated.
The bitter turn of this sad interview,
The triumph and the tauntings of her rival;
Yes, e'en the murderous hand which had prepared
A bloody, monstrous, unexpected fate;
All, all will be ascribed to my suggestions!
I see no rescue! nowhere—ha! Who comes?

[MORTIMER enters in the most violent uneasiness,
and looks with apprehension round him.

MORTIMER.

Lord Leicester! Is it you! Are we alone?

LEICESTER.

Ill-fated wretch, away! What seek you here?

MORTIMER.

They are upon our track—upon yours, too;
Be vigilant!

LEICESTER.

Away, away!

MORTIMER.

They know
That private conferences have been held
At Aubespine's——

LEICESTER.

What's that to me?

MORTIMER.

They know, too,
That the assassin——

LEICESTER.

That is your affair—
Audacious wretch! to dare to mix my name
In your detested outrage: go; defend
Your bloody deeds yourself!

MORTIMER.

But only hear me.

LEICESTER (violently enraged).

Down, down to hell! Why cling you at my heels
Like an infernal spirit! I disclaim you;

I know you not; I make no common cause
With murderers!

MORTIMER.

You will not hear me, then!
I came to warn you; you too are detected.

LEICESTER.

How! What?

MORTIMER.

Lord Burleigh went to Fotheringay
Just as the luckless deed had been attempted;
Searched with strict scrutiny the queen's apartments,
And found there——

LEICESTER.

What?

MORTIMER.

A letter which the queen
Had just addressed to you——

LEICESTER.

Unhappy woman!

MORTIMER.

In which she calls on you to keep your word,
Renews the promise of her hand, and mentions
The picture which she sent you.

LEICESTER.

Death and hell!

MORTIMER.

Lord Burleigh has the letter.

LEICESTER.

I am lost!

[During the following speech of MORTIMER, LEICESTER goes up and down as in despair.]

MORTIMER.

Improve the moment; be beforehand with him,
And save yourself—save her! An oath can clear
Your fame; contrive excuses to avert
The worst. I am disarmed, can do no more;
My comrades are dispersed—to pieces fallen
Our whole confederacy. For Scotland I
To rally such new friends as there I may.
'Tis now your turn, my lord; try what your weight,
What bold assurance can effect.

LEICESTER (stops suddenly as if resolved).

I will.

[Goes to the door, opens it, and calls.]

Who waits without? Guards! seize this wretched traitor!

[To the officer, who comes in with soldiers.]

And guard him closely! A most dreadful plot
Is brought to light—I'll to her majesty.

MORTIMER (stands for a time petrified with wonder; collects himself soon,
and follows LEICESTER with his looks expressive of the most

sovereign contempt).

Infamous wretch! But I deserve it all.

Who told me then to trust this practised villain?

Now o'er my head he strides, and on my fall

He builds the bridge of safety! be it so;

Go, save thyself—my lips are sealed forever;

I will not join even thee in my destruction;

I would not own thee, no, not even in death;

Life is the faithless villain's only good!

[To the officer of the guard, who steps forward to seize him.

What wilt thou, slave of tyranny, with me?

I laugh to scorn thy threatenings; I am free.

[Drawing a dagger.

OFFICER.

He's armed; rush in and wrest his weapon from him.

[They rush upon him, he defends himself.

MORTIMER (raising his voice).

And in this latest moment shall my heart

Expand itself in freedom, and my tongue

Shall break this long constraint. Curse and destruction

Light on you all who have betrayed your faith,

Your God, and your true sovereign! Who, alike

To earthly Mary false as to the heavenly,

Have sold your duties to this bastard queen!

OFFICER.

Hear you these blasphemies? Rush forward—seize him.

MORTIMER.

Beloved queen! I could not set thee free;
Yet take a lesson from me how to die.
Mary, thou holy one, O! pray for me!
And take me to thy heavenly home on high.

[Stabs himself, and falls into the arms of the guard.]

SCENE V.

The apartment of the Queen.

ELIZABETH, with a letter in her hand, BURLEIGH.

ELIZABETH.

To lure me thither! trifle with me thus!
The traitor! Thus to lead me, as in triumph,
Into the presence of his paramour!
Oh, Burleigh! ne'er was woman so deceived.

BURLEIGH.

I cannot yet conceive what potent means,
What magic he exerted, to surprise
My queen's accustomed prudence.

ELIZABETH.

Oh, I die
For shame! How must he laugh to scorn my weakness!
I thought to humble her, and was myself
The object of her bitter scorn.

BURLEIGH.

By this
You see how faithfully I counselled you.

ELIZABETH.

Oh, I am sorely punished, that I turned
My ear from your wise counsels; yet I thought
I might confide in him. Who could suspect
Beneath the vows of faithfullest devotion
A deadly snare? In whom can I confide
When he deceives me? He, whom I have made
The greatest of the great, and ever set
The nearest to my heart, and in this court
Allowed to play the master and the king.

BURLEIGH.

Yet in that very moment he betrayed you,
Betrayed you to this wily Queen of Scots.

ELIZABETH.

Oh, she shall pay me for it with her life!
Is the death-warrant ready?

BURLEIGH.

'Tis prepared
As you commanded.

ELIZABETH.

She shall surely die—
He shall behold her fall, and fall himself!
I've driven him from my heart. No longer love,
Revenge alone is there: and high as once
He stood, so low and shameful be his fall!
A monument of my severity,

As once the proud example of my weakness.
Conduct him to the Tower; let a commission
Of peers be named to try him. He shall feel
In its full weight the rigor of the law.

BURLEIGH.

But he will seek thy presence; he will clear——

ELIZABETH.

How can he clear himself? Does not the letter
Convict him. Oh, his crimes are manifest!

BURLEIGH.

But thou art mild and gracious! His appearance,
His powerful presence——

ELIZABETH.

I will never see him;
No never, never more. Are orders given
Not to admit him should he come?

BURLEIGH.

'Tis done.

PAGE (entering).

The Earl of Leicester!

ELIZABETH.

The presumptuous man!
I will not see him. Tell him that I will not.

PAGE.

I am afraid to bring my lord this message,
Nor would he credit it.

ELIZABETH.

And I have raised him
So high that my own servants tremble more
At him than me!

BURLEIGH (to the PAGE).

The queen forbids his presence.

[The PAGE retires slowly.

ELIZABETH (after a pause).

Yet, if it still were possible? If he
Could clear himself? Might it not be a snare
Laid by the cunning one, to sever me
From my best friends—the ever-treacherous harlot!
She might have writ the letter, but to raise
Poisonous suspicion in my heart, to ruin
The man she hates.

BURLEIGH.

Yet, gracious queen, consider.

SCENE VI.

LEICESTER (bursts open the door with violence,
and enters with an imperious air).

LEICESTER.

Fain would I see the shameless man who dares
Forbid me the apartments of my queen!

ELIZABETH (avoiding his sight).

Audacious slave!

LEICESTER.

To turn me from the door!

If for a Burleigh she be visible,
She must be so to me!

BURLEIGH.

My lord, you are
Too bold, without permission to intrude.

LEICESTER.

My lord, you are too arrogant, to take
The lead in these apartments. What! Permission!
I know of none who stands so high at court
As to permit my doings, or refuse them.

[Humbly approaching ELIZABETH.

'Tis from my sovereign's lips alone that I——

ELIZABETH (without looking at him).
Out of my sight, deceitful, worthless traitor!

LEICESTER.

'Tis not my gracious queen I hear, but Burleigh,
My enemy, in these ungentle words.
To my imperial mistress I appeal;
Thou hast lent him thine ear; I ask the like.

ELIZABETH.

Speak, shameless wretch! Increase your crime—deny it.

LEICESTER.

Dismiss this troublesome intruder first.
Withdraw, my lord; it is not of your office
To play the third man here: between the queen
And me there is no need of witnesses.
Retire——

ELIZABETH (to BURLEIGH).
Remain, my lord; 'tis my command.

LEICESTER.
What has a third to do 'twixt thee and me?
I have to clear myself before my queen,
My worshipped queen; I will maintain the rights
Which thou hast given me; these rights are sacred,
And I insist upon it, that my lord
Retire.

ELIZABETH.
This haughty tone befits you well.

LEICESTER.
It well befits me; am not I the man,
The happy man, to whom thy gracious favor
Has given the highest station? this exalts me
Above this Burleigh, and above them all.
Thy heart imparted me this rank, and what
Thy favor gave, by heavens I will maintain
At my life's hazard. Let him go, it needs
Two moments only to exculpate me.

ELIZABETH.
Think not, with cunning words, to hide the truth.

LEICESTER.

That fear from him, so voluble of speech:
But what I say is to the heart addressed;
And I will justify what I have dared
To do, confiding in thy generous favor,
Before thy heart alone. I recognize
No other jurisdiction.

ELIZABETH.

Base deceiver
'Tis this, e'en this, which above all condemns you.
My lord, produce the letter.

[To BURLEIGH.

BURLEIGH.

Here it is.

LEICESTER (running over the letter without losing his presence of mind).
'Tis Mary Stuart's hand——

ELIZABETH.

Read and be dumb!

LEICESTER (having read it quietly).
Appearance is against me, yet I hope
I shall not by appearances be judged.

ELIZABETH.

Can you deny your secret correspondence
With Mary?—that she sent and you received
Her picture, that you gave her hopes of rescue?

LEICESTER.

It were an easy matter, if I felt
That I were guilty of a crime, to challenge
The testimony of my enemy:
Yet bold is my good conscience. I confess
That she hath said the truth.

ELIZABETH.

Well then, thou wretch!

BURLEIGH.

His own words sentence him——

ELIZABETH.

Out of my sight!
Away! Conduct the traitor to the Tower!

LEICESTER.

I am no traitor; it was wrong, I own,
To make a secret of this step to thee;
Yet pure was my intention, it was done
To search into her plots and to confound them.

ELIZABETH.

Vain subterfuge!

BURLEIGH.

And do you think, my lord——

LEICESTER.

I've played a dangerous game, I know it well,
And none but Leicester dare be bold enough
To risk it at this court. The world must know
How I detest this Stuart, and the rank
Which here I hold; my monarch's confidence,

With which she honors me, must sure suffice
To overturn all doubt of my intentions.
Well may the man thy favor above all
Distinguishes pursue a daring course
To do his duty!

BURLEIGH.

 If the course was good,
Wherefore conceal it?

LEICESTER.

 You are used, my lord,
To prate before you act; the very chime
Of your own deeds. This is your manner, lord;
But mine is first to act, and then to speak.

BURLEIGH.

Yes, now you speak because you must.

LEICESTER (measuring him proudly and disdainfully with his eyes).

 And you
Boast of a wonderful, a mighty action,
That you have saved the queen, have snatched away
The mask from treachery; all is known to you;
You think, forsooth, that nothing can escape
Your penetrating eyes. Poor, idle boaster!
In spite of all your cunning, Mary Stuart
Was free to-day, had I not hindered it.

BURLEIGH.

 How? You?

LEICESTER.

Yes, I, my lord; the queen confided
In Mortimer; she opened to the youth
Her inmost soul! Yes, she went further still;
She gave him, too, a secret, bloody charge,
Which Paulet had before refused with horror.
Say, is it so, or not?

[The QUEEN and BURLEIGH look at one another with astonishment.

BURLEIGH.

Whence know ye this?

LEICESTER.

Nay, is it not a fact? Now answer me.
And where, my lord, where were your thousand eyes,
Not to discover Mortimer was false?
That he, the Guise's tool, and Mary's creature,
A raging papist, daring fanatic,
Was come to free the Stuart, and to murder
The Queen of England!

ELIZABETH (with the utmost astonishment).

How! This Mortimer!

LEICESTER.

'Twas he through whom our correspondence passed.
This plot it was which introduced me to him.
This very day she was to have been torn
From her confinement; he, this very moment,
Disclosed his plan to me: I took him prisoner,
And gave him to the guard, when in despair
To see his work o'erturned, himself unmasked,
He slew himself!

ELIZABETH.

Oh, I indeed have been
Deceived beyond example, Mortimer!

BURLEIGH.

This happened then but now? Since last we parted?

LEICESTER.

For my own sake, I must lament the deed;
That he was thus cut off. His testimony,
Were he alive, had fully cleared my fame,
And freed me from suspicion; 'twas for this
That I surrendered him to open justice.
I thought to choose the most impartial course
To verify and fix my innocence
Before the world.

BURLEIGH.

He killed himself, you say
Is't so? Or did you kill him?

LEICESTER.

Vile suspicion!
Hear but the guard who seized him.
[He goes to the door, and calls.
Ho! who waits?
[Enter the officer of the guard.
Sir, tell the queen how Mortimer expired.

OFFICER.

I was on duty in the palace porch,
When suddenly my lord threw wide the door,
And ordered me to take the knight in charge,

Denouncing him a traitor: upon this
He grew enraged, and with most bitter curses
Against our sovereign and our holy faith,
He drew a dagger, and before the guards
Could hinder his intention, plunged the steel
Into his heart, and fell a lifeless corpse.

LEICESTER.

'Tis well; you may withdraw. Her majesty
Has heard enough.

[The officer withdraws.]

ELIZABETH.

Oh, what a deep abyss
Of monstrous deeds?

LEICESTER.

Who was it, then, my queen,
Who saved you? Was it Burleigh? Did he know
The dangers which surrounded you? Did he
Avert them from your head? Your faithful Leicester
Was your good angel.

BURLEIGH.

This same Mortimer
Died most conveniently for you, my lord.

ELIZABETH.

What I should say I know not. I believe you,
And I believe you not. I think you guilty,
And yet I think you not. A curse on her
Who caused me all this anguish.

LEICESTER.

She must die;

I now myself consent unto her death.

I formerly advised you to suspend

The sentence, till some arm should rise anew

On her behalf; the case has happened now,

And I demand her instant execution.

BURLEIGH.

You give this counsel? You?

LEICESTER.

Howe'er it wound
My feelings to be forced to this extreme,
Yet now I see most clearly, now I feel
That the queen's welfare asks this bloody victim.
'Tis my proposal, therefore, that the writ
Be drawn at once to fix the execution.

BURLEIGH (to the QUEEN).

Since, then, his lordship shows such earnest zeal,
Such loyalty, 'twere well were he appointed
To see the execution of the sentence.

LEICESTER.

Who? I?

BURLEIGH.

Yes, you; you surely ne'er could find
A better means to shake off the suspicion
Which rests upon you still, than to command
Her, whom 'tis said you love, to be beheaded.

ELIZABETH (looking steadfastly at LEICESTER).

My lord advises well. So be it, then.

LEICESTER.

It were but fit that my exalted rank
Should free me from so mournful a commission,
Which would indeed, in every sense, become
A Burleigh better than the Earl of Leicester.

The man who stands so near the royal person
Should have no knowledge of such fatal scenes:
But yet to prove my zeal, to satisfy
My queen, I waive my charge's privilege,
And take upon myself this hateful duty.

ELIZABETH.

Lord Burleigh shall partake this duty with you.

[To BURLEIGH.

So be the warrant instantly prepared.

[BURLEIGH withdraws; a tumult heard without.

SCENE VII.

The QUEEN, the EARL OF KENT.

ELIZABETH.

How now, my Lord of Kent? What uproar's this
I hear without?

KENT.

My queen, it is thy people,
Who, round the palace ranged, impatiently
Demand to see their sovereign.

ELIZABETH.

What's their wish?

KENT.

A panic terror has already spread

Through London, that thy life has been attempted;
That murderers commissioned from the pope
Beset thee; that the Catholics have sworn
To rescue from her prison Mary Stuart,
And to proclaim her queen. Thy loyal people
Believe it, and are mad; her head alone
Can quiet them; this day must be her last.

ELIZABETH.

How! Will they force me, then?

KENT.

They are resolved——

SCENE VIII.

Enter BURLEIGH and DAVISON, with a paper.

ELIZABETH.

Well, Davison?

DAVISON (approaches earnestly).

Your orders are obeyed,
My queen——

ELIZABETH.

What orders, sir?

[As she is about to take the paper, she shudders, and starts back.

Oh, God!

BURLEIGH.

Obey

Thy people's voice; it is the voice of God.

ELIZABETH (irresolute, as if in contest with herself)

Oh, my good lord, who will assure me now
That what I hear is my whole people's voice,
The voice of all the world! Ah! much I fear,
That, if I now should listen to the wish
Of the wild multitude, a different voice
Might soon be heard;—and that the very men,
Who now by force oblige me to this step,
May, when 'tis taken, heavily condemn me!

SCENE IX.

Enter the EARL OF SHREWSBURY (who enters with great emotion).

SHREWSBURY.

Hold fast, my queen, they wish to hurry thee;

[Seeing DAVISON with the paper.

Be firm—or is it then decided?—is it
Indeed decided? I behold a paper
Of ominous appearance in his hand;
Let it not at this moment meet thy eyes,
My queen!—

ELIZABETH.

Good Shrewsbury! I am constrained—

SHREWSBURY.

Who can constrain thee? Thou art Queen of England,
Here must thy majesty assert its rights:
Command those savage voices to be silent,
Who take upon themselves to put constraint
Upon thy royal will, to rule thy judgment.
Fear only, blind conjecture, moves thy people;
Thou art thyself beside thyself; thy wrath
Is grievously provoked: thou art but mortal,
And canst not thus ascend the judgment seat.

BURLEIGH.

Judgment has long been past. It is not now
The time to speak but execute the sentence.

KENT (who upon SHREWSBURY'S entry had retired, comes back).
The tumult gains apace; there are no means
To moderate the people.

ELIZABETH (to SHREWSBURY).

See, my lord,
How they press on.

SHREWSBURY.

I only ask a respite;
A single word traced by thy hand decides
The peace, the happiness of all thy life!
Thou hast for years considered, let not then
A moment ruled by passion hurry thee—
But a short respite—recollect thyself!
Wait for a moment of tranquillity.

BURLEIGH (violently).

Wait for it—pause—delay—till flames of fire

Consume the realm; until the fifth attempt
Of murder be successful! God, indeed,
Hath thrice delivered thee; thy late escape
Was marvellous, and to expect again
A miracle would be to tempt thy God!

SHREWSBURY.

That God, whose potent hand hath thrice preserved thee,
Who lent my aged feeble arm its strength
To overcome the madman:—he deserves
Thy confidence. I will not raise the voice
Of justice now, for now is not the time;
Thou canst not hear it in this storm of passion.
Yet listen but to this! Thou tremblest now
Before this living Mary—tremble rather
Before the murdered, the beheaded Mary.
She will arise, and quit her grave, will range
A fiend of discord, an avenging ghost,
Around thy realm, and turn thy people's hearts
From their allegiance. For as yet the Britons
Hate her, because they fear her; but most surely
Will they avenge her when she is no more.
They will no more behold the enemy
Of their belief, they will but see in her
The much-lamented issue of their kings
A sacrifice to jealousy and hate.
Then quickly shalt thou see the sudden change
When thou hast done the bloody deed; then go
Through London, seek thy people, which till now
Around thee swarmed delighted; thou shalt see
Another England, and another people;
For then no more the godlike dignity

Of justice, which subdued thy subjects' hearts,
Will beam around thee. Fear, the dread ally
Of tyranny, will shuddering march before thee,
And make a wilderness in every street—
The last, extremest crime thou hast committed.
What head is safe, if the anointed fall?

ELIZABETH.

Ah! Shrewsbury, you saved my life, you turned
The murderous steel aside; why let you not
The dagger take its course? then all these broils
Would have been ended; then, released from doubt,
And free from blame, I should be now at rest
In my still, peaceful grave. In very sooth
I'm weary of my life, and of my crown.
If Heaven decree that one of us two queens
Must perish, to secure the other's life—
And sure it must be so—why should not I
Be she who yields? My people must decide;
I give them back the sovereignty they gave.
God is my witness that I have not lived
For my own sake, but for my people's welfare.
If they expect from this false, fawning Stuart,
The younger sovereign, more happy days,
I will descend with pleasure from the throne,
Again repair to Woodstock's quiet bowers,
Where once I spent my unambitious youth;
Where far removed from all the vanities
Of earthly power, I found within myself
True majesty. I am not made to rule—
A ruler should be made of sterner stuff:
My heart is soft and tender. I have governed

These many years this kingdom happily,
But then I only needed to make happy:
Now, comes my first important regal duty,
And now I feel how weak a thing I am.

BURLEIGH.

Now by mine honor, when I hear my queen,
My royal liege, speak such unroyal words,
I should betray my office, should betray
My country, were I longer to be silent.
You say you love your people 'bove yourself,
Now prove it. Choose not peace for your own heart,
And leave your kingdom to the storms of discord.
Think on the church. Shall, with this papist queen
The ancient superstition be renewed?
The monk resume his sway, the Roman legate
In pomp march hither; lock our churches up,
Dethrone our monarchs? I demand of you
The souls of all your subjects—as you now
Shall act, they all are saved, or all are lost!
Here is no time for mercy;—to promote
Your people's welfare is your highest duty.
If Shrewsbury has saved your life, then I
Will save both you and England—that is more!

ELIZABETH.

I would be left alone. No consolation,
No counsel can be drawn from human aid
In this conjecture:—I will lay my doubts
Before the Judge of all:—I am resolved
To act as He shall teach. Withdraw, my lords.

[To DAVISON, who lays the paper on the table.

You, sir, remain in waiting—close at hand.

[The lords withdraw, SHREWSBURY alone stands for a few moments before the QUEEN, regards her significantly, then withdraws slowly, and with an expression of the deepest anguish.]

SCENE X.

ELIZABETH alone.

Oh! servitude of popularity!
Disgraceful slavery! How weary am I
Of flattering this idol, which my soul
Despises in its inmost depth! Oh! when
Shall I once more be free upon this throne?
I must respect the people's voice, and strive
To win the favor of the multitude,
And please the fancies of a mob, whom naught
But jugglers' tricks delight. O call not him
A king who needs must please the world: 'tis he
Alone, who in his actions does not heed
The fickle approbation of mankind.
Have I then practised justice, all my life
Shunned each despotic deed; have I done this
Only to bind my hands against this first,
This necessary act of violence?
My own example now condemns myself!
Had I but been a tyrant, like my sister,
My predecessor, I could fearless then
Have shed this royal blood:—but am I now

Just by my own free choice? No—I was forced
By stern necessity to use this virtue;
Necessity, which binds e'en monarch's wills.
Surrounded by my foes, my people's love
Alone supports me on my envied throne.
All Europe's powers confederate to destroy me;
The pope's inveterate decree declares me
Accursed and excommunicated. France
Betrays me with a kiss, and Spain prepares
At sea a fierce exterminating war;
Thus stand I, in contention with the world,
A poor defenceless woman: I must seek
To veil the spot in my imperial birth,
By which my father cast disgrace upon me:
In vain with princely virtues would I hide it;
The envious hatred of my enemies
Uncovers it, and places Mary Stuart,
A threatening fiend, before me evermore!

[Walking up and down, with quick and agitated steps.]

Oh, no! this fear must end. Her head must fall!
I will have peace. She is the very fury
Of my existence; a tormenting demon,
Which destiny has fastened on my soul.
Wherever I had planted me a comfort,
A flattering hope, my way was ever crossed
By this infernal viper! She has torn
My favorite, and my destined bridegroom from me.
The hated name of every ill I feel
Is Mary Stuart—were but she no more
On earth I should be free as mountain air.

[Standing still.

With what disdain did she look down on me,
As if her eye should blast me like the lightning!
Poor feeble wretch! I bear far other arms,
Their touch is mortal, and thou art no more.

[Advancing to the table hastily, and taking the pen.

I am a bastard, am I? Hapless wretch,
I am but so the while thou liv'st and breath'st.
Thy death will make my birth legitimate.
The moment I destroy thee is the doubt
Destroyed which hangs o'er my imperial right.
As soon as England has no other choice,
My mother's honor and my birthright triumphs!

[She signs with resolution; lets her pen then fall,
and steps back with an expression of terror. After
a pause she rings.

SCENE XI.

ELIZABETH, DAVISON.

ELIZABETH.

Where are their lordships?

DAVISON.

They are gone to quell
The tumult of the people. The alarm
Was instantly appeased when they beheld

The Earl of Shrewsbury. That's he! exclaimed
A hundred voices—that's the man—he saved
The queen; hear him—the bravest man in England!
And now began the gallant Talbot, blamed
In gentle words the people's violence,
And used such strong, persuasive eloquence,
That all were pacified, and silently
They slunk away.

ELIZABETH.

The fickle multitude!
Which turns with every wind. Unhappy he
Who leans upon this reed! 'Tis well, Sir William;
You may retire again——

[As he is going towards the door.

And, sir, this paper,
Receive it back; I place it in your hands.

DAVISON (casts a look upon the paper, and starts back).
My gracious queen—thy name! 'tis then decided.

ELIZABETH.

I had but to subscribe it—I have done so—
A paper sure cannot decide—a name
Kills not.

DAVISON.

Thy name, my queen, beneath this paper
Is most decisive—kills—'tis like the lightning,
Which blasteth as it flies! This fatal scroll
Commands the sheriff and commissioners
To take departure straight for Fotheringay,
And to the Queen of Scots announce her death,

Which must at dawn be put in execution.
There is no respite, no discretion here.
As soon as I have parted with this writ
Her race is run.

ELIZABETH.

Yes, sir, the Lord has placed
This weighty business in your feeble hands;
Seek him in prayer to light you with his wisdom;
I go—and leave you, sir, to do your duty.

[Going.

DAVISON.

No; leave me not, my queen, till I have heard
Your will. The only wisdom that I need
Is, word for word, to follow your commands.
Say, have you placed this warrant in my hands
To see that it be speedily enforced?

ELIZABETH.

That you must do as your own prudence dictates.

DAVISON (interrupting her quickly, and alarmed).
Not mine—oh, God forbid! Obedience is
My only prudence here. No point must now
Be left to be decided by your servant.
A small mistake would here be regicide,
A monstrous crime, from which my soul recoils.
Permit me, in this weighty act, to be
Your passive instrument, without a will:—
Tell me in plain, undoubted terms your pleasure,
What with the bloody mandate I should do.

ELIZABETH.

Its name declares its meaning.

DAVISON.

Do you, then,
My liege, command its instant execution?

ELIZABETH.

I said not that; I tremble but to think it.

DAVISON.

Shall I retain it, then, 'till further orders?

ELIZABETH.

At your own risk; you answer the event.

DAVISON.

I! gracious heavens! Oh, speak, my queen, your pleasure!

ELIZABETH.

My pleasure is that this unhappy business
Be no more mentioned to me; that at last
I may be freed from it, and that forever.

DAVISON.

It costs you but a word—determine then
What shall I do with this mysterious scroll?

ELIZABETH.

I have declared it, plague me, sir, no longer.

DAVISON.

You have declared it, say you? Oh, my queen,
You have said nothing. Please, my gracious mistress,

But to remember——

ELIZABETH (stamps on the ground).
Insupportable!

DAVISON.
Oh, be indulgent to me! I have entered
Unwittingly, not many months ago,
Upon this office; I know not the language
Of courts and kings. I ever have been reared
In simple, open wise, a plain blunt man.
Be patient with me; nor deny your servant
A light to lead him clearly to his duty.

[He approaches her in a supplicating posture,
she turns her back on him; he stands in despair;
then speaks with a tone of resolution.

Take, take again this paper—take it back!
Within my hands it is a glowing fire.
Select not me, my queen; select not me
To serve you in this terrible conjecture.

ELIZABETH.
Go, sir;—fulfil the duty of your office.

[Exit.

SCENE XII.

DAVISON, then BURLEIGH.

DAVISON.

She goes! She leaves me doubting and perplexed
With this dread paper! How to act I know not;
Should I retain it, should I forward it?

[To BURLEIGH, who enters.

Oh! I am glad that you are come, my lord,
'Tis you who have preferred me to this charge;
Now free me from it, for I undertook it,
Unknowing how responsible it made me.
Let me then seek again the obscurity
In which you found me; this is not my place.

BURLEIGH.

How now? Take courage, sir! Where is the warrant?
The queen was with you.

DAVISON.

She has quitted me
In bitter anger. Oh, advise me, help me,
Save me from this fell agony of doubt!
My lord, here is the warrant: it is signed!

BURLEIGH.

Indeed! Oh, give it, give it me!

DAVISON.

I may not.

BURLEIGH.

How!

DAVISON.

She has not yet explained her final will.

BURLEIGH.

Explained! She has subscribed it;—give it to me.

DAVISON.

I am to execute it, and I am not.

Great heavens! I know not what I am to do!

BURLEIGH (urging more violently).

It must be now, this moment, executed.

The warrant, sir. You're lost if you delay.

DAVISON.

So am I also if I act too rashly.

BURLEIGH.

What strange infatuation. Give it me.

[Snatches the paper from him, and exit with it.

DAVISON.

What would you? Hold? You will be my destruction.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Scene the same as in the First Act.

HANNAH KENNEDY in deep mourning, her eyes still red from weeping, in great but quiet anguish, is employed in sealing letters and parcels. Her sorrow often interrupts her occupation, and she is seen at such intervals to pray in silence. PAULET and DRURY, also in mourning, enter, followed by many servants, who bear golden and silver vessels, mirrors, paintings, and other valuables, and fill the back part of the stage with them. PAULET delivers to the NURSE a box of jewels and a paper, and seems to inform her by signs that it contains the inventory of the effects the QUEEN had brought with her. At the sight of these riches, the anguish of the NURSE is renewed; she sinks into a deep, glowing melancholy, during which DRURY, PAULET, and the servants silently retire.

MELVIL enters.

KENNEDY (screams aloud as soon as she observes him).
Melvil! Is it you? Behold I you again?

MELVIL.
Yes, faithful Kennedy, we meet once more.

KENNEDY.

After this long, long, painful separation!

MELVIL.

A most unhappy, bitter meeting this!

KENNEDY.

You come——

MELVIL.

To take an everlasting leave
Of my dear queen—to bid a last farewell!

KENNEDY.

And now at length, now on the fatal morn
Which brings her death, they grant our royal lady
The presence of her friends. Oh, worthy sir,
I will not question you, how you have fared,
Nor tell you all the sufferings we've endured,
Since you were torn away from us: alas!
There will be time enough for that hereafter.
O, Melvil, Melvil, why was it our fate
To see the dawn of this unhappy day?

MELVIL.

Let us not melt each other with our grief.
Throughout my whole remaining life, as long
As ever it may be, I'll sit and weep;
A smile shall never more light up these cheeks,
Ne'er will I lay this sable garb aside,
But lead henceforth a life of endless mourning.
Yet on this last sad day I will be firm;
Pledge me your word to moderate your grief;

And when the rest of comfort all bereft,
Abandoned to despair, wail round her, we
Will lead her with heroic resolution,
And be her staff upon the road to death!

KENNEDY.

Melvil! You are deceived if you suppose
The queen has need of our support to meet
Her death with firmness. She it is, my friend,
Who will exhibit the undaunted heart.
Oh! trust me, Mary Stuart will expire
As best becomes a heroine and queen!

MELVIL.

Received she firmly, then, the sad decree
Of death?—'tis said that she was not prepared.

KENNEDY.

She was not; yet they were far other terrors
Which made our lady shudder: 'twas not death,
But her deliverer, which made her tremble.
Freedom was promised us; this very night
Had Mortimer engaged to bear us hence:
And thus the queen, perplexed 'twixt hope and fear,
And doubting still if she should trust her honor
And royal person to the adventurous youth,
Sat waiting for the morning. On a sudden
We hear a boisterous tumult in the castle;
Our ears are startled by repeated blows
Of many hammers, and we think we hear
The approach of our deliverers: hope salutes us,
And suddenly and unresisted wakes
The sweet desire of life. And now at once

The portals are thrown open—it is Paulet,
Who comes to tell us—that—the carpenters
Erect beneath our feet the murderous scaffold!

[She turns aside, overpowered by excessive anguish.

MELVIL.

O God in Heaven! Oh, tell me then how bore
The queen this terrible vicissitude?

KENNEDY (after a pause, in which she has somewhat collected herself).
Not by degrees can we relinquish life;
Quick, sudden, in the twinkling of an eye,
The separation must be made, the change
From temporal to eternal life; and God
Imparted to our mistress at this moment
His grace, to cast away each earthly hope,
And firm and full of faith to mount the skies.
No sign of pallid fear dishonored her;
No word of mourning, 'till she heard the tidings
Of Leicester's shameful treachery, the sad fate
Of the deserving youth, who sacrificed
Himself for her; the deep, the bitter anguish
Of that old knight, who lost, through her, his last,
His only hope; till then she shed no tear—
'Twas then her tears began to flow, 'twas not
Her own, but others' woe which wrung them from her.

MELVIL.

Where is she now? Can you not lead me to her?

KENNEDY.

She spent the last remainder of the night

In prayer, and from her dearest friends she took
Her last farewell in writing: then she wrote
Her will [1] with her own hand. She now enjoys
A moment of repose, the latest slumber
Refreshes her weak spirits.

MELVIL.

Who attends her?

KENNEDY.

None but her women and physician Burgoyne:
You seem to look around you with surprise;
Your eyes appear to ask me what should mean
This show of splendor in the house of death.
Oh, sir, while yet we lived we suffered want;
But at our death plenty returns to us.

SCENE II.

Enter MARGARET CURL.

KENNEDY.

How, madam, fares the queen? Is she awake?

CURL (drying her tears).

She is already dressed—she asks for you.

KENNEDY.

I go:—

[To MELVIL, who seems to wish to accompany her.

But follow not until the queen
Has been prepared to see you.

[Exit.

CURL.

 Melvil, sure,
The ancient steward?

MELVIL.

 Yes, the same.

CURL.

 Oh, sir,
This is a house which needs no steward now!
Melvil, you come from London; can you give
No tidings of my husband?

MELVIL.

 It is said
He will be set at liberty as soon——

CURL.

As soon as our dear queen shall be no more.
Oh, the unworthy, the disgraceful traitor!
He is our lady's murderer—'tis said
It was his testimony which condemned him.

MELVIL.

'Tis true.

CURL.

 Oh, curse upon him! Be his soul
Condemned forever! he has borne false witness.

MELVIL.

Think, madam, what you say.

CURL.

I will maintain it
With every sacred oath before the court,
I will repeat it in his very face;
The world shall hear of nothing else. I say
That she dies innocent!

MELVIL..

God grant it true!

[1] The document is now in the British Museum.

SCENE III.

Enter HANNAH KENNEDY.

KENNEDY (to CURL).

Go, madam, and require a cup of wine—
'Tis for our lady.

MELVIL.

Is the queen then sick?

KENNEDY.

She thinks that she is strong; she is deceived
By her heroic courage; she believes
She has no need of nourishment; yet still
A hard and painful task's allotted her.
Her enemies shall not enjoy the triumph;
They shall not say that fear hath blanched her cheeks
When her fatigues have conquered human weakness.

MELVIL.

May I approach her?

KENNEDY.

She will come herself.

SCENE IV.

Enter BURGOYN; two women of the chamber follow him, weeping, and in deep mourning.

BURGOYN.

Oh, Melvil!

MELVIL.

Oh, Burgoyne!

[They embrace silently.]

FIRST WOMAN (to the NURSE).

She chose to be

Alone: she wishes, at this awful moment,
For the last time, to commune with her God.

SCENE V.

Enter MARGARET CURL, bearing a golden cup of wine; she places it hastily upon the table, and leans, pale and trembling, against a chair.

MELVIL.

How, madam! What has frightened you?

KENNEDY.

Oh God!

BURGOYN.

Speak, madam!

CURL.

What, alas! have I beheld!

MELVIL.

Come to yourself, and say what you have seen!

CURL.

As I went down the staircase which conducts
To the great hall below, a door stood open;
I looked into the chamber, and I saw—
Oh heaven!

MELVIL.

What saw you?

CURL.

All the walls were hung
With black; a spacious scaffold, too, o'erspread
With sable cloth, was raised above the floor,
And in the middle of the scaffold stood
A dreadful sable block! upon it lay
A naked, polished axe:—the hall was full
Of cruel people, crowding round the scaffold
Who, with a horrid thirst for human blood,
Seemed waiting for the victim!

THE WOMEN.

Gracious heaven,
Protect our queen!

MELVIL.

Be calm; the queen approaches.

SCENE VI.

Enter MARY in white and sumptuously arrayed, as for a festival: she wears hanging from her neck, on a row of small beads, an Agnus Dei; a rosary hangs from her girdle; she bears a crucifix in her hand, and a diadem of precious stones binds her hair; her large black veil is thrown back. On her entrance all present fall back on both sides with the most violent expressions of anguish. MELVIL falls involuntarily upon his knees.

MARY (with quiet majesty, looking round the whole circle).

Why these complaints? Why weep ye? Ye should rather
Rejoice with me, that now at length the end
Of my long woe approaches; that my shackles
Fall off, my prison opens, and my soul
Delighted mounts on seraph's wings, and seeks
The land of everlasting liberty.
When I was offered up to the oppression
Of my proud enemy, was forced to suffer
Ignoble taunts, and insults most unfitting
A free and sovereign queen, then was the time
To weep for me; but as an earnest friend,
Beneficent and healing death approaches.
All the indignities which I have suffered

On earth are covered by his sable wings.
The most degraded criminal's ennobled
By his last sufferings, by his final exit;
I feel again the crown upon my brows.
And dignity possess my swelling soul!

[Advancing a few steps.

How! Melvil here! My worthy sir, not so;
Arise; you rather come in time to see
The triumph of your mistress than her death.
One comfort, which I never had expected,
Is granted me, that after death my name
Will not be quite abandoned to my foes;
One friend at least, one partner of my faith,
Will be my witness in the hour of death.
Say, honest Melvil, how you fared the while
In this inhospitable, hostile land?
For since the time they tore you from my side
My fears for you have oft depressed my soul.

MELVIL.

No other evil galled me but my grief
For thee, and that I wanted power to serve thee.

MARY.

How fares my chamberlain, old Didier?
But sure the faithful servant long has slept
The sleep of death, for he was full of years.

MELVIL.

God hath not granted him as yet this grace;
He lives to see the grave o'erwhelm thy youth.

MARY.

Oh! could I but have felt before my death,
The happiness of pressing one descendant
Of the dear blood of Stuart to my bosom.
But I must suffer in a foreign land,
None but my servants to bewail my fate!
Sir; to your loyal bosom I commit
My latest wishes. Bear then, sir, my blessing
To the most Christian king, my royal brother,
And the whole royal family of France.
I bless the cardinal, my honored uncle,
And also Henry Guise, my noble cousin.
I bless the holy father, the vicegerent
Of Christ on earth, who will, I trust, bless me.
I bless the King of Spain, who nobly offered
Himself as my deliverer, my avenger.
They are remembered in my will: I hope
That they will not despise, how poor soe'er
They be, the presents of a heart which loves them.

[Turning to her servants.

I have bequeathed you to my royal brother
Of France; he will protect you, he will give you
Another country, and a better home;
And if my last desire have any weight,
Stay not in England; let no haughty Briton
Glut his proud heart with your calamities,
Nor see those in the dust who once were mine.
Swear by this image of our suffering Lord
To leave this fatal land when I'm no more.

MELVIL (touching the crucifix).

I swear obedience in the name of all.

MARY.

What I, though poor and plundered, still possess,
Of which I am allowed to make disposal,
Shall be amongst you shared; for I have hope
In this at least my will may be fulfilled.
And what I wear upon my way to death
Is yours—nor envy me on this occasion
The pomp of earth upon the road to heaven.

[To the ladies of her chamber.

To you, my Alice, Gertrude, Rosamund,
I leave my pearls, my garments: you are young,
And ornament may still delight your hearts.
You, Margaret, possess the nearest claims,
To you I should be generous: for I leave you
The most unhappy woman of them all.
That I have not avenged your husband's fault
On you I hope my legacy will prove.
The worth of gold, my Hannah, charms not thee;
Nor the magnificence of precious stones:
My memory, I know, will be to thee
The dearest jewel; take this handkerchief,
I worked it for thee, in the hours of sorrow,
With my own hands, and my hot, scalding tears
Are woven in the texture:—you will bind
My eyes with this, when it is time: this last
Sad service I would wish but from my Hannah.

KENNEDY.

O Melvil! I cannot support it.

MARY.

Come,
Come all and now receive my last farewell.

[She stretches forth her hands; the WOMEN violently weeping, fall successively at her feet, and kiss her outstretched hand.

Margaret, farewell—my Alice, fare thee well;
Thanks, Burgoyne, for thy honest, faithful service—
Thy lips are hot, my Gertrude:—I have been
Much hated, yet have been as much beloved.
May a deserving husband bless my Gertrude,
For this warm, glowing heart is formed for love.
Bertha, thy choice is better, thou hadst rather
Become the chaste and pious bride of heaven;
Oh! haste thee to fulfil thy vows; the goods
Of earth are all deceitful; thou may'st learn
This lesson from thy queen. No more; farewell,
Farewell, farewell, my friends, farewell for ever.

[She turns suddenly from them; all but MELVIL retire at different sides.

SCENE VII.

MARY, MELVIL.

MARY (after the others are all gone).
I have arranged all temporal concerns,
And hope to leave the world in debt to none;
Melvil, one thought alone there is which binds

My troubled soul, nor suffers it to fly
Delighted and at liberty to heaven.

MELVIL.

Disclose it to me; ease your bosom, trust
Your doubts, your sorrows, to your faithful friend.

MARY.

I see eternity's abyss before me;
Soon must I stand before the highest Judge,
And have not yet appeased the Holy One.
A priest of my religion is denied me,
And I disdain to take the sacrament,
The holy, heavenly nourishment, from priests
Of a false faith; I die in the belief
Of my own church, for that alone can save.

MELVIL.

Compose your heart; the fervent, pious wish
Is prized in heaven as high as the performance.
The might of tyrants can but bind the hands,
The heart's devotion rises free to God,
The word is dead—'tis faith which brings to life.

MARY.

The heart is not sufficient of itself;
Our faith must have some earthly pledge to ground
Its claim to the high bliss of heaven. For this
Our God became incarnate, and enclosed
Mysteriously his unseen heavenly grace
Within an outward figure of a body.
The church it is, the holy one, the high one,
Which rears for us the ladder up to heaven:—

'Tis called the Catholic Apostolic church,—
For 'tis but general faith can strengthen faith;
Where thousands worship and adore the heat
Breaks out in flame, and, borne on eagle wings,
The soul mounts upwards to the heaven of heavens.
Ah! happy they, who for the glad communion
Of pious prayer meet in the house of God!
The altar is adorned, the tapers blaze,
The bell invites, the incense soars on high;
The bishop stands enrobed, he takes the cup,
And blessing it declares the solemn mystery,
The transformation of the elements;
And the believing people fall delighted
To worship and adore the present Godhead.
Alas! I only am debarred from this;
The heavenly benediction pierces not
My prison walls: its comfort is denied me.

MELVIL.

Yes! it can pierce them—put thy trust in Him
Who is almighty—in the hand of faith,
The withered staff can send forth verdant branches
And he who from the rock called living water,
He can prepare an altar in this prison,
Can change——

[Seizing the cup, which stands upon the table.

The earthly contents of this cup
Into a substance of celestial grace.

MARY.

Melvil! Oh, yes, I understand you, Melvil!
Here is no priest, no church, no sacrament;

But the Redeemer says, "When two or three
Are in my name assembled, I am with them,"
What consecrates the priest? Say, what ordains him
To be the Lord's interpreter? a heart
Devoid of guile, and a reproachless conduct.
Well, then, though unordained, be you my priest;
To you will I confide my last confession,
And take my absolution from your lips.

MELVIL.

If then thy heart be with such zeal inflamed,
I tell thee that for thine especial comfort,
The Lord may work a miracle. Thou say'st
Here is no priest, no church, no sacrament—
Thou err'st—here is a priest—here is a God;
A God descends to thee in real presence.

[At these words he uncovers his head,
and shows a host in a golden vessel.

I am a priest—to hear thy last confession,
And to announce to thee the peace of God
Upon thy way to death. I have received
Upon my head the seven consecrations.
I bring thee, from his Holiness, this host,
Which, for thy use, himself has deigned to bless.

MARY.

Is then a heavenly happiness prepared
To cheer me on the very verge of death?
As an immortal one on golden clouds
Descends, as once the angel from on high,
Delivered the apostle from his fetters:—

He scorns all bars, he scorns the soldier's sword,
He steps undaunted through the bolted portals,
And fills the dungeon with his native glory;
Thus here the messenger of heaven appears
When every earthly champion had deceived me.
And you, my servant once, are now the servant
Of the Most High, and his immortal Word!
As before me your knees were wont to bend,
Before you humbled, now I kiss the dust.

[She sinks before him on her knees.

MELVIL (making over her the sign of the cross).
Hear, Mary, Queen of Scotland:—in the name
Of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hast thou examined carefully thy heart,
Swearest thou, art thou prepared in thy confession
To speak the truth before the God of truth?

MARY.
Before my God and thee, my heart lies open.

MELVIL.
What calls thee to the presence of the Highest?

MARY.
I humbly do acknowledge to have erred
Most grievously, I tremble to approach,
Sullied with sin, the God of purity.

MELVIL.
Declare the sin which weighs so heavily
Upon thy conscience since thy last confession.

MARY.

My heart was filled with thoughts of envious hate,
And vengeance took possession of my bosom.
I hope forgiveness of my sins from God,
Yet could I not forgive my enemy.

MELVIL.

Repentest thou of the sin? Art thou, in sooth,
Resolved to leave this world at peace with all?

MARY.

As surely as I wish the joys of heaven.

MELVIL.

What other sin hath armed thy heart against thee?

MARY.

Ah! not alone through hate; through lawless love
Have I still more abused the sovereign good.
My heart was vainly turned towards the man
Who left me in misfortune, who deceived me.

MELVIL.

Repentest thou of the sin? And hast thou turned
Thy heart, from this idolatry, to God?

MARY.

It was the hardest trial I have passed;
This last of earthly bonds is torn asunder.

MELVIL.

What other sin disturbs thy guilty conscience?

MARY.

A bloody crime, indeed of ancient date,
And long ago confessed; yet with new terrors.
It now attacks me, black and grisly steps
Across my path, and shuts the gates of heaven:
By my connivance fell the king, my husband—
I gave my hand and heart to a seducer—
By rigid penance I have made atonement;
Yet in my soul the worm is gnawing still.

MELVIL.

Has then thy heart no other accusation,
Which hath not been confessed and washed away?

MARY.

All you have heard with which my heart is charged.

MELVIL.

Think on the presence of Omniscience;
Think on the punishments with which the church
Threatens imperfect and reserved confessions
This is the sin to everlasting death,
For this is sinning 'gainst his Holy Spirit.

MARY.

So may eternal grace with victory
Crown my last contest, as I wittingly
Have nothing hid——

MELVIL.

How? Wilt thou then conceal
The crime from God for which thou art condemned?
Thou tell'st me nothing of the share thou hadst
In Babington and Parry's bloody treason:

Thou diest for this a temporal death; for this
Wilt thou, too, die the everlasting death?

MARY.

I am prepared to meet eternity;
Within the narrow limits of an hour
I shall appear before my Judge's throne.
But, I repeat it, my confession's ended.

MELVIL.

Consider well—the heart is a deceiver.
Thou hast, perhaps, with sly equivocation,
The word avoided, which would make thee guilty
Although thy will was party to the crime.
Remember, that no juggler's tricks can blind
The eye of fire which darts through every breast.

MARY.

'Tis true that I have called upon all princes
To free me from unworthy chains; yet 'tis
As true that, neither by intent or deed,
Have I attempted my oppressor's life.

MELVIL.

Your secretaries then have witnessed falsely.

MARY.

It is as I have said;—what they have witnessed
The Lord will judge.

MELVIL.

Thou mountest, then, satisfied
Of thy own innocence, the fatal scaffold?

MARY.

God suffers me in mercy to atone,
By undeserved death, my youth's transgressions.

MELVIL (making over her the sign of the cross).

Go, then, and expiate them all by death;
Sink a devoted victim on the altar,
Thus shall thy blood atone the blood thou'st spilt.
From female frailty were derived thy faults,
Free from the weakness of mortality,
The spotless spirit seeks the blest abodes.
Now, then, by the authority which God
Hath unto me committed, I absolve thee
From all thy sins; be as thy faith thy welfare!

[He gives her the host.

Receive the body which for thee was offered—

[He takes the cup which stands upon the table,
consecrates it with silent prayer, then presents
it to her; she hesitates to take it, and makes
signs to him to withdraw it.

Receive the blood which for thy sins was shed,
Receive it; 'tis allowed thee by the pope
To exercise in death the highest office
Of kings, the holy office of the priesthood.

[She takes the cup.

And as thou now, in this his earthly body
Hast held with God mysterious communion,
So may'st thou henceforth, in his realm of joy,

Where sin no more exists, nor tears of woe,
A fair, transfigured spirit, join thyself
Forever with the Godhead, and forever.

[He sets down the cup; hearing a noise,
he covers his head, and goes to the door;
MARY remains in silent devotion on her knees.

MELVIL (returning).
A painful conflict is in store for thee.
Feel'st thou within thee strength enough to smother
Each impulse of malignity and hate?

MARY.
I fear not a relapse. I have to God
Devoted both my hatred and my love.

MELVIL.
Well, then, prepare thee to receive my Lords
Of Leicester and of Burleigh. They are here.

SCENE VIII.

Enter BURLEIGH, LEICESTER, and PAULET.

[LEICESTER remains in the background, without raising
his eyes; BURLEIGH, who remarks his confusion, steps
between him and the QUEEN.

BURLEIGH.
I come, my Lady Stuart, to receive
Your last commands and wishes.

MARY.

Thanks, my lord.

BURLEIGH.

It is the pleasure of my royal mistress
That nothing reasonable be denied you.

MARY.

My will, my lord, declares my last desires;
I've placed it in the hand of Sir Amias,
And humbly beg that it may be fulfilled.

PAULET.

You may rely on this.

MARY.

I beg that all
My servants unmolested may return
To France, or Scotland, as their wishes lead.

BURLEIGH.

It shall be as you wish.

MARY.

And since my body
Is not to rest in consecrated ground,
I pray you suffer this my faithful servant
To bear my heart to France, to my relations—
Alas! 'twas ever there.

BURLEIGH.

It shall be done.
What wishes else?

MARY.

Unto her majesty
Of England bear a sister's salutation;
Tell her that from the bottom of my heart
I pardon her my death; most humbly, too,
I crave her to forgive me for the passion
With which I spoke to her. May God preserve her
And bless her with a long and prosperous reign.

BURLEIGH.

Say, do you still adhere to your resolve,
And still refuse assistance from the dean?

MARY.

My lord, I've made my peace with God.

[To PAULET.

Good sir,
I have unwittingly caused you much sorrow,
Bereft you of your age's only stay.
Oh, let me hope you do not hate my name.

PAULET (giving her his hand).
The Lord be with you! Go your way in peace.

SCENE IX.

HANNAH KENNEDY, and the other women of the QUEEN crowd
into the room with marks of horror. The SHERIFF follows
them, a white staff in his hand; behind are seen, through
the open doors, men under arms.

MARY.

What ails thee, Hannah? Yes, my hour is come.
The sheriff comes to lead me to my fate,
And part we must. Farewell!

KENNEDY and CURL.

We will not leave thee,
We will not part from thee.

MARY (to MELVIL).

You, worthy sir,
And my dear, faithful Hannah, shall attend me
In my last moments. I am sure, my lord
Will not refuse my heart this consolation.

BURLEIGH.

For this I have no warrant.

MARY.

How, my lord;
Can you deny me, then, this small petition?
Respect my sex; who shall attend me else,
And yield me the last service? Sure, it never
Can be my sister's pleasure that in me
My sex should be insulted; that these men
With their rude hands should touch my royal person.

BURLEIGH.

'Tis ordered that no woman shall ascend
The scaffold steps with you. Their tears and moans——

MARY.

She shall not weep, my lord; she shall not moan;

I answer for my Hannah's resolution;
Be merciful; divide me not so soon
From my true foster-mother, from my friend.
She bore me on her arms into this life;
Let her then gently lead me to my death.

PAULET (to BURLEIGH).
Yield to her wishes.

BURLEIGH.
Be it so.

MARY.
I now
Have nothing in this world to wish for more.

[She takes the crucifix, and kisses it.

My God! My Comforter! My blest Redeemer!
As once thy arms were stretched upon the cross,
Let them be now extended to receive me!

[She turns round to go; at the same moment her eyes fall upon
LEICESTER, who, on her going, starts involuntarily, and turns his eyes
towards her; at this sight MARY trembles, her knees fail her, she is about
to fall, when LEICESTER catches at her, and receives her in his arms; she
regards him for some time earnestly, and in silence; he cannot support her
looks; at length she speaks.

You keep your word, my Lord of Leicester: for
You promised me your arm to lead me forth
From prison, and you lend it to me now.
At length the wished-for day is come, and what
Was oft the object of my fondest dreams

Is now accomplished: and the Earl of Leicester,
The long-expected, the long-wished-for friend,
Appears at length in Fotheringay Castle.
I see him standing in my prison; all
Is ready for the journey; all the gates
Stand open, and at length I cross the threshold,
Conducted by his hand; and now I leave
These dismal walls behind me, and forever.
All is fulfilled, and you have saved your honor.

[He stands as if annihilated; she continues,
with a gentle voice.

Yes, Leicester; not for liberty alone
I wished to be indebted to your hands.
You should have made me bless that liberty.
Led by your hand, and happy in your love,
I hoped once more to taste the joys of life.
Yes; now that I'm prepared from all the world
To part, and to become a happy spirit,
Whom earthly inclinations tempt no more!
Now, Leicester, I may venture to confess
Without a blush the frailty I have conquered;
Farewell, my lord; and, if you can, be happy!
To woo two queens has been your daring aim;
You have disdained a tender, loving heart,
Betrayed it in the hope to win a proud one:
Kneel at the feet of Queen Elizabeth!
May your reward not prove your punishment.
Farewell; I now have nothing more on earth.

[She goes, preceded by the SHERIFF; at her side
MELVIL and her nurse; BURLEIGH and PAULET follow;

the others, wailing, follow her with their eyes
till she disappears; they then retire through the
other two doors.

SCENE X.

LEICESTER (remaining alone).

Do I live still? Can I still bear to live?

Will not this roof fall down and bury me?

Yawns no abyss to swallow in its gulf

The veriest wretch on earth? What have I lost?

Oh, what a pearl have I not cast away!

What bliss celestial madly dashed aside!

She's gone, a spirit purged from earthly stain,

And the despair of hell remains for me!

Where is the purpose now with which I came

To stifle my heart's voice in callous scorn?

To see her head descend upon the block

With unaverted and indifferent eyes?

How doth her presence wake my slumbering shame?

Must she in death surround me with love's toils?

Lost, wretched man! No more it suits thee now

To melt away in womanly compassion:

Love's golden bliss lies not upon thy path,

Then arm thy breast in panoply of steel,

And henceforth be thy brows of adamant!

Wouldst thou not lose the guerdon of thy guilt,

Thou must uphold, complete it daringly!

Pity be dumb; mine eyes be petrified!

I'll see—I will be witness of her fall.

[He advances with resolute steps towards the door through which MARY passed; but stops suddenly half way.

No! No! The terrors of all hell possess me.
I cannot look upon the dreadful deed;
I cannot see her die! Hark! What was that?
They are already there. Beneath my feet
The bloody business is preparing. Hark!
I hear their voices. Hence! Away, away
From this abode of misery and death!

[He attempts to escape by another door;
finds it locked, and returns.

How! Does some demon chain me to this spot?
To hear what I would shudder to behold?
That voice—it is the dean's, exhorting her;
She interrupts him. Hark—she prays aloud;
Her voice is firm—now all is still, quite still!
And sobs and women's moans are all I hear.
Now, they undress her; they remove the stool;
She kneels upon the cushion; lays her head——

[Having spoken these last words, and paused awhile, he is seen with a convulsive motion suddenly to shrink and faint away; a confused hum of voices is heard at the same moment from below, and continues for some time.

SCENE XI.

The Second Chamber in the Fourth Act.

ELIZABETH (entering from a side door; her gait and action expressive of the most violent uneasiness).

No message yet arrived! What! no one here!
Will evening never come! Stands the sun still
In its ethereal course? I can no more
Remain upon the rack of expectation!
Is it accomplished? Is it not? I shudder
At both events, and do not dare to ask.
My Lord of Leicester comes not,—Burleigh too,
Whom I appointed to fulfil the sentence.
If they have quitted London then 'tis done,
The bolt has left its rest—it cuts the air—
It strikes; has struck already: were my realm
At stake I could not now arrest its course.
Who's there?

SCENE XII.

Enter a PAGE.

ELIZABETH.

Returned alone? Where are the lords?

PAGE.

My Lord High-Treasurer and the Earl of Leicester?

ELIZABETH.

Where are they?

PAGE.

They are not in London.

ELIZABETH.

No!

Where are they then?

PAGE.

That no one could inform me;
Before the dawn, mysteriously, in haste
They quitted London.

ELIZABETH (exultingly).

I am Queen of England!

[Walking up and down in the greatest agitation.

Go—call me—no, remain, boy! She is dead;
Now have I room upon the earth at last.
Why do I shake? Whence comes this aguish dread?
My fears are covered by the grave; who dares
To say I did it? I have tears enough
In store to weep her fall. Are you still here?

[To the PAGE.

Command my secretary, Davison,
To come to me this instant. Let the Earl
Of Shrewsbury be summoned. Here he comes.

[Exit PAGE.

SCENE XIII.

Enter SHREWSBURY.

ELIZABETH.

Welcome, my noble lord. What tidings; say
It cannot be a trifle which hath led
Your footsteps hither at so late an hour.

SHREWSBURY.

My liege, the doubts that hung upon my heart,
And dutiful concern for your fair fame,
Directed me this morning to the Tower,
Where Mary's secretaries, Nau and Curl,
Are now confined as prisoners, for I wished
Once more to put their evidence to proof.
On my arrival the lieutenant seemed
Embarrassed and perplexed; refused to show me
His prisoners; but my threats obtained admittance.
God! what a sight was there! With frantic looks,
With hair dishevelled, on his pallet lay
The Scot like one tormented by a fury.
The miserable man no sooner saw me
Than at my feet he fell, and there, with screams,
Clasping my knees, and writhing like a worm,
Implored, conjured me to acquaint him with
His sovereign's destiny, for vague reports
Had somehow reached the dungeons of the Tower
That she had been condemned to suffer death.
When I confirmed these tidings, adding, too,
That on his evidence she had been doomed,—
He started wildly up,—caught by the throat
His fellow-prisoner; with the giant strength
Of madness tore him to the ground and tried
To strangle him. No sooner had we saved
The wretch from his fierce grapple than at once
He turned his rage against himself and beat

His breast with savage fists; then cursed himself
And his companions to the depths of hell!
His evidence was false; the fatal letters
To Babington, which he had sworn were true,
He now denounced as forgeries; for he
Had set down words the queen had never spoken;
The traitor Nau had led him to this treason.
Then ran he to the casement, threw it wide
With frantic force, and cried into the street
So loud that all the people gathered round:
I am the man, Queen Mary's secretary,
The traitor who accused his mistress falsely;
I bore false witness and am cursed forever!

ELIZABETH.

You said yourself that he had lost his wits;
A madman's words prove nothing.

SHREWSBURY.

Yet this madness
Serves in itself to swell the proof. My liege,
Let me conjure thee; be not over-hasty;
Prithee, give order for a new inquiry!

ELIZABETH.

I will, my lord, because it is your wish,
Not that I can believe my noble peers
Have in this case pronounced a hasty judgment.
To set your mind at rest the inquiry shall
Be straight renewed. Well that 'tis not too late!
Upon the honor of our royal name,
No, not the shadow of a doubt shall rest.

SCENE XIV.

Enter DAVISON.

ELIZABETH.

The sentence, sir, which I but late intrusted
Unto your keeping; where is it?

DAVISON (in the utmost astonishment).
The sentence!

ELIZABETH (more urgent).
Which yesterday I gave into your charge.

DAVISON.
Into my charge, my liege!

ELIZABETH.
The people urged
And baited me to sign it. I perforce
Was driven to yield obedience to their will.
I did so; did so on extreme constraint,
And in your hands deposited the paper.
To gain time was my purpose; you remember
What then I told you. Now, the paper, sir!

SHREWSBURY.
Restore it, sir, affairs have changed since then,
The inquiry must be set on foot anew.

DAVISON.

Anew! Eternal mercy!

ELIZABETH.

Why this pause,
This hesitation? Where, sir, is the paper?

DAVISON.

I am undone! Undone! My fate is sealed!

ELIZABETH (interrupting him violently).
Let me not fancy, sir——

DAVISON.

Oh, I am lost!
I have it not.

ELIZABETH.

How? What?

SHREWSBURY.

Oh, God in heaven!

DAVISON.

It is in Burleigh's hands—since yesterday.

ELIZABETH.

Wretch! Is it thus you have obeyed my orders?
Did I not lay my strict injunction on you
To keep it carefully?

DAVISON.

No such injunction
Was laid on me, my liege.

ELIZABETH.

Give me the lie?
Opprobrious wretch! When did I order you
To give the paper into Burleigh's hands?

DAVISON.
Never expressly in so many words.

ELIZABETH.
And, paltering villain I dare you then presume
To construe, as you list, my words—and lay
Your bloody meaning on them? Wo betide you,
If evil come of this officious deed!
Your life shall answer the event to me.
Earl Shrewsbury, you see how my good name
Has been abused!

SHREWSBURY.
I see! Oh, God in heaven!

ELIZABETH.
What say you?

SHREWSBURY.
If the knight has dared to act
In this, upon his own authority,
Without the knowledge of your majesty,
He must be cited to the Court of Peers
To answer there for subjecting thy name
To the abhorrence of all after time.

SCENE XV.

Enter BURLEIGH.

BURLEIGH (bowing his knee before the QUEEN).
Long life and glory to my royal mistress,
And may all enemies of her dominions
End like this Stuart.

[SHREWSBURY hides his face. DAVIDSON wrings his hands in despair.]

ELIZABETH.

Speak, my lord; did you
From me receive the warrant?

BURLEIGH.

No, my queen;
From Davison.

ELIZABETH.

And did he in my name
Deliver it?

BURLEIGH.

No, that I cannot say.

ELIZABETH.

And dared you then to execute the writ
Thus hastily, nor wait to know my pleasure?
Just was the sentence—we are free from blame
Before the world; yet it behooved thee not
To intercept our natural clemency.
For this, my lord, I banish you my presence;
And as this forward will was yours alone
Bear you alone the curse of the misdeed!

[To DAVISON.

For you, sir; who have traitorously o'erstepped
The bounds of your commission, and betrayed
A sacred pledge intrusted to your care,
A more severe tribunal is prepared:
Let him be straight conducted to the Tower,
And capital arraignments filed against him.
My honest Talbot, you alone have proved,
'Mongst all my counsellors, an upright man:
You shall henceforward be my guide—my friend.

SHREWSBURY.

Oh! banish not the truest of your friends;
Nor cast those into prison, who for you
Have acted; who for you are silent now.
But suffer me, great queen, to give the seal,
Which, these twelve years, I've borne unworthily,
Back to your royal hands, and take my leave.

ELIZABETH (surprised).

No, Shrewsbury; you surely would not now
Desert me? No; not now.

SHREWSBURY.

Pardon, I am
Too old, and this right hand is growing too stiff
To set the seal upon your later deeds.

ELIZABETH.

Will he forsake me, who has saved my life?

SHREWSBURY.

'Tis little I have done: I could not save
Your nobler part. Live—govern happily!
Your rival's dead! Henceforth you've nothing more
To fear—henceforth to nothing pay regard.

[Exit.

ELIZABETH (to the EARL of KENT, who enters).
Send for the Earl of Leicester.

KENT.

He desires
To be excused—he is embarked for France.

The Curtain drops.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

By Frederich Schiller

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CHARLES THE SEVENTH, King of France.

QUEEN ISABEL, his Mother.

AGNES SOREL.

PHILIP THE GOOD, Duke of Burgundy.

EARL DUNOIS, Bastard of Orleans.

LA HIRE, DUCRATEL, French Offers.

ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS.

CRATILLON, A Burgundian Knight.

RAOUL, a Lotharingian Knight.

TALBOT, the English General,

LIONEL, FASTOLFE, English Officers.

MONTGOMERY, a Welshman.

COUNCILLORS OF ORLEANS.

AN ENGLISH HERALD.

THIBAUT D'ARC, a wealthy Countryman.

MARGOT, LOUISON, JOHANNA, his Daughters.

ETIENNE, CLAUDE MARIE, RAIMOND, their Suitors.

BERTRAND, another Countryman.

APPARITION OF A BLACK KNIGHT.

CHARCOAL-BURNER AND HIS WIFE.

Soldiers and People, Officers of the Crown, Bishops, Monks, Marshals,
Magistrates, Courtiers, and other mute persons in the Coronation
Procession.

PROLOGUE.

A rural District. To the right, a Chapel with an Image of the Virgin; to the left, an ancient Oak.

SCENE I.

THIBAUT D'ARC. His Three Daughters. Three young Shepherds, their Suitors.

THIBAUT.

Ay, my good neighbors! we at least to-day
Are Frenchmen still, free citizens and lords
Of the old soil which our forefathers tilled.
Who knows whom we to-morrow must obey?
For England her triumphal banner waves
From every wall: the blooming fields of France
Are trampled down beneath her chargers' hoofs;
Paris hath yielded to her conquering arms,
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
Adorns the scion of a foreign race.
Our king's descendant, disinherited,
Must steal in secret through his own domain;
While his first peer and nearest relative

Contends against him in the hostile ranks;
Ay, his unnatural mother leads them on.
Around us towns and peaceful hamlets burn.
Near and more near the devastating fire
Rolls toward these vales, which yet repose in peace.
Therefore, good neighbors, I have now resolved,
While God still grants us safety, to provide
For my three daughters; for 'midst war's alarms
Women require protection, and true love
Hath power to render lighter every load.

[To the first Shepherd.

Come, Etienne! You seek my Margot's hand.
Fields lying side by side and loving hearts
Promise a happy union!

[To the second.

Claude! You're silent,
And my Louison looks upon the ground?
How, shall I separate two loving hearts
Because you have no wealth to offer me?
Who now has wealth? Our barns and homes afford
Spoil to the foe, and fuel to the fires.
In times like these a husband's faithful breast
Affords the only shelter from the storm.

LOUISON.

My father!

CLAUDE MARIE.

My Louison!

LOUISON (embracing JOHANNA).

My dear sister!

THIBAUT.

I give to each a yard, a stall and herd,
And also thirty acres; and as God
Gave me his blessing, so I give you mine!

MARGOT (embracing JOHANNA).

Gladden our father—follow our example!
Let this day see three unions ratified!

THIBAUT.

Now go; make all things ready; for the morn
Shall see the wedding. Let our village friends
Be all assembled for the festival.

[The two couples retire arm in arm.

SCENE II.

THIBAUT, RAIMOND, JOHANNA.

THIBAUT.

Thy sisters, Joan, will soon be happy brides;
I see them gladly; they rejoice my age;
But thou, my youngest, giv'st me grief and pain.

RAIMOND.

What is the matter? Why upbraid thy child?

THIBAUT.

Here is this noble youth, the flower and pride
Of all our village; he hath fixed on thee
His fond affections, and for three long years

Has wooed thee with respectful tenderness;
But thou dost thrust him back with cold reserve.
Nor is there one 'mong all our shepherd youths
Who e'er can win a gracious smile from thee.
I see thee blooming in thy youthful prime;
Thy spring it is, the joyous time of hope;
Thy person, like a tender flower, hath now
Disclosed its beauty, but I vainly wait
For love's sweet blossom genially to blow,
And ripen joyously to golden fruit!
Oh, that must ever grieve me, and betrays
Some sad deficiency in nature's work!
The heart I like not which, severe and cold,
Expands not in the genial years of youth.

RAIMOND.

Forbear, good father! Cease to urge her thus!
A noble, tender fruit of heavenly growth
Is my Johanna's love, and time alone
Bringeth the costly to maturity!
Still she delights to range among the hills,
And fears descending from the wild, free heath,
To tarry 'neath the lowly roofs of men,
Where dwell the narrow cares of humble life.
From the deep vale, with silent wonder, oft
I mark her, when, upon a lofty hill
Surrounded by her flock, erect she stands,
With noble port, and bends her earnest gaze
Down on the small domains of earth. To me
She looketh then, as if from other times
She came, foreboding things of import high.

THIBAUT.

'Tis that precisely which displeases me!
She shuns her sisters' gay companionship;
Seeks out the desert mountains, leaves her couch
Before the crowing of the morning cock,
And in the dreadful hour, when men are wont
Confidingly to seek their fellow-men,
She, like the solitary bird, creeps forth,
And in the fearful spirit-realm of night,
To yon crossway repairs, and there alone
Holds secret commune with the mountain wind.
Wherefore this place precisely doth she choose?
Why hither always doth she drive her flock?
For hours together I have seen her sit
In dreamy musing 'neath the Druid tree,
Which every happy creature shuns with awe.
For 'tis not holy there; an evil spirit
Hath since the fearful pagan days of old
Beneath its branches fixed his dread abode.
The oldest of our villagers relate
Strange tales of horror of the Druid tree;
Mysterious voices of unearthly sound
From its unhallowed shade oft meet the ear.
Myself, when in the gloomy twilight hour
My path once chanced to lead me near this tree,
Beheld a spectral figure sitting there,
Which slowly from its long and ample robe
Stretched forth its withered hand, and beckoned me.
But on I went with speed, nor looked behind,
And to the care of God consigned my soul.

RAIMOND (pointing to the image of the Virgin).

Yon holy image of the Virgin blest,
Whose presence heavenly peace diffuseth round,
Not Satan's work, leadeth thy daughter here.

THIBAUT.

No! not in vain hath it in fearful dreams
And apparitions strange revealed itself.
For three successive nights I have beheld
Johanna sitting on the throne at Rheims,
A sparkling diadem of seven stars
Upon her brow, the sceptre in her hand,
From which three lilies sprung, and I, her sire,
With her two sisters, and the noble peers,
The earls, archbishops, and the king himself,
Bowed down before her. In my humble home
How could this splendor enter my poor brain?
Oh, 'tis the prelude to some fearful fall!
This warning dream, in pictured show, reveals
The vain and sinful longing of her heart.
She looks with shame upon her lowly birth.
Because with richer beauty God hath graced
Her form, and dowered her with wondrous gifts
Above the other maidens of this vale,
She in her heart indulges sinful pride,
And pride it is through which the angels fell,
By which the fiend of hell seduces man.

RAIMOND.

Who cherishes a purer, humbler mind
Than doth thy pious daughter? Does she not
With cheerful spirit work her sisters' will?
She is more highly gifted far than they,

Yet, like a servant maiden, it is she
Who silently performs the humblest tasks.
Beneath her guiding hands prosperity
Attendeth still thy harvest and thy flocks;
And around all she does there ceaseless flows
A blessing, rare and unaccountable.

THIBAUT.

Ah truly! Unaccountable indeed!
Sad horror at this blessing seizes me!
But now no more; henceforth I will be silent.
Shall I accuse my own beloved child?
I can do naught but warn and pray for her.
Yet warn I must. Oh, shun the Druid tree!
Stay not alone, and in the midnight hour
Break not the ground for roots, no drinks prepare,
No characters inscribe upon the sand!
'Tis easy to unlock the realm of spirits;
Listening each sound, beneath a film of earth
They lay in wait, ready to rush aloft.
Stay not alone, for in the wilderness
The prince of darkness tempted e'en the Lord.

SCENE III.

THIBAUT, RAIMOND, JOHANNA.

BERTRAND enters, a helmet in his hand.

RAIMOND.

Hush! here is Bertrand coming back from town;
What bears he in his hand?

BERTRAND.

You look at me
With wondering gaze; no doubt you are surprised
To see this martial helm!

THIBAUT.

We are indeed!
Come, tell us how you come by it? Why bring
This fearful omen to our peaceful vale?

[JOHANNA, who has remained indifferent during the two
previous scenes, becomes attentive, and steps nearer.

BERTRAND.

I scarce can tell you how I came by it.
I had procured some tools at Vaucouleurs;
A crowd was gathered in the market-place,
For fugitives were just arrived in haste
From Orleans, bringing most disastrous news.
In tumult all the town together flocked,
And as I forced a passage through the crowds,
A brown Bohemian woman, with this helm,
Approached me, eyed me narrowly, and said:
"Fellow, you seek a helm; I know it well.
Take this one! For a trifle it is yours."
"Go with it to the soldiers," I replied,
"I am a husbandman, and want no helm."
She would not cease, however, and went on:
"None knoweth if he may not want a helm.
A roof of metal for the Head just now
Is of more value than a house of stone."
Thus she pursued me closely through the streets,
Still offering the helm, which I refused.

I marked it well, and saw that it was bright,
And fair and worthy of a knightly head;
And when in doubt I weighed it in my hand,
The strangeness of the incident revolving,
The woman disappeared, for suddenly
The rushing crowd had carried her away.
And I was left the helmet in my hand.

JOHANNA (attempting eagerly to seize it).
Give me the helmet!

BERTRAND.

Why, what boots it you?
It is not suited to a maiden's head.

JOHANNA (seizing it from him).
Mine is the helmet—it belongs to me!

THIBAUT.

What whim is this?

RAIMOND.

Nay, let her have her way!
This warlike ornament becomes her well,
For in her bosom beats a manly heart.
Remember how she once subdued the wolf,
The savage monster which destroyed our herds,
And filled the neighb'ring shepherds with dismay.
She all alone—the lion-hearted maid
Fought with the wolf, and from him snatched the lamb
Which he was bearing in his bloody jaws.
How brave soe'er the head this helm adorned,
It cannot grace a worthier one than hers!

THIBAUT (to BERTRAND).

Relate what new disasters have occurred.
What tidings brought the fugitives?

BERTRAND.

May God
Have pity on our land, and save the king!
In two great battles we have lost the day;
Our foes are stationed in the heart of France,
Far as the river Loire our lands are theirs—
Now their whole force they have combined, and lay
Close siege to Orleans.

THIBAUT.

God protect the king!

BERTRAND.

Artillery is brought from every side,
And as the dusky squadrons of the bees
Swarm round the hive upon a summer day,
As clouds of locusts from the sultry air
Descend and shroud the country round for miles,
So doth the cloud of war, o'er Orleans' fields,
Pour forth its many-nationed multitudes,
Whose varied speech, in wild confusion blent,
With strange and hollow murmurs fill the air.
For Burgundy, the mighty potentate,
Conducts his motley host; the Hennegarians,
The men of Liege and of Luxemburg,
The people of Namur, and those who dwell
In fair Brabant; the wealthy men of Ghent,
Who boast their velvets, and their costly silks;
The Zealanders, whose cleanly towns appear

Emerging from the ocean; Hollanders
Who milk the lowing herds; men from Utrecht,
And even from West Friesland's distant realm,
Who look towards the ice-pole—all combine,
Beneath the banner of the powerful duke,
Together to accomplish Orleans' fall.

THIBAUT.

Oh, the unblest, the lamentable strife,
Which turns the arms of France against itself!

BERTRAND.

E'en she, the mother-queen, proud Isabel
Bavaria's haughty princess—may be seen,
Arrayed in armor, riding through the camp;
With poisonous words of irony she fires
The hostile troops to fury 'gainst her son,
Whom she hath clasped to her maternal breast.

THIBAUT.

A curse upon her, and may God prepare
For her a death like haughty Jezebel's!

BERTRAND.

The fearful Salisbury conducts the siege,
The town-destroyer; with him Lionel,
The brother of the lion; Talbot, too,
Who, with his murd'rous weapon, moweth down
The people in the battle: they have sworn,
With ruthless insolence to doom to shame
The hapless maidens, and to sacrifice
All who the sword have wielded, with the sword.
Four lofty watch-towers, to o'ertop the town,

They have upreared; Earl Salisbury from on high
Casteth abroad his cruel, murd'rous glance,
And marks the rapid wanderers in the streets.
Thousands of cannon-balls, of pond'rous weight,
Are hurled into the city. Churches lie
In ruined heaps, and Notre Dame's royal tower
Begins at length to bow its lofty head.
They also have formed powder-vaults below,
And thus, above a subterranean hell,
The timid city every hour expects,
'Midst crashing thunder, to break forth in flames.

[JOHANNA listens with close attention, and places
the helmet on her head.

THIBAUT.

But where were then our heroes? Where the swords
Of Saintrilles, and La Hire, and brave Dunois,
Of France the bulwark, that the haughty foe
With such impetuous force thus onward rushed?
Where is the king? Can he supinely see
His kingdom's peril and his cities' fall?

BERTRAND.

The king at Chinon holds his court; he lacks
Soldiers to keep the field. Of what avail
The leader's courage, and the hero's arm,
When pallid fear doth paralyze the host?
A sudden panic, as if sent from God,
Unnerves the courage of the bravest men.
In vain the summons of the king resounds
As when the howling of the wolf is heard,
The sheep in terror gather side by side,

So Frenchmen, careless of their ancient fame,
Seek only now the shelter of the towns.
One knight alone, I have been told, has brought
A feeble company, and joins the king
With sixteen banners.

JOHANNA (quickly).

What's the hero's name?

BERTRAND.

'Tis Baudricour. But much I fear the knight
Will not be able to elude the foe,
Who track him closely with too numerous hosts.

JOHANNA.

Where halts the knight? Pray tell me, if you know.

BERTRAND.

About a one day's march from Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT (to JOHANNA).

Why, what is that to thee? Thou dost inquire
Concerning matters which become thee not.

BERTRAND.

The foe being now so strong, and from the king
No safety to be hoped, at Vaucouleurs
They have with unanimity resolved
To yield them to the Duke of Burgundy.
Thus we avoid the foreign yoke, and still
Continue by our ancient royal line;
Ay, to the ancient crown we may fall back
Should France and Burgundy be reconciled.

JOHANNA (as if inspired).

Speak not of treaty! Speak not of surrender!
The savior comes, he arms him for the fight.
The fortunes of the foe before the walls
Of Orleans shall be wrecked! His hour is come,
He now is ready for the reaper's hand,
And with her sickle will the maid appear,
And mow to earth the harvest of his pride.
She from the heavens will tear his glory down,
Which he had hung aloft among the stars;
Despair not! Fly not! for ere yonder corn
Assumes its golden hue, or ere the moon
Displays her perfect orb, no English horse
Shall drink the rolling waters of the Loire.

BERTRAND.

Alas! no miracle will happen now!

JOHANNA.

Yes, there shall yet be one—a snow-white dove
Shall fly, and with the eagle's boldness, tear
The birds of prey which rend her fatherland.
She shall o'erthrow this haughty Burgundy,
Betrayed of the kingdom; Talbot, too,
The hundred-handed, heaven-defying scourge;
This Salisbury, who violates our fanes,
And all these island robbers shall she drive
Before her like a flock of timid lambs.
The Lord will be with her, the God of battle;
A weak and trembling creature he will choose,
And through a tender maid proclaim his power,
For he is the Almighty!

THIBAULT.

What strange power
Hath seized the maiden?

RAIMOND.

Doubtless 'tis the helmet
Which doth inspire her with such martial thoughts.
Look at your daughter. Mark her flashing eye,
Her glowing cheek, which kindles as with fire.

JOHANNA.

This realm shall fall! This ancient land of fame,
The fairest that, in his majestic course,
The eternal sun surveys—this paradise,
Which, as the apple of his eye, God loves—
Endure the fetters of a foreign yoke?
Here were the heathen scattered, and the cross
And holy image first were planted here;
Here rest St. Louis' ashes, and from hence
The troops went forth who set Jerusalem free.

BERTRAND (in astonishment).

Hark how she speaks! Why, whence can she obtain
This glorious revelation? Father Arc!
A wondrous daughter God hath given you!

JOHANNA.

We shall no longer serve a native prince!
The king, who never dies, shall pass away—
The guardian of the sacred plough, who fills
The earth with plenty, who protects our herds,
Who frees the bondmen from captivity,
Who gathers all his cities round his throne—

Who aids the helpless, and appals the base,
Who envies no one, for he reigns supreme;
Who is a mortal, yet an angel too,
Dispensing mercy on the hostile earth.
For the king's throne, which glitters o'er with gold,
Affords a shelter for the destitute;
Power and compassion meet together there,
The guilty tremble, but the just draw near,
And with the guardian lion fearless sport!
The stranger king, who cometh from afar,
Whose fathers' sacred ashes do not lie
Interred among us; can he love our land?
Who was not young among our youth, whose heart
Respondeth not to our familiar words,
Can he be as a father to our sons?

THIBAUT.

God save the king and France! We're peaceful folk,
Who neither wield the sword, nor rein the steed.
—Let us await the king whom victory crowns;
The fate of battle is the voice of God.
He is our lord who crowns himself at Rheims,
And on his head receives the holy oil.
—Come, now to work! come! and let every one
Think only of the duty of the hour!
Let the earth's great ones for the earth contend,
Untroubled we may view the desolation,
For steadfast stand the acres which we till.
The flames consume our villages, our corn
Is trampled 'neath the tread of warlike steeds;
With the new spring new harvests reappear,
And our light huts are quickly reared again!

[They all retire except the maiden.

SCENE IV.

JOHANNA (alone).

Farewell ye mountains, ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well!
Through you Johanna never more may stray!
For, ay, Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell ye grottos, and ye crystal springs!
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale.
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, and ne'er returns again.

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys
I knew, Forever now I leave you far behind!
Poor foldless lambs, no shepherd now have you!
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth unconfined!
For I to danger's field, of crimson hue,
Am summoned hence another flock to find.
Such is to me the spirit's high behest;
No earthly, vain ambition fires my breast.

For who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him go and stand in Pharaoh's sight—
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth, his champion in the fight,—

Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train,—
He, from these leafy boughs, thus spake to me,
"Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be.

"Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear;
Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there.
Ne'er with the bride-wreath shall thy locks be dressed,
Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair;
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine;
Thy martial fame all women's shall outshine.

"For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliverance bring,
Relieve beleaguered Rheims, and crown thy king!"

The heavenly spirit promised me a sign;
He sends the helmet, it hath come from him.
Its iron filleth me with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim;
As with the rushing of a mighty wind
It drives me forth to join the battles din;
The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,
And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear.

[She goes out.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The royal residence at Chinon.

DUNOIS and DUCHATEL.

DUNOIS.

No longer I'll endure it. I renounce
This recreant monarch who forsakes himself.
My valiant heart doth bleed, and I could rain
Hot tear-drops from mine eyes, that robber-swords
Partition thus the royal realm of France;
That cities, ancient as the monarchy,
Deliver to the foe the rusty keys,
While here in idle and inglorious ease
We lose the precious season of redemption.
Tidings of Orleans' peril reach mine ear,
Hither I sped from distant Normandy,
Thinking, arrayed in panoply of war,
To find the monarch with his marshalled hosts;
And find him—here! begirt with troubadours,
And juggling knaves, engaged in solving riddles,
And planning festivals in Sorel's honor,
As brooded o'er the land profoundest peace!
The Constable hath gone; he will not brook

Longer the spectacle of shame. I, too,
Depart, and leave him to his evil fate.

DUCHATEL.

Here comes the king.

SCENE II.

KING CHARLES. The same.

CHARLES.

The Constable hath sent us back his sword
And doth renounce our service. Now, by heaven!
He thus hath rid us of a churlish man,
Who insolently sought to lord it o'er us.

DUNOIS.

A man is precious in such perilous times;
I would not deal thus lightly with his loss.

CHARLES.

Thou speakest thus from love of opposition;
While he was here thou never wert his friend.

DUNOIS.

He was a tiresome, proud, vexatious fool,
Who never could resolve. For once, however,
He hath resolved. Betimes he goeth hence,
Where honor can no longer be achieved.

CHARLES.

Thou'rt in a pleasant humor; undisturbed

I'll leave thee to enjoy it. Hark, Duchatel!
Ambassadors are here from old King Rene,
Of tuneful songs the master, far renowned.
Let them as honored guests be entertained,
And unto each present a chain of gold.

[To the Bastard.

Why smilest thou, Dunois?

DUNOIS.

That from thy mouth
Thou shakest golden chains.

DUCHATEL.

Alas! my king!
No gold existeth in thy treasury.

CHARLES.

Then gold must be procured. It must not be
That bards unhonored from our court depart.
'Tis they who make our barren sceptre bloom,
'Tis they who wreath around our fruitless crown
Life's joyous branch of never-fading green.
Reigning, they justly rank themselves as kings,
Of gentle wishes they erect their throne,
Their harmless realm existeth not in space;
Hence should the bard accompany the king,
Life's higher sphere the heritage of both!

DUCHATEL.

My royal liege! I sought to spare thine ear
So long as aid and counsel could be found;
Now dire necessity doth loose my tongue.
Naught hast thou now in presents to bestow,

Thou hast not wherewithal to live to-morrow!
The spring-tide of thy fortune is run out,
And lowest ebb is in thy treasury!
The soldiers, disappointed of their pay,
With sullen murmurs, threaten to retire.
My counsel faileth, not with royal splendor
But meagerly, to furnish out thy household.

CHARLES.

My royal customs pledge, and borrow gold
From the Lombardians.

DUCHATEL.

Sire, thy revenues,
Thy royal customs are for three years pledged.

DUNOIS.

And pledge meanwhile and kingdom both are lost.

CHARLES.

Still many rich and beauteous lands are ours.

DUNOIS.

So long as God and Talbot's sword permit!
When Orleans falleth into English hands
Then with King Rene thou may'st tend thy sheep!

CHARLES.

Still at this king thou lov'st to point thy jest;
Yet 'tis this lackland monarch who to-day
Hath with a princely crown invested me.

DUNOIS.

Not, in the name of heaven, with that of Naples,

Which is for sale, I hear, since he kept sheep.

CHARLES.

It is a sportive festival, a jest,
Wherein he giveth to his fancy play,
To found a world all innocent and pure
In this barbaric, rude reality.
Yet noble—ay, right royal is his aim!
He will again restore the golden age,
When gentle manners reigned, when faithful love
The heroic hearts of valiant knights inspired,
And noble women, whose accomplished taste
Diffuseth grace around, in judgment sat.
The old man dwelleth in those bygone times,
And in our workday world would realize
The dreams of ancient bards, who picture life
'Mid bowers celestial, throned on golden clouds.
He hath established hence a court of love
Where valiant knights may dwell, and homage yield
To noble women, who are there enthroned,
And where pure love and true may find a home.
Me he hath chosen as the prince of love.

DUNOIS.

I am not such a base, degenerate churl
As love's dominion rudely to assail.
I am her son, from her derive my name,
And in her kingdom lies my heritage.
The Prince of Orleans was my sire, and while
No woman's heart was proof against his love,
No hostile fortress could withstand his shock!
Wilt thou, indeed, with honor name thyself

The prince of love—be bravest of the brave!
As I have read in those old chronicles,
Love ay went coupled with heroic deeds,
And valiant heroes, not inglorious shepherds,
So legends tell us, graced King Arthur's board.
The man whose valor is not beauty's shield
Is all unworthy of her golden prize.
Here the arena! combat for the crown,
Thy royal heritage! With knightly sword
Thy lady's honor and thy realm defend—
And hast thou with hot valor snatched the crown
From streams of hostile blood,—then is the time,
And it would well become thee as a prince,
Love's myrtle chaplet round thy brows to wreath.

CHARLES (to a PAGE, who enters).
What is the matter?

PAGE.
Senators from Orleans
Entreat an audience, sire.

CHARLES.
Conduct them hither!
[PAGE retires.
Doubtless they succor need; what can I do,
Myself all-succorless!

SCENE III.

The same. Three SENATORS.

CHARLES.

Welcome, my trusty citizens of Orleans!
What tidings bring ye from my faithful town?
Doth she continue with her wonted zeal
Still bravely to withstand the leaguering foe?

SENATOR.

Ah, sire! the city's peril is extreme;
And giant ruin, waxing hour by hour,
Still onward strides. The bulwarks are destroyed—
The foe at each assault advantage gains;
Bare of defenders are the city walls,
For with rash valor forth our soldiers rush,
While few, alas! return to view their homes,
And famine's scourge impendeth o'er the town.
In this extremity the noble Count
Of Rochepierre, commander of the town,
Hath made a compact with the enemy,
According to old custom, to yield up,
On the twelfth day, the city to the foe,
Unless, meanwhile, before the town appear
A host of magnitude to raise the siege.

[DUNOIS manifests the strongest indignation.]

CHARLES.

The interval is brief.

SENATOR.

We hither come,
Attended by a hostile retinue,
To implore thee, sire, to pity thy poor town,
And to send succor ere the appointed day,

When, if still unrelieved, she must surrender.

DUNOIS.

And could Saintrailles consent to give his voice
To such a shameful compact?

SENATOR.

Never, sir!
Long as the hero lived, none dared to breathe
A single word of treaty or surrender.

DUNOIS.

He then is dead?

SENATOR.

The noble hero fell,
His monarch's cause defending on our walls.

CHARLES.

What! Saintrailles dead! Oh, in that single man
A host is foundered!

[A Knight enters and speaks apart with DUNOIS,
who starts with surprise.

DUNOIS.

That too!

CHARLES.

Well? What is it?

DUNOIS.

Count Douglass sendeth here. The Scottish troops
Revolt, and threaten to retire at once.

Unless their full arrears are paid to-day.

CHARLES.

Duchatel!

DUCHATEL (shrugs his shoulders).

Sire! I know not what to counsel.

CHARLES.

Pledge, promise all, even unto half my realm.

DUCHATEL.

'Tis vain! They have been fed with hope too often.

CHARLES.

They are the finest troops of all my hosts!

They must not now, not now abandon me!

SENATOR (throwing himself at the KING'S feet).

Oh, king, assist us! Think of our distress!

CHARLES (in despair).

How! Can I summon armies from the earth?

Or grow a cornfield on my open palm?

Rend me in pieces! Pluck my bleeding heart

Forth from my breast, and coin it 'stead of gold!

I've blood for you, but neither gold nor troops.

[He sees SOREL approach, and hastens towards her
with outstretched arms.

SCENE IV.

The same. AGNES SOREL, a casket in her hand.

CHARLES.

My Agnes! Oh, my love! My dearest life!
Thou comest here to snatch me from despair!
Refuge I take within thy loving arms!
Possessing thee I feel that nothing is lost.

SOREL.

My king, beloved!
[looking round with an anxious, inquiring gaze.
Dunois! Say, is it true,
Duchatel?

DUCHATEL.

'Tis, alas!

SOREL.

So great the need?
No treasure left? The soldiers will disband?

DUCHATEL.

Alas! It is too true!

SOREL (giving him the casket).

Here—here is gold,
Here too are jewels! Melt my silver down!
Sell, pledge my castles—on my fair domains
In Provence—treasure raise, turn all to gold,
Appease the troops! No time to be lost!

[She urges him to depart.

CHARLES.

Well now, Dunois! Duchatel! Do ye still
Account me poor, when I possess the crown
Of womankind? She's nobly born as I;
The royal blood of Valois not more pure;
The most exalted throne she would adorn—
Yet she rejects it with disdain, and claims
No other title than to be my love.
No gift more costly will she e'er receive
Than early flower in winter, or rare fruit!
No sacrifice on my part she permits,
Yet sacrificeth all she had to me!
With generous spirit she doth venture all
Her wealth and fortune in my sinking bark.

DUNOIS.

Ay, she is mad indeed, my king, as thou;
She throws her all into a burning house,
And draweth water in the leaky vessel
Of the Danaides. Thee she will not save,
And in thy ruin but involve herself.

SOREL.

Believe him not! Full many a time he hath
Perilled his life for thee, and now, forsooth,
Chafeth because I risk my worthless gold!
How? Have I freely sacrificed to thee
What is esteemed far more than gold and pearls,
And shall I now hold back the gifts of fortune?
Oh, come! Let my example challenge thee
To noble self-denial! Let's at once
Cast off the needless ornaments of life!
Thy courtiers metamorphose into soldiers;

Thy gold transmute to iron; all thou hast,
With resolute daring, venture for thy crown!
Peril and want we will participate!
Let us bestride the war-horse, and expose
Our tender person to the fiery glow
Of the hot sun, take for our canopy
The clouds above, and make the stones our pillow.
The rudest warrior, when he sees his king
Bear hardship and privation like the meanest
Will patiently endure his own hard lot!

CHARLES (laughing).

Ay! now is realized an ancient word
Of prophesy, once uttered by a nun
Of Clairmont, in prophetic mood, who said,
That through a woman's aid I o'er my foes
Should triumph, and achieve my father's crown.
Far off I sought her in the English camp;
I strove to reconcile a mother's heart;
Here stands the heroine—my guide to Rheims!
My Agnes! I shall triumph through thy love!

SOREL.

Thou'lt triumph through the valiant swords of friends.

CHARLES.

And from my foes' dissensions much I hope
For sure intelligence hath reached mine ear,
That 'twixt these English lords and Burgundy
Things do not stand precisely as they did;
Hence to the duke I have despatched La Hire,
To try if he can lead my angry vassal
Back to his ancient loyalty and faith:

Each moment now I look for his return.

DUCHATEL (at the window).

A knight e'en now dismounteth in the court.

CHARLES.

A welcome messenger! We soon shall learn
Whether we're doomed to conquer or to yield.

SCENE V.

The same. LA HIRE.

CHARLES (meeting him).

Hope bringest thou, or not? Be brief, La Hire,
Out with thy tidings! What must we expect?

LA HIRE.

Expect naught, sire, save from thine own good sword.

CHARLES.

The haughty duke will not be reconciled!
Speak! How did he receive my embassy?

LA HIRE.

His first and unconditional demand,
Ere he consent to listen to thine errand,
Is that Duchatel be delivered up,
Whom he doth name the murderer of his sire.

CHARLES.

This base condition we reject with scorn!

LA HIRE.

Then be the league dissolved ere it commence!

CHARLES.

Hast thou thereon, as I commanded thee,
Challenged the duke to meet him in fair fight
On Montereau's bridge, whereon his father fell?

LA HIRE.

Before him on the ground I flung thy glove,
And said: "Thou wouldst forget thy majesty,
And like a knight do battle for thy realm."
He scornfully rejoined "He needed not
To fight for that which he possessed already,
But if thou wert so eager for the fray,
Before the walls of Orleans thou wouldst find him,
Whither he purposed going on the morrow;"
Thereon he laughing turned his back upon me.

CHARLES.

Say, did not justice raise her sacred voice,
Within the precincts of my parliament?

LA HIRE.

The rage of party, sire, hath silenced her.
An edict of the parliament declares
Thee and thy race excluded from the throne.

DUNOIS.

These upstart burghers' haughty insolence!

CHARLES.

Hast thou attempted with my mother aught?

LA HIRE.

With her?

CHARLES.

Ay! How did she demean herself?

LA HIRE (after a few moments' reflection).

I chanced to step within St. Denis' walls
Precisely at the royal coronation.
The crowds were dressed as for a festival;
Triumphal arches rose in every street
Through which the English monarch was to pass.
The way was strewed with flowers, and with huzzas,
As France some brilliant conquest had achieved,
The people thronged around the royal car.

SOREL.

They could huzza—huzza, while trampling thus
Upon a gracious sovereign's loving heart!

LA HIRE.

I saw young Harry Lancaster—the boy—
On good St. Lewis' regal chair enthroned;
On either side his haughty uncles stood,
Bedford and Gloucester, and before him kneeled,
To render homage for his lands, Duke Philip.

CHARLES.

Oh, peer dishonored! Oh, unworthy cousin!

LA HIRE.

The child was timid, and his footing lost
As up the steps he mounted towards the throne.

An evil omen! murmured forth the crowd,
And scornful laughter burst on every side.
Then forward stepped Queen Isabel—thy mother,
And—but it angers me to utter it!

CHARLES.

Say on.

LA HIRE.

Within her arms she clasped the boy,
And herself placed him on thy father's throne.

CHARLES.

Oh, mother! mother!

LA HIRE.

E'en the murderous bands
Of the Burgundians, at this spectacle,
Evinced some tokens of indignant shame.
The queen perceived it, and addressed the crowds,
Exclaiming with loud voice: "Be grateful, Frenchmen,
That I engraft upon a sickly stock
A healthy scion, and redeem you from
The misbegotten son of a mad sire!"

[The KING hides his face; AGNES hastens towards him
and clasps him in her arms; all the bystanders express
aversion and horror.

DUNOIS.

She-wolf of France! Rage-breathing Megara!

CHARLES (after a pause, to the SENATORS).

Yourselves have heard the posture of affairs.

Delay no longer, back return to Orleans,
And bear this message to my faithful town;
I do absolve my subjects from their oath,
Their own best interests let them now consult,
And yield them to the Duke of Burgundy;
'Yclept the Good, he need must prove humane.

DUNOIS.

What say'st thou, sire? Thou wilt abandon Orleans!

SENATOR (kneels down).

My king! Abandon not thy faithful town!
Consign her not to England's harsh control.
She is a precious jewel in the crown,
And none hath more inviolate faith maintained
Towards the kings, thy royal ancestors.

DUNOIS.

Have we been routed? Is it lawful, sire,
To leave the English masters of the field,
Without a single stroke to save the town?
And thinkest thou, with careless breath, forsooth,
Ere blood hath flowed, rashly to give away
The fairest city from the heart of France?

CHARLES.

Blood hath been poured forth freely, and in vain
The hand of heaven is visibly against me;
In every battle is my host o'erthrown,
I am rejected of my parliament,
My capital, my people, hail me foe,
Those of my blood,—my nearest relatives,—
Forsake me and betray—and my own mother

Doth nurture at her breast the hostile brood.
Beyond the Loire we will retire, and yield
To the o'ermastering hand of destiny
Which sideth with the English.

SOREL.

God forbid
That we in weak despair should quit this realm!
This utterance came not from thy heart, my king,
Thy noble heart, which hath been sorely riven
By the fell deed of thy unnatural mother,
Thou'lt be thyself again, right valiantly
Thou'lt battle with thine adverse destiny,
Which doth oppose thee with relentless ire.

CHARLES (lost in gloomy thought).
Is it not true? A dark and ominous doom
Impendeth o'er the heaven-abandoned house
Of Valois—there preside the avenging powers,
To whom a mother's crime unbarred the way.
For thirty years my sire in madness raved;
Already have three elder brothers been
Mowed down by death; 'tis the decree of heaven,
The house of the Sixth Charles is doomed to fall.

SOREL.

In thee 'twill rise with renovated life!
Oh, in thyself have faith!—believe me, king,
Not vainly hath a gracious destiny
Redeemed thee from the ruin of thy house,
And by thy brethren's death exalted thee,
The youngest born, to an unlooked-for throne
Heaven in thy gentle spirit hath prepared

The leech to remedy the thousand ills
By party rage inflicted on the land.
The flames of civil discord thou wilt quench,
And my heart tells me thou'lt establish peace,
And found anew the monarchy of France.

CHARLES.

Not I! The rude and storm-vexed times require
A pilot formed by nature to command.
A peaceful nation I could render happy
A wild, rebellious people not subdue.
I never with the sword could open hearts
Against me closed in hatred's cold reserve.

SOREL.

The people's eye is dimmed, an error blinds them,
But this delusion will not long endure;
The day is not far distant when the love
Deep rooted in the bosom of the French,
Towards their native monarch, will revive,
Together with the ancient jealousy,
Which forms a barrier 'twixt the hostile nations.
The haughty foe precipitates his doom.
Hence, with rash haste abandon not the field,
With dauntless front contest each foot of ground,
As thine own heart defend the town of Orleans!
Let every boat be sunk beneath the wave,
Each bridge be burned, sooner than carry thee
Across the Loire, the boundary of thy realm,
The Stygian flood, o'er which there's no return.

CHARLES.

What could be done I have done. I have offered,

In single fight, to combat for the crown.
I was refused. In vain my people bleed,
In vain my towns are levelled with the dust.
Shall I, like that unnatural mother, see
My child in pieces severed with the sword?
No; I forego my claim, that it may live.

DUNOIS.

How, sire! Is this fit language for a king?
Is a crown thus renounced? Thy meanest subject,
For his opinion's sake, his hate and love,
Sets property and life upon a cast;
When civil war hangs out her bloody flag,
Each private end is drowned in party zeal.
The husbandman forsakes his plough, the wife
Neglects her distaff; children, and old men,
Don the rude garb of war; the citizen
Consigns his town to the devouring flames,
The peasant burns the produce of his fields;
And all to injure or advantage thee,
And to achieve the purpose of his heart.
Men show no mercy, and they wish for none,
When they at honor's call maintain the fight,
Or for their idols or their gods contend.
A truce to such effeminate pity, then,
Which is not suited to a monarch's breast.
Thou didst not heedlessly provoke the war;
As it commenced, so let it spend its fury.
It is the law of destiny that nations
Should for their monarchs immolate themselves.
We Frenchmen recognize this sacred law,
Nor would annul it. Base, indeed, the nation

That for its honor ventures not its all.

CHARLES (to the SENATORS).

You've heard my last resolve; expect no other.
May God protect you! I can do no more.

DUNOIS.

As thou dost turn thy back upon thy realm,
So may the God of battle aye avert
His visage from thee. Thou forsak'st thyself,
So I forsake thee. Not the power combined
Of England and rebellious Burgundy,
Thy own mean spirit hurls thee from the throne.
Born heroes ever were the kings of France;
Thou wert a craven, even from thy birth.

[To the SENATORS.

The king abandons you. But I will throw
Myself into your town—my father's town—
And 'neath its ruins find a soldier's grave.

[He is about to depart. AGNES SOREL detains him.

SOREL (to the KING).

Oh, let him not depart in anger from thee!
Harsh words his lips have uttered, but his heart
Is true as gold. 'Tis he, himself, my king,
Who loves thee, and hath often bled for thee.
Dunois, confess, the heat of noble wrath
Made thee forget thyself; and oh, do thou
Forgive a faithful friend's o'erhasty speech!
Come, let me quickly reconcile your hearts,
Ere anger bursteth forth in quenchless flame.

[DUNOIS looks fixedly at the KING, and appears to await an answer.]

CHARLES.

Our way lies over the Loire. Duchatel,
See all our equipage embarked.

DUNOIS (quickly to SOREL).

Farewell.

[He turns quickly round, and goes out. The SENATORS follow.]

SOREL (wringing her hands in despair).

Oh, if he goes, we are forsaken quite!
Follow, La Hire! Oh, seek to soften him!

[LA HIRE goes out.]

SCENE VI.

CHARLES, SOREL, DUCHATEL.

CHARLES.

Is, then, the sceptre such a peerless treasure?
Is it so hard to loose it from our grasp?
Believe me, 'tis more galling to endure
The domineering rule of these proud vassals.
To be dependent on their will and pleasure
Is, to a noble heart, more bitter far
Than to submit to fate.

[To DUCHATEL, who still lingers.]

Duchatel, go,
And do what I commanded.

DUCHATEL (throws himself at the KING'S feet).

Oh, my king!

CHARLES.

No more! Thou'st heard my absolute resolve!

DUCHATEL.

Sire, with the Duke of Burgundy make peace!

'Tis the sole outlet from destruction left!

CHARLES.

Thou giv'st this counsel, and thy blood alone

Can ratify this peace.

DUCHATEL.

Here is my head.

I oft have risked it for thee in the fight,

And with a joyful spirit I, for thee,

Would lay it down upon the block of death.

Conciliate the duke! Deliver me

To the full measure of his wrath, and let

My flowing blood appease the ancient hate.

CHARLES (looks at him for some time in silence, and with deep emotion).

Can it be true? Am I, then, sunk so low,

That even friends, who read my inmost heart,

Point out for my escape the path of shame?

Yes, now I recognize my abject fall.

My honor is no more confided in.

DUCHATEL.

Reflect——

CHARLES.

Be silent, and incense me not!
Had I ten realms, on which to turn my back,
With my friend's life I would not purchase them.
Do what I have commanded. Hence, and see
My equipage embarked.

DUCHATEL.

'Twill speedily
Be done.

[He stands up and retires. AGNES SOREL weeps passionately.]

SCENE VII.

The royal palace at Chinon.

CHARLES, AGNES SOREL.

CHARLES (seizing the hand of AGNES).

My Agnes, be not sorrowful!
Beyond the Loire we still shall find a France;
We are departing to a happier land,
Where laughs a milder, an unclouded sky,
And gales more genial blow; we there shall meet
More gentle manners; song abideth there,
And love and life in richer beauty bloom.

SOREL.

Oh, must I contemplate this day of woe!
The king must roam in banishment! the son
Depart, an exile from his father's house,
And turn his back upon his childhood's home!
Oh, pleasant, happy land that we forsake,

Ne'er shall we tread thee joyously again.

SCENE VIII.

LA HIRE returns, CHARLES, SOREL.

SOREL.

You come alone? You do not bring him back?

[Observing him more closely.

La Hire! What news? What does that look announce?

Some new calamity?

LA HIRE.

Calamity

Hath spent itself; sunshine is now returned.

SOREL.

What is it? I implore you.

LA HIRE (to the KING).

Summon back

The delegates from Orleans.

CHARLES.

Why? What is it?

LA HIRE.

Summon them back! Thy fortune is reversed.

A battle has been fought, and thou hast conquered.

SOREL.

Conquered! Oh, heavenly music of that word!

CHARLES.

La Hire! A fabulous report deceives thee;
Conquered! In conquest I believe no more.

LA HIRE.

Still greater wonders thou wilt soon believe.
Here cometh the archbishop. To thine arms
He leadeth back Dunois.

SOREL.

O beauteous flower
Of victory, which doth the heavenly fruits
Of peace and reconciliation bear at once!

SCENE IX.

The same, ARCHBISHOP of RHEIMS, DUNOIS, DUCHATEL,
with RAOUL, a Knight in armor.

ARCHBISHOP (leading DUNOIS to the KING, and joining their hands).
Princes, embrace! Let rage and discord cease,
Since Heaven itself hath for our cause declared.

[DUNOIS embraces the KING.

CHARLES.

Relieve my wonder and perplexity.
What may this solemn earnestness portend?
Whence this unlooked-for change of fortune?

ARCHBISHOP (leads the KNIGHT forward, and presents him to the KING).
Speak!

RAOUL.

We had assembled sixteen regiments
Of Lotharingian troops to join your host;
And Baudricourt, a knight of Vaucouleurs,
Was our commander. Having gained the heights
By Vermanton, we wound our downward way
Into the valley watered by the Yonne.
There, in the plain before us, lay the foe,
And when we turned, arms glittered in our rear.
We saw ourselves surrounded by two hosts,
And could not hope for conquest or for flight.
Then sank the bravest heart, and in despair
We all prepared to lay our weapons down.
The leaders with each other anxiously
Sought counsel and found none; when to our eyes
A spectacle of wonder showed itself.
For suddenly from forth the thickets' depths
A maiden, on her head a polished helm,
Like a war-goddess, issued; terrible
Yet lovely was her aspect, and her hair
In dusky ringlets round her shoulders fell.
A heavenly radiance shone around the height;
When she upraised her voice and thus addressed us:
"Why be dismayed, brave Frenchmen? On the foe!
Were they more numerous than the ocean sands,
God and the holy maiden lead you on!"
Then quickly from the standard-bearer's hand
She snatched the banner, and before our troop
With valiant bearing strode the wondrous maid.
Silent with awe, scarce knowing what we did,
The banner and the maiden we pursue,
And fired with ardor, rush upon the foe,

Who, much amazed, stand motionless and view
The miracle with fixed and wondering gaze.
Then, as if seized by terror sent from God,
They suddenly betake themselves to flight,
And casting arms and armor to the ground,
Disperse in wild disorder o'er the field.
No leader's call, no signal now avails;
Senseless from terror, without looking back,
Horses and men plunge headlong in the stream,
Where they without resistance are despatched.
It was a slaughter rather than a fight!
Two thousand of the foe bestrewed the field,
Not reckoning numbers swallowed by the flood,
While of our company not one was slain.

CHARLES.

'Tis strange, by heaven! most wonderful and strange!

SOREL.

A maiden worked this miracle, you say?
Whence did she come? Who is she?

RAOUL.

Who she is
She will reveal to no one but the king!
She calls herself a seer and prophetess
Ordained by God, and promises to raise
The siege of Orleans ere the moon shall change.
The people credit her, and thirst for war.
The host she follows—she'll be here anon.

[The ringing of bells is heard, together with the clang of arms.]

Hark to the din! The pealing of the bells!
'Tis she! The people greet God's messenger.

CHARLES (to DUCHATEL).
Conduct her thither.

[To the ARCHBISHOP.
What should I believe?
A maiden brings me conquest even now,
When naught can save me but a hand divine!
This is not in the common course of things.
And dare I here believe a miracle?

MANY VOICES (behind the scene).
Hail to the maiden!—the deliverer!

CHARLES.
She comes! Dunois, now occupy my place!
We will make trial of this wondrous maid.
Is she indeed inspired and sent by God
She will be able to discern the king.

[DUNOIS seats himself; the KING stands at his right hand,
AGNES SOREL near him; the ARCHBISHOP and the others opposite;
so that the intermediate space remains vacant.

SCENE X.

The same. JOHANNA, accompanied by the councillors and many knights, who occupy the background of the scene; she advances with noble bearing, and slowly surveys the company.

DUNOIS (after a long and solemn pause).
Art thou the wondrous maiden——

JOHANNA (interrupts him, regarding him with dignity).
Bastard of Orleans, thou wilt tempt thy God!
This place abandon, which becomes thee not!
To this more mighty one the maid is sent.

[With a firm step she approaches the KING, bows one knee before him, and, rising immediately, steps back.
All present express their astonishment, DUNOIS forsakes his seat, which is occupied by the KING.

CHARLES.
Maiden, thou ne'er hast seen my face before.
Whence hast thou then this knowledge?

JOHANNA.
Thee I saw
When none beside, save God in heaven, beheld thee.

[She approaches the KING, and speaks mysteriously.

Bethink thee, Dauphin, in the bygone night,
When all around lay buried in deep sleep,

Thou from thy couch didst rise and offer up
An earnest prayer to God. Let these retire
And I will name the subject of thy prayer.

CHARLES.

What! to Heaven confided need not be
From men concealed. Disclose to me my prayer,
And I shall doubt no more that God inspires thee.

JOHANNA.

Three prayers thou offeredst, Dauphin; listen now
Whether I name them to thee! Thou didst pray
That if there were appended to this crown
Unjust possession, or if heavy guilt,
Not yet atoned for, from thy father's times,
Occasioned this most lamentable war,
God would accept thee as a sacrifice,
Have mercy on thy people, and pour forth
Upon thy head the chalice of his wrath.

CHARLES (steps back with awe).

Who art thou, mighty one? Whence comest thou?

[All express their astonishment.

JOHANNA.

To God thou offeredst this second prayer:
That if it were his will and high decree
To take away the sceptre from thy race,
And from thee to withdraw whate'er thy sires,
The monarchs of this kingdom, once possessed,
He in his mercy would preserve to thee
Three priceless treasures—a contented heart,

Thy friend's affection, and thine Agnes' love.

[The KING conceals his face: the spectators express their astonishment. After a pause.

Thy third petition shall I name to thee?

CHARLES.

Enough; I credit thee! This doth surpass
Mere human knowledge: thou art sent by God!

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, wonderful and holy maid?
What favored region bore thee? What blest pair,
Beloved of Heaven, may claim thee as their child?

JOHANNA.

Most reverend father, I am named Johanna,
I am a shepherd's lowly daughter, born
In Dom Remi, a village of my king.
Included in the diocese of Toul,
And from a child I kept my father's sheep.
And much and frequently I heard them tell
Of the strange islanders, who o'er the sea
Had come to make us slaves, and on us force
A foreign lord, who loveth not the people;
How the great city, Paris, they had seized,
And had usurped dominion o'er the realm.
Then earnestly God's Mother I implored
To save us from the shame of foreign chains,
And to preserve to us our lawful king.
Not distant from my native village stands
An ancient image of the Virgin blest,

To which the pious pilgrims oft repaired;
Hard by a holy oak, of blessed power,
Standeth, far-famed through wonders manifold.
Beneath the oak's broad shade I loved to sit
Tending my flock—my heart still drew me there.
And if by chance among the desert hills
A lambkin strayed, 'twas shown me in a dream,
When in the shadow of this oak I slept.
And once, when through the night beneath this tree
In pious adoration I had sat,
Resisting sleep, the Holy One appeared,
Bearing a sword and banner, otherwise
Clad like a shepherdess, and thus she spake:
"'Tis I; arise, Johanna! leave thy flock,
The Lord appoints thee to another task!
Receive this banner! Gird thee with this sword!
Therewith exterminate my people's foes;
Conduct to Rheims thy royal master's son,
And crown him with the kingly diadem!"
And I made answer: "How may I presume
To undertake such deeds, a tender maid,
Unpractised in the dreadful art of war!"
And she replied: "A maiden pure and chaste
Achieves whate'er on earth is glorious
If she to earthly love ne'er yields her heart.
Look upon me! a virgin, like thyself;
I to the Christ, the Lord divine, gave birth,
And am myself divine!" Mine eyelids then
She touched, and when I upward turned my amaze,
Heaven's wide expanse was filled with angel-boys,
Who bore white lilies in their hands, while tones
Of sweetest music floated through the air.

And thus on three successive nights appeared
The Holy One, and cried,—"Arise, Johanna!
The Lord appoints thee to another task!"
And when the third night she revealed herself,
Wrathful she seemed, and chiding spake these words:
"Obedience, woman's duty here on earth;
Severe endurance is her heavy doom;
She must be purified through discipline;
Who serveth here, is glorified above!"
While thus she spake, she let her shepherd garb
Fail from her, and as Queen of Heaven stood forth
Enshrined in radiant light, while golden clouds
Upbore her slowly to the realms of bliss.

[All are moved; AGNES SOREL weeping, hides her face
on the bosom of the KING.

ARCHBISHOP (after a long pause).
Before divine credentials such as these
Each doubt of earthly prudence must subside,
Her deeds attest the truth of what she speaks,
For God alone such wonders can achieve.

DUNOIS.
I credit not her wonders, but her eyes
Which beam with innocence and purity.

CHARLES.
Am I, a sinner, worthy of such favor?
Infallible, All-searching eye, thou seest
Mine inmost heart, my deep humility!

JOHANNA.

Humility shines brightly in the skies;
Thou art abased, hence God exalteth thee.

CHARLES.

Shall I indeed withstand mine enemies?

JOHANNA.

France I will lay submissive at thy feet!

CHARLES.

And Orleans, say'st thou, will not be surrendered?

JOHANNA.

The Loire shall sooner roll its waters back.

CHARLES.

Shall I in triumph enter into Rheims?

JOHANNA.

I through ten thousand foes will lead you there.

[The knights make a noise with their lances and shields,
and evince signs of courage.

DUNOIS.

Appoint the maiden to command the host!
We follow blindly whereso'er she leads!
The Holy One's prophetic eye shall guide,
And this brave sword from danger shall protect her!

LA HIRE.

A universe in arms we will not fear,
If she, the mighty one, precede our troops.
The God of battle walketh by her side;

Let her conduct us on to victory!

[The knights clang their arms and step forward.

CHARLES.

Yes, holy maiden, do thou lead mine host;
My chiefs and warriors shall submit to thee.
This sword of matchless temper, proved in war,
Sent back in anger by the Constable,
Hath found a hand more worthy. Prophetess,
Do thou receive it, and henceforward be——

JOHANNA.

No, noble Dauphin! conquest to my liege
Is not accorded through this instrument
Of earthly might. I know another sword
Wherewith I am to conquer, which to thee,
I, as the Spirit taught, will indicate;
Let it be hither brought.

CHARLES.

Name it, Johanna.

JOHANNA.

Send to the ancient town of Fierbois;
There in Saint Catherine's churchyard is a vault
Where lie in heaps the spoils of bygone war.
Among them is the sword which I must use.
It by three golden lilies may be known,
Upon the blade impressed. Let it be brought
For thou, my liege, shalt conquer through this sword.

CHARLES.

Perform what she commands.

JOHANNA.

And a white banner,
Edged with a purple border, let me bear.
Upon this banner let the Queen of Heaven
Be pictured with the beauteous Jesus child
Floating in glory o'er this earthly ball.
For so the Holy Mother showed it me.

CHARLES.

So be it as thou sayest.

JOHANNA (to the ARCHBISHOP).

Reverend bishop;
Lay on my head thy consecrated hands!
Pronounce a blessing, Father, on thy child!

[She kneels down.

ARCHBISHOP.

Not blessings to receive, but to dispense
Art thou appointed. Go, with power divine!
But we are sinners all and most unworthy.

[She rises: a PAGE enters.

PAGE.

A herald from the English generals.

JOHANNA.

Let him appear, for he is sent by God!

[The KING motions to the PAGE, who retires.

SCENE XI.

The HERALD. The same.

CHARLES.

Thy tidings, herald? What thy message! Speak!

HERALD.

Who is it, who for Charles of Valois,
The Count of Pointhieu, in this presence speaks?

DUNOIS.

Unworthy herald! base, insulting knave!
Dost thou presume the monarch of the French
Thus in his own dominions to deny?
Thou art protected by thine office, else——

HERALD.

One king alone is recognized by France,
And he resideth in the English camp.

CHARLES.

Peace, peace, good cousin! Speak thy message, herald!

HERALD.

My noble general laments the blood
Which hath already flowed, and still must flow.
Hence, in the scabbard holding back the sword,
Before by storm the town of Orleans falls,
He offers thee an amicable treaty.

CHARLES.

Proceed!

JOHANNA (stepping forward).

Permit me, Dauphin, in thy stead,
To parley with this herald.

CHARLES.

Do so, maid!
Determine thou, for peace, or bloody war.

JOHANNA (to the HERALD).

Who sendeth thee? Who speaketh through thy mouth?

HERALD.

The Earl of Salisbury; the British chief.

JOHANNA.

Herald, 'tis false! The earl speaks not through thee.
Only the living speak, the dead are silent.

HERALD.

The earl is well, and full of lusty strength;
He lives to bring down ruin on your heads.

JOHANNA.

When thou didst quit the British army he lived.
This morn, while gazing from Le Tournelle's tower,
A ball from Orleans struck him to the ground.
Smilest thou that I discern what is remote?
Not to my words give credence; but believe
The witness of thine eyes! his funeral train
Thou shalt encounter as you goest hence!
Now, herald, speak, and do thine errand here.

HERALD.

If what is hidden thou canst thus reveal,

Thou knowest mine errand ere I tell it thee.

JOHANNA.

It boots me not to know it. But do thou
Give ear unto my words! This message bear
In answer to the lords who sent thee here.
Monarch of England, and ye haughty dukes,
Bedford and Gloucester, regents of this realm!
To heaven's high King you are accountable
For all the blood that hath been shed. Restore
The keys of all the cities ta'en by force
In opposition to God's holy law!
The maiden cometh from the King of Heaven
And offers you or peace or bloody war.
Choose ye! for this I say, that you may know it:
To you this beauteous realm is not assigned
By Mary's son;—but God hath given it
To Charles, my lord and Dauphin, who ere long
Will enter Paris with a monarch's pomp,
Attended by the great ones of his realm.
Now, herald, go, and speedily depart,
For ere thou canst attain the British camp
And do thine errand, is the maiden there,
To plant the sign of victory at Orleans.

[She retires. In the midst of a general movement,
the curtain falls.]

ACT II.

Landscape, bounded by rocks.

SCENE I.

TALBOT and LIONEL, English generals, PHILIP, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, FASTOLFE, and CHATILLON, with soldiers and banners.

TALBOT.

Here let us make a halt beneath these rocks,
And pitch our camp, in case our scattered troops,
Dispersed in panic fear, again should rally.
Choose trusty sentinels, and guard the heights!
'Tis true the darkness shields us from pursuit,
And sure I am, unless the foe have wings,
We need not fear surprisal. Still 'tis well
To practice caution, for we have to do
With a bold foe, and have sustained defeat.

[FASTOLFE goes out with the soldiers.]

LIONEL.

Defeat! My general, do not speak that word.
It stings me to the quick to think the French

To-day have seen the backs of Englishmen.
Oh, Orleans! Orleans! Grave of England's glory!
Our honor lies upon thy fatal plains
Defeat most ignominious and burlesque!
Who will in future years believe the tale!
The victors of Poitiers and Agincourt,
Cressy's bold heroes, routed by a woman?

BURGUNDY.

That must console us. Not by mortal power,
But by the devil have we been o'erthrown!

TALBOT.

The devil of our own stupidity!
How, Burgundy? Do princes quake and fear
Before the phantom which appals the vulgar?
Credulity is but a sorry cloak
For cowardice. Your people first took flight.

BURGUNDY.

None stood their ground. The flight was general.

TALBOT.

'Tis false! Your wing fled first. You wildly broke
Into our camp, exclaiming: "Hell is loose,
The devil combats on the side of France!"
And thus you brought confusion 'mong our troops.

LIONEL.

You can't deny it. Your wing yielded first.

BURGUNDY.

Because the brunt of battle there commenced.

TALBOT.

The maiden knew the weakness of our camp;
She rightly judged where fear was to be found.

BURGUNDY.

How? Shall the blame of our disaster rest
With Burgundy?

LIONEL.

By heaven! were we alone,
We English, never had we Orleans lost!

BURGUNDY.

No, truly! for ye ne'er had Orleans seen!
Who opened you a way into this realm,
And reached you forth a kind and friendly hand
When you descended on this hostile coast?
Who was it crowned your Henry at Paris,
And unto him subdued the people's hearts?
Had this Burgundian arm not guided you
Into this realm, by heaven you ne'er had seen
The smoke ascending from a single hearth!

LIONEL.

Were conquests with big words effected, duke,
You, doubtless, would have conquered France alone.

BURGUNDY.

The loss of Orleans angers you, and now
You vent your gall on me, your friend and ally.
What lost us Orleans but your avarice?
The city was prepared to yield to me,
Your envy was the sole impediment.

TALBOT.

We did not undertake the siege for you.

BURGUNDY.

How would it stand with you if I withdrew
With all my host?

LIONEL.

We should not be worse off
Than when, at Agincourt, we proved a match
For you and all the banded power of France.

BURGUNDY.

Yet much you stood in need of our alliance;
The regent purchased it at heavy cost.

TALBOT.

Most dearly, with the forfeit of our honor,
At Orleans have we paid for it to-day.

BURGUNDY.

Urge me no further, lords. Ye may repent it!
Did I forsake the banners of my king,
Draw down upon my head the traitor's name,
To be insulted thus by foreigners?
Why am I here to combat against France?
If I must needs endure ingratitude,
Let it come rather from my native king!

TALBOT.

You're in communication with the Dauphin,
We know it well, but we soon shall find means
To guard ourselves 'gainst treason.

BURGUNDY.

Death and hell!

Am I encountered thus? Chatillon, hark!
Let all my troops prepare to quit the camp.
We will retire into our own domain.

[CHATILLON goes out.]

LIONEL.

God speed you there! Never did Britain's fame
More brightly shine than when she stood alone,
Confiding solely in her own good sword.
Let each one fight his battle for himself,
For 'tis eternal truth that English blood
Cannot, with honor, blend with blood of France.

SCENE II.

The same. QUEEN ISABEL, attended by a PAGE.

ISABEL.

What must I hear? This fatal strife forbear!
What brain-bewildering planet o'er your minds
Sheds dire perplexity? When unity
Alone can save you, will you part in hate,
And, warring 'mong yourselves, prepare your doom?—
I do entreat you, noble duke, recall
Your hasty order. You, renowned Talbot,
Seek to appease an irritated friend!
Come, Lionel, aid me to reconcile
These haughty spirits and establish peace.

LIONEL.

Not I, madame. It is all one to me.
'Tis my belief, when things are misallied,
The sooner they part company the better.

ISABEL.

How? Do the arts of hell, which on the field
Wrought such disastrous ruin, even here
Bewilder and befool us? Who began
This fatal quarrel? Speak! Lord-general!
Your own advantage did you so forget,
As to offend your worthy friend and ally?
What could you do without his powerful arm?
'Twas he who placed your monarch on the throne,
He holds him there, and he can hurl him thence;
His army strengthens you—still more his name.
Were England all her citizens to pour
Upon our coasts, she never o'er this realm
Would gain dominion did she stand alone;
No! France can only be subdued by France!

TALBOT.

A faithful friend we honor as we ought;
Discretion warns us to beware the false.

BURGUNDY.

The liar's brazen front beseemeth him
Who would absolve himself from gratitude.

ISABEL.

How, noble duke? Could you so far renounce
Your princely honor, and your sense of shame,
As clasp the hand of him who slew your sire?

Are you so mad to entertain the thought
Of cordial reconciliation with the Dauphin,
Whom you yourself have hurled to ruin's brink?
His overthrow you have well nigh achieved,
And madly now would you renounce your work?
Here stand your allies. Your salvation lies
In an indissoluble bond with England?

BURGUNDY.

Far is my thought from treaty with the Dauphin;
But the contempt and insolent demeanor
Of haughty England I will not endure.

ISABEL.

Come, noble duke? Excuse a hasty word.
Heavy the grief which bows the general down,
And well you know misfortune makes unjust.
Come! come! embrace; let me this fatal breach
Repair at once, ere it becomes eternal.

TALBOT.

What think you, Burgundy? A noble heart,
By reason vanquished, doth confess its fault.
A wise and prudent word the queen hath spoken;
Come, let my hand with friendly pressure heal
The wound inflicted by my angry tongue.

BURGUNDY.

Discreet the counsel offered by the queen!
My just wrath yieldeth to necessity.

ISABEL.

'Tis well! Now, with a brotherly embrace

Confirm and seal the new-established bond;
And may the winds disperse what hath been spoken.

[BURGUNDY and TALBOT embrace.

LIONEL (contemplating the group aside).
Hail to an union by the furies planned!

ISABEL.
Fate hath proved adverse, we have lost a battle,
But do not, therefore, let your courage sink.
The Dauphin, in despair of heavenly aid,
Doth make alliance with the powers of hell;
Vainly his soul he forfeits to the devil,
For hell itself cannot deliver him.
A conquering maiden leads the hostile force;
Yours, I myself will lead; to you I'll stand
In place of maiden or of prophetess.

LIONEL.
Madame, return to Paris! We desire
To war with trusty weapons, not with women.

TALBOT.
GO! go! Since your arrival in the camp,
Fortune hath fled our banners, and our course
Hath still been retrograde. Depart at once!

BURGUNDY.
Your presence here doth scandalize the host.

ISABEL (looks from one to the other with astonishment).
This, Burgundy, from you? Do you take part
Against me with these thankless English lords?

BURGUNDY.

Go! go! The thought of combating for you
Unnerves the courage of the bravest men.

ISABEL.

I scarce among you have established peace,
And you already form a league against me!

TALBOT.

Go, in God's name. When you have left the camp
No devil will again appal our troops.

ISABEL.

Say, am I not your true confederate?
Are we not banded in a common cause?

TALBOT.

Thank God! your cause of quarrel is not ours.
We combat in an honorable strife.

BURGUNDY.

A father's bloody murder I avenge.
Stern filial duty consecrates my arms.

TALBOT.

Confess at once. Your conduct towards the Dauphin
Is an offence alike to God and man.

ISABEL.

Curses blast him and his posterity!
The shameless son who sins against his mother!

BURGUNDY.

Ay! to avenge a husband and a father!

ISABEL.

To judge his mother's conduct he presumed!

LIONEL.

That was, indeed, irreverent in a son!

ISABEL.

And me, forsooth, he banished from the realm.

TALBOT.

Urged to the measure by the public voice.

ISABEL.

A curse light on him if I e'er forgive him!
Rather than see him on his father's throne——

TALBOT.

His mother's honor you would sacrifice!

ISABEL.

Your feeble natures cannot comprehend
The vengeance of an outraged mother's heart.
Who pleasures me, I love; who wrongs, I hate.
If he who wrongs me chance to be my son,
All the more worthy is he of my hate.
The life I gave I will again take back
From him who doth, with ruthless violence,
The bosom rend which bore and nourished him.
Ye, who do thus make war upon the Dauphin,
What rightful cause have ye to plunder him?
What crime hath he committed against you?
What insult are you called on to avenge?
Ambition, paltry envy, goad you on;

I have a right to hate him—he's my son.

TALBOT.

He feels his mother in her dire revenge!

ISABEL.

Mean hypocrites! I hate you and despise.
Together with the world, you cheat yourselves!
With robber-hands you English seek to clutch
This realm of France, where you have no just right,
Nor equitable claim, to so much earth
As could be covered by your charger's hoof.
—This duke, too, whom the people style the Good,
Doth to a foreign lord, his country's foe,
For gold betray the birthland of his sires.
And yet is justice ever on your tongue.
—Hypocrisy I scorn. Such as I am,
So let the world behold me!

BURGUNDY.

It is true!
Your reputation you have well maintained.

ISABEL.

I've passions and warm blood, and as a queen
Came to this realm to live, and not to seem.
Should I have lingered out a joyless life
Because the curse of adverse destiny
To a mad consort joined my blooming youth?
More than my life I prize my liberty.
And who assails me here——But why should I
Stoop to dispute with you about my rights?
Your sluggish blood flows slowly in your veins!

Strangers to pleasure, ye know only rage!
This duke, too—who, throughout his whole career,
Hath wavered to and fro, 'twixt good and ill—
Can neither love or hate with his whole heart.
—I go to Melun. Let this gentleman,

[Pointing to LIONEL.

Who doth my fancy please, attend me there,
To cheer my solitude, and you may work
Your own good pleasure! I'll inquire no more
Concerning the Burgundians or the English.

[She beckons to her PAGE, and is about to retire.

LIONEL.

Rely upon us, we will send to Melun
The fairest youths whom we in battle take.

[Coming back.

ISABEL.

Skilful your arm to wield the sword of death,
The French alone can round the polished phrase.

[She goes out.

SCENE III.

TALBOT, BURGUNDY, LIONEL.

TALBOT.

Heavens! What a woman!

LIONEL.

Now, brave generals,
Your counsel! Shall we prosecute our flight,
Or turn, and with a bold and sudden stroke
Wipe out the foul dishonor of to-day?

BURGUNDY.

We are too weak, our soldiers are dispersed,
The recent terror still unnerves the host.

TALBOT.

Blind terror, sudden impulse of a moment,
Alone occasioned our disastrous rout.
This phantom of the terror-stricken brain,
More closely viewed will vanish into air.
My counsel, therefore, is, at break of day,
To lead the army back, across the stream,
To meet the enemy.

BURGUNDY.

Consider well——

LIONEL.

Your pardon! Here is nothing to consider
What we have lost we must at once retrieve,
Or look to be eternally disgraced.

TALBOT.

It is resolved. To-morrow morn we fight,
This dread-inspiring phantom to destroy,
Which thus doth blind and terrify the host
Let us in fight encounter this she-devil.
If she oppose her person to our sword,
Trust me, she never will molest us more;

If she avoid our stroke—and be assured
She will not stand the hazard of a battle—
Then is the dire enchantment at an end?

LIONEL.

So be it! And to me, my general, leave
This easy, bloodless combat, for I hope
Alive to take this ghost, and in my arms,
Before the Bastard's eyes—her paramour—
To bear her over to the English camp,
To be the sport and mockery of the host.

BURGUNDY.

Make not too sure.

TALBOT.

If she encounter me,
I shall not give her such a soft embrace.
Come now, exhausted nature to restore
Through gentle sleep. At daybreak we set forth.

[They go out.]

SCENE IV.

JOHANNA with her banner, in a helmet and breastplate, otherwise attired as a woman. DUNOIS, LA HIRE, knights and soldiers appear above upon the rocky path, pass silently over, and appear immediately after on the scene.

JOHANNA (to the knights who surround her while the procession continues above).

The wall is scaled and we are in the camp!
Now fling aside the mantle of still night,
Which hitherto hath veiled your silent march,
And your dread presence to the foe proclaim.
By your loud battle-cry—God and the maiden!

ALL (exclaim aloud, amidst the loud clang of arms).
God and the maiden!

[Drums and trumpets.

SENTINELS (behind the scene).
The foe! The foe! The foe!

JOHANNA.
Ho! torches here. Hurl fire into the tents!
Let the devouring flames augment the horror,
While threatening death doth compass them around!

[Soldiers hasten on, she is about to follow.

DUNOIS (holding her back).

Thy part thou hast accomplished now, Johanna!
Into the camp thou hast conducted us,
The foe thou hast delivered in our hands,
Now from the rush of war remain apart!
The bloody consummation leave to us.

LA HIRE.

Point out the path of conquest to the host;
Before us, in pure hand, the banner bear.
But wield the fatal weapon not thyself;
Tempt not the treacherous god of battle, for
He rageth blindly, and he spareth not.

JOHANNA.

Who dares impede my progress? Who presume
The spirit to control which guideth me?
Still must the arrow wing its destined flight!
Where danger is, there must Johanna be;
Nor now, nor here, am I foredoomed to fall;
Our monarch's royal brow I first must see
Invested with the round of sovereignty.
No hostile power can rob me of my life,
Till I've accomplished the commands of God.

[She goes out.

LA HIRE.

Come, let us follow after her, Dunois,
And let our valiant bosoms be her shield!

[Exit.

SCENE V.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS hurry over the stage.

Afterwards TALBOT.

1 SOLDIER. The maiden in the camp!

2 SOLDIER. Impossible! It cannot be! How came she in the camp?

3 SOLDIER. Why, through the air! The devil aided her!

4 AND 5 SOLDIERS. Fly! fly! We are dead men!

TALBOT (enters).

They heed me not! They stay not at my call!

The sacred bands of discipline are loosed!

As hell had poured her damned legions forth,

A wild, distracting impulse whirls along,

In one mad throng, the cowardly and brave.

I cannot rally e'en the smallest troop

To form a bulwark gainst the hostile flood,

Whose raging billows press into our camp!

Do I alone retain my sober senses,

While all around in wild delirium rave?

To fly before these weak, degenerate Frenchmen

Whom we in twenty battles have overthrown?

Who is she then—the irresistible—

The dread-inspiring goddess, who doth turn

At once the tide of battle, and transform

The lions bold a herd of timid deer?

A juggling minx, who plays the well-learned part
Of heroine, thus to appal the brave?
A woman snatch from me all martial fame?

SOLDIER (rushing in).
The maiden comes! Fly, general, fly! fly!

TALBOT (strikes him down).
Fly thou, thyself, to hell! This sword shall pierce
Who talks to me of fear, or coward flight!

[He goes out.

SCENE VI.

The prospect opens. The English camp is seen in flames.
Drums, flight, and pursuit. After a while MONTGOMERY enters.

MONTGOMERY (alone).
Where shall I flee? Foes all around and death! Lo! here
The furious general, who with threatening sword, prevents
Escape, and drives us back into the jaws of death.
The dreadful maiden there—the terrible—who like
Devouring flame, destruction spreads; while all around
Appears no bush wherein to hide—no sheltering cave!
Oh, would that o'er the sea I never had come here!
Me miserable—empty dreams deluded me—
Cheap glory to achieve on Gallia's martial fields.
And I am guided by malignant destiny
Into this murderous flight. Oh, were I far, far hence.
Still in my peaceful home, on Severn's flowery banks,
Where in my father's house, in sorrow and in tears,

I left my mother and my fair young bride.

[JOHANNA appears in the distance.

Wo's me! What do I see! The dreadful form appears!
Arrayed in lurid light, she from the raging fire
Issues, as from the jaws of hell, a midnight ghost.
Where shall I go? where flee? Already from afar
She seizes on me with her eye of fire, and flings
Her fatal and unerring coil, whose magic folds
With ever-tightening pressure, bind my feet and make
Escape impossible! Howe'er my heart rebels,
I am compelled to follow with my gaze that form
Of dread!

[JOHANNA advances towards him some steps;
and again remains standing.

She comes! I will not passively await
Her furious onset! Imploringly I'll clasp
Her knees! I'll sue to her for life. She is a woman.
I may perchance to pity move her by my tears!

[While he is on the point of approaching her she draws near.

SCENE VII.

JOHANNA, MONTGOMERY.

JOHANNA.

Prepare to die! A British mother bore thee!

MONTGOMERY (falls at her feet).

Fall back, terrific one! Forbear to strike
An unprotected foe! My sword and shield
I've flung aside, and supplicating fall
Defenceless at thy feet. A ransom take!
Extinguish not the precious light of life!
With fair possessions crowned, my father dwells
In Wales' fair land, where among verdant meads
The winding Severn rolls his silver tide,
And fifty villages confess his sway.
With heavy gold he will redeem his son,
When he shall hear I'm in the camp of France.

JHANNA.

Deluded mortal! to destruction doomed!
Thou'rt fallen in the maiden's hand, from which
Redemption or deliverance there is none.
Had adverse fortune given thee a prey
To the fierce tiger or the crocodile—
Hadst robbed the lion mother of her brood—
Compassion thou might'st hope to find and pity;
But to encounter me is certain death.
For my dread compact with the spirit realm—
The stern inviolable—bindeth me,
To slay each living thing whom battle's God,
Full charged with doom, delivers to my sword.

MONTGOMERY.

Thy speech is fearful, but thy look is mild;
Not dreadful art thou to contemplate near;
My heart is drawn towards thy lovely form.
Oh! by the mildness of thy gentle sex,
Attend my prayer. Compassionate my youth.

JOHANNA.

Name me not woman! Speak not of my sex!
Like to the bodiless spirits, who know naught
Of earth's humanities, I own no sex;
Beneath this vest of steel there beats no heart.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh! by love's sacred, all-pervading power,
To whom all hearts yield homage, I conjure thee.
At home I left behind a gentle bride,
Beauteous as thou, and rich in blooming grace:
Weeping she waiteth her betrothed's return.
Oh! if thyself dost ever hope to love,
If in thy love thou hopest to be happy,
Then ruthless sever not two gentle hearts,
Together linked in love's most holy bond!

JOHANNA.

Thou dost appeal to earthly, unknown gods,
To whom I yield no homage. Of love's bond,
By which thou dost conjure me, I know naught
Nor ever will I know his empty service.
Defend thy life, for death doth summon thee.

MONTGOMERY.

Take pity on my sorrowing parents, whom
I left at home. Doubtless thou, too, hast left
Parents, who feel disquietude for thee.

JOHANNA.

Unhappy man! thou dost remember me
How many mothers of this land your arms
Have rendered childless and disconsolate;

How many gentle children fatherless;
How many fair young brides dejected widows!
Let England's mothers now be taught despair,
And learn to weep the bitter tear oft shed
By the bereaved and sorrowing wives of France.

MONTGOMERY.

'Tis hard in foreign lands to die unwept.

JOHANNA.

Who called you over to this foreign land,
To waste the blooming culture of our fields,
To chase the peasant from his household hearth,
And in our cities' peaceful sanctuary
To hurl the direful thunderbolt of war?
In the delusion of your hearts ye thought
To plunge in servitude the freeborn French,
And to attach their fair and goodly realm,
Like a small boat, to your proud English bark!
Ye fools! The royal arms of France are hung
Fast by the throne of God; and ye as soon
From the bright wain of heaven might snatch a star
As rend a single village from this realm,
Which shall remain inviolate forever!
The day of vengeance is at length arrived;
Not living shall ye measure back the sea,
The sacred sea—the boundary set by God
Betwixt our hostile nations—and the which
Ye ventured impiously to overpass.

MONTGOMERY (lets go her hands).

Oh, I must die! I feel the grasp of death!

JOHANNA.

Die, friend! Why tremble at the approach of death?
Of mortals the irrevocable doom?
Look upon me! I'm born a shepherd maid;
This hand, accustomed to the peaceful crook,
Is all unused to wield the sword of death.
Yet, snatched away from childhood's peaceful haunts,
From the fond love of father and of sisters,
Urged by no idle dream of earthly glory,
But heaven-appointed to achieve your ruin,
Like a destroying angel I must roam,
Spreading dire havoc around me, and at length
Myself must fall a sacrifice to death!
Never again shall I behold my home!
Still, many of your people I must slay,
Still, many widows make, but I at length
Myself shall perish, and fulfil my doom.
Now thine fulfil. Arise! resume thy sword,
And let us fight for the sweet prize of life.

MONTGOMERY (stands up).

Now, if thou art a mortal like myself,
Can weapons wound thee, it may be assigned
To this good arm to end my country's woe,
Thee sending, sorceress, to the depths of hell.
In God's most gracious hands I leave my fate.
Accursed one! to thine assistance call
The fiends of hell! Now combat for thy life!

[He seizes his sword and shield, and rushes upon her;
martial music is heard in the distance. After a short
conflict MONTGOMERY falls.]

SCENE VIII.

JOHANNA (alone).

To death thy foot did bear thee—fare thee well!

[She steps away from him and remains absorbed in thought.

Virgin, thou workest mightily in me!
My feeble arm thou dost endue with strength,
And steep'st my woman's heart in cruelty.
In pity melts the soul and the hand trembles,
As it did violate some sacred fane,
To mar the goodly person of the foe.
Once I did shudder at the polished sheath,
But when 'tis needed, I'm possessed with strength,
And as it were itself a thing of life,
The fatal weapon, in my trembling grasp,
Self-swayed, inflicteth the unerring stroke.

SCENE IX.

A KNIGHT with closed visor, JOHANNA.

KNIGHT.

Accursed one! thy hour of death has come!
Long have I sought thee on the battle-field,
Fatal delusion! get thee back to hell,
Whence thou didst issue forth.

JOHANNA.

Say, who art thou,
Whom his bad genius sendeth in my way?

Princely thy port, no Briton dost thou seem,
For the Burgundian colors stripe thy shield,
Before the which my sword inclines its point.

KNIGHT.

Vile castaway! Thou all unworthy art
To fall beneath a prince's noble hand.
The hangman's axe should thy accursed head
Cleave from thy trunk, unfit for such vile use
The royal Duke of Burgundy's brave sword.

JOHANNA.

Art thou indeed that noble duke himself?

KNIGHT (raises his visor).

I'm he, vile creature, tremble and despair!
The arts of hell shall not protect thee more.
Thou hast till now weak dastards overcome;
Now thou dost meet a man.

SCENE X.

DUNOIS and LA HIRE. The same.

DUNOIS.

Hold, Burgundy!
Turn! combat now with men, and not with maids.

LA HIRE.

We will defend the holy prophetess;
First must thy weapon penetrate this breast.

BURGUNDY.

I fear not this seducing Circe; no,
Nor you, whom she hath changed so shamefully!
Oh, blush, Dunois! and do thou blush, La Hire
To stoop thy valor to these hellish arts—
To be shield-bearer to a sorceress!
Come one—come all! He only who despairs
Of heaven's protection seeks the aid of hell.

[They prepare for combat, JOHANNA steps between.]

JOHANNA.

Forbear!

BURGUNDY.

Dost tremble for thy lover? Thus
Before thine eyes he shall——

[He makes a thrust at DUNOIS.]

JOHANNA.

Dunois, forbear!
Part them, La Hire! no blood of France must flow:
Not hostile weapons must this strife decide,
Above the stars 'tis otherwise decreed.
Fall back! I say. Attend and venerate
The Spirit which hath seized, which speaks through me!

DUNOIS.

Why, maiden, now hold back my upraised arm?
Why check the just decision of the sword?
My weapon pants to deal the fatal blow
Which shall avenge and heal the woes of France.

[She places herself in the midst and separates the parties.]

JOHANNA.

Fall back, Dunois! Stand where thou art, La Hire!
Somewhat I have to say to Burgundy.

[When all is quiet.]

What wouldst thou, Burgundy? Who is the foe
Whom eagerly thy murderous glances seek?
This prince is, like thyself, a son of France,—
This hero is thy countryman, thy friend;
I am a daughter of thy fatherland.
We all, whom thou art eager to destroy,
Are of thy friends;—our longing arms prepare
To clasp, our bending knees to honor thee.
Our sword 'gainst thee is pointless, and that face
E'en in a hostile helm is dear to us,
For there we trace the features of our king.

BURGUNDY.

What, syren! wilt thou with seducing words
Allure thy victim? Cunning sorceress,
Me thou deludest not. Mine ears are closed
Against thy treacherous words; and vainly dart
Thy fiery glances 'gainst this mail of proof.
To arms, Dunois!
With weapons let us fight, and not with words.

DUNOIS.

First words, then weapons, Burgundy! Do words
With dread inspire thee? 'Tis a coward's fear,
And the betrayer of an evil cause.

JOHANNA.

'Tis not imperious necessity
Which throws us at thy feet! We do not come
As suppliants before thee. Look around!
The English tents are level with the ground,
And all the field is covered with your slain.
Hark! the war-trumpets of the French resound;
God hath decided—ours the victory!
Our new-culled laurel garland with our friend
We fain would share. Come, noble fugitive!
Oh, come where justice and where victory dwell!
Even I, the messenger of heaven, extend
A sister's hand to thee. I fain would save
And draw thee over to our righteous cause!
Heaven hath declared for France! Angelic powers,
Unseen by thee, do battle for our king;
With lilies are the holy ones adorned,
Pure as this radiant banner is our cause;
Its blessed symbol is the queen of heaven.

BURGUNDY.

Falsehood's fallacious words are full of guile,
But hers are pure and simple as a child's.
If evil spirits borrow this disguise,
They copy innocence triumphantly.
I'll hear no more. To arms, Dunois! to arms!
Mine ear, I feel, is weaker than mine arm.

JOHANNA.

You call me an enchantress, and accuse
Of hellish arts. Is it the work of hell
To heal dissension and to foster peace?

Comes holy concord from the depths below?
Say, what is holy, innocent, and good,
If not to combat for our fatherland?
Since when hath nature been so self-opposed
That heaven forsakes the just and righteous cause,
While hell protects it? If my words are true,
Whence could I draw them but from heaven above?
Who ever sought me in my shepherd-walks,
To teach the humble maid affairs of state?
I ne'er have stood with princes, to these lips
Unknown the arts of eloquence. Yet now,
When I have need of it to touch thy heart,
Insight and varied knowledge I possess;
The fate of empires and the doom of kings
Lie clearly spread before my childish mind,
And words of thunder issue from my mouth.

BURGUNDY (greatly moved, looks at her with emotion and astonishment).
How is it with me? Doth some heavenly power
Thus strangely stir my spirit's inmost depths?
This pure, this gentle creature cannot lie!
No, if enchantment blinds me, 'tis from heaven.
My spirit tells me she is sent from God.

JOHANNA.
Oh, he is moved! I have not prayed in vain,
Wrath's thunder-cloud dissolves in gentle tears,
And leaves his brow, while mercy's golden beams
Break from his eyes and gently promise peace.
Away with arms, now clasp him to your hearts,
He weeps—he's conquered, he is ours once more!

[Her sword and banner fall; she hastens to him with

outstretched arms, and embraces him in great agitation.

LA HIRE and DUNOIS throw down their swords, and hasten also to embrace him.

ACT III.

Residence of the KING at Chalons on the Marne.

SCENE I.

DUNOIS, LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

We have been true heart-friends, brothers in arms,
Still have we battled in a common cause,
And held together amid toil and death.
Let not the love of woman rend the bond
Which hath resisted every stroke of fate.

LA HIRE.

Hear me, my prince!

DUNOIS.

You love the wondrous maid,
And well I know the purpose of your heart.
You think without delay to seek the king,
And to entreat him to bestow on you
Her hand in marriage. Of your bravery
The well-earned guerdon he cannot refuse

But know,—ere I behold her in the arms
Of any other——

LA HIRE.

Listen to me, prince!

DUNOIS.

'Tis not the fleeting passion of the eye
Attracts me to her. My unconquered sense
Had set at naught the fiery shafts of love
Till I beheld this wondrous maiden, sent
By a divine appointment to become
The savior of this kingdom, and my wife;
And on the instant in my heart I vowed
A sacred oath, to bear her home, my bride.
For she alone who is endowed with strength
Can be the strong man's friend. This glowing heart
Longs to repose upon a kindred breast,
Which can sustain and comprehend its strength.

LA HIRE.

How dare I venture, prince, my poor deserts
To measure with your name's heroic fame!
When Count Dunois appeareth in the lists,
Each humbler suitor must forsake the field;
Still it doth ill become a shepherd maid
To stand as consort by your princely side.
The royal current in your veins would scorn
To mix with blood of baser quality.

DUNOIS.

She, like myself, is holy Nature's child,
A child divine—hence we by birth are equal.

She bring dishonor on a prince's hand,
Who is the holy angel's bride, whose head
Is by a heavenly glory circled round,
Whose radiance far outshineth earthly crowns,
Who seeth lying far beneath her feet
All that is greatest, highest of this earth!
For thrones on thrones, ascending to the stars,
Would fail to reach the height where she abides
In angel majesty!

LA HIRE.

Our monarch must decide.

DUNOIS.

Not so! she must
Decide! Free hath she made this realm of France,
And she herself must freely give her heart.

LA HIRE.

Here comes the king!

SCENE II.

CHARLES, AGNES, SOREL, DUCHATEL, and CHATILLON.

The same.

CHARLES (to CHATILLON).

He comes! My title he will recognize,
And do me homage as his sovereign liege?

CHATILLON.

Here, in his royal town of Chalons, sire,

The duke, my master, will fall down before thee.
He did command me, as my lord and king,
To give thee greeting. He'll be here anon.

SOREL.

He comes! Hail beauteous and auspicious day,
Which bringeth joy, and peace, and reconcilment!

CHATILLON.

The duke, attended by two hundred knights,
Will hither come; he at thy feet will kneel;
But he expecteth not that thou to him
Should yield the cordial greeting of a kinsman.

CHARLES.

I long to clasp him to my throbbing heart.

CHATILLON.

The duke entreats that at this interview,
No word be spoken of the ancient strife!

CHARLES.

In Lethe be the past forever sunk!
The smiling future now invites our gaze.

CHATILLON.

All who have combated for Burgundy
Shall be included in the amnesty.

CHARLES.

So shall my realm be doubled in extent!

CHATILLON.

Queen Isabel, if she consent thereto,

Shall also be included in the peace.

CHARLES.

She maketh war on me, not I on her.
With her alone it rests to end our quarrel.

CHATILLON.

Twelve knights shall answer for thy royal word.

CHARLES.

My word is sacred.

CHATILLON.

The archbishop shall
Between you break the consecrated host,
As pledge and seal of cordial reconcilment.

CHARLES.

Let my eternal weal be forfeited,
If my hand's friendly grasp belie my heart.
What other surety doth the duke require?

CHATILLON (glancing at DUCHATEL).

I see one standing here, whose presence, sire,
Perchance might poison the first interview.

[DUCHATEL retires in silence.

CHARLES.

Depart, Duchatel, and remain concealed
Until the duke can bear thee in his sight.

[He follows him with his eye, then hastens after
and embraces him.

True-hearted friend! Thou wouldst far more than this
Have done for my repose!

[Exit DUCHATEL.

CHATILLON.

This instrument doth name the other points.

CHARLES (to the ARCHBISHOP).

Let it be settled. We agree to all.

We count no price too high to gain a friend.

Go now, Dunois, and with a hundred knights,

Give courteous conduct to the noble duke.

Let the troops, garlanded with verdant boughs,

Receive their comrades with a joyous welcome.

Be the whole town arrayed in festive pomp,

And let the bells with joyous peal, proclaim

That France and Burgundy are reconciled.

[A PAGE enters. Trumpets sound.

Hark! What importeth that loud trumpet's call?

PAGE.

The Duke of Burgundy hath stayed his march.

[Exit.

DUNOIS.

Up! forth to meet him!

[Exit with LA HIRE and CHATILLON.

CHARLES (to SOREL).

My Agnes! thou dost weep! Even my strength

Doth almost fail me at this interview.
How many victims have been doomed to fall
Ere we could meet in peace and reconciliation!
But every storm at length suspends its rage,
Day follows on the murkiest night; and still
When comes the hour, the latest fruits mature!

ARCHBISHOP (at the window).

The thronging crowds impede the duke's advance;
He scarce can free himself. They lift him now
From off his horse; they kiss his spurs, his mantle.

CHARLES.

They're a good people, in whom love flames forth
As suddenly as wrath. In how brief space
They do forget that 'tis this very duke
Who slew, in fight, their fathers and their sons;
The moment swallows up the whole of life!
Be tranquil, Sorel. E'en thy passionate joy
Perchance might to his conscience prove a thorn.
Nothing should either shame or grieve him here.

SCENE III.

The DUKE OF BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, CHATILLON, and
two other knights of the DUKE'S train. The DUKE remains standing at
the door; the KING inclines towards him; BURGUNDY immediately
advances, and in the moment when he is about to throw himself upon his
knees, the KING receives him in his arms.

CHARLES.

You have surprised us; it was our intent
To fetch you hither, but your steeds are fleet.

BURGUNDY.

They bore me to my duty.

[He embraces SOREL, and kisses her brow.

With your leave!

At Arras, niece, it is our privilege,
And no fair damsel may exemption claim.

CHARLES.

Rumor doth speak your court the seat of love,
The mart where all that's beautiful must tarry.

BURGUNDY.

We are a traffic-loving people, sire;
Whate'er of costly earth's wide realms produce,
For show and for enjoyment, is displayed
Upon our mart at Bruges; but above all
There woman's beauty is pre-eminent.

SOREL.

More precious far is woman's truth; but it
Appeareth not upon the public mart.

CHARLES.

Kinsman, 'tis rumored to your prejudice
That woman's fairest virtue you despise.

BURGUNDY.

The heresy inflicteth on itself
The heaviest penalty. 'Tis well for you,
From your own heart, my king, you learned betimes

What a wild life hath late revealed to me.

[He perceives the ARCHBISHOP, and extends his hand.

Most reverend minister of God! your blessing!
You still are to be found on duty's path,
Where those must walk who would encounter you.

ARCHBISHOP.

Now let my Master call me when he will;
My heart is full, I can with joy depart,
Since that mine eyes have seen this day!

BURGUNDY (to SOREL).

'Tis said

That of your precious stones you robbed yourself,
Therefrom to forge 'gainst me the tools of war!
Bear you a soul so martial? Were you then
So resolute to work my overthrow?
Well, now our strife is over; what was lost
Will in due season all be found again.
Even your jewels have returned to you.
Against me to make war they were designed;
Receive them from me as a pledge of peace.

[He receives a casket from one of the attendants,
and presents it to her to open. SOREL, embarrassed,
looks at the KING.

CHARLES.

Receive this present; 'tis a twofold pledge
Of reconcilment and of fairest love.

BURGUNDY (placing a diamond rose in her hair).

Why, is it not the diadem of France?
With full as glad a spirit I would place
The golden circle on this lovely brow.

[Taking her hand significantly.

And count on me if, at some future time
You should require a friend.

[AGNES SOREL bursts into tears, and steps aside.
THE KING struggles with his feelings. The bystanders
contemplate the two princes with emotion.

BURGUNDY (after gazing round the circle, throws himself into
the KING'S arms).

Oh, my king!

[At the same moment the three Burgundian knights hasten to DUNOIS,
LA HIRE, and the ARCHBISHOP. They embrace each other. The two
PRINCES remain for a time speechless in each other's arms.

I could renounce you! I could bear your hate!

CHARLES.

Hush! hush! No further!

BURGUNDY.

I this English king
Could crown! Swear fealty to this foreigner!
And you, my sovereign, into ruin plunge!

CHARLES.

Forget it! Everything's forgiven now!
This single moment doth obliterate all.

'Twas a malignant star! A destiny!

BURGUNDY (grasps his hand).
Believe me, sire, I'll make amends for all.
Your bitter sorrow I will compensate;
You shall receive your kingdom back entire,
A solitary village shall not fail!

CHARLES.
We are united. Now I fear no foe.

BURGUNDY.
Trust me, it was not with a joyous spirit
That I bore arms against you. Did you know?
Oh, wherefore sent you not this messenger?

[Pointing to SOREL.

I must have yielded to her gentle tears.
Henceforth, since breast to breast we have embraced,
No power of hell again shall sever us!
My erring course ends here. His sovereign's heart
Is the true resting-place for Burgundy.

ARCHBISHOP (steps between them).
Ye are united, princes! France doth rise
A renovated phoenix from its ashes.
The auspicious future greets us with a smile.
The country's bleeding wounds will heal again,
The villages, the desolated towns,
Rise in new splendor from their ruined heaps,
The fields array themselves in beauteous green;
But those who, victims of your quarrel, fell,

The dead, rise not again; the bitter tears,
Caused by your strife, remain forever wept!
One generation hath been doomed to woe;
On their descendants dawns a brighter day;
The gladness of the son wakes not the sire.
This the dire fruitage of your brother-strife!
Oh, princes, learn from hence to pause with dread,
Ere from its scabbard ye unsheath the sword.
The man of power lets loose the god of war,
But not, obedient, as from fields of air
Returns the falcon to the sportsman's hand,
Doth the wild deity obey the call
Of mortal voice; nor will the Saviour's hand
A second time forth issue from the clouds.

BURGUNDY.

Oh, sire! an angel walketh by your side.
Where is she? Why do I behold her not?

CHARLES.

Where is Johanna? Wherefore faileth she
To grace the festival we owe to her?

ARCHBISHOP.

She loves not, sire, the idleness of the court,
And when the heavenly mandate calls her not
Forth to the world's observance, she retires,
And doth avoid the notice of the crowd.
Doubtless, unless the welfare of the realm
Claims her regard, she communes with her God,
For still a blessing on her steps attends.

SCENE IV.

The same.

JOHANNA enters. She is clad in armor, and wears a garland in her hair.

CHARLES.

Thou comest as a priestess decked, Johanna,
To consecrate the union formed by thee!

BURGUNDY.

How dreadful was the maiden in the fight!
How lovely circled by the beams of peace!
My word, Johanna, have I now fulfilled?
Art thou contented? Have I thine applause?

JOHANNA.

The greatest favor thou hast shown thyself.
Arrayed in blessed light thou shinest now,
Who didst erewhile with bloody, ominous ray,
Hang like a moon of terror in the heavens.

[Looking round.

Many brave knights I find assembled here,
And joy's glad radiance beams in every eye;
One mourner, one alone I have encountered;
He must conceal himself, where all rejoice.

BURGUNDY.

And who is conscious of such heavy guilt,
That of our favor he must needs despair?

JOHANNA.

May he approach? Oh, tell me that he may;
Complete thy merit. Void the reconciliation
That frees not the whole heart. A drop of hate
Remaining in the cup of joy converts
The blessed draught to poison. Let there be
No deed so stained with blood that Burgundy
Cannot forgive it on this day of joy.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! now I understand!

JOHANNA.

And thou'lt forgive?
Thou wilt indeed forgive? Come in, Duchatel!

[She opens the door and leads in DUCHATEL,
who remains standing at a distance.

The duke is reconciled to all his foes,
And he is so to thee.

[DUCHATEL approaches a few steps nearer,
and tries to read the countenance of the DUKE.

BURGUNDY.

What makest thou
Of me, Johanna? Know'st thou what thou askest?

JOHANNA.

A gracious sovereign throws his portals wide,
Admitting every guest, excluding none;
As freely as the firmament the world,
So mercy must encircle friend and foe.

Impartially the sun pours forth his beams
Through all the regions of infinity;
The heaven's reviving dew falls everywhere,
And brings refreshment to each thirsty plant;
Whate'er is good, and cometh from on high,
Is universal, and without reserve;
But in the heart's recesses darkness dwells!

BURGUNDY.

Oh, she can mould me to her wish; my heart
Is in her forming hand like melted wax.
—Duchatel, I forgive thee—come, embrace me!
Shade of my sire! oh, not with wrathful eye
Behold me clasp the hand that shed thy blood.
Ye death-gods, reckon not to my account,
That my dread oath of vengeance I abjure.
With you, in yon drear realm of endless night,
There beats no human heart, and all remains
Eternal, steadfast, and immovable.
Here in the light of day 'tis otherwise.
Man, living, feeling man, is aye the sport
Of the o'er-mastering present.

CHARLES (to JOHANNA).

Lofty maid!

What owe I not to thee! How truly now
Hast thou fulfilled thy word,—how rapidly
Reversed my destiny! Thou hast appeased
My friends, and in the dust o'erwhelmed my foes;
From foreign yoke redeemed my cities. Thou
Hast all achieved. Speak, how can I reward thee?

JOHANNA.

Sire, in prosperity be still humane,
As in misfortune thou hast ever been;
And on the height of greatness ne'er forget
The value of a friend in times of need;
Thou hast approved it in adversity.
Refuse not to the lowest of thy people
The claims of justice and humanity,
For thy deliverer from the fold was called.
Beneath thy royal sceptre thou shalt gather
The realm entire of France. Thou shalt become
The root and ancestor of mighty kings;
Succeeding monarchs, in their regal state,
Shall those outshine, who filled the throne before.
Thy stock, in majesty shall bloom so long
As it stands rooted in the people's love.
Pride only can achieve its overthrow,
And from the lowly station, whence to-day
God summoned thy deliverer, ruin dire
Obscurely threatens thy crime-polluted sons!

BURGUNDY.

Exalted maid! Possessed with sacred fire!
If thou canst look into the gulf of time,
Speak also of my race! Shall coming years
With ampler honors crown my princely line!

JOHANNA.

High as the throne, thou, Burgundy, hast built
Thy seat of power, and thy aspiring heart
Would raise still higher, even to the clouds,
The lofty edifice. But from on high
A hand omnipotent shall check its rise.

Fear thou not hence the downfall of thy house!
Its glory in a maiden shall survive;
Upon her breast shall sceptre-bearing kings,
The people's shepherds, bloom. Their ample sway
Shall o'er two realms extend, they shall ordain
Laws to control the known world, and the new,
Which God still veils behind the pathless waves.

CHARLES.

Oh, if the Spirit doth reveal it, speak;
Shall this alliance which we now renew
In distant ages still unite our sons?

JOHANNA (after a pause).

Sovereigns and kings! disunion shun with dread!
Wake not contention from the murky cave
Where he doth lie asleep, for once aroused
He cannot soon be quelled? He doth beget
An iron brood, a ruthless progeny;
Wildly the sweeping conflagration spreads.
—Be satisfied! Seek not to question further
In the glad present let your hearts rejoice,
The future let me shroud!

SOREL.

Exalted maid!
Thou canst explore my heart, thou readest there
If after worldly greatness it aspires,
To me to give a joyous oracle.

JOHANNA.

Of empires only I discern the doom;
In thine own bosom lies thy destiny!

DUNOIS.

What, holy maid, will be thy destiny?
Doubtless, for thee, who art beloved of heaven,
The fairest earthly happiness shall bloom,
For thou art pure and holy.

JOHANNA.

Happiness
Abideth yonder, with our God, in heaven.

CHARLES.

Thy fortune be henceforth thy monarch's care!
For I will glorify thy name in France,
And the remotest age shall call thee blest.
Thus I fulfil my word. Kneel down!

[He draws his sword and touches her with it.

And rise!

A noble! I, thy monarch, from the dust
Of thy mean birth exalt thee. In the grave
Thy fathers I ennoble—thou shalt bear
Upon thy shield the fleur-de-lis, and be
Of equal lineage with the best in France.
Only the royal blood of Valois shall
Be nobler than thine own! The highest peer
Shall feel himself exalted by thy hand;
To wed thee nobly, maid, shall be my care!

DUNOIS (advancing).

My heart made choice of her when she was lowly.
The recent honor which encircles her,
Neither exalts her merit nor my love.
Here in my sovereign's presence, and before
This holy bishop, maid, I tender thee

My hand, and take thee as my princely wife,
If thou esteem me worthy to be thine.

CHARLES.

Resistless maiden! wonder thou dost add
To wonder! Yes, I now believe that naught's
Impossible to thee! Thou hast subdued
This haughty heart, which still hath scoffed till now
At love's omnipotence.

LA HIRE (advancing).

If I have read
Aright Johanna's soul, her modest heart's
Her fairest jewel. She deserveth well
The homage of the great, but her desires
Soar not so high. She striveth not to reach
A giddy eminence; an honest heart's
True love content's her, and the quiet lot
Which with this hand I humbly proffer her.

CHARLES.

Thou, too, La Hire! two brave competitors,—
Peers in heroic virtue and renown!
—Wilt thou, who hast appeased mine enemies,
My realms united, part my dearest friends?
One only can possess her; I esteem
Each to be justly worthy such a prize.
Speak, maid! thy heart alone must here decide.

SOREL.

The noble maiden is surprised, her cheek
Is crimsoned over with a modest blush.
Let her have leisure to consult her heart,

And in confiding friendship to unseal
Her long-closed bosom. Now the hour is come
When, with a sister's love, I also may
Approach the maid severe, and offer her
This silent, faithful breast. Permit us women
Alone to weigh this womanly affair;
Do you await the issue.

CHARLES (about to retire).

Be it so!

JOHANNA.

No, sire, not so! the crimson on my cheek
Is not the blush of bashful modesty.
Naught have I for this noble lady's ear
Which in this presence I may not proclaim.
The choice of these brave knights much honors me,
But I did not forsake my shepherd-walks,
To chase vain worldly splendor, nor array
My tender frame in panoply of war,
To twine the bridal garland in my hair.
Far other labor is assigned to me,
Which a pure maiden can alone achieve.
I am the soldier of the Lord of Hosts,
And to no mortal man can I be wife.

ARCHBISHOP.

To be a fond companion unto man
Is woman born—when nature she obeys,
Most wisely she fulfils high heaven's decree!
When His behest who called thee to the field
Shall be accomplished, thou'lt resign thy arms,
And once again rejoin the softer sex,

Whose gentle nature thou dost now forego,
And which from war's stern duties is exempt.

JOHANNA.

Most reverend sir! as yet I cannot say
What work the Spirit will enjoin on me.
But when the time comes round, his guiding voice
Will not be mute, and it I will obey.
Now he commands me to complete my task;
My royal master's brow is still uncrowned,
'Twere better for me I had ne'er been born!
Henceforth no more of this, unless ye would
Provoke the Spirit's wrath who in me dwells!
The eye of man, regarding me with love,
To me is horror and profanity.

CHARLES.

Forbear! It is in vain to urge her further.

JOHANNA.

Command the trumpets of the war to sound!
This stillness doth perplex and harass me;
An inward impulse drives me from repose,
It still impels me to achieve my work,
And sternly beckons me to meet my doom.

SCENE V.

A KNIGHT, entering hastily.

CHARLES.

What tidings? Speak!

KNIGHT.

The foe has crossed the Marne,
And marshalleth his army for the fight.

JOHANNA (inspired).

Battle and tumult! Now my soul is free.
Arm, warriors, arm! while I prepare the troops.

[She goes out.

CHARLES.

Follow, La Hire! E'en at the gates of Rheims
They will compel us to dispute the crown!

DUNOIS.

No genuine courage prompts them. This essay
Is the last effort of enraged despair.

CHARLES.

I do not urge you, duke. To-day's the time
To compensate the errors of the past.

BURGUNDY.

You shall be satisfied with me.

CHARLES.

Myself

Will march before you on the path of fame;
Here, with my royal town of Rheims in view,
I'll fight, and gallantry achieve the crown.
Thy knight, my Agnes, bids thee now farewell!

AGNES (embracing him).

I do not weep, I do not tremble for thee;

My faith, unshaken, cleaveth unto God!
Heaven, were we doomed to failure, had not given
So many gracious pledges of success!
My heart doth whisper me that, victory-crowned,
In conquered Rheims, I shall embrace my king.

[Trumpets sound with a spirited tone, and while the scene is changing pass into a wild martial strain. When the scene opens, the orchestra joins in, accompanied by warlike instruments behind the scene.

SCENE VI.

The scene changes to an open country skirted with trees. During the music soldiers are seen retreating hastily across the background.

TALBOT, leaning on FASTOLFE, and accompanied by soldiers. Soon after, LIONEL.

TALBOT.

Here lay me down beneath the trees, and then
Betake you back, with speed, unto the fight;
I need no aid to die.

FASTOLFE.

Oh, woful day!

[LIONEL enters.

Behold what sign awaits you, Lionel!
Here lies our general wounded unto death.

LIONEL.

Now, God forbid! My noble lord, arise!
No moment this to falter and to sink.

Yield not to death. By your all-powerful will
Command your ebbing spirit still to live.

TALBOT.

In vain! The day of destiny is come,
Which will o'erthrow the English power in France.
In desperate combat I have vainly risked
The remnant of our force to ward it off.
Struck by the thunderbolt I prostrate lie,
Never to rise again. Rheims now is lost,
Hasten to succor Paris!

LIONEL.

Paris is with the Dauphin reconciled;
A courier even now has brought the news.

TALBOT (tearing off his bandages).
Then freely flow, ye currents of my blood,
For Talbot now is weary of the sun!

LIONEL.

I may no longer tarry: Fastolfe, haste!
Convey our leader to a place of safety.
No longer now can we maintain this post;
Our flying troops disperse on every side,
On, with resistless might, the maiden comes.

TALBOT.

Folly, thou conquerest, and I must yield!
Against stupidity the very gods.
Themselves contend in vain. Exalted reason,
Resplendent daughter of the head divine,
Wise foundress of the system of the world,

Guide of the stars, who art thou then if thou,
Bound to the tail of folly's uncurbed steed,
Must, vainly shrieking with the drunken crowd,
Eyes open, plunge down headlong in the abyss.
Accursed, who striveth after noble ends,
And with deliberate wisdom forms his plans!
To the fool-king belongs the world.

LIONEL.

My lord,
But for a few brief moments can you live—
Think of your Maker!

TALBOT.

Had we, like brave men,
Been vanquished by the brave, we might, indeed,
Console ourselves that 'twas the common lot;
For fickle fortune aye revolves her wheel.
But to be baffled by such juggling arts!
Deserved our earnest and laborious life
Not a more earnest issue?

LIONEL (extends his hand to him).

Fare you well!
The debt of honest tears I will discharge
After the battle—if I then survive.
Now Fate doth call me hence, where on the field
Her web she waveth, and dispenseth doom.
We in another world shall meet again;
For our long friendship, this a brief farewell.

[Exit.

TALBOT.

Soon is the struggle past, and to the earth,
To the eternal sun, I render back
These atoms, joined in me for pain and pleasure.
And of the mighty Talbot, who the world
Filled with his martial glory, there remains
Naught save a modicum of senseless dust.
Such is the end of man—the only spoil
We carry with us from life's battle-field,
Is but an insight into nothingness,
And utter scorn of all which once appeared
To us exalted and desirable.

SCENE VII.

CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DUCHATEL, and Soldiers.

BURGUNDY.

The trench is stormed!

DUNOIS.

The victory is ours!

CHARLES (perceiving TALBOT.)

Look! Who is he, who yonder of the sun
Taketh reluctant, sorrowful farewell?
His armor indicates no common man;
Go, succor him, if aid may yet avail.

[Soldiers of the KING'S retinue step forward.]

FASTOLFE.

Back! Stand apart! Respect the mighty dead,
Whom ye in life ne'er ventured to approach!

BURGUNDY.

What do I see? Lord Talbot in his blood!

[He approaches him. TALBOT gazes fixedly at him, and dies.]

FASTOLFE.

Traitor, avaunt! Let not the sight of thee
Poison the dying hero's parting glance.

DUNOIS.

Resistless hero! Dread-inspiring Talbot!
Does such a narrow space suffice thee now,
And this vast kingdom could not satisfy
The large ambition of thy giant soul!
Now first I can salute you, sire, as king:
The diadem but tottered on your brow,
While yet a spirit tenanted this clay.

CHARLES (after contemplating the body in silence).

A higher power hath vanquished him, not we!
He lies upon the soil of France, as lies
The hero on the shield he would not quit.
Well, peace be with his ashes! Bear him hence!

[Soldiers take up the body and carry it away.]

Here in the heart of France, where his career
Of conquest ended, let his relics lie!
So far no hostile sword attained before.
A fitting tomb shall memorize his name;
His epitaph the spot whereon he fell.

FASTOLFE (yielding his sword).
I am your prisoner, sir.

CHARLES (returning his sword).
Not so! Rude war
Respects each pious office; you are free
To render the last honors to the dead,
Go now, Duchatel—still my Agnes trembles—
Hasten to snatch her from anxiety—
Bring her the tidings of our victory,
And usher her in triumph into Rheims!

[Exit DUCHATEL.]

SCENE VIII.

The same. LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.
La Hire, where is the maiden?

LA HIRE.
That I ask
Of you; I left her fighting by your side.

DUNOIS.
I thought she was protected by your arm,
When I departed to assist the king.

BURGUNDY.
Not long ago I saw her banner wave
Amidst the thickest of the hostile ranks.

DUNOIS.

Alas! where is she? Evil I forebode?
Come, let us haste to rescue her. I fear
Her daring soul hath led her on too far;
Alone she combats in the midst of foes,
And without succor yieldeth to the crowd.

CHARLES.

Haste to her rescue!

LA HIRE.

Come!

BURGUNDY.

We follow all!

[Exit.

[They retire in haste. A deserted part of the battle-field. In the distance
are seen the towers of Rheims illumined by the sun.

SCENE IX.

A KNIGHT in black armor, with closed visor. JOHANNA follows
him to the front of the stage, where he stops and awaits her.

JOHANNA.

Deluder! now I see thy stratagem!
Thou hast deceitfully, through seeming flight,
Allured me from the battle, doom and death
Averting thus from many a British head.
Destruction now doth overtake thyself.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Why dost thou follow after me and track
My steps with quenchless rage? I am not doomed
To perish by thy hand.

JOHANNA.

Deep in my soul
I hate thee as the night, which is thy color;
To blot thee out from the fair light of day
An irresistible desire impels me.
Who art thou? Raise thy visor. I had said
That thou wert Talbot had I not myself
Seen warlike Talbot in the battle fall.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Is the divining-spirit mute in thee?

JOHANNA.

His voice speaks loudly in my spirit's depth
The near approach of woe.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Johanna D'Arc!

Borne on the wings of conquest, thou hast reached
The gates of Rheims. Let thy achieved renown
Content thee. Fortune, like thy slave, till now
Hath followed thee; dismiss her, ere in wrath
She free herself; fidelity she hates;
She serveth none with constancy till death.

JOHANNA.

Why check me in the midst of my career?
Why bid me falter and forsake my work?

I will complete it and fulfil my vow!

BLACK KNIGHT.

Nothing can thee, thou mighty one, withstand,
In battle thou art aye invincible.
But henceforth shun the fight; attend my warning.

JOHANNA.

Not from my hand will I resign this sword
Till haughty England's prostrate in the dust.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Behold! there Rheims ariseth with its towers,
The goal and end of thy career. Thou seest
The lofty minster's sun-illumined dome;
Thou in triumphal pomp wouldst enter there,
Thy monarch crown, and ratify thy vow.
Enter not there! Return! Attend my warning!

JOHANNA.

What art thou, double-tongued, deceitful being,
Who wouldst bewilder and appal me? Speak!
By what authority dost thou presume
To greet me with fallacious oracles?

[The BLACK KNIGHT is about to depart, she steps in his way.

No, thou shalt speak, or perish by my hand!

[She endeavors to strike him.

BLACK KNIGHT (touches her with his hand, she remains motionless).
Slay what is mortal!

[Darkness, thunder and lightning. The KNIGHT sinks into the earth.

JOHANNA (stands at first in amazement, but soon recovers herself).
'Twas nothing living. 'Twas a base delusion,
An instrument of hell, a juggling fiend,
Uprisen hither from the fiery pool
To shake and terrify my steadfast heart.
Wielding the sword of God, whom should I fear!
I will triumphantly achieve my work.
My courage should not waver, should not fail
Were hell itself to champion me to fight!

[She is about to depart.

SCENE X.

LIONEL, JOHANNA.

LIONEL.
Accursed one, prepare thee for the fight!
Not both of us shall quit this field alive.
Thou hast destroyed the bravest of our host
The noble Talbot hath his mighty soul
Breathed forth upon my bosom. I'll avenge
The hero, or participate his doom.
And wouldst thou know who brings thee glory now,
Whether he live or die,—I'm Lionel,
The sole survivor of the English chiefs,
And still unconquered is this valiant arm.

[He rushes upon her; after a short combat she strikes
the sword out of his hand.

Perfidious fortune!

[He wrestles with her. JOHANNA seizes him by the crest and tears open his helmet; his face is thus exposed; at the same time she draws her sword with her right hand.

JOHANNA.

Suffer, what thou soughtest!
The Virgin sacrifices thee through me!

[At this moment she gazes in his face. His aspect softens her, she remains motionless and slowly lets her arm sink.

LIONEL.

Why linger, why withhold the stroke of death?
My glory thou hast taken—take my life!
I want no mercy, I am in thy power.

[She makes him a sign with her hand to fly.

How! shall I fly and owe my life to thee?
No, I would rather die.

JOHANNA (with averted face).

I will not know
That ever thou didst owe thy life to me.

LIONEL.

I hate alike thee and thy proffered gift.
I want no mercy—kill thine enemy
Who loathes and would have slain thee.

JOHANNA.

Slay me, then,
And fly!

LIONEL.

Ha! What is this?

JOHANNA (hiding her face).

Woe's me!

LIONEL (approaching her).

'Tis said

Thou killest all the English whom thy sword
Subdues in battle—why spare me alone?

JOHANNA (raises her sword with a rapid movement as if to strike him, but lets it fall quickly when she gazes on his face). Oh, Holy Virgin!

LIONEL.

Wherefore namest thou
The Holy Virgin? she knows naught of thee;
Heaven hath no part in thee.

JOHANNA (in the greatest anxiety).

What have I done?

Alas! I've broke my vow!

[She wrings her hands in despair.]

LIONEL (looks at her with sympathy and approaches her).

Unhappy maid!

I pity thee! Thy sorrow touches me;
Thou hast shown mercy unto me alone,
My hatred yielded unto sympathy!
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

JOHANNA.

Away!

LIONEL.

Thy youth, thy beauty, move my soul to pity!
Thy look sinks in my heart. I fain would save thee!
How may I do so? tell me. Come! oh, come!
Renounce this fearful league—throw down these arms!

JOHANNA.

I am unworthy now to carry them!

LIONEL.

Then throw them from thee—quick! come, follow me!

JOHANNA (with horror).

How! follow thee!

LIONEL.

Thou may'st be saved. Oh, come!
I will deliver thee, but linger not.
Strange sorrow for thy sake doth seize my heart,
Unspeakable desire to rescue thee——

[He seizes her arm.

JOHANNA.

The Bastard comes! 'Tis they! They seek for me!
If they should find thee——

LIONEL.

I'll defend thee, maid.

JOHANNA.

I die if thou shouldst perish by their hands!

LIONEL.

Am I then dear to thee?

JOHANNA.

Ye heavenly powers!

LIONEL.

Shall I again behold thee—hear from thee?

JOHANNA.

No! never!

LIONEL.

Thus this sword I seize in pledge
That I again behold thee!

[He snatches her sword.

JOHANNA.

Madman, hold!
Thou darest?

LIONEL.

Now I yield to force—again
I'll see thee!

[He retires.

SCENE XI.

JOHANNA, DUNOIS, LA HIRE.

LA HIRE.

It is she! The maiden lives!

DUNOIS.

Fear not, Johanna! friends are at thy side.

LA HIRE.

Is not that Lionel who yonder flies?

DUNOIS.

Let him escape! Maiden, the righteous cause
Hath triumphed now. Rheims opens wide its gates;
The joyous crowds pour forth to meet their king.

LA HIRE.

What ails thee, maiden? She grows pale—she sinks!

[JOHANNA grows dizzy, and is about to fall.

DUNOIS.

She's wounded—rend her breastplate—'tis her arm!
The wound is not severe.

LA HIRE.

Her blood doth flow.

JOHANNA.

Oh, that my life would stream forth with my blood!

[She lies senseless in LA HIRE'S arms.

ACT IV.

A hall adorned as for a festival; the columns are hung with garlands;
behind the scene flutes and hautboys.

SCENE I.

JOHANNA.

Hushed is the din of arms, war's storms subside,
Glad songs and dance succeed the bloody fray,
Through all the streets joy echoes far and wide,
Altar and church are decked in rich array,
Triumphal arches rise in vernal pride,
Wreathes round the columns wind their flowery way,
Wide Rheims cannot contain the mighty throng,
Which to joyous pageant rolls along.

One thought alone doth every heart possess,
One rapt'rous feeling o'er each breast preside.
And those to-day are linked in happiness
Whom bloody hatred did erewhile divide.
All who themselves of Gallic race confess
The name of Frenchman own with conscious pride,
France sees the splendor of her ancient crown,
And to her monarch's son bows humbly down.

Yet I, the author of this wide delight,
The joy, myself created, cannot share;
My heart is changed, in sad and dreary plight
It flies the festive pageant in despair;

Still to the British camp it taketh flight,
Against my will my gaze still wanders there,
And from the throng I steal, with grief oppressed,
To hide the guilt which weighs upon my breast!

What! I permit a human form
To haunt my bosom's sacred cell?
And there, where heavenly radiance shone,
Doth earthly love presume to dwell?
The savior of my country, I,
The warrior of God most high,
Burn for my country's foeman? Dare I name
Heaven's holy light, nor feel o'erwhelmed with shame?

[The music behind the scene passes into a soft and moving melody.]

Woe is me! Those melting tones!
They distract my 'wilder'd brain!
Every note, his voice recalling,
Conjures up his form again

Would that spears were whizzing round!
Would that battle's thunder roared!
'Midst the wild tumultuous sound
My former strength were then restored.

These sweet tones, these melting voices,
With seductive power are fraught!
They dissolve, in gentle longing,
Every feeling, every thought,
Waking tears of plaintive sadness.

[After a pause, with more energy.]

Should I have killed him? Could I, when I gazed
Upon his face? Killed him? Oh, rather far
Would I have turned my weapon 'gainst myself!
And am I culpable because humane?
Is pity sinful? Pity! Didst then hear
The voice of pity and humanity
When others fell the victims of thy sword?
Why was she silent when the gentle youth
From Wales entreated thee to spare his life?
Oh, cunning heart! Thou liest before high heaven!
It is not pity's voice impels thee now!
Why was I doomed to look into his eyes!
To mark his noble features! With that glance,
Thy crime, thy woe commenced. Unhappy one!
A sightless instrument thy God demands,
Blindly thou must accomplish his behest!
When thou didst see, God's shield abandoned thee,
And the dire snares of hell around thee pressed!

[Flutes are again heard, and she subsides into a quiet melancholy.]

Harmless staff! Oh, that I ne'er
Had for the sword abandoned thee!
Had voices never reached mine ear,
From thy branches, sacred tree!
High queen of heaven! Oh, would that thou
Hadst ne'er revealed thyself to me!
Take back—I dare not claim it now—
Take back thy crown, 'tis not for me!

I saw the heavens open wide,
I gazed upon that face of love!
Yet here on earth my hopes abide,

They do not dwell in heaven above!
Why, Holy One, on me impose
This dread vocation? Could I steel,
And to each soft emotion close
This heart, by nature formed to feel?

Wouldst thou proclaim thy high command,
Make choice of those who, free from sin,
In thy eternal mansions stand;
Send forth thy flaming cherubim!
Immortal ones, thy law they keep,
They do not feel, they do not weep!
Choose not a tender woman's aid,
Not the frail soul of shepherd maid!

Was I concerned with warlike things,
With battles or the strife of kings?
In innocence I led my sheep
Adown the mountain's silent steep,
But thou didst send me into life,
Midst princely halls and scenes of strife,
To lose my spirit's tender bloom
Alas, I did not seek my doom!

SCENE II.

AGNES SOREL, JOHANNA.

SOREL (advances joyfully. When she perceives JOHANNA she hastens to her and falls upon her neck; then suddenly recollecting herself; she relinquishes her hold, and falls down before her).

No! no! not so! Before thee in the dust——

JOHANNA (trying to raise her).

Arise! Thou dost forget thyself and me.

SOREL.

Forbid me not! 'tis the excess of joy
Which throws me at thy feet—I must pour forth
My o'ercharged heart in gratitude to God;
I worship the Invisible in thee.
Thou art the angel who has led my lord
To Rheims, to crown him with the royal crown.
What I ne'er dreamed to see is realized!
The coronation march will soon set forth;
Arrayed in festal pomp the monarch stands;
Assembled are the nobles of the realm,
The mighty peers to bear the insignia;
To the cathedral rolls the billowy crowd;
Glad songs resound, the bells unite their peal:
Oh, this excess of joy I cannot bear!

[JOHANNA gently raises her. AGNES SOREL pauses a moment,
and surveys the MAIDEN more narrowly.]

Yet thou remainest ever grave and stern;
Thou canst create delight, yet share it not.
Thy heart is cold, thou feelest not our joy,
Thou hast beheld the glories of the skies;
No earthly interest moveth thy pure breast.

[JOHANNA seizes her hand passionately, but soon lets it fall again.]

Oh, couldst thou own a woman's feeling heart!

Put off this armor, war is over now,
Confess thy union with the softer sex!
My loving heart shrinks timidly from thee,
While thus thou wearest Pallas' brow severe.

JOHANNA.

What wouldst thou have me do?

SOREL.

Unarm thyself!

Put off this coat of mail! The God of Love
Fears to approach a bosom clad in steel.
Oh, be a woman, thou wilt feel his power!

JOHANNA.

What, now unarm myself? Midst battle's roar
I'll bare my bosom to the stroke of death!
Not now! Would that a sevenfold wall of brass
Could hide me from your revels, from myself!

SOREL.

Thou'rt loved by Count Dunois. His noble heart,
Which virtue and renown alone inspire,
With pure and holy passion glows for thee.
Oh, it is sweet to know oneself beloved
By such a hero—sweeter still to love him!

[JOHANNA turns away with aversion.

Thou hatest him?—No, no, thou only canst
Not love him:—how could hatred stir thy breast!
Those who would tear us from the one we love,
We hate alone; but none can claim thy love.

Thy heart is tranquil—if it could but feel——

JOHANNA.

Oh, pity me! Lament my hapless fate!

SOREL.

What can be wanting to complete thy joy?
Thou hast fulfilled thy promise, France is free,
To Rheims, in triumph, thou hast led the king,
Thy mighty deeds have gained thee high renown,
A happy people praise and worship thee;
Thy name, the honored theme of every tongue;
Thou art the goddess of this festival;
The monarch, with his crown and regal state,
Shines not with greater majesty than thou!

JOHANNA.

Oh, could I hide me in the depths of earth!

SOREL.

Why this emotion? Whence this strange distress?
Who may to-day look up without a fear
If thou dost cast thine eyes upon the ground!
It is for me to blush, me, who near thee
Feel all my littleness; I cannot reach
The lofty virtue, thy heroic strength!
For—all my weakness shall I own to thee?
Not the renown of France, my Fatherland,
Not the new splendor of the monarch's crow,
Not the triumphant gladness of the crowds,
Engage this woman's heart. One only form
Is in its depths enshrined; it hath no room
For any feeling save for one alone:

He is the idol, him the people bless,
Him they extol, for him they strew these flowers,
And he is mine, he is my own true love!

JOHANNA.

Oh, thou art happy! thou art blessed indeed!
Thou lovest, where all love. Thou may'st, unblamed
Pour forth thy rapture, and thine inmost heart,
Fearless discover to the gaze of man!
Thy country's triumph is thy lover's too.
The vast, innumerable multitudes,
Who, rolling onward, crowd within these walls,
Participate thy joy, they hallow it;
Thee they salute, for thee they twine the wreath,
Thou art a portion of the general joy;
Thou lovest the all-inspiring soul, the sun,
And what thou seest is thy lover's glory!

SOREL (falling on her neck).

Thou dost delight me, thou canst read my heart!
I did thee wrong, thou knowest what love is,
Thou tell'st my feelings with a voice of power.
My heart forgets its fear and its reserve,
And seeks confidingly to blend with thine——

JOHANNA (tearing herself from her with violence).

Forsake me! Turn away! Do not pollute
Thyself by longer intercourse with me!
Be happy! go—and in the deepest night
Leave me to hide my infamy, my woe!

SOREL.

Thou frighten'st me, I understand thee not,

I ne'er have understood thee—for from me
Thy dark mysterious being still was veiled.
Who may divine what thus disturbs thy heart,
Thus terrifies thy pure and sacred soul!

JOHANNA.

Thou art the pure, the holy one! Couldst thou
Behold mine inmost heart, thou, shuddering,
Wouldst fly the traitoress, the enemy!

SCENE III.

DUNOIS, DUCHATEL, and LA HIRE, with the banner of JOHANNA.

DUNOIS.

Johanna, thee we seek. All is prepared;
The king hath sent us, 'tis his royal will
That thou before him shouldst thy banner bear,
The company of princes thou shalt join;
And march immediately before the king:
For he doth not deny it, and the world
Shall witness, maiden, that to thee alone
He doth ascribe the honor of this day.

LA HIRE.

Here is the banner. Take it, noble maiden
Thou'rt stayed for by the princes and the people.

JOHANNA.

I march before him? I the banner bear?

DUNOIS.

Whom else would it become? What other hand
Is pure enough to bear the sacred ensign!
Amid the battle thou hast waved it oft;
To grace our glad procession bear it now.

[LA HIRE presents the banner to her, she draws back, shuddering.

JOHANNA.
Away! away!

LA HIRE.
Art thou terrified
At thine own banner, maiden? Look at it!

[He displays the banner.

It is the same thou didst in conquest wave.
Imaged upon it is the queen of heaven,
Floating in glory o'er this earthly ball;
For so the Holy Mother showed it thee.

[JOHANNA gazing upon it with horror.

'Tis she herself! so she appeared to me.
See, how she looks at me and knits her brow,
And anger flashes from her threatening eye!

SOREL.
Alas, she raveth! Maiden, be composed!
Collect thyself! Thou seest nothing real!
That is her pictured image; she herself
Wanders above, amid the angelic choir!

JOHANNA.

Thou comest, fearful one, to punish me?
Destroy, o'erwhelm, thy lightnings hurl,
And let them fall upon my guilty head.
Alas, my vow I've broken. I've profaned
And desecrated thy most holy name!

DUNOIS.

Woe's us! What may this mean? What unblest words?

LA HIRE (in astonishment, to DUCHATEL).
This strange emotion canst thou comprehend?

DUCHATEL.

That which I see, I see—I long have feared it.

DUNOIS.

What sayest thou?

DUCHATEL.

I dare not speak my thoughts.
I would to heaven that the king were crowned!

LA HIRE.

How! hath the awe this banner doth inspire
Turned back upon thyself? before this sign
Let Britons tremble; to the foes of France
'Tis fearful, but to all true citizens
It is auspicious.

JOHANNA.

Yes, thou sayest truly!
To friends 'tis gracious! but to enemies
It causeth horror!

[The Coronation march is heard.]

DUNOIS.

Take thy banner, then!

The march begins—no time is to be lost!

[They press the banner upon her; she seizes it with evident emotion, and retires; the others follow.]

[The scene changes to an open place before the Cathedral.]

SCENE IV.

Spectators occupy the background; BERTRAND, CLAUDE MARIE, and ETIENNE come forward; then MARGOT and LOUISON. The Coronation march is heard in the distance.

BERTRAND.

Hark to the music! They approach already!
What had we better do? Shall we mount up
Upon the platform, or press through the crowd,
That we may nothing lose of the procession?

ETIENNE.

It is not to be thought of. All the streets
Are thronged with horsemen and with carriages.
Beside these houses let us take our stand,
Here we without annoyance may behold
The train as it goes by.

CLAUDE MARIE.

Almost it seems

As were the half of France assembled here,
So mighty is the flood that it hath reached
Even our distant Lotharingian land
And borne us thither!

BERTRAND.

Who would sit at home
When great events are stirring in the land!
It hath cost plenty, both of sweat and blood,
Ere the crown rested on its rightful head!
Nor shall our lawful king, to whom we give
The crown, be worse accompanied than he
Whom the Parisians in St. Denis crowned!
He is no loyal, honest-minded man
Who doth absent him from this festival,
And joins not in the cry: "God save the King!"

SCENE V.

MARGOT and LOUISON join them.

LOUISON.

We shall again behold our sister, Margot!
How my heart beats!

MARGOT.

In majesty and pomp
We shall behold her, saying to ourselves:
It is our sister, it is our Johanna!

LOUISON.

Till I have seen her, I can scarce believe

That she, whom men the Maid of Orleans name,
The mighty warrior, is indeed Johanna,
Our sister whom we lost!

[The music draws nearer.

MARGOT.

Thou doubtest still!
Thou wilt thyself behold her!

BERTRAND.

See, they come!

SCENE VI.

Musicians, with flutes and hautboys, open the procession. Children follow, dressed in white, with branches in their hands; behind them two heralds. Then a procession of halberdiers, followed by magistrates in their robes. Then two marshals with their staves; the DUKE of BURGUNDY, bearing the sword; DUNOIS with the sceptre, other nobles with the regalia; others with sacrificial offerings. Behind these, KNIGHTS with the ornaments of their order; choristers with incense; two BISHOPS with the ampulla; the ARCHBISHOP with the crucifix. JOHANNA follows, with her banner, she walks with downcast head and wavering steps; her sisters, on beholding her, express their astonishment and joy. Behind her comes the KING under a canopy, supported by four barons; courtiers follow, soldiers conclude the procession; as soon as it has entered the church the music ceases.

SCENE VII.

SCENE V.
LOUISON, MARGOT, CLAUDE MARIE, ETIENNE, BERTRAND.

MARGOT.

Saw you our sister?

CLAUDE MARIE.

She in golden armor,
Who with the banner walked before the king?

MARGOT.

It was Johanna. It was she, our sister!

LOUISON.

She recognized us not! She did not feel
That we, her sisters, were so near to her.
She looked upon the ground, and seemed so pale,
And trembled so beneath her banner's weight
When I beheld her, I could not rejoice.

MARGOT.

So now, arrayed in splendor and in pomp,
I have beheld our sister—who in dreams
Would ever have imagined or conceived,
When on our native hills she drove the flock,
That we should see her in such majesty?

LOUISON.

Our father's dream is realized, that we
In Rheims before our sister should bow down.
That is the church, which in his dream he saw
And each particular is now fulfilled.
But images of woe he also saw!

Alas! I'm grieved to see her raised so high!

BERTRAND.

Why stand we idly here? Let's to the church
To view the coronation!

MARGOT.

Yes! perchance
We there may meet our sister; let us go!

LOUISON.

We have beheld her. Let us now return
Back to our village.

MARGOT.

How? Ere we with her
Have interchanged a word?

LOUISON.

She doth belong
To us no longer; she with princes stands
And monarchs. Who are we, that we should seek
With foolish vanity to near her state?
She was a stranger while she dwelt with us!

MARGOT.

Will she despise, and treat us with contempt?

BERTRAND.

The king himself is not ashamed of us,
He kindly greets the meanest of the crowd.
How high soever she may be exalted,
The king is raised still higher!

[Trumpets and kettle-drums are heard from the church.

CLAUDE MARIE.

Let's to the church!

[They hasten to the background, where they are lost among the crowd.

SCENE VIII.

THIBAUT enters, clad in black. RAIMOND follows him, and tries to hold him back.

RAIMOND.

Stay, father Thibaut! Do not join the crowds!
Here, at this joyous festival you meet
None but the happy, whom your grief offends.
Come! Let us quit the town with hasty steps.

THIBAUT.

Hast thou beheld my child? My wretched child?
Didst thou observe her?

RAIMOND.

I entreat you, fly!

THIBAUT.

Didst mark her tottering and uncertain steps,
Her countenance, so pallid and disturbed?
She feels her dreadful state; the hour is come
To save my child, and I will not neglect it.

[He is about to retire.

RAIMOND.

What would you do?

THIBAUT.

Surprise her, hurl her down
From her vain happiness, and forcibly
Restore her to the God whom she denies.

RAIMOND.

Oh, do not work the ruin of your child!

THIBAUT.

If her soul lives, her mortal part may die.

[JOHANNA rushes out of the church, without her banner.
The people press around her, worship her, and kiss her
garments. She is detained in the background by the crowd.

She comes! 'tis she! She rushes from the church.
Her troubled conscience drives her from the fane!
'Tis visibly the judgment of her God!

RAIMOND.

Farewell! Require not my attendance further!
Hopeful I came, and sorrowful depart.
Your daughter once again I have beheld,
And feel again that she is lost to me!

[He goes out. THIBAUT retires on the opposite side.

SCENE IX.

JOHANNA, People. Afterwards her Sisters.

JOHANNA (she has freed herself from the crowd and comes forward).
Remain I cannot—spirits chase me forth!
The organ's pealing tones like thunder sound,
The dome's arched roof threatens to overwhelm me!
I must escape and seek heaven's wide expanse!
I left my banner in the sanctuary,
Never, oh, never, will I touch it more!
It seemed to me as if I had beheld
My sisters pass before me like a dream.
'Twas only a delusion!—they, alas!
Are far, far distant—inaccessible—
E'en as my childhood, as mine innocence!

MARGOT (stepping forward).
'Tis she! It is Johanna!

LOUISON (hastening toward her).
Oh, my sister!

JOHANNA.
Then it was no delusion—you are here—
Thee I embrace, Louison! Thee, my Margot?
Here in this strange and crowded solitude,
I clasp once more my sisters' faithful breasts!

MARGOT.
She knows us still, she is our own kind sister.

JOHANNA.
Your love hath led you to me here so far!
So very far! You are not wroth with her

Who left her home without one parting word!

LOUISON.

God's unseen providence conducted thee.

MARGOT.

Thy great renown, which agitates the world,
Which makes thy name the theme of every tongue,
Hath in our quiet village wakened us,
And led us hither to this festival.
To witness all thy glory we are come;
And we are not alone!

JOHANNA (quickly).

Our father's here!

Where is he? Why doth he conceal himself?

MARGOT.

Our father is not with us.

JOHANNA.

Not with you?

He will not see me, then! You do not bring
His blessing for his child?

LOUISON.

He knoweth not
That we are here.

JOHANNA.

Not know it! Wherefore not?
You are embarrassed, and you do not speak;
You look upon the ground! Where is our father?

MARGOT.

Since thou hast left——

LOUISON (making a sign to MARGOT).

Margot!

MARGOT.

Our father hath
Become dejected.

JOHANNA.

Ah!

LOUISON.

Console thyself!
Our sire's foreboding spirit well thou knowest!
He will collect himself, and be composed,
When he shall learn from us that thou art happy.

MARGOT.

And thou art happy? Yes, it must be so,
For thou art great and honored!

JOHANNA.

I am so,
Now I again behold you, once again
Your voices hear, whose fond, familiar tones
Bring to my mind my dear paternal fields.
When on my native hills I drove my herd,
Then I was happy as in paradise—
I ne'er can be so more, no, never more!

[She hides her face on LOUISON'S bosom. CLAUDE MARIE,
ETIENNE, and BERTRAND appear, and remain timidly standing

in the distance.

MARGOT.

Come, Bertrand! Claude Marie! come, Etienne!
Our sister is not proud: she is so gentle,
And speaks so kindly,—more so than of yore,
When in our village she abode with us.

[They draw near, and hold out their hands; JOHANNA
gazes on them fixedly, and appears amazed.

JOHANNA.

Where am I? Tell me! Was it all a dream,
A long, long dream? And am I now awake?
Am I away from Dom Remi? Is't so?
I fell asleep beneath the Druid tree,
And I am now awake; and round me stand
The kind, familiar forms? I only dreamed
Of all these battles, kings, and deeds of war,—
They were but shadows which before me passed;
For dreams are always vivid 'neath that tree.
How did you come to Rheims? How came I here?
No, I have never quitted Dom Remi!
Confess it to me, and rejoice my heart.

LOUISON.

We are at Rheims. Thou hast not merely dreamed
Of these great deeds—thou hast achieved them all.
Come to thyself, Johanna! Look around—
Thy splendid armor feel, of burnished gold!

[JOHANNA lays her hand upon her breast, recollects herself,
and shrinks back.

BERTRAND.

Out of my hand thou didst receive this helm.

CLAUDE MARIE.

No wonder thou shouldst think it all a dream;
For nothing in a dream could come to pass
More wonderful than what thou hast achieved.

JOHANNA (quickly).

Come, let us fly! I will return with you
Back to our village, to our father's bosom.

LOUISON.

Oh, come! Return with us!

JOHANNA.

The people here
Exalt me far above what I deserve.
You have beheld me weak and like a child;
You love me, but you do not worship me.

MARGOT.

Thou wilt abandon this magnificence.

JOHANNA.

I will throw off the hated ornaments
Which were a barrier 'twixt my heart and yours,
And I will be a shepherdess again,
And like a humble maiden I will serve you,
And will with bitter penitence atone,
That I above you vainly raised myself.

[Trumpets sound.]

SCENE X.

The KING comes forth from the church. He is in the coronation robes. AGNES SOREL, ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, DUCHATEL, KNIGHTS, COURTIERS, and PEOPLE.

Many voices shout repeatedly, while the KING advances,—
Long live the king! Long live King Charles the Seventh!

[The trumpets sound. Upon a signal from the KING, the HERALDS with their staves command silence.

KING.

Thanks, my good people! Thank you for your love!
The crown which God hath placed upon our brow
Hath with our valiant swords been hardly won:
With noble blood 'tis wetted; but henceforth
The peaceful olive branch shall round it twine.
Let those who fought for us receive our thanks;
Our pardon, those who joined the hostile ranks,
For God hath shown us mercy in our need,
And our first royal word shall now be, mercy!

PEOPLE.

Long live the king! Long live King Charles the good!

KING.

From God alone, the highest potentate,
The monarchs of the French receive the crown;
But visibly from his Almighty hand
Have we received it.

[Turning to the MAIDEN.

Here stands the holy delegate of heaven,

Who hath restored to you your rightful king,
And rent the yoke of foreign tyranny.
Her name shall equal that of holy Denis,
The guardian and protector of this realm,
And to her fame an altar shall be reared.

PEOPLE.

Hail to the maiden, the deliverer!

[Trumpets.

KING (to JOHANNA).

If thou art born of woman, like ourselves,
Name aught that can augment thy happiness.
But if thy fatherland is there above,
If in this virgin form thou dost conceal
The radiant glory of a heavenly nature,
From our deluded sense remove the veil,
And let us see thee in thy form of light
As thou art seen in heaven, that in the dust
We may bow down before thee.

[A general silence; every eye is fixed upon the MAIDEN.

JOHANNA (with a sudden cry).

God! my father!

SCENE XI.

THIBAUT comes forth from the crowd, and stands opposite to her.
Many voices exclaim,—

Her father!

THIBAUT.

Yes, her miserable father,
Who did beget her, and whom God impels
Now to accuse his daughter.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! What's this?

DUCHATEL.

Now will the fearful truth appear!

THIBAUT (to the KING).

Thou think'st
That thou art rescued through the power of God?
Deluded prince! Deluded multitude!
Ye have been rescued through the arts of hell!

[All step back with horror.]

DUNOIS.

Is this man mad?

THIBAUT.

Not I, but thou art mad.
And this wise bishop, and these noble lords,
Who think that through a weak and sinful maid
The God of heaven would reveal himself.
Come, let us see if to her father's face
She will maintain the specious, juggling arts
Wherewith she hath deluded king and people.
Now, in the name of the blest Trinity,
Belongst thou to the pure and holy ones?

[A general silence; all eyes are fixed upon her;
she remains motionless.

SOREL.

God! she is dumb!

THIBAUT.

Before that awful name,
Which even in the depths of hell is feared,
She must be silent! She a holy one,
By God commissioned? On a cursed spot
It was conceived; beneath the Druid tree
Where evil spirits have from olden time
Their Sabbath held. There her immortal soul
She bartered with the enemy of man
For transient, worldly glory. Let her bare
Her arm, and ye will see impressed thereon
The fatal marks of hell!

BURGUNDY.

Most horrible!
Yet we must needs believe a father's words
Who 'gainst his daughter gives his evidence.

DUNOIS.

The madman cannot be believed
Who in his child brings shame upon himself.

SOREL (to JOHANNA).

Oh, maiden, speak! this fatal silence break!
We firmly trust thee! we believe in thee!
One syllable from thee, one single word
Shall be sufficient. Speak! annihilate

This horrid accusation. But declare
Thine innocence, and we will all believe thee.

[JOHANNA remains motionless; AGNES steps back with horror.

LA HIRE.

She's frightened. Horror and astonishment
Impede her utterance. Before a charge
So horrible e'en innocence must tremble.

[He approaches her.

Collect thyself, Johanna! innocence
Hath a triumphant look, whose lightning flash
Strikes slander to the earth! In noble wrath
Arise! look up, and punish this base doubt,
An insult to thy holy innocence.

[JOHANNA remains motionless; LA HIRE steps back;
the excitement increases.

DUNOIS.

Why do the people fear, the princes tremble?
I'll stake my honor on her innocence!
Here on the ground I throw my knightly gage;
Who now will venture to maintain her guilt?

[A loud clap of thunder; all are horror-struck.

THIBAUT.

Answer, by Him whose thunders roll above!
Give me the lie! Proclaim thine innocence;
Say that the enemy hath not thy heart!

[Another clap of thunder, louder than the first;
the people fly on all sides.

BURGUNDY.

God guard and save us! What appalling signs!

DUCHATEL (to the KING).

Come, come, my king! Forsake this fearful place!

ARCHBISHOP (to JOHANNA).

I ask thee in God's name. Art thou thus silent

From consciousness of innocence or guilt?

If in thy favor the dread thunder speaks,

Touch with thy hand this cross, and give a sign!

[JOHANNA remains motionless. More violent peals of thunder.

The KING, AGNES SOREL, the ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, LA HIRE,
DUCHATEL retire.

SCENE XII.

DUNOIS, JOHANNA.

DUNOIS.

Thou art my wife; I have believed in thee
From the first glance, and I am still unchanged.
In thee I have more faith than in these signs,
Than in the thunder's voice, which speaks above.
In noble anger thou art silent thus;
Enveloped in thy holy innocence,
Thou scornest to refute so base a charge.
Still scorn it, maiden, but confide in me;
I never doubted of thine innocence.
Speak not one word; only extend thy hand
In pledge and token that thou wilt confide
In my protection and thine own good cause.

[He extends his hand to her; she turns from him with
a convulsive motion; he remains transfixed with horror.

SCENE XIII.

JOHANNA, DUCHATEL, DUNOIS, afterwards RAIMOND.

DUCHATEL (returning).

Johanna d'Arc! uninjured from the town
The king permits you to depart. The gates
Stand open to you. Fear no injury,—

You are protected by the royal word.
Come follow me, Dunois! You cannot here
Longer abide with honor. What an issue!

[He retires. DUNOIS recovers from his stupor, casts one look upon JOHANNA, and retires. She remains standing for a moment quite alone. At length RAIMOND appears; he regards her for a time with silent sorrow, and then approaching takes her hand.

RAIMOND.
Embrace this opportunity. The streets
Are empty now. Your hand! I will conduct you.

[On perceiving him, she gives the first sign of consciousness. She gazes on him fixedly, and looks up to heaven; then taking his hand she retires.

ACT V.

A wild wood: charcoal-burners' huts in the distance.
It is quite dark; violent thunder and lightning;
firing heard at intervals.

SCENE I.

CHARCOAL-BURNER and his WIFE.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

This is a fearful storm, the heavens seem
As if they would vent themselves in streams of fire;
So thick the darkness which usurps the day,
That one might see the stars. The angry winds
Bluster and howl like spirits loosed from hell.
The firm earth trembles, and the aged elms
Groaning, bow down their venerable tops.
Yet this terrific tumult, o'er our heads,
Which teacheth gentleness to savage beasts,
So that they seek the shelter of their caves,
Appeaseth not the bloody strife of men—
Amidst the raging of the wind and storm
At intervals is heard the cannon's roar;

So near the hostile armaments approach,
The wood alone doth part them; any hour
May see them mingle in the shock of battle.

WIFE.

May God protect us then! Our enemies,
Not long ago, were vanquished and dispersed.
How comes it that they trouble us again?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Because they now no longer fear the king,
Since that the maid turned out to be a witch
At Rheims, the devil aideth us no longer,
And things have gone against us.

WIFE.

Who comes here?

SCENE II.

RAIMOND and JOHANNA enter.

RAIMOND.

See! here are cottages; in them at least
We may find shelter from the raging storm.
You are not able longer to endure it.
Three days already you have wandered on,
Shunning the eye of man—wild herbs and root
Your only nourishment. Come, enter in.
These are kind-hearted cottagers.

[The storm subsides; the air grows bright and clear.]

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

You seem
To need refreshment and repose—you're welcome
To what our humble roof can offer you!

WIFE.

What has a tender maid to do with arms?
Yet truly! these are rude and troublous times
When even women don the coat of mail!
The queen herself, proud Isabel, 'tis said,
Appears in armor in the hostile camp;
And a young maid, a shepherd's lowly daughter,
Has led the armies of our lord the king.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

What sayest thou? Enter the hut, and bring
A goblet of refreshment for the damsel.

[She enters the hut.

RAIMOND (to JOHANNA).

All men, you see, are not so cruel; here
E'en in the wilderness are gentle hearts.
Cheer up! the pelting storm hath spent its rage,
And, beaming peacefully, the sun declines.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

I fancy, as you travel thus in arms,
You seek the army of the king. Take heed!
Not far remote the English are encamped,
Their troops are roaming idly through the wood.

RAIMOND.

Alas for us! how then can we escape?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Stay here till from the town my boy returns.
He shall conduct you safe by secret paths.
You need not fear—we know each hidden way.

RAIMOND (to JOHANNA).

Put off your helmet and your coat-of-mail,
They will not now protect you, but betray.

[JOHANNA shakes her head.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

The maid seems very sad—hush! who comes here?

SCENE III.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE comes out of the hut
with a bowl. A Boy.

WIFE.

It is our boy whom we expected back.

[To JOHANNA.

Drink, noble maiden! may God bless it to you!

CHARCOAL-BURNER (to his son).

Art come, Anet? What news?

[The boy looks at JOHANNA, who is just raising the
bowl to her lips; he recognizes her, steps forward,
and snatches it from her.

BOY.

Oh, mother! mother!
Whom do you entertain? This is the witch
Of Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER (and his WIFE).

God be gracious to our souls!

[They cross themselves and fly.]

SCENE IV.

RAIMOND, JOHANNA.

JOHANNA (calmly and gently)
Thou seest, I am followed by the curse,
And all fly from me. Do thou leave me, too;
Seek safety for thyself.

RAIMOND.

I leave thee! now
Alas, who then would bear thee company?

JOHANNA.

I am not unaccompanied. Thou hast
Heard the loud thunder rolling o'er my head—
My destiny conducts me. Do not fear;
Without my seeking I shall reach the goal.

RAIMOND.

And whither wouldst thou go? Here stand our foes,
Who have against thee bloody vengeance sworn—

There stand our people who have banished thee.

JOHANNA.

Naught will befall me but what heaven ordains.

RAIMOND.

Who will provide thee food? and who protect thee
From savage beasts, and still more savage men?
Who cherish thee in sickness and in grief?

JOHANNA.

I know all roots and healing herbs; my sheep
Taught me to know the poisonous from the wholesome.
I understand the movements of the stars,
And the clouds' flight; I also hear the sound
Of hidden springs. Man hath not many wants,
And nature richly ministers to life.

RAIMOND (seizing her hand).

Wilt thou not look within? Oh, wilt thou not
Repent thy sin, be reconciled to God,
And to the bosom of the church return?

JOHANNA.

Thou hold'st me guilty of this heavy sin?

RAIMOND.

Needs must I—thou didst silently confess——

JOHANNA.

Thou, who hast followed me in misery,
The only being who continued true,
Who slave to me when all the world forsook,
Thou also hold'st me for a reprobate

Who hath renounced her God——

[RAIMOND is silent.

Oh, this is hard!

RAIMOND (in astonishment).

And thou wert really then no sorceress?

JOHANNA.

A sorceress!

RAIMOND.

And all these miracles

Thou hast accomplished through the power of God

And of his holy saints?

JOHANNA.

Through whom besides?

RAIMOND.

And thou wert silent to that fearful charge?

Thou speakest now, and yet before the king,

When words would have availed thee, thou wert dumb!

JOHANNA.

I silently submitted to the doom

Which God, my lord and master, o'er me hung.

RAIMOND.

Thou couldst not to thy father aught reply?

JOHANNA.

Coming from him, methought it came from God;

And fatherly the chastisement will prove.

RAIMOND.

The heavens themselves bore witness to thy guilt!

JOHANNA.

The heavens spoke, and therefore I was silent.

RAIMOND.

Thou with one word couldst clear thyself, and hast
In this unhappy error left the world?

JOHANNA.

It was no error—'twas the will of heaven.

RAIMOND.

Thou innocently sufferedst this shame,
And no complaint proceeded from thy lips!
—I am amazed at thee, I stand o'erwhelmed.
My heart is troubled in its inmost depths.
Most gladly I receive the word as truth,
For to believe thy guilt was hard indeed.
But could I ever dream a human heart
Would meet in silence such a fearful doom!

JOHANNA.

Should I deserve to be heaven's messenger
Unless the Master's will I blindly honored?
And I am not so wretched as thou thinkest.
I feel privation—this in humble life
Is no misfortune; I'm a fugitive,—
But in the waste I learned to know myself.
When honor's dazzling radiance round me shone,
There was a painful struggle in my breast;
I was most wretched, when to all I seemed

Most worthy to be envied. Now my mind
Is healed once more, and this fierce storm in nature,
Which threatened your destruction, was my friend;
It purified alike the world and me!
I feel an inward peace—and come, what may,
Of no more weakness am I conscious now!

RAIMOND.

Oh, let us hasten! come, let us proclaim
Thine innocence aloud to all the world!

JOHANNA.

He who sent this delusion will dispel it!
The fruit of fate falls only when 'tis ripe!
A day is coming that will clear my name,
When those who now condemn and banish me,
Will see their error and will weep my doom.

RAIMOND.

And shall I wait in silence, until chance——

JOHANNA (gently taking her hand).

Thy sense is shrouded by an earthly veil,
And dwelleth only on external things,
Mine eye hath gazed on the invisible!
—Without permission from our God no hair
Falls from the head of man. Seest thou the sun
Declining to the west? So certainly
As morn returneth in her radiant light,
Infallibly the day of truth shall come!

SCENE V.

QUEEN ISABEL, with soldiers, appears in the background.

ISABEL (behind the scene).

This is the way toward the English camp!

RAIMOND.

Alas! the foe!

[The soldiers advance, and perceiving JOBANNA fall back in terror.

ISABEL.

What now obstructs the march?

SOLDIERS.

May God protect us!

ISABEL.

Do ye see a spirit?

How! Are ye soldiers! Ye are cowards all!

[She presses forward, but starts back on beholding the MAIDEN.

What do I see!

[She collects herself quickly and approaches her.

Submit thyself! Thou art

My prisoner!

JOHANNA.

I am.

[RAIMOND flies in despair.

ISABEL (to the soldiers).

Lay her in chains!

[The soldiers timidly approach the MAIDEN;
she extends her arms and is chained.

Is this the mighty, the terrific one,
Who chased your warriors like a flock of lambs,
Who, powerless now, cannot protect herself?
Doth she work miracles with credulous fools,
And lose her influence when she meets a man?

[To the MAIDEN.

Why didst thou leave the army? Where's Dunois,
Thy knight and thy protector.

JOHANNA.

I am banished.

[ISABEL, stepping back astonished.

ISABEL.

What say'st thou? Thou art banished? By the Dauphin?

JOHANNA.

Inquire no further! I am in thy power,
Decide my fate.

ISABEL.

Banished, because thou hast
Snatched him from ruin, placed upon his brow
The crown at Rheims, and made him King of France?
Banished! Therein I recognize my son!
—Conduct her to the camp, and let the host
Behold the phantom before whom they trembled!
She a magician? Her sole magic lies
In your delusion and your cowardice!
She is a fool who sacrificed herself

To save her king, and reapeth for her pains
A king's reward. Bear her to Lionel.
The fortune of the French! send him bound;
I'll follow anon.

JOHANNA.

To Lionel?
Slay me at once, ere send me unto him.

ISABEL (to the soldiers).
Obey your orders, soldiers! Bear her hence.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

JOHANNA, SOLDIERS.

JOHANNA (to the soldiers).
Ye English, suffer not that I escape
Alive out of your hands! Revenge yourselves!
Unsheath your weapons, plunge them in my heart,
And drag me lifeless to your general's feet!
Remember it was I who slew your heroes,
Who never showed compassion, who poured forth
Torrents of English blood, who from your sons
Snatched the sweet pleasure of returning home!
Take now a bloody vengeance! Murder me!
I now am in your power; I may perchance
Not always be so weak.

CONDUCTOR OF THE SOLDIERS.

Obey the queen!

JOHANNA.

Must I be yet more wretched than I was!
Unpitying Virgin! Heavy is thy hand
Hast thou completely thrust me from thy favor?
No God appears, no angel shows himself;
Closed are heaven's portals, miracles have ceased.

[She follows the SOLDIERS.]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp.

DUNOIS, between the ARCHBISHOP and DUCHATEL.

ARCHBISHOP.

Conquer your sullen indignation, prince!
Return with us! Come back unto your king!
In this emergency abandon not
The general cause, when we are sorely pressed,
And stand in need of your heroic arm.

DUNOIS.

Why are ye sorely pressed? Why doth the foe
Again exalt himself? all was achieved;—
France was triumphant—war was at an end;—
The savior you have banished; you henceforth
May save yourselves; I'll not again behold
The camp wherein the maid abideth not.

DUCHATEL.

Think better of it, prince! Dismiss us not
With such an answer!

DUNOIS.

Silence, Duchatel!
You're hateful to me; I'll hear naught from you;
You were the first who doubted of her truth.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who had not wavered on that fatal day,
And been bewildered, when so many signs
Bore evidence against her! We were stunned,
Our hearts were crushed beneath the sudden blow.
—Who in that hour of dread could weigh the proofs?
Our calmer judgment now returns to us,
We see the maid as when she walked with us,
Nor have we any fault to charge her with.
We are perplexed—we fear that we have done
A grievous wrong. The king is penitent,
The duke remorseful, comfortless La Hire,
And every heart doth shroud itself in woe.

DUNOIS.

She a deluder? If celestial truth
Would clothe herself in a corporeal form,
She needs must choose the features of the maiden.
If purity of heart, faith, innocence,
Dwell anywhere on earth, upon her lips
And in her eyes' clear depths they find their home.

ARCHBISHOP.

May the Almighty, through a miracle,
Shed light upon this awful mystery,

Which baffles human insight. Howsoe'er
This sad perplexity may be resolved,
One of two grievous sins we have committed!
Either in fight we have availed ourselves
Of hellish arms, or banished hence a saint!
And both call down upon this wretched land
The vengeance and the punishment of heaven.

SCENE VIII.

The same, a NOBLEMAN, afterwards RAIMOND.

NOBLEMAN.

A shepherd youth inquires after your highness,
He urgently entreats an interview,
He says he cometh from the maiden——

DUNOIS.

Haste!

Conduct him hither! He doth come from her!

[The NOBLEMAN opens the door to RAIMOND, DUNOIS hastens to meet him.

Where is she? Where is the maid?

RAIMOND.

Hail! noble prince!

And blessed am I that I find with you
This holy man, the shield of the oppressed,
The father of the poor and destitute!

DUNOIS.

Where is the maiden?

ARCHBISHOP.

Speak, my son, inform us!

RAIMOND.

She is not, sir, a wicked sorceress!
To God and all his saints I make appeal.
An error blinds the people. You've cast forth
God's messenger, you've banished innocence!

DUNOIS.

Where is she?

RAIMOND.

I accompanied her flight
Towards the woods of Ardennes; there she hath
Revealed to me her spirit's inmost depths.
In torture I'll expire, and will resign
My hopes of everlasting happiness,
If she's not guiltless, sir, of every sin!

DUNOIS.

The sun in heaven is not more pure than she!
Where is she? Speak!

RAIMOND.

If God hath turned your hearts,
Oh hasten, I entreat you—rescue her
She is a prisoner in the English camp.

DUNOIS.

A prisoner say you?

ARCHBISHOP.

Poor unfortunate!

RAIMOND.

There in the forest as we sought for shelter,
We were encountered by Queen Isabel,
Who seized and sent her to the English host.
Oh, from a cruel death deliver her
Who hath full many a time delivered you!

DUNOIS.

Sound an alarm! to arms! up! beat the drums.
Forth to the field! Let France appear in arms!
The crown and the palladium are at stake!
Our honor is in pledge! risk blood and life!
She must be rescued ere the day is done!

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

A watch-tower—an opening above. JOHANNA and LIONEL.

FASTOLFE (entering hastily).

The people can no longer be restrained.
With fury they demand the maiden's death.
In vain your opposition. Let her die
And throw her head down from the battlements!
Her blood alone will satisfy the host.

ISABEL (coming in).

With ladders they begin to scale the walls.

Appease the angry people! Will you wait
Till in blind fury they o'erthrow the tower,
And we beneath its towers are destroyed?
Protect her here you cannot. Give her up!

LIONEL.

Let them storm on. In fury let them rage!
Firm is this castle, and beneath its ruins
I will be buried ere I yield to them.
—Johanna, answer me! only be mine,
And I will shield thee 'gainst a world in arms.

ISABEL.

Are you a man?

LIONEL.

Thy friends have cast thee off.
To thy ungrateful country then dost owe
Duty and faith no longer. The false cowards
Who sought thy hand, forsake thee in thy need.
They for thy honor venture not the fight,
But I, against my people and 'gainst thine,
Will be thy champion. Once thou didst confess
My life was dear to thee; in combat then
I stood before thee as thine enemy—
Thou hast not now a single friend but me.

JOHANNA.

Thou art my people's enemy and mine.
Between us there can be no fellowship.
Thee I can never love, but if thy heart
Cherish affection for me, let it bring
A blessing on my people. Lead thy troops

Far from the borders of my fatherland;
Give up the keys of all the captured towns,
Restore the booty, set the captives free,
Send hostages the compact to confirm,
And peace I offer thee in my king's name.

ISABEL.

Wilt thou, a captive, dictate laws to us?

JOHANNA.

It must be done; 'tis useless to delay.
Never, oh never, will this land endure
The English yoke; sooner will France become
A mighty sepulchre for England's hosts.
Fallen in battle are your bravest chiefs.
Think how you may achieve a safe retreat;
Your fame is forfeited, your power is lost.

ISABEL.

Can you endure her raving insolence?

SCENE X.

A CAPTAIN enters hastily.

CAPTAIN.

Haste, general! Prepare the host for battle.
The French with flying banners come this way,
Their shining weapons glitter in the vale.

JOHANNA (with enthusiasm).

My people come this way! Proud England now

Forth in the field! now boldly must you fight!

FASTOLFE.

Deluded woman, moderate your joy!
You will not see the issue of this day.

JOHANNA.

My friends will win the fight and I shall die!
The gallant heroes need my arm no more.

LIONEL.

These dastard enemies I scorn. They have
In twenty battles fled before our arms,
Ere this heroic maiden fought for them.
All the whole nation I despise, save one,
And this one they have banished. Come, Fastolfe,
We soon will give them such another day
As that of Poitiers and of Agincourt.
Do you remain with the fortress, queen,
And guard the maiden till the fight is o'er.
I leave for your protection fifty knights.

FASTOLFE.

How! general, shall we march against the foe
And leave this raging fury in our rear?

JOHANNA.

What! can a fettered woman frighten thee?

LIONEL.

Promise, Johanna, not to free thyself.

JOHANNA.

To free myself is now my only wish.

ISABEL.

Bind her with triple chains. I pledged my life
That she shall not escape.

[She is bound with heavy chains.

LIONEL (to JOHANNA).

Thou will'st it so!

Thou dost compel us! still it rests with thee!
Renounce the French—the English banner bear,
And thou art free, and these rude, savage men
Who now desire thy blood shall do thy will.

FASTOLFE (urgently).

Away, away, my general!

JOHANNA.

Spare thy words,
The French are drawing near. Defend thyself!

[Trumpets sound, LIONEL hastens forth.

FASTOLFE.

You know your duty, queen! if fate declares
Against us, should you see our people fly.

ISABEL (showing a dagger).

Fear not. She shall not live to see our fall.

FASTOLFE (to JOHANNA).

Thou knowest what awaits thee, now implore
A blessing on the weapons of thy people.

[Exit.

SCENE XI.

ISABEL, JOHANNA, SOLDIERS.

JOHANNA.

Ay! that I will! no power can hinder me.
Hark to that sound, the war-march of my people!
How its triumphant notes inspire my heart!
Ruin to England! victory to France!
Up, valiant countrymen! The maid is near;
She cannot, as of yore, before you bear
Her banner—she is bound with heavy chains;
But freely from her prison soars her soul,
Upon the pinions of your battle-song.

ISABEL (to a SOLDIER).

Ascend the watch-tower which commands the field,
And thence report the progress of the fight.

[SOLDIER ascends.

JOHANNA.

Courage, my people! 'Tis the final struggle—
Another victory, and the foe lies low!

ISABEL.

What see'st thou?

SOLDIER.

They're already in close fight.
A furious warrior on a Barbary steed,
In tiger's skin, leads forward the gens d'armes.

JOHANNA.

That's Count Dunois! on, gallant warrior!
Conquest goes with thee.

SOLDIER.

The Burgundian duke
Attacks the bridge.

ISABEL.

Would that ten hostile spears
Might his perfidious heart transfix, the traitor!

SOLDIER.

Lord Fastolfe gallantly opposes him.
Now they dismount—they combat man to man
Our people and the troops of Burgundy.

ISABEL.

Behold'st thou not the Dauphin? See'st thou not
The royal wave?

SOLDIER.

A cloud of dust
Shrouds everything. I can distinguish naught.

JOHANNA.

Had he my eyes, or stood I there aloft,
The smallest speck would not elude my gaze!
The wild fowl I can number on the wing,
And mark the falcon in his towering flight.

SOLDIER.

There is a fearful tumult near the trench;
The chiefs, it seems, the nobles, combat there.

ISABEL.

Still doth our banner wave?

SOLDIER.

It proudly floats.

JOHANNA.

Could I look through the loopholes of the wall,
I with my lance the battle would control.

SOLDIER.

Alas! What do I see? Our general's
Surrounded by the foe!

ISABEL (points the dagger at JOHANNA).

Die, wretch!

SOLDIER (quickly).

He's free!

The gallant Fastolfe in the rear attacks
The enemy—he breaks their serried ranks.

ISABEL (withdrawing the dagger).

There spoke thy angel!

SOLDIER.

Victory! They fly.

ISABEL.

Who fly?

SOLDIER.

The French and the Burgundians fly;
The field is covered o'er with fugitives.

JOHANNA.

My God! Thou wilt not thus abandon me!

SOLDIER.

Yonder they lead a sorely wounded knight;
The people rush to aid him—he's a prince.

ISABEL.

One of our country, or a son of France?

SOLDIER.

They loose his helmet—it is Count Dunois.

JOHANNA (seizes her fetters with convulsive violence).
And I am nothing but a fettered woman!

SOLDIER.

Look yonder! Who the azure mantle wears
Bordered with gold?

JOHANNA.

That is my lord, the king.

SOLDIER.

His horse is restive, plunges, rears and falls—
He struggles hard to extricate himself.

[JOHANNA accompanies these words with passionate movements.

Our troops are pressing on in full career,
They near him, reach him—they surround him now.

JOHANNA.

Oh, have the heavens above no angels more!

ISABEL (laughing scornfully).

Now is the time, deliverer—now deliver!

JOHANNA (throws herself upon her knees, and prays with passionate violence).

Hear me, O God, in my extremity!

In fervent supplication up to Thee,

Up to thy heaven above I send my soul.

The fragile texture of a spider's web,

As a ship's cable, thou canst render strong;

Easy it is to thine omnipotence

To change these fetters into spider's webs—

Command it, and these massy chains shall fall,

And these thick walls be rent, Thou, Lord of old,

Didst strengthen Samson, when enchained and blind

He bore the bitter scorn of his proud foes.

Trusting in thee, he seized with mighty power

The pillars of his prison, bowed himself,

And overthrew the structure.

SOLDIER.

Triumph!

ISABEL.

How?

SOLDIER.

The king is taken!

JOHANNA (springing up).

Then God be gracious to me!

[She seizes her chains violently with both hands, and

breaks them asunder. At the same moment rushing upon the nearest soldier, she seizes his sword and hurries out. All gaze after her, transfixed with astonishment.

SCENE XII.

The same, without JOHANNA.

ISABEL (after a long pause).
How was it? Did I dream? Where is she gone?
How did she break these ponderous iron chains?
A world could not have made me credit it,
If I had not beheld it with these eyes.

SOLDIER (from the tower).
How? Hath she wings? Hath the wind borne her down?

ISABEL.
Is she below?

SOLDIER.
She strides amidst the fight:
Her course outspeeds my sight—now she is here—
Now there—I see her everywhere at once!
—She separates the troops—all yield to her:
The scattered French collect—they form anew!
—Alas! what do I see! Our people cast
Their weapons to the ground, our banners sink——

ISABEL.
What? Will she snatch from us the victory?

SOLDIER.

She presses forward, right towards the king.
She reaches him—she bears him from the fight—
Lord Fastolfe falls—the general is taken!

ISABEL.

I'll hear no more! Come down!

SOLDIER.

Fly, queen! you will be taken by surprise.
Armed soldiers are advancing tow'rds the tower.

[He comes down.

ISABEL (drawing her sword).

Then fight, ye cowards!

SCENE IV.

LA HIRE with soldiers. At his entrance the people
of the QUEEN lay down their arms.

LA HIRE (approaching her respectfully).

Queen, submit yourself—
Your knights have yielded—to resist is vain!
—Accept my proffered services. Command
Where you would be conducted.

ISABEL.

Every place
The same, where I encounter not the Dauphin.

[She resigns her sword, and follows him with the soldiers.

The Scene changes to the battle-field.

SCENE XIV.

Soldiers with flying banners occupy the background. Before them the KING and the DUKE OF BURGUNDY appear, bearing JOHANNA in their arms;

she is mortally wounded, and apparently lifeless. They advance slowly to the front of the stage. AGNES SOREL rushes in.

SOREL (throwing herself on the bosom of the KING).
You're free—you live—I have you back again!

KING.
Yes, I am free—I am so at this price!

[Pointing to JOHANNA.

SOREL.
Johanna! God! she's dying!

BURGUNDY.
She is gone
An angel passeth hence! See, how she lies,
Easy and tranquil, like a sleeping child!
The peace of heaven around her features plays,
The breath of life no longer heaves her breast,
But vital warmth still lingers in her hand.

KING.

She's gone! She never will awaken more,
Her eye will gaze no more on earthly things.
She soars on high, a spirit glorified,
She seeth not our grief, our penitence.

SOREL.

Her eyes unclose—she lives!

BURGUNDY (in astonishment).

Can she return
Back from the grave, triumphant e'en o'er death?
She riseth up! She standeth!

JOHANNA (standing up, and looking round).

Where am I?

BURGUNDY.

With thine own people, maiden—with thy friends!

KING.

Supported by thy friend, and by thy king.

JOHANNA (after looking at him fixedly for some time).

No! I am not a sorceress! Indeed
I am not one.

KING.

Thou'rt holy, as an angel;
A cloud of error dimmed our mental sight.

JOHANNA (gazing round her with a joyful smile).

And am I really, then, among my friends,
And am no more rejected and despised?
They curse me not—kindly they look on me!

—Yes, all around me now seems clear again!
That is my king!—the banners these of France!
My banner I behold not—where is it?
Without my banner I dare not appear;
To me it was confided by my Lord,
And I before his throne must lay it down;
I there may show it, for I bore it truly.

KING (averting his face).
Give her the banner!

[It is given to her. She stands quite unsupported,
the banner in her hand. The heaven is illumined
by a rosy light.

JOHANNA.
See you the rainbow yonder in the air?
Its golden portals heaven doth wide unfold,
Amid the angel choir she radiant stands,
The eternal Son she clasped to her breast,
Her arms she stretcheth forth to me in love.
How is it with me? Light clouds bear me up—
My ponderous mail becomes a winged robe;
I mount—I fly—back rolls the dwindling earth—
Brief is the sorrow—endless is the joy!

[Her banner falls and she sinks lifeless on the ground.
All remain for some time in speechless sorrow. Upon a
signal from the KING, all the banners are gently placed
over her, so that she is entirely concealed by them.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA

AND

ON THE USE OF THE CHORUS IN TRAGEDY.

By Frederick Schiller

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ISABELLA, Princess of Messina.

DON MANUEL | her Sons.

DON CAESAR |

BEATRICE.

DIEGO, an ancient Servant.

MESSENGERS.

THE ELDERS OF MESSINA, mute.

THE CHORUS, consisting of the Followers of the two Princes.

SCENE I.

A spacious hall, supported on columns, with entrances on both sides; at the back of the stage a large folding-door leading to a chapel.

DONNA ISABELLA in mourning; the ELDERS OF MESSINA.

ISABELLA.

Forth from my silent chamber's deep recesses,
Gray Fathers of the State, unwillingly
I come; and, shrinking from your gaze, uplift
The veil that shades my widowed brows: the light
And glory of my days is fled forever!
And best in solitude and kindred gloom
To hide these sable weeds, this grief-worn frame,
Beseems the mourner's heart. A mighty voice
Inexorable—duty's stern command,
Calls me to light again.

Not twice the moon
Has filled her orb since to the tomb ye bore
My princely spouse, your city's lord, whose arm
Against a world of envious foes around
Hurled fierce defiance! Still his spirit lives
In his heroic sons, their country's pride:
Ye marked how sweetly from their childhood's bloom
They grew in joyous promise to the years
Of manhood's strength; yet in their secret hearts,
From some mysterious root accursed, upsprung
Unmitigable, deadly hate, that spurned
All kindred ties, all youthful, fond affections,
Still ripening with their thoughtful age; not mine
The sweet accord of family bliss; though each
Awoke a mother's rapture; each alike
Smiled at my nourishing breast! for me alone

Yet lives one mutual thought, of children's love;
In these tempestuous souls discovered else
By mortal strife and thirst of fierce revenge.

While yet their father reigned, his stern control
Tamed their hot spirits, and with iron yoke
To awful justice bowed their stubborn will:
Obedient to his voice, to outward seeming
They calmed their wrathful mood, nor in array
Ere met, of hostile arms; yet unappeased
Sat brooding malice in their bosoms' depths;
They little reek of hidden springs whose power
Can quell the torrent's fury: scarce their sire
In death had closed his eyes, when, as the spark
That long in smouldering embers sullen lay,
Shoots forth a towering flame; so unconfined
Burst the wild storm of brothers' hate triumphant
O'er nature's holiest bands. Ye saw, my friends,
Your country's bleeding wounds, when princely strife
Woke discord's maddening fires, and ranged her sons
In mutual deadly conflict; all around
Was heard the clash of arms, the din of carnage,
And e'en these halls were stained with kindred gore.

Torn was the state with civil rage, this heart
With pangs that mothers feel; alas, unmindful
Of aught but public woes, and pitiless
You sought my widow's chamber—there with taunts
And fierce reproaches for your country's ills
From that polluted spring of brother's hate
Derived, invoked a parent's warning voice,
And threatening told of people's discontent

And princes' crimes! "Ill-fated land! now wasted
By thy unnatural sons, ere long the prey
Of foeman's sword! Oh, haste," you cried, "and end
This strife! bring peace again, or soon Messina
Shall bow to other lords." Your stern decree
Prevailed; this heart, with all a mother's anguish
O'erlabored, owned the weight of public cares.
I flew, and at my children's feet, distracted,
A suppliant lay; till to my prayers and tears
The voice of nature answered in their breasts!

Here in the palace of their sires, unarmed,
In peaceful guise Messina shall behold
The long inveterate foes; this is the day!
E'en now I wait the messenger that brings
The tidings of my sons' approach: be ready
To give your princes joyful welcome home
With reverence such as vassals may beseem.
Bethink ye to fulfil your subject duties,
And leave to better wisdom weightier cares.
Dire was their strife to them, and to the State
Fruitful of ills; yet, in this happy bond
Of peace united, know that they are mighty
To stand against a world in arms, nor less
Enforce their sovereign will against yourselves.

[The ELDERS retire in silence; she beckons to
an old attendant, who remains.

Diego!

DIEGO.

Honored mistress!

ISABELLA.

Old faithful servant, then true heart, come near me;
Sharer of all a mother's woes, be thine
The sweet communion of her joys: my treasure
Shrined in thy heart, my dear and holy secret
Shall pierce the envious veil, and shine triumphant
To cheerful day; too long by harsh decrees,
Silent and overpowered, affection yet
Shall utterance find in Nature's tones of rapture!
And this imprisoned heart leap to the embrace
Of all it holds most dear, returned to glad
My desolate halls;

So bend thy aged steps
To the old cloistered sanctuary that guards
The darling of my soul, whose innocence
To thy true love (sweet pledge of happier days)!
Trusting I gave, and asked from fortune's storm
A resting place and shrine. Oh, in this hour
Of bliss; the dear reward of all thy cares.
Give to my longing arms my child again!

[Trumpets are heard in the distance.

Haste! be thy footsteps winged with joy—I hear
The trumpet's blast, that tells in warlike accents
My sons are near:

[Exit DIEGO. Music is heard in an opposite direction,
and becomes gradually louder.

Messina is awake!
Hark! how the stream of tongues hoarse murmuring
Rolls on the breeze,—'tis they! my mother's heart

Feels their approach, and beats with mighty throes
Responsive to the loud, resounding march!
They come! they come! my children! oh, my children!

[Exit.

The CHORUS enters.

(It consists of two semi-choruses which enter at the same time from opposite sides, and after marching round the stage range themselves in rows, each on the side by which it entered. One semi-chorus consists of young knights, the other of older ones, each has its peculiar costume and ensigns. When the two choruses stand opposite to each other, the march ceases, and the two leaders speak.) [The first chorus consists of Cajetan, Berengar, Manfred, Tristan, and eight followers of Don Manuel. The second of Bohemund, Roger, Hippolyte, and nine others of the party of Don Caesar.

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

I greet ye, glittering halls
Of olden time
Cradle of kings! Hail! lordly roof,
In pillared majesty sublime!

Sheathed be the sword!
In chains before the portal lies
The fiend with tresses snake-entwined,
Fell Discord! Gently treat the inviolate floor!
Peace to this royal dome!
Thus by the Furies' brood we swore,
And all the dark, avenging Deities!

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND).

I rage! I burn! and scarce refrain
To lift the glittering steel on high,
For, lo! the Gorgon-visaged train
Of the detested foeman nigh:
Shall I my swelling heart control?
To parley deign—or still in mortal strife
The tumult of my soul?
Dire sister, guardian of the spot, to thee
Awe-struck I bend the knee,
Nor dare with arms profane thy deep tranquillity!

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

Welcome the peaceful strain!
Together we adore the guardian power
Of these august abodes!
Sacred the hour
To kindred brotherly ties
And reverend, holy sympathies;—
Our hearts the genial charm shall own,
And melt awhile at friendship's soothing tone:—
But when in yonder plain
We meet—then peace away!
Come gleaming arms, and battle's deadly fray!

The whole Chorus.

But when in yonder plain
We meet—then peace away!
Come gleaming arms, and battle's deadly fray!

First Chorus (BERENGAR).

I hate thee not—nor call thee foe,
My brother! this our native earth,
The land that gave our fathers birth:—
Of chief's behest the slave decreed,
The vassal draws the sword at need,
For chieftain's rage we strike the blow,
For stranger lords our kindred blood must flow.

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND).

Hate fires their souls—we ask not why;—
At honor's call to fight and die,
Boast of the true and brave!
Unworthy of a soldier's name
Who burns not for his chieftain's fame!

The whole Chorus.

Unworthy of a soldier's name
Who burns not for his chieftain's fame!

One of the Chorus (BERENGAR).

Thus spoke within my bosom's core
The thought—as hitherward I strayed;
And pensive 'mid the waving store,
I mused, of autumn's yellow glade:—
These gifts of nature's bounteous reign,—
The teeming earth, and golden grain,
Yon elms, among whose leaves entwine
The tendrils of the clustering vine;—
Gay children of our sunny clime,—
Region of spring's eternal prime!

Each charm should woo to love and joy,
No cares the dream of bliss annoy,
And pleasure through life's summer day
Speed every laughing hour away.
We rage in blood,—oh, dire disgrace!
For this usurping, alien race;
From some far distant land they came,
Beyond the sun's departing flame.
And owned upon our friendly shore
The welcome of our sires of yore.
Alas! their sons in thralldom pine,
The vassals of this stranger line.

A second (MANFRED).

Yes! pleased, on our land, from his azure way,
The sun ever smiles with unclouded ray.
But never, fair isle, shall thy sons repose
'Mid the sweets which the faithless waves enclose.
On their bosom they wafted the corsair bold,
With his dreaded barks to our coast of old.
For thee was thy dower of beauty vain,
'Twas the treasure that lured the spoiler's train.
Oh, ne'er from these smiling vales shall rise
A sword for our vanquished liberties;
'Tis not where the laughing Ceres reigns,
And the jocund lord of the flowery plains:—
Where the iron lies hid in the mountain cave,
Is the cradle of empire—the home of the brave!

[The folding-doors at the back of the stage are thrown open.

DONNA ISABELLA appears between her sons, DON MANUEL and DON CAESAR.

Both Choruses (CAJETAN).

Lift high the notes of praise!
Behold! where lies the awakening sun,
She comes, and from her queenly brow
Shoots glad, inspiring rays.
Mistress, we bend to thee!

First Chorus.

Fair is the moon amid the starry choir
That twinkle o'er the sky,
Shining in silvery, mild tranquillity;—
The mother with her sons more fair!
See! blooming at her side,
She leads the royal, youthful pair;
With gentle grace, and soft, maternal pride,
Attempering sweet their manly fire.

Second Chorus (BERENGAR).

From this fair stem a beauteous tree
With ever-springing boughs shall smile,
And with immortal verdure shade our isle;
Mother of heroes, joy to thee!
Triumphant as the sun thy kingly race
Shall spread from clime to clime,
And give a deathless name to rolling time!

ISABELLA (comes forward with her SONS).
Look down! benignant Queen of Heaven, and still,
This proud tumultuous heart, that in my breast
Swells with a mother's tide of ecstasy,

As blazoned in these noble youths, my image
More perfect shows;—Oh, blissful hour! the first
That comprehends the fulness of my joy,
When long-constrained affection dares to pour
In unison of transport from my heart,
Unchecked, a parent's undivided love:
Oh! it was ever one—my sons were twain.
Say—shall I revel in the dreams of bliss,
And give my soul to Nature's dear emotions?
Is this warm pressure of thy brother's hand
A dagger in thy breast?

[To DON MANUEL.

Or when my eyes
Feed on that brow with love's enraptured gaze,
Is it a wrong to thee?

[To DON CAESAR.

Trembling, I pause,
Lest e'en affection's breath should wake the fires
Of slumbering hate.

[After regarding both with inquiring looks
Speak! In your secret hearts
What purpose dwells? Is it the ancient feud
Unreconciled, that in your father's halls
A moment stilled; beyond the castle gates,
Where sits infuriate war, and champs the bit—
Shall rage anew in mortal, bloody conflict?

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

Concord or strife—the fate's decree
Is bosomed yet in dark futurity!
What comes, we little heed to know,

Prepared for aught the hour may show!

ISABELLA (looking round).

What mean these arms? this warlike, dread array,
That in the palace of your sires portends
Some fearful issue? needs a mother's heart
Outpoured, this rugged witness of her joys?
Say, in these folding arms shall treason hide
The deadly snare? Oh, these rude, pitiless men,
The ministers of your wrath!—trust not the show
Of seeming friendship; treachery in their breasts
Lurks to betray, and long-dissembled hate.
Ye are a race of other lands; your sires
Profaned their soil; and ne'er the invader's yoke
Was easy—never in the vassal's heart
Languished the hope of sweet revenge;—our sway
Not rooted in a people's love, but owns
Allegiance from their fears; with secret joy—
For conquest's ruthless sword, and thralldom's chains
From age to age, they wait the atoning hour
Of princes' downfall;—thus their bards awake
The patriot strain, and thus from sire to son
Rehearsed, the old traditionary tale
Beguiles the winter's night. False is the world,
My sons, and light are all the specious ties
By fancy twined: friendship—deceitful name!
Its gaudy flowers but deck our summer fortune,
To wither at the first rude breath of autumn!
So happy to whom heaven has given a brother;
The friend by nature signed—the true and steadfast!
Nature alone is honest—nature only—
When all we trusted strews the wintry shore—

On her eternal anchor lies at rest,
Nor heeds the tempest's rage.

DON MANUEL.

My mother!

DON CAESAR.

Hear me

ISABELLA (taking their hands).

Be noble, and forget the fancied wrongs
Of boyhood's age: more godlike is forgiveness
Than victory, and in your father's grave
Should sleep the ancient hate:—Oh, give your days
Renewed henceforth to peace and holy love!

[She recedes one or two steps, as if to give them space
to approach each other. Both fix their eyes on the ground
without regarding one another.]

ISABELLA (after awaiting for some time, with suppressed emotion,
a demonstration on the part of her sons).

I can no more; my prayers—my tears are vain:—
'Tis well! obey the demon in your hearts!
Fulfil your dread intent, and stain with blood
The holy altars of your household gods;—
These halls that gave you birth, the stage where murder
Shall hold his festival of mutual carnage
Beneath a mother's eye!—then, foot to foot,
Close, like the Theban pair, with maddening gripe,
And fold each other in a last embrace!
Each press with vengeful thrust the dagger home,
And "Victory!" be your shriek of death:—nor then

Shall discord rest appeased; the very flame
That lights your funeral pyre shall tower dissevered
In ruddy columns to the skies, and tell
With horrid image—"thus they lived and died!"

[She goes away; the BROTHERS stand as before.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

How have her words with soft control
Resistless calmed the tempest of my soul!
No guilt of kindred blood be mine!
Thus with uplifted hands I prey;
Think, brothers, on the awful day,
And tremble at the wrath divine!

DON CAESAR (without taking his eyes from the ground).
Thou art my elder—speak—without dishonor
I yield to thee.

DON MANUEL.

One gracious word, an instant,
My tongue is rival in the strife of love!

DON CAESAR.

I am the guiltier—weaker—

DON MANUEL.

Say not so!
Who doubts thy noble heart, knows thee not well;
The words were prouder, if thy soul were mean.

DON CAESAR.

It burns indignant at the thought of wrong—

But thou—methinks—in passion's fiercest mood,
'Twas aught but scorn that harbored in thy breast.

DON MANUEL.

Oh! had I known thy spirit thus to peace
Inclined, what thousand griefs had never torn
A mother's heart!

DON CAESAR.

I find thee just and true:
Men spoke thee proud of soul.

DON MANUEL.

The curse of greatness!
Ears ever open to the babblers' tale.

DON CAESAR.

Thou art too proud to meanness—I to falsehood!

DON MANUEL.

We are deceived, betrayed!

DON CAESAR.

The sport of frenzy!

DON MANUEL.

And said my mother true, false is the world?

DON CAESAR.

Believe her, false as air.

DON MANUEL.

Give me thy hand!

DON CAESAR.

And thine be ever next my heart!

[They stand clasping each other's hands,
and regard each other in silence.

DON MANUEL.

I gaze
Upon thy brow, and still behold my mother
In some dear lineament.

DON CAESAR.

Her image looks
From thine, and wondrous in my bosom wakes
Affection's springs.

DON MANUEL.

And is it thou?—that smile
Benignant on thy face?—thy lips that charm
With gracious sounds of love and dear forgiveness?

DON CAESAR.

Is this my brother, this the hated foe?
His mien all gentleness and truth, his voice,
Whose soft prevailing accents breathe of friendship!

[After a pause.

DON MANUEL.

Shall aught divide us?

DON CAESAR.

We are one forever!

[They rush into each other's arms.

First CHORUS (to the Second).

Why stand we thus, and coldly gaze,
While Nature's holy transports burn?
No dear embrace of happier days
The pledge—that discord never shall return!
Brothers are they by kindred band;
We own the ties of home and native land.

[Both CHORUSES embrace.

A MESSENGER enters.

Second CHORUS to DON CAESAR (BOHEMUND).

Rejoice, my prince, thy messenger returns
And mark that beaming smile! the harbinger
Of happy tidings.

MESSENGER.

Health to me, and health
To this delivered state! Oh sight of bliss,
That lights mine eyes with rapture! I behold
Their hands in sweet accord entwined; the sons
Of my departed lord, the princely pair
Dissevered late by conflict's hottest rage.

DON CAESAR.

Yes, from the flames of hate, a new-born Phoenix,
Our love aspires!

MESSENGER.

I bring another joy;
My staff is green with flourishing shoots.

DON CAESAR (taking him aside).

Oh, tell me
Thy gladsome message.

MESSENGER.

All is happiness
On this auspicious day; long sought, the lost one
Is found.

DON CAESAR.

Discovered! Oh, where is she? Speak!

MESSENGER.

Within Messina's walls she lies concealed.

DON MANUEL (turning to the First SEMI-CHORUS).
A ruddy glow mounts in my brother's cheek,
And pleasure dances in his sparkling eye;
Whate'er the spring, with sympathy of love
My inmost heart partakes his joy.

DON CAESAR (to the MESSENGER).

Come, lead me;
Farewell, Don Manuel; to meet again
Enfolded in a mother's arms! I fly
To cares of utmost need.

[He is about to depart.

DON MANUEL.

Make no delay;
And happiness attend thee!

DON CAESAR (after a pause of reflection, he returns).

How thy looks
Awake my soul to transport! Yes, my brother,
We shall be friends indeed! This hour is bright
With glad presage of ever-springing love,
That in the enlivening beam shall flourish fair,
Sweet recompense of wasted years!

DON MANUEL.

The blossom
Betokens goodly fruit.

DON CAESAR.

I tear myself
Reluctant from thy arms, but think not less
If thus I break this festal hour—my heart
Thrills with a holy joy.

DON MANUEL (with manifest absence of mind).

Obey the moment!
Our lives belong to love.

DON CESAR.

What calls me hence——

DON MANUEL.

Enough! thou leav'st thy heart.

DON CAESAR.

No envious secret
Shall part us long; soon the last darkening fold
Shall vanish from my breast.

[Turning to the CHORUS.]

Attend! Forever

Stilled is our strife; he is my deadliest foe,
Detested as the gates of hell, who dares
To blow the fires of discord; none may hope
To win my love, that with malicious tales
Encroach upon a brother's ear, and point
With busy zeal of false, officious friendship.
The dart of some rash, angry word, escaped
From passion's heat; it wounds not from the lips,
But, swallowed by suspicion's greedy ear,
Like a rank, poisonous weed, embittered creeps,
And hangs about her with a thousand shoots,
Perplexing nature's ties.

[He embraces his brother again, and goes away
accompanied by the Second CHORUS.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Wondering, my prince,
I gaze, for in thy looks some mystery
Strange-seeming shows: scarce with abstracted mien
And cold thou answered'st, when with earnest heart
Thy brother poured the strain of dear affection.
As in a dream thou stand'st, and lost in thought,
As though—dissevered from its earthly frame—
Thy spirit roved afar. Not thine the breast
That deaf to nature's voice, ne'er owned the throbs
Of kindred love:—nay more—like one entranced
In bliss, thou look'st around, and smiles of rapture
Play on thy cheek.

DON MANUEL.

How shall my lips declare

The transports of my swelling heart? My brother
Revels in glad surprise, and from his breast
Instinct with strange new-felt emotions, pours
The tide of joy; but mine—no hate came with me,
Forgot the very spring of mutual strife!
High o'er this earthly sphere, on rapture's wings,
My spirit floats; and in the azure sea,
Above—beneath—no track of envious night
Disturbs the deep serene! I view these halls,
And picture to my thoughts the timid joy
Of my sweet bride, as through the palace gates,
In pride of queenly state, I lead her home.
She loved alone the loving one, the stranger,
And little deems that on her beauteous brow
Messina's prince shall 'twine the nuptial wreath.
How sweet, with unexpected pomp of greatness,
To glad the darling of my soul! too long
I brook this dull delay of crowning bliss!
Her beauty's self, that asks no borrowed charm,
Shall shine refulgent, like the diamond's blaze
That wins new lustre from the circling gold!

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Long have I marked thee, prince, with curious eye,
Foreboding of some mystery deep enshrined
Within thy laboring breast. This day, impatient,
Thy lips have burst the seal; and unconstrained
Confess a lover's joy;—the gladdening chase,
The Olympian coursers, and the falcon's flight
Can charm no more:—soon as the sun declines
Beneath the ruddy west, thou hiest thee quick
To some sequestered path, of mortal eye

Unseen—not one of all our faithful train
Companion of thy solitary way.
Say, why so long concealed the blissful flame?
Stranger to fear—ill-brooked thy princely heart
One thought unuttered.

DON MANUEL.

Ever on the wing
Is mortal joy;—with silence best we guard
The fickle good;—but now, so near the goal
Of all my cherished hopes, I dare to speak.
To-morrow's sun shall see her mine! no power
Of hell can make us twain! With timid stealth
No longer will I creep at dusky eve,
To taste the golden fruits of Cupid's tree,
And snatch a fearful, fleeting bliss: to-day
With bright to-morrow shall be one! So smooth
As runs the limpid brook, or silvery sand
That marks the flight of time, our lives shall flow
In continuity of joy!

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Already
Our hearts, my prince, with silent vows have blessed
Thy happy love; and now from every tongue,
For her—the royal, beauteous bride—should sound
The glad acclaim; so tell what nook unseen,
What deep umbrageous solitude, enshrines
The charmer of thy heart? With magic spells
Almost I deem she mocks our gaze, for oft
In eager chase we scour each rustic path
And forest dell; yet not a trace betrayed
The lover's haunts, ne'er were the footsteps marked
Of this mysterious fair.

DON MANUEL.

The spell is broke!
And all shall be revealed: now list my tale:—

'Tis five months flown,—my father yet controlled
The land, and bowed our necks with iron sway;
Little I knew but the wild joys of arms,
And mimic warfare of the chase;—

One day,—

Long had we tracked the boar with zealous toil
On yonder woody ridge:—it chanced, pursuing
A snow-white hind, far from your train I roved
Amid the forest maze;—the timid beast,
Along the windings of the narrow vale,
Through rocky cleft and thick-entangled brake,
Flew onward, scarce a moment lost, nor distant
Beyond a javelin's throw; nearer I came not,
Nor took an aim; when through a garden's gate,
Sudden she vanished:—from my horse quick springing,
I followed:—lo! the poor scared creature lay
Stretched at the feet of a young, beauteous nun,
That strove with fond caress of her fair hands
To still its throbbing heart: wondering, I gazed;
And motionless—my spear, in act to strike,
High poised—while she, with her large piteous eyes
For mercy sued—and thus we stood in silence
Regarding one another.

How long the pause

I know not—time itself forgot;—it seemed
Eternity of bliss: her glance of sweetness
Flew to my soul; and quick the subtle flame
Pervaded all my heart:—

But what I spoke,

And how this blessed creature answered, none
May ask; it floats upon my thought, a dream
Of childhood's happy dawn! Soon as my sense

Returned, I felt her bosom throb responsive
To mine,—then fell melodious on my ear
The sound, as of a convent bell, that called
To vesper song; and, like some shadowy vision
That melts in air, she flitted from my sight,
And was beheld no more.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Thy story thrills
My breast with pious awe! Prince, thou hast robbed
The sanctuary, and for the bride of heaven
Burned with unholy passion! Oh, remember
The cloister's sacred vows!

DON MANUEL.

Thenceforth one path
My footsteps wooed; the fickle train was still
Of young desires—new felt my being's aim,
My soul revealed! and as the pilgrim turns
His wistful gaze, where, from the orient sky,
With gracious lustre beams Redemption's star;—
So to that brightest point of heaven, her presence,
My hopes and longings centred all. No sun
Sank in the western waves, but smiled farewell
To two united lovers:—thus in stillness
Our hearts were twined,—the all-seeing air above us
Alone the faithful witness of our joys!
Oh, golden hours! Oh, happy days! nor Heaven
Indignant viewed our bliss;—no vows enchained
Her spotless soul; naught but the link which bound it
Eternally to mine!

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Those hallowed walls,
Perchance the calm retreat of tender youth,
No living grave?

DON MANUEL.

In infant innocence
Consigned a holy pledge, ne'er has she left
Her cloistered home.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

But what her royal line?
The noble only spring from noble stem.

DON MANUEL.

A secret to herself,—she ne'er has learned
Her name or fatherland.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

And not a trace
Guides to her being's undiscovered springs?

DON MANUEL.

An old domestic, the sole messenger
Sent by her unknown mother, oft bespeaks her
Of kingly race.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

And hast thou won naught else
From her garrulous age?

DON MANUEL.

Too much I feared to peril
My secret bliss!

Chorus (CAJETAN).

What were his words? What tidings
He bore—perchance thou know'st.

DON MANUEL.

Oft he has cheered her
With promise of a happier time, when all
Shall be revealed.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Oh, say—betokens aught
The time is near?

DON MANUEL.

Not distant far the day
That to the arms of kindred love once more
Shall give the long forsaken, orphaned maid—
Thus with mysterious words the aged man
Has shadowed oft what most I dread—for awe
Of change disturbs the soul supremely blest:
Nay, more; but yesterday his message spoke
The end of all my joys—this very dawn,
He told, should smile auspicious on her fate,
And light to other scenes—no precious hour
Delayed my quick resolves—by night I bore her
In secret to Messina.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Rash the deed
Of sacrilegious spoil! forgive, my prince,
The bold rebuke; thus to unthinking youth
Old age may speak in friendship's warning voice.

DON MANUEL.

Hard by the convent of the Carmelites,
In a sequestered garden's tranquil bound,
And safe from curious eyes, I left her,—hastening
To meet my brother: trembling there she counts
The slow-paced hours, nor deems how soon triumphant
In queenly state, high on the throne of fame,
Messina shall behold my timid bride.
For next, encompassed by your knightly train,
With pomp of greatness in the festal show,
Her lover's form shall meet her wondering gaze!
Thus will I lead her to my mother; thus—
While countless thousands on her passage wait
Amid the loud acclaim—the royal bride
Shall reach my palace gates!

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Command us, prince,
We live but to obey!

DON MANUEL.

I tore myself
Reluctant from her arms; my every thought
Shall still be hers: so come along, my friends,
To where the turbaned merchant spreads his store
Of fabrics golden wrought with curious art;
And all the gathered wealth of eastern climes.
First choose the well-formed sandals—meet to guard
And grace her delicate feet; then for her robe
The tissue, pure as Etna's snow that lies
Nearest the sun-light as the wreathy mist
At summer dawn—so playful let it float

About her airy limbs. A girdle next,
Purple with gold embroidered o'er, to bind
With witching grace the tunic that confines
Her bosom's swelling charms: of silk the mantle,
Gorgeous with like empurpled hues, and fixed
With clasp of gold—remember, too, the bracelets
To gird her beauteous arms; nor leave the treasure
Of ocean's pearly deeps and coral caves.
About her locks entwine a diadem
Of purest gems—the ruby's fiery glow
Commingling with the emerald's green. A veil,
From her tiara pendent to her feet,
Like a bright fleecy cloud shall circle round
Her slender form; and let a myrtle wreath
Crown the enchanting whole!

Chorus (CAJETAN).

We haste, my prince.
Amid the Bazar's glittering rows, to cull
Each rich adornment.

DON MANUEL.

From my stables lead
A palfrey, milk-white as the steeds that draw
The chariot of the sun; purple the housings,
The bridle sparkling o'er with precious gems,
For it shall bear my queen! Yourselves be ready
With trumpet's cheerful clang, in martial train
To lead your mistress home: let two attend me,
The rest await my quick return; and each
Guard well my secret purpose.

[He goes away accompanied by two of the CHORUS.]

Chorus (CAJETAN).

The princely strife is o'er, and say,
What sport shall wing the slow-paced hours,
And cheat the tedious day?
With hope and fear's enlivening zest
Disturb the slumber of the breast,
And wake life's dull, untroubled sea
With freshening airs of gay variety.

One of the Chorus (MANFRED).

Lovely is peace! A beauteous boy,
Couched listless by the rivulet's glassy tide,
'Mid nature's tranquil scene,
He views the lambs that skip with innocent joy,
And crop the meadow's flowering pride:—
Then with his flute's enchanting sound,
He wakes the mountain echoes round,
Or slumbers in the sunset's ruddy sheen,
Lulled by the murmuring melody.
But war for me! my spirit's treasure,
Its, stern delight, and wilder pleasure:
I love the peril and the pain,
And revel in the surge of fortune's boisterous main!

A second (BERENGAR).

Is there not love, and beauty's smile
That lures with soft, resistless wile?
'Tis thrilling hope! 'tis rapturous fear
'Tis heaven upon this mortal sphere;

When at her feet we bend the knee,
And own the glance of kindred ecstasy
For ever on life's checkered way,
'Tis love that tints the darkening hues of care
With soft benignant ray:
The mirthful daughter of the wave,
Celestial Venus ever fair,
Enchants our happy spring with fancy's gleam,
And wakes the airy forms of passion's golden dream.

First (MANFRED).

To the wild woods away!
Quick let us follow in the train
Of her, chaste huntress of the silver bow;
And from the rocks amain
Track through the forest gloom the bounding roe,
The war-god's merry bride,
The chase recalls the battle's fray,
And kindles victory's pride:—
Up with the streaks of early morn,
We scour with jocund hearts the misty vale,
Loud echoing to the cheerful horn
Over mountain—over dale—
And every languid sense repair,
Bathed in the rushing streams of cold, reviving air.

Second (BERENGAR).

Or shall we trust the ever-moving sea,
The azure goddess, blithe and free.
Whose face, the mirror of the cloudless sky,
Lures to her bosom wooingly?

Quick let us build on the dancing waves
A floating castle gay,
And merrily, merrily, swim away!
Who ploughs with venturous keel the brine
Of the ocean crystalline—
His bride is fortune, the world his own,
For him a harvest blooms unsown:—
Here, like the wind that swift careers
The circling bound of earth and sky,
Flits ever-changeful destiny!
Of airy chance 'tis the sportive reign,
And hope ever broods on the boundless main

A third (CAJETAN).

Nor on the watery waste alone
Of the tumultuous, heaving sea;—
On the firm earth that sleeps secure,
Based on the pillars of eternity.
Say, when shall mortal joy endure?
New bodings in my anxious breast,
Waked by this sudden friendship, rise;
Ne'er would I choose my home of rest
On the stilled lava-stream, that cold
Beneath the mountain lies
Not thus was discord's flame controlled—
Too deep the rooted hate—too long
They brooded in their sullen hearts
O'er unforgotten, treasured wrong. In warning visions oft dismayed,
I read the signs of coming woe;
And now from this mysterious maid
My bosom tells the dreaded ills shall flow:

Unblest, I deem, the bridal chain
Shall knit their secret loves, accursed
With holy cloisters' spoil profane.
No crooked paths to virtue lead;
Ill fruit has ever sprung from evil seed!

BERENGAR.

And thus to sad unhallowed rites
Of an ill-omened nuptial tie,
Too well ye know their father bore
A bride of mournful destiny,
Torn from his sire, whose awful curse has sped
Heaven's vengeance on the impious bed!
This fierce, unnatural rage atones
A parent's crime—decreed by fate,
Their mother's offspring, strife and hate!

[The scene changes to a garden opening on the sea.

BEATRICE (steps forward from an alcove. She walks to and fro with an agitated air, looking round in every direction. Suddenly she stands still and listens).

No! 'tis not he: 'twas but the playful wind
Rustling the pine-tops. To his ocean bed
The sun declines, and with o'erwearied heart
I count the lagging hours: an icy chill
Creeps through my frame; the very solitude
And awful silence fright my trembling soul!
Where'er I turn naught meets my gaze—he leaves me
Forsaken and alone!
And like a rushing stream the city's hum
Floats on the breeze, and dull the mighty sea
Rolls murmuring to the rocks: I shrink to nothing

With horrors compassed round; and like the leaf,
Borne on the autumn blast, am hurried onward
Through boundless space.

Alas! that e'er I left

My peaceful cell—no cares, no fond desires
Disturbed my breast, unruffled as the stream
That glides in sunshine through the verdant mead:
Nor poor in joys. Now—on the mighty surge
Of fortune, tempest-tossed—the world enfolds me
With giant arms! Forgot my childhood's ties
I listened to the lover's flattering tale—
Listened, and trusted! From the sacred dome
Allured—betrayed—for sure some hell-born magic
Enchained my frenzied sense—I fled with him,
The invader of religion's dread abodes!
Where art thou, my beloved? Haste—return—
With thy dear presence calm my struggling soul!

[She listens.

Hark! the sweet voice! No! 'twas the echoing surge
That beats upon the shore; alas! he comes not.
More faintly, o'er the distant waves, the sun
Gleams with expiring ray; a deathlike shudder
Creeps to my heart, and sadder, drearier grows
E'en desolation's self.

[She walks to and fro, and then listens again.

Yes! from the thicket shade
A voice resounds! 'tis he! the loved one!
No fond illusion mocks my listening ear.
'Tis louder—nearer: to his arms I fly—

To his breast!

[She rushes with outstretched arms to the extremity of the garden. DON CAESAR meets her.

DON CASAR. BEATRICE.

BEATRICE (starting back in horror)
What do I see?

[At the same moment the Chorus comes forward.

DON CAESAR.

Angelic sweetness! fear not.

[To the Chorus.

Retire! your gleaming arms and rude array
Affright the timorous maid.

[To BEATRICE.

Fear nothing! beauty
And virgin shame are sacred in my eyes.

[The Chorus steps aside. He approaches and takes her hand.

Where hast thou been? for sure some envious power
Has hid thee from my gaze: long have I sought thee:
E'en from the hour when 'mid the funeral rites
Of the dead prince, like some angelic vision,
Lit with celestial brightness, on my sight
Thou shonest, no other image in my breast
Waking or dreaming, lives; nor to thyself
Unknown thy potent spells; my glance of fire,
My faltering accents, and my hand that lay
Trembling in thine, bespoke my ecstasy!
Aught else with solemn majesty the rite

And holy place forbade:

The bell proclaimed
The awful sacrifice! With downcast eyes,
And kneeling I adored: soon as I rose,
And caught with eager gaze thy form again,
Sudden it vanished; yet, with mighty magic
Of love enchained, my spirit tracked thy presence;
Nor ever, with unwearied quest, I cease
At palace gates, amid the temple's throng,
In secret paths retired, or public scenes,
Where beauteous innocence perchance might rove,
To mark each passing form—in vain; but, guided
By some propitious deity this day
One of my train, with happy vigilance,
Espied thee in the neighboring church.

[BEATRICE, who had stood trembling with averted eyes,
here makes a gesture of terror.

I see thee

Once more; and may the spirit from this frame
Be severed ere we part! Now let me snatch
This glad, auspicious moment, and defy
Or chance, or envious demon's power, to shake
Henceforth my solid bliss; here I proclaim thee,
Before this listening warlike train my bride,
With pledge of knightly honors!

[He shows her to the Chorus.

Who thou art,

I ask not: thou art mine! But that thy soul
And birth are pure alike one glance informed
My inmost heart; and though thy lot were mean,

And poor thy lowly state, yet would I strain thee
With rapture to my arms: no choice remains,
Thou art my love—my wife! Know too, that lifted
On fortune's height, I spurn control; my will
Can raise thee to the pinnacle of greatness—
Enough my name—I am Don Caesar! None
Is nobler in Messina!

[BEATRICE starts back in amazement. He remarks her agitation,
and after a pause continues.

What a grace
Lives in thy soft surprise and modest silence!
Yes! gentle humbleness is beauty's crown—
The beautiful forever hid, and shrinking
From its own lustre: but thy spirit needs
Repose, for aught of strange—e'en sudden joy—
Is terror-fraught. I leave thee.

[Turning to the Chorus.

From this hour
She is your mistress, and my bride; so teach her
With honors due to entertain the pomp
Of queenly state. I will return with speed,
And lead her home as fits Messina's princess.

[He goes away.

BEATRICE and the Chorus.

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

Fair maiden—hail to thee
Thou lovely queen!

Thine is the crown, and thine the victory!
Of heroes to a distant age,
The blooming mother thou shalt shine,
Preserver of this kingly line.

(ROGER).

And thrice I bid thee hail,
Thou happy fair!
Sent in auspicious hour to bless
This favored race—the god's peculiar care.
Here twine the immortal wreaths of fame
And evermore, from sire to son,
Rolls on the sceptered sway,
To heirs of old renown, a race of deathless name!

(BOHEMUND).

The household gods exultingly
Thy coming wait;
The ancient, honored sires,
That on the portals frown sedate,
Shall smile for thee!
There blooming Hebe shall thy steps attend;
And golden victory, that sits
By Jove's eternal throne, with waving plumes
For conquest ever spread,
To welcome thee from heaven descend.

(ROGER.)

Ne'er from this queenly, bright array
The crown of beauty fades,

Departing to the realms of day,
Each to the next, as good and fair,
Extends the zone of feminine grace,
And veil of purity:—
Oh, happy race!
What vision glads my raptured eye!
Equal in nature's blooming pride,
I see the mother and the virgin bride.

BEATRICE (awaking from her reverie).

Oh, luckless hour!
Alas! ill-fated maid!
Where shall I fly
From these rude warlike men?
Lost and betrayed!
A shudder o'er me came,
When of this race accursed—the brothers twain—
Their hands embrued with kindred gore,
I heard the dreaded name;
Oft told, their strife and serpent hate
With terror thrilled lay bosom's core:—
And now—oh, hapless fate!
I tremble, 'mid the rage of discord thrown,
Deserted and alone!

[She runs into the alcove.

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

Son of the immortal deities,
And blest is he, the lord of power;
His every joy the world can give;

Of all that mortals prize
He culls the flower.

(ROGER).

For him from ocean's azure caves
The diver bears each pearl of purest ray;
Whate'er from nature's boundless field
Or toil or art has won,
Obsequious at his feet we lay;
His choice is ever free;
We bow to chance, and fortune's blind decree.

(BOHEMUND.)

But this of princes' lot I deem
The crowning treasure, joy supreme—
Of love the triumph and the prize,
The beauty, star of neighboring eyes!
She blooms for him alone,
He calls the fairest maid his own.

(ROGER).

Armed for the deadly fray,
The corsair bounds upon the strand,
And drags, amid the gloom of night, away,
The shrieking captive train,
Of wild desires the hapless prey;
But ne'er his lawless hands profane
The gem—the peerless flower—
Whose charms shall deck the Sultan's bower.

(BOHEMUND.)

Now haste and watch, with curious eye,
These hallowed precincts round,
That no presumptuous foot come nigh
The secret, solitary ground
Guard well the maiden fair,
Your chieftain's brightest jewel owns your care.

[The Chorus withdraws to the background.

[The scene changes to a chamber in the interior of the palace.
DONNA ISABELLA between DON MANUEL and DON CAESAR.

ISABELLA.

The long-expected, festal day is come,
My children's hearts are twined in one, as thus
I fold their hands. Oh, blissful hour, when first
A mother dares to speak in nature's voice,
And no rude presence checks the tide of love.
The clang of arms affrights mine ear no more;
And as the owls, ill-omened brood of night,
From some old, shattered homestead's ruined walls,
Their ancient reign, fly forth a dusky swarm,
Darkening the cheerful day; when absent long,
The dwellers home return with joyous shouts,
To build the pile anew; so Hate departs
With all his grisly train; pale Envy, scowling Malice,
And hollow-eyed Suspicion; from our gates,
Hoarse murmuring, to the realms of night; while Peace,
By Concord and fair Friendship led along,
Comes smiling in his place.

[She pauses.

But not alone
This day of joy to each restores a brother;

It brings a sister! Wonderstruck you gaze!
Yet now the truth, in silence guarded long,
Bursts from my soul. Attend! I have a daughter!
A sister lives, ordained by heaven to bind ye
With ties unknown before.

DON CAESAR.

We have a sister!
What hast thou said, my mother? never told
Her being till this hour!

DON MANUEL.

In childhood's years,
Oft of a sister we have heard, untimely
Snatched in her cradle by remorseless death;
So ran the tale.

ISABELLA.

She lives!

DON CAESAR.

And thou wert silent!

ISABELLA.

Hear how the seed was sown in early time,
That now shall ripen to a joyful harvest.
Ye bloomed in boyhood's tender age; e'en then
By mutual, deadly hate, the bitter spring
Of grief to this torn, anxious heart, dissevered;
Oh, may your strife return no more! A vision,
Strange and mysterious, in your father's breast
Woke dire presage: it seemed that from his couch,
With branches intertwined, two laurels grew,

And in the midst a lily all in flames,
That, catching swift the boughs and knotted stems,
Burst forth with crackling rage, and o'er the house
Spread in one mighty sea of fire: perplexed
By this terrific dream, my husband sought
An Arab, skilled to read the stars, and long
The trusted oracle, whose counsels swayed
His inmost purpose: thus the boding sage
Spoke Fate's decrees: if I a daughter bore,
Destruction to his sons and all his race
From her should spring. Soon, by heaven's will, this child
Of dreadful omen saw the light; your sire
Commanded instant in the waves to throw
The new-born innocent; a mother's love
Prevailed, and, aided by a faithful servant,
I snatched the babe from death.

DON CAESAR.

Blest be the hands
The ministers of thy care! Oh, ever rich
Of counsels was a parent's love!

ISABELLA.

But more
Than Nature's mighty voice, a warning dream
Impelled to save my child: while yet unborn
She slumbered in my womb, sleeping I saw
An infant, fair as of celestial kind,
That played upon the grass; soon from the wood
A lion rushed, and from his gory jaws,
Caressing, in the infant's lap let fall
His prey, new-caught; then through the air down swept

An eagle, and with fond caress alike
Dropped from his claws a trembling kid, and both
Cowered at the infant's feet, a gentle pair.
A monk, the saintly guide whose counsels poured
In every earthly need, the balm of heaven
Upon my troubled soul, my dream resolved.
Thus spoke the man of God: a daughter, sent
To knit the warring spirits of my sons
In bonds of tender love, should recompense
A mother's pains! Deep in my heart I treasured
His words, and, reckless of the Pagan seer,
Preserved the blessed child, ordained of heaven
To still your growing strife; sweet pledge of hope
And messenger of peace!

DON MANUEL (embracing his brother).

There needs no sister
To join our hearts; she shall but bind them closer.

ISABELLA.

In a lone spot obscure, by stranger hands
Nurtured, the secret flower has grown; to me
Denied the joy to mark each infant charm
And opening grace from that sad hour of parting;
These arms ne'er clasped my child again! her sire,
To jealousy's corroding fears a prey,
And brooding dark suspicion, restless tracked
Each day my steps.

DON CAESAR.

Yet three months flown, my father
Sleeps in the tranquil grave; say, whence delayed
The joyous tidings? Why so long concealed

The maid, nor earlier taught our hearts to glow
With brother's love?

ISABELLA.

The cause, your frenzied hate,
That raging unconfined, e'en on the tomb
Of your scarce buried father, lit the flames
Of mortal strife. What! could I throw my daughter
Betwixt your gleaming blades? Or 'mid the storm
Of passion would ye list a woman's counsels?
Could she, sweet pledge of peace, of all our hopes
The last and holy anchor, 'mid the rage
Of discord find a home? Ye stand as brothers,
So will I give a sister to your arms!
The reconciling angel comes; each hour
I wait my messenger's return; he leads her
From her sequestered cell, to glad once more
A mother's eyes.

DON MANUEL.

Nor her alone this day
Thy arms shall fold; joy pours through all our gates;
Soon shall the desolate halls be full, the seat
Of every blooming grace. Now hear my secret:
A sister thou hast given; to thee I bring
A daughter; bless thy son! My heart has found
Its lasting shrine: ere this day's sun has set
Don Manuel to thy feet shall lead his bride,
The partner of his days.

ISABELLA.

And to my breast
With transport will I clasp the chosen maid

That makes my first-born happy. Joy shall spring
Where'er she treads, and every flower that blooms
Around the path of life smile in her presence!
May bliss reward the son, that for my brows
Has twined the choicest wreath a mother wears.

DON CAESAR.

Yet give not all the fulness of thy blessing
To him, thy eldest born. If love be blest,
I, too, can give thee joy. I bring a daughter,
Another flower for thy most treasured garland!
The maid that in this ice-cold bosom first
Awoke the rapturous flame! Ere yonder sun
Declines, Don Caesar's bride shall call thee mother.

DON MANUEL.

Almighty Love! thou godlike power—for well
We call thee sovereign of the breast! Thy sway
Controls each warring element, and tunes
To soft accord; naught lives but owns thy greatness.
Lo! the rude soul that long defied thee melts
At thy command!

[He embraces DON CAESAR.

Now I can trust thy heart,
And joyful strain thee to a brother's arms!
I doubt thy faith no more, for thou canst love!

ISABELLA.

Thrice blest the day, when every gloomy care
From my o'erlabored breast has flown. I see
On steadfast columns reared our kingly race,
And with contented spirit track the stream
Of measureless time. In these deserted halls,

Sad in my widow's veil, but yesterday
Childless I roamed; and soon, in youthful charms
Arrayed, three blooming daughters at my side
Shall stand! Oh, happiest mother! Chief of women,
In bliss supreme; can aught of earthly joy
O'erbalance thine?

But say, of royal stem,
What maidens grace our isle? For ne'er my sons
Would stoop to meaner brides.

DON MANUEL.

Seek not to raise
The veil that hides my bliss; another day
Shall tell thee all. Enough—Don Manuel's bride
Is worthy of thy son and thee.

ISABELLA.

Thy sire
Speaks in thy words; thus to himself retired
Forever would he brood o'er counsels dark,
And cloak his secret purpose;—your delay
Be short, my son.

[Turning to DON CAESAR.

But thou—some royal maid,
Daughter of kings, hath stirred thy soul to love;
So speak—her name——

DON CAESAR.

I have no art to veil
My thoughts with mystery's garb—my spirit free
And open as my brows; which thou wouldst know
Concerned me never. What illumes above
Heaven's flaming orb? Himself! On all the world

He shines, and with his beaming glory tells
From light he sprung:—in her pure eyes I gazed,
I looked into her heart of hearts:—the brightness
Revealed the pearl. Her race—her name—my mother,
Ask not of me!

ISABELLA.

My son, explain thy words,
For, like some voice divine, the sudden charm
Has thrall'd thy soul: to deeds of rash emprise
Thy nature prompted, not to fantasies
Of boyish love:—tell me, what swayed thy choice?

DON CAESAR.

My choice? my mother! Is it choice when man
Obeys the might of destiny, that brings
The awful hour? I sought no beauteous bride,
No fond delusion stirred my tranquil breast,
Still as the house of death; for there, unsought,
I found the treasure of my soul. Thou know'st
That, heedless ever of the giddy race,
I looked on beauty's charms with cold disdain,
Nor deemed of womankind there lived another
Like thee—whom my idolatrous fancy decked
With heavenly graces:—

'Twas the solemn rite
Of my dead father's obsequies; we stood
Amid the countless throng, with strange attire
Hid from each other's glance; for thus ordained
Thy thoughtful care lest with outbursting rage,
E'en by the holy place unawed, our strife
Should mar the funeral pomp.

With sable gauze
The nave was all o'erhung; the altar round
Stood twenty giant saints, uplifting each
A torch; and in the midst reposed on high
The coffin, with o'erspreading pall, that showed,
In white, redemption's sign;—thereon were laid
The staff of sovereignty, the princely crown,
The golden spurs of knighthood, and the sword,
With diamond-studded belt:—

And all was hushed
In silent prayer, when from the lofty choir,
Unseen, the pealing organ spoke, and loud
From hundred voices burst the choral strain!
Then, 'mid the tide of song, the coffin sank
With the descending floor beneath, forever
Down to the world below:—but, wide outspread
Above the yawning grave, the pall upheld
The gauds of earthly state, nor with the corpse
To darkness fell; yet on the seraph wings
Of harmony, the enfranchised spirit soared
To heaven and mercy's throne:

Thus to thy thought,
My mother, I have waked the scene anew,
And say, if aught of passion in my breast
Profaned the solemn hour; yet then the beams
Of mighty love—so willed my guiding star—
First lit my soul; but how it chanced, myself
I ask in vain.

ISABELLA.

I would hear all; so end
Thy tale.

DON CAESAR.

What brought her to my side, or whence
She came, I know not:—from her presence quick
Some secret all-pervading inward charm
Awoke; 'twas not the magic of a smile,
Nor playful Cupid in her cheeks, nor more,
The form of peerless grace;—'twas beauty's soul,
The speaking virtue, modesty inborn,
That as with magic spells, impalpable
To sense, my being thrall'd. We breathed together
The air of heaven:—enough!—no utterance asked
Of words, our spiritual converse;—in my heart,
Though strange, yet with familiar ties inwrought
She seemed, and instant spake the thought—'tis she!
Or none that lives!

DON MANUEL (interposing with eagerness).

That is the sacred fire
From heaven! the spark of love—that on the soul
Bursts like the lightning's flash, and mounts in flame,
When kindred bosoms meet! No choice remains—
Who shall resist? What mortal break the band
That heaven has knit? Brother, my blissful fortune
Was echoed in thy tale—well thou hast raised
The veil that shadows yet my secret love.

ISABELLA.

Thus destiny has marked the wayward course
Of my two sons: the mighty torrent sweeps
Down from the precipice; with rage he wears
His proper bed, nor heeds the channel traced
By art and prudent care. So to the powers

That darkly sway the fortunes of our house,
Trembling I yield. One pledge of hope remains;
Great as their birth—their noble souls.

ISABELLA, DON MANUEL, DON CAESAR.
DIEGO is seen at the door.

ISABELLA.
But see,
My faithful messenger returns. Come near me,
Honest Diego. Quick! Where is she? Tell me,
Where is my child? There is no secret here.
Oh, speak! No longer from my eyes conceal her;
Come! we are ready for the height of joy.

[She is about to lead him towards the door.

What means this pause? Thou lingerest—thou art dumb—
Thy looks are terror-fraught—a shudder creeps
Through all my frame—declare thy tidings!—speak!
Where is she? Where is Beatrice?

[She is about to rush from the chamber.

DON MANUEL (to himself abstractedly).
Beatrice!

DIEGO (holding back the PRINCESS).
Be still!

ISABELLA.
Where is she? Anguish tears my breast!

DIEGO.

She comes not.
I bring no daughter to thy arms.

ISABELLA.

Declare
Thy message! Speak! by all the saints!
What has befallen?

DON MANUEL.

Where is my sister? Tell us,
Thou harbinger of ill!

DIEGO.

The maid is stolen
By corsairs! lost! Oh! that I ne'er had seen
This day of woe!

DON MANUEL.

Compose thyself, my mother!

DON CAESAR.

Be calm; list all this tale.

DIEGO.

At thy command
I sought in haste the well-known path that leads
To the old sanctuary:—joy winged my footsteps;
The journey was my last!

DON CAESAR.

Be brief!

DON MANUEL.

Proceed!

DIEGO.

Soon as I trod the convent's court—impatient—
I ask—"Where is thy daughter?" Terror sate
In every eye; and straight, with horror mute,
I heard the worst.

[ISABELLA sinks, pale and trembling, upon a chair;
DON MANUEL is busied about her.

DON CAESAR.

Say'st thou by pirates stolen?
Who saw the band?—what tongue relates the spoil?

DIEGO.

Not far a Moorish galley was descried,
At anchor in the bay——

DON CAESAR.

The refuge oft
From tempests' rage; where is the bark?

DIEGO.

At down,
With favoring breeze she stood to sea.

DON CAESAR.

But never
One prey contents the Moor; say, have they told
Of other spoil?

DIEGO.

A herd that pastured near
Was dragged away.

DON CAESAR.

Yet from the convent's bound
How tear the maid unseen?

DIEGO.

'Tis thought with ladders
They scaled the wall.

DON CAESAR.

Thou knowest what jealous care
Enshrines the bride of Heaven; scarce could their steps
Invade the secret cells.

DIEGO.

Bound by no vows
The maiden roved at will; oft would she seek
Alone the garden's shade. Alas! this day,
Ne'er to return!

DON CAESAR.

Saidst thou—the prize of corsairs?
Perchance, at other bidding, she forsook
The sheltering dome——

ISABELLA (rising suddenly).

'Twas force! 'twas savage spoil!
Ne'er has my child, reckless of honor's ties
With vile seducer fled! My sons! Awake!
I thought to give a sister to your arms;
I ask a daughter from your swords! Arise!
Avenge this wrong! To arms! Launch every ship!
Scour all our coasts! From sea to sea pursue them!
Oh, bring my daughter! haste!

DON CAESAR.

Farewell—I fly
To vengeance!
[He goes away.]

[DON MANUEL arouses himself from a state of abstraction,
and turns, with an air of agitation, to DIEGO.]

DON MANUEL.

Speak! within the convent's walls
When first unseen——

DIEGO.

This day at dawn.

DON MANUEL (to ISABELLA).

Her name
Thou say'st is Beatrice?

ISABELLA.

No question! Fly!
DON MANUEL.
Yet tell me——

ISABELLA.

Haste! Begone! Why this delay?
Follow thy brother.

DON MANUEL.

I conjure thee—speak——

ISABELLA (dragging him away).
Behold my tears!

DON MANUEL.

Where was she hid? What region
Concealed my sister?

ISABELLA.

Scarce from curious eyes
In the deep bosom of the earth more safe
My child had been!

DIEGO.

Oh! now a sudden horror
Starts in my breast.

DON MANUEL.

What gives thee fear?

DIEGO.

'Twas I
That guiltless caused this woe!

ISABELLA.

Unhappy man!
What hast thou done?

DIEGO.

To spare thy mother's heart
One anxious pang, my mistress, I concealed
What now my lips shall tell: 'twas on the day
When thy dead husband in the silent tomb
Was laid; from every side the unnumbered throng
Pressed eager to the solemn rites; thy daughter—
For e'en amid the cloistered shade was noised
The funeral pomp, urged me, with ceaseless prayers,

To lead her to the festival of Death.
In evil hour I gave consent; and, shrouded
In sable weeds of mourning, she surveyed
Her father's obsequies. With keen reproach
My bosom tells (for through the veil her charms
Resistless shone), 'twas there, perchance, the spoiler
Lurked to betray.

DON MANUEL (to himself).

Thrice happy words! I live!
It was another!

ISABELLA (to DIEGO).

Faithless! Ill betide
Thy treacherous age!

DIEGO.

Oh, never have I strayed
From duty's path! My mistress, in her prayers
I heard the voice of Nature; thus from Heaven
Ordained,—methought, the secret impulse moves
Of kindred blood, to hallow with her tears
A father's grave: the tender office owned
Thy servant's care, and thus with good intent
I wrought but ill.

DON MANUEL (to himself).

Why stand I thus a prey
To torturing fears! No longer will I bear
The dread suspense—I will know all!

DON CAESAR (who returns).

Forgive me,

I follow thee.

DON MANUEL.

Away! Let no man follow.

[Exit.

DON CAESAR (looking after him in surprise).
What means my brother? Speak——

ISABELLA.

In wonder lost
I gaze; some mystery lurks——

DON CAESAR.

Thou mark'st, my mother,
My quick return; with eager zeal I flew
At thy command, nor asked one trace to guide
My footsteps to thy daughter. Whence was torn
Thy treasure? Say, what cloistered solitude
Enshrined the beauteous maid?

ISABELLA.

'Tis consecrate
To St. Cecilia; deep in forest shades,
Beyond the woody ridge that slowly climbs
Toward's Etna's towering throne, it seems a refuge
Of parted souls!

DON CAESAR.

Have courage, trust thy sons;
She shall be thine, though with unwearied quest
O'er every land and sea I track her presence
To earth's extremest bounds: one thought alone

Disturbs,—in stranger hands my timorous bride
Waits my return; to thy protecting arms
I give the pledge of all my joy! She comes;
Soon on her faithful bosom thou shalt rest
In sweet oblivion of thy cares.

[Exit.

ISABELLA.

When will the ancient curse be stilled that weighs
Upon our house? Some mocking demon sports
With every new-formed hope, nor envious leaves
One hour of joy. So near the haven smiled—
So smooth the treacherous main—secure I deemed
My happiness: the storm was lulled; and bright
In evening's lustre gleamed the sunny shore!
Then through the placid air the tempest sweeps,
And bears me to the roaring surge again!

[She goes into the interior of the palace,
followed by DIEGO.

The Scene changes to the Garden.

Both Choruses, afterwards BEATRICE.

The Chorus of DON MANUEL enters in solemn procession, adorned
with garlands, and bearing the bridal ornaments above mentioned. The
Chorus of DON CAESAR opposes their entrance.

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

Begone!

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND).

Not at thy bidding!

CAJETAN.

Seest thou not
Thy presence irks?

BOHEMUND.

Thou hast it, then, the longer!

CAJETAN.

My place is here! What arm repels me?

BOHEMUND,

Mine!

CAJETAN.

Don Manuel sent me hither.

BOHEMUND.

I obey
My Lord Don Caesar.

CAJETAN.

To the eldest born
Thy master reverence owes.

BOHEMUND.

The world belongs
To him that wins!

CAJETAN.

Unmannered knave, give place!

BOHEMUND.

Our swords be measured first!

CAJETAN.

I find thee ever
A serpent in my path.

BOHEMUND.

Where'er I list
Thus will I meet thee!

CAJETAN.

Say, why cam'st thou hither
To spy?—

BOHEMUND.

And thou to question and command?

CAJETAN.

To parley I disdain!

BOHEMUND.

Too much I grace thee
By words!

CAJETAN.

Thy hot, impetuous youth should bow
To reverend age.

BOHEMUND.

Older thou art—not braver.

BEATRICE (rushing from her place of concealment).
Alas! What mean these warlike men?

CAJETAN (to BOHEMUND).

I heed not
Thy threats and lofty mien.

BOHEMUND.

I serve a master
Better than thine.

BEATRICE.

Alas! Should he appear!

CAJETAN.

Thou liest! Don Manuel thousandfold excels.

BOHEMUND.

In every strife the wreath of victory decks
Don Caesar's brows!

BEATRICE.

Now he will come! Already
The hour is past!

CAJETAN.

'Tis peace, or thou shouldst know
My vengeance!

BOHEMUND.

Fear, not peace, thy arm refrains.

BEATRICE.

Oh! Were he thousand miles remote!

CAJETAN.

Thy looks
But move my scorn; the compact I obey.

BOHEMUND.

The coward's ready shield!

CAJETAN.

Come on! I follow.

BOHEMUND.

To arms!

BEATRICE (in the greatest agitation).

Their falchions gleam—the strife begins!
Ye heavenly powers, his steps refrain! Some snare
Throw round his feet, that in this hour of dread
He come not: all ye angels, late implored
To give him to my arms, reverse my prayers;
Far, far from hence convey the loved one!

[She runs into the alcove. At the moment when the two
Choruses are about to engage, DON MANUEL appears.]

DON MANUEL, the Chorus.

DON MANUEL.

What do I see!

First Chorus to the Second (CAJETAN, BERENGAR, MANFRED).

Come on! Come on!

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND, ROGER, HIPPOLYTE).

Down with them!

DON MANUEL (stepping between them with drawn sword).
Hold!

CAJETAN.

'Tis the prince!

BOHEMUND.

Be still!

DON MANUEL.

I stretch him dead

Upon this verdant turf that with one glance
Of scorn prolongs the strife, or threats his foe!
Why rage ye thus? What maddening fiend impels
To blow the flames of ancient hate anew,
Forever reconciled? Say, who began
The conflict? Speak——

First Chorus (CAJETAN, BERENGAR).

My prince, we stood——

Second Chorus (ROGER, BOHEMUND) interrupting them.

They came

DON MANUEL (to the First Chorus).

Speak thou!

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

With wreaths adorned, in festal train,
We bore the bridal gifts; no thought of ill
Disturbed our peaceful way; composed forever
With holy pledge of love we deemed your strife,
And trusting came; when here in rude array
Of arms encamped they stood, and loud defied us!

DON MANUEL.

Slave! Is no refuge safe? Shall discord thus
Profane the bower of virgin innocence,
The home of sanctity and peace?

[To the Second Chorus.

Retire—

Your warlike presence ill beseems; away!
I would be private.

[They hesitate.

In your master's name
I give command; our souls are one, our lips
Declare each other's thoughts; begone!

[To the First Chorus.

Remain!

And guard the entrance.

BOHEMUND.

So! What next? Our masters
Are reconciled; that's plain; and less he wins
Of thanks than peril, that with busy zeal
In princely quarrel stirs; for when of strife
His mightiness aweary feels, of guilt
He throws the red-dyed mantle unconcerned
On his poor follower's luckless head, and stands
Arrayed in virtue's robes! So let them end
E'en as they will their brawls, I hold it best
That we obey.

[Exit Second Chorus. The first withdraws to the
back of the stage; at the same moment BEATRICE rushes
forward, and throws herself into DON MANUEL'S arms.

BEATRICE.

'Tis thou! Ah! cruel one,
Again I see thee—clasp thee—long appalled,
To thousand ills a prey, trembling I languish
For thy return: no more—in thy loved arms
I am at peace, nor think of dangers past,

Thy breast my shield from every threatening harm.
Quick! Let us fly! they see us not!—away!
Nor lose the moment.

Ha! Thy looks affright me!
Thy sullen, cold reserve! Thou tear'st thyself
Impatient from my circling arms, I know thee
No more! Is this Don Manuel? My beloved?
My husband?

DON MANUEL.

Beatrice!

BEATRICE.

No words! The moment
Is precious! Haste.

DON MANUEL.

Yet tell me——

BEATRICE.

Quick! Away!
Ere those fierce men return.

DON MANUEL.

Be calm, for naught
Shall trouble thee of ill.

BEATRICE.

Oh, fly! alas,
Thou know'st them not!

DON MANUEL.

Protected by this arm
Canst thou fear aught?

BEATRICE.

Oh, trust me; mighty men
Are here!

DON MANUEL.

Beloved! mightier none than I!

BEATRICE.

And wouldst thou brave this warlike host alone?

DON MANUEL.

Alone! the men thou fear'st——

BEATRICE.

Thou know'st them not,
Nor whom they serve.

DON MANUEL.

Myself! I am their lord!

BEATRICE.

Thou art—a shudder creeps through all my frame!

DON MANUEL.

Far other than I seemed; learn at last
To know me, Beatrice. Not the poor knight
Am I, the stranger and unknown, that loving
Taught thee to love; but what I am—my race—
My power——

BEATRICE.

And art thou not Don Manuel? Speak—
Who art thou?

DON MANUEL.

Chief of all that bear the name,
I am Don Manuel, Prince of Messina!

BEATRICE.

Art thou Don Manuel, Don Caesar's brother?

DON MANUEL.

Don Caesar is my brother.

BEATRICE.

Is thy brother!

DON MANUEL.

What means this terror? Know'st thou, then, Don Caesar?
None other of my race?

BEATRICE.

Art thou Don Manuel,
That with thy brother liv'st in bitter strife
Of long inveterate hate?

DON MANUEL.

This very sun
Smiled on our glad accord! Yes, we are brothers!
Brothers in heart!

BEATRICE.

And reconciled? This day?

DON MANUEL.

What stirs this wild disorder? Hast thou known
Aught but our name? Say, hast thou told me all?
Is there no secret? Hast thou naught concealed?

Nothing disguised?

BEATRICE.

Thy words are dark; explain,
What shall I tell thee?

DON MANUEL.

Of thy mother naught
Hast thou e'er told; who is she? If in words
I paint her, bring her to thy sight——

BEATRICE.

Thou know'st her!
And thou wert silent!

DON MANUEL.

If I know thy mother,
Horrors betide us both!

BEATRICE.

Oh, she is gracious
As the sun's orient beam! Yes! I behold her;
Fond memory wakes;—and from my bosom's depths
Her godlike presence rises to my view!
I see around her snowy neck descend
The tresses of her raven hair, that shade
The form of sculptured loveliness; I see
The pale, high-thoughted brow; the darkening glance
Of her large lustrous orbs; I hear the tones
Of soul-fraught sweetness!

DON MANUEL.

'Tis herself!

BEATRICE.

 This day,
Perchance had give me to her arms, and knit
Our souls in everlasting love;—such bliss
I have renounced, yes! I have lost a mother
For thee!

DON MANUEL.

 Console thyself, Messina's princess
Henceforth shall call thee daughter; to her feet
I lead thee; come—she waits. What hast thou said?

BEATRICE.

Thy mother and Don Caesar's? Never! never!

DON MANUEL.

Thou shudderest! Whence this horror? Hast thou known
My mother? Speak——

BEATRICE.

 O grief! O dire misfortune!
Alas! that e'er I live to see this day!

DON MANUEL.

What troubles thee? Thou know'st me, thou hast found,
In the poor stranger knight, Messina's prince!

BEATRICE.

Give me the dear unknown again! With him
On earth's remotest wilds I could be blest!

DON CAESAR (behind the scene).

Away! What rabble throng is here?

BEATRICE.

That voice!

Oh heavens! Where shall I fly!

DON MANUEL.

Know'st thou that voice?

No! thou hast never heard it; to thine ear
'Tis strange——

BEATRICE.

Oh, come—delay not——

DON MANUEL.

Wherefore I fly?

It is my brother's voice! He seeks me—how
He tracked my steps——

BEATRICE.

By all the holy saints!

Brave not his wrath! oh quit this place—avoid him—
Meet not thy brother here!

DON MANUEL.

My soul! thy fears

Confound; thou hear'st me not; our strife is o'er.
Yes! we are reconciled.

BEATRICE.

Protect me, heaven,

In this dread hour!

DON MANUEL.

A sudden dire presage

Starts in my breast—I shudder at the thought:

If it be true! Oh, horror! Could she know
That voice! Wert thou—my tongue denies to utter
The words of fearful import—Beatrice!
Say, wert thou present at the funeral rites
Of my dead sire?

BEATRICE.

Alas!

DON MANUEL.

Thou wert!

BEATRICE.

Forgive me!

DON MANUEL.

Unhappy woman!

BEATRICE.

I was present!

DON MANUEL.

Horror!

BEATRICE.

Some mighty impulse urged me to the scene—
Oh, be not angry—to thyself I owned
The ardent fond desire; with darkening brow
Thou listened'st to my prayer, and I was silent,
But what misguiding inauspicious star
Allured, I know not; from my inmost soul
The wish, the dear emotion spoke; and vain
Aught else:—Diego gave consent—oh, pardon me!
I disobeyed thee.

[She advances towards him imploringly; at the same moment
DON CAESAR enters, accompanied by the whole Chorus.

BOTH BROTHERS, BOTH CHORUSES, BEATRICE.

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND) to DON CAESAR.

Thou heliev'st us not—
Believe thine eyes!

DON CAESAR (rushes forward furiously, and at the sight of his brother
starts back with horror).

Some hell-born magic cheats
My senses; in her arms! Envenomed snake!
Is this thy love? For this thy treacherous heart
Could lure with guise of friendship! Oh, from heaven
Breathed my immortal hate! Down, down to hell,
Thou soul of falsehood!

[He stabs him, DON MANUEL falls.

DON MANUEL.

Beatrice!—my brother!
I die!

[Dies. BEATRICE sinks lifeless at his side.

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

Help! Help! To arms! Avenge with blood
The bloody deed!

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND).

The fortune of the day
Is ours! The strife forever stilled:—Messina
Obeys one lord.

First Chorus (CAJETAN, BERENGAR, MANFRED).

Revenge! The murderer
Shall die! Quick, offer to your master's shade
Appeasing sacrifice!

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND, ROGER, HIPPOLYTE).

My prince! fear nothing,
Thy friends are true.

DON CAESAR (steps between them, looking around).

Be still! The foe is slain
That practised on my trusting, honest heart
With snares of brother's love. Oh, direful shows
The deed of death! But righteous heaven hath judged.

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

Alas to thee, Messina! Woe forever!
Sad city! From thy blood-stained walls this deed
Of nameless horror taints the skies; ill fare
Thy mothers and thy children, youth and age,
And offspring yet, unborn!

DON CAESAR.

Too late your grief—
Here give your help.

[Pointing to BEATRICE.

Call her to life, and quick
Depart this scene of terror and of death.
I must away and seek my sister:—Hence!
Conduct her to my mother—
And tell her that her son, Don Caesar, sends her!

[Exit.

[The senseless BEATRICE is placed on a litter and carried away by the Second Chorus. The First Chorus remains with the body, round which the boys who bear the bridal presents range themselves in a semicircle.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

List, how with dreaded mystery
Was signed to my prophetic soul,
Of kindred blood the dire decree:—
Hither with noiseless, giant stride
I saw the hideous fiend of terror glide!
'Tis past! I strive not to control
My shuddering awe—so swift of ill
The Fates the warning sign fulfil.
Lo! to my sense dismayed,
Sudden the deed of death has shown
Whate'er my boding fears portrayed.
The visioned thought was pain;
The present horror curdles every vein

One of the Chorus (MANFRED).

Sound, sound the plaint of woe!
Beautiful youth!
Outstretched and pale he lies,
Untimely cropped in early bloom;
The heavy night of death has sealed his eyes;—
In this glad hour of nuptial joy,
Snatched by relentless doom,
He sleeps—while echoing to the sky,
Of sorrow bursts the loud, despairing cry!

A second (CAJETAN).

We come, we come, in festal pride,
To greet the beauteous bride;
Behold! the nuptial gifts, the rich attire
The banquet waits, the guests are there;
They bid thee to the solemn rite
Of hymen quick repair.

Thou hear'st them not—the sportive lyre,
The frolic dance, shall ne'er invite;
Nor wake thee from thy lowly bed,
For deep the slumber of the dead!

The whole Chorus.

No more the echoing horn shall cheer
Nor bride with tones of sweetness charm his ear.
On the cold earth he lies,
In death's eternal slumber closed his eyes.

A third (CAJETAN).

What are the hopes, and fond desires
Of mortals' transitory race?
This day, with harmony of voice and soul,
Ye woke the long-extinguished fires
Of brothers' love—yon flaming orb
Lit with his earliest beams your dear embrace
At eve, upon the gory sand
Thou liest—a reeking corpse!
Stretched by a brother's murderous hand.
Vain projects, treacherous hopes,
Child of the fleeting hour are thine;
Fond man! thou rear'st on dust each bold design,

Chorus (BERENGAR).

To thy mother I will bear
The burden of unutterable woe!
Quick shall yon cypress, blooming fair,
Bend to the axe's murderous blow
Then twine the mournful bier!
For ne'er with verdant life the tree shall smile
That grew on death's devoted soil;
Ne'er in the breeze the branches play,

Nor shade the wanderer in the noontide ray;
'Twas marked to bear the fruits of doom,
Cursed to the service of the tomb.

First (CAJETAN).

Woe to the murderer! Woe
That sped exulting in his pride,
Behold! the parched earth drinks the crimson tide.
Down, down it flows, unceasingly,
To the dim caverned halls below,
Where throned in kindred gloom the sister train,
Of Themis progeny severe,
Brood in their songless, silent reign!
Stern minister of wrath's decree,
They catch in swarthy cups thy streaming gore,
And pledge with horrid rites for vengeance evermore.

Second (BERENGAR).

Though swift of deed the traces fade
From earth, before the enlivening ray;
As o'er the brow the transient shade
Of thought, the hues of fancy flit away:—
Yet in the mystic womb unseen,
Of the dark ruling hours that sway
Our mortal lot, whate'er has been,
With new creative germ defies decay.
The blooming field is time
For nature's ever-teeming shoot,
And all is seed, and all is fruit.

[The Chorus goes away, bearing the corpse of DON MANUEL on a bier.

SCENE—The hall of pillars. It is night.

The stage is lighted from above by a single large lamp.
DONNA ISABELLA and DIEGO advance to the front.

ISABELLA.

As yet no joyful tidings, not a trace
Found of the lost one!

DIEGO.

Nothing have we heard,
My mistress; yet o'er every track, unwearied,
Thy sons pursue. Ere long the rescued maid
Shall smile at dangers past.

ISABELLA.

Alas! Diego,
My heart is sad; 'twas I that caused this woe!

DIEGO.

Vex not thy anxious bosom; naught escaped
Thy thoughtful care.

ISABELLA.

Oh! had I earlier shown
The hidden treasure!

DIEGO.

Prudent were thy counsels,
Wisely thou left'st her in retirement's shade;
So, trust in heaven.

ISABELLA.

Alas! no joy is perfect

Without this chance of ill my bliss were pure.

DIEGO.

Thy happiness is but delayed; enjoy
The concord of thy sons.

ISABELLA.

The sight was rapture
Supreme, when, locked in one another's arms,
They glowed with brothers' love.

DIEGO.

And in the heart
It burns; for ne'er their princely souls have stooped
To mean disguise.

ISABELLA.

Now, too, their bosoms wake
To gentler thoughts, and own their softening sway
Of love. No more their hot, impetuous youth
Revels in liberty untamed, and spurns
Restraint of law, attempered passion's self,
With modest, chaste reserve.

To thee, Diego,
I will unfold my secret heart; this hour
Of feeling's opening bloom, expected long,
Wakes boding fears: thou know'st to sudden rage
Love stirs tumultuous breasts; and if this flame
With jealousy should rouse the slumbering fires
Of ancient hate—I shudder at the thought!
If these discordant souls perchance have thrilled
In fatal unison! Enough; the clouds
That black with thundering menace o'er me hung

Are past; some angel sped them tranquil by,
And my enfranchised spirit breathes again.

DIEGO.

Rejoice, my mistress; for thy gentle sense
And soft, prevailing art more weal have wrought
Than all thy husband's power. Be praise to thee
And thy auspicious star!

ISABELLA.

Yes, fortune smiled;
Nor light the task, so long with apt disguise
To veil the cherished secret of my heart,
And cheat my ever-jealous lord: more hard
To stifle mighty nature's pleading voice,
That, like a prisoned fire, forever strove
To rend its confines.

DIEGO.

All shall yet be well;
Fortune, propitious to our hopes, gave pledge
Of bliss that time will show.

ISABELLA.

I praise not yet
My natal star, while darkening o'er my fate
This mystery hangs: too well the dire mischance
Tells of the fiend whose never-slumbering rage
Pursues our house. Now list what I have done,
And praise or blame me as thou wilt; from thee
My bosom guards no secret: ill I brook
This dull repose, while swift o'er land and sea
My sons unwearied, track their sister's flight,

Yes, I have sought; heaven counsels oft, when vain
All mortal aid.

DIEGO.

What I may know, my mistress,
Declare.

ISABELLA.

On Etna's solitary height
A reverend hermit dwells,—benamed of old
The mountain seer,—who to the realms of light
More near abiding than the toilsome race
Of mortals here below, with purer air
Has cleansed each earthly, grosser sense away;
And from the lofty peak of gathered years,
As from his mountain home, with downward glance
Surveys the crooked paths of worldly strife.
To him are known the fortunes of our house;
Oft has the holy sage besought response
From heaven, and many a curse with earnest prayer
Averted: thither at my bidding flew,
On wings of youthful haste, a messenger,
To ask some tidings of my child: each hour
I wait his homeward footsteps.

DIEGO.

If mine eyes
Deceive me not, he comes; and well his speed
Has earned thy praise.

MESSENGER, ISABELLA, DIEGO.

ISABELLA (to MESSENGER).

Now speak, and nothing hide
Of weal or woe; be truth upon thy lips!
What tidings bear'st thou from the mountain seer?

MESSENGER.

His answer: "Quick! retrace thy steps; the lost one
Is found."

ISABELLA.

Auspicious tongue! Celestial sounds
Of peace and joy! thus ever to my vows.
Thrice honored sage, thy kindly message spoke!
But say, which heaven-directed brother traced
My daughter?

MESSENGER.

'Twas thy eldest born that found
The deep-secluded maid.

ISABELLA.

Is it Don Manuel
That gives her to my arms? Oh, he was ever
The child of blessing! Tell me, hast thou borne
My offering to the aged man? the tapers
To burn before his saint? for gifts, the prize
Of worldly hearts, the man of God disdains.

MESSENGER.

He took the torches from my hands in silence
And stepping to the altar—where the lamp
Burned to his saint—illumed them at his fire,
And instant set in flames the hermit cell,
Where he has honored God these ninety years!

ISABELLA.

What hast thou said? What horrors fright my soul?

MESSENGER.

And three times shrieking "Woe!" with downward course,
He fled; but silent with uplifted arm
Beckoned me not to follow, nor regard him
So hither I have hastened, terror-spiced.

ISABELLA.

Oh, I am tossed amid the surge again
Of doubt and anxious fears; thy tale appals
With ominous sounds of ill. My daughter found—
Thou sayest; and by my eldest born, Don Manuel?
The tidings ne'er shall bless, that heralded
This deed of woe!

MESSENGER.

My mistress! look around
Behold the hermit's message to thine eyes
Fulfilled. Some charm deludes my sense, or hither
Thy daughter comes, girt by the warlike train
Of thy two sons!

[BEATRICE is carried in by the Second Chorus on a litter,
and placed in the front of the stage. She is still without
perception, and motionless.

ISABELLA, DIEGO, MESSENGER, BEATRICE.

Chorus (BOHEMUND, ROGER, HIPPOLYTE, and the other nine
followers
of DON CAESAR.)

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

Here at thy feet we lay
The maid, obedient to our lord's command:
'Twas thus he spoke—"Conduct her to my mother;
And tell her that her son, Don Caesar, sends her!"

ISABELLA (is advancing towards her with outstretched arms, and starts
back in horror).
Heavens! she is motionless and pale!

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

She lives,
She will awake, but give her time to rouse
From the dread shock that holds each sense enthralled.

ISABELLA.

My daughter! Child of all my cares and pains!
And is it thus I see thee once again?
Thus thou returnest to thy father's halls!
Oh, let my breath relume thy vital spark;
Yes! I will strain thee to a mother's arms
And hold thee fast—till from the frost of death
Released thy life-warm current throbs again.

[To the Chorus.

Where hast thou found her? Speak! What dire mischance
Has caused this sight of woe?

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

My lips are dumb!
Ask not of me: thy son will tell thee all—
Don Caesar—for 'tis he that sends her.

ISABELLA

'Tell me
Would'st thou not say Don Manuel?

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

'Tis Don Caesar
That sends her to thee.

ISABELLA (to the MESSENGER).

How declared the Seer?
Speak! Was it not Don Manuel?

MESSENGER.

'Twas he!
Thy elder born.

ISABELLA.

Be blessings on his head
Which e'er it be; to him I owe a daughter,
Alas! that in this blissful hour, so long
Expected, long implored, some envious fiend
Should mar my joy! Oh, I must stem the tide
Of nature's transport! In her childhood's home
I see my daughter; me she knows not—heeds not—
Nor answers to a mother's voice of love
Ope, ye dear eyelids—hands be warm—and heave
Thou lifeless bosom with responsive throbs
To mine! 'Tis she! Diego, look! 'tis Beatrice!
The long-concealed—the lost—the rescued one!
Before the world I claim her for my own!

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

New signs of terror to my boding soul

Are pictured;—in amazement lost I stand!
What light shall pierce this gloom of mystery?

ISABELLA (to the Chorus, who exhibit marks of confusion and embarrassment).

Oh, ye hard hearts! Ye rude unpitying men!
A mother's transport from your breast of steel
Rebounds, as from the rocks the heaving surge!
I look around your train, nor mark one glance
Of soft regard. Where are my sons? Oh, tell me
Why come they not, and from their beaming eyes
Speak comfort to my soul? For here environed
I stand amid the desert's raging brood,
Or monsters of the deep!

DIEGO.

She opes her eyes!
She moves! She lives!

ISABELLA.

She lives! On me be thrown
Her earliest glance!

DIEGO.

See! They are closed again—
She shudders!

ISABELLA (to the Chorus).

Quick! Retire—your aspect frights her.

[Chorus steps back.

RORER.

Well pleased I shun her sight.

DIEGO.

With outstretched eyes,
And wonderstruck, she seems to measure thee.

BEATRICE.

Not strange those lineaments—where am I?

ISABELLA.

Slowly
Her sense returns.

DIEGO.

Behold! upon her knees
She sinks.

BEATRICE.

Oh, angel visage of my mother!

ISABELLA.

Child of my heart!

BEATRICE.

See! kneeling at thy feet
The guilty one!

ISABELLA.

I hold thee in my arms!
Enough—forgotten all!

DIEGO.

Look in my face,
Canst thou remember me?

BEATRICE.

The reverend brows
Of honest old Diego!

ISABELLA.
Faithful guardian
Of thy young years.

BEATRICE.
And am I once again
With kindred?

ISABELLA.
Naught but death shall part us more!

BEATRICE.
Will thou ne'er send me to the stranger?

ISABELLA.
Never!
Fate is appeased.

BEATRICE.
And am I next thy heart?
And was it all a dream—a hideous dream?
My mother! at my feet he fell! I know not
What brought me hither—yet 'tis well. Oh, bliss!
That I am safe in thy protecting arms;
They would have ta'en me to the princess, mother—
Sooner to death!

ISABELLA.
My daughter, calm thy fears;
Messina's princess——

BEATRICE.

Name her not again!
At that ill-omened sound the chill of death
Creeps through my trembling frame.

ISABELLA.

My child! but hear me——

BEATRICE.

She has two sons by mortal hate dissevered,
Don Manuel and Don Caesar——

ISABELLA.

'Tis myself!
Behold thy mother!

BEATRICE.

Have I heard thee? Speak!

ISABELLA.

I am thy mother, and Messina's princess!

BEATRICE.

Art thou Don Manuel's and Don Caesar's mother?

ISABELLA.

And thine! They are thy brethren whom thou namest.

BEATRICE.

Oh, gleam of horrid light!

ISABELLA.

What troubles thee?
Say, whence this strange emotion?

BEATRICE.

Yes! 'twas they!

Now I remember all; no dream deceived me,
They met—'tis fearful truth! Unhappy men!
Where have ye hid him?

[She rushes towards the Chorus; they turn away from her.
A funeral march is heard in the distance.

CHORUS.

Horror! Horror!

ISABELLA.

Hid!

Speak—who is hid? and what is true? Ye stand
In silent dull amaze—as though ye fathomed
Her words of mystery! In your faltering tones—
Your brows—I read of horrors yet unknown,
That would refrain my tongue! What is it? Tell me!
I will know all! Why fix ye on the door
That awe-struck gaze? What mournful music sounds?

[The march is heard nearer.

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

It comes! it comes! and all shall be declared
With terrible voice. My mistress! steel thy heart,
Be firm, and bear with courage what awaits thee—
For more than women's soul thy destined griefs
Demand.

ISABELLA.

What comes? and what awaits me? Hark

With fearful tones the death-wail smites mine ear—
It echoes through the house! Where are my sons?

[The first Semi-chorus brings in the body of DON MANUEL
on a bier, which is placed at the side of the stage.
A black pall is spread over it.

ISABELLA, BEATRICE, DIEGO.

Both Choruses.

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

With sorrow in his train,
From street to street the King of Terror glides;
With stealthy foot, and slow,
He creeps where'er the fleeting race
Of man abides
In turn at every gate
Is heard the dreaded knock of fate,
The message of unutterable woe!

BERENGAR.

When, in the sere
And autumn leaves decayed,
The mournful forest tells how quickly fade
The glories of the year!
When in the silent tomb oppressed,
Frail man, with weight of days,
Sinks to his tranquil rest;
Contented nature but obeys
Her everlasting law,—
The general doom awakes no shuddering awe!

But, mortals, oh! prepare
For mightier ills; with ruthless hand
Fell murder cuts the holy band—
The kindred tie: insatiate death,
With unrelenting rage,
Bears to his bark the flower of blooming age!

CAJETAN.

When clouds athwart the lowering sky
Are driven—when bursts with hollow moan
The thunder's peal—our trembling bosoms own
The might of awful destiny!
Yet oft the lightning's glare
Darts sudden through the cloudless air:—
Then in thy short delusive day
Of bliss, oh! dread the treacherous snare;
Nor prize the fleeting goods in vain,
The flowers that bloom but to decay!
Nor wealth, nor joy, nor aught but pain,
Was e'er to mortal's lot secure:—
Our first best lesson—to endure!

ISABELLA.

What shall I hear? What horrors lurk beneath
This funeral pall?

[She steps towards the bier, but suddenly pauses,
and stands irresolute.

Some strange, mysterious dread
Enthrals my sense. I would approach, and sudden
The ice-cold grasp of terror holds me back!

[To BEATRICE, who has thrown herself between her and the bier.

Whate'er it be, I will unveil——

[On raising the pall she discovers the body of DON MANUEL.

Eternal Powers! it is my son!

[She stands in mute horror. BEATRICE sinks to the ground with a shriek of anguish near the bier.

CHORUS.

Unhappy mother! 'tis thy son. Thy lips
Have uttered what my faltering tongue denied.

ISABELLA.

My soul! My Manuel! Oh, eternal grief!
And is it thus I see thee? Thus thy life
Has bought thy sister from the spoiler's rage?
Where was thy brother? Could no arm be found
To shield thee? Oh, be cursed the hand that dug
These gory wounds! A curse on her that bore
The murderer of my son! Ten thousand curses
On all their race!

CHORUS.

Woe! Woe!

ISABELLA.

And is it thus
Ye keep your word, ye gods? Is this your truth?
Alas for him that trusts with honest heart
Your soothing wiles! Why have I hoped and trembled?
And this the issue of my prayers! Attend,

Ye terror-stricken witnesses, that feed
Your gaze upon my anguish; learn to know
How warning visions cheat, and boding seers
But mock our credulous hopes; let none believe
The voice of heaven!

When in my teeming womb
This daughter lay, her father, in a dream
Saw from his nuptial couch two laurels grow,
And in the midst a lily all in flames,
That, catching swift the boughs and knotted stems
Burst forth with crackling rage, and o'er the house
Spread in one mighty sea of fire. Perplexed
By this terrific dream my husband sought
The counsels of the mystic art, and thus
Pronounced the sage: "If I a daughter bore,
The murderess of his sons, the destined spring
Of ruin to our house, the baleful child
Should see the light."

Chorus (CAJETAN and BOHEMUND).

What hast thou said, my mistress?
Woe! Woe!

ISABELLA.

For this her ruthless father spoke
The dire behest of death. I rescued her,
The innocent, the doomed one; from my arms
The babe was torn; to stay the curse of heaven,
And save my sons, the mother gave her child;
And now by robber hands her brother falls;
My child is guiltless. Oh, she slew him not!

CHORUS.

Woe! Woe!

ISABELLA.

No trust the fabling readers of the stars
Have e'er deserved. Hear how another spoke
With comfort to my soul, and him I deemed
Inspired to voice the secrets of the skies!
"My daughter should unite in love the hearts
Of my dissevered sons;" and thus their tales
Of curse and blessing on her head proclaim
Each other's falsehood. No, she ne'er has brought
A curse, the innocent; nor time was given
The blessed promise to fulfil; their tongues
Were false alike; their boasted art is vain;
With trick of words they cheat our credulous ears,
Or are themselves deceived! Naught ye may know
Of dark futurity, the sable streams
Of hell the fountain of your hidden lore,
Or yon bright spring of everlasting light!

First Chorus (CAJETAN).

Woe! Woe! thy tongue refrain!
Oh, pause, nor thus with impious rage
The might of heaven profane;
The holy oracles are wise—
Expect with awe thy coming destinies!

ISABELLA.

My tongue shall speak as prompts my swelling heart;
My griefs shall cry to heaven. Why do we lift
Our suppliant hands, and at the sacred shrines
Kneel to adore? Good, easy dupes! What win we

From faith and pious awe? to touch with prayers
The tenants of yon azure realms on high,
Were hard as with an arrow's point to pierce
The silvery moon. Hid is the womb of time,
Impregnable to mortal glance, and deaf
The adamantine walls of heaven rebound
The voice of anguish:—Oh, 'tis one, whate'er
The flight of birds—the aspect of the stars!
The book of nature is a maze—a dream
The sage's art—and every sign a falsehood!

Second Chorus (BOHEMUND).

Woe! Woe! Ill-fated woman, stay
Thy maddening blasphemies;
Thou but disown'st, with purblind eyes,
The flaming orb of day!
Confess the gods,—they dwell on high—
They circle thee with awful majesty!

All the Knights.

Confess the gods—they dwell on high—
They circle thee with awful majesty!

BEATRICE.

Why hast thou saved thy daughter, and defied
The curse of heaven, that marked me in thy womb
The child of woe? Short-sighted mother!—vain
Thy little arts to cheat the doom declared
By the all-wise interpreters, that knit
The far and near; and, with prophetic ken,
See the late harvest spring in times unborn.

Oh, thou hast brought destruction on thy race,
Withholding from the avenging gods their prey;
Threefold, with new embittered rage, they ask
The direful penalty; no thanks thy boon
Of life deserves—the fatal gift was sorrow!

Second Chorus (BERENGAR) looking towards the door
with signs of agitation.

Hark to the sound of dread!
The rattling, brazen din I hear!
Of hell-born snakes the hissing tones are near!
Yes—'tis the furies' tread!

CAJETAN.

In crumbling ruin wide,
Fall, fall, thou roof, and sink, thou trembling floor
That bear'st the dread, unearthly stride!
Ye sable damps arise!
Mount from the abyss in smoky spray,
And pall the brightness of the day!
Vanish, ye guardian powers!
They come! The avenging deities

DON CAESAR, ISABELLA, BEATRICE. The Chorus.

[On the entrance of DON CAESAR the Chorus station themselves
before him imploringly. He remains standing alone in the
centre of the stage.]

BEATRICE.
Alas! 'tis he——

ISABELLA (stepping to meet him).

My Caesar! Oh, my son!
And is it thus I meet the? Look! Behold!
The crime of hand accursed!

[She leads him to the corpse.

First Chorus (CAJETAN, BERENGAR).

Break forth once more
Ye wounds! Flow, flow, in swarthy flood,
Thou streaming gore!

ISABELLA.

Shuddering with earnest gaze, and motionless,
Thou stand'st.—yes! there my hopes repose, and all
That earth has of thy brother; in the bud
Nipped is your concord's tender flower, nor ever
With beauteous fruit shall glad a mother's eyes,

DON CAESAR.

Be comforted; thy sons, with honest heart,
To peace aspired, but heaven's decree was blood!

ISABELLA.

I know thou lovedst him well; I saw between ye,
With joy, the bands old Nature sweetly twined;
Thou wouldst have borne him in thy heart of hearts
With rich atonement of long wasted years!
But see—fell murder thwarts thy dear design,
And naught remains but vengeance!

DON CAESAR.

Come, my mother,

This is no place for thee. Oh, haste and leave
This sight of woe.

[He endeavors to drag her away.]

ISABELLA (throwing herself into his arms).
Thou livest! I have a son!

BEATRICE.
Alas! my mother!

DON CAESAR.
On this faithful bosom
Weep out thy pains; nor lost thy son,—his love
Shall dwell immortal in thy Caesar's breast.

First Chorus (CAJETAN, BERENGAR, MANFRED).

Break forth, ye wounds!
Dumb witness! the truth proclaim;
Flow fast, thou gory stream!

ISABELLA (clasping the hands of DON CAESAR and BEATRICE).
My children!

DON CAESAR.
Oh, 'tis ecstasy! my mother,
To see her in thy arms! henceforth in love
A daughter—sister——

ISABELLA (interrupting him).
Thou hast kept thy word.
My son; to thee I owe the rescued one;
Yes, thou hast sent her——

DON CAESAR (in astonishment).

Whom, my mother, sayst thou,
That I have sent?

ISABELLA.

She stands before thine eyes—
Thy sister.

DON CAESAR.

She! My sister?

ISABELLA.

Ay, What other?

DON CAESAR.

My sister!

ISABELLA.

Thou hast sent her to me!

DON CAESAR.

Horror!

His sister, too!

CHORUS.

Woe! woe!

BEATRICE.

Alas! my mother!

ISABELLA.

Speak! I am all amaze!

DON CASAR.

Be cursed the day

When I was born!

ISABELLA.

Eternal powers!

DON CAESAR.

Accursed

The womb that bore me; cursed the secret arts,
The spring of all this woe; instant to crush thee,
Though the dread thunder swept—ne'er should this arm
Refrain the bolts of death: I slew my brother!
Hear it and tremble! in her arms I found him;
She was my love, my chosen bride; and he—
My brother—in her arms! Thou hast heard all!
If it be true—oh, if she be my sister—
And his! then I have done a deed that mocks
The power of sacrifice and prayers to ope
The gates of mercy to my soul!

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

The tidings on thy heart dismayed
Have burst, and naught remains; behold!
'Tis come, nor long delayed,
Whate'er the warning seers foretold:
They spoke the message from on high,
Their lips proclaimed resistless destiny!
The mortal shall the curse fulfil
Who seeks to turn predestined ill.

ISABELLA.

The gods have done their worst; if they be true
Or false, 'tis one—for nothing they can add

To this—the measure of their rage is full.
Why should I tremble that have naught to fear?
My darling son lies murdered, and the living
I call my son no more. Oh! I have borne
And nourished at my breast a basilisk
That stung my best-beloved child. My daughter, haste,
And leave this house of horrors—I devote it
To the avenging fiends! In an evil hour
'Twas crime that brought me hither, and of crime
The victim I depart. Unwillingly
I came—in sorrow I have lived—despairing
I quit these halls; on me, the innocent,
Descends this weight of woe! Enough—'tis shown
That Heaven is just, and oracles are true!

[Exit, followed by DIEGO.

BEATRICE, DON CAESAR, the Chorus.

DON CAESAR (detaining BEATRICE).

My sister, wouldst thou leave me? On this head
A mother's curse may fall—a brother's blood
Cry with accusing voice to heaven—all nature
Invoke eternal vengeance on my soul—
But thou—oh! curse me not—I cannot bear it!

[BEATRICE points with averted eyes to the body.

I have not slain thy lover! 'twas thy brother,
And mine that fell beneath my sword; and near
As the departed one, the living owns
The ties of blood: remember, too, 'tis I
That most a sister's pity need—for pure

His spirit winged its flight, and I am guilty!

[BEATRICE bursts into an agony of tears.

Weep! I will blend my tears with thine—nay, more,
I will avenge thy brother; but the lover—
Weep not for him—thy passionate, yearning tears
My inmost heart. Oh! from the boundless depths
Of our affliction, let me gather this,
The last and only comfort—but to know
That we are dear alike. One lot fulfilled
Has made our rights and wretchedness the same;
Entangled in one snare we fall together,
Three hapless victims of unpitying fate,
And share the mournful privilege of tears.
But when I think that for the lover more
Than for the brother bursts thy sorrow's tide,
Then rage and envy mingle with my pain,
And hope's last balm forsakes my withering soul?
Nor joyful, as beseems, can I requite
This inured shade:—yet after him content
To mercy's throne my contrite spirit shall fly,
Sped by this hand—if dying I may know
That in one urn our ashes shall repose,
With pious office of a sister's care.

[He throws his arms around her with passionate tenderness.

I loved thee, as I ne'er had loved before,
When thou wert strange; and that I bear the curse
Of brother's blood, 'tis but because I loved thee
With measureless transport: love was all my guilt,
But now thou art my sister, and I claim

Soft pity's tribute.

[He regards her with inquiring glances, and an air of painful suspense—then turns away with vehemence.

No! in this dread presence
I cannot bear these tears—my courage flies
And doubt distracts my soul. Go, weep in secret—
Leave me in error's maze—but never, never,
Behold me more: I will not look again
On thee, nor on thy mother. Oh! how passion
Laid bare her secret heart! She never loved me!
She mourned her best-loved son—that was her cry
Of grief—and naught was mine but show of fondness!
And thou art false as she! make no disguise—
Recoil with horror from my sight—this form
Shall never shock thee more—begone forever!

[Exit.

[She stands irresolute in a tumult of conflicting passions—then tears herself from the spot.

Chorus (CAJETAN).

Happy the man—his lot I prize
That far from pomps and turmoil vain,
Childlike on nature's bosom lies
Amid the stillness of the plain.
My heart is sad in the princely hall,
When from the towering pride of state,
I see with headlong ruin fall,
How swift! the good and great!

And he—from fortune's storm at rest
Smiles, in the quiet haven laid
Who, timely warned, has owned how blest
The refuge of the cloistered shade;
To honor's race has bade farewell,
Its idle joys and empty shows;
Insatiate wishes learned to quell,
And lulled in wisdom's calm repose:—
No more shall passion's maddening brood
Impel the busy scenes to try,
Nor on his peaceful cell intrude
The form of sad humanity!
'Mid crowds and strife each mortal ill
Abides'—the grisly train of woe
Shuns like the pest the breezy hill,
To haunt the smoky marts below.

BERENGAR, BOHEMUND, and MANFRED.

On the mountains is freedom! the breath of decay
Never sullies the fresh flowing air;
Oh, Nature is perfect wherever we stray;
'Tis man that deforms it with care.

The whole Chorus repeats.

On the mountains is freedom, etc., etc.

DON CAESAR, the Chorus.

DON CAESAR (more collected).
I use the princely rights—'tis the last time—
To give this body to the ground, and pay

Fit honors to the dead. So mark, my friends,
My bosom's firm resolve, and quick fulfil
Your lord's behest. Fresh in your memory lives
The mournful pomp, when to the tomb ye bore
So late my royal sire; scarce in these halls
Are stilled the echoes of the funeral wail;
Another corpse succeeds, and in the grave
Weighs down its fellow-dust—almost our torch
With borrowed lustre from the last, may pierce
The monumental gloom; and on the stair,
Blends in one throng confused two mourning trains.
Then in the sacred royal dome that guards
The ashes of my sire, prepare with speed
The funeral rites; unseen of mortal eye,
And noiseless be your task—let all be graced,
As then, with circumstances of kingly state.

BOHEMUND.

My prince, it shall be quickly done; for still
Upreared, the gorgeous catafalque recalls
The dread solemnity; no hand disturbed
The edifice of death.

DON CAESAR.

The yawning grave
Amid the haunts of life? No goodly sign
Was this: the rites fulfilled, why lingered yet
The trappings of the funeral show?

BOHEMUND.

Your strife
With fresh embittered hate o'er all Messina
Woke discord's maddening flames, and from the deed

Our cares withdrew—so resolute remained,
And closed the sanctuary.

DON CAESAR.

Make no delay;
This very night fulfil your task, for well
Beseems the midnight gloom! To-morrow's sun
Shall find this palace cleansed of every stain,
And light a happier race.

[Exit the Second Chorus, with the body of DON MANUEL.]

CAJETAN.

Shall I invite
The brotherhood of monks, with rights ordained
By holy church of old, to celebrate
The office of departed souls, and hymn
The buried one to everlasting rest?

DON CAESAR.

Their strains above my tomb shall sound for ever
Amid the torches' blaze—no solemn rites
Beseem the day when gory murder scares
Heaven's pardoning grace.

CAJETAN.

Oh, let not wild despair
Tempt thee to impious, rash resolve. My prince
No mortal arm shall e'er avenge this deed;
And penance calms, with soft, atoning power,
The wrath on high.

DON CAESAR.

If for eternal justice
Earth has no minister, myself shall wield
The avenging sword; though heaven, with gracious ear,
Inclines to sinners' prayers, with blood alone
Atoned is murder's guilt.

CAJETAN.

To stem the tide
Of dire misfortune, that with maddening rage
Bursts o'er your house, were nobler than to pile
Accumulated woe.

DON CAESAR.

The curse of old
Shall die with me! Death self-imposed alone
Can break the chain of fate.

CAJETAN.

Thou owest thyself
A sovereign to this orphaned land, by thee
Robbed of its other lord!

DON CAESAR.

The avenging gods
Demand their prey—some other deity
May guard the living!

CAJETAN.

Wide as e'er the sun
In glory beams, the realm of hope extends;
But—oh remember! nothing may we gain
From Death!

DON CAESAR.

Remember thou thy vassal's duty;
Remember and be silent! Leave to me
To follow, as I list, the spirit of power
That leads me to the goal. No happy one
May look into my breast: but if thy prince
Owns not a subject's homage, dread at least
The murderer!—the accursed!—and to the head
Of the unhappy—sacred to the gods—
Give honors due. The pangs that rend my soul—
What I have suffered—what I feel—have left
No place for earthly thoughts!

DONNA ISABELLA, DON CAESAR, The Chorus.

ISABELLA (enters with hesitating steps, and looks irresolutely
towards DON CAESAR; at last she approaches, and addresses
him with collected tones).

I thought mine eyes should ne'er behold thee more;
Thus I had vowed despairing! Oh, my son!
How quickly all a mother's strong resolves
Melt into air! 'Twas but the cry of rage
That stifled nature's pleading voice; but now
What tidings of mysterious import call me
From the desolate chambers of my sorrow?
Shall I believe it? Is it true? one day
Robs me of both my sons?

Chorus.

Behold! with willing steps and free,
Thy son prepares to tread
The paths of dark eternity

The silent mansions of the dead.
My prayers are vain; but thou, with power confessed,
Of nature's holiest passion, storm his breast!

ISABELLA.

I call the curses back—that in the frenzy
Of blind despair on thy beloved head
I poured. A mother may not curse the child
That from her nourishing breast drew life, and gave
Sweet recompense for all her travail past;
Heaven would not hear the impious vows; they fell
With quick rebound, and heavy with my tears
Down from the flaming vault!

Live! live! my son!

For I may rather bear to look on thee—
The murderer of one child—than weep for both!

DON CAESAR.

Heedless and vain, my mother, are thy prayers
For me and for thyself; I have no place
Among the living: if thine eyes may brook
The murderer's sight abhorred—I could not bear
The mute reproach of thy eternal sorrow.

ISABELLA.

Silent or loud, my son, reproach shall never
Disturb thy breast—ne'er in these halls shall sound
The voice of wailing, gently on my tears
My griefs shall flow away: the sport alike
Of pitiless fate together we will mourn,
And veil the deed of blood.

DON CAESAR (with a faltering voice, and taking her hand).

Thus it shall be,
My mother—thus with silent, gentle woe
Thy grief shall fade: but when one common tomb
The murderer and his victim closes round—
When o'er our dust one monumental stone
Is rolled—the curse shall cease—thy love no more
Unequal bless thy sons: the precious tears
Thine eyes of beauty weep shall sanctify
Alike our memories. Yes! In death are quenched
The fires of rage; and hatred owns subdued,
The mighty reconciler. Pity bends
An angel form above the funeral urn,
With weeping, dear embrace. Then to the tomb
Stay not my passage:—Oh, forbid me not,
Thus with atoning sacrifice to quell
The curse of heaven.

ISABELLA.

All Christendom is rich
In shrines of mercy, where the troubled heart
May find repose. Oh! many a heavy burden
Have sinners in Loretto's mansion laid;
And Heaven's peculiar blessing breathes around
The grave that has redeemed the world! The prayers
Of the devout are precious—fraught with store
Of grace, they win forgiveness from the skies;—
And on the soil by gory murder stained
Shall rise the purifying fane.

DON CAESAR.

We pluck
The arrow from the wound—but the torn heart

Shall ne'er be healed. Let him who can, drag on
A weary life of penance and of pain,
To cleanse the spot of everlasting guilt;—
I would not live the victim of despair;
No! I must meet with beaming eye the smile
Of happy ones, and breathe erect the air
Of liberty and joy. While yet alike
We shared thy love, then o'er my days of youth
Pale envy cast his withering shade; and now,
Think'st thou my heart could brook the dearer ties
That bind thee in thy sorrow to the dead?
Death, in his undecaying palace throned,
To the pure diamond of perfect virtue
Sublimes the mortal, and with chastening fire
Each gathered stain of frail humanity
Purges and burns away: high as the stars
Tower o'er this earthly sphere, he soars above me;
And as by ancient hate dissevered long,
Brethren and equal denizens we lived,
So now my restless soul with envy pines,
That he has won from me the glorious prize
Of immortality, and like a god
In memory marches on to times unborn!

ISABELLA.

My Sons! Why have I called you to Messina
To find for each a grave? I brought ye hither
To calm your strife to peace. Lo! Fate has turned
My hopes to blank despair.

DON CAESAR.

Whate'er was spoke,

My mother, is fulfilled! Blame not the end
By Heaven ordained. We trode our father's halls
With hopes of peace; and reconciled forever,
Together we shall sleep in death.

ISABELLA.

My son,
Live for thy mother! In the stranger's land,
Say, wouldst thou leave me friendless and alone,
To cruel scorn a prey—no filial arm
To shield my helpless age?

DON CAESAR.

When all the world
With heartless taunts pursues thee, to our grave
For refuge fly, my mother, and invoke
Thy sons' divinity—we shall be gods!
And we will hear thy prayers:—and as the twins
Of heaven, a beaming star of comfort shine
To the tossed shipman—we will hover near thee
With present help, and soothe thy troubled soul!

ISABELLA.

Live—for thy mother, live, my son—
Must I lose all?

[She throws her arms about him with passionate emotion.
He gently disengages himself, and turning his face away
extends to her his hand.]

DON CAESAR.

Farewell!

ISABELLA.

I can no more;
Too well my tortured bosom owns how weak
A mother's prayers: a mightier voice shall sound
Resistless on thy heart.

[She goes towards the entrance of the scene.

My daughter, come.
A brother calls him to the realms of night;
Perchance with golden hues of earthly joy
The sister, the beloved, may gently lure
The wanderer to life again.

[BEATRICE appears at the entrance of the scene.

DONNA ISABELLA, DON CAESAR, and the Chorus.

DON CAESAR (on seeing her, covers his face with his hands).

My mother!
What hast thou done?

ISABELLA (leading BEATRICE forwards).

A mother's prayers are vain!
Kneel at his feet—conjure him—melt his heart!
Oh, bid him live!

DON CAESAR.

Deceitful mother, thus
Thou triest thy son! And wouldst thou stir my soul
Again to passion's strife, and make the sun
Beloved once more, now when I tread the paths
Of everlasting night? See where he stands—
Angel of life!—and wondrous beautiful,

Shakes from his plenteous horn the fragrant store
Of golden fruits and flowers, that breathe around
Divinest airs of joy;—my heart awakes
In the warm sunbeam—hope returns, and life
Thrills in my breast anew.

ISABELLA (to BEATRICE).

Thou wilt prevail!
Or none! Implore him that he live, nor rob
The staff and comfort of our days.

BEATRICE.

The loved one
A sacrifice demands. Oh, let me die
To soothe a brother's shade! Yes, I will be
The victim! Ere I saw the light forewarned
To death, I live a wrong to heaven! The curse
Pursues me still: 'twas I that slew thy son—
I waked the slumbering furies of their strife—
Be mine the atoning blood!

CAJETAN.

Ill-fated mother!
Impatient all thy children haste to doom,
And leave thee on the desolate waste alone
Of joyous life.

BEATRICE.

Oh, spare thy precious days
For nature's band. Thy mother needs a son;
My brother, live for her! Light were the pang
To lose a daughter—but a moment shown,
Then snatched away!

DON CAESAR (with deep emotion).

'Tis one to live or die,
Blest with a sister's love!

BEATRICE.

Say, dost thou envy
Thy brother's ashes?

DON CAESAR.

In thy grief he lives
A hallowed life!—my doom is death forever!

BEATRICE.

My brother!

DON CAESAR.

Sister! are thy tears for me?

BEATRICE.

Live for our mother!

DON CAESAR (dropping her hand, and stepping back).

For our mother?

BEATRICE (hiding her head in his breast).

Live
For her and for thy sister!

Chorus (BOHEMUND).

She has won!
Resistless are her prayers. Despairing mother,
Awake to hope again—his choice is made!
Thy son shall live!

[At this moment an anthem is heard. The folding doors are thrown open, and in the church is seen the catafalque erected, and the coffin surrounded with candlesticks.

DON CAESAR (turning to the coffin).

I will not rob thee, brother!

The sacrifice is thine:—Hark! from the tomb,
Mightier than mother's tears, or sister's love,
Thy voice resistless cries:—my arms enfold
A treasure, potent with celestial joys,
To deck this earthly sphere, and make a lot
Worthy the gods! but shall I live in bliss,
While in the tomb thy sainted innocence
Sleeps unavenged? Thou, Ruler of our days,
All just—all wise—let not the world behold
Thy partial care! I saw her tears!—enough—
They flowed for me! I am content: my brother!
I come!

[He stabs himself with a dagger, and falls dead at his sister's feet. She throws herself into her mother's arms.

Chorus, CAJETAN (after a deep silence).

In dread amaze I stand, nor know
If I should mourn his fate. One truth revealed
Speaks in my breast;—no good supreme is life;
But all of earthly ills the chief is—Guilt!

THE END

ON THE USE OF THE CHORUS IN TRAGEDY.

A poetical work must vindicate itself: if the execution be defective, little aid can be derived from commentaries.

On these grounds I might safely leave the chorus to be its own advocate, if we had ever seen it presented in an appropriate manner. But it must be remembered that a dramatic composition first assumes the character of a whole by means of representation on the stage. The poet supplies only the words, to which, in a lyrical tragedy, music and rhythmical motion are essential accessories. It follows, then, that if the chorus is deprived of accompaniments appealing so powerfully to the senses, it will appear a superfluity in the economy of the drama—a mere hinderance to the development of the plot—destructive to the illusion of the scene, and wearisome to the spectators.

To do justice to the chorus, more especially if our aims in poetry be of a grand and elevated character, we must transport ourselves from the actual to a possible stage. It is the privilege of art to furnish for itself whatever is requisite, and the accidental deficiency of auxiliaries ought not to confine the plastic imagination of the poet. He aspires to whatever is most dignified, he labors to realize the ideal in his own mind—though in the execution of his purpose he must needs accommodate himself to circumstances.

The assertion so commonly made that the public degrades art is not well founded. It is the artist that brings the public to the level of his own conceptions; and, in every age in which art has gone to decay, it has fallen through its professors. The people need feeling alone, and feeling they possess. They take their station before the curtain with an unvoiced longing, with a multifarious capacity. They bring with them an aptitude for what is highest—they derive the greatest pleasure from what is judicious and true; and if, with these powers of appreciation, they deign to be satisfied with inferior productions, still, if they have once tasted what is excellent, they will in the end insist on having it supplied to them.

It is sometimes objected that the poet may labor according to an ideal—that the critic may judge from ideas, but that mere executive art is subject to contingencies, and depends for effect on the occasion. Managers will be obstinate; actors are bent on display—the audience is inattentive and unruly. Their object is relaxation, and they are disappointed if mental exertion be required, when they expected only amusement. But if the theatre be made instrumental towards higher objects, the diversion, of the spectator will not be increased, but ennobled. It will be a diversion, but a poetical one. All art is dedicated to pleasure, and there can be no higher and worthier end than to make men happy. The true art is that which provides the highest degree of pleasure; and this consists in the abandonment of the spirit to the free play of all its faculties.

Every one expects from the imaginative arts a certain emancipation from the bounds of reality: we are willing to give a scope to fancy, and recreate ourselves with the possible. The man who expects it the least will nevertheless forget his ordinary pursuits, his everyday existence and individuality, and experience delight from uncommon incidents:—if he be of a serious turn of mind he will acknowledge on the stage that moral government of the world which he fails to discover in real life. But he is, at the same time, perfectly aware that all is an empty show, and that in a true sense he is feeding only on dreams. When he

returns from the theatre to the world of realities, he is again compressed within its narrow bounds; he is its denizen as before—for it remains what it was, and in him nothing has been changed. What, then, has he gained beyond a momentary illusive pleasure which vanished with the occasion?

It is because a passing recreation is alone desired that a mere show of truth is thought sufficient. I mean that probability or vraisemblance which is so highly esteemed, but which the commonest workers are able to substitute for the true.

Art has for its object not merely to afford a transient pleasure, to excite to a momentary dream of liberty; its aim is to make us absolutely free; and this it accomplishes by awakening, exercising, and perfecting in us a power to remove to an objective distance the sensible world; (which otherwise only burdens us as rugged matter, and presses us down with a brute influence;) to transform it into the free working of our spirit, and thus acquire a dominion over the material by means of ideas. For the very reason also that true art requires somewhat of the objective and real, it is not satisfied with a show of truth. It rears its ideal edifice on truth itself—on the solid and deep foundations of nature.

But how art can be at once altogether ideal, yet in the strictest sense real; how it can entirely leave the actual, and yet harmonize with nature, is a problem to the multitude; and hence the distorted views which prevail in regard to poetical and plastic works; for to ordinary judgments these two requisites seem to counteract each other.

It is commonly supposed that one may be attained by the sacrifice of the other;—the result is a failure to arrive at either. One to whom nature has given a true sensibility, but denied the plastic imaginative power, will be a faithful painter of the real; he will adapt casual appearances, but never catch the spirit of nature. He will only reproduce to us the matter of the world, which, not being our own work, the product of our creative spirit, can never have the beneficent operation of art, of which the essence is freedom. Serious indeed, but unpleasing, is the cast of thought with which such an artist and poet dismisses us; we feel

ourselves painfully thrust back into the narrow sphere of reality by means of the very art which ought to have emancipated us. On the other hand, a writer endowed with a lively fancy, but destitute of warmth and individuality of feeling, will not concern himself in the least about truth; he will sport with the stuff of the world, and endeavor to surprise by whimsical combinations; and as his whole performance is nothing but foam and glitter, he will, it is true, engage the attention for a time, but build up and confirm nothing in the understanding. His playfulness is, like the gravity of the other, thoroughly unpoetical. To string together at will fantastical images is not to travel into the realm of the ideal; and the imitative reproduction of the actual cannot be called the representation of nature. Both requisites stand so little in contradiction to each other that they are rather one and the same thing; that art is only true inasmuch as it altogether forsakes the actual, and becomes purely ideal. Nature herself is an idea of the mind, and is never presented to the senses. She lies under the veil of appearances, but is herself never apparent. To the art of the ideal alone is lent, or rather absolutely given, the privilege to grasp the spirit of the all and bind it in a corporeal form.

Yet, in truth, even art cannot present it to the senses, but by means of her creative power to the imaginative faculty alone; and it is thus that she becomes more true than all reality, and more real than all experience. It follows from these premises that the artist can use no single element taken from reality as he finds it—that his work must be ideal in all its parts, if it be designed to have, as it were, an intrinsic reality, and to harmonize with nature.

What is true of art and poetry, in the abstract, holds good as to their various kinds; and we may apply what has been advanced to the subject of tragedy. In this department it is still necessary to controvert the ordinary notion of the natural, with which poetry is altogether incompatible. A certain ideality has been allowed in painting, though, I fear, on grounds rather conventional than intrinsic; but in dramatic works what is desired is allusion, which, if it could be accomplished by means of the actual, would be, at best, a paltry deception. All

the externals of a theatrical representation are opposed to this notion; all is merely a symbol of the real. The day itself in a theatre is an artificial one; the metrical dialogue is itself ideal; yet the conduct of the play must forsooth be real, and the general effect sacrificed to a part. Thus the French, who have utterly misconceived the spirit of the ancients, adopted on their stage the unities of time and place in the most common and empirical sense; as though there were any place but the bare ideal one, or any other time than the mere sequence of the incidents.

By the introduction of a metrical dialogue an important progress has been made towards the poetical tragedy. A few lyrical dramas have been successful on the stage, and poetry, by its own living energy, has triumphed over prevailing prejudices. But so long as these erroneous views are entertained little has been done—for it is not enough barely to tolerate as a poetical license that which is, in truth, the essence of all poetry. The introduction of the chorus would be the last and decisive step; and if it only served this end, namely, to declare open and honorable warfare against naturalism in art, it would be for us a living wall which tragedy had drawn around herself, to guard her from contact with the world of reality, and maintain her own ideal soil, her poetical freedom.

It is well-known that the Greek tragedy had its origin in the chorus; and though in process of time it became independent, still it may be said that poetically, and in spirit, the chorus was the source of its existence, and that without these persevering supporters and witnesses of the incident a totally different order of poetry would have grown out of the drama. The abolition of the chorus, and the debasement of this sensibly powerful organ into the characterless substitute of a confidant, is by no means such an improvement in the tragedy as the French, and their imitators, would have it supposed to be.

The old tragedy, which at first only concerned itself with gods, heroes and kings introduced the chorus as an essential accompaniment. The poets found it in nature, and for that reason employed it. It grew out of the poetical aspect of real life. In the new tragedy it becomes an organ of art, which aids in making the

poetry prominent. The modern poet no longer finds the chorus in nature; he must needs create and introduce it poetically; that is, he must resolve on such an adaption of his story as will admit of its retrocession to those primitive times and to that simple form of life.

The chorus thus renders more substantial service to the modern dramatist than to the old poet—and for this reason, that it transforms the commonplace actual world into the old poetical one; that it enables him to dispense with all that is repugnant to poetry, and conducts him back to the most simple, original, and genuine motives of action. The palaces of kings are in these days closed—courts of justice have been transferred from the gates of cities to the interior of buildings; writing has narrowed the province of speech; the people itself—the sensibly living mass—when it does not operate as brute force, has become a part of the civil polity, and thereby an abstract idea in our minds; the deities have returned within the bosoms of mankind. The poet must reopen the palaces—he must place courts of justice beneath the canopy of heaven—restore the gods, reproduce every extreme which the artificial frame of actual life has abolished—throw aside every factitious influence on the mind or condition of man which impedes the manifestation of his inward nature and primitive character, as the statuary rejects modern costume:—and of all external circumstances adopts nothing but what is palpable in the highest of forms—that of humanity.

But precisely as the painter throws around his figures draperies of ample volume, to fill up the space of his picture richly and gracefully, to arrange its several parts in harmonious masses, to give due play to color, which charms and refreshes the eye—and at once to envelop human forms in a spiritual veil, and make them visible—so the tragic poet inlays and entwines his rigidly contracted plot and the strong outlines of his characters with a tissue of lyrical magnificence, in which, as in flowing robes of purple, they move freely and nobly, with a sustained dignity and exalted repose.

In a higher organization, the material, or the elementary, need not be visible; the chemical color vanishes in the finer tints of the imaginative one. The

material, however, has its peculiar effect, and may be included in an artistical composition. But it must deserve its place by animation, fulness and harmony, and give value to the ideal forms which it surrounds instead of stifling them by its weight.

In respect of the pictorial art, this is obvious to ordinary apprehension, yet in poetry likewise, and in the tragical kind, which is our immediate subject, the same doctrine holds good. Whatever fascinates the senses alone is mere matter, and the rude element of a work of art:— if it takes the lead it will inevitably destroy the poetical—which lies at the exact medium between the ideal and the sensible. But man is so constituted that he is ever impatient to pass from what is fanciful to what is common; and reflection must, therefore, have its place even in tragedy. But to merit this place it must, by means of delivery, recover what it wants in actual life; for if the two elements of poetry, the ideal and the sensible, do not operate with an inward mutuality, they must at least act as allies—or poetry is out of the question. If the balance be not intrinsically perfect, the equipoise can only be maintained by an agitation of both scales.

This is what the chorus effects in tragedy. It is in itself, not an individual but a general conception; yet it is represented by a palpable body which appeals to the senses with an imposing grandeur. It forsakes the contracted sphere of the incidents to dilate itself over the past and the future, over distant times and nations, and general humanity, to deduce the grand results of life, and pronounce the lessons of wisdom. But all this it does with the full power of fancy—with a bold lyrical freedom which ascends, as with godlike step, to the topmost height of worldly things; and it effects it in conjunction with the whole sensible influence of melody and rhythm, in tones and movements.

The chorus thus exercises a purifying influence on tragic poetry, insomuch as it keeps reflection apart from the incidents, and by this separation arms it with a poetical vigor, as the painter, by means of a rich drapery, changes the ordinary poverty of costume into a charm and ornament.

But as the painter finds himself obliged to strengthen the tone of color of the living subject, in order to counterbalance the material influences—so the lyrical effusions of the chorus impose upon the poet the necessity of a proportionate elevation of his general diction. It is the chorus alone which entitles the poet to employ this fulness of tone, which at once charms the senses, pervades the spirit, and expands the mind. This one giant form on his canvas obliges him to mount all his figures on the cothurnus, and thus impart a tragical grandeur to his picture. If the chorus be taken away, the diction of the tragedy must generally be lowered, or what is now great and majestic will appear forced and overstrained. The old chorus introduced into the French tragedy would present it in all its poverty, and reduce it to nothing; yet, without doubt, the same accompaniment would impart to Shakspeare's tragedy its true significance.

As the chorus gives life to the language—so also it gives repose to the action; but it is that beautiful and lofty repose which is the characteristic of a true work of art. For the mind of the spectator ought to maintain its freedom through the most impassioned scenes; it should not be the mere prey of impressions, but calmly and severely detach itself from the emotions which it suffers. The commonplace objection made to the chorus, that it disturbs the illusion, and blunts the edge of the feelings, is what constitutes its highest recommendation; for it is this blind force of the affections which the true artist deprecates—this illusion is what he disdains to excite. If the strokes which tragedy inflicts on our bosoms followed without respite, the passion would overpower the action. We should mix ourselves with the subject-matter, and no longer stand above it. It is by holding asunder the different parts, and stepping between the passions with its composing views, that the chorus restores to us our freedom, which would else be lost in the tempest. The characters of the drama need this intermission in order to collect themselves; for they are no real beings who obey the impulse of the moment, and merely represent individuals—but ideal persons and representatives of their species, who enunciate the deep things of humanity.

Thus much on my attempt to revive the old chorus on the tragic stage. It is

true that choruses are not unknown to modern tragedy; but the chorus of the Greek drama, as I have employed it—the chorus, as a single ideal person, furthering and accompanying the whole plot—if of an entirely distinct character; and when, in discussion on the Greek tragedy, I hear mention made of choruses, I generally suspect the speaker's ignorance of his subject. In my view the chorus has never been reproduced since the decline of the old tragedy.

I have divided it into two parts, and represented it in contest with itself; but this occurs where it acts as a real person, and as an unthinking multitude. As chorus and an ideal person it is always one and entire. I have also several times dispensed with its presence on the stage. For this liberty I have the example of Aeschylus, the creator of tragedy, and Sophocles, the greatest master of his art.

Another license it may be more difficult to excuse. I have blended together the Christian religion and the pagan mythology, and introduced recollections of the Moorish superstition. But the scene of the drama is Messina—where these three religions either exercised a living influence, or appealed to the senses in monumental remains. Besides, I consider it a privilege of poetry to deal with different religions as a collective whole. In which everything that bears an individual character, and expresses a peculiar mode of feeling, has its place. Religion itself, the idea of a Divine Power, lies under the veil of all religions; and it must be permitted to the poet to represent it in the form which appears the most appropriate to his subject.

SCHILLER'S POEMS

CONTENTS:

POEMS OF THE FIRST PERIOD

Hector and Andromache
Amalia
A Funeral Fantasia
Fantasia—To Laura
To Laura at the Harpsichord
Group from Tartarus
Rapture—To Laura
To Laura (The Mystery of Reminiscence)
Melancholy—To Laura
The Infanticide
The Greatness of the World
Fortune and Wisdom
Elegy on the Death of a Young Man
The Battle
Rousseau
Friendship
Elysium
The Fugitive
To Minna
The Flowers
The Triumph of Love (A Hymn)
To a Moralist
Count Eberhard, the Groaner of Wurtemberg
To the Spring
Semele

POEMS OF THE SECOND PERIOD

Hymn to Joy
The Invincible Armada
The Gods of Greece
Resignation
The Conflict
The Artists
The Celebrated Woman
Written in a Young Lady's Album

POEMS OF THE THIRD PERIOD

The Meeting
The Secret
The Assigination
Longing
Evening (After a Picture)
The Pilgrim
The Ideals
The Youth by the Brook
To Emma
The Favor of the Moment
The Lay of the Mountain
The Alpine Hunter
Dithyramb
The Four Ages of the World
The Maiden's Lament
To My Friends
Punch Song
Nadowessian Death Lament
The Feast of Victory
Punch Song

The Complaint of Ceres
The Eleusinian Festival
The Ring of Polycrates
The Cranes of Ibycus (A Ballad)
The Playing Infant
Hero and Leander (A Ballad)
Cassandra
The Hostage (A Ballad)
Greekism
The Diver (A Ballad)
The Fight with the Dragon
Female Judgment
Fridolin; or, the Walk to the Iron Foundry
The Genius with the Inverted Torch
The Count of Hapsburg (A Ballad)
The Forum of Women
The Glove (A Tale)
The Circle of Nature
The Veiled Statue at Sais
The Division of the Earth
The Fairest Apparition
The Ideal and the Actual Life
Germany and her Princes
Dangerous Consequences
The Maiden from Afar
The Honorable
Parables and Riddles
The Virtue of Woman
The Walk
The Lay of the Bell
The Power of Song
To Proselytizers

Honor to Woman
Hope
The German Art
Odysseus
Carthage
The Sower
The Knights of St. John
The Merchant
German Faith
The Sexes
Love and Desire
The Bards of Olden Time
Jove to Hercules
The Antiques of Paris
Thekla (A Spirit Voice)
The Antique to the Northern Wanderer
The Iliad
Pompeii and Herculaneum
Naenia
The Maid of Orleans
Archimedes
The Dance
The Fortune-Favored
Bookseller's Announcement
Genius
Honors
The Philosophical Egotist
The Best State Constitution
The Words of Belief
The Words of Error
The Power of Woman
The Two Paths of Virtue

The Proverbs of Confucius
Human Knowledge
Columbus
Light and Warmth
Breadth and Depth
The Two Guides of Life
The Immutable

VOTIVE TABLETS

Different Destinies
The Animating Principle
Two Descriptions of Action
Difference of Station
Worth and the Worthy
The Moral Force
Participation
To——
The Present Generation
To the Muse
The Learned Workman
The Duty of All
A Problem
The Peculiar Ideal
To Mystics
The Key
The Observer
Wisdom and Prudence
The Agreement
Political Precept
Majestas Populi
The Difficult Union
To a World-Reformer

My Antipathy
Astronomical Writings
The Best State
To Astronomers
My Faith
Inside and Outside
Friend and Foe
Light and Color
Genius
Beauteous Individuality
Variety
The imitator
Geniality
The Inquirers
Correctness
The Three Ages of Nature
The Law of Nature
Choice
Science of Music
To the Poet
Language
The Master
The Girdle
The Dilettante
The Babblers of Art
The Philosophies
The Favor of the Muses
Homer's Head as a Seal

Goodness and Greatness

The Impulses

Naturalists and Transcendental Philosophers

German Genius

Theophania

TRIFLES

The Epic Hexameter

The Distich

The Eight-line Stanza

The Obelisk

The Triumphal Arch

The Beautiful Bridge

The Gate

St. Peter's

The Philosophers

The Homerides

G. G.

The Moral Poet

The Danaides

The Sublime Subject

The Artifice

Immortality

Jeremiads

Shakespeare's Ghost

The Rivers

Zenith and Nadir

Kant and his Commentators

The Philosophers

The Metaphysician

Pegasus in harness

Knowledge

The Poetry of Life

To Goethe

The Present
Departure from Life
Verses written in the Album of a Learned Friend
Verses written in the Album of a Friend
The Sunday Children
The Highest
The Puppet-show of Life
To Lawgivers
False Impulse to Study
To the Prince of Weimar
The Ideal of Woman (To Amanda)
The Fountain of Second Youth
William Tell
To a Young Friend Devoting Himself to Philosophy
Expectation and Fulfilment
The Common Fate
Human Action
Nuptial Ode
The Commencement of the New Century
Grecian Genius
The Father
The Connecting Medium
The Moment
German Comedy
Farewell to the Reader

Dedications to Death

Preface

SUPPRESSED POEMS

The Journalists and Minos

Bacchus in the Pillory
Spinosa
To the Fates
The Parallel
Klopstock and Wieland
The Muses' Revenge
The Hypochondriacal Pluto (A Romance)
Book I
Book II
Book III
Reproach. To Laura
The Simple Peasant
Actaeon
Man's Dignity
The Messiah
Thoughts on the 1st October, 1781
Epitaph
Quirl
The Plague (A Phantasy)
Monument of Moor the Robber
The Bad Monarchs
The Satyr and My Muse
The Peasants
The Winter Night
The Wirtemberger
The Mole
Hymn to the Eternal
Dialogue
Epitaph on a Certain Physiognomist
Trust in Immortality
Appendix to Poems

POEMS OF SCHILLER.

POEMS OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

[This and the following poem are, with some alterations, introduced in the Play of "The Robbers."]

ANDROMACHE.

Will Hector leave me for the fatal plain,
Where, fierce with vengeance for Patroclus slain,
 Stalks Peleus' ruthless son?
Who, when thou glid'st amid the dark abodes,
To hurl the spear and to revere the gods,
 Shall teach thine orphan one?

HECTOR.

Woman and wife beloved—cease thy tears;
My soul is nerved—the war-clang in my ears!
 Be mine in life to stand
Troy's bulwark!—fighting for our hearths, to go
In death, exulting to the streams below,
 Slain for my fatherland!

ANDROMACHE.

No more I hear thy martial footsteps fall—
Thine arms shall hang, dull trophies, on the wall—
 Fallen the stem of Troy!
Thou goest where slow Cocytus wanders—where
Love sinks in Lethe, and the sunless air

Is dark to light and joy!

HECTOR.

Longing and thought—yes, all I feel and think

May in the silent sloth of Lethe sink,

But my love not!

Hark, the wild swarm is at the walls!—I hear!

Gird on my sword—Beloved one, dry the tear—

Lethe for love is not!

AMALIA.

Angel-fair, Walhalla's charms displaying,
Fairer than all mortal youths was he;
Mild his look, as May-day sunbeams straying
Gently o'er the blue and glassy sea.

And his kisses!—what ecstatic feeling!
Like two flames that lovingly entwine,
Like the harp's soft tones together stealing
Into one sweet harmony divine,—

Soul and soul embraced, commingled, blended,
Lips and cheeks with trembling passion burned,
Heaven and earth, in pristine chaos ended,
Round the blissful lovers madly turn'd.

He is gone—and, ah! with bitter anguish
Vainly now I breathe my mournful sighs;
He is gone—in hopeless grief I languish
Earthly joys I ne'er again can prize!

A FUNERAL FANTASIE.

Pale, at its ghastly noon,
Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon;
The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs;
The clouds descend in rain;
Mourning, the wan stars wane,
Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres!
Haggard as spectres—vision-like and dumb,
Dark with the pomp of death, and moving slow,
Towards that sad lair the pale procession come
Where the grave closes on the night below.

With dim, deep-sunken eye,
Crutched on his staff, who trembles tottering by?
As wrung from out the shattered heart, one groan
Breaks the deep hush alone!
Crushed by the iron fate, he seems to gather
All life's last strength to stagger to the bier,
And hearken—Do these cold lips murmur "Father?"
The sharp rain, drizzling through that place of fear,
Pierces the bones gnawed fleshless by despair,
And the heart's horror stirs the silver hair.

Fresh bleed the fiery wounds
Through all that agonizing heart undone—

Still on the voiceless lips "my Father" sounds,
And still the childless Father murmurs "Son!"
Ice-cold—ice-cold, in that white shroud he lies—
Thy sweet and golden dreams all vanished there—
The sweet and golden name of "Father" dies
Into thy curse,—ice-cold—ice-cold—he lies!
Dead, what thy life's delight and Eden were!

Mild, as when, fresh from the arms of Aurora,
While the air like Elysium is smiling above,
Steeped in rose-breathing odors, the darling of Flora
Wantons over the blooms on his winglets of love.
So gay, o'er the meads, went his footsteps in bliss,
The silver wave mirrored the smile of his face;
Delight, like a flame, kindled up at his kiss,
And the heart of the maid was the prey of his chase.

Boldly he sprang to the strife of the world,
As a deer to the mountain-top carelessly springs;
As an eagle whose plumes to the sun are unfurled,
Swept his hope round the heaven on its limitless wings.
Proud as a war-horse that chafes at the rein,
That, kingly, exults in the storm of the brave;
That throws to the wind the wild stream of its mane,
Strode he forth by the prince and the slave!

Life like a spring day, serene and divine,
In the star of the morning went by as a trance;
His murmurs he drowned in the gold of the wine,
And his sorrows were borne on the wave of the dance.

Worlds lay concealed in the hopes of his youth!—
When once he shall ripen to manhood and fame!

Fond father exult!—In the germs of his youth
What harvests are destined for manhood and fame!

Not to be was that manhood!—The death-bell is knelling,
The hinge of the death-vault creaks harsh on the ears—
How dismal, O Death, is the place of thy dwelling!
Not to be was that manhood!—Flow on, bitter tears!
Go, beloved, thy path to the sun,
Rise, world upon world, with the perfect to rest;
Go—quaff the delight which thy spirit has won,
And escape from our grief in the Halls of the Blest.

Again (in that thought what a healing is found!)
To meet in the Eden to which thou art fled!—
Hark, the coffin sinks down with a dull, sullen sound,
And the ropes rattle over the sleep of the dead.
And we cling to each other!—O Grave, he is thine!
The eye tells the woe that is mute to the ears—
And we dare to resent what we grudge to resign,
Till the heart's sinful murmur is choked in its tears.
Pale at its ghastly noon,
Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon!
The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs:
The clouds descend in rain;
Mourning, the wan stars wane,
Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres.
The dull clods swell into the sullen mound;
Earth, one look yet upon the prey we gave!
The grave locks up the treasure it has found;
Higher and higher swells the sullen mound—
Never gives back the grave!

FANTASIE—TO LAURA.

Name, my Laura, name the whirl-compelling
Bodies to unite in one blest whole—
Name, my Laura, name the wondrous magic
By which soul rejoins its kindred soul!

See! it teaches yonder roving planets
Round the sun to fly in endless race;
And as children play around their mother,
Checkered circles round the orb to trace.

Every rolling star, by thirst tormented,
Drinks with joy its bright and golden rain—
Drinks refreshment from its fiery chalice,
As the limbs are nourished by the brain.

'Tis through Love that atom pairs with atom,
In a harmony eternal, sure;
And 'tis Love that links the spheres together—
Through her only, systems can endure.

Were she but effaced from Nature's clockwork,
Into dust would fly the mighty world;
O'er thy systems thou wouldst weep, great Newton,
When with giant force to chaos hurled!

Blot the goddess from the spirit order,
It would sink in death, and ne'er arise.
Were love absent, spring would glad us never;
Were love absent, none their God would prize!

What is that, which, when my Laura kisses,
Dyes my cheek with flames of purple hue,
Bids my bosom bound with swifter motion,
Like a fever wild my veins runs through?

Every nerve from out its barriers rises,
O'er its banks, the blood begins to flow;
Body seeks to join itself to body,
Spirits kindle in one blissful glow.

Powerful as in the dead creations
That eternal impulses obey,
O'er the web Arachne-like of Nature,—
Living Nature,—Love exerts her sway.

Laura, see how joyousness embraces
E'en the overflow of sorrows wild!
How e'en rigid desperation kindles
On the loving breast of Hope so mild.

Sisterly and blissful rapture softens
Gloomy Melancholy's fearful night,
And, deliver'd of its golden children,
Lo, the eye pours forth its radiance bright!

Does not awful Sympathy rule over
E'en the realms that Evil calls its own?
For 'tis Hell our crimes are ever wooing,

While they bear a grudge 'gainst Heaven alone!

Shame, Repentance, pair Eumenides-like,
Weave round sin their fearful serpent-coils:
While around the eagle-wings of Greatness
Treach'rous danger winds its dreaded toils.

Ruin oft with Pride is wont to trifle,
Envy upon Fortune loves to cling;
On her brother, Death, with arms extended,
Lust, his sister, oft is wont to spring.

On the wings of Love the future hastens
In the arms of ages past to lie;
And Saturnus, as he onward speeds him,
Long hath sought his bride—Eternity!

Soon Saturnus will his bride discover,—
So the mighty oracle hath said;
Blazing worlds will turn to marriage torches
When Eternity with Time shall wed!

Then a fairer, far more beauteous morning,
Laura, on our love shall also shine,
Long as their blest bridal-night enduring:—
So rejoice thee, Laura—Laura mine!

TO LAURA AT THE HARPSICHORD.

When o'er the chords thy fingers stray,
My spirit leaves its mortal clay,
A statue there I stand;
Thy spell controls e'en life and death,
As when the nerves a living breath
Receive by Love's command! [1]

More gently zephyr sighs along
To listen to thy magic song;
The systems formed by heavenly love
To sing forever as they move,
Pause in their endless-whirling round
To catch the rapture-teeming sound;
'Tis for thy strains they worship thee,—
Thy look, enchantress, fetters me!

From yonder chords fast-thronging come
Soul-breathing notes with rapturous speed,
As when from out their heavenly home
The new-born seraphim proceed;
The strains pour forth their magic might,
As glittering suns burst through the night,
When, by Creation's storm awoke,
From chaos' giant-arm they broke.

Now sweet, as when the silv'ry wave
Delights the pebbly beach to lave;
And now majestic as the sound
Of rolling thunder gathering round;
Now pealing more loudly, as when from yon height
Descends the mad mountain-stream, foaming and bright;
Now in a song of love
Dying away,
As through the aspen grove
Soft zephyrs play:
Now heavier and more mournful seems the strain,
As when across the desert, death-like plain,
Whence whispers dread and yells despairing rise,
Cocytus' sluggish, wailing current sighs.

Maiden fair, oh, answer me!
Are not spirits leagued with thee?
Speak they in the realms of bliss
Other language e'er than this?

GROUP FROM TARTARUS.

Hark! like the sea in wrath the heavens assailing,
Or like a brook through rocky basin wailing,
Comes from below, in groaning agony,
A heavy, vacant torment-breathing sigh!
Their faces marks of bitter torture wear,
While from their lips burst curses of despair;
Their eyes are hollow, and full of woe,
And their looks with heartfelt anguish
Seek Cocytus' stream that runs wailing below,
For the bridge o'er its waters they languish.

And they say to each other in accents of fear,
"Oh, when will the time of fulfilment appear?"
High over them boundless eternity quivers,
And the scythe of Saturnus all-ruthlessly, shivers!

RAPTURE—TO LAURA.

From earth I seem to wing my flight,
And sun myself in Heaven's pure light,
When thy sweet gaze meets mine
I dream I quaff ethereal dew,
When my own form I mirrored view
In those blue eyes divine!

Blest notes from Paradise afar,
Or strains from some benignant star
Enchant my ravished ear:
My Muse feels then the shepherd's hour
When silvery tones of magic power
Escape those lips so dear!

Young Loves around thee fan their wings—
Behind, the maddened fir-tree springs,
As when by Orpheus fired:
The poles whirl round with swifter motion,
When in the dance, like waves o'er Ocean,
Thy footsteps float untired!

Thy look, if it but beam with love,
Could make the lifeless marble move,
And hearts in rocks enshrine:

My visions to reality
Will turn, if, Laura, in thine eye
I read—that thou art mine!

TO LAURA. (THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.) [2]

Who and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?
Who made thy glances to my soul the link—
Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink—
 My life in thine to sink?
As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—
So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
 Yields not my soul to thee?
Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?—
Is it because its native home thou art?
Or were they brothers in the days of yore,
Twin-bound both souls, and in the link they bore
 Sigh to be bound once more?
Were once our beings blent and intertwining,
And therefore still my heart for thine is pining?
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—
The joys remote of some bright realm undone,
 Where once our souls were ONE?
Yes, it is so!—And thou wert bound to me
In the long-vanish'd Eld eternally!

In the dark troubled tablets which enroll
The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll—
 "One with thy love my soul!"
Oh yes, I learned in awe, when gazing there,
How once one bright inseparate life we were,
How once, one glorious essence as a God,
Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trod—
 All Nature our abode!
Round us, in waters of delight, forever
Voluptuous flowed the heavenly Nectar river;
We were the master of the seal of things,
And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs
 Quivered our glancing wings.
Weep for the godlike life we lost afar—
Weep!—thou and I its scattered fragments are;
And still the unconquered yearning we retain—
Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,
 And grow divine again.
And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee;
This made thy glances to my soul the link—
This made me burn thy very breath to drink—
 My life in thine to sink;
And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,
So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
 Yieldeth my soul to thee!
Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,
Because, beloved, its native home thou art;
Because the twins recall the links they bore,
And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,

Meets and unites once more!
Thou, too—Ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells,
And thy young blush the tender answer tells;
Yes! with the dear relation still we thrill,
Both lives—though exiles from the homeward hill—
One life—all glowing still!

MELANCHOLY—TO LAURA.

Laura! a sunrise seems to break
Where'er thy happy looks may glow.
Joy sheds its roses o'er thy cheek,
Thy tears themselves do but bespeak
The rapture whence they flow;
Blest youth to whom those tears are given—
The tears that change his earth to heaven;
His best reward those melting eyes—
For him new suns are in the skies!

Thy soul—a crystal river passing,
Silver-clear, and sunbeam-glassing,
Mays into bloom sad Autumn by thee;
Night and desert, if they spy thee,
To gardens laugh—with daylight shine,
Lit by those happy smiles of thine!
Dark with cloud the future far
Goldens itself beneath thy star.
Smilest thou to see the harmony
Of charm the laws of Nature keep?
Alas! to me the harmony
Brings only cause to weep!

Holds not Hades its domain

Underneath this earth of ours?
Under palace, under fame,
Underneath the cloud-capped towers?
Stately cities soar and spread
O'er your mouldering bones, ye dead!
From corruption, from decay,
Springs yon clove-pink's fragrant bloom;
Yon gay waters wind their way
From the hollows of a tomb.

From the planets thou mayest know
All the change that shifts below,
Fled—beneath that zone of rays,
Fled to night a thousand Mays;
Thrones a thousand—rising—sinking,
Earth from thousand slaughters drinking
Blood profusely poured as water;—
Of the sceptre—of the slaughter—
Wouldst thou know what trace remaineth?
Seek them where the dark king reigneth!

Scarce thine eye can ope and close
Ere life's dying sunset glows;
Sinking sudden from its pride
Into death—the Lethe tide.
Ask'st thou whence thy beauties rise?
Boastest thou those radiant eyes?—
Or that cheek in roses dyed?
All their beauty (thought of sorrow!)
From the brittle mould they borrow.
Heavy interest in the tomb
For the brief loan of the bloom,

For the beauty of the day,
Death the usurer, thou must pay,
In the long to-morrow!

Maiden!—Death's too strong for scorn;
In the cheek the fairest, He
But the fairest throne doth see
Though the roses of the morn
Weave the veil by beauty worn—
Aye, beneath that brodered curtain,
Stands the Archer stern and certain!
Maid—thy Visionary hear—
Trust the wild one as the sear,
When he tells thee that thine eye,
While it beckons to the wooer,
Only lureth yet more nigh
Death, the dark undoer!

Every ray shed from thy beauty
Wastes the life-lamp while it beams,
And the pulse's playful duty,
And the blue veins' merry streams,
Sport and run into the pall—
Creatures of the Tyrant, all!
As the wind the rainbow shatters,
Death thy bright smiles rends and scatters,
Smile and rainbow leave no traces;—
From the spring-time's laughing graces,
From all life, as from its germ,
Grows the revel of the worm!

Woe, I see the wild wind wreak
Its wrath upon thy rosy bloom,

Winter plough thy rounded cheek,
Cloud and darkness close in gloom;
Blackening over, and forever,
Youth's serene and silver river!
Love alike and beauty o'er,
Lovely and beloved no more!

Maiden, an oak that soars on high,
And scorns the whirlwind's breath
Behold thy Poet's youth defy
The blunted dart of Death!
His gaze as ardent as the light
That shoots athwart the heaven,
His soul yet fiercer than the light
In the eternal heaven,
Of Him, in whom as in an ocean-surge
Creation ebbs and flows—and worlds arise and merge!
Through Nature steers the poet's thought to find
No fear but this—one barrier to the mind?

And dost thou glory so to think?
And heaves thy bosom?—Woe!
This cup, which lures him to the brink,
As if divinity to drink—
Has poison in its flow!
Wretched, oh, wretched, they who trust
To strike the God-spark from the dust!
The mightiest tone the music knows,
But breaks the harp-string with the sound;
And genius, still the more it glows,
But wastes the lamp whose life bestows
The light it sheds around.

Soon from existence dragged away,
The watchful jailer grasps his prey:
Vowed on the altar of the abused fire,
The spirits I raised against myself conspire!
Let—yes, I feel it two short springs away
Pass on their rapid flight;
And life's faint spark shall, fleeting from the clay,
Merge in the Fount of Light!

And weep'st thou, Laura?—be thy tears forbid;
Would'st thou my lot, life's dreariest years amid,
Protract and doom?—No: sinner, dry thy tears:
Would'st thou, whose eyes beheld the eagle wing
Of my bold youth through air's dominion spring,
Mark my sad age (life's tale of glory done)—
Crawl on the sod and tremble in the sun?
Hear the dull frozen heart condemn the flame
That as from heaven to youth's blithe bosom came;
And see the blind eyes loathing turn from all
The lovely sins age curses to recall?
Let me die young!—sweet sinner, dry thy tears!
Yes, let the flower be gathered in its bloom!
And thou, young genius, with the brows of gloom,
Quench thou life's torch, while yet the flame is strong!
Even as the curtain falls; while still the scene
Most thrills the hearts which have its audience been;
As fleet the shadows from the stage—and long
When all is o'er, lingers the breathless throng!

THE INFANTICIDE.

Hark where the bells toll, chiming, dull and steady,
The clock's slow hand hath reached the appointed time.
Well, be it so—prepare, my soul is ready,
Companions of the grave—the rest for crime!
Now take, O world! my last farewell—receiving
My parting kisses—in these tears they dwell!
Sweet are thy poisons while we taste believing,
Now we are quits—heart-poisoner, fare-thee-well!

Farewell, ye suns that once to joy invited,
Changed for the mould beneath the funeral shade;
Farewell, farewell, thou rosy time delighted,
Luring to soft desire the careless maid,
Pale gossamers of gold, farewell, sweet dreaming
Fancies—the children that an Eden bore!
Blossoms that died while dawn itself was gleaming,
Opening in happy sunlight never more.

Swanlike the robe which innocence bestowing,
Decked with the virgin favors, rosy fair,
In the gay time when many a young rose glowing,
Blushed through the loose train of the amber hair.
Woe, woe! as white the robe that decks me now—
The shroud-like robe hell's destined victim wears;

Still shall the fillet bind this burning brow—
That sable braid the Doomsman's hand prepares!

Weep ye, who never fell-for whom, unerring,
The soul's white lilies keep their virgin hue,
Ye who when thoughts so danger-sweet are stirring,
Take the stern strength that Nature gives the few!
Woe, for too human was this fond heart's feeling—
Feeling!—my sin's avenger [3] doomed to be;
Woe—for the false man's arm around me stealing,
Stole the lulled virtue, charmed to sleep, from me.

Ah, he perhaps shall, round another sighing
(Forgot the serpents stinging at my breast),
Gayly, when I in the dumb grave am lying,
Pour the warm wish or speed the wanton jest,
Or play, perchance, with his new maiden's tresses,
Answer the kiss her lip enamored brings,
When the dread block the head he cradled presses,
And high the blood his kiss once fevered springs.

Thee, Francis, Francis [4], league on league, shall follow
The death-dirge of the Lucy once so dear;
From yonder steeple dismal, dull, and hollow,
Shall knell the warning horror on thy ear.
On thy fresh leman's lips when love is dawning,
And the lisped music glides from that sweet well—
Lo, in that breast a red wound shall be yawning,
And, in the midst of rapture, warn of hell!

Betrayer, what! thy soul relentless closing
To grief—the woman-shame no art can heal—
To that small life beneath my heart reposing!

Man, man, the wild beast for its young can feel!
Proud flew the sails—receding from the land,
I watched them waning from the wistful eye,
Round the gay maids on Seine's voluptuous strand,
Breathes the false incense of his fatal sigh.

And there the babe! there, on the mother's bosom,
Lulled in its sweet and golden rest it lay,
Fresh in life's morning as a rosy blossom,
It smiled, poor harmless one, my tears away.
Deathlike yet lovely, every feature speaking
In such dear calm and beauty to my sadness,
And cradled still the mother's heart, in breaking,
The softening love and the despairing madness.

"Woman, where is my father?" freezing through me,
Lisp'd the mute innocence with thunder-sound;
"Woman, where is thy husband?"—called unto me,
In every look, word, whisper, busying round!
Alas, for thee, there is no father's kiss;—
He fondleth other children on his knee.
How thou wilt curse our momentary bliss,
When bastard on thy name shall branded be!

Thy mother—oh, a hell her heart concealeth,
Lone-sitting, lone in social nature's all!
Thirsting for that glad fount thy love revealeth,
While still thy look the glad fount turns to gall.
In every infant cry my soul is hearkening,
The haunting happiness forever o'er,
And all the bitterness of death is darkening
The heavenly looks that smiled mine eyes before.

Hell, if my sight those looks a moment misses—
Hell, when my sight upon those looks is turned—
The avenging furies madden in thy kisses,
That slept in his what time my lips they burned.
Out from their graves his oaths spoke back in thunder!
The perjury stalked like murder in the sun—
Forever—God!—sense, reason, soul, sunk under—
The deed was done!

Francis, O Francis! league on league shall chase thee
The shadows hurrying grimly on thy flight—
Still with their icy arms they shall embrace thee,
And mutter thunder in thy dream's delight!

Down from the soft stars, in their tranquil glory,
Shall look thy dead child with a ghastly stare;
That shape shall haunt thee in its cerements gory,
And scourge thee back from heaven—its home is there!

Lifeless—how lifeless!—see, oh see, before me
It lies cold—stiff—O God!—and with that blood
I feel, as swoops the dizzy darkness o'er me
Mine own life mingled—ebbing in the flood—

Hark, at the door they knock—more loud within me—
More awful still—its sound the dread heart gave!
Gladly I welcome the cold arms that win me—
Fire, quench thy tortures in the icy grave!

Francis—a God that pardons dwells in heaven—
Francis, the sinner—yes—she pardons thee—
So let my wrongs unto the earth be given
Flame seize the wood!—it burns—it kindles—see!

There—there his letters cast—behold are ashes—
His vows—the conquering fire consumes them here
His kisses—see—see—all are only ashes—
All, all—the all that once on earth were dear!

Trust not the roses which your youth enjoyeth,
Sisters, to man's faith, changeful as the moon!
Beauty to me brought guilt—its bloom destroyeth
Lo, in the judgment court I curse the boon
Tears in the headsman's gaze—what tears?—'tis spoken!
Quick, bind mine eyes—all soon shall be forgot—
Doomsman—the lily hast thou never broken?
Pale Doomsman—tremble not!

THE GREATNESS OF THE WORLD.

Through the world which the Spirit creative and kind
First formed out of chaos, I fly like the wind,
 Until on the strand
 Of its billows I land,
My anchor cast forth where the breeze blows no more,
And Creation's last boundary stands on the shore.
I saw infant stars into being arise,
For thousands of years to roll on through the skies;
 I saw them in play
 Seek their goal far away,—
For a moment my fugitive gaze wandered on,—
I looked round me, and lo!—all those bright stars had flown!

 Madly yearning to reach the dark kingdom of night.
I boldly steer on with the speed of the light;
 All misty and drear
 The dim heavens appear,
While embryo systems and seas at their source
Are whirling around the sun-wanderer's course.

 When sudden a pilgrim I see drawing near
Along the lone path,—"Stay! What seekest thou here?"
 "My bark, tempest-tossed,
I sail toward the land where the breeze blows no more,

And Creation's last boundary stands on the shore."

"Stay, thou sailest in vain! 'Tis INFINITY yonder!"—
"'Tis INFINITY, too, where thou, pilgrim, wouldst wander!
Eagle-thoughts that aspire,
Let your proud pinions tire!
For 'tis here that sweet phantasy, bold to the last,
Her anchor in hopeless dejection must cast!"

FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

Enraged against a quondam friend,
To Wisdom once proud Fortune said
"I'll give thee treasures without end,
If thou wilt be my friend instead."

"My choicest gifts to him I gave,
And ever blest him with my smile;
And yet he ceases not to crave,
And calls me niggard all the while."

"Come, sister, let us friendship vow!
So take the money, nothing loth;
Why always labor at the plough?
Here is enough I'm sure for both!"

Sage wisdom laughed,—the prudent elf!—
And wiped her brow, with moisture hot:
"There runs thy friend to hang himself,—
Be reconciled—I need thee not!"

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN. [5]

Mournful groans, as when a tempest lowers,
Echo from the dreary house of woe;
Death-notes rise from yonder minster's towers!
Bearing out a youth, they slowly go;
Yes! a youth—unripe yet for the bier,
Gathered in the spring-time of his days,
Thrilling yet with pulses strong and clear,
With the flame that in his bright eye plays—
Yes, a son—the idol of his mother,
(Oh, her mournful sigh shows that too well!)
Yes! my bosom-friend,—alas my brother!—
Up! each man the sad procession swell!

Do ye boast, ye pines, so gray and old,
Storms to brave, with thunderbolts to sport?
And, ye hills, that ye the heavens uphold?
And, ye heavens, that ye the suns support!
Boasts the graybeard, who on haughty deeds
As on billows, seeks perfection's height?
Boasts the hero, whom his prowess leads
Up to future glory's temple bright!
If the gnawing worms the floweret blast,
Who can madly think he'll ne'er decay?
Who above, below, can hope to last,

If the young man's life thus fleets away?

Joyously his days of youth so glad
Danced along, in rosy garb beclad,
And the world, the world was then so sweet!
And how kindly, how enchantingly
Smiled the future,—with what golden eye
Did life's paradise his moments greet!
While the tear his mother's eye escaped,
Under him the realm of shadows gaped
And the fates his thread began to sever,—
Earth and Heaven then vanished from his sight.
From the grave-thought shrank he in affright—
Sweet the world is to the dying ever!

Dumb and deaf 'tis in that narrow place,
Deep the slumbers of the buried one!
Brother! Ah, in ever-slackening race
All thy hopes their circuit cease to run!
Sunbeams oft thy native hill still lave,
But their glow thou never more canst feel;
O'er its flowers the zephyr's pinions wave,
O'er thine ear its murmur ne'er can steal;
Love will never tinge thine eye with gold,
Never wilt thou embrace thy blooming bride,
Not e'en though our tears in torrents rolled—
Death must now thine eye forever hide!

Yet 'tis well!—for precious is the rest,
In that narrow house the sleep is calm;
There, with rapture sorrow leaves the breast,—
Man's afflictions there no longer harm.
Slander now may wildly rave o'er thee,

And temptation vomit poison fell,
O'er the wrangle on the Pharisee,
Murderous bigots banish thee to hell!
Rogues beneath apostle-masks may leer,
And the bastard child of justice play,
As it were with dice, with mankind here,
And so on, until the judgment day!

O'er thee fortune still may juggle on,
For her minions blindly look around,—
Man now totter on his staggering throne,
And in dreary puddles now be found!
Blest art thou, within thy narrow cell!
To this stir of tragi-comedy,
To these fortune-waves that madly swell,
To this vain and childish lottery,
To this busy crowd effecting naught,
To this rest with labor teeming o'er,
Brother!—to this heaven with devils—fraught,
Now thine eyes have closed forevermore.

Fare thee well, oh, thou to memory dear,
By our blessings lulled to slumbers sweet!
Sleep on calmly in thy prison drear,—
Sleep on calmly till again we meet!
Till the loud Almighty trumpet sounds,
Echoing through these corpse-encumbered hills,
Till God's storm-wind, bursting through the bounds
Placed by death, with life those corpses fills—
Till, impregnate with Jehovah's blast,
Graves bring forth, and at His menace dread,
In the smoke of planets melting fast,

Once again the tombs give up their dead!

Not in worlds, as dreamed of by the wise,
Not in heavens, as sung in poet's song,
Not in e'en the people's paradise—
Yet we shall o'ertake thee, and ere long.
Is that true which cheered the pilgrim's gloom?
Is it true that thoughts can yonder be
True, that virtue guides us o'er the tomb?
That 'tis more than empty phantasy?
All these riddles are to thee unveiled!
Truth thy soul ecstatic now drinks up,
Truth in radiance thousandfold exhaled
From the mighty Father's blissful cup.

Dark and silent bearers draw, then, nigh!
To the slayer serve the feast the while!
Cease, ye mourners, cease your wailing cry!
Dust on dust upon the body pile!
Where's the man who God to tempt presumes?
Where the eye that through the gulf can see?
Holy, holy, holy art thou, God of tombs!
We, with awful trembling, worship Thee!
Dust may back to native dust be ground,
From its crumbling house the spirit fly,
And the storm its ashes strew around,—
But its love, its love shall never die!

THE BATTLE.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measure less spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front—

"Halt!"

And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing,
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with ye—children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the trump and the fife,
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round,
Ay, shout it forth to life or death—
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall,
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes
"Ready!"—From square to square it goes,
Down on the knee they sank,
And fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a man to the earth it sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent—
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van,
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er
In the life to come that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What, Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—Oh God! are their guns so near?
Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!—

I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side shall regain!"
Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night—
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutant flying,—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
The terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night,
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

ROUSSEAU.

Monument of our own age's shame,
On thy country casting endless blame,
Rousseau's grave, how dear thou art to me
Calm repose be to thy ashes blest!
In thy life thou vainly sought'st for rest,
But at length 'twas here obtained by thee!

When will ancient wounds be covered o'er?
Wise men died in heathen days of yore;
Now 'tis lighter—yet they die again.
Socrates was killed by sophists vile,
Rousseau meets his death through Christians' wile,—
Rousseau—who would fain make Christians men!

FRIENDSHIP.

[From "Letters of Julius to Raphael," an unpublished Novel.]

Friend!—the Great Ruler, easily content,
Needs not the laws it has laborious been
The task of small professors to invent;
A single wheel impels the whole machine
Matter and spirit;—yea, that simple law,
Pervading nature, which our Newton saw.

This taught the spheres, slaves to one golden rein,
Their radiant labyrinths to weave around
Creation's mighty hearts: this made the chain,
Which into interwoven systems bound
All spirits streaming to the spiritual sun
As brooks that ever into ocean run!

Did not the same strong mainspring urge and guide
Our hearts to meet in love's eternal bond?
Linked to thine arm, O Raphael, by thy side
Might I aspire to reach to souls beyond
Our earth, and bid the bright ambition go
To that perfection which the angels know!

Happy, O happy—I have found thee—I
Have out of millions found thee, and embraced;

Thou, out of millions, mine!—Let earth and sky
Return to darkness, and the antique waste—
To chaos shocked, let warring atoms be,
Still shall each heart unto the other flee!

Do I not find within thy radiant eyes
Fairer reflections of all joys most fair?
In thee I marvel at myself—the dyes
Of lovely earth seem lovelier painted there,
And in the bright looks of the friend is given
A heavenlier mirror even of the heaven!

Sadness casts off its load, and gayly goes
From the intolerant storm to rest awhile,
In love's true heart, sure haven of repose;
Does not pain's veriest transports learn to smile
From that bright eloquence affection gave
To friendly looks?—there, finds not pain a grave?

In all creation did I stand alone,
Still to the rocks my dreams a soul should find,
Mine arms should wreath themselves around the stone,
My griefs should feel a listener in the wind;
My joy—its echo in the caves should be!
Fool, if ye will—Fool, for sweet sympathy!

We are dead groups of matter when we hate;
But when we love we are as gods!—Unto
The gentle fetters yearning, through each state
And shade of being multiform, and through
All countless spirits (save of all the sire)—
Moves, breathes, and blends, the one divine desire.

Lo! arm in arm, through every upward grade,
From the rude mongrel to the starry Greek,
Who the fine link between the mortal made,
And heaven's last seraph—everywhere we seek
Union and bond—till in one sea sublime
Of love be merged all measure and all time!

Friendless ruled God His solitary sky;
He felt the want, and therefore souls were made,
The blessed mirrors of his bliss!—His eye
No equal in His loftiest works surveyed;
And from the source whence souls are quickened, He
Called His companion forth—ETERNITY!

ELYSIUM.

Past the despairing wail—
And the bright banquets of the Elysian vale
Melt every care away!
Delight, that breathes and moves forever,
Glides through sweet fields like some sweet river!
Elysian life survey!
There, fresh with youth, o'er jocund meads,
His merry west-winds blithely leads
The ever-blooming May!
Through gold-woven dreams goes the dance of the hours,
In space without bounds swell the soul and its powers,
And truth, with no veil, gives her face to the day.
And joy to-day and joy to-morrow,
But wafts the airy soul aloft;
The very name is lost to sorrow,
And pain is rapture tuned more exquisitely soft.

Here the pilgrim reposes the world-weary limb,
And forgets in the shadow, cool-breathing and dim,
The load he shall bear never more;
Here the mower, his sickle at rest, by the streams,
Lulled with harp-strings, reviews, in the calm of his dreams,
The fields, when the harvest is o'er.
Here, he, whose ears drank in the battle roar,

Whose banners streamed upon the startled wind
A thunder-storm,—before whose thunder tread
The mountains trembled,—in soft sleep reclined,
By the sweet brook that o'er its pebbly bed
In silver plays, and murmurs to the shore,
Hears the stern clangor of wild spears no more!
Here the true spouse the lost-beloved regains,
And on the enamelled couch of summer-plains
Mingles sweet kisses with the zephyr's breath.
Here, crowned at last, love never knows decay,
Living through ages its one bridal day,
Safe from the stroke of death!

THE FUGITIVE.

The air is perfumed with the morning's fresh breeze,
From the bush peer the sunbeams all purple and bright,
While they gleam through the clefts of the dark-waving trees,
And the cloud-crested mountains are golden with light.

With joyful, melodious, ravishing, strain,
The lark, as he wakens, salutes the glad sun,
Who glows in the arms of Aurora again,
And blissfully smiling, his race 'gins to run.

All hail, light of day!
Thy sweet gushing ray
Pours down its soft warmth over pasture and field;
With hues silver-tinged
The meadows are fringed,
And numberless suns in the dewdrop revealed.

Young Nature invades
The whispering shades,
Displaying each ravishing charm;
The soft zephyr blows,
And kisses the rose,
The plain is sweet-scented with balm.

How high from yon city the smoke-clouds ascend!

Their neighing, and snorting, and bellowing blend
The horses and cattle;
The chariot-wheels rattle,
As down to the valley they take their mad way;
And even the forest where life seems to move,
The eagle, and falcon, and hawk soar above,
And flutter their pinions, in heaven's bright ray.

In search of repose
From my heart-rending woes,
Oh, where shall my sad spirit flee?
The earth's smiling face,
With its sweet youthful grace,
A tomb must, alas, be for me!

Arise, then, thou sunlight of morning, and fling
O'er plain and o'er forest thy purple-dyed beams!
Thou twilight of evening, all noiselessly sing
In melody soft to the world as it dreams!

Ah, sunlight of morning, to me thou but flingest
Thy purple-dyed beams o'er the grave of the past!
Ah, twilight of evening, thy strains thou but singest
To one whose deep slumbers forever must last!

TO MINNA.

Do I dream? can I trust to my eye?
My sight sure some vapor must cover?
Or, there, did my Minna pass by—
My Minna—and knew not her lover?
On the arm of the coxcomb she crossed,
Well the fan might its zephyr bestow;
Herself in her vanity lost,
That wanton my Minna?—Ah, no!

In the gifts of my love she was dressed,
My plumes o'er her summer hat quiver;
The ribbons that flaunt in her breast
Might bid her—remember the giver!
And still do they bloom on thy bosom,
The flowerets I gathered for thee!
Still as fresh is the leaf of each blossom,
'Tis the heart that has faded from me!

Go and take, then, the incense they tender;
Go, the one that adored thee forget!
Go, thy charms to the feigner surrender,
In my scorn is my comforter yet!
Go, for thee with what trust and belief
There beat not ignobly a heart

That has strength yet to strive with the grief
To have worshipped the trifler thou art!

Thy beauty thy heart hath betrayed—
Thy beauty—shame, Minna, to thee!
To-morrow its glory will fade,
And its roses all withered will be!
The swallows that swarm in the sun
Will fly when the north winds awaken,
The false ones thine autumn will shun,
For whom thou the true hast forsaken!

'Mid the wrecks of the charms in December,
I see thee alone in decay,
And each spring shall but bid thee remember
How brief for thyself was the May!
Then they who so wantonly flock
To the rapture thy kiss can impart,
Shall scoff at thy winter, and mock
Thy beauty as wrecked as thy heart!

Thy beauty thy heart hath betrayed—
Thy beauty—shame, Minna, to thee
To-morrow its glory will fade—
And its roses all withered will be!
O, what scorn for thy desolate years
Shall I feel!—God forbid it in me!
How bitter will then be the tears
Shed, Minna, O Minna, for thee!

THE FLOWERS.

Ye offspring of the morning sun,
Ye flowers that deck the smiling plain,
Your lives, in joy and bliss begun,
In Nature's love unchanged remain.
With hues of bright and godlike splendor
Sweet Flora graced your forms so tender,
And clothed ye in a garb of light;
Spring's lovely children weep forever,
For living souls she gave ye never,
And ye must dwell in endless night?

The nightingale and lark still sing
In your tranced ears the bliss of love;
The toying sylphs, on airy wing,
Around your fragrant bosoms rove,
Of yore, Dione's daughter [6] twining
In garlands sweet your cup-so shining,
A pillow formed where love might rest!
Spring's gentle children, mourn forever,
The joys of love she gave ye never,
Ne'er let ye know that feeling blest!

But when ye're gathered by my hand,
A token of my love to be,

Now that her mother's harsh command
From Nanny's [7] sight has banished me—
E'en from that passing touch ye borrow
Those heralds mute of pleasing sorrow,
Life, language, hearts and souls divine;
And to your silent leaves 'tis given,
By Him who mightiest is in heaven,
His glorious Godhead to enshrine.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A HYMN.

By love are blest the gods on high,
Frail man becomes a deity
When love to him is given;
'Tis love that makes the heavens shine
With hues more radiant, more divine,
And turns dull earth to heaven!

In Pyrrha's rear (so poets sang
In ages past and gone),
The world from rocky fragments sprang—
Mankind from lifeless stone.

Their soul was but a thing of night,
Like stone and rock their heart;
The flaming torch of heaven so bright
Its glow could ne'er impart.

Young loves, all gently hovering round,
Their souls as yet had never bound
In soft and rosy chains;
No feeling muse had sought to raise
Their bosoms with ennobling lays,
Or sweet, harmonious strains.

Around each other lovingly
No garlands then entwined;
The sorrowing springs fled toward the sky,
And left the earth behind.

From out the sea Aurora rose
With none to hail her then;
The sun unhailed, at daylight's close,
In ocean sank again.

In forests wild, man went astray,
Misled by Luna's cloudy ray—
He bore an iron yoke;
He pined not for the stars on high,
With yearning for a deity
No tears in torrents broke.

.....

But see! from out the deep-blue ocean
Fair Venus springs with gentle motion
The graceful Naiad's smiling band
Conveys her to the gladdened strand,

A May-like, youthful, magic power
Entwines, like morning's twilight hour,
Around that form of godlike birth,
The charms of air, sea, heaven, and earth.

The day's sweet eye begins to bloom
Across the forest's midnight gloom;
Narcissuses, their balm distilling,
The path her footstep treads are filling.

A song of love, sweet Philomel,
Soon carolled through the grove;
The streamlet, as it murmuring fell,
Discoursed of naught but love,

Pygmalion! Happy one! Behold!
Life's glow pervades thy marble cold!
Oh, LOVE, thou conqueror all-divine,
Embrace each happy child of thine!

.....

By love are blest the gods on high,—
Frail man becomes a deity
When love to him is given;
'Tis love that makes the heavens shine
With hues more radiant, more divine,
And turns dull earth to heaven!

.....

The gods their days forever spend
In banquets bright that have no end,
In one voluptuous morning-dream,
And quaff the nectar's golden stream.

Enthroned in awful majesty
Kronion wields the bolt on high:
In abject fear Olympus rocks
When wrathfully he shakes his locks.

To other gods he leaves his throne,
And fills, disguised as earth's frail son,
The grove with mournful numbers;

The thunders rest beneath his feet,
And lulled by Leda's kisses sweet,
The Giant-Slayer slumbers.

Through the boundless realms of light
Phoebus' golden reins, so bright,
Guide his horses white as snow,
While his darts lay nations low.
But when love and harmony
Fill his breast, how willingly
Ceases Phoebus then to heed
Rattling dart and snow-white steed!

See! Before Kronion's spouse
Every great immortal bows;
Proudly soar the peacock pair
As her chariot throne they bear,
While she decks with crown of might
Her ambrosial tresses bright,

Beauteous princess, ah! with fear
Quakes before thy splendor, love,
Seeking, as he ventures near,
With his power thy breast to move!
Soon from her immortal throne
Heaven's great queen must fain descend,
And in prayer for beauty's zone,
To the heart-enchainer bend!

.....

By love are blest the gods on high,
Frail man becomes a deity

When love to him is given;
'Tis love that makes the heavens shine
With hues more radiant, more divine,
And turns dull earth to heaven!

.....

'Tis love illumines the realms of night,
For Orcus dark obeys his might,
And bows before his magic spell
All-kindly looks the king of hell
At Ceres' daughter's smile so bright,—
Yes—love illumines the realms of night!

In hell were heard, with heavenly sound,
Holding in chains its warder bound,
Thy lays, O Thracian one!
A gentler doom dread Minos passed,
While down his cheeks the tears coursed fast
And e'en around Megaera's face
The serpents twined in fond embrace,
The lashes' work seemed done.

Driven by Orpheus' lyre away,
The vulture left his giant-prey [8];
With gentler motion rolled along
Dark Lethe and Cocytus' river,
Enraptured Thracian, by thy song,—
And love its burden was forever!

By love are blest the gods on high,
Frail man becomes a deity
When love to him is given;

'Tis love that makes the heavens shine
With hues more radiant, more divine,
And turns dull earth to heaven!

.....

Wherever Nature's sway extends,
The fragrant balm of love descends,
His golden pinions quiver;
If 'twere not Venus' eye that gleams
Upon me in the moon's soft beams,
In sunlit hill or river,—
If 'twere not Venus smiles on me
From yonder bright and starry sea,

Not stars, not sun, not moonbeams sweet,
Could make my heart with rapture beat.
'Tis love alone that smilingly
Peers forth from Nature's blissful eye,
As from a mirror ever!

Love bids the silvery streamlet roll
More gently as it sighs along,
And breathes a living, feeling soul
In Philomel's sweet plaintive song;
'Tis love alone that fills the air
With streams from Nature's lute so fair.

Thou wisdom with the glance of fire,
Thou mighty goddess, now retire,
Love's power thou now must feel!
To victor proud, to monarch high,
Thou ne'er hast knelt in slavery,—

To love thou now must kneel!

Who taught thee boldly how to climb
The steep, but starry path sublime,
And reach the seats immortal?
Who rent the mystic veil in twain,
And showed thee the Elysian plain
Beyond death's gloomy portal?
If love had beckoned not from high,
Had we gained immortality?
If love had not inflamed each thought,
Had we the master spirit sought?
'Tis love that guides the soul along
To Nature's Father's heavenly throne

By love are blest the gods on high,
Frail man becomes a deity
When love to him is given;
'Tis love that makes the heavens shine
With hues more radiant, more divine,
And turns dull earth to heaven!

TO A MORALIST.

Are the sports of our youth so displeasing?
Is love but the folly you say?
Benumbed with the winter, and freezing,
You scold at the revels of May.

For you once a nymph had her charms,
And Oh! when the waltz you were wreathing,
All Olympus embraced in your arms—
All its nectar in Julia's breathing.

If Jove at that moment had hurled
The earth in some other rotation,
Along with your Julia whirled,
You had felt not the shock of creation.

Learn this—that philosophy beats
Sure time with the pulse,—quick or slow
As the blood from the heyday retreats,—
But it cannot make gods of us—No!

It is well icy reason should thaw
In the warm blood of mirth now and then,
The gods for themselves have a law
Which they never intended for men.

The spirit is bound by the ties
Of its gaoler, the flesh;—if I can
Not reach as an angel the skies,
Let me feel on the earth as a man!

COUNT EBERHARD, THE GROANER OF WURTEMBERG.

A WAR SONG.

Now hearken, ye who take delight
In boasting of your worth!
To many a man, to many a knight,
Beloved in peace and brave in fight,
The Swabian land gives birth.

Of Charles and Edward, Louis, Guy,
And Frederick, ye may boast;
Charles, Edward, Louis, Frederick, Guy—
None with Sir Eberhard can vie—
Himself a mighty host!

And then young Ulerick, his son,
Ha! how he loved the fray!
Young Ulerick, the Count's bold son,
When once the battle had begun,
No foot's-breadth e'er gave way.

The Reutlingers, with gnashing teeth,
Saw our bright ranks revealed
And, panting for the victor's wreath,
They drew the sword from out the sheath,

And sought the battle-field.

He charged the foe,—but fruitlessly,—
Then, mail-clad, homeward sped;
Stern anger filled his father's eye,
And made the youthful warrior fly,
And tears of anguish shed.

Now, rascals, quake!—This grieved him sore,
And rankled in his brain;
And by his father's beard he swore,
With many a craven townsman's gore
To wash out this foul stain.

Ere long the feud raged fierce and loud,—
Then hastened steed and man
To Doeffingen in thronging crowd,
While joy inspired the youngster proud,—
And soon the strife began.

Our army's signal-word that day
Was the disastrous fight;
It spurred us on like lightning's ray,
And plunged us deep in bloody fray,
And in the spears' black night.

The youthful Count his ponderous mace
With lion's rage swung round;
Destruction stalked before his face,
While groans and howlings filled the place
And hundreds bit the ground.

Woe! Woe! A heavy sabre-stroke

Upon his neck descended;
The sight each warrior's pity woke—
In vain! In vain! No word he spoke—
His course on earth was ended.

Loud wept both friend and foeman then,
Checked was the victor's glow;
The count cheered thus his knights again—
"My son is like all other men,—
March, children, 'gainst the foe!"

With greater fury whizzed each lance,
Revenge inflamed the blood;
O'er corpses moved the fearful dance
The townsmen fled in random chance
O'er mountain, vale, and flood.

Then back to camp, with trumpet's bray,
We hied in joyful haste;
And wife and child, with roundelay,
With clanging cup and waltzes gay,
Our glorious triumph graced.

And our old Count,—what now does he?
His son lies dead before him;
Within his tent all woefully
He sits alone in agony,
And drops one hot tear o'er him.

And so, with true affection warm,
The Count our lord we love;
Himself a mighty hero-swarm—
The thunders rest within his arm—

He shines like star above!

Farewell, then, ye who take delight
In boasting of your worth!
To many a man, to many a knight,
Beloved in peace, and brave in fight,
The Swabian land gives birth!

TO THE SPRING.

Welcome, gentle Stripling,
Nature's darling thou!
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome now!
Aha!—and thou returnest,
Heartily we greet thee—
The loving and the fair one,
Merrily we meet thee!
Think'st thou of my maiden
In thy heart of glee?

I love her yet, the maiden—
And the maiden yet loves me!
For the maiden, many a blossom
I begged—and not in vain!
I came again a-begging,
And thou—thou givest again:
Welcome, gentle Stripling,
Nature's darling thou—
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome now!

SEMELE:

IN TWO SCENES.

Dramatis Personae.

JUNO.

SEMELE, Princess of Thebes.

JUPITER.

MERCURY.

SCENE—The Palace of Cadmus at Thebes.

SCENE I.

JUNO. (Descending from her chariot, enveloped in a cloud.)

Away, ye peacocks, with my winged car!

Upon Cithaeron's cloud-capped summit wait!

[The chariot and cloud vanish.

Hail, hail, thou house of my undying anger!

A fearful hail to thee, thou hostile roof,

Ye hated walls!—This, this, then, is the place

Where Jupiter pollutes his marriage-bed

Even before the face of modest day!

'Tis here, then, that a woman, a frail mortal,

A dust-created being, dares to lure
The mighty Thunderer from out mine arms,
And hold him prisoner against her lips!

Juno! Juno! thought of madness!
Thou all lonely and in sadness,
Standest now on heaven's bright throne!
Though the votive smoke ascendeth,
Though each knee in homage bendeth,
What are they when love has flown?

To humble, alas, each too-haughty emotion
That swelled my proud breast, from the foam of the ocean
Fair Venus arose, to enchant gods and men!
And the Fates my still deeper abasement decreeing,
Her offspring Hermione brought into being,
And the bliss once mine own can ne'er glad me again!

Amongst the gods do I not reign the queen?
Am I not sister of the Thunderer?
Am I not wife of Zeus, the lord of all?
Groans not the mighty axis of the heavens
At my command? Gleams not Olympus' crown
Upon my head? Ha! now I feel myself!
In my immortal veins is Kronos' blood,
Right royally now swells my godlike heart.
Revenge! revenge!
Shall she unpunished ridicule my might?
Unpunished, discord roll amongst the gods,
Inviting Eris to invade the courts,
The joyous courts of heaven? Vain, thoughtless one!
Perish, and learn upon the Stygian stream
The difference 'twixt divine and earthly dust!

The giant-armor, may it weigh thee down—
Thy passion for a god to atoms crush thee!
Armed with revenge, as with a coat of mail,
I have descended from Olympus' heights,
Devising sweet, ensnaring, flattering words;
But in those words, death and destruction lurk.
Hark! 'tis her footstep! she approaches now—
Approaches ruin and a certain death!
Veil thyself, goddess, in a mortal form! [Exit.

SEMELE. (Calling behind the scenes.)
The sun is fast declining! Maidens, haste,
Scatter ambrosial fragrance through the hall,
Strew roses and narcissus flowers around,
Forgetting not the gold-embroidered pillow.
He comes not yet—the sun is fast declining—

JUNO. (hastily entering in the form of an old woman.)
Praised be the deities, my dearest daughter!

SEMELE.
Ha! Do I dream? Am I awake? Gods! Beroe!

JUNO.
Is't possible that Semele can e'er
Forget her nurse?

SEMELE. 'Tis Beroe! By Zeus!
Oh, let thy daughter clasp thee to her heart!
Thou livest still? What can have brought thee here
From Epidaurus? Tell me all thy tale!
Thou art my mother as of old?

JUNO. Thy mother!
Time was thou call'dst me so.

SEMELE. Thou art so still,
And wilt remain so, till I drink full deep
Of Lethe's maddening draught.

JUNO. Soon Beroe
Will drink oblivion from the waves of Lethe;
But Cadmus' daughter ne'er will taste that draught.

SEMELE.
How, my good nurse? Thy language ne'er was wont
To be mysterious or of hidden meaning;
The spirit of gray hairs 'tis speaks in thee;
Thou sayest I ne'er shall taste of Lethe's draught?

JUNO.
I said so, yes! But wherefore ridicule
Gray hairs? 'Tis true that they, unlike fair tresses,
Have ne'er been able to ensnare a god!

SEMELE.
Pardon poor thoughtless me! What cause have I
To ridicule gray hairs? Can I suppose
That mine forever fair will grace my neck?
But what was that I heard thee muttering
Between thy teeth? A god?

JUNO. Said I a god?
The deities in truth dwell everywhere!
'Tis good for earth's frail children to implore them.
The gods are found where thou art—Semele!
What wouldst thou ask?

SEMELE. Malicious heart! But say
What brings thee to this spot from Epidaurus?
'Tis not because the gods delight to dwell
near Semele?

JUNO. By Jupiter, naught else!—
What fire was that which mounted to thy cheeks
When I pronounced the name of Jupiter?
Naught else, my daughter! Fearfully the plague
At Epidaurus rages; every blast
Is deadly poison, every breath destroys;
The son his mother burns, his bride the bridegroom;
The funeral piles rear up their flaming heads,
Converting even midnight to bright day,
While howls of anguish ceaseless rend the air;
Full to overflowing is the cup of woe!—
In anger, Zeus looks down on our poor nation;
In vain the victim's blood is shed, in vain
Before the altar bows the priest his knee;
Deaf is his ear to all our supplications—
Therefore my sorrow-stricken country now
Has sent me here to Cadmus' regal daughter,
In hopes that I may move her to avert
His anger from us—"Beroe, the nurse,
Has influence," thus they said, "with Semele,
And Semele with Zeus"—I know no more,
And understand still less what means the saying,
That Semele such influence has with Zeus.

SEMELE. (Eagerly and thoughtlessly.)
The plague shall cease to-morrow! Tell them so
Zeus loves me! Say so! It shall cease to-day!

JUNO. (Starting up in astonishment.)

Ha! Is it true what fame with thousand tongues
Has spread abroad from Ida to Mount Haemus?
Zeus loves thee? Zeus salutes thee in the glory
Wherein the denizens of heaven regard him,
When in Saturnia's arms he sinks to rest?
Let, O ye gods, my gray hairs now descend
To Orcus' shades, for I have lived enough!
In godlike splendor Kronos' mighty son
Comes down to her,—to her, who on this breast
Once suckled—yes! to her—

SEMELE. Oh, Beroe!

In youthful form he came, in lovelier guise
Than they who from Aurora's lap arise;
Fairer than Hesper, breathing incense dim,—
In floods of ether steeped appeared each limb;
He moved with graceful and majestic motion,
Like silvery billows heaving o'er the ocean,
Or as Hyperion, whose bright shoulders ever
His bow and arrow bear, and clanging quiver;
His robe of light behind him gracefully
Danced in the breeze, his voice breathed melody,
Like crystal streams with silvery murmur falling,
More ravishing than Orpheus' strains entralling.

JUNO.

My daughter! Inspiration spurs thee on,
Raising thy heart to flights of Helicon!
If thus in strains of Delphic ecstasy
Ascends the short-lived blissful memory
Of his bright charms,—Oh, how divine must be

His own sweet voice,—his look how heavenly!
But why of that great attribute
Kronion joys in most, be mute,—
The majesty that hurls the thunder,
And tears the fleeting clouds asunder?
Wilt thou say naught of that alone?
Prometheus and Deucalion
May lend the fairest charms of love,
But none can wield the bolt save Jove!
The thunderbolt it is alone
Which he before thy feet laid down
That proves thy right to beauty's crown.

SEMELE.

What sayest thou? What are thunder-bolts to me?

JUNO. (Smiling.)

Ah, Semele! A jest becomes thee well!

SEMELE.

Deucalion has no offspring so divine
As is my Zeus—of thunder naught I know.

JUNO.

Mere envy! Fie!

SEMELE. No, Beroe! By Zeus!

JUNO.

Thou swearest?

SEMELE. By Zeus! by mine own Zeus!

JUNO. (Shrieking.) Thou swearest?

Unhappy one!

SEMELE. (In alarm.) What meanest thou, Beroe?

JUNO.

Repeat the word that dooms thee to become
the wretchedest of all on earth's wide face!—
Alas, lost creature! 'Twas not Zeus!

SEMELE. Not Zeus?

Oh, fearful thought!

JUNO. A cunning traitor 'twas
From Attica, who 'neath a godlike form,
Robbed thee of honor, shame, and innocence!—

[SEMELE sinks to the ground.

Well mayest thou fall! Ne'er mayest thou rise again!
May endless night enshroud thine eyes in darkness,
May endless silence round thine ears encamp!
Remain forever here a lifeless mass!
Oh, infamy! Enough to hurl chaste day
Back into Hecate's gloomy arms once more!
Ye gods! And is it thus that Beroe
Finds Cadmus' daughter, after sixteen years
Of bitter separation! Full of joy
I came from Epidaurus; but with shame
To Epidaurus must retrace my steps.—
Despair I take with me. Alas, my people!
E'en to the second Deluge now the plague
May rage at will, may pile mount Oeta high
With corpses upon corpses, and may turn
All Greece into one mighty charnel-house,
Ere Semele can bend the angry gods.

I, thou, and Greece, and all, have been betrayed!

SEMELE. (Trembling as she rises, and extending an arm towards her.)
Oh, Beroe!

JUNO. Take courage, my dear heart!
Perchance 'tis Zeus! although it scarce can be!
Perchance 'tis really Zeus! This we must learn!
He must disclose himself to thee, or thou
Must fly his sight forever, and devote
The monster to the death-revenge of Thebes.
Look up, dear daughter—look upon the face
Of thine own Beroe, who looks on thee
With sympathizing eyes—my Semele,
Were it not well to try him?

SEMELE. No, by heaven!
I should not find him then—

JUNO. What! Wilt thou be
Perchance less wretched, if thou pinest on
In mournful doubt?—and if 'tis really he,—

SEMELE. (Hiding her face in Juno's lap.)
Ah! 'tis not he!

JUNO. And if he came to thee
Arrayed in all the majesty wherein
Olympus sees him? Semele! What then?
Wouldst thou repent thee then of having tried him?

SEMELE. (Springing up.)
Ha! be it so! He must unveil himself!

JUNO. (Hastily.)

Thou must not let him sink into thine arms.
Till he unveils himself—so hearken, child,
To what thy faithful nurse now counsels thee,—
To what affection whispers in mine ear,
And will accomplish!—Say! will he soon come?

SEMELE.

Before Hyperion sinks in Thetis' bed,
He promised to appear.

JUNO. (Forgetting herself hastily.) Is't so, indeed?
He promised? Ha! To-day? (Recovering herself.) Let him approach,
And when he would attempt, inflamed with love,
To clasp his arms around thee, then do thou,—
Observe me well,—as if by lightning struck,
Start back in haste. Ha! picture his surprise!
Leave him not long in wonderment, my child;
Continue to repulse him with a look
As cold as ice—more wildly, with more ardor
He'll press thee then—the coyness of the fair
Is but a dam, that for awhile keeps back
The torrent, only to increase the flood
With greater fury. Then begin to weep
'Gainst giants he might stand,—look calmly on
When Typhoeus, hundred-armed, in fury hurled
Mount Ossa and Olympus 'gainst his throne:
But Zeus is soon subdued by beauty's tears.
Thou smilest?—Be it so! Is, then, the scholar
Wiser, perchance, than she who teaches her?—
Then thou must pray the god one little, little
Most innocent request to grant to thee—

One that may seal his love and godhead too.
He'll swear by Styx. The Styx he must obey!
That oath he dares not break! Then speak these words:
"Thou shalt not touch this body, till thou comest
To Cadmus' daughter clothed in all the might
Wherein thou art embraced by Kronos' daughter!"
Be not thou terrified, my Semele,
If he, in order to escape thy wish,
As bugbears paints the horrors of his presence—
Describes the flames that round about him roar,
The thunder round him rolling when he comes:
These, Semele, are naught but empty fears—
The gods dislike to show to us frail mortals
These the most glorious of their attributes;
Be thou but obstinate in thy request,
And Juno's self will gaze on thee with envy.

SEMELE.

The frightful ox-eyed one! How often he
Complains, in the blest moments of our love,
Of her tormenting him with her black gall—

JUNO. (Aside, furiously, but with embarrassment.)
Ha! creature! Thou shalt die for this contempt!

SEMELE.

My Beroe! What art thou murmuring there?

JUNO. (In confusion.)
Nothing, my Semele! Black gall torments
Me also—Yes! a sharp, reproachful look
With lovers often passes as black gall—
Yet ox-eyes, after all, are not so ugly.

SEMELE.

Oh, Beroe, for shame! they're quite the worst
That any head can possibly contain!
And then her cheeks of green and yellow hues,
The obvious penalty of poisonous envy—
Zeus oft complains to me that that same shrew
Each night torments him with her nauseous love,
And with her jealous whims,—enough, I'm sure,
Into Ixion's wheel to turn all heaven.

JUNO. (Raving up and down in extreme confusion.)
No more of this!

SEMELE. What, Beroe! So angry?
Have I said more than what is true? Said more
Than what is wise?

JUNO. Thou hast said more, young woman,
Than what is true—said more than what is wise!
Deem thyself truly blest, if thy blue eyes
Smile thee not into Charon's bark too soon!
Saturnia has her altars and her temples,
And wanders amongst mortals—that great goddess
Avenes naught so bitterly as scorn

SEMELE.

Here let her wander, and give birth to scorn!
What is't to me?—My Jupiter protects
My every hair,—what harm can Juno do?
But now, enough of this, my Beroe!
Zeus must appear to-day in all his glory;
And if Saturnia should on that account
Find out the path to Orcus—

JUNO. (Aside.) That same path
Another probably will find before her,
If but Kronion's lightning hits the mark!—

(To Semele.)

Yes, Semele, she well may burst with envy
When Cadmus' daughter, in the sight of Greece,
Ascends in triumph to Olympus' heights!—

SEMELE. (Smiling gently.)

Thinkest thou they'll hear in Greece of Cadmus' daughter?

JUNO. From Sidon to Athens the trumpet of fame
Shall ring with no other but Semele's name!
The gods from the heavens shall even descend,
And before thee their knees in deep homage shall bend,
While mortals in silent submission abide
The will of the giant-destroyer's loved bride;
And when distant years shall see
Thy last hour—

SEMELE. (Springing up, and falling on her neck.)

Oh, Beroe!

JUNO. Then a tablet white shall bear
This inscription graven there:
Here is worshipped Semele!
Who on earth so fair as she?
She who from Olympus' throne
Lured the thunder-hurler down!
She who, with her kisses sweet,
Laid him prostrate at her feet!
And when fame on her thousand wings bears it around,
The echo from valley and hill shall resound.

SEMELE. (Beside herself.)
Pythia! Apollo! Hear!
When, oh when will he appear?

JUNO. And on smoking altars they
Rites divine to thee shall pay—

SEMELE. (Inspired.)
I will harken to their prayer,
And will drive away their care,—
Quench with my tears the lightning of great Jove,
His breast to pity with entreaty move!

JUNO. (Aside.)
Poor thing! that wilt thou ne'er have power to do. (Meditating.)
Ere long will melt . . . yet—yet—she called me ugly!—
No pity only when in Tartarus!
(To Semele.)

Fly now, my love! Make haste to leave this spot,
That Zeus may not observe thee—Let him wait
Long for thy coming, that he with more fire
May languish for thee—

SEMELE. Beroe! The heavens
Have chosen thee their mouthpiece! Happy I!
The gods from Olympus shall even descend,
And before me their knees in deep homage shall bend,
While mortals in silent submission abide—
But hold!—'tis time for me to haste away!
[Exit hurriedly.]

JUNO. (Looking after her with exultation.)
Weak, proud, and easily-deluded woman!

His tender looks shall be consuming fire—
His kiss, annihilation—his embrace,
A raging tempest to thee! Human frames
Are powerless to endure the dreaded presence
Of him who wields the thunderbolt on high!

(With raving ecstasy.)

Ha! when her waxen mortal body melts
Within the arms of him, the fire-distilling,
As melts the fleecy snow before the heat
Of the bright sun—and when the perjured one
In place of his soft tender bride, embraces
A form of terror—with what ecstasy
Shall I gaze downwards from Cithaeron's height,
Exclaiming, so that in his hand the bolt
Shall quake: "For shame, Saturnius! Fie, for shame!
What need is there for thee to clasp so roughly?"

[Exit hastily.]

(A, Symphony.)

SCENE II.

The Hall as before.—Sudden brightness.

ZEUS in the shape of a youth.—MERCURY in the distance.

ZEUS.

Thou son of Maia!

MERCURY. (Kneeling, with his head bowed reverentially.)

Zeus!

ZEUS. Up! Hasten! Turn

Thy pinions' flight toward far Scamander's bank!
A shepherd there is weeping o'er the grave
Of his loved shepherdess. No one shall weep
When Zeus is loving: Call the dead to life!

MERCURY. (Rising.)

Let but thy head a nod almighty give,
And in an instant I am there,—am back
In the same instant—

ZEUS. Stay! As I o'er Argos
Was flying, from my temples curling rose
The sacrificial smoke: it gave me joy
That thus the people worship me—so fly
To Ceres, to my sister,—thus speaks Zeus:
"Ten-thousandfold for fifty years to come
Let her reward the Argive husbandmen!"—

MERCURY.

With trembling haste I execute thy wrath,—
With joyous speed thy messages of grace,
Father of all! For to the deities
'Tis bliss to make man happy; to destroy him
Is anguish to the gods. Thy will be done!
Where shall I pour into thine ears their thanks,—
Below in dust, or at thy throne on high?

ZEUS.

Here at my throne on earth—within the palace,
Of Semele! Away! [Exit Mercury.

Does she not come,
As is her wont, Olympus' mighty king
To clasp against her rapture-swelling breast?

Why hastens not my Semele to meet me?
A vacant, deathlike, fearful silence reigns
On every side around the lonely palace,
So wont to ring with wild bacchantic shouts—
No breath is stirring—on Cithaeron's height
Exulting Juno stands. Will Semele
Never again make haste to meet her Zeus?

(A pause, after which he continues.)

Ha! Can yon impious one perchance have dared
To set her foot in my love's sanctuary?—
Saturnia—Mount Cithaeron—her rejoicings
Fearful foreboding!—Semele—yet peace!—
Take courage!—I'm thy Zeus! the scattered heavens
Shall learn, my Semele, that I'm thy Zeus!
Where is the breath of air that dares presume
Roughly to blow on her whom Zeus calls His?
I scoff at all her malice.—Where art thou,
O Semele? I long have pined to rest
My world-tormented head upon thy breast,—
To lull my wearied senses to repose
From the wild storm of earthly joys and woes,—
To dream away the emblems of my might,
My reins, my tiller, and my chariot bright,
And live for naught beyond the joys of love!
Oh heavenly inspiration, that can move
Even the Gods divine! What is the blood
Of mighty Uranus—what all the flood
Of nectar and ambrosia—what the throne
Of high Olympus—what the power I own,
The golden sceptre of the starry skies—
What the omnipotence that never dies,
What might eternal, immortality—

What e'en a god, oh love, if reft of thee?
The shepherd who, beside the murmuring brooks,
Leans on his true love's breast, nor cares to look
After his straying lambs, in that sweet hour
Envies me not my thunderbolt of power!
She comes—she hastens nigh! Pearl of my works,
Woman! the artist who created thee
Should be adored. 'Twas I—myself I worship
Zeus worships Zeus, for Zeus created thee.
Ha! Who will now, in all the being-realm,
Condemn me? How unseen, yes, how despised
Dwindle away my worlds, my constellations
So ray-diffusing, all my dancing systems,
What wise men call the music of my spheres!—
How dead are all when weighed against a soul!
(Semele approaches, without looking up.)
My pride! my throne on earth! Oh Semele!
(He rushes towards her; she seeks to fly.)
Thou flyest?—art mute?—Ha! Semele! thou flyest?

SEMELE. (Repulsing him.)
Away!

ZEUS. (After a pause of astonishment.)
Is Jupiter asleep? Will Nature
Rush to her fall?—Can Semele speak thus?
What, not an answer? Eagerly mine arms
Toward thee are stretched—my bosom never throbbed
Responsive to Agenor's daughter,—never
Throbbed against Leda's breast,—my lips ne'er burned
For the sweet kiss of prisoned Danae,
As now—

SEMELE. Peace, traitor! Peace!

ZEUS. (With displeasure, but tenderly.) My Semele!

SEMELE.

Out of my sight!

ZEUS. (Looking at her with majesty.)

Know, I am Zeus!

SEMELE. Thou Zeus?

Tremble, Salmoneus, for he fearfully

Will soon demand again the stolen charms

That thou hast robbed him of—thou art not Zeus!

ZEUS. (With dignity.)

The mighty universe around me whirls,

And calls me so—

SEMELE. Ha! Fearful blasphemy!

ZEUS. (More gently.)

How, my divine one? Wherefore such a tone?

What reptile dares to steal thine heart from me?

SEMELE.

My heart was vowed to him whose ape thou art!

Men ofttimes come beneath a godlike form

To snare a woman. Hence! thou art not Zeus!

ZEUS.

Thou doubtest? What! Can Semele still doubt

My godhead?

SEMELE. (Mournfully.)

Would that thou wert Zeus! No son
Of morrow-nothingness shall touch this mouth;
This heart is vowed to Zeus! Would thou wert he!

ZEUS. Thou weepest? Zeus is here,—weeps Semele?

(Falling down before her.)

Speak! But command! and then shall slavish nature
Lie trembling at the feet of Cadmus' daughter!
Command! and streams shall instantly make halt—
And Helicon, and Caucasus, and Cynthus,
And Athos, Mycale, and Rhodope, and Pindus,
Shall burst their bonds when I order it so,
And kiss the valleys and plains below,
And dance in the breeze like flakes of snow.
Command! and the winds from the east and the north,
And the fierce tornado shall sally forth,
While Poseidon's trident their power shall own,
When they shake to its base his watery throne;
The billows in angry fury shall rise,
And every sea-mark and dam despise;
The lightning shall gleam through the firmament black
While the poles of earth and of heaven shall crack,
The ocean the heights of Olympus explore,
From thousandfold jaws with wild deafening roar
The thunder shall howl, while with mad jubilee
The hurricane fierce sings in triumph to thee.
Command—

SEMELE, I'm but a woman, a frail woman
How can the potter bend before his pot?
How can the artist kneel before his statue?

ZEUS.

Pygmalion bowed before his masterpiece—
And Zeus now worships his own Semele!

SEMELE. (Weeping bitterly.)
Arise—arise! Alas for us poor maidens!
Zeus has my heart, gods only can I love,
The gods deride me, Zeus despises me!

ZEUS. Zeus who is now before thy feet—

SEMELE. Arise!
Zeus reigns on high, above the thunderbolts,
And, clasped in Juno's arms, a reptile scorns.

ZEUS. (Hastily.)
Ha! Semele and Juno!—which the reptile!

SEMELE.
How blessed beyond all utterance would be
Cadmus' daughter—wert thou Zeus! Alas!
Thou art not Zeus!

ZEUS. (Arises.) I am!
(He extends his hand, and a rainbow fills the hall; music
accompanies its appearance.)
Knowest thou me now?

SEMELE.
Strong is that mortal's arm whom gods protect,—
Saturnius loves thee—none can I e'er love
But deities—

ZEUS. What! art thou doubting still
Whether my might is lent me by the gods

And not god-born? The gods, my Semele,
In charity oft lend their strength to man;
Ne'er do the deities their terrors lend—
Death and destruction is the godhead's seal—
Bearer of death to thee were Zeus unveiled!
(He extends his hand. Thunder, fire, smoke, and earthquake.
Music accompanies the spell here and subsequently.)

SEMELE.

Withdraw, withdraw thy hand!—Oh, mercy, mercy,
For the poor nation! Yes, thou art the child
Of great Saturnius—

ZEUS. Ha! thou thoughtless one!
Shall Zeus, to please a woman's stubbornness,
Bid planets whirl, and bid the suns stand still?
Zeus will do so!—oft has a god's descendant
Ripped up the fire-impregnate womb of rocks,
And yet his might's confined to Tellus' bounds
Zeus only can do this!
(He extends his hand—the sun vanishes, and it becomes
suddenly night.)

SEMELE. (Falling down before him.)

Almighty one!
Couldst thou but love! [Day reappears.

ZEUS. Ha! Cadmus' daughter asks
Kronion if Kronion e'er can love!
One word and he throws off divinity—
Is flesh and blood, and dies, and is beloved!

SEMELE.

Would Zeus do that?

ZEUS. Speak, Semele! What more?

Apollo's self confesses that 'tis bliss

To be a man 'mongst men—a sign from thee,

And I'm a man!

SEMELE. (Falling on his neck.)

Oh Jupiter, the Epidaurus women

Thy Semele a foolish maiden call,

Because, though by the Thunderer beloved,

She can obtain naught from him—

ZEUS. (Eagerly.) They shall blush,

Those Epidaurus women! Ask!—but ask!

And by the dreaded Styx—whose boundless might

Binds e'en the gods like slaves—if Zeus deny thee,

Then shall the gods, e'en in that self-same moment,

Hurl me despairing to annihilation!

SEMELE. (Springing up joyfully.)

By this I know that thou'rt my Jupiter!

Thou swearest—and the Styx has heard thine oath!

Let me embrace thee, then, in the same guise

In which—

ZEUS. (Shrieking with alarm.)

Unhappy one! Oh stay! oh stay!

SEMELE. Saturnia—

ZEUS. (Attempting to stop her mouth.)

Be thou dumb!

SEMELE. Embraces thee.

ZEUS. (Pale, and turning away.)
Too late! The sound escaped!—The Styx!—'Tis death
Thou, Semele, hast gained!

SEMELE. Ha! Loves Zeus thus?

ZEUS.
All heaven I would have given, had I only
Loved thee but less! (Gazing at her with cold
horror.) Thou'rt lost—

SEMELE. Oh, Jupiter!

ZEUS. (Speaking furiously to himself,)
Ah! Now I mark thine exultation, Juno!
Accursed jealousy! This rose must die!
Too fair—alas! too sweet for Acheron!

SEMELE.
Methinks thou'rt niggard of thy majesty!

ZEUS.
Accursed be my majesty, that now
Has blinded thee! Accursed be my greatness,
That must destroy thee! Cursed be I myself
For having built my bliss on crumbling dust!

SEMELE.
These are but empty terrors, Zeus! In truth
I do not dread thy threats!
ZEUS. Deluded child!
Go! take a last farewell forever more
Of all thy friends beloved—naught, naught has power
To save thee, Semele! I am thy Zeus!

Yet that no more—Go—

SEMELE. Jealous one! the Styx!—
Think not that thou'lt be able to escape me. [Exit.

ZEUS.

No! Juno shall not triumph.—She shall tremble—
Aye, and by virtue of the deadly might
That makes the earth and makes the heavens my footstool,
Upon the sharpest rock in Thracia's land
With adamantine chains I'll bind her fast.
But, oh, this oath—

[Mercury appears in the distance.

What means thy hasty flight?

MERCURY.

I bring the fiery, winged, and weeping thanks
Of those whom thou hast blessed—

ZEUS. Again destroy them!

MERCURY. (In amazement.)

Zeus!

ZEUS. None shall now be blessed! She dies—

[The curtain falls.

POEMS OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

HYMN TO JOY.

Joy, thou goddess, fair, immortal,
Offspring of Elysium,
Mad with rapture, to the portal
Of thy holy fame we come!
Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
But thy magic joins again;
All mankind are brethren ever
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

CHORUS.

Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!
Brethren, take the kiss of love!
Yes, the starry realms above
Hide a Father's smiling features!

He, that noble prize possessing—
He that boasts a friend that's true,

He whom woman's love is blessing,
Let him join the chorus too!
Aye, and he who but one spirit
On this earth can call his own!
He who no such bliss can merit,
Let him mourn his fate alone!

CHORUS.

All who Nature's tribes are swelling
Homage pay to sympathy;
For she guides us up on high,
Where the unknown has his dwelling.

From the breasts of kindly Nature
All of joy imbibe the dew;
Good and bad alike, each creature
Would her roseate path pursue.
'Tis through her the wine-cup maddens,
Love and friends to man she gives!
Bliss the meanest reptile gladdens,—
Near God's throne the cherub lives!

CHORUS.

Bow before him, all creation!
Mortals, own the God of love!
Seek him high the stars above,—
Yonder is his habitation!

Joy, in Nature's wide dominion,
Mightiest cause of all is found;
And 'tis joy that moves the pinion,
When the wheel of time goes round;
From the bud she lures the flower—

Suns from out their orbs of light;
Distant spheres obey her power,
Far beyond all mortal sight.

CHORUS.

As through heaven's expanse so glorious
In their orbits suns roll on,
Brethren, thus your proud race run,
Glad as warriors all-victorious!

Joy from truth's own glass of fire
Sweetly on the searcher smiles;
Lest on virtue's steeps he tire,
Joy the tedious path beguiles.
High on faith's bright hill before us,
See her banner proudly wave!
Joy, too, swells the angels' chorus,—
Bursts the bondage of the grave!

CHORUS.

Mortals, meekly wait for heaven
Suffer on in patient love!
In the starry realms above,
Bright rewards by God are given.

To the Gods we ne'er can render
Praise for every good they grant;
Let us, with devotion tender,
Minister to grief and want.
Quenched be hate and wrath forever,
Pardoned be our mortal foe—
May our tears upbraid him never,
No repentance bring him low!

CHORUS.

Sense of wrongs forget to treasure—
Brethren, live in perfect love!
In the starry realms above,
God will mete as we may measure.

Joy within the goblet flushes,
For the golden nectar, wine,
Every fierce emotion hushes,—
Fills the breast with fire divine.
Brethren, thus in rapture meeting,
Send ye round the brimming cup,—
Yonder kindly spirit greeting,
While the foam to heaven mounts up!

CHORUS.

He whom seraphs worship ever;
Whom the stars praise as they roll,
Yes to him now drain the bowl
Mortal eye can see him never!

Courage, ne'er by sorrow broken!
Aid where tears of virtue flow;
Faith to keep each promise spoken!
Truth alike to friend and foe!
'Neath kings' frowns a manly spirit!—
Brethren, noble is the prize—
Honor due to every merit!
Death to all the brood of lies!

CHORUS.

Draw the sacred circle closer!
By this bright wine plight your troth

To be faithful to your oath!
Swear it by the Star-Disposer!

Safety from the tyrant's power! [9]
Mercy e'en to traitors base!
Hope in death's last solemn hour!
Pardon when before His face!
Lo, the dead shall rise to heaven!
Brethren hail the blest decree;
Every sin shall be forgiven,
Hell forever cease to be!

CHORUS.

When the golden bowl is broken,
Gentle sleep within the tomb!
Brethren, may a gracious doom
By the Judge of man be spoken!

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

She comes, she comes—the burden of the deeps!
Beneath her wails the universal sea!
With clanking chains and a new god, she sweeps,
And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
The ocean-castles and the floating hosts—
Ne'er on their like looked the wild water!—Well
May man the monster name "Invincible."
O'er shuddering waves she gathers to thy coasts!
The horror that she spreads can claim
Just title to her haughty name.
The trembling Neptune quails
Under the silent and majestic forms;
The doom of worlds in those dark sails;—
Near and more near they sweep! and slumber all the storms!

Before thee, the array,
Blest island, empress of the sea!
The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,
And thy great heart, Britannia!
Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud—
She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!
Who, to thy hand the orb and sceptre gave,
That thou should'st be the sovereign of the nations?
To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave,

Till freedom dug from law its deep foundations;
The mighty Chart the citizens made kings,
And kings to citizens sublimely bowed!
And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
Hast thou not rendered millions up to slaughter,
When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
The sceptre—and the shroud?
What should'st thou thank?—Blush, earth, to hear and feel
What should'st thou thank?—Thy genius and thy steel!
Behold the hidden and the giant fires!
Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!
Thy coming doom the round earth shall appal,
And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
Theirs is thy glory's fall!

One look below the Almighty gave,
Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe;
And near and wider yawned the horrent grave.
"And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low—
The stem that blooms with hero-deeds—
The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?
Who shall bid England vanish from the main?
Ne'er be this only Eden freedom knew,
Man's stout defence from power, to fate consigned."
God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind!

THE GODS OF GREECE.

Ye in the age gone by,
Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!—
And guided still the steps of happy men
In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh, how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

Then, through a veil of dreams
Woven by song, truth's youthful beauty glowed,
And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
Gave to the soulless, soul—where'r they flowed
Man gifted nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

Where lifeless—fixed afar,
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,
Phoebus Apollo, in his golden car,
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
On yonder hill the Oread was adored,
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;

And from her urn the gentle Naiad poured
The wavelet's silver foam.

Yon bay, chaste Daphne wreathed,
Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell,
Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,
The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill—
Tears shed for Proserpine to Hades borne;
And, for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
Heard Cytherea mourn!—

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto
The mortal race of old Deucalion;
Pyrrha's fair daughter, humanly to woo,
Came down, in shepherd-guise, Latona's son
Between men, heroes, gods, harmonious then
Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine;
Blest Amathusia, heroes, gods, and men,
Equals before thy shrine!

Not to that culture gay,
Stern self-denial, or sharp penance wan!
Well might each heart be happy in that day—
For gods, the happy ones, were kin to man!
The beautiful alone the holy there!
No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race;
So that the chaste Camoenae favoring were,
And the subduing grace!

A palace every shrine;
Your sports heroic;—yours the crown
Of contests hallowed to a power divine,

As rushed the chariots thundering to renown.
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed
Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

The lively Thyrsus-swinger,
And the wild car the exulting panthers bore,
Announced the presence of the rapture-bringer—
Bounded the Satyr and blithe Faun before;
And Maenads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
Hymned in their maddening dance, the glorious wine—
As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl
The ruddy host divine!

Before the bed of death
No ghastly spectre stood—but from the porch
Of life, the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,
And the mute graceful genius lowered a torch.
The judgment-balance of the realms below,
A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held;
The very furies at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spelled.

In the Elysian grove
The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the meads the charioteer;
There Linus poured the old accustomed strain;
Admetus there Alcestis still could greet; his
Friend there once more Orestes could regain,
His arrows—Philoctetes!

More glorious than the meeds
That in their strife with labor nerved the brave,
To the great doer of renowned deeds
The Hebe and the heaven the Thunderer gave.
Before the rescued rescuer [10] of the dead,
Bowed down the silent and immortal host;
And the twain stars [11] their guiding lustre shed,
On the bark tempest-tossed!

Art thou, fair world, no more?
Return, thou virgin-bloom on Nature's face;
Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footstep of sweet fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft;
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
Shadows alone are left!

Cold, from the north, has gone
Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;
And, to enrich the worship of the one,
A universe of gods must pass away!
Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
And—Echo answers me!

Deaf to the joys she gives—
Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed—
Unconscious of the spiritual power that lives
Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblessed—
Dull to the art that colors or creates,
Like the dead timepiece, godless nature creeps

Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weights,
The slavish motion keeps.

To-morrow to receive
New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;
And icy moons with weary sameness weave
From their own light their fulness and decay.
Home to the poet's land the gods are flown,
Light use in them that later world discerns,
Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,
On its own axle turns.

Home! and with them are gone
The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;
Life's beauty and life's melody:—alone
Broods o'er the desolate void, the lifeless word;
Yet rescued from time's deluge, still they throng
Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish:
All, that which gains immortal life in song,
To mortal life must perish!

RESIGNATION.

Yes! even I was in Arcadia born,
And, in mine infant ears,
A vow of rapture was by Nature sworn;—
Yes! even I was in Arcadia born,
And yet my short spring gave me only—tears!

Once blooms, and only once, life's youthful May;
For me its bloom hath gone.
The silent God—O brethren, weep to-day—
The silent God hath quenched my torch's ray,
And the vain dream hath flown.

Upon thy darksome bridge, Eternity,
I stand e'en now, dread thought!
Take, then, these joy-credentials back from me!
Unopened I return them now to thee,
Of happiness, alas, know naught!

Before Thy throne my mournful cries I vent,
Thou Judge, concealed from view!
To yonder star a joyous saying went
With judgment's scales to rule us thou art sent,
And call'st thyself Requirer, too!

Here,—say they,—terrors on the bad alight,

And joys to greet the virtuous spring.
The bosom's windings thou'lt expose to sight,
Riddle of Providence wilt solve aright,
And reckon with the suffering!

Here to the exile be a home outspread,
Here end the meek man's thorny path of strife!
A godlike child, whose name was Truth, they said,
Known but to few, from whom the many fled,
Restrained the ardent bridle of my life.

"It shall be thine another life to live,—
Thy youth to me surrender!
To thee this surety only can I give"—
I took the surety in that life to live;
And gave to her each youthful joy so tender.

"Give me the woman precious to thy heart,
Give up to me thy Laura!
Beyond the grave will usury pay the smart."—
I wept aloud, and from my bleeding heart
With resignation tore her.

"The obligation's drawn upon the dead!"
Thus laughed the world in scorn;
"The lying one, in league with despots dread,
For truth, a phantom palmed on thee instead,
Thou'lt be no more, when once this dream has gone!"

Shamelessly scoffed the mockers' serpent-band
"A dream that but prescription can admit
Dost dread? Where now thy God's protecting hand,
(The sick world's Saviour with such cunning planned),

Borrowed by human need of human wit?"

"What future is't that graves to us reveal?
What the eternity of thy discourse?
Honored because dark veils its form conceal,
The giant-shadows of the awe we feel,
Viewed in the hollow mirror of remorse!"

"An image false of shapes of living mould,
(Time's very mummy, she!)
Whom only Hope's sweet balm hath power to hold
Within the chambers of the grave so cold,—
Thy fever calls this immortality!"

"For empty hopes,—corruption gives the lie—
Didst thou exchange what thou hadst surely done?
Six thousand years sped death in silence by,—
His corpse from out the grave e'er mounted high,
That mention made of the Requiting One?"

I saw time fly to reach thy distant shore,
I saw fair Nature lie
A shrivelled corpse behind him evermore,—
No dead from out the grave then sought to soar
Yet in that Oath divine still trusted I.

My ev'ry joy to thee I've sacrificed,
I throw me now before thy judgment-throne;
The many's scorn with boldness I've despised,—
Only—thy gifts by me were ever prized,—
I ask my wages now, Requiting One!

"With equal love I love each child of mine!"

A genius hid from sight exclaimed.

"Two flowers," he cried, "ye mortals, mark the sign,—
Two flowers to greet the Searcher wise entwined,—
Hope and Enjoyment they are named."

"Who of these flowers plucks one, let him ne'er yearn
To touch the other sister's bloom.
Let him enjoy, who has no faith; eterne
As earth, this truth!—Abstain, who faith can learn!
The world's long story is the world's own doom."

"Hope thou hast felt,—thy wages, then, are paid;
Thy faith 'twas formed the rapture pledged to thee.
Thou might'st have of the wise inquiry made,—
The minutes thou neglectest, as they fade,
Are given back by no eternity!"

THE CONFLICT.

No! I this conflict longer will not wage,
The conflict duty claims—the giant task;—
Thy spells, O virtue, never can assuage
The heart's wild fire—this offering do not ask

True, I have sworn—a solemn vow have sworn,
That I myself will curb the self within;
Yet take thy wreath, no more it shall be worn—
Take back thy wreath, and leave me free to sin.

Rent be the contract I with thee once made;—
She loves me, loves me—forfeit be the crown!
Blessed he who, lulled in rapture's dreamy shade,
Glides, as I glide, the deep fall gladly down.

She sees the worm that my youth's bloom decays,
She sees my spring-time wasted as it flees;
And, marvelling at the rigor that gainsays
The heart's sweet impulse, my reward decrees.

Distrust this angel purity, fair soul!
It is to guilt thy pity armeth me;
Could being lavish its unmeasured whole,
It ne'er could give a gift to rival thee!

Thee—the dear guilt I ever seek to shun,
O tyranny of fate, O wild desires!
My virtue's only crown can but be won
In that last breath—when virtue's self expires!

THE ARTISTS.

How gracefully, O man, with thy palm-bough,
Upon the waning century standest thou,
In proud and noble manhood's prime,
With unlocked senses, with a spirit freed,
Of firmness mild,—though silent, rich in deed,
The ripest son of Time,
Through meekness great, through precepts strong,
Through treasures rich, that time had long
Hid in thy bosom, and through reason free,—
Master of Nature, who thy fetters loves,
And who thy strength in thousand conflicts proves,
And from the desert soared in pride with thee!

Flushed with the glow of victory,
Never forget to prize the hand
That found the weeping orphan child
Deserted on life's barren strand,
And left a prey to hazard wild,—
That, ere thy spirit-honor saw the day,
Thy youthful heart watched over silently,
And from thy tender bosom turned away
Each thought that might have stained its purity;
That kind one ne'er forget who, as in sport,
Thy youth to noble aspirations trained,

And who to thee in easy riddles taught
The secret how each virtue might be gained;
Who, to receive him back more perfect still,
E'en into strangers' arms her favorite gave—
Oh, may'st thou never with degenerate will,
Humble thyself to be her abject slave!
In industry, the bee the palm may bear;
In skill, the worm a lesson may impart;
With spirits blest thy knowledge thou dost share,
But thou, O man, alone hast art!

Only through beauty's morning gate
Didst thou the land of knowledge find.
To merit a more glorious fate,
In graces trains itself the mind.
What thrilled thee through with trembling blessed,
When erst the Muses swept the chord,
That power created in thy breast,
Which to the mighty spirit soared.

When first was seen by doting reason's ken,
When many a thousand years had passed away,
A symbol of the fair and great e'en then,
Before the childlike mind uncovered lay.
Its blessed form bade us honor virtue's cause,—
The honest sense 'gainst vice put forth its powers,
Before a Solon had devised the laws
That slowly bring to light their languid flowers.
Before Eternity's vast scheme
Was to the thinker's mind revealed,
Was't not foreshadowed in his dream,
Whose eyes explored yon starry field?

Urania,—the majestic dreaded one,
Who wears a glory of Orions twined
Around her brow, and who is seen by none
Save purest spirits, when, in splendor shrined,
She soars above the stars in pride,
Ascending to her sunny throne,—
Her fiery chaplet lays aside,
And now, as beauty, stands alone;
While, with the Graces' girdle round her cast,
She seems a child, by children understood;
For we shall recognize as truth at last,
What here as beauty only we have viewed.

When the Creator banished from his sight
Frail man to dark mortality's abode,
And granted him a late return to light,
Only by treading reason's arduous road,—
When each immortal turned his face away,
She, the compassionate, alone
Took up her dwelling in that house of clay,
With the deserted, banished one.
With drooping wing she hovers here
Around her darling, near the senses' land,
And on his prison-walls so drear
Elysium paints with fond deceptive hand.

While soft humanity still lay at rest,
Within her tender arms extended,
No flame was stirred by bigots' murderous zest,
No guiltless blood on high ascended.
The heart that she in gentle fetters binds,
Views duty's slavish escort scornfully;

Her path of light, though fairer far it winds,
Sinks in the sun-track of morality.
Those who in her chaste service still remain,
No grovelling thought can tempt, no fate affright;
The spiritual life, so free from stain,
Freedom's sweet birthright, they receive again,
Under the mystic sway of holy might.

The purest among millions, happy they
Whom to her service she has sanctified,
Whose mouths the mighty one's commands convey,
Within whose breasts she deigneth to abide;
Whom she ordained to feed her holy fire
Upon her altar's ever-flaming pyre,—
Whose eyes alone her unveiled graces meet,
And whom she gathers round in union sweet
In the much-honored place be glad
Where noble order bade ye climb,
For in the spirit-world sublime,
Man's loftiest rank ye've ever had!

Ere to the world proportion ye revealed,
That every being joyfully obeys,—
A boundless structure, in night's veil concealed,
Illumed by naught but faint and languid rays,
A band of phantoms, struggling ceaselessly,
Holding his mind in slavish fetters bound,
Unsociable and rude as he,
Assailing him on every side around,—
Thus seemed to man creation in that day!
United to surrounding forms alone
By the blind chains the passions had put on,

Whilst Nature's beauteous spirit fled away
Unfelt, untasted, and unknown.

And, as it hovered o'er with parting ray,
Ye seized the shades so neighborly,
With silent hand, with feeling mind,
And taught how they might be combined
In one firm bond of harmony.
The gaze, light-soaring, felt uplifted then,
When first the cedar's slender trunk it viewed;
And pleasingly the ocean's crystal flood
Reflected back the dancing form again.
Could ye mistake the look, with beauty fraught,
That Nature gave to help ye on your way?
The image floating on the billows taught
The art the fleeting shadow to portray.

From her own being torn apart,
Her phantom, beauteous as a dream,
She plunged into the silvery stream,
Surrendering to her spoiler's art.
Creative power soon in your breast unfolded;
Too noble far, not idly to conceive,
The shadow's form in sand, in clay ye moulded,
And made it in the sketch its being leave.
The longing thirst for action then awoke,—
And from your breast the first creation broke.

By contemplation captive made,
Ensnared by your discerning eye,
The friendly phantom's soon betrayed
The talisman that roused your ecstasy.
The laws of wonder-working might,

The stores by beauty brought to light,
Inventive reason in soft union planned
To blend together 'neath your forming hand.
The obelisk, the pyramid ascended,
The Hermes stood, the column sprang on high,
The reed poured forth the woodland melody,
Immortal song on victor's deeds attended.

The fairest flowers that decked the earth,
Into a nosegay, with wise choice combined,
Thus the first art from Nature had its birth;
Into a garland then were nosegays twined,
And from the works that mortal hands had made,
A second, nobler art was now displayed.
The child of beauty, self-sufficient now,
That issued from your hands to perfect day,
Loses the chaplet that adorned its brow,
Soon as reality asserts its sway.
The column, yielding to proportion's chains,
Must with its sisters join in friendly link,
The hero in the hero-band must sink,
The Muses' harp peals forth its tuneful strains.

The wondering savages soon came
To view the new creation's plan
"Behold!"—the joyous crowds exclaim,—
"Behold, all this is done by man!"
With jocund and more social aim
The minstrel's lyre their awe awoke,
Telling of Titans, and of giant's frays
And lion-slayers, turning, as he spoke,
Even into heroes those who heard his lays.

For the first time the soul feels joy,
By raptures blessed that calmer are,
That only greet it from afar,
That passions wild can ne'er destroy,
And that, when tasted, do not cloy.

And now the spirit, free and fair,
Awoke from out its sensual sleep;
By you unchained, the slave of care
Into the arms of joy could leap.
Each brutish barrier soon was set at naught,
Humanity first graced the cloudless brow,
And the majestic, noble stranger, thought,
From out the wondering brain sprang boldly now.
Man in his glory stood upright,
And showed the stars his kingly face;
His speaking glance the sun's bright light
Blessed in the realms sublime of space.
Upon the cheek now bloomed the smile,
The voice's soulful harmony
Expanded into song the while,
And feeling swam in the moist eye;
And from the mouth, with spirit teeming o'er,
Jest, sweetly linked with grace, began to pour.

Sunk in the instincts of the worm,
By naught but sensual lust possessed,
Ye recognized within his breast
Love-spiritual's noble germ;
And that this germ of love so blest
Escaped the senses' abject load,
To the first pastoral song he owed.

Raised to the dignity of thought,
Passions more calm to flow were taught
From the bard's mouth with melody.
The cheeks with dewy softness burned;
The longing that, though quenched, still yearned,
Proclaimed the spirit-harmony.

The wisest's wisdom, and the strongest's vigor,—
The meekest's meekness, and the noblest's grace,
By you were knit together in one figure,
Wreathing a radiant glory round the place.
Man at the Unknown's sight must tremble,
Yet its refulgence needs must love;
That mighty Being to resemble,
Each glorious hero madly strove;
The prototype of beauty's earliest strain
Ye made resound through Nature's wide domain.

The passions' wild and headlong course,
The ever-varying plan of fate,
Duty and instinct's twofold force,
With proving mind and guidance straight
Ye then conducted to their ends.
What Nature, as she moves along,
Far from each other ever rends,
Become upon the stage, in song,
Members of order, firmly bound.
Awed by the Furies' chorus dread,
Murder draws down upon its head
The doom of death from their wild sound.
Long e'er the wise to give a verdict dared,
An Iliad had fate's mysteries declared

To early ages from afar;
While Providence in silence fared
Into the world from Thespis' car.
Yet into that world's current so sublime
Your symmetry was borne before its time,
When the dark hand of destiny
Failed in your sight to part by force.

What it had fashioned 'neath your eye,
In darkness life made haste to die,
Ere it fulfilled its beauteous course.
Then ye with bold and self-sufficient might
Led the arch further through the future's night:
Then, too, ye plunged, without a fear,
Into Avernus' ocean black,
And found the vanished life so dear
Beyond the urn, and brought it back.
A blooming Pollux-form appeared now soon,
On Castor leaning, and enshrined in light—
The shadow that is seen upon the moon,
Ere she has filled her silvery circle bright!

Yet higher,—higher still above the earth
Inventive genius never ceased to rise:
Creations from creations had their birth,
And harmonies from harmonies.
What here alone enchants the ravished sight,
A nobler beauty yonder must obey;
The graceful charms that in the nymph unite,
In the divine Athene melt away;
The strength with which the wrestler is endowed,
In the god's beauty we no longer find:

The wonder of his time—Jove's image proud—
In the Olympian temple is enshrined.

The world, transformed by industry's bold hand,
The human heart, by new-born instincts moved,
That have in burning fights been fully proved,
Your circle of creation now expand.
Advancing man bears on his soaring pinions,
In gratitude, art with him in his flight,
And out of Nature's now-enriched dominions
New worlds of beauty issue forth to light.
The barriers upon knowledge are o'erthrown;
The spirit that, with pleasure soon matured,
Has in your easy triumphs been inured
To hasten through an artist-whole of graces,
Nature's more distant columns duly places.
And overtakes her on her pathway lone.
He weighs her now with weights that human are,
Metes her with measures that she lent of old;
While in her beauty's rites more practised far,
She now must let his eye her form behold.
With youthful and self-pleasing bliss,
He lends the spheres his harmony,
And, if he praise earth's edifice,
'Tis for its wondrous symmetry.

In all that now around him breathes,
Proportion sweet is ever rife;
And beauty's golden girdle wreathes
With mildness round his path through life;
Perfection blest, triumphantly,
Before him in your works soars high;

Wherever boisterous rapture swells,
Wherever silent sorrow flees,
Where pensive contemplation dwells,
Where he the tears of anguish sees,
Where thousand terrors on him glare,
Harmonious streams are yet behind—
He sees the Graces sporting there,
With feeling silent and refined.
Gentle as beauty's lines together linking,
As the appearances that round him play,
In tender outline in each other sinking,
The soft breath of his life thus fleets away.
His spirit melts in the harmonious sea,
That, rich in rapture, round his senses flows,
And the dissolving thought all silently
To omnipresent Cytherea grows.
Joining in lofty union with the Fates,
On Graces and on Muses calm relying,
With freely-offered bosom he awaits
The shaft that soon against him will be flying
From the soft bow necessity creates.

Favorites beloved of blissful harmony,
Welcome attendants on life's dreary road,
The noblest and the dearest far that she,
Who gave us life, to bless that life bestowed!
That unyoked man his duties bears in mind,
And loves the fetters that his motions bind,
That Chance with brazen sceptre rules him not,—
For this eternity is now your lot,
Your heart has won a bright reward for this.
That round the cup where freedom flows,

Merrily sport the gods of bliss,—
The beauteous dream its fragrance throws,
For this, receive a loving kiss!

The spirit, glorious and serene,
Who round necessity the graces trains,—
Who bids his ether and his starry plains
Upon us wait with pleasing mien,—
Who, 'mid his terrors, by his majesty gives joy,
And who is beauteous e'en when seeking to destroy,—
Him imitate, the artist good!
As o'er the streamlet's crystal flood
The banks with checkered dances hover,
The flowery mead, the sunset's light,—
Thus gleams, life's barren pathway over,
Poesy's shadowy world so bright.
In bridal dress ye led us on
Before the terrible Unknown,
Before the inexorable fate,
As in your urns the bones are laid,
With beauteous magic veil ye shade
The chorus dread that cares create.
Thousands of years I hastened through
The boundless realm of vanished time
How sad it seems when left by you—
But where ye linger, how sublime!

She who, with fleeting wing, of yore
From your creating hand arose in might,
Within your arms was found once more,
When, vanquished by Time's silent flight,
Life's blossoms faded from the cheek,

And from the limbs all vigor went,
And mournfully, with footstep weak,
Upon his staff the gray-beard leant.
Then gave ye to the languishing,
Life's waters from a new-born spring;
Twice was the youth of time renewed,
Twice, from the seeds that ye had strewed.

When chased by fierce barbarian hordes away,
The last remaining votive brand ye tore
From Orient's altars, now pollution's prey,
And to these western lands in safety bore.
The fugitive from yonder eastern shore,
The youthful day, the West her dwelling made;
And on Hesperia's plains sprang up once more
Ionia's flowers, in pristine bloom arrayed.
Over the spirit fairer Nature shed,
With soft refulgence, a reflection bright,
And through the graceful soul with stately tread
Advanced the mighty Deity of light.
Millions of chains were burst asunder then,
And to the slave then human laws applied,
And mildly rose the younger race of men,
As brethren, gently wandering side by side,
With noble inward ecstasy,
The bliss imparted ye receive,
And in the veil of modesty,
With silent merit take your leave.
If on the paths of thought, so freely given,
The searcher now with daring fortune stands,
And, by triumphant Paeans onward driven,
Would seize upon the crown with dauntless hands—

If he with grovelling hireling's pay
Thinks to dismiss his glorious guide—
Or, with the first slave's-place array
Art near the throne his dream supplied—
Forgive him!—O'er your head to-day
Hovers perfection's crown in pride,
With you the earliest plant Spring had,
Soul-forming Nature first began;
With you, the harvest-chaplet glad,
Perfected Nature ends her plan.

The art creative, that all-modestly arose
From clay and stone, with silent triumph throws
Its arms around the spirit's vast domain.
What in the land of knowledge the discoverer knows,
He knows, discovers, only for your gain
The treasures that the thinker has amassed,
He will enjoy within your arms alone,
Soon as his knowledge, beauty-ripe at last.
To art ennobled shall have grown,—
Soon as with you he scales a mountain-height,
And there, illumined by the setting sun,
The smiling valley bursts upon his sight.
The richer ye reward the eager gaze
The higher, fairer orders that the mind
May traverse with its magic rays,
Or compass with enjoyment unconfined—
The wider thoughts and feelings open lie
To more luxuriant floods of harmony.
To beauty's richer, more majestic stream,—
The fair members of the world's vast scheme,
That, maimed, disgrace on his creation bring,

He sees the lofty forms then perfecting—

The fairer riddles come from out the night—
The richer is the world his arms enclose,
The broader stream the sea with which he flows—
The weaker, too, is destiny's blind might—
The nobler instincts does he prove—
The smaller he himself, the greater grows his love.
Thus is he led, in still and hidden race,
By poetry, who strews his path with flowers,
Through ever-purer forms, and purer powers,
Through ever higher heights, and fairer grace.
At length, arrived at the ripe goal of time,—
Yet one more inspiration all-sublime,
Poetic outburst of man's latest youth,
And—he will glide into the arms of truth!

Herself, the gentle Cypria,
Illumined by her fiery crown,
Then stands before her full-grown son
Unveiled—as great Urania;
The sooner only by him caught,
The fairer he had fled away!
Thus stood, in wonder rapture-fraught,
Ulysses' noble son that day,
When the sage mentor who his youth beguiled;
Herself transfigured as Jove's glorious child!

Man's honor is confided to your hand,—
There let it well protected be!
It sinks with you! with you it will expand!
Poesy's sacred sorcery
Obeys a world-plan wise and good;

In silence let it swell the flood
Of mighty-rolling harmony.

By her own time viewed with disdain,
Let solemn truth in song remain,
And let the Muses' band defend her!
In all the fullness of her splendor,
Let her survive in numbers glorious,
More dread, when veiled her charms appear,
And vengeance take, with strains victorious,
On her tormentor's ear!

The freest mother's children free,
With steadfast countenance then rise
To highest beauty's radiancy,
And every other crown despise!
The sisters who escaped you here,
Within your mother's arms ye'll meet;
What noble spirits may revere,
Must be deserving and complete.
High over your own course of time
Exalt yourselves with pinion bold,
And dimly let your glass sublime
The coming century unfold!
On thousand roads advancing fast
Of ever-rich variety,
With fond embraces meet at last
Before the throne of harmony!
As into seven mild rays we view
With softness break the glimmer white,
As rainbow-beams of sevenfold hue
Dissolve again in that soft light,

In clearness thousandfold thus throw
Your magic round the ravished gaze,—
Into one stream of light thus flow,—
One bond of truth that ne'er decays!

THE CELEBRATED WOMAN.

AN EPISTLE BY A MARRIED MAN—TO A FELLOW-SUFFERER.

[In spite of Mr. Carlyle's assertion of Schiller's "total deficiency in humor," [12] we think that the following poem suffices to show that he possessed the gift in no ordinary degree, and that if the aims of a genius so essentially earnest had allowed him to indulge it he would have justified the opinion of the experienced Iffland as to his capacities for original comedy.]

Can I, my friend, with thee condole?—
Can I conceive the woes that try men,
When late repentance racks the soul
Ensnared into the toils of hymen?
Can I take part in such distress?—
Poor martyr,—most devoutly, "Yes!"
Thou weep'st because thy spouse has flown
To arms preferred before thine own;—
A faithless wife,—I grant the curse,—
And yet, my friend, it might be worse!
Just hear another's tale of sorrow,
And, in comparing, comfort borrow!

What! dost thou think thyself undone,
Because thy rights are shared with one!
O, happy man—be more resigned,

My wife belongs to all mankind!
My wife—she's found abroad—at home;
But cross the Alps and she's at Rome;
Sail to the Baltic—there you'll find her;
Lounge on the Boulevards—kind and kinder:
In short, you've only just to drop
Where'er they sell the last new tale,
And, bound and lettered in the shop,
You'll find my lady up for sale!

She must her fair proportions render
To all whose praise can glory lend her;—
Within the coach, on board the boat,
Let every pedant "take a note;"
Endure, for public approbation,
Each critic's "close investigation,"
And brave—nay, court it as a flattery—
Each spectacled Philistine's battery.
Just as it suits some scurvy carcass
In which she hails an Aristarchus,
Ready to fly with kindred souls,
O'er blooming flowers or burning coals,
To fame or shame, to shrine or gallows,
Let him but lead—sublimely callous!
A Leipsic man—(confound the wretch!)
Has made her topographic sketch,
A kind of map, as of a town,
Each point minutely dotted down;
Scarce to myself I dare to hint
What this d——d fellow wants to print!
Thy wife—howe'er she slight the vows—
Respects, at least, the name of spouse;

But mine to regions far too high
For that terrestrial name is carried;
My wife's "The famous Ninon!"—I
"The gentleman that Ninon married!"

It galls you that you scarce are able
To stake a florin at the table—
Confront the pit, or join the walk,
But straight all tongues begin to talk!
O that such luck could me befall,
Just to be talked about at all!
Behold me dwindling in my nook,
Edged at her left,—and not a look!
A sort of rushlight of a life,
Put out by that great orb—my wife!

Scarce is the morning gray—before
Postman and porter crowd the door;
No premier has so dear a levee—
She finds the mail-bag half its trade;
My God—the parcels are so heavy!
And not a parcel carriage-paid!
But then—the truth must be confessed—
They're all so charmingly addressed:
Whate'er they cost, they well requite her—
"To Madame Blank, the famous writer!"
Poor thing, she sleeps so soft! and yet
"Twere worth my life to spare her slumber;
"Madame—from Jena—the Gazette—
The Berlin Journal—the last number!"
Sudden she wakes; those eyes of blue
(Sweet eyes!) fall straight—on the Review!

I by her side—all undetected,
While those cursed columns are inspected;
Loud squall the children overhead,
Still she reads on, till all is read:
At last she lays that darling by,
And asks—"What makes the baby cry?"

Already now the toilet's care
Claims from her couch the restless fair;
The toilet's care!—the glass has won
Just half a glance, and all is done!
A snappish—pettish word or so
Warns the poor maid 'tis time to go:—
Not at her toilet wait the Graces
Uncombed Erynnys takes their places;
So great a mind expands its scope
Far from the mean details of—soap!

Now roll the coach-wheels to the muster—
Now round my muse her votaries cluster;
Spruce Abbe Millefleurs—Baron Herman—
The English Lord, who don't know German,—
But all uncommonly well read
From matchless A to deathless Z!
Sneaks in the corner, shy and small,
A thing which men the husband call!
While every fop with flattery fires her,
Swears with what passion he admires her.—
"Passion!' 'admire!' and still you're dumb?"
Lord bless your soul, the worst's to come:—

I'm forced to bow, as I'm a sinner,—
And hope—the rogue will stay to dinner!

But oh, at dinner!—there's the sting;
I see my cellar on the wing!
You know if Burgundy is dear?—
Mine once emerged three times a year;—
And now to wash these learned throttles,
In dozens disappear the bottles;
They well must drink who well do eat
(I've sunk a capital on meat).
Her immortality, I fear, a
Death-blow will prove to my Madeira;
It has given, alas! a mortal shock
To that old friend—my Steinberg hock! [13]

If Faust had really any hand
In printing, I can understand
The fate which legends more than hint;—
The devil take all hands that print!

And what my thanks for all?—a pout—
Sour looks—deep sighs; but what about?
About! O, that I well divine—
That such a pearl should fall to swine—
That such a literary ruby
Should grace the finger of a booby!

Spring comes;—behold, sweet mead and lea
Nature's green splendor tapestries o'er;
Fresh blooms the flower, and buds the tree;
Larks sing—the woodland wakes once more.
The woodland wakes—but not for her!
From Nature's self the charm has flown;
No more the Spring of earth can stir
The fond remembrance of our own!

The sweetest bird upon the bough
Has not one note of music now;
And, oh! how dull the grove's soft shade,
Where once—(as lovers then)—we strayed!
The nightingales have got no learning—
Dull creatures—how can they inspire her?
The lilies are so undiscerning,
They never say—"how they admire her!"

In all this jubilee of being,
Some subject for a point she's seeing—
Some epigram—(to be impartial,
Well turned)—there may be worse in Martial!

But, hark! the goddess stoops to reason:—
"The country now is quite in season,
I'll go!"—"What! to our country seat?"
"No!—Travelling will be such a treat;
Pyrmont's extremely full, I hear;
But Carlsbad's quite the rage this year!"
Oh yes, she loves the rural Graces;
Nature is gay—in watering-places!
Those pleasant spas—our reigning passion—
Where learned Dons meet folks of fashion;
Where—each with each illustrious soul
Familiar as in Charon's boat,
All sorts of fame sit cheek-by-jowl,
Pearls in that string—the table d'hote!
Where dames whom man has injured—fly,
To heal their wounds or to efface, them;
While others, with the waters, try
A course of flirting,—just to brace them!

Well, there (O man, how light thy woes
Compared with mine—thou need'st must see!)
My wife, undaunted, greatly goes—
And leaves the orphans (seven!!!) to me!

O, wherefore art thou flown so soon,
Thou first fair year—Love's honeymoon!
All, dream too exquisite for life!
Home's goddess—in the name of wife!
Reared by each grace—yet but to be
Man's household Anadyomene!
With mind from which the sunbeams fall,
Rejoice while pervading all;
Frank in the temper pleased to please—
Soft in the feeling waked with ease.
So broke, as native of the skies,
The heart-enthraller on my eyes;
So saw I, like a morn of May,
The playmate given to glad my way;
With eyes that more than lips bespoke,
Eyes whence—sweet words—"I love thee!" broke!
So—Ah, what transports then were mine!
I led the bride before the shrine!
And saw the future years revealed,
Glassed on my hope—one blooming field!
More wide, and widening more, were given
The angel-gates disclosing heaven;
Round us the lovely, mirthful troop
Of children came—yet still to me
The loveliest—merriest of the group
The happy mother seemed to be!
Mine, by the bonds that bind us more

Than all the oaths the priest before;
Mine, by the concord of content,
When heart with heart is music-blent;
When, as sweet sounds in unison,
Two lives harmonious melt in one!
When—sudden (O the villain!)—came
Upon the scene a mind profound!—
A bel esprit, who whispered "Fame,"
And shook my card-house to the ground.

What have I now instead of all
The Eden lost of hearth and hall?
What comforts for the heaven bereft?
What of the younger angel's left?
A sort of intellectual mule,
Man's stubborn mind in woman's shape,
Too hard to love, too frail to rule—
A sage engrafted on an ape!
To what she calls the realm of mind,
She leaves that throne, her sex, to crawl,
The cestus and the charm resigned—
A public gaping-show to all!
She blots from beauty's golden book
A name 'mid nature's choicest few,
To gain the glory of a nook
In Doctor Dunderhead's Review.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Sweet friend, the world, like some fair infant blessed,
Radiant with sportive grace, around thee plays;
Yet 'tis not as depicted in thy breast—
Not as within thy soul's fair glass, its rays
Are mirrored. The respectful fealty
That my heart's nobleness hath won for thee,
The miracles thou workest everywhere,
The charms thy being to this life first lent,—
To it, mere charms to reckon thou'rt content,
To us, they seem humanity so fair.
The witchery sweet of ne'er-polluted youth,
The talisman of innocence and truth—
Him I would see, who these to scorn can dare!
Thou reellest joyously in telling o'er
The blooming flowers that round thy path are strown,—
The glad, whom thou hast made so evermore,—
The souls that thou hast conquered for thine own.
In thy deceit so blissful be thou glad!
Ne'er let a waking disenchantment sad
Hurl thee despairing from thy dream's proud flight!
Like the fair flowerets that thy beds perfume,
Observe them, but ne'er touch them as they bloom,—
Plant them, but only for the distant sight.

Created only to enchant the eye,
In faded beauty at thy feet they'll lie,
The nearer thee, the nearer their long night!

POEMS OF THE THIRD PERIOD.

THE MEETING.

I see her still—by her fair train surrounded,
The fairest of them all, she took her place;
Afar I stood, by her bright charms confounded,
For, oh! they dazzled with their heavenly grace.
With awe my soul was filled—with bliss unbounded,
While gazing on her softly radiant face;
But soon, as if up-borne on wings of fire,
My fingers 'gan to sweep the sounding lyre.

The thoughts that rushed across me in that hour,
The words I sang, I'd fain once more invoke;
Within, I felt a new-awakened power,
That each emotion of my bosom spoke.
My soul, long time enchained in sloth's dull bower,
Through all its fetters now triumphant broke,
And brought to light unknown, harmonious numbers,
Which in its deepest depths, had lived in slumbers.

And when the chords had ceased their gentle sighing,

And when my soul rejoined its mortal frame,
I looked upon her face and saw love vieing,
In every feature, with her maiden shame.
And soon my ravished heart seemed heavenward flying,
When her soft whisper o'er my senses came.
The blissful seraphs' choral strains alone
Can glad mine ear again with that sweet tone,

Of that fond heart, which, pining silently,
Ne'er ventures to express its feelings lowly,
The real and modest worth is known to me—
'Gainst cruel fate I'll guard its cause so holy.
Most blest of all, the meek one's lot shall be—
Love's flowers by love's own hand are gathered solely—
The fairest prize to that fond heart is due,
That feels it, and that beats responsive, too!

THE SECRET.

She sought to breathe one word, but vainly;
Too many listeners were nigh;
And yet my timid glance read plainly
The language of her speaking eye.
Thy silent glades my footstep presses,
Thou fair and leaf-embosomed grove!
Conceal within thy green recesses
From mortal eye our sacred love!

Afar with strange discordant noises,
The busy day is echoing;
And 'mid the hollow hum of voices,
I hear the heavy hammer ring.
'Tis thus that man, with toil ne'er ending
Extorts from heaven his daily bread;
Yet oft unseen the Gods are sending
The gifts of fortune on his head!

Oh, let mankind discover never
How true love fills with bliss our hearts
They would but crush our joy forever,
For joy to them no glow imparts.
Thou ne'er wilt from the world obtain it—
'Tis never captured save as prey;

Thou needs must strain each nerve to gain it,
E'er envy dark asserts her sway.

The hours of night and stillness loving,
It comes upon us silently—
Away with hasty footstep moving
Soon as it sees a treacherous eye.
Thou gentle stream, soft circlets weaving,
A watery barrier cast around,
And, with thy waves in anger heaving,
Guard from each foe this holy ground!

THE ASSIGNATION. [14]

Hear I the creaking gate unclose?
The gleaming latch uplifted?
No—'twas the wind that, whirring, rose,
Amidst the poplars drifted!
Adorn thyself, thou green leaf-bowering roof,
Destined the bright one's presence to receive,
For her, a shadowy palace-hall aloof
With holy night, thy boughs familiar weave.
And ye sweet flatteries of the delicate air,
Awake and sport her rosy cheek around,
When their light weight the tender feet shall bear,
When beauty comes to passion's trysting-ground.

Hush! what amidst the copses crept—
So swiftly by me now?
No-'twas the startled bird that swept
The light leaves of the bough!
Day, quench thy torch! come, ghostlike, from on high,
With thy loved silence, come, thou haunting Eve,
Broaden below thy web of purple dye,
Which lulled boughs mysterious round us weave.
For love's delight, enduring listeners none,
The froward witness of the light will flee;
Hesper alone, the rosy silent one,

Down-glancing may our sweet familiar be!

What murmur in the distance spoke,
And like a whisper died?
No—'twas the swan that gently broke
In rings the silver tide!
Soft to my ear there comes a music-flow;
In gleesome murmur glides the waterfall;
To zephyr's kiss the flowers are bending low;
Through life goes joy, exchanging joy with all.
Tempt to the touch the grapes—the blushing fruit, [15]
Voluptuous swelling from the leaves that bide;
And, drinking fever from my cheek, the mute
Air sleeps all liquid in the odor-tide!

Hark! through the alley hear I now
A footfall? Comes the maiden?
No,—'twas the fruit slid from the bough,
With its own richness laden!

Day's lustrous eyes grow heavy in sweet death,
And pale and paler wane his jocund hues,
The flowers too gentle for his glowing breath,
Ope their frank beauty to the twilight dews.
The bright face of the moon is still and lone,
Melts in vast masses the world silently;
Slides from each charm the slowly-loosening zone;
And round all beauty, veiless, roves the eye.

What yonder seems to glimmer?
Her white robe's glancing hues?
No,—'twas the column's shimmer
Athwart the darksome yews!

O, longing heart, no more delight-upbuoyed
Let the sweet airy image thee befool!
The arms that would embrace her clasp the void
This feverish breast no phantom-bliss can cool,
O, waft her here, the true, the living one!
Let but my hand her hand, the tender, feel—
The very shadow of her robe alone!—
So into life the idle dream shall steal!

As glide from heaven, when least we ween,
The rosy hours of bliss,
All gently came the maid, unseen:—
He waked beneath her kiss!

LONGING.

Could I from this valley drear,
Where the mist hangs heavily,
Soar to some more blissful sphere,
Ah! how happy should I be!
Distant hills enchant my sight,
Ever young and ever fair;
To those hills I'd take my flight
Had I wings to scale the air.

Harmonies mine ear assail,
Tunes that breathe a heavenly calm;
And the gently-sighing gale
Greets me with its fragrant balm.
Peeping through the shady bowers,
Golden fruits their charms display.
And those sweetly-blooming flowers
Ne'er become cold winter's prey.

In you endless sunshine bright,
Oh! what bliss 'twould be to dwell!
How the breeze on yonder height
Must the heart with rapture swell!
Yet the stream that hems my path
Checks me with its angry frown,

While its waves, in rising wrath,
Weigh my weary spirit down.

See—a bark is drawing near,
But, alas, the pilot fails!
Enter boldly—wherefore fear?
Inspiration fills its sails,
Faith and courage make thine own,—
Gods ne'er lend a helping-hand;
'Tis by magic power alone
Thou canst reach the magic land!

EVENING.

(AFTER A PICTURE.)

Oh! thou bright-beaming god, the plains are thirsting,
Thirsting for freshening dew, and man is pining;
Wearily move on thy horses—
Let, then, thy chariot descend!

Seest thou her who, from ocean's crystal billows,
Lovingly nods and smiles?—Thy heart must know her!
Joyously speed on thy horses,—
Tethys, the goddess, 'tis nods!

Swiftly from out his flaming chariot leaping,
Into her arms he springs,—the reins takes Cupid,—
Quietly stand the horses,
Drinking the cooling flood.

Now from the heavens with gentle step descending,
Balmy night appears, by sweet love followed;
Mortals, rest ye, and love ye,—
Phoebus, the loving one, rests!

THE PILGRIM.

Youth's gay springtime scarcely knowing
Went I forth the world to roam—
And the dance of youth, the glowing,
Left I in my father's home,
Of my birthright, glad-believing,
Of my world-gear took I none,
Careless as an infant, cleaving
To my pilgrim staff alone.
For I placed my mighty hope in
Dim and holy words of faith,
"Wander forth—the way is open,
Ever on the upward path—
Till thou gain the golden portal,
Till its gates uncloseth thee.
There the earthly and the mortal,
Deathless and divine shall be!"
Night on morning stole, on stealth,
Never, never stand I still,
And the future yet concealeth,
What I seek, and what I will!
Mount on mount arose before me,
Torrents hemmed me every side,
But I built a bridge that bore me

O'er the roaring tempest-tide.
Towards the east I reached a river,
On its shores I did not rest;
Faith from danger can deliver,
And I trusted to its breast.
Drifted in the whirling motion,
Seas themselves around me roll—
Wide and wider spreads the ocean,
Far and farther flies the goal.
While I live is never given
Bridge or wave the goal to near—
Earth will never meet the heaven,
Never can the there be here!

THE IDEALS.

And wilt thou, faithless one, then, leave me,
With all thy magic phantasy,—
With all the thoughts that joy or grieve me,
Wilt thou with all forever fly?
Can naught delay thine onward motion,
Thou golden time of life's young dream?
In vain! eternity's wide ocean
Ceaselessly drowns thy rolling stream.

The glorious suns my youth enchanting
Have set in never-ending night;
Those blest ideals now are wanting
That swelled my heart with mad delight.
The offspring of my dream hath perished,
My faith in being passed away;
The godlike hopes that once I cherish
Are now reality's sad prey.

As once Pygmalion, fondly yearning,
Embraced the statue formed by him,
Till the cold marble's cheeks were burning,
And life diffused through every limb,
So I, with youthful passion fired,
My longing arms round Nature threw,

Till, clinging to my breast inspired,
She 'gan to breathe, to kindle too.

And all my fiery ardor proving,
Though mute, her tale she soon could tell,
Returned each kiss I gave her loving,
The throbbings of my heart read well.
Then living seemed each tree, each flower,
Then sweetly sang the waterfall,
And e'en the soulless in that hour
Shared in the heavenly bliss of all.

For then a circling world was bursting
My bosom's narrow prison-cell,
To enter into being thirsting,
In deed, word, shape, and sound as well.
This world, how wondrous great I deemed it,
Ere yet its blossoms could unfold!
When open, oh, how little seemed it!
That little, oh, how mean and cold!

How happy, winged by courage daring,
The youth life's mazy path first pressed—
No care his manly strength impairing,
And in his dream's sweet vision blest!
The dimmest star in air's dominion
Seemed not too distant for his flight;
His young and ever-eager pinion
Soared far beyond all mortal sight.

Thus joyously toward heaven ascending,
Was aught for his bright hopes too far?
The airy guides his steps attending,

How danced they round life's radiant car!
Soft love was there, her guerdon bearing,
And fortune, with her crown of gold,
And fame, her starry chaplet wearing,
And truth, in majesty untold.

But while the goal was yet before them,
The faithless guides began to stray;
Impatience of their task came o'er them,
Then one by one they dropped away.
Light-footed Fortune first retreating,
Then Wisdom's thirst remained unstilled,
While heavy storms of doubt were beating
Upon the path truth's radiance filled.

I saw Fame's sacred wreath adorning
The brows of an unworthy crew;
And, ah! how soon Love's happy morning,
When spring had vanished, vanished too!
More silent yet, and yet more weary,
Became the desert path I trod;
And even hope a glimmer dreary
Scarce cast upon the gloomy road.

Of all that train, so bright with gladness,
Oh, who is faithful to the end?
Who now will seek to cheer my sadness,
And to the grave my steps attend?
Thou, Friendship, of all guides the fairest,
Who gently healest every wound;
Who all life's heavy burdens sharest,
Thou, whom I early sought and found!

Employment too, thy loving neighbor,
Who quells the bosom's rising storms;
Who ne'er grows weary of her labor,
And ne'er destroys, though slow she forms;
Who, though but grains of sand she places
To swell eternity sublime,
Yet minutes, days, ay! years effaces
From the dread reckoning kept by Time!

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK. [16]

Beside the brook the boy reclined
And wove his flowery wreath,
And to the waves the wreath consigned—
The waves that danced beneath.
"So fleet mine hours," he sighed, "away
Like waves that restless flow:
And so my flowers of youth decay
Like those that float below."

"Ask not why I, alone on earth,
Am sad in life's young time;
To all the rest are hope and mirth
When spring renews its prime.
Alas! the music Nature makes,
In thousand songs of gladness—
While charming all around me, wakes
My heavy heart to sadness."

"Ah! vain to me the joys that break
From spring, voluptuous are;
For only one 't is mine to seek—
The near, yet ever far!
I stretch my arms, that shadow-shape
In fond embrace to hold;

Still doth the shade the clasp escape—
The heart is unconsoled!"

"Come forth, fair friend, come forth below,
And leave thy lofty hall,
The fairest flowers the spring can know
In thy dear lap shall fall!
Clear glides the brook in silver rolled,
Sweet carols fill the air;
The meanest hut hath space to hold
A happy loving pair!"

TO EMMA.

Far away, where darkness reigneth,
All my dreams of bliss are flown;
Yet with love my gaze remaineth
Fixed on one fair star alone.
But, alas! that star so bright
Sheds no lustre save by night.

If in slumbers ending never,
Gloomy death had sealed thine eyes,
Thou hadst lived in memory ever—
Thou hadst lived still in my sighs;
But, alas! in light thou livest—
To my love no answer givest!

Can the sweet hopes love once cherished
Emma, can they transient prove?
What has passed away and perished—
Emma, say, can that be love?
That bright flame of heavenly birth—
Can it die like things of earth?

THE FAVOR OF THE MOMENT.

Once more, then, we meet
In the circles of yore;
Let our song be as sweet
In its wreaths as before,
Who claims the first place
In the tribute of song?
The God to whose grace
All our pleasures belong.
Though Ceres may spread
All her gifts on the shrine,
Though the glass may be red
With the blush of the vine,
What boots—if the while
Fall no spark on the hearth;
If the heart do not smile
With the instinct of mirth?—
From the clouds, from God's breast
Must our happiness fall,
'Mid the blessed, most blest
Is the moment of all!
Since creation began
All that mortals have wrought,
All that's godlike in man
Comes—the flash of a thought!
For ages the stone
In the quarry may lurk,
An instant alone
Can suffice to the work;
An impulse give birth
To the child of the soul,
A glance stamp the worth
And the fame of the whole. [17]

On the arch that she buildeth
From sunbeams on high,
As Iris just gildeth,
And fleets from the sky,
So shineth, so gloometh
Each gift that is ours;
The lightning illumeth—
The darkness devours! [18]

THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[The scenery of Gotthardt is here personified.]

To the solemn abyss leads the terrible path,
The life and death winding dizzy between;
In thy desolate way, grim with menace and wrath,
To daunt thee the spectres of giants are seen;
That thou wake not the wild one [20], all silently tread—
Let thy lip breathe no breath in the pathway of dread!

High over the marge of the horrible deep
Hangs and hovers a bridge with its phantom-like span, [21]
Not by man was it built, o'er the vastness to sweep;
Such thought never came to the daring of man!
The stream roars beneath—late and early it raves—
But the bridge, which it threatens, is safe from the waves.

Black-yawning a portal, thy soul to affright,
Like the gate to the kingdom, the fiend for the king—
Yet beyond it there smiles but a land of delight,
Where the autumn in marriage is met with the spring.
From a lot which the care and the trouble assail,
Could I fly to the bliss of that balm-breathing vale!

Through that field, from a fount ever hidden their birth,
Four rivers in tumult rush roaringly forth;

They fly to the fourfold divisions of earth—
The sunrise, the sunset, the south, and the north.
And, true to the mystical mother that bore,
Forth they rush to their goal, and are lost evermore.

High over the races of men in the blue
Of the ether, the mount in twin summits is riven;
There, veiled in the gold-woven webs of the dew,
Moves the dance of the clouds—the pale daughters of heaven!
There, in solitude, circles their mystical maze,
Where no witness can hearken, no earthborn surveys.

August on a throne which no ages can move,
Sits a queen, in her beauty serene and sublime, [22]
The diadem blazing with diamonds above
The glory of brows, never darkened by time,
His arrows of light on that form shoots the sun—
And he gilds them with all, but he warms them with none!

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

Wilt thou not the lambkins guard?
Oh, how soft and meek they look,
Feeding on the grassy sward,
Sporting round the silvery brook!
"Mother, mother, let me go
On yon heights to chase the roe!"

Wilt thou not the flock compel
With the horn's inspiring notes?
Sweet the echo of yon bell,
As across the wood it floats!
"Mother, mother, let me go
On yon heights to hunt the roe!"

Wilt thou not the flow'rets bind,
Smiling gently in their bed?
For no garden thou wilt find
On yon heights so wild and dread.
"Leave the flow'rets,—let them blow!
Mother, mother, let me go!"

And the youth then sought the chase,
Onward pressed with headlong speed
To the mountain's gloomiest place,—

Naught his progress could impede;
And before him, like the wind,
Swiftly flies the trembling hind!

Up the naked precipice
Clambers she, with footsteps light,
O'er the chasm's dark abyss
Leaps with spring of daring might;
But behind, unweariedly,
With his death-bow follows he.

Now upon the rugged top
Stands she,—on the loftiest height,
Where the cliffs abruptly stop,
And the path is lost to sight.
There she views the steeps below,—
Close behind, her mortal foe.

She, with silent, woeful gaze,
Seeks the cruel boy to move;
But, alas! in vain she prays—
To the string he fits the groove.
When from out the clefts, behold!
Steps the Mountain Genius old.

With his hand the Deity
Shields the beast that trembling sighs;
"Must thou, even up to me,
Death and anguish send?" he cries,—
Earth has room for all to dwell,—
"Why pursue my loved gazelle?"

DITHYRAMB. [23]

Believe me, together
The bright gods come ever,
Still as of old;
Scarce see I Bacchus, the giver of joy,
Than comes up fair Eros, the laugh-loving boy,
And Phoebus, the stately, behold!

They come near and nearer,
The heavenly ones all—
The gods with their presence
Fill earth as their hall!

Say, how shall I welcome,
Human and earthborn,
Sons of the sky?
Pour out to me—pour the full life that ye live!
What to ye, O ye gods! can the mortal one give?

The joys can dwell only
In Jupiter's palace—
Brimmed bright with your nectar,
Oh, reach me the chalice!

"Hebe, the chalice
Fill full to the brim!

Steep his eyes—steep his eyes in the bath of the dew,
Let him dream, while the Styx is concealed from his view,
That the life of the gods is for him!"

It murmurs, it sparkles,
The fount of delight;
The bosom grows tranquil—
The eye becomes bright.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

The goblet is sparkling with purpled-tinged wine,
Bright glistens the eye of each guest,
When into the hall comes the Minstrel divine,
To the good he now brings what is best;
For when from Elysium is absent the lyre,
No joy can the banquet of nectar inspire.

He is blessed by the gods, with an intellect clear,
That mirrors the world as it glides;
He has seen all that ever has taken place here,
And all that the future still hides.
He sat in the god's secret councils of old
And heard the command for each thing to unfold.

He opens in splendor, with gladness and mirth,
That life which was hid from our eyes;
Adorns as a temple the dwelling of earth,
That the Muse has bestowed as his prize,
No roof is so humble, no hut is so low,
But he with divinities bids it o'erflow.

And as the inventive descendant of Zeus,
On the unadorned round of the shield,
With knowledge divine could, reflected, produce

Earth, sea, and the star's shining field,—
So he, on the moments, as onward they roll,
The image can stamp of the infinite whole.

From the earliest age of the world he has come,
When nations rejoiced in their prime;
A wanderer glad, he has still found a home
With every race through all time.
Four ages of man in his lifetime have died,
And the place they once held by the fifth is supplied.

Saturnus first governed, with fatherly smile,
Each day then resembled the last;
Then flourished the shepherds, a race without guile
Their bliss by no care was o'er cast,
They loved,—and no other employment they had,
And earth gave her treasures with willingness glad.

Then labor came next, and the conflict began
With monsters and beasts famed in song;
And heroes upstarted, as rulers of man,
And the weak sought the aid of the strong.
And strife o'er the field of Scamander now reigned,
But beauty the god of the world still remained.

At length from the conflict bright victory sprang,
And gentleness blossomed from might;
In heavenly chorus the Muses then sang,
And figures divine saw the light;—
The age that acknowledged sweet phantasy's sway
Can never return, it has fled away.

The gods from their seats in the heavens were hurled,

And their pillars of glory o'erthrown;
And the Son of the Virgin appeared in the world
For the sins of mankind to atone.
The fugitive lusts of the sense were suppressed,
And man now first grappled with thought in his breast.

Each vain and voluptuous charm vanished now,
Wherein the young world took delight;
The monk and the nun made of penance a vow,
And the tourney was sought by the knight.
Though the aspect of life was now dreary and wild,
Yet love remained ever both lovely and mild.

An altar of holiness, free from all stain,
The Muses in silence upreared;
And all that was noble and worthy, again
In woman's chaste bosom appeared;
The bright flame of song was soon kindled anew
By the minstrel's soft lays, and his love pure and true.

And so, in a gentle and ne'er-changing band,
Let woman and minstrel unite;
They weave and they fashion, with hand joined to hand,
The girdle of beauty and right.
When love blends with music, in unison sweet,
The lustre of life's youthful days ne'er can fleet.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The clouds fast gather,
The forest-oaks roar—
A maiden is sitting
Beside the green shore,—
The billows are breaking with might, with might,
And she sighs aloud in the darkling night,
Her eyelid heavy with weeping.

"My heart's dead within me,
The world is a void;
To the wish it gives nothing,
Each hope is destroyed.
I have tasted the fulness of bliss below
I have lived, I have loved,—Thy child, oh take now,
Thou Holy One, into Thy keeping!"

"In vain is thy sorrow,
In vain thy tears fall,
For the dead from their slumbers
They ne'er can recall;
Yet if aught can pour comfort and balm in thy heart,
Now that love its sweet pleasures no more can impart,
Speak thy wish, and thou granted shalt find it!"

"Though in vain is my sorrow,
Though in vain my tears fall,—
Though the dead from their slumbers
They ne'er can recall,
Yet no balm is so sweet to the desolate heart,
When love its soft pleasures no more can impart,
As the torments that love leaves behind it!"

TO MY FRIENDS.

Yes, my friends!—that happier times have been
Than the present, none can contravene;
That a race once lived of nobler worth;
And if ancient chronicles were dumb,
Countless stones in witness forth would come
From the deepest entrails of the earth.
But this highly-favored race has gone,
Gone forever to the realms of night.
We, we live! The moments are our own,
And the living judge the right.

Brighter zones, my friends, no doubt excel
This, the land wherein we're doomed to dwell,
As the hardy travellers proclaim;
But if Nature has denied us much,
Art is yet responsive to our touch,
And our hearts can kindle at her flame.
If the laurel will not flourish here—
If the myrtle is cold winter's prey,
Yet the vine, to crown us, year by year,
Still puts forth its foliage gay.

Of a busier life 'tis well to speak,
Where four worlds their wealth to barter seek,

On the world's great market, Thames' broad stream;
Ships in thousands go there and depart—
There are seen the costliest works of art,
And the earth-god, Mammon, reigns supreme
But the sun his image only graves
On the silent streamlet's level plain,
Not upon the torrent's muddy waves,
Swollen by the heavy rain.

Far more blessed than we, in northern states
Dwells the beggar at the angel-gates,
For he sees the peerless city—Rome!
Beauty's glorious charms around him lie,
And, a second heaven, up toward the sky
Mounts St. Peter's proud and wondrous dome.
But, with all the charms that splendor grants,
Rome is but the tomb of ages past;
Life but smiles upon the blooming plants
That the seasons round her cast.

Greater actions elsewhere may be rife
Than with us, in our contracted life—
But beneath the sun there's naught that's new;
Yet we see the great of every age
Pass before us on the world's wide stage
Thoughtfully and calmly in review
All. in life repeats itself forever,
Young for ay is phantasy alone;
What has happened nowhere,—happened never,—
That has never older grown!

PUNCH SONG.

Four elements, joined in
Harmonious strife,
Shadow the world forth,
And typify life.

Into the goblet
The lemon's juice pour;
Acid is ever
Life's innermost core.

Now, with the sugar's
All-softening juice,
The strength of the acid
So burning reduce.

The bright sparkling water
Now pour in the bowl;
Water all-gently
Encircles the whole.

Let drops of the spirit
To join them now flow;
Life to the living
Naught else can bestow.

Drain it off quickly
Before it exhales;
Save when 'tis glowing,
The draught naught avails.

NADOWESSIAN DEATH-LAMENT.

See, he sitteth on his mat
Sitteth there upright,
With the grace with which he sat
While he saw the light.

Where is now the sturdy gripe,—
Where the breath sedate,
That so lately whiffed the pipe
Toward the Spirit great?

Where the bright and falcon eye,
That the reindeer's tread
On the waving grass could spy,
Thick with dewdrops spread?

Where the limbs that used to dart
Swifter through the snow
Than the twenty-membered hart,
Than the mountain roe?

Where the arm that sturdily
Bent the deadly bow?
See, its life hath fled by,—
See, it hangeth low!

Happy he!—He now has gone
Where no snow is found:
Where with maize the fields are sown,
Self-sprung from the ground;

Where with birds each bush is filled,
Where with game the wood;
Where the fish, with joy unstilled,
Wanton in the flood.

With the spirits blest he feeds,—
Leaves us here in gloom;
We can only praise his deeds,
And his corpse entomb.

Farewell-gifts, then, hither bring,
Sound the death-note sad!
Bury with him everything
That can make him glad!

'Neath his head the hatchet hide
That he boldly swung;
And the bear's fat haunch beside,
For the road is long;

And the knife, well sharpened,
That, with slashes three,
Scalp and skin from foeman's head
Tore off skilfully.

And to paint his body, place
Dyes within his hand;
Let him shine with ruddy grace

In the Spirit-land!

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

Priam's castle-walls had sunk,
Troy in dust and ashes lay,
And each Greek, with triumph drunk,
Richly laden with his prey,
Sat upon his ship's high prow,
On the Hellespontic strand,
Starting on his journey now,
Bound for Greece, his own fair land.
Raise the glad exulting shout!
Toward the land that gave them birth
Turn they now the ships about,
As they seek their native earth.

And in rows, all mournfully,
Sat the Trojan women there,—
Beat their breasts in agony,
Pallid, with dishevelled hair.
In the feast of joy so glad
Mingled they the song of woe,
Weeping o'er their fortunes sad,
In their country's overthrow.
"Land beloved, oh, fare thee well!
By our foreign masters led,
Far from home we're doomed to dwell,—

Ah, how happy are the dead!"

Soon the blood by Calchas spilt
On the altar heavenward smokes;
Pallas, by whom towns are built
And destroyed, the priest invokes;
Neptune, too, who all the earth
With his billowy girdle laves,—
Zeus, who gives to terror birth,
Who the dreaded Aegis waves.
Now the weary fight is done,
Ne'er again to be renewed;
Time's wide circuit now is run,
And the mighty town subdued!

Atreus' son, the army's head,
Told the people's numbers o'er,
Whom he, as their captain, led
To Scamander's vale of yore.
Sorrow's black and heavy clouds
Passed across the monarch's brow:
Of those vast and valiant crowds,
Oh, how few were left him now!
Joyful songs let each one raise,
Who will see his home again,
In whose veins the life-blood plays,
For, alas! not all remain!

"All who homeward wend their way,
Will not there find peace of mind;
On their household altars, they
Murder foul perchance may find.
Many fall by false friend's stroke,

Who in fight immortal proved:"—
So Ulysses warning spoke,
By Athene's spirit moved.
Happy he, whose faithful spouse
Guards his home with honor true!
Woman oftentimes breaks her vows,
Ever loves she what is new.

And Atrides glories there
In the prize he won in fight,
And around her body fair
Twines his arms with fond delight.
Evil works must punished be.
Vengeance follows after crime,
For Kronion's just decree
Rules the heavenly courts sublime.
Evil must in evil end;
Zeus will on the impious band
Woe for broken guest-rights send,
Weighing with impartial hand.

"It may well the glad befit,"
Cried Olleus' valiant son, [24]
"To extol the Gods who sit
On Olympus' lofty throne!
Fortune all her gifts supplies,
Blindly, and no justice knows,
For Patroclus buried lies,
And Thersites homeward goes!
Since she blindly throws away
Each lot in her wheel contained,
Let him shout with joy to-day

Who the prize of life has gained."

"Ay, the wars the best devour!
Brother, we will think of thee,
In the fight a very tower,
When we join in revelry!
When the Grecian ships were fired,
By thine arm was safety brought;
Yet the man by craft inspired [25]
Won the spoils thy valor sought.
Peace be to thine ashes blest!
Thou wert vanquished not in fight:
Anger 'tis destroys the best,—
Ajax fell by Ajax' might!"

Neoptolemus poured then,
To his sire renowned [26] the wine—
"Mongst the lots of earthly men,
Mighty father, prize I thine!
Of the goods that life supplies,
Greatest far of all is fame;
Though to dust the body flies,
Yet still lives a noble name.
Valiant one, thy glory's ray
Will immortal be in song;
For, though life may pass away,
To all time the dead belong!"

"Since the voice of minstrelsy
Speaks not of the vanquished man,
I will Hector's witness be,"—
Tydeus' noble son [27] began:
"Fighting bravely in defence

Of his household-gods he fell.
Great the victor's glory thence,
He in purpose did excel!
Battling for his altars dear,
Sank that rock, no more to rise;
E'en the foemen will revere
One whose honored name ne'er dies."

Nestor, joyous reveller old,
Who three generations saw,
Now the leaf-crowned cup of gold
Gave to weeping Hecuba.
"Drain the goblet's draught so cool,
And forget each painful smart!
Bacchus' gifts are wonderful,—
Balsam for a broken heart.
Drain the goblet's draught so cool,
And forget each painful smart!
Bacchus' gifts are wonderful,—
Balsam for a broken heart.

"E'en to Niobe, whom Heaven
Loved in wrath to persecute,
Respite from her pangs was given,
Tasting of the corn's ripe fruit.
Whilst the thirsty lip we lave
In the foaming, living spring,
Buried deep in Lethe's wave
Lies all grief, all sorrowing!
Whilst the thirsty lip we lave
In the foaming, living spring,
Swallowed up in Lethe's wave

Is all grief, all sorrowing!"

And the Prophetess [28] inspired
By her God, upstarted now,—
Toward the smoke of homesteads fired,
Looking from the lofty prow.
"Smoke is each thing here below;
Every worldly greatness dies,
As the vapory columns go,—
None are fixed but Deities!
Cares behind the horseman sit—
Round about the vessel play;
Lest the morrow hinder it,
Let us, therefore, live to-day."

PUNCH SONG.

(TO BE SUNG IN NORTHERN COUNTRIES.)

On the mountain's breezy summit,
Where the southern sunbeams shine,
Aided by their warming vigor,
Nature yields the golden wine.

How the wondrous mother formeth,
None have ever read aright;
Hid forever is her working,
And inscrutable her might.

Sparkling as a son of Phoebus,
As the fiery source of light,
From the vat it bubbling springeth,
Purple, and as crystal bright;

And rejoiceth all the senses,
And in every sorrowing breast
Poureth hope's refreshing balsam,
And on life bestows new zest.

But their slanting rays all feebly
On our zone the sunbeams shoot;
They can only tinge the foliage,

But they ripen ne'er the fruit.

Yet the north insists on living,
And what lives will merry be;
So, although the grape is wanting,
We invent wine cleverly.

Pale the drink we now are offering
On the household altar here;
But what living Nature maketh,
Sparkling is and ever clear.

Let us from the brimming goblet,
Drain the troubled flood with mirth;
Art is but a gift of heaven,
Borrowed from the glow of earth.

Even strength's dominions boundless
'Neath her rule obedient lie;
From the old the new she fashions
With creative energy.

She the elements' close union
Severs with her sovereign nod;
With the flame upon the altar,
Emulates the great sun-god.

For the distant, happy islands
Now the vessel sallies forth,
And the southern fruits, all-golden,
Pours upon the eager north.

As a type, then,—as an image,
Be to us this fiery juice,

Of the wonders that frail mortals
Can with steadfast will produce!

THE COMPLAINT OF CERES. [29]

Does pleasant spring return once more?
Does earth her happy youth regain?
Sweet suns green hills are shining o'er;
Soft brooklets burst their icy chain:
Upon the blue translucent river
Laughs down an all-unclouded day,
The winged west winds gently quiver,
The buds are bursting from the spray;
While birds are blithe on every tree;
The Oread from the mountain-shore
Sighs, "Lo! thy flowers come back to thee—
Thy child, sad mother, comes no more!"

Alas! how long an age it seems
Since all the earth I wandered over,
And vainly, Titan, tasked thy beams
The loved—the lost one—to discover!
Though all may seek—yet none can call
Her tender presence back to me
The sun, with eyes detecting all,
Is blind one vanished form to see.
Hast thou, O Zeus! hast thou away
From these sad arms my daughter torn?
Has Pluto, from the realms of day,

Enamored—to dark rivers borne?

Who to the dismal phantom-strand
The herald of my grief will venture?
The boat forever leaves the land,
But only shadows there may enter.—
Veiled from each holier eye repose
The realms where midnight wraps the dead,
And, while the Stygian river flows,
No living footstep there may tread!
A thousand pathways wind the drear
Descent;—none upward lead to-day;—
No witness to the mother's ear
The daughter's sorrows can betray.

Mothers of happy human clay
Can share at least their children's doom;
And when the loved ones pass away,
Can track—can join them—in the tomb!
The race alone of heavenly birth
Are banished from the darksome portals;
The Fates have mercy on the earth,
And death is only kind to mortals! [30]
Oh, plunge me in the night of nights,
From heaven's ambrosial halls exiled!
Oh, let the goddess lose the rights
That shut the mother from the child!

Where sits the dark king's joyless bride,
Where midst the dead her home is made;
Oh that my noiseless steps might glide,
Amidst the shades, myself a shade!
I see her eyes, that search through tears,

In vain the golden light to greet;
That yearn for yonder distant spheres,
That pine the mother's face to meet!
Till some bright moment shall renew
The severed hearts' familiar ties;
And softened pity steal in dew,
From Pluto's slow-relenting eyes!

Ah, vain the wish, the sorrows are!
Calm in the changeless paths above
Rolls on the day-god's golden car—
Fast are the fixed decrees of Jove!
Far from the ever-gloomy plain,
He turns his blissful looks away.
Alas! night never gives again
What once it seizes as its prey!
Till over Lethe's sullen swell,
Aurora's rosy hues shall glow;
And arching through the midmost hell
Shine forth the lovely Iris-bow!

And is there naught of her; no token—
No pledge from that beloved hand?
To tell how love remains unbroken,
How far soever be the land?
Has love no link, no lightest thread,
The mother to the child to bind?
Between the living and the dead,
Can hope no holy compact find?
No! every bond is not yet riven;
We are not yet divided wholly;
To us the eternal powers have given

A symbol language, sweet and holy.

When Spring's fair children pass away,
When, in the north wind's icy air,
The leaf and flower alike decay,
And leave the rivelled branches bare,
Then from Vertumnus' lavish horn
I take life's seeds to strew below—
And bid the gold that germs the corn
An offering to the Styx to go!
Sad in the earth the seeds I lay—
Laid at thy heart, my child—to be
The mournful tokens which convey
My sorrow and my love to thee!

But, when the hours, in measured dance,
The happy smile of spring restore,
Rife in the sun-god's golden glance
The buried dead revive once more!
The germs that perished to thine eyes,
Within the cold breast of the earth,
Spring up to bloom in gentler skies,
The brighter for the second birth!
The stem its blossom rears above—
Its roots in night's dark womb repose—
The plant but by the equal love
Of light and darkness fostered—grows!

If half with death the germs may sleep,
Yet half with life they share the beams;
My heralds from the dreary deep,
Soft voices from the solemn streams,—
Like her, so them, awhile entombs,

Stern Orcus, in his dismal reign,
Yet spring sends forth their tender blooms
With such sweet messages again,
To tell,—how far from light above,
Where only mournful shadows meet,
Memory is still alive to love,
And still the faithful heart can beat!

Joy to ye children of the field!
Whose life each coming year renews,
To your sweet cups the heaven shall yield
The purest of its nectar-dews!
Steeped in the light's resplendent streams,
The hues that streak the Iris-bow
Shall trim your blooms as with the beams
The looks of young Aurora know.
The budding life of happy spring,
The yellow autumn's faded leaf,
Alike to gentle hearts shall bring
The symbols of my joy and grief.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

Wreath in a garland the corn's golden ear!
With it, the Cyane [31] blue intertwine
Rapture must render each glance bright and clear,
For the great queen is approaching her shrine,—
She who compels lawless passions to cease,
Who to link man with his fellow has come,
And into firm habitations of peace
Changed the rude tents' ever-wandering home.

Shyly in the mountain-cleft
Was the Troglodyte concealed;
And the roving Nomad left,
Desert lying, each broad field.
With the javelin, with the bow,
Strode the hunter through the land;
To the hapless stranger woe,
Billow-cast on that wild strand!

When, in her sad wanderings lost,
Seeking traces of her child,
Ceres hailed the dreary coast,
Ah, no verdant plain then smiled!
That she here with trust may stay,
None vouchsafes a sheltering roof;

Not a temple's columns gay
Give of godlike worship proof.

Fruit of no propitious ear
Bids her to the pure feast fly;
On the ghastly altars here
Human bones alone e'er dry.
Far as she might onward rove,
Misery found she still in all,
And within her soul of love,
Sorrowed she o'er man's deep fall.

"Is it thus I find the man
To whom we our image lend,
Whose fair limbs of noble span
Upward towards the heavens ascend?
Laid we not before his feet
Earth's unbounded godlike womb?
Yet upon his kingly seat
Wanders he without a home?"

"Does no god compassion feel?
Will none of the blissful race,
With an arm of miracle,
Raise him from his deep disgrace?
In the heights where rapture reigns
Pangs of others ne'er can move;
Yet man's anguish and man's pains
My tormented heart must prove."

"So that a man a man may be,
Let him make an endless bond
With the kind earth trustingly,

Who is ever good and fond
To revere the law of time,
And the moon's melodious song
Who, with silent step sublime,
Move their sacred course along."

And she softly parts the cloud
That conceals her from the sight;
Sudden, in the savage crowd,
Stands she, as a goddess bright.
There she finds the concourse rude
In their glad feast revelling,
And the chalice filled with blood
As a sacrifice they bring.

But she turns her face away,
Horror-struck, and speaks the while
"Bloody tiger-feasts ne'er may
Of a god the lips defile,
He needs victims free from stain,
Fruits matured by autumn's sun;
With the pure gifts of the plain
Honored is the Holy One!"

And she takes the heavy shaft
From the hunter's cruel hand;
With the murderous weapon's haft
Furrowing the light-strown sand,—
Takes from out her garland's crown,
Filled with life, one single grain,
Sinks it in the furrow down,
And the germ soon swells amain.

And the green stalks gracefully
Shoot, ere long, the ground above,
And, as far as eye can see,
Waves it like a golden grove.
With her smile the earth she cheers,
Binds the earliest sheaves so fair,
As her hearth the landmark rears,—
And the goddess breathes this prayer:

"Father Zeus, who reign'st o'er all
That in ether's mansions dwell,
Let a sign from thee now fall
That thou lov'st this offering well!
And from the unhappy crowd
That, as yet, has ne'er known thee,
Take away the eye's dark cloud,
Showing them their deity!"

Zeus, upon his lofty throne,
Harkens to his sister's prayer;
From the blue heights thundering down,
Hurls his forked lightning there,
Crackling, it begins to blaze,
From the altar whirling bounds,—
And his swift-winged eagle plays
High above in circling rounds.

Soon at the feet of their mistress are kneeling,
Filled with emotion, the rapturous throng;
Into humanity's earliest feeling
Melt their rude spirits, untutored and strong.
Each bloody weapon behind them they leave,
Rays on their senses beclouded soon shine,

And from the mouth of the queen they receive,
Gladly and meekly, instruction divine.

All the deities advance
Downward from their heavenly seats;
Themis' self 'tis leads the dance,
And, with staff of justice, metes
Unto every one his rights,—
Landmarks, too, 'tis hers to fix;
And in witness she invites
All the hidden powers of Styx.

And the forge-god, too, is there,
The inventive son of Zeus;
Fashioner of vessels fair
Skilled in clay and brass's use.
'Tis from him the art man knows
Tongs and bellows how to wield;
'Neath his hammer's heavy blows
Was the ploughshare first revealed.

With projecting, weighty spear,
Front of all, Minerva stands,
Lifts her voice so strong and clear,
And the godlike host commands.
Steadfast walls 'tis hers to found,
Shield and screen for every one,
That the scattered world around
Bind in loving unison.

The immortals' steps she guides
O'er the trackless plains so vast,
And where'er her foot abides

Is the boundary god held fast;
And her measuring chain is led
Round the mountain's border green,—
E'en the raging torrent's bed
In the holy ring is seen.

All the Nymphs and Oreads too
Who, the mountain pathways o'er,
Swift-foot Artemis pursue,
All to swell the concourse, pour,
Brandishing the hunting-spear,—
Set to work,—glad shouts uprise,—
'Neath their axes' blows so clear
Crashing down the pine-wood flies.

E'en the sedge-crowned God ascends
From his verdant spring to light,
And his raft's direction bends
At the goddess' word of might,—
While the hours, all gently bound,
Nimbly to their duty fly;
Rugged trunks are fashioned round
By her skilled hand gracefully.

E'en the sea-god thither fares;—
Sudden, with his trident's blow,
He the granite columns tears
From earth's entrails far below;—
In his mighty hands, on high,
Waves he them, like some light ball,
And with nimble Hermes by,
Raises up the rampart-wall.

But from out the golden strings
Lures Apollo harmony,
Measured time's sweet murmurings,
And the might of melody.
The Camoenae swell the strain
With their song of ninefold tone:
Captive bound in music's chain,
Softly stone unites to stone.

Cybele, with skilful hand,
Open throws the wide-winged door;
Locks and bolts by her are planned,
Sure to last forevermore.
Soon complete the wondrous halls
By the gods' own hands are made,
And the temple's glowing walls
Stand in festal pomp arrayed.

With a crown of myrtle twined,
Now the goddess queen comes there,
And she leads the fairest hind
To the shepherdess most fair.
Venus, with her beauteous boy,
That first pair herself attires;
All the gods bring gifts of joy,
Blessing their love's sacred fires.

Guided by the deities,
Soon the new-born townsmen pour,
Ushered in with harmonies,
Through the friendly open door.
Holding now the rites divine,
Ceres at Zeus' altar stands,—

Blessing those around the shrine,
Thus she speaks, with folded hands:—

"Freedom's love the beast inflames,
And the god rules free in air,
While the law of Nature tames
Each wild lust that lingers there.
Yet, when thus together thrown,
Man with man must fain unite;
And by his own worth alone
Can he freedom gain, and might."

Wreathe in a garland the corn's golden ear!
With it, the Cyane blue intertwine!
Rapture must render each glance bright and clear,
For the great queen is approaching her shrine,—
She who our homesteads so blissful has given,
She who has man to his fellow-man bound:
Let our glad numbers extol then to heaven,
Her who the earth's kindly mother is found!

THE RING OF POLYCRATES. [32]

A BALLAD.

Upon his battlements he stood,
And downward gazed in joyous mood,
On Samos' Isle, that owned his sway,
"All this is subject to my yoke;"
To Egypt's monarch thus he spoke,—
"That I am truly blest, then, say!"

"The immortals' favor thou hast known!
Thy sceptre's might has overthrown
All those who once were like to thee.
Yet to avenge them one lives still;
I cannot call thee blest, until
That dreaded foe has ceased to be."

While to these words the king gave vent,
A herald from Miletus sent,
Appeared before the tyrant there:
"Lord, let thy incense rise to-day,
And with the laurel branches gay
Thou well may'st crown thy festive hair!"

"Thy foe has sunk beneath the spear,—
I'm sent to bear the glad news here,

By thy true marshal Polydore"—
Then from a basin black he takes—
The fearful sight their terror wakes—
A well-known head, besmeared with gore.

The king with horror stepped aside,
And then with anxious look replied:
"Thy bliss to fortune ne'er commit.
On faithless waves, bethink thee how
Thy fleet with doubtful fate swims now—
How soon the storm may scatter it!"

But ere he yet had spoke the word,
A shout of jubilee is heard
Resounding from the distant strand.
With foreign treasures teeming o'er,
The vessels' mast-rich wood once more
Returns home to its native land.

The guest then speaks with startled mind:
"Fortune to-day, in truth, seems kind;
But thou her fickleness shouldst fear:
The Cretan hordes, well skilled, in arms,
Now threaten thee with war's alarms;
E'en now they are approaching here."

And, ere the word has 'scaped his lips,
A stir is seen amongst the ships,
And thousand voices "Victory!" cry:
"We are delivered from our foe,
The storm has laid the Cretan low,
The war is ended, is gone by!"

The shout with horror hears the guest:
"In truth, I must esteem thee blest!
Yet dread I the decrees of heaven.
The envy of the gods I fear;
To taste of unmixed rapture here
Is never to a mortal given."

"With me, too, everything succeeds;
In all my sovereign acts and deeds
The grace of Heaven is ever by;
And yet I had a well-loved heir—
I paid my debt to fortune there—
God took him hence—I saw him die."

"Wouldst thou from sorrow, then, be free.
Pray to each unseen Deity,
For thy well-being, grief to send;
The man on whom the Gods bestow
Their gifts with hands that overflow,
Comes never to a happy end."

"And if the Gods thy prayer resist,
Then to a friend's instruction list,—
Invoke thyself adversity;
And what, of all thy treasures bright,
Gives to thy heart the most delight—
That take and cast thou in the sea!"

Then speaks the other, moved by fear:
"This ring to me is far most dear
Of all this isle within it knows—
I to the furies pledge it now,
If they will happiness allow"—

And in the flood the gem he throws.

And with the morrow's earliest light,
Appeared before the monarch's sight
A fisherman, all joyously;
"Lord, I this fish just now have caught,
No net before e'er held the sort;
And as a gift I bring it thee."

The fish was opened by the cook,
Who suddenly, with wondering look,
Runs up, and utters these glad sounds:
"Within the fish's maw, behold,
I've found, great lord, thy ring of gold!
Thy fortune truly knows no bounds!"

The guest with terror turned away:
"I cannot here, then, longer stay,—
My friend thou canst no longer be!
The gods have willed that thou shouldst die:
Lest I, too, perish, I must fly"—
He spoke,—and sailed thence hastily.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

A BALLAD.

Once to the song and chariot-fight,
Where all the tribes of Greece unite
On Corinth's isthmus joyously,
The god-loved Ibycus drew nigh.
On him Apollo had bestowed
The gift of song and strains inspired;
So, with light staff, he took his road
From Rhegium, by the godhead fired.

Acrocorinth, on mountain high,
Now burns upon the wanderer's eye,
And he begins, with pious dread,
Poseidon's grove of firs to tread.
Naught moves around him, save a swarm
Of cranes, who guide him on his way;
Who from far southern regions warm
Have hither come in squadron gray.

"Thou friendly band, all hail to thee!
Who led'st me safely o'er the sea!
I deem thee as a favoring sign,—
My destiny resembles thine.

Both come from a far distant coast,
Both pray for some kind sheltering place;—
Propitious toward us be the host
Who from the stranger wards disgrace!"

And on he hastes, in joyous wood,
And reaches soon the middle wood
When, on a narrow bridge, by force
Two murderers sudden bar his course.
He must prepare him for the fray,
But soon his wearied hand sinks low;
Inured the gentle lyre to play,
It ne'er has strung the deadly bow.

On gods and men for aid he cries,—
No savior to his prayer replies;
However far his voice he sends,
Naught living to his cry attends.
"And must I in a foreign land,
Unwept, deserted, perish here,
Falling beneath a murderous hand,
Where no avenger can appear?"

Deep-wounded, down he sinks at last,
When, lo! the cranes' wings rustle past.
He hears,—though he no more can see,—
Their voices screaming fearfully.
"By you, ye cranes, that soar on high,
If not another voice is heard,
Be borne to heaven my murder-cry!"
He speaks, and dies, too, with the word.

The naked corpse, ere long, is found,

And, though defaced by many a wound,
His host in Corinth soon could tell
The features that he loved so well.
"And is it thus I find thee now,
Who hoped the pine's victorious crown
To place upon the singer's brow,
Illumined by his bright renown?"

The news is heard with grief by all
Met at Poseidon's festival;
All Greece is conscious of the smart,
He leaves a void in every heart;
And to the Prytanis [33] swift hie
The people, and they urge him on
The dead man's manes to pacify
And with the murderer's blood atone.

But where's the trace that from the throng
The people's streaming crowds among,
Allured there by the sports so bright,
Can bring the villain back to light?
By craven robbers was he slain?
Or by some envious hidden foe?
That Helios only can explain,
Whose rays illumine all things below.

Perchance, with shameless step and proud,
He threads e'en now the Grecian crowd—
Whilst vengeance follows in pursuit,
Gloats over his transgression's fruit.
The very gods perchance he braves
Upon the threshold of their fane,—
Joins boldly in the human waves

That haste yon theatre to gain.

For there the Grecian tribes appear,
Fast pouring in from far and near;
On close-packed benches sit they there,—
The stage the weight can scarcely bear.
Like ocean-billows' hollow roar,
The teeming crowds of living man
Toward the cerulean heavens upsoar,
In bow of ever-widening span.

Who knows the nation, who the name,
Of all who there together came?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand
From Phocis, from the Spartan land,
From Asia's distant coast, they wend,
From every island of the sea,
And from the stage they hear ascend
The chorus's dread melody.

Who, sad and solemn, as of old,
With footsteps measured and controlled,
Advancing from the far background,
Circle the theatre's wide round.
Thus, mortal women never move!
No mortal home to them gave birth!
Their giant-bodies tower above,
High o'er the puny sons of earth.

With loins in mantle black concealed,
Within their fleshless bands they wield
The torch, that with a dull red glows,—
While in their cheek no life-blood flows;

And where the hair is floating wide
And loving, round a mortal brow,
Here snakes and adders are descried,
Whose bellies swell with poison now.

And, standing in a fearful ring,
The dread and solemn chant they sing,
That through the bosom thrilling goes,
And round the sinner fetters throws.
Sense-robbing, of heart-maddening power,
The furies' strains resound through air
The listener's marrow they devour,—
The lyre can yield such numbers ne'er.

"Happy the man who, blemish-free,
Preserves a soul of purity!
Near him we ne'er avenging come,
He freely o'er life's path may roam.
But woe to him who, hid from view,
Hath done the deed of murder base!
Upon his heels we close pursue,—
We, who belong to night's dark race!"

"And if he thinks to 'scape by flight,
Winged we appear, our snare of might
Around his flying feet to cast,
So that he needs must fall at last.
Thus we pursue him, tiring ne'er,—
Our wrath repentance cannot quell,—
On to the shadows, and e'en there
We leave him not in peace to dwell!"

Thus singing, they the dance resume,

And silence, like that of the tomb,
O'er the whole house lies heavily,
As if the deity were nigh.
And staid and solemn, as of old,
Circling the theatre's wide round,
With footsteps measured and controlled,
They vanish in the far background.

Between deceit and truth each breast.
Now doubting hangs, by awe possessed,
And homage pays to that dread might,
That judges what is hid from sight,—
That, fathomless, inscrutable,
The gloomy skein of fate entwines,
That reads the bosom's depths full well,
Yet flies away where sunlight shines.

When sudden, from the tier most high,
A voice is heard by all to cry:
"See there, see there, Timotheus!
Behold the cranes of Ibycus!"
The heavens become as black as night,
And o'er the theatre they see,
Far over-head, a dusky flight
Of cranes, approaching hastily.

"Of Ibycus!"—That name so blest
With new-born sorrow fills each breast.
As waves on waves in ocean rise,
From mouth to mouth it swiftly flies:
"Of Ibycus, whom we lament?
Who fell beneath the murderer's hand?
What mean those words that from him went?"

What means this cranes' advancing band?"

And louder still become the cries,
And soon this thought foreboding flies
Through every heart, with speed of light—
"Observe in this the furies' might!
The poets manes are now appeased
The murderer seeks his own arrest!
Let him who spoke the word be seized,
And him to whom it was addressed!"

That word he had no sooner spoke,
Than he its sound would fain invoke;
In vain! his mouth, with terror pale,
Tells of his guilt the fearful tale.
Before the judge they drag them now
The scene becomes the tribunal;
Their crimes the villains both avow,
When neath the vengeance-stroke they fall.

THE PLAYING INFANT.

Play on thy mother's bosom, babe, for in that holy isle
The error cannot find thee yet, the grieving, nor the guile;
Held in thy mother's arms above life's dark and troubled wave,
Thou lookest with thy fearless smile upon the floating grave.
Play, loveliest innocence!—Thee yet Arcadia circles round,
A charmed power for thee has set the lists of fairy ground;
Each gleesome impulse Nature now can sanction and befriend,
Nor to that willing heart as yet the duty and the end.
Play, for the haggard labor soon will come to seize its prey.
Alas! when duty grows thy law, enjoyment fades away!

HERO AND LEANDER. [34]

A BALLAD.

See you the towers, that, gray and old,
Frown through the sunlight's liquid gold,
Steep sternly fronting steep?
The Hellespont beneath them swells,
And roaring cleaves the Dardanelles,
The rock-gates of the deep!
Hear you the sea, whose stormy wave,
From Asia, Europe clove in thunder?
That sea which rent a world, cannot
Rend love from love asunder!

In Hero's, in Leander's heart,
Thrills the sweet anguish of the dart
Whose feather flies from love.
All Hebe's bloom in Hero's cheek—
And his the hunter's steps that seek
Delight, the hills above!
Between their sires the rival feud
Forbids their plighted hearts to meet;
Love's fruits hang over danger's gulf,
By danger made more sweet.

Alone on Sestos' rocky tower,
Where upward sent in stormy shower,
The whirling waters foam,—
Alone the maiden sits, and eyes
The cliffs of fair Abydos rise
Afar—her lover's home.
Oh, safely thrown from strand to strand,
No bridge can love to love convey;
No boatman shoots from yonder shore,
Yet Love has found the way.—

That love, which could the labyrinth pierce—
Which nerves the weak, and curbs the fierce,
And wings with wit the dull;—
That love which o'er the furrowed land
Bowed—tame beneath young Jason's hand—
The fiery-snorting bull!
Yes, Styx itself, that ninefold flows,
Has love, the fearless, ventured o'er,
And back to daylight borne the bride,
From Pluto's dreary shore!

What marvel then that wind and wave,
Leander doth but burn to brave,
When love, that goads him, guides!
Still when the day, with fainter glimmer,
Wanes pale—he leaps, the daring swimmer,
Amid the darkening tides;
With lusty arms he cleaves the waves,
And strikes for that dear strand afar;
Where high from Hero's lonely tower
Lone streams the beacon-star.

In vain his blood the wave may chill,
These tender arms can warm it still—
And, weary if the way,
By many a sweet embrace, above
All earthly boons—can liberal love
The lover's toil repay,
Until Aurora breaks the dream,
And warns the loiterer to depart—
Back to the ocean's icy bed,
Scared from that loving heart.

So thirty suns have sped their flight—
Still in that theft of sweet delight
Exult the happy pair;
Caress will never pall caress,
And joys that gods might envy, bless
The single bride-night there.
Ah! never he has rapture known,
Who has not, where the waves are driven
Upon the fearful shores of hell,
Plucked fruits that taste of heaven!

Now changing in their season are,
The morning and the Hesper star;—
Nor see those happy eyes
The leaves that withering droop and fall,
Nor hear, when, from its northern hall,
The neighboring winter sighs;
Or, if they see, the shortening days
But seem to them to close in kindness;
For longer joys, in lengthening nights,
They thank the heaven in blindness.

It is the time, when night and day,
In equal scales contend for sway [35]—
Lone, on her rocky steep,
Lingers the girl with wistful eyes
That watch the sun-steeds down the skies,
Careering towards the deep.
Lulled lay the smooth and silent sea,
A mirror in translucent calm,
The breeze, along that crystal realm,
Unmurmuring, died in balm.

In wanton swarms and blithe array,
The merry dolphins glide and play
Amid the silver waves.
In gray and dusky troops are seen,
The hosts that serve the ocean-queen,
Upborne from coral caves:
They—only they—have witnessed love
To rapture steal its secret way:
And Hecate [36] seals the only lips
That could the tale betray!

She marks in joy the lulled water,
And Sestos, thus thy tender daughter,
Soft-flattering, woos the sea!
"Fair god—and canst thou then betray?
No! falsehood dwells with them that say
That falsehood dwells with thee!
Ah! faithless is the race of man,
And harsh a father's heart can prove;
But thee, the gentle and the mild,
The grief of love can move!"

"Within these hated walls of stone,
Should I, repining, mourn alone,
And fade in ceaseless care,
But thou, though o'er thy giant tide,
Nor bridge may span, nor boat may glide,
Dost safe my lover bear.
And darksome is thy solemn deep,
And fearful is thy roaring wave;
But wave and deep are won by love—
Thou smilest on the brave!"

"Nor vainly, sovereign of the sea,
Did Eros send his shafts to thee
What time the rain of gold,
Bright Helle, with her brother bore,
How stirred the waves she wandered o'er,
How stirred thy deeps of old!
Swift, by the maiden's charms subdued,
Thou cam'st from out the gloomy waves,
And in thy mighty arms, she sank
Into thy bridal caves."

"A goddess with a god, to keep
In endless youth, beneath the deep,
Her solemn ocean-court!
And still she smooths thine angry tides,
Tames thy wild heart, and favoring guides
The sailor to the port!
Beautiful Helle, bright one, hear
Thy lone adoring suppliant pray!
And guide, O goddess—guide my love
Along the wonted way!"

Now twilight dims the waters' flow,
And from the tower, the beacon's glow
Waves flickering o'er the main.
Ah, where athwart the dismal stream,
Shall shine the beacon's faithful beam
The lover's eyes shall strain!
Hark! sounds moan threatening from afar—
From heaven the blessed stars are gone—
More darkly swells the rising sea
The tempest labors on!

Along the ocean's boundless plains
Lies night—in torrents rush the rains
From the dark-bosomed cloud—
Red lightning skirts the panting air,
And, loosed from out their rocky lair,
Sweep all the storms abroad.
Huge wave on huge wave tumbling o'er,
The yawning gulf is rent asunder,
And shows, as through an opening pall,
Grim earth—the ocean under!

Poor maiden! bootless wail or vow—
"Have mercy, Jove—be gracious, thou!
Dread prayer was mine before!"
What if the gods have heard—and he,
Lone victim of the stormy sea,
Now struggles to the shore!
There's not a sea-bird on the wave—
Their hurrying wings the shelter seek;
The stoutest ship the storms have proved,
Takes refuge in the creek.

"Ah, still that heart, which oft has braved
The danger where the daring saved,
Love lureth o'er the sea;—
For many a vow at parting morn,
That naught but death should bar return,
Breathed those dear lips to me;
And whirled around, the while I weep,
Amid the storm that rides the wave,
The giant gulf is grasping down
The rash one to the grave!

"False Pontus! and the calm I hailed,
The awaiting murder darkly veiled—
The lulled pellucid flow,
The smiles in which thou wert arrayed,
Were but the snares that love betrayed
To thy false realm below!
Now in the midway of the main,
Return relentlessly forbidden,
Thou loosenest on the path beyond
The horrors thou hadst hidden."

Loud and more loud the tempest raves
In thunder break the mountain waves,
White-foaming on the rock—
No ship that ever swept the deep
Its ribs of gnarled oak could keep
Unshattered by the shock.
Dies in the blast the guiding torch
To light the struggler to the strand;
'Tis death to battle with the wave,
And death no less to land!

On Venus, daughter of the seas,
She calls the tempest to appease—
To each wild-shrieking wind
Along the ocean-desert borne,
She vows a steer with golden horn—
Vain vow—relentless wind!
On every goddess of the deep,
On all the gods in heaven that be,
She calls—to soothe in calm, awhile
The tempest-laden sea!

"Hearken the anguish of my cries!
From thy green halls, arise—arise,
Leucothoe the divine!
Who, in the barren main afar,
Oft on the storm-beat mariner
Dost gently-saving shine.
Oh,—reach to him thy mystic veil,
To which the drowning clasp may cling,
And safely from that roaring grave,
To shore my lover bring!"

And now the savage winds are hushing.
And o'er the arched horizon, blushing,
Day's chariot gleams on high!
Back to their wonted channels rolled,
In crystal calm the waves behold
One smile on sea and sky!
All softly breaks the rippling tide,
Low-murmuring on the rocky land,
And playful wavelets gently float
A corpse upon the strand!

'Tis he!—who even in death would still
Not fail the sweet vow to fulfil;
She looks—sees—knows him there!
From her pale lips no sorrow speaks,
No tears glide down her hueless cheeks;
Cold-numbed in her despair—
She looked along the silent deep,
She looked upon the brightening heaven,
Till to the marble face the soul
Its light sublime had given!

"Ye solemn powers men shrink to name,
Your might is here, your rights ye claim—
Yet think not I repine
Soon closed my course; yet I can bless
The life that brought me happiness—
The fairest lot was mine!
Living have I thy temple served,
Thy consecrated priestess been—
My last glad offering now receive
Venus, thou mightiest queen!"

Flashed the white robe along the air,
And from the tower that beetled there
She sprang into the wave;
Roused from his throne beneath the waste,
Those holy forms the god embraced—
A god himself their grave!
Pleased with his prey, he glides along—
More blithe the murmured music seems,
A gush from unexhausted urns
His everlasting streams!

CASSANDRA.

Mirth the halls of Troy was filling,
Ere its lofty ramparts fell;
From the golden lute so thrilling
Hymns of joy were heard to swell.
From the sad and tearful slaughter
All had laid their arms aside,
For Pelides Priam's daughter
Claimed then as his own fair bride.

Laurel branches with them bearing,
Troop on troop in bright array
To the temples were repairing,
Owning Thymbrius' sovereign sway.
Through the streets, with frantic measure,
Danced the bacchanal mad round,
And, amid the radiant pleasure,
Only one sad breast was found.

Joyless in the midst of gladness,
None to heed her, none to love,
Roamed Cassandra, plunged in sadness,
To Apollo's laurel grove.
To its dark and deep recesses
Swift the sorrowing priestess hied,

And from off her flowing tresses
Tore the sacred band, and cried:

"All around with joy is beaming,
Ev'ry heart is happy now,
And my sire is fondly dreaming,
Wreathed with flowers my sister's brow
I alone am doomed to wailing,
That sweet vision flies from me;
In my mind, these walls assailing,
Fierce destruction I can see."

"Though a torch I see all-glowing,
Yet 'tis not in Hymen's hand;
Smoke across the skies is blowing,
Yet 'tis from no votive brand.
Yonder see I feasts entrancing,
But in my prophetic soul,
Hear I now the God advancing,
Who will steep in tears the bowl!"

"And they blame my lamentation,
And they laugh my grief to scorn;
To the haunts of desolation
I must bear my woes forlorn.
All who happy are, now shun me,
And my tears with laughter see;
Heavy lies thy hand upon me,
Cruel Pythian deity!"

"Thy divine decrees foretelling,
Wherefore hast thou thrown me here,
Where the ever-blind are dwelling,

With a mind, alas, too clear?
Wherefore hast thou power thus given,
What must needs occur to know?
Wrought must be the will of Heaven—
Onward come the hour of woe!"

"When impending fate strikes terror,
Why remove the covering?
Life we have alone in error,
Knowledge with it death must bring.
Take away this prescience tearful,
Take this sight of woe from me;
Of thy truths, alas! how fearful
'Tis the mouthpiece frail to be!"

"Veil my mind once more in slumbers
Let me heedlessly rejoice;
Never have I sung glad numbers
Since I've been thy chosen voice.
Knowledge of the future giving,
Thou hast stolen the present day,
Stolen the moment's joyous living,—
Take thy false gift, then, away!"

"Ne'er with bridal train around me,
Have I wreathed my radiant brow,
Since to serve thy fane I bound me—
Bound me with a solemn vow.
Evermore in grief I languish—
All my youth in tears was spent;
And with thoughts of bitter anguish
My too-feeling heart is rent."

"Joyously my friends are playing,
All around are blest and glad,
In the paths of pleasure straying,—
My poor heart alone is sad.
Spring in vain unfolds each treasure,
Filling all the earth with bliss;
Who in life can e'er take pleasure,
When is seen its dark abyss?"

"With her heart in vision burning,
Truly blest is Polyxene,
As a bride to clasp him yearning.
Him, the noblest, best Hellene!
And her breast with rapture swelling,
All its bliss can scarcely know;
E'en the Gods in heavenly dwelling
Envy not, when dreaming so."

"He to whom my heart is plighted
Stood before my ravished eye,
And his look, by passion lighted,
Toward me turned imploringly.
With the loved one, oh, how gladly
Homeward would I take my flight
But a Stygian shadow sadly
Steps between us every night."

"Cruel Proserpine is sending
All her spectres pale to me;
Ever on my steps attending
Those dread shadowy forms I see.
Though I seek, in mirth and laughter
Refuge from that ghastly train,

Still I see them hastening after,—
Ne'er shall I know joy again."

"And I see the death-steel glancing,
And the eye of murder glare;
On, with hasty strides advancing,
Terror haunts me everywhere.
Vain I seek alleviation;—
Knowing, seeing, suffering all,
I must wait the consummation,
In a foreign land must fall."

While her solemn words are ringing,
Hark! a dull and wailing tone
From the temple's gate upspringing,—
Dead lies Thetis' mighty son!
Eris shakes her snake-locks hated,
Swiftly flies each deity,
And o'er Ilion's walls ill-fated
Thunder-clouds loom heavily!

THE HOSTAGE.

A BALLAD.

The tyrant Dionys to seek,
Stern Moerus with his poniard crept;
The watchful guard upon him swept;
The grim king marked his changeless cheek:
"What wouldst thou with thy poniard? Speak!"
"The city from the tyrant free!"
"The death-cross shall thy guerdon be."

"I am prepared for death, nor pray,"
Replied that haughty man, "I to live;
Enough, if thou one grace wilt give
For three brief suns the death delay
To wed my sister—leagues away;
I boast one friend whose life for mine,
If I should fail the cross, is thine."

The tyrant mused,—and smiled,—and said
With gloomy craft, "So let it be;
Three days I will vouchsafe to thee.
But mark—if, when the time be sped,
Thou fail'st—thy surety dies instead.
His life shall buy thine own release;

Thy guilt atoned, my wrath shall cease."

He sought his friend—"The king's decree
Ordains my life the cross upon
Shall pay the deed I would have done;
Yet grants three days' delay to me,
My sister's marriage-rites to see;
If thou, the hostage, wilt remain
Till I—set free—return again!"

His friend embraced—No word he said,
But silent to the tyrant strode—
The other went upon his road.
Ere the third sun in heaven was red,
The rite was o'er, the sister wed;
And back, with anxious heart unquailing,
He hastes to hold the pledge unfailing.

Down the great rains unending bore,
Down from the hills the torrents rushed,
In one broad stream the brooklets gushed.
The wanderer halts beside the shore,
The bridge was swept the tides before—
The shattered arches o'er and under
Went the tumultuous waves in thunder.

Dismayed he takes his idle stand—
Dismayed, he strays and shouts around;
His voice awakes no answering sound.
No boat will leave the sheltering strand,
To bear him to the wished-for land;
No boatman will Death's pilot be;
The wild stream gathers to a sea!

Sunk by the banks, awhile he weeps,
Then raised his arms to Jove, and cried,
"Stay thou, oh stay the maddening tide;
Midway behold the swift sun sweeps,
And, ere he sinks adown the deeps,
If I should fail, his beams will see
My friend's last anguish—slain for me!"

More fierce it runs, more broad it flows,
And wave on wave succeeds and dies
And hour on hour remorseless flies;
Despair at last to daring grows—
Amidst the flood his form he throws;
With vigorous arms the roaring waves
Cleaves—and a God that pities, saves.

He wins the bank—he scours the strand,
He thanks the God in breathless prayer;
When from the forest's gloomy lair,
With ragged club in ruthless hand,
And breathing murder—rushed the band
That find, in woods, their savage den,
And savage prey in wandering men.

"What," cried he, pale with generous fear;
"What think to gain ye by the strife?
All I bear with me is my life—
I take it to the king!"—and here
He snatched the club from him most near:
And thrice he smote, and thrice his blows
Dealt death—before him fly the foes!

The sun is glowing as a brand;

And faint before the parching heat,
The strength forsakes the feeble feet:
"Thou hast saved me from the robbers' hand,
Through wild floods given the blessed land;
And shall the weak limbs fail me now?
And he!—Divine one, nerve me, thou!"

Hark! like some gracious murmur by,
Babbles low music, silver-clear—
The wanderer holds his breath to hear;
And from the rock, before his eye,
Laughs forth the spring delightedly;
Now the sweet waves he bends him o'er,
And the sweet waves his strength restore.

Through the green boughs the sun gleams dying,
O'er fields that drink the rosy beam,
The trees' huge shadows giant seem.
Two strangers on the road are hieing;
And as they fleet beside him flying,
These muttered words his ear dismay:
"Now—now the cross has claimed its prey!"

Despair his winged path pursues,
The anxious terrors hound him on—
There, reddening in the evening sun,
From far, the domes of Syracuse!—
When towards him comes Philostratus
(His leal and trusty herdsman he),
And to the master bends his knee.

"Back—thou canst aid thy friend no more,

The niggard time already flown—
His life is forfeit—save thine own!
Hour after hour in hope he bore,
Nor might his soul its faith give o'er;
Nor could the tyrant's scorn deriding,
Steal from that faith one thought confiding!"

"Too late! what horror hast thou spoken!
Vain life, since it cannot requite him!
But death with me can yet unite him;
No boast the tyrant's scorn shall make—
How friend to friend can faith forsake.
But from the double death shall know,
That truth and love yet live below!"

The sun sinks down—the gate's in view,
The cross looms dismal on the ground—
The eager crowd gape murmuring round.
His friend is bound the cross unto. . . .
Crowd—guards—all bursts he breathless through:
"Me! Doomsman, me!" he shouts, "alone!
His life is rescued—lo, mine own!"

Amazement seized the circling ring!
Linked in each other's arms the pair—
Weeping for joy—yet anguish there!
Moist every eye that gazed;—they bring
The wondrous tidings to the king—
His breast man's heart at last hath known,
And the friends stand before his throne.

Long silent, he, and wondering long,
Gazed on the pair—"In peace depart,

Victors, ye have subdued my heart!
Truth is no dream!—its power is strong.
Give grace to him who owns his wrong!
'Tis mine your suppliant now to be,
Ah, let the band of love—be three!" [37]

GREEKISM.

Scarce has the fever so chilly of Gallomania departed,
When a more burning attack in Grecomania breaks out.
Greekism,—what did it mean?—'Twas harmony, reason, and clearness!
Patience,—good gentlemen, pray, ere ye of Greekism speak!
'Tis for an excellent cause ye are fighting, and all that I ask for
Is that with reason it ne'er may be a laughing-stock made.

THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

"What knight or what vassal will be so bold
As to plunge in the gulf below?
See! I hurl in its depths a goblet of gold,
Already the waters over it flow.
The man who can bring back the goblet to me,
May keep it henceforward,—his own it shall be."

Thus speaks the king, and he hurls from the height
Of the cliffs that, rugged and steep,
Hang over the boundless sea, with strong might,
The goblet afar, in the bellowing deep.
"And who'll be so daring,—I ask it once more,—
As to plunge in these billows that wildly roar?"

And the vassals and knights of high degree
Hear his words, but silent remain.
They cast their eyes on the raging sea,
And none will attempt the goblet to gain.
And a third time the question is asked by the king:
"Is there none that will dare in the gulf now to spring?"

Yet all as before in silence stand,
When a page, with a modest pride,

Steps out of the timorous squirely band,
And his girdle and mantle soon throws aside,
And all the knights, and the ladies too,
The noble stripling with wonderment view.

And when he draws nigh to the rocky brow,
And looks in the gulf so black,
The waters that she had swallowed but now,
The howling Charybdis is giving back;
And, with the distant thunder's dull sound.
From her gloomy womb they all-foaming rebound.

And it boils and it roars, and it hisses and seethes,
As when water and fire first blend;
To the sky spurts the foam in steam-laden wreaths,
And wave presses hard upon wave without end.
And the ocean will never exhausted be,
As if striving to bring forth another sea.

But at length the wild tumult seems pacified,
And blackly amid the white swell
A gaping chasm its jaws opens wide,
As if leading down to the depths of hell:
And the howling billows are seen by each eye
Down the whirling funnel all madly to fly.

Then quickly, before the breakers rebound,
The stripling commends him to Heaven,
And—a scream of horror is heard around,—
And now by the whirlpool away he is driven,
And secretly over the swimmer brave
Close the jaws, and he vanishes 'neath the dark wave.

O'er the watery gulf dread silence now lies,
But the deep sends up a dull yell,
And from mouth to mouth thus trembling it flies:
"Courageous stripling, oh, fare thee well!"
And duller and duller the howls recommence,
While they pause in anxious and fearful suspense.

"If even thy crown in the gulf thou shouldst fling,
And shouldst say, 'He who brings it to me
Shall wear it henceforward, and be the king,'
Thou couldst tempt me not e'en with that precious foe;
What under the howling deep is concealed
To no happy living soul is revealed!"

Full many a ship, by the whirlpool held fast,
Shoots straightway beneath the mad wave,
And, dashed to pieces, the hull and the mast
Emerge from the all-devouring grave,—
And the roaring approaches still nearer and nearer,
Like the howl of the tempest, still clearer and clearer.

And it boils and it roars, and it hisses and seethes,
As when water and fire first blend;
To the sky spurts the foam in steam-laden wreaths,
And wave passes hard upon wave without end.
And, with the distant thunder's dull sound,
From the ocean-womb they all-bellowing bound.

And lo! from the darkly flowing tide
Comes a vision white as a swan,
And an arm and a glistening neck are descried,
With might and with active zeal steering on;
And 'tis he, and behold! his left hand on high

Waves the goblet, while beaming with joy is his eye.

Then breathes he deeply, then breathes he long,
And blesses the light of the day;
While gladly exclaim to each other the throng:
"He lives! he is here! he is not the sea's prey!
From the tomb, from the eddying waters' control,
The brave one has rescued his living soul!"

And he comes, and they joyously round him stand;
At the feet of the monarch he falls,—
The goblet he, kneeling, puts in his hand,
And the king to his beauteous daughter calls,
Who fills it with sparkling wine to the brim;
The youth turns to the monarch, and speaks thus to him:

"Long life to the king! Let all those be glad
Who breathe in the light of the sky!
For below all is fearful, of moment sad;
Let not man to tempt the immortals e'er try,
Let him never desire the thing to see
That with terror and night they veil graciously."

"I was torn below with the speed of light,
When out of a cavern of rock
Rushed towards me a spring with furious might;
I was seized by the twofold torrent's wild shock,
And like a top, with a whirl and a bound,
Despite all resistance, was whirled around."

"Then God pointed out,—for to Him I cried
In that terrible moment of need,—
A craggy reef in the gulf's dark side;

I seized it in haste, and from death was then freed.
And there, on sharp corals, was hanging the cup,—
The fathomless pit had else swallowed it up."

"For under me lay it, still mountain-deep,
In a darkness of purple-tinged dye,
And though to the ear all might seem then asleep
With shuddering awe 'twas seen by the eye
How the salamanders' and dragons' dread forms
Filled those terrible jaws of hell with their swarms."

"There crowded, in union fearful and black,
In a horrible mass entwined,
The rock-fish, the ray with the thorny back,
And the hammer-fish's misshapen kind,
And the shark, the hyena dread of the sea,
With his angry teeth, grinned fiercely on me."

"There hung I, by fulness of terror possessed,
Where all human aid was unknown,
Amongst phantoms, the only sensitive breast,
In that fearful solitude all alone,
Where the voice of mankind could not reach to mine ear,
'Mid the monsters foul of that wilderness drear."

"Thus shuddering methought—when a something crawled near,
And a hundred limbs it out-flung,
And at me it snapped;—in my mortal fear,
I left hold of the coral to which I had clung;
Then the whirlpool seized on me with maddened roar,
Yet 'twas well, for it brought me to light once more."

The story in wonderment hears the king,

And he says, "The cup is thine own,
And I purpose also to give thee this ring,
Adorned with a costly, a priceless stone,
If thou'lt try once again, and bring word to me
What thou saw'st in the nethermost depths of the sea."

His daughter hears this with emotions soft,
And with flattering accent prays she:
"That fearful sport, father, attempt not too oft!
What none other would dare, he hath ventured for thee;
If thy heart's wild longings thou canst not tame,
Let the knights, if they can, put the squire to shame."

The king then seizes the goblet in haste,
In the gulf he hurls it with might:
"When the goblet once more in my hands thou hast placed,
Thou shalt rank at my court as the noblest knight,
And her as a bride thou shalt clasp e'en to-day,
Who for thee with tender compassion doth pray."

Then a force, as from Heaven, descends on him there,
And lightning gleams in his eye,
And blushes he sees on her features so fair,
And he sees her turn pale, and swooning lie;
Then eager the precious guerdon to win,
For life or for death, lo! he plunges him in!

The breakers they hear, and the breakers return,
Proclaimed by a thundering sound;
They bend o'er the gulf with glances that yearn,
And the waters are pouring in fast around;
Though upwards and downwards they rush and they rave,
The youth is brought back by no kindly wave.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

A BALLAD.

"I Can love thee well, believe me,
As a sister true;
Other love, Sir Knight, would grieve me,
Sore my heart would rue.
Calmly would I see thee going,
Calmly, too, appear;
For those tears in silence flowing
Find no answer here."

Thus she speaks,—he hears her sadly,—
How his heartstrings bleed!
In his arms he clasps her madly,
Then he mounts his steed.
From the Switzer land collects he
All his warriors brave;—
Cross on breast, their course directs he
To the Holy Grave.

In triumphant march advancing,
Onward moves the host,
While their morion plumes are dancing
Where the foes are most.

Mortal terror strikes the Paynim
At the chieftain's name;
But the knight's sad thoughts enchain him—
Grief consumes his frame.

Twelve long months, with courage daring,
Peace he strives to find;
Then, at last, of rest despairing,
Leaves the host behind;
Sees a ship, whose sails are swelling,
Lie on Joppa's strand;
Ships him homeward for her dwelling,
In his own loved land.

Now behold the pilgrim weary
At her castle gate!
But alas! these accents dreary
Seal his mournful fate:—
"She thou seek'st her troth hath plighted
To all-gracious heaven;
To her God she was united
Yesterday at even!"

To his father's home forever
Bids he now adieu;
Sees no more his arms and beaver,
Nor his steed so true.
Then descends he, sadly, slowly,—
None suspect the sight,—
For a garb of penance lowly
Wears the noble knight.

Soon he now, the tempest braving,

Builds an humble shed,
Where o'er the lime-trees darkly waving,
Peeps the convent's head.
From the orb of day's first gleaming,
Till his race has run,
Hope in every feature beaming,
There he sits alone.

Toward the convent straining ever
His unwearied eyes,—
From her casement looking never
Till it open flies,
Till the loved one, soft advancing,
Shows her gentle face,
O'er the vale her sweet eye glancing,
Full of angel-grace.

Then he seeks his bed of rushes,
Stilled all grief and pain,
Slumbering calm, till morning's blushes
Waken life again.
Days and years fleet on, yet never
Breathes he plaint or sighs,
On her casement gazing ever
Till it open flies.

Till the loved one, soft advancing,
Shows her gentle face,
O'er the vale her sweet eyes glancing,
Full of angel-grace.
But at length, the morn returning
Finds him dead and chill;—
Pale and wan, his gaze, with yearning,

Seeks her casement still.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Why run the crowd? What means the throng
That rushes fast the streets along?
Can Rhodes a prey to flames, then, be?
In crowds they gather hastily,
And, on his steed, a noble knight
Amid the rabble, meets my sight;
Behind him—prodigy unknown!—
A monster fierce they're drawing on;
A dragon stems it by its shape,
With wide and crocodile-like jaw,
And on the knight and dragon gape,
In turns, the people, filled with awe.

And thousand voices shout with glee
"The fiery dragon come and see,
Who hind and flock tore limb from limb!—
The hero see, who vanquished him!
Full many a one before him went,
To dare the fearful combat bent,
But none returned home from the fight;
Honor ye, then, the noble knight!"
And toward the convent move they all,
While met in hasty council there
The brave knights of the Hospital,

St. John the Baptist's Order, were.

Up to the noble master sped
The youth, with firm but modest tread;
The people followed with wild shout,
And stood the landing-place about,
While thus outspoke that daring one:
"My knightly duty I have done.
The dragon that laid waste the land
Has fallen beneath my conquering hand.
The way is to the wanderer free,
The shepherd o'er the plains may rove;
Across the mountains joyfully
The pilgrim to the shrine may move."

But sternly looked the prince, and said:
"The hero's part thou well hast played
By courage is the true knight known,—
A dauntless spirit thou hast shown.
Yet speak! What duty first should he
Regard, who would Christ's champion be,
Who wears the emblem of the Cross?"—
And all turned pale at his discourse.
Yet he replied, with noble grace,
While blushing he bent him low:
"That he deserves so proud a place
Obedience best of all can show."

"My son," the master answering spoke,
"Thy daring act this duty broke.
The conflict that the law forbade
Thou hast with impious mind essayed."—
"Lord, judge when all to thee is known,"

The other spake, in steadfast tone,—
"For I the law's commands and will
Purposed with honor to fulfil.
I went not out with heedless thought.
Hoping the monster dread to find;
To conquer in the fight I sought
By cunning, and a prudent mind."

"Five of our noble Order, then
(Our faith could boast no better men),
Had by their daring lost their life,
When thou forbade us the strife.
And yet my heart I felt a prey
To gloom, and panted for the fray;
Ay, even in the stilly night,
In vision gasped I in the fight;
And when the glimmering morning came,
And of fresh troubles knowledge gave,
A raging grief consumed my frame,
And I resolved the thing to brave."

"And to myself I thus began:
'What is't adorns the youth, the man?
What actions of the heroes bold,
Of whom in ancient song we're told,
Blind heathendom raised up on high
To godlike fame and dignity?
The world, by deeds known far and wide,
From monsters fierce they purified;
The lion in the fight they met,
And wrestled with the minotaur,
Unhappy victims free to set,

And were not sparing of their gore."

"Are none but Saracens to feel
The prowess of the Christian steel?
False idols only shall be brave?
His mission is the world to save;
To free it, by his sturdy arm,
From every hurt, from every harm;
Yet wisdom must his courage bend,
And cunning must with strength contend.'
Thus spake I oft, and went alone
The monster's traces to espy;
When on my mind a bright light shone,—
'I have it!' was my joyful cry."

"To thee I went, and thus I spake:
'My homeward journey I would take.'
Thou, lord, didst grant my prayer to me,—
Then safely traversed I the sea;
And, when I reached my native strand,
I caused a skilful artist's hand
To make a dragon's image, true
To his that now so well I knew.
On feet of measure short was placed
Its lengthy body's heavy load;
A scaly coat of mail embraced
The back, on which it fiercely showed."

"Its stretching neck appeared to swell,
And, ghastly as a gate of hell,
Its fearful jaws were open wide,
As if to seize the prey it tried;
And in its black mouth, ranged about,

Its teeth in prickly rows stood out;
Its tongue was like a sharp-edged sword,
And lightning from its small eyes poured;
A serpent's tail of many a fold
Ended its body's monstrous span,
And round itself with fierceness rolled,
So as to clasp both steed and man."

"I formed the whole to nature true,
In skin of gray and hideous hue;
Part dragon it appeared, part snake,
Engendered in the poisonous lake.
And, when the figure was complete,
A pair of dogs I chose me, fleet,
Of mighty strength, of nimble pace,
Inured the savage boar to chase;
The dragon, then, I made them bait,
Inflaming them to fury dread,
With their sharp teeth to seize it straight,
And with my voice their motions led."

"And, where the belly's tender skin
Allowed the tooth to enter in,
I taught them how to seize it there,
And, with their fangs, the part to tear.
I mounted, then, my Arab steed,
The offspring of a noble breed;
My hand a dart on high held forth,
And, when I had inflamed his wrath,
I stuck my sharp spurs in his side,
And urged him on as quick as thought,
And hurled my dart in circles wide

As if to pierce the beast I sought."

"And though my steed reared high in pain,
And champed and foamed beneath the rein,
And though the dogs howled fearfully,
Till they were calmed ne'er rested I.
This plan I ceaselessly pursued,
Till thrice the moon had been renewed;
And when they had been duly taught,
In swift ships here I had them brought;
And since my foot these shores has pressed
Flown has three mornings' narrow span;
I scarce allowed my limbs to rest
Ere I the mighty task began."

"For hotly was my bosom stirred
When of the land's fresh grief I heard;
Shepherds of late had been his prey,
When in the marsh they went astray.
I formed my plans then hastily,—
My heart was all that counselled me.
My squires instructing to proceed,
I sprang upon my well-trained steed,
And, followed by my noble pair
Of dogs, by secret pathways rode,
Where not an eye could witness bear,
To find the monster's fell abode."

"Thou, lord, must know the chapel well,
Pitched on a rocky pinnacle,
That overlooks the distant isle;
A daring mind 'twas raised the pile.
Though humble, mean, and small it shows

Its walls a miracle enclose,—
The Virgin and her infant Son,
Vowed by the three kings of Cologne.
By three times thirty steps is led
The pilgrim to the giddy height;
Yet, when he gains it with bold tread,
He's quickened by his Saviour's sight."

"Deep in the rock to which it clings,
A cavern dark its arms outflings,
Moist with the neighboring moorland's dew,
Where heaven's bright rays can ne'er pierce through.
There dwelt the monster, there he lay,
His spoil awaiting, night and day;
Like the hell-dragon, thus he kept
Watch near the shrine, and never slept;
And if a hapless pilgrim chanced
To enter on that fatal way,
From out his ambush quick advanced
The foe, and seized him as his prey."

"I mounted now the rocky height;
Ere I commenced the fearful fight,
There knelt I to the infant Lord,
And pardon for my sins implored.
Then in the holy fane I placed
My shining armor round my waist,
My right hand grasped my javelin,
The fight then went I to begin;
Instructions gave my squires among,
Commanding them to tarry there;
Then on my steed I nimbly sprung,

And gave my spirit to God's care."

"Soon as I reached the level plain,
My dogs found out the scent amain;
My frightened horse soon reared on high,—
His fear I could not pacify,
For, coiled up in a circle, lo!
There lay the fierce and hideous foe,
Sunning himself upon the ground.
Straight at him rushed each nimble hound;
Yet thence they turned, dismayed and fast,
When he his gaping jaws op'd wide,
Vomited forth his poisonous blast,
And like the howling jackal cried."

"But soon their courage I restored;
They seized with rage the foe abhorred,
While I against the beast's loins threw
My spear with sturdy arm and true:
But, powerless as a bulrush frail,
It bounded from his coat of mail;
And ere I could repeat the throw,
My horse reeled wildly to and fro
Before his basilisk-like look,
And at his poison-teeming breath,—
Sprang backward, and with terror shook,
While I seemed doomed to certain death."

"Then from my steed I nimbly sprung,
My sharp-edged sword with vigor swung;
Yet all in vain my strokes I plied,—
I could not pierce his rock-like hide.
His tail with fury lashing round,

Sudden he bore me to the ground.
His jaws then opening fearfully,
With angry teeth he struck at me;
But now my dogs, with wrath new-born,
Rushed on his belly with fierce bite,
So that, by dreadful anguish torn,
He howling stood before my sight."

"And ere he from their teeth was free,
I raised myself up hastily,
The weak place of the foe explored,
And in his entrails plunged my sword,
Sinking it even to the hilt;
Black gushing forth, his blood was spilt.
Down sank he, burying in his fall
Me with his body's giant ball,
So that my senses quickly fled;
And when I woke with strength renewed,
The dragon in his blood lay dead,
While round me grouped my squires all stood."

The joyous shouts, so long suppressed,
Now burst from every hearer's breast,
Soon as the knight these words had spoken;
And ten times 'gainst the high vault broken,
The sound of mingled voices rang,
Re-echoing back with hollow clang.
The Order's sons demand, in haste,
That with a crown his brow be graced,
And gratefully in triumph now
The mob the youth would bear along
When, lo! the master knit his brow,

And called for silence 'mongst the throng.

And said, "The dragon that this land
Laid waste, thou slew'st with daring hand;
Although the people's idol thou,
The Order's foe I deem thee now.
Thy breast has to a fiend more base
Than e'en this dragon given place.
The serpent that the heart most stings,
And hatred and destruction brings,
That spirit is, which stubborn lies,
And impiously cast off the rein,
Despising order's sacred ties;
'Tis that destroys the world amain."

"The Mameluke makes of courage boast,
Obedience decks the Christian most;
For where our great and blessed Lord
As a mere servant walked abroad,
The fathers, on that holy ground,
This famous Order chose to found,
That arduous duty to fulfil
To overcome one's own self-will!
'Twas idle glory moved thee there:
So take thee hence from out my sight!
For who the Lord's yoke cannot bear,
To wear his cross can have no right."

A furious shout now raise the crowd,
The place is filled with outcries loud;
The brethren all for pardon cry;
The youth in silence droops his eye—
Mutely his garment from him throws,

Kisses the master's hand, and—goes.
But he pursues him with his gaze,
Recalls him lovingly, and says:
"Let me embrace thee now, my son!
The harder fight is gained by thee.
Take, then, this cross—the guerdon won
By self-subdued humility."

FEMALE JUDGMENT.

Man frames his judgment on reason; but woman on love finds her verdict;
If her judgment loves not, woman already has judged.

FRIDOLIN; OR, THE WALK TO THE IRON FOUNDRY.

A gentle was Fridolin,
And he his mistress dear,
Savern's fair Countess, honored in
All truth and godly fear.
She was so meek, and, ah! so good!
Yet each wish of her wayward mood,
He would have studied to fulfil,
To please his God, with earnest will.

From the first hour when daylight shone
Till rang the vesper-chime,
He lived but for her will alone,
And deemed e'en that scarce time.
And if she said, "Less anxious be!"
His eye then glistened tearfully.
Thinking that he in duty failed,
And so before no toil he quailed.

And so, before her serving train,
The Countess loved to raise him;
While her fair mouth, in endless strain,
Was ever wont to praise him.
She never held him as her slave,

Her heart a child's rights to him gave;
Her clear eye hung in fond delight
Upon his well-formed features bright.

Soon in the huntsman Robert's breast
Was poisonous anger fired;
His black soul, long by lust possessed,
With malice was inspired;
He sought the Count, whom, quick in deed,
A traitor might with ease mislead,
As once from hunting home they rode,
And in his heart suspicion sowed.

"Happy art thou, great Count, in truth,"
Thus cunningly he spoke;
"For ne'er mistrust's envenomed tooth
Thy golden slumbers broke;
A noble wife thy love rewards,
And modesty her person guards.
The tempter will be able ne'er
Her true fidelity to snare."

A gloomy scowl the Count's eye filled:
"What's this thou say'st to me?
Shall I on woman's virtue build,
Inconstant as the sea?
The flatterer's mouth with ease may lure;
My trust is placed on ground more sure.
No one, methinks, dare ever burn
To tempt the wife of Count Savern."

The other spoke: "Thou sayest it well,
The fool deserves thy scorn

Who ventures on such thoughts to dwell,
A mere retainer born,—
Who to the lady he obeys
Fears not his wishes' lust to raise."—
"What!" tremblingly the Count began,
"Dost speak, then, of a living man?"—

"Is, then, the thing, to all revealed,
Hid from my master's view?
Yet, since with care from thee concealed,
I'd fain conceal it too"—
"Speak quickly, villain! speak or die!"
Exclaimed the other fearfully.
"Who dares to look on Cunigond?"
"'Tis the fair page that is so fond."

"He's not ill-shaped in form, I wot,"
He craftily went on;
The Count meanwhile felt cold and hot,
By turns in every bone.
"Is't possible thou seest not, sir,
How he has eyes for none but her?
At table ne'er attends to thee,
But sighs behind her ceaselessly?"

"Behold the rhymes that from him came
His passion to confess"—
"Confess!"—"And for an answering flame,—
The impious knave!—to press.
My gracious lady, soft and meek,
Through pity, doubtless, feared to speak;
That it has 'scaped me, sore I rue;
What, lord, canst thou to help it do?"

Into the neighboring wood then rode
The Count, inflamed with wrath,
Where, in his iron foundry, glowed
The ore, and bubbled forth.
The workmen here, with busy hand,
The fire both late and early fanned.
The sparks fly out, the bellows ply,
As if the rock to liquefy.

The fire and water's might twofold
Are here united found;
The mill-wheel, by the flood seized hold,
Is whirling round and round;
The works are clattering night and day,
With measured stroke the hammers play,
And, yielding to the mighty blows,
The very iron plastic grows.

Then to two workmen beckons he,
And speaks thus in his ire;
"The first who's hither sent by me
Thus of ye to inquire
'Have ye obeyed my lord's word well?'
Him cast ye into yonder hell,
That into ashes he may fly,
And ne'er again torment mine eye!"

The inhuman pair were overjoyed,
With devilish glee possessed
For as the iron, feeling void,
Their heart was in their breast,
And brisker with the bellows' blast,

The foundry's womb now heat they fast,
And with a murderous mind prepare
To offer up the victim there.

Then Robert to his comrade spake,
With false hypocrisy:
"Up, comrade, up! no tarrying make!
Our lord has need of thee."
The lord to Fridolin then said:
"The pathway toward the foundry tread,
And of the workmen there inquire,
If they have done their lord's desire."

The other answered, "Be it so!"
But o'er him came this thought,
When he was all-prepared to go,
"Will she command me aught?"
So to the Countess straight he went:
"I'm to the iron-foundry sent;
Then say, can I do aught for thee?
For thou 'tis who commandest me."

To this the Lady of Savern
Replied in gentle tone:
"To hear the holy mass I yearn,
For sick now lies my son;
So go, my child, and when thou'rt there,
Utter for me a humble prayer,
And of thy sins think ruefully,
That grace may also fall on me."

And in this welcome duty glad,
He quickly left the place;

But ere the village bounds he had
Attained with rapid pace,
The sound of bells struck on his ear,
From the high belfry ringing clear,
And every sinner, mercy-sent,
Inviting to the sacrament.

"Never from praising God refrain
Where'er by thee He's found!"
He spoke, and stepped into the fane,
But there he heard no sound;
For 'twas the harvest time, and now
Glowed in the fields the reaper's brow;
No choristers were gathered there,
The duties of the mass to share.

The matter paused he not to weigh,
But took the sexton's part;
"That thing," he said, "makes no delay
Which heavenward guides the heart."
Upon the priest, with helping hand,
He placed the stole and sacred band,
The vessels he prepared beside,
That for the mass were sanctified.

And when his duties here were o'er,
Holding the mass-book, he,
Ministering to the priest, before
The altar bowed his knee,
And knelt him left, and knelt him right,
While not a look escaped his sight,
And when the holy Sanctus came,
The bell thrice rang he at the name.

And when the priest, bowed humbly too,
In hand uplifted high,
Facing the altar, showed to view
The present Deity,
The sacristan proclaimed it well,
Sounding the clearly-tinkling bell,
While all knelt down, and beat the breast,
And with a cross the Host confessed.

The rites thus served he, leaving none,
With quick and ready wit;
Each thing that in God's house is done,
He also practised it.
Unweariedly he labored thus,
Till the Vobiscum Dominus,
When toward the people turned the priest,
Blessed them,—and so the service ceased.

Then he disposed each thing again,
In fair and due array;
First purified the holy fane,
And then he went his way,
And gladly, with a mind at rest,
On to the iron-foundry pressed,
Saying the while, complete to be,
Twelve paternosters silently.

And when he saw the furnace smoke,
And saw the workmen stand,
"Have ye, ye fellows," thus he spoke,
"Obeyed the Count's command?"
Grinning they ope the orifice,

And point into the fell abyss:
"He's cared for—all is at an end!
The Count his servants will commend."

The answer to his lord he brought,
Returning hastily,
Who, when his form his notice caught,
Could scarcely trust his eye:
"Unhappy one! whence comest thou?"—
"Back from the foundry"—"Strange, I vow!
Hast in thy journey, then, delayed?"—
"'Twas only, lord, till I had prayed."

"For when I from thy presence went
(Oh pardon me!) to-day,
As duty bid, my steps I bent
To her whom I obey.
She told me, lord, the mass to hear,
I gladly to her wish gave ear,
And told four rosaries at the shrine,
For her salvation and for thine."

In wonder deep the Count now fell,
And, shuddering, thus spake he:
"And, at the foundry, quickly tell,
What answer gave they thee?"
"Obscure the words they answered in,—
Showing the furnace with a grin:
'He's cared for—all is at an end!
The Count his servants will commend.'"

"And Robert?" interrupted he,
While deadly pale he stood,—

"Did he not, then, fall in with thee?
I sent him to the wood."—
"Lord, neither in the wood nor field
Was trace of Robert's foot revealed."—
"Then," cried the Count, with awe-struck mien,
"Great God in heaven his judge hath been!"

With kindness he before ne'er proved,
He led him by the hand
Up to the Countess,—deeply moved,—
Who naught could understand.
"This child, let him be dear to thee,
No angel is so pure as he!
Though we may have been counselled ill,
God and His hosts watch o'er him still."

THE GENIUS WITH THE INVERTED TORCH.

Lovely he looks, 'tis true, with the light of his torch now extinguished;
But remember that death is not aesthetic, my friends!

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG. [38]

A BALLAD.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, in imperial array,
In its halls renowned in old story,
At the coronation banquet so gay
King Rudolf was sitting in glory.
The meats were served up by the Palsgrave of Rhine,
The Bohemian poured out the bright sparkling wine,
And all the Electors, the seven,
Stood waiting around the world-governing one,
As the chorus of stars encircle the sun,
That honor might duly be given.

And the people the lofty balcony round
In a throng exulting were filling;
While loudly were blending the trumpets' glad sound,
The multitude's voices so thrilling;
For the monarchless period, with horror rife,
Has ended now, after long baneful strife,
And the earth had a lord to possess her.
No longer ruled blindly the iron-bound spear,
And the weak and the peaceful no longer need fear
Being crushed by the cruel oppressor.

And the emperor speaks with a smile in his eye,
While the golden goblet he seizes:
"With this banquet in glory none other can vie,
And my regal heart well it pleases;
Yet the minstrel, the bringer of joy, is not here,
Whose melodious strains to my heart are so dear,
And whose words heavenly wisdom inspire;
Since the days of my youth it hath been my delight,
And that which I ever have loved as a knight,
As a monarch I also require."

And behold! 'mongst the princes who stand round the throne
Steps the bard, in his robe long and streaming,
While, bleached by the years that have over him flown,
His silver locks brightly are gleaming;
"Sweet harmony sleeps in the golden strings,
The minstrel of true love reward ever sings,
And adores what to virtue has tended—
What the bosom may wish, what the senses hold dear;
But say, what is worthy the emperor's ear
At this, of all feasts the most splendid?"

"No restraint would I place on the minstrel's own choice,"
Speaks the monarch, a smile on each feature;
"He obeys the swift hour's imperious voice,
Of a far greater lord is the creature.
For, as through the air the storm-wind on-speeds,—
One knows not from whence its wild roaring proceeds—
As the spring from hid sources up-leaping,
So the lay of the bard from the inner heart breaks
While the might of sensations unknown it awakes,
That within us were wondrously sleeping."

Then the bard swept the cords with a finger of might,
Evoking their magical sighing:
"To the chase once rode forth a valorous knight,
In pursuit of the antelope flying.
His hunting-spear bearing, there came in his train
His squire; and when o'er a wide-spreading plain
On his stately steed he was riding,
He heard in the distance a bell tinkling clear,
And a priest, with the Host, he saw soon drawing near,
While before him the sexton was striding."

"And low to the earth the Count then inclined,
Bared his head in humble submission,
To honor, with trusting and Christian-like mind,
What had saved the whole world from perdition.
But a brook o'er the plain was pursuing its course,
That swelled by the mountain stream's headlong force,
Barred the wanderer's steps with its current;
So the priest on one side the blest sacrament put,
And his sandal with nimbleness drew from his foot,
That he safely might pass through the torrent."

"'What wouldst thou?' the Count to him thus began,
His wondering look toward him turning:
'My journey is, lord, to a dying man,
Who for heavenly diet is yearning;
But when to the bridge o'er the brook I came nigh,
In the whirl of the stream, as it madly rushed by
With furious might 'twas uprooted.
And so, that the sick the salvation may find
That he pants for, I hasten with resolute mind
To wade through the waters barefooted.'"

"Then the Count made him mount on his stately steed,
And the reins to his hands he confided,
That he duly might comfort the sick in his need,
And that each holy rite be provided.
And himself, on the back of the steed of his squire,
Went after the chase to his heart's full desire,
While the priest on his journey was speeding
And the following morning, with thankful look,
To the Count once again his charger he took,
Its bridle with modesty leading."

"'God forbid that in chase or in battle,' then cried
The Count with humility lowly,
'The steed I henceforward should dare to bestride
That had borne my Creator so holy!
And if, as a guerdon, he may not be thine,
He devoted shall be to the service divine,
Proclaiming His infinite merit,
From whom I each honor and earthly good
Have received in fee, and my body and blood,
And my breath, and my life, and my spirit.'"

"'Then may God, the sure rock, whom no time can e'er move,
And who lists to the weak's supplication,
For the honor thou pay'st Him, permit thee to prove
Honor here, and hereafter salvation!
Thou'rt a powerful Count, and thy knightly command
Hath blazoned thy fame through the Switzer's broad land;
Thou art blest with six daughters admired;
May they each in thy house introduce a bright crown,
Filling ages unborn with their glorious renown'—
Thus exclaimed he in accents inspired."

And the emperor sat there all-thoughtfully,
While the dream of the past stood before him;
And when on the minstrel he turned his eye,
His words' hidden meaning stole o'er him;
For seeing the traits of the priest there revealed,
In the folds of his purple-dyed robe he concealed
His tears as they swiftly coursed down.
And all on the emperor wonderingly gazed,
And the blest dispensations of Providence praised,
For the Count and the Caesar were one.

THE FORUM OF WOMAN.

Woman, never judge man by his individual actions;
But upon man as a whole, pass thy decisive decree.

THE GLOVE.

A TALE.

Before his lion-court,
Impatient for the sport,
King Francis sat one day;
The peers of his realm sat around,
And in balcony high from the ground
Sat the ladies in beauteous array.

And when with his finger he beckoned,
The gate opened wide in a second,—
And in, with deliberate tread,
Enters a lion dread,
And looks around
Yet utters no sound;
Then long he yawns
And shakes his mane,
And, stretching each limb,
Down lies he again.

Again signs the king,—
The next gate open flies,
And, lo! with a wild spring,
A tiger out hies.

When the lion he sees, loudly roars he about,
And a terrible circle his tail traces out.
Protruding his tongue, past the lion he walks,
And, snarling with rage, round him warily stalks:
Then, growling anew,
On one side lies down too.

 Again signs the king,—
And two gates open fly,
And, lo! with one spring,
Two leopards out hie.
On the tiger they rush, for the fight nothing loth,
But he with his paws seizes hold of them both.
And the lion, with roaring, gets up,—then all's still;
The fierce beasts stalk around, madly thirsting to kill.

 From the balcony raised high above
A fair hand lets fall down a glove
Into the lists, where 'tis seen
The lion and tiger between.

 To the knight, Sir Delorges, in tone of jest,
Then speaks young Cunigund fair;
"Sir Knight, if the love that thou feel'st in thy breast
Is as warm as thou'rt wont at each moment to swear,
Pick up, I pray thee, the glove that lies there!"

 And the knight, in a moment, with dauntless tread,
Jumps into the lists, nor seeks to linger,
And, from out the midst of those monsters dread,
Picks up the glove with a daring finger.

 And the knights and ladies of high degree

With wonder and horror the action see,
While he quietly brings in his hand the glove,
The praise of his courage each mouth employs;
Meanwhile, with a tender look of love,
The promise to him of coming joys,
Fair Cunigund welcomes him back to his place.
But he threw the glove point-blank in her face:
"Lady, no thanks from thee I'll receive!"
And that selfsame hour he took his leave.

THE CIRCLE OF NATURE.

All, thou gentle one, lies embraced in thy kingdom; the graybeard
Back to the days of his youth, childish and child-like, returns.

THE VEILED STATUE AT SAIS.

A youth, impelled by a burning thirst for knowledge
To roam to Sais, in fair Egypt's land,
The priesthood's secret learning to explore,
Had passed through many a grade with eager haste,
And still was hurrying on with fond impatience.
Scarce could the Hierophant impose a rein
Upon his headlong efforts. "What avails
A part without the whole?" the youth exclaimed;
"Can there be here a lesser or a greater?
The truth thou speak'st of, like mere earthly dross,
Is't but a sum that can be held by man
In larger or in smaller quantity?
Surely 'tis changeless, indivisible;
Deprive a harmony of but one note,
Deprive the rainbow of one single color,
And all that will remain is naught, so long
As that one color, that one note, is wanting."

While thus they converse held, they chanced to stand
Within the precincts of a lonely temple,
Where a veiled statue of gigantic size
The youth's attention caught. In wonderment
He turned him toward his guide, and asked him, saying,
"What form is that concealed beneath yon veil?"

"Truth!" was the answer. "What!" the young man cried,
"When I am striving after truth alone,
Seekest thou to hide that very truth from me?"

"The Godhead's self alone can answer thee,"
Replied the Hierophant. "'Let no rash mortal
Disturb this veil,' said he, 'till raised by me;
For he who dares with sacrilegious hand
To move the sacred mystic covering,
He'—said the Godhead—" "Well?"—"will see the truth."
"Strangely oracular, indeed! And thou
Hast never ventured, then, to raise the veil?"
"I? Truly not! I never even felt
The least desire."—"Is't possible? If I
Were severed from the truth by nothing else
Than this thin gauze—" "And a divine decree,"
His guide broke in. "Far heavier than thou thinkest
Is this thin gauze, my son. Light to thy hand
It may be—but most weighty to thy conscience."

The youth now sought his home, absorbed in thought;
His burning wish to solve the mystery
Banished all sleep; upon his couch he lay,
Tossing his feverish limbs. When midnight came,
He rose, and toward the temple timidly,
Led by a mighty impulse, bent his way.
The walls he scaled, and soon one active spring
Landed the daring boy beneath the dome.

Behold him now, in utter solitude,
Welcomed by naught save fearful, deathlike silence,—
A silence which the echo of his steps
Alone disturbs, as through the vaults he paces.

Piercing an opening in the cupola,
The moon cast down her pale and silvery beams,
And, awful as a present deity,
Glittering amid the darkness of the pile,
In its long veil concealed, the statue stands.

With hesitating step, he now draws near—
His impious hand would fain remove the veil—
Sudden a burning chill assails his bones
And then an unseen arm repulses him.
"Unhappy one, what wouldst thou do?" Thus cries
A faithful voice within his trembling breast.
"Wouldst thou profanely violate the All-Holy?"
"'Tis true the oracle declared, 'Let none
Venture to raise the veil till raised by me.'
But did the oracle itself not add,
That he who did so would behold the truth?
Whate'er is hid behind, I'll raise the veil."
And then he shouted: "Yes! I will behold it!"
"Behold it!"
Repeats in mocking tone the distant echo.

He speaks, and, with the word, lifts up the veil.
Would you inquire what form there met his eye?
I know not,—but, when day appeared, the priests
Found him extended senseless, pale as death,
Before the pedestal of Isis' statue.
What had been seen and heard by him when there
He never would disclose, but from that hour
His happiness in life had fled forever,
And his deep sorrow soon conducted him
To an untimely grave. "Woe to that man,"

He warning said to every questioner,
"Woe to that man who wins the truth by guilt,
For truth so gained will ne'er reward its owner."

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

"Take the world!" Zeus exclaimed from his throne in the skies
To the children of man—"take the world I now give;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize,
So divide it as brothers, and happily live."

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the aged made haste to appear;
The husbandman seized on the fruits of the plain,
The youth through the forest pursued the fleet deer.

The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,
The king barred the bridges,—the highways controlled,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long-settled had been,
The poet drew nigh from a far distant land;
But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth owned a master's command.

"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true,—
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert thou, pray?"
"I was," said the poet, "I was—by thy side!"

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
Oh, pardon the spirit that, awed by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaimed,—"for the world has been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase, are not free;
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou comest, 'twill be open to thee!"

THE FAIREST APPARITION.

If thou never hast gazed upon beauty in moments of sorrow,
Thou canst with truth never boast that thou true beauty hast seen.
If thou never hast gazed upon gladness in beauteous features,
Thou canst with truth never boast that thou true gladness hast seen.

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL LIFE.

Forever fair, forever calm and bright,
Life flies on plumage, zephyr-light,
For those who on the Olympian hill rejoice—
Moons wane, and races wither to the tomb,
And 'mid the universal ruin, bloom
The rosy days of Gods—With man, the choice,
Timid and anxious, hesitates between
The sense's pleasure and the soul's content;
While on celestial brows, aloft and sheen,
The beams of both are blent.

Seekest thou on earth the life of gods to share,
Safe in the realm of death?—beware
To pluck the fruits that glitter to thine eye;
Content thyself with gazing on their glow—
Short are the joys possession can bestow,
And in possession sweet desire will die.
'Twas not the ninefold chain of waves that bound
Thy daughter, Ceres, to the Stygian river—
She plucked the fruit of the unholy ground,
And so—was hell's forever!
The weavers of the web—the fates—but sway
The matter and the things of clay;
Safe from change that time to matter gives,

Nature's blest playmate, free at will to stray
With gods a god, amidst the fields of day,
The form, the archetype [39], serenely lives.
Would'st thou soar heavenward on its joyous wing?
Cast from thee, earth, the bitter and the real,
High from this cramped and dungeon being, spring
Into the realm of the ideal!

Here, bathed, perfection, in thy purest ray,
Free from the clogs and taints of clay,
Hovers divine the archetypal man!
Dim as those phantom ghosts of life that gleam
And wander voiceless by the Stygian stream,—
Fair as it stands in fields Elysian,
Ere down to flesh the immortal doth descend:—
If doubtful ever in the actual life
Each contest—here a victory crowns the end
Of every nobler strife.

Not from the strife itself to set thee free,
But more to nerve—doth victory
Wave her rich garland from the ideal clime.
Whate'er thy wish, the earth has no repose—
Life still must drag thee onward as it flows,
Whirling thee down the dancing surge of time.
But when the courage sinks beneath the dull
Sense of its narrow limits—on the soul,
Bright from the hill-tops of the beautiful,
Bursts the attained goal!

If worth thy while the glory and the strife
Which fire the lists of actual life—
The ardent rush to fortune or to fame,

In the hot field where strength and valor are,
And rolls the whirling thunder of the car,
And the world, breathless, eyes the glorious game—
Then dare and strive—the prize can but belong
To him whose valor o'er his tribe prevails;
In life the victory only crowns the strong—
He who is feeble fails.

But life, whose source, by crags around it piled,
Chafed while confined, foams fierce and wild,
Glides soft and smooth when once its streams expand,
When its waves, glassing in their silver play,
Aurora blent with Hesper's milder ray,
Gain the still beautiful—that shadow-land!
Here, contest grows but interchange of love,
All curb is but the bondage of the grace;
Gone is each foe,—peace folds her wings above
Her native dwelling-place.

When, through dead stone to breathe a soul of light,
With the dull matter to unite
The kindling genius, some great sculptor glows;
Behold him straining, every nerve intent—
Behold how, o'er the subject element,
The stately thought its march laborious goes!
For never, save to toil untiring, spoke
The unwilling truth from her mysterious well—
The statue only to the chisel's stroke
Wakes from its marble cell.

But onward to the sphere of beauty—go
Onward, O child of art! and, lo!
Out of the matter which thy pains control

The statue springs!—not as with labor wrung
From the hard block, but as from nothing sprung—
Airy and light—the offspring of the soul!
The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost
Leave not a trace when once the work is done—
The Artist's human frailty merged and lost
In art's great victory won! [40]

If human sin confronts the rigid law
Of perfect truth and virtue [41], awe
Seizes and saddens thee to see how far
Beyond thy reach, perfection;—if we test
By the ideal of the good, the best,
How mean our efforts and our actions are!
This space between the ideal of man's soul
And man's achievement, who hath ever past?
An ocean spreads between us and that goal,
Where anchor ne'er was cast!

But fly the boundary of the senses—live
The ideal life free thought can give;
And, lo, the gulf shall vanish, and the chill
Of the soul's impotent despair be gone!
And with divinity thou sharest the throne,
Let but divinity become thy will!
Scorn not the law—permit its iron band
The sense (it cannot chain the soul) to thrall.
Let man no more the will of Jove withstand [42],
And Jove the bolt lets fall!

If, in the woes of actual human life—
If thou could'st see the serpent strife
Which the Greek art has made divine in stone—

Could'st see the writhing limbs, the livid cheek,
Note every pang, and hearken every shriek,
Of some despairing lost Laocoon,
The human nature would thyself subdue
To share the human woe before thine eye—
Thy cheek would pale, and all thy soul be true
To man's great sympathy.

But in the ideal realm, aloof and far,
Where the calm art's pure dwellers are,
Lo, the Laocoon writhes, but does not groan.
Here, no sharp grief the high emotion knows—
Here, suffering's self is made divine, and shows
The brave resolve of the firm soul alone:
Here, lovely as the rainbow on the dew
Of the spent thunder-cloud, to art is given,
Gleaming through grief's dark veil, the peaceful blue
Of the sweet moral heaven.

So, in the glorious parable, behold
How, bowed to mortal bonds, of old
Life's dreary path divine Alcides trod:
The hydra and the lion were his prey,
And to restore the friend he loved to-day,
He went undaunted to the black-browed god;
And all the torments and the labors sore
Wroth Juno sent—the meek majestic one,
With patient spirit and unquailing, bore,
Until the course was run—

Until the god cast down his garb of clay,
And rent in hallowing flame away
The mortal part from the divine—to soar

To the empyreal air! Behold him spring
Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,
And the dull matter that confined before
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream!
Olympian hymns receive the escaping soul,
And smiling Hebe, from the ambrosial stream,
Fills for a god the bowl!

GERMANY AND HER PRINCES.

Thou hast produced mighty monarchs, of whom thou art not unworthy,
For the obedient alone make him who governs them great.
But, O Germany, try if thou for thy rulers canst make it
Harder as kings to be great,—easier, though, to be men!

DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES.

Deeper and bolder truths be careful, my friends, of avowing;
For as soon as ye do all the world on ye will fall.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

(OR FROM ABROAD.)

Within a vale, each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds cloth appear
A wondrous maiden, fair to see.
Not born within that lowly place—
From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessed was her presence there—
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.
From fairy gardens, known to none,
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers—
The things of some serener sun—
Some Nature more benign than ours.

With each her gifts the maiden shared—
To some the fruits, the flowers to some;
Alike the young, the aged fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
Yet some the maiden held more dear,
And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
She saw two hearts that loved draw near. [43]

THE HONORABLE.

Ever honor the whole; individuals only I honor;
In individuals I always discover the whole.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

I.

A bridge of pearls its form uprears
High o'er a gray and misty sea;
E'en in a moment it appears,
And rises upwards giddily.

Beneath its arch can find a road
The loftiest vessel's mast most high,
Itself hath never borne a load,
And seems, when thou draw'st near, to fly.

It comes first with the stream, and goes
Soon as the watery flood is dried.
Where may be found this bridge, disclose,
And who its beauteous form supplied!

II.

It bears thee many a mile away,
And yet its place it changes ne'er;
It has no pinions to display,
And yet conducts thee through the air.

It is the bark of swiftest motion

That every weary wanderer bore;
With speed of thought the greatest ocean
It carries thee in safety o'er;
One moment wafts thee to the shore.

III.

Upon a spacious meadow play
Thousands of sheep, of silvery hue;
And as we see them move to-day,
The man most aged saw them too.

They ne'er grow old, and, from a rill
That never dries, their life is drawn;
A shepherd watches o'er them still,
With curved and beauteous silver horn.

He drives them out through gates of gold,
And every night their number counts;
Yet ne'er has lost, of all his fold,
One lamb, though oft that path he mounts.

A hound attends him faithfully,
A nimble ram precedes the way;
Canst thou point out that flock to me,
And who the shepherd, canst thou say?

IV.

There stands a dwelling, vast and tall,
On unseen columns fair;
No wanderer treads or leaves its hall,
And none can linger there.

Its wondrous structure first was planned
With art no mortal knows;
It lights the lamps with its own hand
'Mongst which it brightly glows.

It has a roof, as crystal bright,
Formed of one gem of dazzling light;
Yet mortal eye has ne'er
Seen Him who placed it there.

v.

Within a well two buckets lie,
One mounts, and one descends;
When one is full, and rises high,
The other downward wends.

They wander ever to and fro—
Now empty are, now overflow.
If to the mouth thou liftest this,
That hangs within the dark abyss.
In the same moment they can ne'er
Refresh thee with their treasures fair.

vi.

Know'st thou the form on tender ground?
It gives itself its glow, its light;
And though each moment changing found.
Is ever whole and ever bright.
In narrow compass 'tis confined,
Within the smallest frame it lies;
Yet all things great that move thy mind,

That form alone to thee supplies.

And canst thou, too, the crystal name?
No gem can equal it in worth;
It gleams, yet kindles near to flame,
It sucks in even all the earth.
Within its bright and wondrous ring
Is pictured forth the glow of heaven,
And yet it mirrors back each thing
Far fairer than to it 'twas given.

VII.

For ages an edifice here has been found,
It is not a dwelling, it is not a Pane;
A horseman for hundreds of days may ride round,
Yet the end of his journey he ne'er can attain.

Full many a century o'er it has passed,
The might of the storm and of time it defies!
Neath the rainbow of Heaven stands free to the last,—
In the ocean it dips, and soars up to the skies.

It was not vain glory that bade its erection,
It serves as a refuge, a shield, a protection;
Its like on the earth never yet has been known
And yet by man's hand it is fashioned alone.

VIII.

Among all serpents there is one,
Born of no earthly breed;
In fury wild it stands alone,
And in its matchless speed.

With fearful voice and headlong force
It rushes on its prey,
And sweeps the rider and his horse
In one fell swoop away.

The highest point it loves to gain;
And neither bar nor lock
Its fiery onslaught can restrain;
And arms—invite its shock.

It tears in twain like tender grass,
The strongest forest-trees;
It grinds to dust the hardened brass,
Though stout and firm it be.

And yet this beast, that none can tame,
Its threat ne'er twice fulfils;
It dies in its self-kindled flame.
And dies e'en when it kills.

IX.

We children six our being had
From a most strange and wondrous pair,—
Our mother ever grave and sad,
Our father ever free from care.

Our virtues we from both receive,—
Meekness from her, from him our light;
And so in endless youth we weave
Round thee a circling figure bright.

We ever shun the caverns black,
And revel in the glowing day;

'Tis we who light the world's dark track,
With our life's clear and magic ray.

Spring's joyful harbingers are we,
And her inspiring streams we swell;
And so the house of death we flee,
For life alone must round us dwell.

Without us is no perfect bliss,
When man is glad, we, too, attend,
And when a monarch worshipped is,
To him our majesty attend.

x.

What is the thing esteemed by few?
The monarch's hand it decks with pride,
Yet it is made to injure too,
And to the sword is most allied.

No blood it sheds, yet many a wound
Inflicts,—gives wealth, yet takes from none;
Has vanquished e'en the earth's wide round,
And makes life's current smoothly run.

The greatest kingdoms it has framed,
The oldest cities reared from dust,
Yet war's fierce torch has ne'er inflamed;
Happy are they who in it trust!

xI.

I live within a dwelling of stone,
There buried in slumber I dally;

Yet, armed with a weapon of iron alone,
The foe to encounter I sally.
At first I'm invisible, feeble, and mean,
And o'er me thy breath has dominion;
I'm easily drowned in a raindrop e'en,
Yet in victory waxes my pinion.
When my sister, all-powerful, gives me her hand,
To the terrible lord of the world I expand.

XII.

Upon a disk my course I trace,
There restlessly forever flit;
Small is the circuit I embrace,
Two hands suffice to cover it.
Yet ere that field I traverse, I
Full many a thousand mile must go,
E'en though with tempest-speed I fly,
Swifter than arrow from a bow.

XIII.

A bird it is, whose rapid motion
With eagle's flight divides the air;
A fish it is, and parts the ocean,
That bore a greater monster ne'er;
An elephant it is, whose rider
On his broad back a tower has put:
'Tis like the reptile base, the spider,
Whenever it extends its foot;
And when, with iron tooth projecting,
It seeks its own life-blood to drain,
On footing firm, itself erecting,

It braves the raging hurricane.

THE VIRTUE OF WOMAN.

Man of virtue has need;-into life with boldness he plunges,
Entering with fortune more sure into the hazardous strife;
But to woman one virtue suffices; it is ever shining
Lovingly forth to the heart; so let it shine to the eye!

THE WALK.

Hail to thee, mountain beloved, with thy glittering purple-dyed summit!
Hail to thee also, fair sun, looking so lovingly on!
Thee, too, I hail, thou smiling plain, and ye murmuring lindens,
Ay, and the chorus so glad, cradled on yonder high boughs;
Thee, too, peaceably azure, in infinite measure extending
Round the dusky-hued mount, over the forest so green,—
Round about me, who now from my chamber's confinement escaping,
And from vain frivolous talk, gladly seek refuge with thee.
Through me to quicken me runs the balsamic stream of thy breezes,
While the energetical light freshens the gaze as it thirsts.
Bright o'er the blooming meadow the changeable colors are gleaming,
But the strife, full of charms, in its own grace melts away
Freely the plain receives me,—with carpet far away reaching,
Over its friendly green wanders the pathway along.
Round me is humming the busy bee, and with pinion uncertain
Hovers the butterfly gay over the trefoil's red flower.
Fiercely the darts of the sun fall on me,—the zephyr is silent,
Only the song of the lark echoes athwart the clear air.
Now from the neighboring copse comes a roar, and the tops of the alders
Bend low down,—in the wind dances the silvery grass;
Night ambrosial circles me round; in the coolness so fragrant
Greets me a beauteous roof, formed by the beeches' sweet shade.
In the depths of the wood the landscape suddenly leaves me

And a serpentine path guides up my footsteps on high.
Only by stealth can the light through the leafy trellis of branches
Sparingly pierce, and the blue smilingly peeps through the boughs,
But in a moment the veil is rent, and the opening forest
Suddenly gives back the day's glittering brightness to me!
Boundlessly seems the distance before my gaze to be stretching,
And in a purple-tinged hill terminates sweetly the world.

Deep at the foot of the mountain, that under me falls away steeply,
Wanders the greenish-hued stream, looking like glass as it flows.
Endlessly under me see I the ether, and endlessly o'er
Giddily look I above, shudderingly look I below,
But between the infinite height and the infinite hollow
Safely the wanderer moves over a well-guarded path.
Smilingly past me are flying the banks all teeming with riches,
And the valley so bright boasts of its industry glad.
See how yonder hedgerows that sever the farmer's possessions
Have by Demeter been worked into the tapestried plain!
Kindly decree of the law, of the Deity mortal-sustaining,
Since from the brazen world love vanished forever away.
But in freer windings the measured pastures are traversed
(Now swallowed up in the wood, now climbing up to the hills)
By a glimmering streak, the highway that knits lands together;
Over the smooth-flowing stream, quietly glide on the rafts.

Ofttimes resound the bells of the flocks in the fields that seem living,
And the shepherd's lone song wakens the echo again.
Joyous villages crown the stream, in the copse others vanish,
While from the back of the mount, others plunge wildly below.
Man still lives with the land in neighborly friendship united,
And round his sheltering roof calmly repose still his fields;
Trustingly climbs the vine high over the low-reaching window,

While round the cottage the tree circles its far-stretching boughs.
Happy race of the plain! Not yet awakened to freedom,
Thou and thy pastures with joy share in the limited law;
Bounded thy wishes all are by the harvest's peaceable circuit,
And thy lifetime is spent e'en as the task of the day!

But what suddenly hides the beauteous view? A strange spirit
Over the still-stranger plain spreads itself quickly afar—
Coily separates now, what scarce had lovingly mingled,
And 'tis the like that alone joins itself on to the like.
Orders I see depicted; the haughty tribes of the poplars
Marshalled in regular pomp, stately and beauteous appear.
All gives token of rule and choice, and all has its meaning,—
'Tis this uniform plan points out the Ruler to me.
Brightly the glittering domes in far-away distance proclaim him.
Out of the kernel of rocks rises the city's high wall.
Into the desert without, the fauns of the forest are driven,
But by devotion is lent life more sublime to the stone.
Man is brought into nearer union with man, and around him
Closer, more actively wakes, swifter moves in him the world.
See! the emulous forces in fiery conflict are kindled,
Much, they effect when they strive, more they effect when they join.
Thousands of hands by one spirit are moved, yet in thousands of bosoms
Beats one heart all alone, by but one feeling inspired—
Beats for their native land, and glows for their ancestors' precepts;
Here on the well-beloved spot, rest now time-honored bones.

Down from the heavens descends the blessed troop of immortals,
In the bright circle divine making their festal abode;
Granting glorious gifts, they appear: and first of all, Ceres
Offers the gift of the plough, Hermes the anchor brings next,
Bacchus the grape, and Minerva the verdant olive-tree's branches,

Even his charger of war brings there Poseidon as well.
Mother Cybele yokes to the pole of her chariot the lions,
And through the wide-open door comes as a citizen in.
Sacred stones! 'Tis from ye that proceed humanity's founders,
Morals and arts ye sent forth, e'en to the ocean's far isles.
'Twas at these friendly gates that the law was spoken by sages;
In their Penates' defence, heroes rushed out to the fray.
On the high walls appeared the mothers, embracing their infants,
Looking after the march, till the distance 'twas lost.
Then in prayer they threw themselves down at the deities' altars,
Praying for triumph and fame, praying for your safe return.
Honor and triumph were yours, but naught returned save your glory,
And by a heart-touching stone, told are your valorous deeds.
"Traveller! when thou com'st to Sparta, proclaim to the people
That thou hast seen us lie here, as by the law we were bid."
Slumber calmly, ye loved ones! for sprinkled o'er by your life-blood,
Flourish the olive-trees there, joyously sprouts the good seed.
In its possessions exulting, industry gladly is kindled.
And from the sedge of the stream smilingly signs the blue god.
Crushingly falls the axe on the tree, the Dryad sighs sadly;
Down from the crest of the mount plunges the thundering load.
Winged by the lever, the stone from the rocky crevice is loosened;
Into the mountain's abyss boldly the miner descends.
Moloch's anvil resounds with the measured stroke of the hammer;
Under the fist's nervous blow, spurt out the sparks of the steel.
Brilliantly twines the golden flax round the swift-whirling spindles,
Through the strings of the yarn whizzes the shuttle away.

Far in the roads the pilot calls, and the vessels are waiting,
That to the foreigner's land carry the produce of home;
Others gladly approach with the treasures of far-distant regions,
High on the mast's lofty head flutters the garland of mirth.

See how yon markets, those centres of life and of gladness, are swarming!
Strange confusion of tongues sounds in the wondering ear.
On to the pile the wealth of the earth is heaped by the merchant,
All that the sun's scorching rays bring forth on Africa's soil,
All that Arabia prepares, that the uttermost Thule produces,
High with heart-gladdening stores fills Amalthea her horn.
Fortune wedded to talent gives birth there to children immortal,
Suckled in liberty's arms, flourish the arts there of joy.
With the image of life the eyes by the sculptor are ravished,
And by the chisel inspired, speaks e'en the sensitive stone.
Skies artificial repose on slender Ionian columns,
And a Pantheon includes all that Olympus contains.
Light as the rainbow's spring through the air, as the dart from
the bowstring,
Leaps the yoke of the bridge over the boisterous stream.

But in his silent chamber the thoughtful sage is projecting
Magical circles, and steals e'en on the spirit that forms,
Proves the force of matter, the hatreds and loves of the magnet,
Follows the tune through the air, follows through ether the ray,
Seeks the familiar law in chance's miracles dreaded,
Looks for the ne'er-changing pole in the phenomena's flight.
Bodies and voices are lent by writing to thought ever silent,
Over the centuries' stream bears it the eloquent page.
Then to the wondering gaze dissolves the cloud of the fancy,
And the vain phantoms of night yield to the dawning of day.
Man now breaks through his fetters, the happy one! Oh, let him never
Break from the bridle of shame, when from fear's fetters he breaks
Freedom! is reason's cry,—ay, freedom! The wild raging passions
Eagerly cast off the bonds Nature divine had imposed.

Ah! in the tempest the anchors break loose, that warningly held him

On to the shore, and the stream tears him along in its flood,—
Into infinity whirls him,—the coasts soon vanish before him,
High on the mountainous waves rocks all-dismasted the bark;
Under the clouds are hid the steadfast stars of the chariot,
Naught now remains,—in the breast even the god goes astray.
Truth disappears from language, from life all faith and all honor
Vanish, and even the oath is but a lie on the lips.
Into the heart's most trusty bond, and into love's secrets,
Presses the sycophant base, tearing the friend from the friend.
Treason on innocence leers, with looks that seek to devour,
And the fell slanderer's tooth kills with its poisonous bite.
In the dishonored bosom, thought is now venal, and love, too,
Scatters abroad to the winds, feelings once god-like and free.
All thy holy symbols, O truth, deceit has adopted,
And has e'en dared to pollute Nature's own voices so fair,
That the craving heart in the tumult of gladness discovers;
True sensations are now mute and can scarcely be heard.
Justice boasts at the tribune, and harmony vaunts in the cottage,
While the ghost of the law stands at the throne of the king.
Years together, ay, centuries long, may the mummy continue,
And the deception endure, apeing the fulness of life.
Until Nature awakes, and with hands all-brazen and heavy
'Gainst the hollow-formed pile time and necessity strikes.
Like a tigress, who, bursting the massive grating iron,
Of her Numidian wood suddenly, fearfully thinks,—
So with the fury of crime and anguish, humanity rises
Hoping nature, long-lost in the town's ashes, to find.
Oh then open, ye walls, and set the captive at freedom
To the long desolate plains let him in safety return!

But where am I? The path is now hid, declivities rugged
Bar, with their wide-yawning gulfs, progress before and behind.

Now far behind me is left the gardens' and hedges' sure escort,
Every trace of man's hand also remains far behind.
Only the matter I see piled up, whence life has its issue,
And the raw mass of basalt waits for a fashioning hand.
Down through its channel of rock the torrent roaringly rushes,
Angrily forcing a path under the roots of the trees.
All is here wild and fearfully desolate. Naught but the eagle
Hangs in the lone realms of air, knitting the world to the clouds.
Not one zephyr on soaring pinion conveys to my hearing
Echoes, however remote, marking man's pleasures and pains.
Am I in truth, then, alone? Within thine arms, on thy bosom,
Nature, I lie once again!—Ah, and 'twas only a dream
That assailed me with horrors so fearful; with life's dreaded phantom,
And with the down-rushing vale, vanished the gloomy one too.
Purer my life I receive again from thine altar unsullied,—
Purer receive the bright glow felt by my youth's hopeful days.
Ever the will is changing its aim and its rule, while forever,
In a still varying form, actions revolve round themselves.
But in enduring youth, in beauty ever renewing.
Kindly Nature, with grace thou dost revere the old law!
Ever the same, for the man in thy faithful hands thou preservest
That which the child in its sport, that which the youth lent to thee;
At the same breast thou dost suckle the ceaselessly-varying ages;
Under the same azure vault, over the same verdant earth,
Races, near and remote, in harmony wander together,
See, even Homer's own sun looks on us, too, with a smile!

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

"Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango." [44]

Fast, in its prison-walls of earth,
Awaits the mould of baked clay.
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth
The bell that shall be born to-day!
Who would honor obtain,
With the sweat and the pain,
The praise that man gives to the master must buy.—
But the blessing withal must descend from on high!

And well an earnest word beseems
The work the earnest hand prepares;
Its load more light the labor deems,
When sweet discourse the labor shares.
So let us ponder—nor in vain—
What strength can work when labor wills;
For who would not the fool disdain
Who ne'er designs what he fulfils?
And well it stamps our human race,
And hence the gift to understand,
That man within the heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with the hand.

From the fir the fagot take,
Keep it, heap it hard and dry,
That the gathered flame may break
Through the furnace, wroth and high.
When the copper within
Seeths and simmers—the tin,
Pour quick, that the fluid that feeds the bell
May flow in the right course glib and well.

Deep hid within this nether cell,
What force with fire is moulding thus,
In yonder airy tower shall dwell,
And witness wide and far of us!
It shall, in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion;
Its solemn voice with sorrow wailing,
Or choral chiming to devotion.
Whatever fate to man may bring,
Whatever weal or woe befall,
That metal tongue shall backward ring,
The warning moral drawn from all.

See the silvery bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is melting now!
Let the salts we duly bring
Purge the flood, and speed the flow.
From the dross and the scum,
Pure, the fusion must come;
For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.

That voice, with merry music rife,
The cherished child shall welcome in;

What time the rosy dreams of life,
In the first slumber's arms begin.
As yet, in Time's dark womb unwarning,
Repose the days, or foul or fair;
And watchful o'er that golden morning,
The mother-love's untiring care!
And swift the years like arrows fly
No more with girls content to play,
Bounds the proud boy upon his way,
Storms through loud life's tumultuous pleasures,
With pilgrim staff the wide world measures;
And, wearied with the wish to roam,
Again seeks, stranger-like, the father-home.
And, lo, as some sweet vision breaks
Out from its native morning skies
With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
The virgin stands before his eyes.

A nameless longing seizes him!
From all his wild compassions flown;
Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim;
He wanders all alone.
Blushing, he glides where'er she move;
Her greeting can transport him;
To every mead to deck his love,
The happy wild flowers court him!
Sweet hope—and tender longing—ye
The growth of life's first age of gold;
When the heart, swelling, seems to see
The gates of heaven unfold!
O love, the beautiful and brief! O prime,
Glory, and verdure, of life's summer time!

Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering,
Dip this wand of clay [45] within;
If like glass the wand be glimmering,
Then the casting may begin.
Brisk, brisk now, and see
If the fusion flow free;
If—(happy and welcome indeed were the sign!)
If the hard and the ductile united combine.
For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong
So be it with thee, if forever united,
The heart to the heart flows in one, love-delighted;
Illusion is brief, but repentance is long.

Lovely, thither are they bringing.
With the virgin wreath, the bride!
To the love-feast clearly ringing,
Tolls the church-bell far and wide!
With that sweetest holiday,
Must the May of life depart;
With the cestus loosed—away
Flies illusion from the heart!
Yet love lingers lonely,
When passion is mute,
And the blossoms may only
Give way to the fruit.
The husband must enter
The hostile life,
With struggle and strife
To plant or to watch.
To snare or to snatch,

To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture
And hunt down his fortune!
Then flows in a current the gear and the gain,
And the garnerers are filled with the gold of the grain,
Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the centre!
Within sits another,
The thrifty housewife;
The mild one, the mother—
Her home is her life.
In its circle she rules,
And the daughters she schools
And she cautions the boys,
With a bustling command,
And a diligent hand
Employed she employs;
Gives order to store,
And the much makes the more;
Locks the chest and the wardrobe, with lavender smelling,
And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling;
And she hoards in the presses, well polished and full,
The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
Blends the sweet with the good, and from care and endeavor
Rests never!
Blithe the master (where the while
From his roof he sees them smile)
Eyes the lands, and counts the gain;
There, the beams projecting far,
And the laden storehouse are,
And the granaries bowed beneath
The blessed golden grain;
There, in undulating motion,

Wave the cornfields like an ocean.
Proud the boast the proud lips breathe:—
"My house is built upon a rock,
And sees unmoved the stormy shock
Of waves that fret below!"
What chain so strong, what girth so great,
To bind the giant form of fate?—
Swift are the steps of woe.

Now the casting may begin;
See the breach indented there:
Ere we run the fusion in,
Halt—and speed the pious prayer!
Pull the bung out—
See around and about
What vapor, what vapor—God help us!—has risen?—
Ha! the flame like a torrent leaps forth from its prison!
What friend is like the might of fire
When man can watch and wield the ire?
Whate'er we shape or work, we owe
Still to that heaven-descended glow.
But dread the heaven-descended glow,
When from their chain its wild wings go,
When, where it listeth, wide and wild
Sweeps free Nature's free-born child.
When the frantic one fleets,
While no force can withstand,
Through the populous streets
Whirling ghastly the brand;
For the element hates
What man's labor creates,
And the work of his hand!

Impartially out from the cloud,
Or the curse or the blessing may fall!
Benignantly out from the cloud
Come the dews, the revivers of all!
Avengingly out from the cloud
Come the levin, the bolt, and the ball!
Hark—a wail from the steeple!—aloud
The bell shrills its voice to the crowd!
Look—look—red as blood
All on high!
It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
The sky!
What a clamor awaking
Roars up through the street,
What a hell-vapor breaking.
Rolls on through the street,
And higher and higher
Aloft moves the column of fire!
Through the vistas and rows
Like a whirlwind it goes,
And the air like the stream from the furnace glows.
Beams are crackling—posts are shrinking
Walls are sinking—windows clinking—
Children crying—
Mothers flying—
And the beast (the black ruin yet smouldering under)
Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder!
Hurry and skurry—away—away,
The face of the night is as clear as day!
As the links in a chain,
Again and again
Flies the bucket from hand to hand;

High in arches up-rushing
The engines are gushing,
And the flood, as a beast on the prey that it hounds
With a roar on the breast of the element bounds.
To the grain and the fruits,
Through the rafters and beams,
Through the barns and garner's it crackles and streams!
As if they would rend up the earth from its roots,
Rush the flames to the sky
Giant-high;
And at length,
Wearied out and despairing, man bows to their strength!
With an idle gaze sees their wrath consume,
And submits to his doom!

Desolate
The place, and dread
For storms the barren bed.
In the blank voids that cheerful casements were,
Comes to and fro the melancholy air,
And sits despair;
And through the ruin, blackening in its shroud
Peers, as it flits, the melancholy cloud.

One human glance of grief upon the grave
Of all that fortune gave
The loiterer takes—then turns him to depart,
And grasps the wanderer's staff and mans his heart
Whatever else the element bereaves
One blessing more than all it left—it leaves,
The faces that he loves!—He counts them o'er,
See—not one look is missing from that store!

Now clasped the bell within the clay—
The mould the mingled metals fill—
Oh, may it, sparkling into day,
Reward the labor and the skill!
Alas! should it fail,
For the mould may be frail—
And still with our hope must be mingled the fear—
And, ev'n now, while we speak, the mishap may be near!
To the dark womb of sacred earth
This labor of our hands is given,
As seeds that wait the second birth,
And turn to blessings watched by heaven!
Ah, seeds, how dearer far than they,
We bury in the dismal tomb,
Where, hope and sorrow bend to pray
That suns beyond the realm of day
May warm them into bloom!

From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and heavy,
The death-knell!
Guiding with dirge-note—solemn, sad, and slow,
To the last home earth's weary wanderers know.
It is that worshipped wife—
It is that faithful mother! [46]
Whom the dark prince of shadows leads benighted,
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted
Far from those blithe companions, born
Of her, and blooming in their morn;
On whom, when couched her heart above,
So often looked the mother-love!

Ah! rent the sweet home's union-band,
And never, never more to come—
She dwells within the shadowy land,
Who was the mother of that home!
How oft they miss that tender guide,
The care—the watch—the face—the mother—
And where she sate the babes beside,
Sits with unloving looks—another!

While the mass is cooling now,
Let the labor yield to leisure,
As the bird upon the bough,
Loose the travail to the pleasure.
When the soft stars awaken,
Each task be forsaken!
And the vesper-bell lulling the earth into peace,
If the master still toil, chimes the workman's release!

Homeward from the tasks of day,
Through the greenwood's welcome way
Wends the wanderer, blithe and cheerly,
To the cottage loved so dearly!
And the eye and ear are meeting,
Now, the slow sheep homeward bleating—
Now, the wonted shelter near,
Lowing the lusty-fronted steer;
Creaking now the heavy wain,
Reels with the happy harvest grain.
While with many-colored leaves,
Glitters the garland on the sheaves;
For the mower's work is done,
And the young folks' dance begun!

Desert street, and quiet mart;—
Silence is in the city's heart;
And the social taper lighteth;
Each dear face that home uniteth;
While the gate the town before
Heavily swings with sullen roar!

Though darkness is spreading
O'er earth—the upright
And the honest, undreading,
Look safe on the night—
Which the evil man watches in awe,
For the eye of the night is the law!
Bliss-dowered! O daughter of the skies,
Hail, holy order, whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy—
Builder of cities, who of old
Called the wild man from waste and wold.
And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling;
And, best of all the happy ties,
The centre of the social band,—
The instinct of the Fatherland!

United thus—each helping each,
Brisk work the countless hands forever;
For naught its power to strength can teach,
Like emulation and endeavor!
Thus linked the master with the man,
Each in his rights can each revere,
And while they march in freedom's van,
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear!

To freemen labor is renown!
Who works—gives blessings and commands;
Kings glory in the orb and crown—
Be ours the glory of our hands.

Long in these walls—long may we greet
Your footfalls, peace and concord sweet!
Distant the day, oh! distant far,
When the rude hordes of trampling war
Shall scare the silent vale;
And where,
Now the sweet heaven, when day doth leave
The air,
Limns its soft rose-hues on the veil of eve;
Shall the fierce war-brand tossing in the gale,
From town and hamlet shake the horrent glare!

Now, its destined task fulfilled,
Asunder break the prison-mould;
Let the goodly bell we build,
Eye and heart alike behold.
The hammer down heave,
Till the cover it cleave:—
For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the bell.

To break the mould, the master may,
If skilled the hand and ripe the hour;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell,
Exploding from its shattered home,
And glaring forth, as from a hell,

Behold the red destruction come!
When rages strength that has no reason,
There breaks the mould before the season;
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the state that thrives no more!
Yea, woe, when in the city's heart,
The latent spark to flame is blown;
And millions from their silence start,
To claim, without a guide, their own!

Discordant howls the warning bell,
Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war:
"Freedom! Equality!"—to blood
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,
And banded murder closes round!
The hyena-shapes (that women were!),
Jest with the horrors they survey;
They hound—they rend—they mangle there—
As panthers with their prey!
Naught rests to hollow—burst the ties
Of life's sublime and reverent awe;
Before the vice the virtue flies,
And universal crime is law!
Man fears the lion's kingly tread;
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror;
And still the dreadliest of the dread,
Is man himself in error!
No torch, though lit from heaven, illumes
The blind!—Why place it in his hand?

It lights not him—it but consumes
The city and the land!

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husk—behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure-shining, as a star of gold!
Neck and lip, but as one beam,
It laughs like a sunbeam.

And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a master has fashioned the bell!

Come in—come in
My merry men—we'll form a ring
The new-born labor christening;
And "Concord" we will name her!—
To union may her heartfelt call
In brother-love attune us all!
May she the destined glory win
For which the master sought to frame her—
Aloft—(all earth's existence under),
In blue-pavillioned heaven afar
To dwell—the neighbor of the thunder,
The borderer of the star!
Be hers above a voice to rise
Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere,
Who, while they move, their Maker praise,
And lead around the wreathed year!
To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lips sublime!—
As hourly, calmly, on she swings
Fanned by the fleeting wings of time!—

No pulse—no heart—no feeling hers!
She lends the warning voice to fate;
And still companions, while she stirs,
The changes of the human state!
So may she teach us, as her tone
But now so mighty, melts away—
That earth no life which earth has known
From the last silence can delay!

Slowly now the cords upheave her!
From her earth-grave soars the bell;
Mid the airs of heaven we leave her!
In the music-realm to dwell!
Up—upwards yet raise—
She has risen—she sways.
Fair bell to our city bode joy and increase,
And oh, may thy first sound be hallowed to peace! [47]

THE POWER OF SONG.

The foaming stream from out the rock
With thunder roar begins to rush,—
The oak falls prostrate at the shock,
And mountain-wrecks attend the gush.
With rapturous awe, in wonder lost,
The wanderer hearkens to the sound;
From cliff to cliff he hears it tossed,
Yet knows not whither it is bound:
'Tis thus that song's bright waters pour
From sources never known before.

In union with those dreaded ones
That spin life's thread all-silently,
Who can resist the singer's tones?
Who from his magic set him free?
With wand like that the gods bestow,
He guides the heaving bosom's chords,
He steeps it in the realms below,
He bears it, wondering, heavenward,
And rocks it, 'twixt the grave and gay,
On feeling's scales that trembling sway.

As when before the startled eyes
Of some glad throng, mysteriously,

With giant-step, in spirit-guise,
Appears a wondrous deity,
Then bows each greatness of the earth
Before the stranger heaven-born,
Mute are the thoughtless sounds of mirth,
While from each face the mask is torn,
And from the truth's triumphant might
Each work of falsehood takes to flight.

So from each idle burden free,
When summoned by the voice of song,
Man soars to spirit-dignity,
Receiving force divinely strong:
Among the gods is now his home,
Naught earthly ventures to approach—
All other powers must now be dumb,
No fate can on his realms encroach;
Care's gloomy wrinkles disappear,
Whilst music's charms still linger here,

As after long and hopeless yearning,
And separation's bitter smart,
A child, with tears repentant burning,
Clings fondly to his mother's heart—
So to his youthful happy dwelling,
To rapture pure and free from stain,
All strange and false conceits expelling,
Song guides the wanderer back again,
In faithful Nature's loving arm,
From chilling precepts to grow warm.

TO PROSELYTIZERS.

"Give me only a fragment of earth beyond the earth's limits,"—
So the godlike man said,—"and I will move it with ease."
Only give me permission to leave myself for one moment,
And without any delay I will engage to be yours.

HONOR TO WOMAN.

[Literally "Dignity of Women."]

Honor to woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of heaven!
All blessed, she linketh the loves in their choir
In the veil of the graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that's hallowed to feeling,
And keeps ever-living the fire!

From the bounds of truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering
Down to passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the far,
Chasing his own dream forever,
On through many a distant star!
But woman with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck the wild truant again,
By the spell of her presence beguiled—
In the home of the mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child!

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife;
Man, the wild one, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life;
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the Hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing—
Wish to withered wish succeeds.

But woman at peace with all being, reposes,
And seeks from the moment to gather the roses—
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of genius and lore,
And the infinite circle of song.

Strong, and proud, and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone;
Heart with heart divinely blending,
In the love that gods have known,
Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears—he never knows,
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive, as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
If wooed by the zephyr, to music will quiver,
Is woman to hope and to fear;
All, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor;

Might to right the statue gave;
Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
Where the Mede reigned—see the slave!
Peace and meekness grimly routing,
Prowls the war-lust, rude and wild;
Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
Where the vanished graces smiled.

But woman, the soft one, persuasively prayeth—
Of the life [48] that she charmeth, the sceptre she swayeth;
She lulls, as she looks from above,
The discord whose bell for its victims is gaping,
And blending awhile the forever escaping,
Whispers hate to the image of love!

HOPE.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "The better" 's forever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.

THE GERMAN ART.

By no kind Augustus reared,
To no Medici endeared,
German art arose;
Fostering glory smiled not on her,
Ne'er with kingly smiles to sun her,
Did her blooms uncloze.

No,—she went by monarchs slighted
Went unhonored, unrequited,
From high Frederick's throne;
Praise and pride be all the greater,
That man's genius did create her,
From man's worth alone.

Therefore, all from loftier mountains,
Purer wells and richer fountains,
Streams our poet-art;
So no rule to curb its rushing—
All the fuller flows it gushing
From its deep—the heart!

ODYSSEUS.

Seeking to find his home, Odysseus crosses each water;
Through Charybdis so dread; ay, and through Scylla's wild yells,
Through the alarms of the raging sea, the alarms of the land too,—
E'en to the kingdom of hell leads him his wandering course.
And at length, as he sleeps, to Ithaca's coast fate conducts him;
There he awakes, and, with grief, knows not his fatherland now.

CARTHAGE.

Oh thou degenerate child of the great and glorious mother,
Who with the Romans' strong might couplest the Tyrians' deceit!
But those ever governed with vigor the earth they had conquered,—
These instructed the world that they with cunning had won.
Say! what renown does history grant thee? Thou, Roman-like, gained'st
That with the steel, which with gold, Tyrian-like, then thou didst rule!

THE SOWER.

Sure of the spring that warms them into birth,
The golden seeds thou trustest to the earth;
And dost thou doubt the eternal spring sublime,
For deeds—the seeds which wisdom sows in time.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

Oh, nobly shone the fearful cross upon your mail afar,
When Rhodes and Acre hailed your might, O lions of the war!
When leading many a pilgrim horde, through wastes of Syrian gloom;
Or standing with the cherub's sword before the holy tomb.
Yet on your forms the apron seemed a nobler armor far,
When by the sick man's bed ye stood, O lions of the war!
When ye, the high-born, bowed your pride to tend the lowly weakness,
The duty, though it brought no fame, fulfilled by Christian meekness—
Religion of the cross, thou blend'st, as in a single flower,
The twofold branches of the palm—humility and power. [49]

THE MERCHANT.

Where sails the ship?—It leads the Tyrian forth
For the rich amber of the liberal north.
Be kind, ye seas—winds, lend your gentlest wing,
May in each creek sweet wells restoring spring!—
To you, ye gods, belong the merchant!—o'er
The waves his sails the wide world's goods explore;
And, all the while, wherever waft the gales
The wide world's good sails with him as he sails!

GERMAN FAITH. [50]

Once for the sceptre of Germany, fought with Bavarian Louis
Frederick, of Hapsburg descent, both being called to the throne.
But the envious fortune of war delivered the Austrian
Into the hands of the foe, who overcame him in fight.
With the throne he purchased his freedom, pledging his honor
For the victor to draw 'gainst his own people his sword;
But what he vowed when in chains, when free he could not accomplish,
So, of his own free accord, put on his fetters again.
Deeply moved, his foe embraced him,—and from thenceforward
As a friend with a friend, pledged they the cup at the feast;
Arm-in-arm, the princes on one couch slumbered together.
While a still bloodier hate severed the nations apart.
'Gainst the army of Frederick Louis now went, and behind him
Left the foe he had fought, over Bavaria to watch.
"Ay, it is true! 'Tis really true! I have it in writing!"
Thus did the Pontifex cry, when he first heard of the news.

THE SEXES.

See in the babe two loveliest flowers united—yet in truth,
While in the bud they seem the same—the virgin and the youth!
But loosened is the gentle bond, no longer side by side—
From holy shame the fiery strength will soon itself divide.
Permit the youth to sport, and still the wild desire to chase,
For, but when sated, weary strength returns to seek the grace.
Yet in the bud, the double flowers the future strife begin,
How precious all—yet naught can still the longing heart within.
In ripening charms the virgin bloom to woman shape hath grown,
But round the ripening charms the pride hath clasped its guardian zone;
Shy, as before the hunter's horn the doe all trembling moves,
She flies from man as from a foe, and hates before she loves!

From lowering brows this struggling world the fearless youth observes,
And hardened for the strife betimes, he strains the willing nerves;
Far to the armed throng and to the race prepared to start,
Inviting glory calls him forth, and grasps the troubled heart:—
Protect thy work, O Nature now! one from the other flies,
Till thou unitest each at last that for the other sighs.
There art thou, mighty one! where'er the discord darkest frown,
Thou call'st the meek harmonious peace, the god-like soother down.
The noisy chase is lulled asleep, day's clamor dies afar,
And through the sweet and veiled air in beauty comes the star.
Soft-sighing through the crisped reeds, the brooklet glides along,

And every wood the nightingale melodious fills with song.
O virgin! now what instinct heaves thy bosom with the sigh?
O youth! and wherefore steals the tear into thy dreaming eye?
Alas! they seek in vain within the charm around bestowed,
The tender fruit is ripened now, and bows to earth its load.
And restless goes the youth to feed his heart upon its fire,
All, where the gentle breath to cool the flame of young desire!
And now they meet—the holy love that leads them lights their eyes,
And still behind the winged god the winged victory flies.
O heavenly love!—'tis thy sweet task the human flowers to bind,
For ay apart, and yet by thee forever intertwined!

LOVE AND DESIRE.

Rightly said, Schlosser! Man loves what he has; what he has not, desireth;
None but the wealthy minds love; poor minds desire alone.

THE BARDS OF OLDEN TIME.

Say, where is now that glorious race, where now are the singers
Who, with the accents of life, listening nations enthralled,
Sung down from heaven the gods, and sung mankind up to heaven,
And who the spirit bore up high on the pinions of song?
Ah! the singers still live; the actions only are wanting,
And to awake the glad harp, only a welcoming ear.
Happy bards of a happy world! Your life-teeming accents
Flew round from mouth unto mouth, gladdening every race.
With the devotion with which the gods were received, each one welcomed
That which the genius for him, plastic and breathing, then formed.
With the glow of the song were inflamed the listener's senses,
And with the listener's sense, nourished the singer the glow—
Nourished and cleansed it,—fortunate one! for whom in the voices
Of the people still clear echoed the soul of the song,
And to whom from without appeared, in life, the great godhead,
Whom the bard of these days scarcely can feel in his breast.

JOVE TO HERCULES.

'Twas not my nectar made thy strength divine,
But 'twas thy strength which made my nectar thine!

THE ANTIQUES AT PARIS.

That which Grecian art created,
Let the Frank, with joy elated,
Bear to Seine's triumphant strand,
And in his museums glorious
Show the trophies all-victorious
To his wondering fatherland.

They to him are silent ever,
Into life's fresh circle never
From their pedestals come down.
He alone e'er holds the Muses
Through whose breast their power diffuses,—
To the Vandal they're but stone!

THEKLA.

A SPIRIT VOICE.

Whither was it that my spirit wended
When from thee my fleeting shadow moved?
Is not now each earthly conflict ended?
Say,—have I not lived,—have I not loved?

Art thou for the nightingales inquiring
Who entranced thee in the early year
With their melody so joy-inspiring?
Only whilst they loved they lingered here.

Is the lost one lost to me forever?
Trust me, with him joyfully I stray
There, where naught united souls can sever,
And where every tear is wiped away.

And thou, too, wilt find us in yon heaven,
When thy love with our love can compare;
There my father dwells, his sins forgiven,—
Murder foul can never reach him there.

And he feels that him no vision cheated
When he gazed upon the stars on high;
For as each one metes, to him 'tis meted;

Who believes it, hath the Holy nigh.

Faith is kept in those blest regions yonder
With the feelings true that ne'er decay.
Venture thou to dream, then, and to wander
Noblest thoughts oft lie in childlike play.

THE ANTIQUE TO THE NORTHERN WANDERER.

Thou hast crossed over torrents, and swung through wide-spreading ocean,—
Over the chain of the Alps dizzily bore thee the bridge,
That thou might'st see me from near, and learn to value my beauty,
Which the voice of renown spreads through the wandering world.
And now before me thou standest,—canst touch my altar so holy,—
But art thou nearer to me, or am I nearer to thee?

THE ILIAD.

Tear forever the garland of Homer, and number the fathers
Of the immortal work, that through all time will survive!
Yet it has but one mother, and bears that mother's own feature,
'Tis thy features it bears,—Nature,—thy features eterne!

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

What wonder this?—we ask the lympid well,
O earth! of thee—and from thy solemn womb
What yieldest thou?—is there life in the abyss—
Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?
Returns the past, awakening from the tomb?
Rome—Greece!—Oh, come!—Behold—behold! for this!
Our living world—the old Pompeii sees;
And built anew the town of Dorian Hercules!
House upon house—its silent halls once more
Opes the broad portico!—Oh, haste and fill
Again those halls with life!—Oh, pour along
Through the seven-vista'd theatre the throng!
Where are ye, mimes?—Come forth, the steel prepare
For crowned Atrides, or Orestes haunt,
Ye choral Furies, with your dismal chant!
The arch of triumph!—whither leads it?—still
Behold the forum!—on the curule chair
Where the majestic image? Lictors, where
Your solemn fasces?—Place upon his throne
The Praetor—here the witness lead, and there
Bid the accuser stand

—O God! how lone
The clear streets glitter in the quiet day—

The footpath by the doors winding its lifeless way!
The roofs arise in shelter, and around
The desolate Atrium—every gentle room
Wears still the dear familiar smile of home!
Open the doors—the shops—on dreary night
Let lusty day laugh down in jocund light!

See the trim benches ranged in order!—See
The marble-tesselated floor—and there
The very walls are glittering livingly
With their clear colors. But the artist, where!
Sure but this instant he hath laid aside
Pencil and colors!—Glittering on the eye
Swell the rich fruits, and bloom the flowers!—See all
Art's gentle wreaths still fresh upon the wall!
Here the arch Cupid slyly seems to glide
By with bloom-laden basket. There the shapes
Of genii press with purpling feet the grapes,
Here springs the wild Bacchante to the dance,
And there she sleeps [while that voluptuous trance
Eyes the sly faun with never-sated glance]
Now on one knee upon the centaur-steeds
Hovering—the Thyrsus plies.—Hurrah!—away she speeds!

Come—come, why loiter ye?—Here, here, how fair
The goodly vessels still! Girls, hither turn,
Fill from the fountain the Etruscan urn!
On the winged sphinxes see the tripod.—

Ho!

Quick—quick, ye slaves, come—fire!—the hearth prepare!
Ha! wilt thou sell?—this coin shall pay thee—this,
Fresh from the mint of mighty Titus!—Lo!

Here lie the scales, and not a weight we miss
So—bring the light! The delicate lamp!—what toil
Shaped thy minutest grace!—quick pour the oil!
Yonder the fairy chest!—come, maid, behold
The bridegroom's gifts—the armlets—they are gold,
And paste out-feigning jewels!—lead the bride
Into the odorous bath—lo! unguents still—
And still the crystal vase the arts for beauty fill!

But where the men of old—perchance a prize
More precious yet in yon papyrus lies,
And see ev'n still the tokens of their toil—
The waxen tablets—the recording style.
The earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all!
Still stand the mute penates in the hall;
Back to his haunts returns each ancient god.
Why absent only from their ancient stand
The priests?—waves Hermes his Caducean rod,
And the winged victory struggles from the hand.
Kindle the flame—behold the altar there!
Long hath the god been worshipless—to prayer.

NAENIA.

Even the beauteous must die! This vanquishes men and immortals;
But of the Stygian god moves not the bosom of steel.
Once and once only could love prevail on the ruler of shadows,
And on the threshold, e'en then, sternly his gift he recalled.
Venus could never heal the wounds of the beauteous stripling,
That the terrible boar made in his delicate skin;
Nor could his mother immortal preserve the hero so godlike,
When at the west gate of Troy, falling, his fate he fulfilled.
But she arose from the ocean with all the daughters of Nereus,
And o'er her glorified son raised the loud accents of woe.
See! where all the gods and goddesses yonder are weeping,
That the beauteous must fade, and that the perfect must die.
Even a woe-song to be in the mouth of the loved ones is glorious,
For what is vulgar descends mutely to Orcus' dark shades.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Humanity's bright image to impair.
Scorn laid thee prostrate in the deepest dust;
Wit wages ceaseless war on all that's fair,—
In angel and in God it puts no trust;
The bosom's treasures it would make its prey,—
Besieges fancy,—dims e'en faith's pure ray.

Yet issuing like thyself from humble line,
Like thee a gentle shepherdess is she—
Sweet poesy affords her rights divine,
And to the stars eternal soars with thee.
Around thy brow a glory she hath thrown;
The heart 'twas formed thee,—ever thou'lt live on!

The world delights whate'er is bright to stain,
And in the dust to lay the glorious low;
Yet fear not! noble bosoms still remain,
That for the lofty, for the radiant glow
Let Momus serve to fill the booth with mirth;
A nobler mind loves forms of nobler worth.

ARCHIMEDES.

To Archimedes once a scholar came,
"Teach me," he said, "the art that won thy fame;—
The godlike art which gives such boons to toil,
And showers such fruit upon thy native soil;—
The godlike art that girt the town when all
Rome's vengeance burst in thunder on the wall!"
"Thou call'st art godlike—it is so, in truth,
And was," replied the master to the youth,
"Ere yet its secrets were applied to use—
Ere yet it served beleaguered Syracuse:—
Ask'st thou from art, but what the art is worth?
The fruit?—for fruit go cultivate the earth.—
He who the goddess would aspire unto,
Must not the goddess as the woman woo!"

THE DANCE.

See how, like lightest waves at play, the airy dancers fleet;
And scarcely feels the floor the wings of those harmonious feet.
Ob, are they flying shadows from their native forms set free?
Or phantoms in the fairy ring that summer moonbeams see?
As, by the gentle zephyr blown, some light mist flees in air,
As skiffs that skim adown the tide, when silver waves are fair,
So sports the docile footstep to the heave of that sweet measure,
As music wafts the form aloft at its melodious pleasure,
Now breaking through the woven chain of the entangled dance,
From where the ranks the thickest press, a bolder pair advance,
The path they leave behind them lost—wide open the path beyond,
The way unfolds or closes up as by a magic wand.
See now, they vanish from the gaze in wild confusion blended;
All, in sweet chaos whirled again, that gentle world is ended!
No!—disentangled glides the knot, the gay disorder ranges—
The only system ruling here, a grace that ever changes.
For ay destroyed—for ay renewed, whirls on that fair creation;
And yet one peaceful law can still pervade in each mutation.
And what can to the reeling maze breathe harmony and vigor,
And give an order and repose to every gliding figure?
That each a ruler to himself doth but himself obey,
Yet through the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way.
What, would'st thou know? It is in truth the mighty power of tune,

A power that every step obeys, as tides obey the moon;
That threadeth with a golden clue the intricate employment,
Curbs bounding strength to tranquil grace, and tames the wild enjoyment.
And comes the world's wide harmony in vain upon thine ears?
The stream of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres?
And feel'st thou not the measure which eternal Nature keeps?
The whirling dance forever held in yonder azure deeps?
The suns that wheel in varying maze?—That music thou discernest?
No! Thou canst honor that in sport which thou forgettest in earnest.

[52]

THE FORTUNE-FAVORED. [53]

Ah! happy he, upon whose birth each god
Looks down in love, whose earliest sleep the bright
Idalia cradles, whose young lips the rod
Of eloquent Hermes kindles—to whose eyes,
Scarce wakened yet, Apollo steals in light,
While on imperial brows Jove sets the seal of might!
Godlike the lot ordained for him to share,
He wins the garland ere he runs the race;
He learns life's wisdom ere he knows life's care,
And, without labor vanquished, smiles the grace.
Great is the man, I grant, whose strength of mind,
Self-shapes its objects and subdues the fates—
Virtue subdues the fates, but cannot blind
The fickle happiness, whose smile awaits
Those who scarce seek it; nor can courage earn
What the grace showers not from her own free urn!
From aught unworthy, the determined will
Can guard the watchful spirit—there it ends
The all that's glorious from the heaven descends;
As some sweet mistress loves us, freely still
Come the spontaneous gifts of heaven!—Above
Favor rules Jove, as it below rules love!
The immortals have their bias!—Kindly they

See the bright locks of youth enamored play,
And where the glad one goes, shed gladness round the way.
It is not they who boast the best to see,
Whose eyes the holy apparitions bless;
The stately light of their divinity
Hath oft but shone the brightest on the blind;—
And their choice spirit found its calm recess
In the pure childhood of a simple mind.
Unasked they come delighted to delude
The expectation of our baffled pride;
No law can call their free steps to our side.
Him whom he loves, the sire of men and gods
(Selected from the marvelling multitude)
Bears on his eagle to his bright abodes;
And showers, with partial hand and lavish, down,
The minstrel's laurel or the monarch's crown!
Before the fortune-favored son of earth,
Apollo walks—and, with his jocund mirth,
The heart-enthraling smiler of the skies
For him gray Neptune smooths the pliant wave—
Harmless the waters for the ship that bore
The Caesar and his fortunes to the shore!
Charmed at his feet the crouching lion lies,
To him his back the murmuring dolphin gave;
His soul is born a sovereign o'er the strife—
The lord of all the beautiful of life;
Where'er his presence in its calm has trod,
It charms—it sways as solve diviner God.
Scorn not the fortune-favored, that to him
The light-won victory by the gods is given,
Or that, as Paris, from the strife severe,
The Venus draws her darling—Whom the heaven

So prospers, love so watches, I revere!
And not the man upon whose eyes, with dim
And baleful night, sits fate. Achaia boasts,
No less the glory of the Dorian lord [54]
That Vulcan wrought for him the shield and sword—
That round the mortal hovered all the hosts
Of all Olympus—that his wrath to grace,
The best and bravest of the Grecian race
Untimely slaughtered, with resentful ghosts
Awed the pale people of the Stygian coasts!
Scorn not the darlings of the beautiful,
If without labor they life's blossoms cull;
If, like the stately lilies, they have won
A crown for which they neither toiled nor spun;—
If without merit, theirs be beauty, still
Thy sense, unenvying, with the beauty fill.
Alike for thee no merit wins the right,
To share, by simply seeing, their delight.
Heaven breathes the soul into the minstrel's breast,
But with that soul he animates the rest;
The god inspires the mortal—but to God,
In turn, the mortal lifts thee from the sod.
Oh, not in vain to heaven the bard is dear;
Holy himself—he hallows those who hear!
The busy mart let justice still control,
Weighing the guerdon to the toil!—What then?
A God alone claims joy—all joy is his,
Flushing with unsought light the cheeks of men.
[55] Where is no miracle, why there no bliss!
Grow, change, and ripen all that mortal be,
Shapened from form to form, by toiling time;
The blissful and the beautiful are born

Full grown, and ripened from eternity—
No gradual changes to their glorious prime,
No childhood dwarfs them, and no age has worn.—
Like heaven's, each earthly Venus on the sight
Comes, a dark birth, from out an endless sea;
Like the first Pallas, in maturest might,
Armed, from the thunderer's—brow, leaps forth each thought of light.

BOOKSELLER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

Naught is for man so important as rightly to know his own purpose;
For but twelve groschen hard cash 'tis to be bought at my shop!

GENIUS.

"Do I believe," sayest thou, "what the masters of wisdom would teach me,
And what their followers' band boldly and readily swear?
Cannot I ever attain to true peace, excepting through knowledge,
Or is the system upheld only by fortune and law?
Must I distrust the gently-warning impulse, the precept
That thou, Nature, thyself hast in my bosom impressed,
Till the schools have affixed to the writ eternal their signet,
Till a mere formula's chain binds down the fugitive soul?
Answer me, then! for thou hast down into these deeps e'en descended,—
Out of the mouldering grave thou didst uninjured return.
Is't to thee known what within the tomb of obscure works is hidden,
Whether, yon mummies amid, life's consolations can dwell?
Must I travel the darksome road? The thought makes me tremble;
Yet I will travel that road, if 'tis to truth and to right."

Friend, hast thou heard of the golden age? Full many a story
Poets have sung in its praise, simply and touchingly sung—
Of the time when the holy still wandered over life's pathways,—
When with a maidenly shame every sensation was veiled,—
When the mighty law that governs the sun in his orbit,
And that, concealed in the bud, teaches the point how to move,
When necessity's silent law, the steadfast, the changeless,
Stirred up billows more free, e'en in the bosom of man,—
When the sense, unerring, and true as the hand of the dial,

Pointed only to truth, only to what was eternal?

Then no profane one was seen, then no initiate was met with,
And what as living was felt was not then sought 'mongst the dead;
Equally clear to every breast was the precept eternal,
Equally hidden the source whence it to gladden us sprang;
But that happy period has vanished! And self-willed presumption
Nature's godlike repose now has forever destroyed.
Feelings polluted the voice of the deities echo no longer,
In the dishonored breast now is the oracle dumb.
Save in the silenter self, the listening soul cannot find it,
There does the mystical word watch o'er the meaning divine;
There does the searcher conjure it, descending with bosom unsullied;
There does the nature long-lost give him back wisdom again.
If thou, happy one, never hast lost the angel that guards thee,
Forfeited never the kind warnings that instinct holds forth;
If in thy modest eye the truth is still purely depicted;
If in thine innocent breast clearly still echoes its call;
If in thy tranquil mind the struggles of doubt still are silent,
If they will surely remain silent forever as now;
If by the conflict of feelings a judge will ne'er be required;
If in its malice thy heart dims not the reason so clear,
Oh, then, go thy way in all thy innocence precious!
Knowledge can teach thee in naught; thou canst instruct her in much!
Yonder law, that with brazen staff is directing the struggling,
Naught is to thee. What thou dost, what thou mayest will is thy law,
And to every race a godlike authority issues.
What thou with holy hand formest, what thou with holy mouth speakest,
Will with omnipotent power impel the wondering senses;
Thou but observest not the god ruling within thine own breast,
Not the might of the signet that bows all spirits before thee;
Simple and silent thou goest through the wide world thou hast won.

HONORS.

[Dignities would be the better title, if the word were not so essentially unpoetical.]

When the column of light on the waters is glassed,
As blent in one glow seem the shine and the stream;
But wave after wave through the glory has passed,
Just catches, and flies as it catches, the beam
So honors but mirror on mortals their light;
Not the man but the place that he passes is bright.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGOTIST.

Hast thou the infant seen that yet, unknowing of the love
Which warms and cradles, calmly sleeps the mother's heart above—
Wandering from arm to arm, until the call of passion wakes,
And glimmering on the conscious eye—the world in glory breaks?

And hast thou seen the mother there her anxious vigil keep?
Buying with love that never sleeps the darling's happy sleep?
With her own life she fans and feeds that weak life's trembling rays,
And with the sweetness of the care, the care itself repays.

And dost thou Nature then blaspheme—that both the child and mother
Each unto each unites, the while the one doth need the other?—
All self-sufficing wilt thou from that lovely circle stand—
That creature still to creature links in faith's familiar band?

Ah! dar'st thou, poor one, from the rest thy lonely self estrange?
Eternal power itself is but all powers in interchange!

THE BEST STATE CONSTITUTION.

I can recognize only as such, the one that enables
Each to think what is right,—but that he thinks so, cares not.

THE WORDS OF BELIEF.

Three words will I name thee—around and about,
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
But they had not their birth in the being without,
And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!
And all worth in the man shall forever be o'er
When in those three words he believes no more.

Man is made free!—Man by birthright is free,
Though the tyrant may deem him but born for his tool.
Whatever the shout of the rabble may be—
Whatever the ranting misuse of the fool—
Still fear not the slave, when he breaks from his chain,
For the man made a freeman grows safe in his gain.

And virtue is more than a shade or a sound,
And man may her voice, in this being, obey;
And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
Yet ever again to the godlike way,
To the science of good though the wise may be blind,
Yet the practice is plain to the childlike mind.

And a God there is!—over space, over time,
While the human will rocks, like a reed, to and fro,
Lives the will of the holy—a purpose sublime,

A thought woven over creation below;
Changing and shifting the all we inherit,
But changeless through all one immutable spirit

Hold fast the three words of belief—though about
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
But a voice from within must their oracle be;
And never all worth in the man can be o'er,
Till in those three words he believes no more.

THE WORDS OF ERROR.

Three errors there are, that forever are found
On the lips of the good, on the lips of the best;
But empty their meaning and hollow their sound—
And slight is the comfort they bring to the breast.
The fruits of existence escape from the clasp
Of the seeker who strives but those shadows to grasp—

So long as man dreams of some age in this life
When the right and the good will all evil subdue;
For the right and the good lead us ever to strife,
And wherever they lead us the fiend will pursue.
And (till from the earth borne, and stifled at length)
The earth that he touches still gifts him with strength! [56]

So long as man fancies that fortune will live,
Like a bride with her lover, united with worth;
For her favors, alas! to the mean she will give—
And virtue possesses no title to earth!
That foreigner wanders to regions afar,
Where the lands of her birthright immortally are!

So long as man dreams that, to mortals a gift,
The truth in her fulness of splendor will shine;
The veil of the goddess no earth-born may lift,

And all we can learn is—to guess and divine!
Dost thou seek, in a dogma, to prison her form?
The spirit flies forth on the wings of the storm!

O, noble soul! fly from delusions like these,
More heavenly belief be it thine to adore;
Where the ear never hearkens, the eye never sees,
Meet the rivers of beauty and truth evermore!
Not without thee the streams—there the dull seek them;—No!
Look within thee—behold both the fount and the flow!

THE POWER OF WOMAN.

Mighty art thou, because of the peaceful charms of thy presence;
That which the silent does not, never the boastful can do.
Vigor in man I expect, the law in its honors maintaining,
But, through the graces alone, woman e'er rules or should rule.
Many, indeed, have ruled through the might of the spirit and action,
But then thou noblest of crowns, they were deficient in thee.
No real queen exists but the womanly beauty of woman;
Where it appears, it must rule; ruling because it appears!

THE TWO PATHS OF VIRTUE.

Two are the pathways by which mankind can to virtue mount upward;
If thou should find the one barred, open the other will lie.
'Tis by exertion the happy obtain her, the suffering by patience.
Blest is the man whose kind fate guides him along upon both!

THE PROVERBS OF CONFUCIUS.

I.

Threefold is the march of time
While the future slow advances,
Like a dart the present glances,
Silent stands the past sublime.

No impatience e'er can speed him
On his course if he delay;
No alarm, no doubts impede him
If he keep his onward way;
No regrets, no magic numbers
Wake the tranced one from his slumbers.
Wouldst thou wisely and with pleasure,
Pass the days of life's short measure,
From the slow one counsel take,
But a fool of him ne'er make;
Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
Nor the constant one as foe!

II.

Threefold is the form of space:
Length, with ever restless motion,
Seeks eternity's wide ocean;

Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

All as types to thee are given;
Thou must onward strive for heaven,
Never still or weary be
Would'st thou perfect glory see;
Far must thy researches go.
Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
Thou must tempt the dark abyss
Wouldst thou prove what Being is.

Naught but firmness gains the prize,—
Naught but fulness makes us wise,—
Buried deep, truth ever lies!

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Since thou redest in her what thou thyself hast there written,
And, to gladden the eye, placest her wonders in groups;—
Since o'er her boundless expanses thy cords to extend thou art able,
Thou dost think that thy mind wonderful Nature can grasp.
Thus the astronomer draws his figures over the heavens,
So that he may with more ease traverse the infinite space,
Knitting together e'en suns that by Sirius-distance are parted,
Making them join in the swan and in the horns of the bull.
But because the firmament shows him its glorious surface,
Can he the spheres' mystic dance therefore decipher aright?

COLUMBUS.

Steer on, bold sailor—Wit may mock thy soul that sees the land,
And hopeless at the helm may droop the weak and weary hand,
Yet ever—ever to the West, for there the coast must lie,
And dim it dawns, and glimmering dawns before thy reason's eye;
Yea, trust the guiding God—and go along the floating grave,
Though hid till now—yet now behold the New World o'er the wave!
With genius Nature ever stands in solemn union still,
And ever what the one foretells the other shall fulfil.

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

In cheerful faith that fears no ill
The good man doth the world begin;
And dreams that all without shall still
Reflect the trusting soul within.
Warm with the noble vows of youth,
Hallowing his true arm to the truth;

Yet is the littleness of all
So soon to sad experience shown,
That crowds but teach him to recall
And centre thought on self alone;
Till love, no more, emotion knows,
And the heart freezes to repose.

Alas! though truth may light bestow,
Not always warmth the beams impart,
Blest he who gains the boon to know,
Nor buys the knowledge with the heart.
For warmth and light a blessing both to be,
Feel as the enthusiast—as the world-wise see.

BREADTH AND DEPTH.

Full many a shining wit one sees,
With tongue on all things well conversing;
The what can charm, the what can please,
In every nice detail rehearsing.
Their raptures so transport the college,
It seems one honeymoon of knowledge.

Yet out they go in silence where
They whilom held their learned prate;
Ah! he who would achieve the fair,
Or sow the embryo of the great,
Must hoard—to wait the ripening hour—
In the least point the loftiest power.

With wanton boughs and pranksome hues,
Aloft in air aspires the stem;
The glittering leaves inhale the dews,
But fruits are not concealed in them.
From the small kernel's undiscerned repose
The oak that lords it o'er the forest grows.

THE TWO GUIDES OF LIFE.

THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Two genii are there, from thy birth through weary life to guide thee;
Ah, happy when, united both, they stand to aid beside thee?
With gleesome play to cheer the path, the one comes blithe with beauty,
And lighter, leaning on her arm, the destiny and duty.
With jest and sweet discourse she goes unto the rock sublime,
Where halts above the eternal sea [57] the shuddering child of time.
The other here, resolved and mute and solemn, claspeth thee,
And bears thee in her giant arms across the fearful sea.
Never admit the one alone!—Give not the gentle guide
Thy honor—nor unto the stern thy happiness confide!

THE IMMUTABLE.

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time forever.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

That which I learned from the Deity,—
that which through lifetime hath helped me,
Meekly and gratefully now, here I suspend in his shrine.

DIFFERENT DESTINIES.

Millions busily toil, that the human race may continue;
But by only a few is propagated our kind.
Thousands of seeds by the autumn are scattered, yet fruit is engendered
Only by few, for the most back to the element go.
But if one only can blossom, that one is able to scatter
Even a bright living world, filled with creations eterne.

THE ANIMATING PRINCIPLE.

Nowhere in the organic or sensitive world ever kindles
Novelty, save in the flower, noblest creation of life.

TWO DESCRIPTIONS OF ACTION.

Do what is good, and humanity's godlike plant thou wilt nourish;
Plan what is fair, and thou'lt strew seeds of the godlike around.

DIFFERENCE OF STATION.

Even the moral world its nobility boasts—vulgar natures
Reckon by that which they do; noble, by that which they are.

WORTH AND THE WORTHY.

If thou anything hast, let me have it,—I'll pay what is proper;
If thou anything art, let us our spirits exchange.

THE MORAL FORCE.

If thou feelest not the beautiful, still thou with reason canst will it;
And as a spirit canst do, that which as man thou canst not.

PARTICIPATION.

E'en by the hand of the wicked can truth be working with vigor;
But the vessel is filled by what is beautiful alone.

TO ———

Tell me all that thou knowest, and I will thankfully hear it!
But wouldst thou give me thyself,—let me, my friend, be excused!

TO ———

Wouldst thou teach me the truth? Don't take the trouble! I wish not,
Through thee, the thing to observe,—but to see thee through the thing.

TO ———

Thee would I choose as my teacher and friend. Thy living example
Teaches me,—thy teaching word wakens my heart unto life.

THE PRESENT GENERATION.

Was it always as now? This race I truly can't fathom.
Nothing is young but old age; youth, alas! only is old.

TO THE MUSE.

What I had been without thee, I know not—yet, to my sorrow
See I what, without thee, hundreds and thousands now are.

THE LEARNED WORKMAN.

Ne'er does he taste the fruit of the tree that he raised with such trouble;
Nothing but taste e'er enjoys that which by learning is reared.

THE DUTY OF ALL.

Ever strive for the whole; and if no whole thou canst make thee,
Join, then, thyself to some whole, as a subservient limb!

A PROBLEM.

Let none resemble another; let each resemble the highest!
How can that happen? let each be all complete in itself.

THE PECULIAR IDEAL.

What thou thinkest, belongs to all; what thou feelest, is thine only.
Wouldst thou make him thine own, feel thou the God whom thou thinkest!

TO MYSTICS.

That is the only true secret, which in the presence of all men
Lies, and surrounds thee for ay, but which is witnessed by none.

THE KEY.

Wouldst thou know thyself, observe the actions of others.
Wouldst thou other men know, look thou within thine own heart.

THE OBSERVER.

Stern as my conscience, thou seest the points wherein I'm deficient;
Therefore I've always loved thee, as my own conscience I've loved.

WISDOM AND PRUDENCE.

Wouldst thou, my friend, mount up to the highest summit of wisdom,
Be not deterred by the fear, prudence thy course may deride
That shortsighted one sees but the bank that from thee is flying,
Not the one which ere long thou wilt attain with bold flight.

THE AGREEMENT.

Both of us seek for truth—in the world without thou dost seek it,
I in the bosom within; both of us therefore succeed.
If the eye be healthy, it sees from without the Creator;
And if the heart, then within doubtless it mirrors the world.

POLITICAL PRECEPT.

All that thou doest is right; but, friend, don't carry this precept
On too far,—be content, all that is right to effect.
It is enough to true zeal, if what is existing be perfect;
False zeal always would find finished perfection at once.

MAJESTAS POPULI.

Majesty of the nature of man! In crowds shall I seek thee?
'Tis with only a few that thou hast made thine abode.
Only a few ever count; the rest are but blanks of no value,
And the prizes are hid 'neath the vain stir that they make.

THE DIFFICULT UNION.

Why are taste and genius so seldom met with united?
Taste of strength is afraid,—genius despises the rein.

TO A WORLD-REFORMER.

"I Have sacrificed all," thou sayest, "that man I might succor;
Vain the attempt; my reward was persecution and hate."
Shall I tell thee, my friend, how I to humor him manage?
Trust the proverb! I ne'er have been deceived by it yet.
Thou canst not sufficiently prize humanity's value;
Let it be coined in deed as it exists in thy breast.
E'en to the man whom thou chancest to meet in life's narrow pathway,
If he should ask it of thee, hold forth a succoring hand.
But for rain and for dew, for the general welfare of mortals,
Leave thou Heaven to care, friend, as before, so e'en now.

MY ANTIPATHY.

I have a heartfelt aversion for crime,—a twofold aversion,
Since 'tis the reason why man prates about virtue so much.
"What! thou hatest, then, virtue?"—I would that by all it were practised,
So that, God willing, no man ever need speak of it more.

ASTRONOMICAL WRITINGS.

Oh, how infinite, how unspeakably great, are the heavens!
Yet by frivolity's hand downwards the heavens are pulled!

THE BEST STATE.

"How can I know the best state?"
In the way that thou know'st the best woman;
Namely, my friend, that the world ever is silent of both.

TO ASTRONOMERS.

Prate not to me so much of suns and of nebulous bodies;
Think ye Nature but great, in that she gives thee to count?
Though your object may be the sublimest that space holds within it,
Yet, my good friends, the sublime dwells not in the regions of space.

MY FAITH.

Which religion do I acknowledge? None that thou namest.
"None that I name? And why so?"—Why, for religion's own sake?

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.

God alone sees the heart and therefore, since he alone sees it,
Be it our care that we, too, something that's worthy may see.

FRIEND AND FOE.

Dearly I love a friend; yet a foe I may turn to my profit;
Friends show me that which I can; foes teach me that which I should.

LIGHT AND COLOR.

Thou that art ever the same, with the changeless One take up thy dwelling!
Color, thou changeable one, kindly descends upon man!

GENIUS.

Understanding, indeed, can repeat what already existed,—
That which Nature has built, after her she, too, can build.
Over Nature can reason build, but in vacancy only:
But thou, genius, alone, nature in nature canst form.

BEAUTEOUS INDIVIDUALITY.

Thou in truth shouldst be one, yet not with the whole shouldst thou be so.
'Tis through the reason thou'rt one,—art so with it through the heart.
Voice of the whole is thy reason, but thou thine own heart must be ever;
If in thy heart reason dwells evermore, happy art thou.

VARIETY.

Many are good and wise; yet all for one only reckon,
For 'tis conception, alas, rules them, and not a fond heart.

Sad is the sway of conception,—from thousandfold varying figures,
Needy and empty but one it is e'er able to bring.
But where creative beauty is ruling, there life and enjoyment
Dwell; to the ne'er-changing One, thousands of new forms she gives.

THE IMITATOR.

Good from the good,—to the reason this is not hard of conception;
But the genius has power good from the bad to evoke.
'Tis the conceived alone, that thou, imitator, canst practise;
Food the conceived never is, save to the mind that conceives.

GENIALITY.

How does the genius make itself known? In the way that in nature
Shows the Creator himself,—e'en in the infinite whole.
Clear is the ether, and yet of depth that ne'er can be fathomed;
Seen by the eye, it remains evermore closed to the sense.

THE INQUIRERS.

Men now seek to explore each thing from within and without too!
How canst thou make thy escape, Truth, from their eager pursuit?
That they may catch thee, with nets and poles extended they seek thee
But with a spirit-like tread, glidest thou out of the throng.

CORRECTNESS.

Free from blemish to be, is the lowest of steps, and highest;
Weakness and greatness alone ever arrive at this point.

THE THREE AGES OF NATURE.

Life she received from fable; the schools deprived her of being,
Life creative again she has from reason received.

THE LAW OF NATURE.

It has ever been so, my friend, and will ever remain so:
Weakness has rules for itself,—vigor is crowned with success.

CHOICE.

If thou canst not give pleasure to all by thy deeds and thy knowledge,
Give it then, unto the few; many to please is but vain.

SCIENCE OF MUSIC.

Let the creative art breathe life, and the bard furnish spirit;
But the soul is expressed by Polyhymnia alone.

TO THE POET.

Let thy speech be to thee what the body is to the loving;
Beings it only can part,—beings it only can join.

LANGUAGE.

Why can the living spirit be never seen by the spirit?
Soon as the soul 'gins to speak, then can the soul speak no more!

THE MASTER.

Other masters one always can tell by the words that they utter;
That which he wisely omits shows me the master of style.

THE GIRDLE.

Aphrodite preserves her beauty concealed by her girdle;
That which lends her her charms is what she covers—her shame.

THE DILETTANTE.

Merely because thou hast made a good verse in a language poetic,
One which composes for thee, thou art a poet forsooth!

THE BABBLER OF ART.

Dost thou desire the good in art? Of the good art thou worthy,
Which by a ne'er ceasing war 'gainst thee thyself is produced?

THE PHILOSOPHIES.

Which among the philosophies will be enduring? I know not,
But that philosophy's self ever may last is my hope.

THE FAVOR OF THE MUSES.

Fame with the vulgar expires; but, Muse immortal, thou bearest
Those whom thou lovest, who love thee, into Mnemosyne's arms.

HOMER'S HEAD AS A SEAL.

Trusty old Homer! to thee I confide the secret so tender;
For the raptures of love none but the bard should e'er know.

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS.

Only two virtues exist. Oh, would they were ever united!
Ever the good with the great, ever the great with the good!

THE IMPULSES.

Fear with his iron staff may urge the slave onward forever;
Rapture, do thou lead me on ever in roseate chains!

NATURALISTS AND TRANSCENDENTAL PHILOSOPHERS.

Enmity be between ye! Your union too soon is cemented;
Ye will but learn to know truth when ye divide in the search.

GERMAN GENIUS.

Strive, O German, for Roman-like strength and for Grecian-like beauty!
Thou art successful in both; ne'er has the Gaul had success.

THEOPHANIA.

When the happy appear, I forget the gods in the heavens;
But before me they stand, when I the suffering see.

TRIFLES.

THE EPIC HEXAMETER.

Giddily onward it bears thee with resistless impetuous billows;
Naught but the ocean and air seest thou before or behind.

THE DISTICH.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's watery column,
In the pentameter sweet falling in melody down.

THE EIGHT-LINE STANZA.

Stanza, by love thou'rt created,—by love, all-tender and yearning;
Thrice dost thou bashfully fly; thrice dost with longing return.

THE OBELISK.

On a pedestal lofty the sculptor in triumph has raised me.
"Stand thou," spake he,—and I stand proudly and joyfully here.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

"Fear not," the builder exclaimed, "the rainbow that stands in the heavens;

I will extend thee, like it, into infinity far!"

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDGE.

Under me, over me, hasten the waters, the chariots; my builder
Kindly has suffered e'en me, over myself, too, to go!

THE GATE.

Let the gate open stand, to allure the savage to precepts;
Let it the citizen lead into free nature with joy.

ST. PETER'S.

If thou seekest to find immensity here, thou'rt mistaken;
For my greatness is meant greater to make thee thyself!

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

PUPIL.

I am rejoiced, worthy sirs, to find you in pleno assembled;
For I have come down below, seeking the one needful thing.

ARISTOTLE.

Quick to the point, my good friend! For the Jena Gazette comes
to hand here,
Even in hell,—so we know all that is passing above.

PUPIL.

So much the better! So give me (I will not depart hence without it)
Some good principle now,—one that will always avail!

FIRST PHILOSOPHER.

Cogito, ergo sum. I have thought, and therefore existence!
If the first be but true, then is the second one sure.

PUPIL.

As I think, I exist. 'Tis good! But who always is thinking?
Oft I've existed e'en when I have been thinking of naught.

SECOND PHILOSOPHER.

Since there are things that exist, a thing of all things there must
needs be;
In the thing of all things dabble we, just as we are.

THIRD PHILOSOPHER.

Just the reverse, say I. Besides myself there is nothing;
Everything else that there is is but a bubble to me.

FOURTH PHILOSOPHER.

Two kinds of things I allow to exist,—the world and the spirit;
Naught of others I know; even these signify one.

FIFTH PHILOSOPHER.

I know naught of the thing, and know still less of the spirit;
Both but appear unto me; yet no appearance they are.

SIXTH PHILOSOPHER.

I am I, and settle myself,—and if I then settle
Nothing to be, well and good—there's a nonentity formed.

SEVENTH PHILOSOPHER.

There is conception at least! A thing conceived there is, therefore;
And a conceiver as well,—which, with conception, make three.

PUPIL.

All this nonsense, good sirs, won't answer my purpose a tittle:
I a real principle need,—one by which something is fixed.

EIGHTH PHILOSOPHER.

Nothing is now to be found in the theoretical province;
Practical principles hold, such as: thou canst, for thou shouldst.

PUPIL.

If I but thought so! When people know no more sensible answer,
Into the conscience at once plunge they with desperate haste.

DAVID HUME.

Don't converse with those fellows! That Kant has turned them all crazy;

Speak to me, for in hell I am the same that I was.

LAW POINT.

I have made use of my nose for years together to smell with;
Have I a right to my nose that can be legally proved?

PUFFENDORF.

Truly a delicate point! Yet the first possession appeareth
In thy favor to tell; therefore make use of it still!

SCRUPLE OF CONSCIENCE.

Willingly serve I my friends; but, alas, I do it with pleasure;
Therefore I often am vexed that no true virtue I have.

DECISION.

As there is no other means, thou hadst better begin to despise them;
And with aversion, then, do that which thy duty commands.

THE HOMERIDES.

Who is the bard of the Iliad among you? For since he likes puddings,
Heyne begs he'll accept these that from Gottingen come.

"Give them to me! The kings' quarrel I sang!"—

"I, the fight near the vessels!"—"Hand me the puddings!

I sang what upon Ida took place!"

Gently! Don't tear me to pieces! The puddings will not be sufficient;
He by whom they are sent destined them only for one.

G. G.

Each one, when seen by himself, is passably wise and judicious;
When they in corpore are, naught but a blockhead is seen.

THE MORAL POET.

Man is in truth a poor creature,—I know it,—and fain would forget it;
Therefore (how sorry I am!) came I, alas, unto thee!

THE DANAIDES.

Into the sieve we've been pouring for years,—
o'er the stone we've been brooding;
But the stone never warms,—nor does the sieve ever fill.

THE SUBLIME SUBJECT.

'Tis thy Muse's delight to sing God's pity to mortals;
But, that they pitiful are,—is it a matter for song?

THE ARTIFICE.

Wouldst thou give pleasure at once to the children of earth and
the righteous?

Draw the image of lust—adding the devil as well!

IMMORTALITY.

Dreadest thou the aspect of death! Thou wishest to live on forever?

Live in the whole, and when long thou shalt have gone, 'twill remain!

JEREMIADS.

All, both in prose and in verse, in Germany fast is decaying;
Far behind us, alas, lieth the golden age now!
For by philosophers spoiled is our language—our logic by poets,
And no more common sense governs our passage through life.
From the aesthetic, to which she belongs, now virtue is driven,
And into politics forced, where she's a troublesome guest.
Where are we hastening now? If natural, dull we are voted,
And if we put on constraint, then the world calls us absurd.
Oh, thou joyous artlessness 'mongst the poor maidens of Leipzig,
Witty simplicity come,—come, then, to glad us again!
Comedy, oh repeat thy weekly visits so precious,
Sigismund, lover so sweet,—Mascarill, valet jocose!
Tragedy, full of salt and pungency epigrammatic,—
And thou, minuet-step of our old buskin preserved!
Philosophic romance, thou mannikin waiting with patience,
When, 'gainst the pruner's attack, Nature defendeth herself!
Ancient prose, oh return,—so nobly and boldly expressing
All that thou thinkest and hast thought,—and what the reader thinks too
All, both in prose and in verse, in Germany fast is decaying;
Far behind us, alas, lieth the golden age now!

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST.

A PARODY.

I, too, at length discerned great Hercules' energy mighty,—
Saw his shade. He himself was not, alas, to be seen.
Round him were heard, like the screaming of birds,
 the screams of tragedians,
And, with the baying of dogs, barked dramaturgists around.
There stood the giant in all his terrors; his bow was extended,
And the bolt, fixed on the string, steadily aimed at the heart.
"What still hardier action, unhappy one, dost thou now venture,
Thus to descend to the grave of the departed souls here?"—
"'Tis to see Tiresias I come, to ask of the prophet
Where I the buskin of old, that now has vanished, may find?"
"If they believe not in Nature, nor the old Grecian, but vainly
Wilt thou convey up from hence that dramaturgy to them."
"Oh, as for Nature, once more to tread our stage she has ventured,
Ay, and stark-naked beside, so that each rib we count."
"What? Is the buskin of old to be seen in truth on your stage, then,
Which even I came to fetch, out of mid-Tartarus' gloom?"—
"There is now no more of that tragic bustle, for scarcely
Once in a year on the boards moves thy great soul, harness-clad."
"Doubtless 'tis well! Philosophy now has refined your sensations,
And from the humor so bright fly the affections so black."—
"Ay, there is nothing that beats a jest that is stolid and barren,

But then e'en sorrow can please, if 'tis sufficiently moist."

"But do ye also exhibit the graceful dance of Thalia,
Joined to the solemn step with which Melpomene moves?"—

"Neither! For naught we love but what is Christian and moral;
And what is popular, too, homely, domestic, and plain."

"What? Does no Caesar, does no Achilles, appear on your stage now,
Not an Andromache e'en, not an Orestes, my friend?"

"No! there is naught to be seen there but parsons,
and syndics of commerce,
Secretaries perchance, ensigns, and majors of horse."

"But, my good friend, pray tell me, what can such people e'er meet with
That can be truly called great?—what that is great can they do?"

"What? Why they form cabals, they lend upon mortgage, they pocket
Silver spoons, and fear not e'en in the stocks to be placed."

"Whence do ye, then, derive the destiny, great and gigantic,
Which raises man up on high, e'en when it grinds him to dust?"—

"All mere nonsense! Ourselves, our worthy acquaintances also,
And our sorrows and wants, seek we, and find we, too, here."

"But all this ye possess at home both apter and better,—
Wherefore, then, fly from yourselves, if 'tis yourselves that ye seek?"

"Be not offended, great hero, for that is a different question;
Ever is destiny blind,—ever is righteous the bard."

"Then one meets on your stage your own contemptible nature,
While 'tis in vain one seeks there nature enduring and great?"

"There the poet is host, and act the fifth is the reckoning;
And, when crime becomes sick, virtue sits down to the feast!"

THE RIVERS.

RHINE.

True, as becometh a Switzer, I watch over Germany's borders;
But the light-footed Gaul jumps o'er the suffering stream.

RHINE AND MOSELLE.

Many a year have I clasped in my arms the Lorrainian maiden;
But our union as yet ne'er has been blest with a son.

DANUBE IN ———

Round me are dwelling the falcon-eyed race, the Phaeacian people;
Sunday with them never ends; ceaselessly moves round the spit.

MAIN.

Ay, it is true that my castles are crumbling; yet, to my comfort,
Have I for centuries past seen my old race still endure.

SAALE.

Short is my course, during which I salute many princes and nations;

Yet the princes are good—ay! and the nations are free.

ILM.

Poor are my banks, it is true; but yet my soft-flowing waters
Many immortal lays here, borne by the current along.

PLEISSE.

Flat is my shore and shallow my current; alas, all my writers,
Both in prose and in verse, drink far too deep of its stream!

ELBE.

All ye others speak only a jargon; 'mongst Germany's rivers
None speak German but me; I but in Misnia alone.

SPREE.

Ramler once gave me language,—my Caesar a subject; and therefore
I had my mouth then stuffed full; but I've been silent since that.

WESER.

Nothing, alas, can be said about me; I really can't furnish
Matter enough to the Muse e'en for an epigram, small.

MINERAL WATERS AT ———.

Singular country! what excellent taste in its fountains and rivers

In its people alone none have I ever yet found!

PEGNTTZ.

I for a long time have been a hypochondriacal subject;
I but flow on because it has my habit been long.

THE — RIVERS.

We would gladly remain in the lands that own—as their masters;
Soft their yoke ever is, and all their burdens are light.

SALZACH.

I, to salt the archbishopric, come from Juvavia's mountains;
Then to Bavaria turn, where they have great need of salt!

THE ANONYMOUS RIVER.

Lenten food for the pious bishop's table to furnish,
By my Creator I'm poured over the famishing land.

LES FLEUVES INDISCRETS.

Pray be silent, ye rivers! One sees ye have no more discretion
Than, in a case we could name, Diderot's favorites had.

ZENITH AND NADIR.

Wheresoever thou wanderest in space, thy Zenith and Nadir
Unto the heavens knit thee, unto the axis of earth.
Howsoever thou attest, let heaven be moved by thy purpose,
Let the aim of thy deeds traverse the axis of earth!

KANT AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

See how a single rich man gives a living to numbers of beggars!

'Tis when sovereigns build, carters are kept in employ.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

The principle by which each thing
Toward strength and shape first tended,—
The pulley whereon Zeus the ring
Of earth, that loosely used to swing,
With cautiousness suspended,—
he is a clever man, I vow,
Who its real name can tell me now,
Unless to help him I consent—
'Tis: ten and twelve are different!

Fire burns,—'tis chilly when it snows,
Man always is two-footed,—
The sun across the heavens goes,—
This, he who naught of logic knows
Finds to his reason suited.
Yet he who metaphysics learns,
Knows that naught freezes when it burns—
Knows that what's wet is never dry,—
And that what's bright attracts the eye.

Old Homer sings his noble lays,
The hero goes through dangers;
The brave man duty's call obeys,
And did so, even in the days

When sages yet were strangers—
But heart and genius now have taught
What Locke and what Descartes never thought;
By them immediately is shown
That which is possible alone.

In life avails the right of force.
The bold the timid worries;
Who rules not, is a slave of course,
Without design each thing across
Earth's stage forever hurries.
Yet what would happen if the plan
Which guides the world now first began,
Within the moral system lies
Disclosed with clearness to our eyes.

"When man would seek his destiny,
Man's help must then be given;
Save for the whole, ne'er labors he,—
Of many drops is formed the sea,—
By water mills are driven;
Therefore the wolf's wild species flies,—
Knit are the state's enduring ties."
Thus Puffendorf and Feder, each
Is, ex cathedra, wont to teach.

Yet, if what such professors say,
Each brain to enter durst not,
Nature exerts her mother-sway,
Provides that ne'er the chain gives way,
And that the ripe fruits burst not.
Meanwhile, until earth's structure vast
Philosophy can bind at last,

'Tis she that bids its pinion move,
By means of hunger and of love!

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

"How far beneath me seems the earthly ball!
The pigmy race below I scarce can see;
How does my art, the noblest art of all,
Bear me close up to heaven's bright canopy!"
So cries the slater from his tower's high top,
And so the little would-be mighty man,
Hans Metaphysicus, from out his critic-shop.
Explain, thou little would-be mighty man!
The tower from which thy looks the world survey,
Whereof,—whereon is it erected, pray?
How didst thou mount it? Of what use to thee
Its naked heights, save o'er the vale to see?

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

Once to a horse-fair,—it may perhaps have been
Where other things are bought and sold,—I mean
At the Haymarket,—there the muses' horse
A hungry poet brought—to sell, of course.

'The hippogriff neighed shrilly, loudly,
And reared upon his hind-legs proudly;
In utter wonderment each stood and cried:
"The noble regal beast!" But, woe betide!
Two hideous wings his slender form deface,
The finest team he else would not disgrace.
"The breed," said they, "is doubtless rare,
But who would travel through the air?"
Not one of them would risk his gold.
At length a farmer grew more bold:
"As for his wings, I of no use should find them,
But then how easy 'tis to clip or bind them!
The horse for drawing may be useful found,—
So, friend, I don't mind giving twenty pound!"
The other glad to sell his merchandise,
Cried, "Done!"—and Hans rode off upon his prize.

The noble creature was, ere long, put-to,
But scarcely felt the unaccustomed load,

Than, panting to soar upwards, off he flew,
And, filled with honest anger, overthrew
The cart where an abyss just met the road.
"Ho! ho!" thought Hans: "No cart to this mad beast
I'll trust. Experience makes one wise at least.
To drive the coach to-morrow now my course is,
And he as leader in the team shall go.
The lively fellow'll save me full two horses;
As years pass on, he'll doubtless tamer grow."

All went on well at first. The nimble steed
His partners roused,—like lightning was their speed.
What happened next? Toward heaven was turned his eye,—
Unused across the solid ground to fly,
He quitted soon the safe and beaten course,
And true to nature's strong resistless force,
Ran over bog and moor, o'er hedge and pasture tilled;
An equal madness soon the other horses filled—
No reins could hold them in, no help was near,
Till,—only picture the poor travellers' fear!—
The coach, well shaken, and completely wrecked,
Upon a hill's steep top at length was checked.

"If this is always sure to be the case,"
Hans cried, and cut a very sorry face,
"He'll never do to draw a coach or wagon;
Let's see if we can't tame the fiery dragon
By means of heavy work and little food."
And so the plan was tried.—But what ensued?
The handsome beast, before three days had passed,
Wasted to nothing. "Stay! I see at last!"
Cried Hans. "Be quick, you fellows! yoke him now

With my most sturdy ox before the plough."

No sooner said than done. In union queer
Together yoked were soon winged horse and steer.
The griffin pranced with rage, and his remaining might
Exerted to resume his old-accustomed flight.
'Twas all in vain—his partner stepped with circumspection,
And Phoebus' haughty steed must follow his direction;
Until at last, by long resistance spent,
When strength his limbs no longer was controlling,
The noble creature, with affliction bent,
Fell to the ground, and in the dust lay rolling.
"Accursed beast!" at length with fury mad
Hans shouted, while he soundly plied the lash,—
"Even for ploughing, then, thou art too bad!—
That fellow was a rogue to sell such trash!"

Ere yet his heavy blows had ceased to fly,
A brisk and merry youth by chance came by.
A lute was tinkling in his hand,
And through his light and flowing hair
Was twined with grace a golden band.
"Whither, my friend, with that strange pair?"
From far he to the peasant cried.
"A bird and ox to one rope tied—
Was such a team e'er heard of, pray?
Thy horse's worth I'd fain essay;
Just for one moment lend him me,—
Observe, and thou shalt wonders see!"

The hippogriff was loosened from the plough,
Upon his back the smiling youth leaped now;
No sooner did the creature understand

That he was guided by a master-hand,
Than 'ginst his bit he champed, and upward soared
While lightning from his flaming eyes outpoured.
No longer the same being, royally
A spirit, ay, a god, ascended he,
Spread in a moment to the stormy wind
His noble wings, and left the earth behind,
And, ere the eye could follow him,
Had vanished in the heavens dim.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge to one is a goddess both heavenly and high,—to another
Only an excellent cow, yielding the butter he wants.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

"Who would himself with shadows entertain,
Or gild his life with lights that shine in vain,
Or nurse false hopes that do but cheat the true?—
Though with my dream my heaven should be resigned—
Though the free-pinioned soul that once could dwell
In the large empire of the possible,
This workday life with iron chains may bind,
Yet thus the mastery o'er ourselves we find,
And solemn duty to our acts decreed,
Meets us thus tutored in the hour of need,
With a more sober and submissive mind!
How front necessity—yet bid thy youth
Shun the mild rule of life's calm sovereign, truth."

So speakest thou, friend, how stronger far than I;
As from experience—that sure port serene—
Thou lookest;—and straight, a coldness wraps the sky,
The summer glory withers from the scene,
Scared by the solemn spell; behold them fly,
The godlike images that seemed so fair!
Silent the playful Muse—the rosy hours
Halt in their dance; and the May-breathing flowers
Fall from the sister-graces' waving hair.
Sweet-mouthed Apollo breaks his golden lyre,

Hermes, the wand with many a marvel rife;—
The veil, rose-woven, by the young desire
With dreams, drops from the hueless cheeks of life.
The world seems what it is—a grave! and love
Casts down the bondage wound his eyes above,
And sees!—He sees but images of clay
Where he dreamed gods; and sighs—and glides away.
The youngness of the beautiful grows old,
And on thy lips the bride's sweet kiss seems cold;
And in the crowd of joys—upon thy throne
Thou sittest in state, and hardenest into stone.

TO GOETHE,

ON HIS PRODUCING VOLTAIRE'S "MAHOMET" ON THE STAGE.

Thou, by whom, freed from rules constrained and wrong,
On truth and nature once again we're placed,—
Who, in the cradle e'en a hero strong,
Stiffest the serpents round our genius laced,—
Thou whom the godlike science has so long
With her unsullied sacred fillet graced,—
Dost thou on ruined altars sacrifice
To that false muse whom we no longer prize?

This theatre belongs to native art,
No foreign idols worshipped here are seen;
A laurel we can show, with joyous heart,
That on the German Pindus has grown green
The sciences' most holy, hidden part
The German genius dares to enter e'en,
And, following the Briton and the Greek,
A nobler glory now attempts to seek.

For yonder, where slaves kneel, and despots hold
The reins,—where spurious greatness lifts its head,
Art has no power the noble there to mould,
'Tis by no Louis that its seed is spread;

From its own fulness it must needs unfold,
By earthly majesty 'tis never fed;
'Tis with truth only it can e'er unite,
Its glow free spirits only e'er can light.

'Tis not to bind us in a worn-out chain
Thou dost this play of olden time recall,—
'Tis not to seek to lead us back again
To days when thoughtless childhood ruled o'er all.
It were, in truth, an idle risk and vain
Into the moving wheel of time to fall;
The winged hours forever bear it on,
The new arrives, and, lo! the old has gone.

The narrow theatre is now more wide,
Into its space a universe now steals;
In pompous words no longer is our pride,
Nature we love when she her form reveals;
Fashion's false rules no more are deified;
And as a man the hero acts and feels.
'Tis passion makes the notes of freedom sound,
And 'tis in truth the beautiful is found.

Weak is the frame of Thespis' chariot fair,
Resembling much the bark of Acheron,
That carries naught but shades and forms of air;
And if rude life should venture to press on,
The fragile bark its weight no more can bear,
For fleeting spirits it can hold alone.
Appearance ne'er can reach reality,—
If nature be victorious, art must fly.

For on the stage's boarded scaffold here

A world ideal opens to our eyes,
Nothing is true and genuine save—a tear;
Emotion on no dream of sense relies.
The real Melpomene is still sincere,
Naught as a fable merely she supplies—
By truth profound to charm us is her care;
The false one, truth pretends, but to ensnare.

Now from the scene, art threatens to retire,
Her kingdom wild maintains still phantasy;
The stage she like the world would set on fire,
The meanest and the noblest mingles she.
The Frank alone 'tis art can now inspire,
And yet her archetype can his ne'er be;
In bounds unchangeable confining her,
He holds her fast, and vainly would she stir.

The stage to him is pure and undefiled;
Chased from the regions that to her belong
Are Nature's tones, so careless and so wild,
To him e'en language rises into song;
A realm harmonious 'tis, of beauty mild,
Where limb unites to limb in order strong.
The whole into a solemn temple blends,
And 'tis the dance that grace to motion lends.

And yet the Frank must not be made our guide.
For in his art no living spirit reigns:
The boasting gestures of a spurious pride
That mind which only loves the true disdains.
To nobler ends alone be it applied,
Returning, like some soul's long-vanished manes.
To render the oft-sullied stage once more

A throne befitting the great muse of yore.

THE PRESENT.

Ring and staff, oh to me on a Rhenish flask ye are welcome!
Him a true shepherd I call, who thus gives drink to his sheep.
Draught thrice blest! It is by the Muse I have won thee,—the Muse, too,
Sends thee,—and even the church places upon thee her seal.

DEPARTURE FROM LIFE.

Two are the roads that before thee lie open from life to conduct thee;
To the ideal one leads thee, the other to death.
See that while yet thou art free, on the first thou commencest thy journey,
Ere by the merciless fates on to the other thou'rt led!

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE FOLIO ALBUM OF A LEARNED FRIEND.

Once wisdom dwelt in tomes of ponderous size,
While friendship from a pocketbook would talk;
But now that knowledge in small compass lies,
And floats in almanacs, as light as cork,
Courageous man, thou dost not hesitate
To open for thy friends this house so great!
Hast thou no fear, I seriously would ask,
That thou may'st thus their patience overtask?

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

(HERR VON MECHELN OF BASLE.)

Nature in charms is exhaustless, in beauty ever reviving;
And, like Nature, fair art is inexhaustible too.
Hail, thou honored old man! for both in thy heart thou preservest
Living sensations, and thus ne'er-ending youth is thy lot!

THE SUNDAY CHILDREN.

Years has the master been laboring, but always without satisfaction;
To an ingenious race 'twould be in vision conferred.
What they yesterday learned, to-day they fain would be teaching:
Small compassion, alas, is by those gentlemen shown!

THE HIGHEST.

Seerest thou the highest, the greatest!

In that the plant can instruct thee;

What it unwittingly is, be thou of thine own free will!

THE PUPPET-SHOW OF LIFE.

Thou'rt welcome in my box to peep!
Life's puppet-show, the world in little,
Thou'lt see depicted to a tittle,—
But pray at some small distance keep!
'Tis by the torch of love alone,
By Cupid's taper, it is shown.

See, not a moment void the stage is!
The child in arms at first they bring,—
The boy then skips,—the youth now storms and rages,—
The man contends, and ventures everything!

Each one attempts success to find,
Yet narrow is the race-course ever;
The chariot rolls, the axles quiver,
The hero presses on, the coward stays behind,
The proud man falls with mirth-inspiring fall,
The wise man overtakes them all!

Thou see'st fair woman at the barrier stand,
With beauteous hands, with smiling eyes,
To glad the victor with his prize.

TO LAWGIVERS.

Ever take it for granted, that man collectively wishes
That which is right; but take care never to think so of one!

FALSE IMPULSE TO STUDY.

Oh, how many new foes against truth! My very soul bleedeth
When I behold the owl-race now bursting forth to the light.

THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF WEIMAR, ON HIS PROCEEDING TO PARIS.

(SUNG IN A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.)

With one last bumper let us hail
The wanderer beloved,
Who takes his leave of this still vale
Wherein in youth he roved.

From loving arms, from native home,
He tears himself away,
To yonder city proud to roam,
That makes whole lands its prey.

Dissension flies, all tempests end,
And chained is strife abhorred;
We in the crater may descend
From whence the lava poured.

A gracious fate conduct thee through
Life's wild and mazy track!
A bosom nature gave thee true,—
A bosom true bring back!

Thou'lt visit lands that war's wild train
Had crushed with careless heed;

Now smiling peace salutes the plain,
And strews the golden seed.

The hoary Father Rhine thou'lt greet,
Who thy forefather [58] blest
Will think of, whilst his waters fleet
In ocean's bed to rest.

Do homage to the hero's manes,
And offer to the Rhine,
The German frontier who maintains,
His own-created wine,—

So that thy country's soul thy guide
May be, when thou hast crossed
On the frail bark to yonder side,
Where German faith is lost!

THE IDEAL OF WOMAN.

TO AMANDA.

Woman in everything yields to man; but in that which is highest,
Even the manliest man yields to the woman most weak.
But that highest,—what is it? The gentle radiance of triumph
As in thy brow upon me, beauteous Amanda, it beams.
When o'er the bright shining disk the clouds of affliction are fleeting,
Fairer the image appears, seen through the vapor of gold.
Man may think himself free! thou art so,—for thou never knowest
What is the meaning of choice,—know'st not necessity's name.
That which thou givest, thou always givest wholly; but one art thou ever,
Even thy tenderest sound is thine harmonious self.
Youth everlasting dwells here, with fulness that never is exhausted,
And with the flower at once pluckest thou the ripe golden fruit.

THE FOUNTAIN OF SECOND YOUTH.

Trust me, 'tis not a mere tale,—the fountain of youth really runneth,
Runneth forever. Thou ask'st, where? In the poet's sweet art!

WILLIAM TELL. [59]

When hostile elements with rage resound,
And fury blindly fans war's lurid flame,—
When in the strife of party quarrel drowned,
The voice of justice no regard can claim,—
When crime is free, and impious hands are found
The sacred to pollute, devoid of shame,
And loose the anchor which the state maintains,—
No subject there we find for joyous strains.

But when a nation, that its flocks still feeds
With calm content, nor other's wealth desires
Throws off the cruel yoke 'neath which it bleeds,
Yet, e'en in wrath, humanity admires,—
And, e'en in triumph, moderation heeds,—
That is immortal, and our song requires.
To show thee such an image now is mine;
Thou knowest it well, for all that's great is thine!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND DEVOTING HIMSELF TO PHILOSOPHY.

Severe the proof the Grecian youth was doomed to undergo,
Before he might what lurks beneath the Eleusinia know—
Art thou prepared and ripe, the shrine—the inner shrine—to win,
Where Pallas guards from vulgar eyes the mystic prize within?
Knowest thou what bars thy way? how dear the bargain thou dost make,
When but to buy uncertain good, sure good thou dost forsake?
Feel'st thou sufficient strength to brave the deadliest human fray,
When heart from reason—sense from thought, shall rend themselves away?
Sufficient valor, war with doubt, the hydra-shape, to wage;
And that worst foe within thyself with manly soul engage?
With eyes that keep their heavenly health—the innocence of youth
To guard from every falsehood, fair beneath the mask of truth?
Fly, if thou canst not trust thy heart to guide thee on the way—
Oh, fly the charmed margin ere th' abyss engulf its prey.
Round many a step that seeks the light, the shades of midnight close;
But in the glimmering twilight, see—how safely childhood goes!

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

Into life's ocean the youth with a thousand masts daringly launches;
Mute, in a boat saved from wreck, enters the gray-beard the port.

THE COMMON FATE.

See how we hate, how we quarrel, how thought and how feeling divide us!
But thy locks, friend, like mine, meanwhile are bleaching fast.

HUMAN ACTION.

Where the pathway begins, eternity seems to lie open,
Yet at the narrowest point even the wisest man stops.

NUPTIAL ODE. [60]

Fair bride, attended by our blessing,
Glad Hymen's flowery path 'gin pressing!
We witnessed with enraptured eye
The graces of thy soul unfolding,
Thy youthful charms their beauty moulding
To blossom for love's ecstasy.
A happy fate now hovers round thee,
And friendship yields without a smart
To that sweet god whose might hath bound thee;—
He needs must have, he hath thy heart!

To duties dear, to trouble tender,
Thy youthful breast must now surrender,
Thy garland's summons must obey.
Each toying infantine sensation,
Each fleeting sport of youth's creation,
Forevermore hath passed away;
And Hymen's sacred bond now chaineth
Where soft and fluttering love was shrined;
Yet for a heart, where beauty reigneth,
Of flowers alone that bond is twined.

The secret that can keep forever
In verdant links, that naught can sever,

The bridal garland, wouldst thou find?
'Tis purity the heart pervading,
The blossoms of a grace unfading,
And yet with modest shame combined,
Which, like the sun's reflection glowing,
Makes every heart throb blissfully;—
'Tis looks with mildness overflowing,
And self-maintaining dignity!

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Where will a place of refuge, noble friend,
For peace and freedom ever open lie!
The century in tempests had its end,
The new one now begins with murder's cry.

Each land-connecting bond is torn away,
Each ancient custom hastens to decline;
Not e'en the ocean can war's tumult stay.
Not e'en the Nile-god, not the hoary Rhine.

Two mighty nations strive, with hostile power,
For undivided mastery of the world;
And, by them, each land's freedom to devour,
The trident brandished is—the lightning hurled.

Each country must to them its gold afford,
And, Brennus-like, upon the fatal day,
The Frank now throws his heavy iron sword,
The even scales of justice to o'erweigh.

His merchant-fleets the Briton greedily
Extends, like polyp-limbs, on every side;
And the domain of Amphitrite free

As if his home it were, would fain bestride.

E'en to the south pole's dim, remotest star,
His restless course moves onward, unrestrained;
Each isle he tracks,—each coast, however far,
But paradise alone he ne'er has gained!

Although thine eye may every map explore,
Vainly thou'lt seek to find that blissful place,
Where freedom's garden smiles for evermore,
And where in youth still blooms the human race.

Before thy gaze the world extended lies,
The very shipping it can scarce embrace;
And yet upon her back, of boundless size,
E'en for ten happy men there is not space!

Into thy bosom's holy, silent cells,
Thou needs must fly from life's tumultuous throng!
Freedom but in the realm of vision dwells,
And beauty bears no blossoms but in song.

GRECIAN GENIUS.

TO MEYER IN ITALY.

Speechless to thousands of others, who with deaf hearts would consult him,
Talketh the spirit to thee, who art his kinsman and friend.

THE FATHER.

Work as much as thou wilt, alone thou'lt be standing forever,
Till by nature thou'rt joined forcibly on to the whole.

THE CONNECTING MEDIUM.

How does nature proceed to unite the high and the lowly
In mankind? She commands vanity 'tween them to stand!

THE MOMENT.

Doubtless an epoch important has with the century risen;
But the moment so great finds but a race of small worth.

GERMAN COMEDY.

Fools we may have in plenty, and simpletons, too, by the dozen;
But for comedy these never make use of themselves.

FAREWELL TO THE READER.

A maiden blush o'er every feature straying,
The Muse her gentle harp now lays down here,
And stands before thee, for thy judgment praying,—
She waits with reverence, but not with fear;
Her last farewell for his kind smile delaying.
Whom splendor dazzles not who holds truth dear.
The hand of him alone whose soaring spirit
Worships the beautiful, can crown her merit.

These simple lays are only heard resounding,
While feeling hearts are gladdened by their tone,
With brighter phantasies their path surrounding,
To nobler aims their footsteps guiding on.
Yet coming ages ne'er will hear them sounding,
They live but for the present hour alone;
The passing moment called them into being,
And, as the hours dance on, they, too, are fleeing.

The spring returns, and nature then awaking,
Bursts into life across the smiling plain;
Each shrub its perfume through the air is shaking,
And heaven is filled with one sweet choral strain;
While young and old, their secret haunts forsaking,
With raptured eye and ear rejoice again.

The spring then flies,—to seed return the flowers.
And naught remains to mark the vanished hours.

DEDICATION TO DEATH, MY PRINCIPAL.

Most high and mighty Czar of all flesh, ceaseless reducer of empires, unfathomable glutton in the whole realms of nature.

With the most profound flesh-creeping I take the liberty of kissing the rattling leg-bones of your voracious Majesty, and humbly laying this little book at your dried-up feet. My predecessors have always been accustomed, as if on purpose to annoy you, to transport their goods and chattels to the archives of eternity, directly under your nose, forgetting that, by so doing, they only made your mouth water the more, for the proverb—Stolen bread tastes sweetest—is applicable even to you. No! I prefer to dedicate this work to you, feeling assured that you will throw it aside.

But, joking apart! methinks we two know each other better than by mere hearsay. Enrolled in the order of Aesculapius, the first-born of Pandora's box, as old as the fall of man, I have stood at your altar,— have sworn undying hatred to your hereditary foe, Nature, as the son of Hamilcar to the seven hills of Rome,— have sworn to besiege her with a whole army of medicines,—to throw up

barricades round the obstinate soul,—to drive from the field the insolents who cut down your fees and cripple your finances,—and on the Archaean battle-plain to plant your midnight standard. In return (for one good turn deserves another), you must prepare for me the precious TALISMAN, which can save me from the gallows and the wheel uninjured, and with a whole skin—

Jusque datum sceleri.

Come then! act the generous Maecenas; for observe, I should be sorry to fare like my foolhardy colleagues and cousins, who, armed with stiletto and pocket-pistol, hold their court in gloomy ravines, or mix in the subterranean laboratory the wondrous polychrest, which, when taken with proper zeal, tickles our political noses, either too little or too much, with throne vacancies or state-fevers. D'Amiens and Ravailac!—Ho, ho, ho!—'Tis a good thing for straight limbs!

Perhaps you have been whetting your teeth at Easter and Michaelmas?—the great book-epidemic times at Leipzig and Frankfort! Hurrah for the waste-paper!—'twill make a royal feast. Your nimble brokers, Gluttony and Lust, bring you whole cargoes from the fair of life. Even Ambition, your grandpapa—War, Famine, Fire, and Plague, your mighty huntsmen, have provided you with many a jovial man-chase. Avarice and Covetousness, your sturdy butlers, drink to your health whole towns floating in the bubbling cup of the world-ocean. I know a kitchen in Europe where the rarest dishes have been served up in your honor with festive pomp. And yet—who has ever known you to be satisfied, or to complain of indigestion? Your digestive faculties are of iron; your entrails fathomless!

Pooh—I had many other things to say to you, but I am in a hurry to be off. You are an ugly brother-in-law—go! I hear you are calculating on living to see a general collation, where great and small, globes and lexicons, philosophies and knick-knacks, will fly into your jaws—a good appetite to you, should it come to that.—Yet, ravenous wolf that you are! take care that you don't overeat yourself,

and have to disgorge to a hair all that you have swallowed, as a certain Athenian (no particular friend of yours, by-the-by) has prophesied.

PREFACE.

TOBOLSKO, 2d February.

Tum primum radiis gelidi incaluere Triones.

Flowers in Siberia? Behind this lies a piece of knavery, or the sun must make face against midnight. And yet—if ye were to exert yourselves! 'Tis really so; we have been hunting sables long enough; let us for once in a way try our luck with flowers. Have not enough Europeans come to us stepsons of the sun, and waded through our hundred years' snow, to pluck a modest flower? Shame upon our ancestors—we'll gather them ourselves, and frank a whole basketful to Europe. Do not crush them, ye children of a milder heaven!

But to be serious; to remove the iron weight of prejudice that broods heavily over the north, requires a stronger lever than the enthusiasm of a few individuals, and a firmer Hypomochlion than the shoulders of two or three patriots. Yet if this anthology reconciles you squeamish Europeans to us snow-men as little as—let's suppose the case—our "Muses' Almanac," [61] which we—let's again suppose the case—might have written, it will at least have the merit of helping its companions through the whole of Germany to give the last neck-stab to expiring taste, as we people of Tobolsko like to word it.

If your Homers talk in their sleep, and your Herculesees kill flies with their clubs—if every one who knows how to give vent to his portion of sorrow in dreary Alexandrines, interprets that as a call to Helicon, shall we northerns be blamed for tinkling the Muses' lyre?—Your matadors claim to have coined silver

when they have stamped their effigy on wretched pewter; and at Tobolsko coiners are hanged. 'Tis true that you may often find paper-money amongst us instead of Russian roubles, but war and hard times are an excuse for anything.

Go forth then, Siberian anthology! Go! Thou wilt make many a coxcomb happy, wilt be placed by him on the toilet-table of his sweetheart, and in reward wilt obtain her alabaster, lily-white hand for his tender kiss. Go! thou wilt fill up many a weary gulf of ennui in assemblies and city-visits, and may be relieve a Circassienne, who has confessed herself weary amidst a shower of calumnies. Go! thou wilt be consulted in the kitchens of many critics; they will fly thy light, and like the screech-owl, retreat into thy shadow. Ho, ho, ho! Already I hear the ear-cracking howls in the inhospitable forest, and anxiously conceal myself in my sable.

SUPPRESSED POEMS.

THE JOURNALISTS AND MINOS.

I chanced the other eve,—
But how I ne'er will tell,—
The paper to receive.
That's published down in hell.

In general one may guess,

I little care to see
This free-corps of the press
Got up so easily;

But suddenly my eyes
A side-note chanced to meet,
And fancy my surprise
At reading in the sheet:—

"For twenty weary springs"
(The post from Erebus,
Remark me, always brings
Unpleasant news to us)—

"Through want of water, we
Have well-nigh lost our breath;
In great perplexity
Hell came and asked for Death;

"They can wade through the Styx,
Catch crabs in Lethe's flood;
Old Charon's in a fix,
His boat lies in the mud,

"The dead leap over there,
The young and old as well;
The boatman gets no fare,
And loudly curses hell.'

"King Minos bade his spies
In all directions go;
The devils needs must rise,
And bring him news below.

"Hurrah! The secret's told
They've caught the robber's nest;
A merry feast let's hold!
Come, hell, and join the rest!

"An author's countless band,
Stalked round Cocytus' brink,
Each bearing in his hand
A glass for holding ink.

"And into casks they drew
The water, strange to say,
As boys suck sweet wine through
An elder-reed in play.

"Quick! o'er them cast the net,
Ere they have time to flee!
Warm welcome ye will get,
So come to Sans-souci!

"Smelt by the king ere long,
He sharpened up his tooth,
And thus addressed the throng
(Full angrily, in truth):

"'The robbers is't we see?
What trade? What land, perchance?'—
'German news-writers we!'—
Enough to make us dance!

"'A wish I long have known
To bid ye stop and dine,
Ere ye by Death were mown,

That brother-in-law of mine.

"Yet now by Styx I swear,
Whose flood ye would imbibe,
That torments and despair
Shall fill your vermin-tribe!

"The pitcher seeks the well,
Till broken 'tis one day;
They who for ink would smell,
The penalty must pay.

"So seize them by their thumbs,
And loosen straight my beast
E'en now he licks his gums,
Impatient for the feast.'—

"How quivered every limb
Beneath the bull-dog's jaws
Their honors baited him,
And he allowed no pause.

"Convulsively they swear,
Still writhe the rabble rout,
Engaged with anxious care
In pumping Lethe out."

Ye Christians, good and meek,
This vision bear in mind;
If journalists ye seek,
Attempt their thumbs to find.

Defects they often hide,
As folks whose hairs are gone

We see with wigs supplied
Probatum! I have done!

BACCHUS IN THE PILLORY.

Twirl him! twirl him! blind and dumb
Deaf and dumb,
Twirl the cane so troublesome!
Sprigs of fashion by the dozen
Thou dost bring to book, good cousin.
Cousin, thou art not in clover;
Many a head that's filled with smoke
Thou hast twirled and well-nigh broke,
Many a clever one perplexed,
Many a stomach sorely vexed,
Turning it completely over;
Many a hat put on awry,
Many a lamb chased cruelly,
Made streets, houses, edges, trees,
Dance around us fools with ease.
Therefore thou are not in clover,
Therefore thou, like other folk,
Hast thy head filled full of smoke,
Therefore thou, too, art perplexed,
And thy stomach's sorely vexed,
For 'tis turned completely over;
Therefore thou art not in clover.

Twirl him! twirl him! blind and dumb

Deaf and dumb,
Twirl the carle so troublesome!
Seest thou how our tongues and wits
Thou hast shivered into bits—
Seest thou this, licentious wight?
How we're fastened to a string,
Whirled around in giddy ring,
Making all like night appear,
Filling with strange sounds our ear?
Learn it in the stocks aright!
When our ears wild noises shook,
On the sky we cast no look,
Neither stock nor stone reviewed,
But were punished as we stood.
Seest thou now, licentious wight?
That, to us, yon flaring sun
Is the Heidelbergers' tun;
Castles, mountains, trees, and towers,
Seem like chopin-cups of ours.
Learn'st thou now, licentious wight?
Learn it in the stocks aright!

Twirl him! twirl him! blind and dumb,
Deaf and dumb,
Twirl the carle so troublesome!
Kinsman, once so full of glee,
Kinsman, where's thy drollery,
Where thy tricks, thou cunning one?
All thy tricks are spent and past,
To the devil gone at last
Like a silly fop thou'lt prate,
Like a washerwoman rate.

Thou art but a simpleton.
Now thou mayest—more shame to thee—
Run away, because of me;
Cupid, that young rogue, may glory
Learning wisdom from thy story;
Haste, thou sluggard, hence to flee
As from glass is cut our wit,
So, like lightning, 'twill be split;
If thou won't be chased away,
Let each folly also stay
Seest my meaning? Think of me!
Idle one, away with thee!

SPINOSA.

A mighty oak here ruined lies,
Its top was wont to kiss the skies,
Why is it now o'erthrown?—
The peasants needed, so they said,
Its wood wherewith to build a shed,
And so they've cut it down.

TO THE FATES.

Not in the crowd of masqueraders gay,
Where coxcombs' wit with wondrous splendor flares,
And, easier than the Indian's net the prey,
The virtue of young beauties snares;—

Not at the toilet-table of the fair,
Where vanity, as if before an idol, bows,
And often breathes a warmer prayer
Than when to heaven it pays its vows;

And not behind the curtain's cunning veil,
Where the world's eye is hid by cheating night,
And glowing flames the hearts assail,
That seemed but chilly in the light,—

Where wisdom we surprise with shame-dyed lip,
While Phoebus' rays she boldly drinks,
Where men, like thievish children, nectar sip,
And from the spheres e'en Plato sinks—

To ye—to ye, O lonely sister-band,
Daughters of destiny, ascend,
When o'er the lyre all-gently sweeps my hand,
These strains, where bliss and sadness blend.

You only has no sonnet ever wooed,
To win your gold no usurer e'er sighed
No coxcomb e'er with plaints your steps pursued,
For you, Arcadian shepherd ne'er has died.

Your gentle fingers ye forever ply,
Life's nervous thread with care to twist,
Till sound the clanging shears, and fruitlessly
The tender web would then resist.

Since thou my thread of life hast kindly spun,
Thy hand, O Clotho, I now kiss!
Since thou hast spared that life whilst scarce begun,
Receive this nosegay, Lachesis!

Full often thorns upon the thread,
But oftener roses, thou hast strung;
For thorns and roses there outspread,
Clotho, to thee this lay be sung!

Oft did tempestuous passions rise,
And threat to break the thread by force;
Oft projects of gigantic size
Have checked its free, unfettered course.

Oft, in sweet hours of heavenly bliss,
Too fine appeared the thread to me;
Still oftener, when near sorrow's dark abyss,
Too firm its fabric seemed to be.

Clotho, for this and other lies,
Thy pardon I with tears implore;
Henceforth I'll take whatever prize

Sage Clotho gives, and asks no more.

But never let the shears cut off a rose—
Only the thorns,—yet as thou will'st!
Let, if thou will'st, the death-shears, sharply close,
If thou this single prayer fulfill'st!

Oh, goddess! when, enchained to Laura's breath,
My spirit from its shell breaks free,
Betraying when, upon the gates of death,
My youthful life hangs giddily,

Let to infinity the thread extend,
'Twill wander through the realms of bliss,—
Then, goddess, let thy cruel shears descend!
Then let them fall, O Lachesis!

THE PARALLEL.

Her likeness Madame Ramler bids me find;
I try to think in vain, to whom or how
Beneath the moon there's nothing of the kind.—
I'll show she's like the moon, I vow!

The moon—she rouges, steals the sun's bright light,
By eating stolen bread her living gets,—
Is also wont to paint her cheeks at night,
While, with untiring ardor, she coquets.

The moon—for this may Herod give her thanks!—
Reserves her best till night may have returned;
Our lady swallows up by day the francs
That she at night-time may have earned.

The moon first swells, and then is once more lean,
As surely as the month comes round;
With Madame Ramler 'tis the same, I ween—
But she to need more time is found!

The moon to love her silver-horns is said,
But makes a sorry show;
She likes them on her husband's head,—
She's right to have it so

KLOPSTOCK AND WIELAND.

(WHEN THEIR MINIATURES WERE HANGING SIDE BY SIDE.)

In truth, when I have crossed dark Lethe's river,
The man upon the right I'll love forever,
For 'twas he first that wrote for me.
For all the world the left man wrote, full clearly,
And so we all should love him dearly;
Come, left man! I must needs kiss thee!

THE MUSES' REVENGE.

AN ANECDOTE OF HELICON.

Once the nine all weeping came
To the god of song
"Oh, papa!" they there exclaim—
"Hear our tale of wrong!

"Young ink-lickers swarm about
Our dear Helicon;
There they fight, manoeuvre, shout,
Even to thy throne.

"On their steeds they galop hard
To the spring to drink,
Each one calls himself a bard—
Minstrels—only think!

"There they—how the thing to name!
Would our persons treat—
This, without a blush of shame,
We can ne'er repeat;

"One, in front of all, then cries,
'I the army lead!'
Both his fists he wildly plies,

Like a bear indeed!

"Others wakes he in a trice
With his whistlings rude;
But none follow, though he twice
Has those sounds renewed.

"He'll return, he threats, ere long,
And he'll come no doubt!
Father, friend to lyric song,
Please to show him out!"

Father Phoebus laughing hears
The complaint they've brought;
"Don't be frightened, pray, my dears,
We'll soon cut them short!

"One must hasten to hell-fire,
Go, Melpomene!
Let a fury borrow lyre,
Notes, and dress, of thee.

"Let her meet, in this array,
One of these vile crews,
As though she had lost her way,
Soon as night ensues.

"Then with kisses dark, I trust,
They'll the dear child greet,
Satisfying their wild lust
Just as it is meet!"—

Said and done!—Then one from hell
Soon was dressed aright.

Scarcely had the prey, they tell,
Caught the fellow's sight,

Than, as kites a pigeon follow,
They attacked her straight—
Part, not all, though, I can swallow
Of what folks relate.

If fair boys were 'mongst the band,
How came they to be—
This I cannot understand,—
In such company?

.

The goddess a miscarriage had, good lack!
And was delivered of an—Almanac!

THE HYPOCHONDRIACAL PLUTO.

A ROMANCE.

BOOK I.

The sullen mayor who reigns in hell,
By mortals Pluto hight,
Who thrashes all his subjects well,
Both morn and eve, as stories tell,
And rules the realms of night,
All pleasure lost in cursing once,
All joy in flogging, for the nonce.

The sedentary life he led
Upon his brazen chair
Made his hindquarters very red,
While pricks, as from a nettle-bed,
He felt both here and there:
A burning sun, too, chanced to shine,
And boiled down all his blood to brine.

'Tis true he drank full many a draught
Of Phlegethon's black flood;
By cupping, leeches, doctor's craft,
And venesection, fore and aft,
They took from him much blood.

Full many a clyster was applied,
And purging, too, was also tried.

His doctor, versed in sciences,
With wig beneath his hat,
Argued and showed with wondrous ease,
From Celsus and Hippocrates,
When he in judgment sat,—
"Right worshipful the mayor of hell,
The liver's wrong, I see full well."

"He's but a booby," Pluto said,
"With all his trash and pills!
A man like me—pray where's his head?
A young man yet—his wits have fled!
While youth my veins yet fills!
Unless electuaries he'll bring,
Full in his face my club I'll fling!"

Or right or wrong,—'twas a hard case
To weather such a trial;
(Poor men, who lose a king's good grace!)
He's straight saluted in the face
By every splint and phial.
He very wisely made no fuss;
This hint he learnt of Cerberus.

"Go! fetch the barber of the skies,
Apollo, to me soon!"
An airy courier straightway flies
Upon his beast, and onward hies,
And skims past poles and moon;
As he went off, the clock struck four,

At five his charger reached the door.

Just then Apollo happened—"Heigh-ho!
A sonnet to have made?"
Oh, dear me, no!—upon Miss Io
(Such is the tale I heard from Clio)
The midwife to have played.
The boy, as if stamped out of wax,
Might Zeus as father fairly tax.

He read the letter half asleep,
Then started in dismay:
"The road is long, and hell is deep,
Your rocks I know are rough and steep . . .
Yet like a king he'll pay!"
He dons his cap of mist and furs,
Then through the air the charger spurs.

With locks all frizzled a la mode,
And ruffles smooth and nice,
In gala dress, that brightly glowed
(A gift Aurora had bestowed),
With watch-chains of high price,
With toes turned out, and chapeau bas,
He stood before hell's mighty czar.

BOOK II.

The grumbler, in his usual tone,
Received him with a curse:
"To Pomerania straight begone!
Ugh! how he smells of eau de Cologne!
Why, brimstone isn't worse.

He'd best be off to heaven again,
Or he'll infect hell's wide domain."

The god of pills, in sore surprise,
A spring then backwards took:
"Is this his highness' usual guise?
'Tis in the brain, I see, that lies
The mischief—what a look!
See how his eyes in frenzy roll!
The case is bad, upon my soul!

"A journey to Elysium
The infectus would dissolve,
Making the saps less tough become,
As through the Capitolium
And stomach they revolve.
Provisionally be it so:
Let's start then—but incognito!"

"Ay, worthy sir, no doubt well meant!
If, in these regions hazy,
As with you folk, so charged with scent,
You dapper ones who heaven frequent,
'Twere proper to be lazy,
If hell a master needed not,
Why, then I'd follow on the spot!

"Ha! if the cat once turned her back,
Pray where would be the mice?
They'd sally forth from every crack,
My very mufti would attack,
Spoil all things in a trice!
Oddsbodikins! 'tis pretty cool!

I'll let him see I'm no such fool!

"A pleasant uproar happened erst,
When they assailed my tower!
No fault of mine 'twas, at the worst,
That from their desks and chains to burst
Philosophers had power.
What, has there e'er escaped a poet?
Help, heaven! what misery to know it!

"When days are long, folks talk more stuff!
Upon your seats, no doubt,
With all your cards and music rough,
And scribblings too, 'tis hard enough
The moments to eke out.
Idleness, like a flea will gnaw
On velvet cushions,—as on straw.

"My brother no attempt omits
To drive away ennui;
His lightning round about him flits,
The target with his storms he hits
(Those howls prove that to me),
Till Rhea's trembling shoulders ache,
And force me e'en for hell to quake.

"Were I grandfather Coelus, though,
You wouldn't soon escape!
Into my belly straight you'd go,
And in your swaddling-clothes cry 'oh!'
And through five windows gape!
First o'er my stream you'd have to come,
And then, perhaps, to Elysium!

"Your steed you mounted, I dare say,
In hopes to catch a goose;
If it is worth the trouble, pray
Tell what you've heard from me to-day,
At shaving time, to Zeus.
Just leave him then to swallow it;
I don't care what he thinks a bit;

"You'd better now go homeward straight!
Your servant! there's the door!
For all your pains—one moment wait!
I'll give you—liberal is the rate—
A piece of ruby-ore.
In heaven such things are rareties;
We use them for base purposes."

BOOK III.

The god at once, then, said farewell,
At small politeness striving;
When sudden through the crowds of hell
A flying courier rushed pell-mell,
From Tellus' bounds arriving.
"Monarch! a doctor follows me!
Behold this wondrous prodigy!"

"Place for the doctor!" each one said—
He comes with spurs and whip,
To every one he nods his head,
As if he had been born and bred
In Tartarus—the rip!
As jaunty, fearless, full of nous
As Britons in the Lower House.

"Good morrow, worthy sirs!—Ahem!
I'm glad to see that here
(Where all they of Prometheus' stem
Must come, whene'er the Fates condemn)
One meets with such good cheer!
Why for Elysium care a rush?
I'd rather see hell's fountains gush!"

"Stop! stop! his impudence, I vow,
Its due reward shall meet;
By Charles's wain, I swear it now!
He must—no questions I'll allow,—
Prescribe me a receipt.
All hell is mine, I'm Pluto hight!
Make haste to bring your wares to light!"

The doctor, with a knowing look,
The swarthy king surveyed;
He neither felt his pulse, nor took
The usual steps,—(see Galen's book),—
No difference 'twould have made
As piercing as electric fire
He eyed him to his heart's desire.

"Monarch! I'll tell thee in a trice
The thing that's needed here;
Though desperate may seem the advice—
The case itself is very nice—
And children dragons fear.
Devil must devil eat!—no more!—
Either a wife,—or hellebore!

"Whether she scold, or sportive play,

('Tween these, no medium's known),
She'll drive the incubus away
That has assailed thee many a day
Upon thine iron throne.
She'll make the nimble spirits fleet
Up towards the head, down towards the feet."

Long may the doctor honored be
Who let this saying fall!
He ought to have his effigy
By Phidias sculptured, so that he
May be discerned by all;
A monument forever thriving,
Boerhaave, Hippocrates, surviving!

REPROACH—TO LAURA.

Maiden, stay!—oh, whither wouldst thou go?

Do I still or pride or grandeur show?

Maiden, was it right?

Thou the giant mad'st a dwarf once more,

Scattered'st far the mountains that of yore

Climbed to glory's sunny height.

Thou hast doomed my flowerets to decay,

All the phantoms bright hast blown away,

Whose sweet follies formed the hero's trust;

All my plans that proudly raised their head

Thou dost, with gentle zephyr-tread,

Prostrate, laughing, in the dust.

To the godhead, eagle-like, I flew,—

Smiling, fortune's juggling wheel to view,

Careless wheresoe'er her ball might fly;

Hovering far beyond Cocytus' wave,

Death and life receiving like a slave—

Life and death from out one beaming eye!

Like the victors, who, with thunder-lance,

On the iron plain of glory dance,

Starting from their mistress' breast,—

From Aurora's rosy bed upsprings
God's bright sun, to roam o'er towns of kings,
And to make the young world blest!

Toward the hero doth this heart still strain?
Drink I, eagle, still the fiery rain
Of thine eye, that burneth to destroy?
In the glances that destructive gleam,
Laura's love I see with sweetness beam,—
Weep to see it—like a boy!

My repose, like yonder image bright,
Dancing in the waters—cloudless, light,
Maiden, hath been slain by thee!
On the dizzy height now totter I—
Laura—if from me—my Laura fly!
Oh, the thought to madness hurries me!

Gladly shout the revellers as they quaff,
Raptures in the leaf-crowned goblet laugh,
Jests within the golden wine have birth,
Since the maiden hath enslaved my mind,
I have left each youthful sport behind,
Friendless roam I o'er the earth.

Hear I still bright glory's thunder-tone?
Doth the laurel still allure me on?
Doth thy lyre, Apollo Cynthius?
In my breast no echoes now arise,
Every shamefaced muse in sorrow flies,—
And thou, too, Apollo Cynthius?

Shall I still be, as a woman, tame?

Do my pulses, at my country's name,
Proudly burst their prison-thralls?
Would I boast the eagle's soaring wing?
Do I long with Roman blood to spring,
When my Hermann calls?

Oh, how sweet the eye's wild gaze divine
Sweet to quaff the incense at that shrine!
Prouder, bolder, swells the breast.
That which once set every sense on fire,
That which once could every nerve inspire,
Scarce a half-smile now hath power to wrest!

That Orion might receive my fame,
On the time-flood's heaving waves my name
Rocked in glory in the mighty tide;
So that Kronos' dreaded scythe was shivered,
When against my monument is quivered,
Towering toward the firmament in pride.

Smil'st thou?—No? to me naught's perished now!
Star and laurel I'll to fools allow,
To the dead their marble cell;—
Love hath granted all as my reward,
High o'er man 'twere easy to have soared,
So I love him well!

THE SIMPLE PEASANT. [62]

MATTHEW.

Gossip, you'll like to hear, no doubt!
A learned work has just come out—
Messias is the name 'twill bear;
The man has travelled through the air,
And on the sun-beplastered roads
Has lost shoe-leather by whole loads,—
Has seen the heavens lie open wide,
And hell has traversed with whole hide.
The thought has just occurred to me
That one so skilled as he must be
May tell us how our flax and wheat arise.
What say you?—Shall I try to ascertain?

LUKE.

You fool, to think that any one so wise
About mere flax and corn would rack his brain.

ACTAEON.

Thy wife is destined to deceive thee!
She'll seek another's arms and leave thee,
And horns upon thy head will shortly sprout!
How dreadful that when bathing thou shouldst see me
(No ether-bath can wash the stigma out),
And then, in perfect innocence, shouldst flee me!

MAN'S DIGNITY.

I am a man!—Let every one
Who is a man, too, spring
With joy beneath God's shining sun,
And leap on high, and sing!

To God's own image fair on earth
Its stamp I've power to show;
Down to the front, where heaven has birth
With boldness I dare go.

'Tis well that I both dare and can!
When I a maiden see,
A voice exclaims: thou art a man!
I kiss her tenderly.

And redder then the maiden grows,
Her bodice seems too tight—
That I'm a man the maiden knows,
Her bodice therefore's tight.

Will she, perchance, for pity cry,
If unawares she's caught?
She finds that I'm a man—then, why
By her is pity sought?

I am a man; and if alone
She sees me drawing near,
I make the emperor's daughter run,
Though ragged I appear.

This golden watchword wins the smile
Of many a princess fair;
They call—ye'd best look out the while,
Ye gold-laced fellows there!

That I'm a man is fully shown
Whene'er my lyre I sweep;
It thunders out a glorious tone—
It otherwise would creep.

The spirit that my veins now hold,
My manhood calls its brother!
And both command, like lions bold,
And fondly greet each other.

From out this same creative flood
From which we men have birth,
Both godlike strength and genius bud,
And everything of worth.

My talisman all tyrants hates,
And strikes them to the ground;
Or guides us gladly through life's gates
To where the dead are found.

E'en Pompey, at Pharsalia's fight,
My talisman o'erthrew;
On German sand it hurled with might

Rome's sensual children, too.

Didst see the Roman, proud and stern,
Sitting on Afric's shore?
His eyes like Hecla seem to burn,
And fiery flames outpour.

Then comes a frank and merry knave,
And spreads it through the land:
"Tell them that thou on Carthage's grave
Hast seen great Marius stand!"

Thus speaks the son of Rome with pride,
Still mighty in his fall;
He is a man, and naught beside,—
Before him tremble all.

His grandsons afterwards began
Their portions to o'erthrow,
And thought it well that every man
Should learn with grace to crow.

For shame, for shame,—once more for shame!
The wretched ones?—they've even
Squandered the tokens of their fame,
The choicest gifts of heaven.

God's counterfeit has sinfully
Disgraced his form divine,
And in his vile humanity
Has wallowed like the swine.

The face of earth each vainly treads,
Like gourds, that boys in sport

Have hollowed out to human heads,
With skulls, whose brains are—naught.

Like wine that by a chemist's art
Is through retorts refined,
Their spirits to the deuce depart,
The phlegma's left behind.

From every woman's face they fly,
Its very aspect dread,—
And if they dared—and could not—why,
'Twere better they were dead.

They shun all worthies when they can,
Grief at their joy they prove—
The man who cannot make a man,
A man can never love!

The world I proudly wander o'er,
And plume myself and sing
I am a man!—Whoe'er is more?
Then leap on high, and spring!

THE MESSIAD.

Religion 'twas produced this poem's fire;
Perverted also?—prithee, don't inquire!

THOUGHTS ON THE 1ST OCTOBER, 1781.

What mean the joyous sounds from yonder vine-clad height?

What the exulting Evoe? [63]

Why glows the cheek? Whom is't that I, with pinions light,

Swinging the lofty Thyrsus see?

Is it the genius whom the gladsome throng obeys?

Do I his numerous train descry?

In plenty's teeming horn the gifts of heaven he sways,

And reels from very ecstasy!—

See how the golden grape in glorious beauty shines,

Kissed by the earliest morning-beams!

The shadow of yon bower, how lovingly it signs,

As it with countless blessings teams!

Ha! glad October, thou art welcome unto me!—

October's first-born, welcome thou!

Thanks of a purer kind, than all who worship thee,

More heartfelt thanks I'm bringing now!

For thou to me the one whom I have loved so well,

And love with fondness to the grave,

Who merits in my heart forevermore to dwell,—

The best of friends in Rieger [64] gave.

'Tis true thy breath doth rock the leaves upon the trees,
And sadly make their charms decay;
Gently they fall:—and swift, as morning phantasies
With those who waken, fly away.

'Tis true that on thy track the fleecy spoiler hastes,
Who makes all Nature's chords resound
With discord dull, and turns the plains and groves to wastes,
So that they sadly mourn around.

See how the gloomy forms of years, as on they roll,
Each joyous banquet overthrows,
When, in uplifted hand, from out the foaming bowl,
Joy's noble purple brightly flows!

See how they disappear, when friends sweet converse hold,
And loving wander arm-in-arm;
And, to revenge themselves on winter's north wind cold,
Upon each other's breasts grow warm!

And when spring's children smile upon us once again,
When all the youthful splendor bright,
When each melodious note of each sweet rapturous strain
Awakens with it each delight:

How joyous then the stream that our whole soul pervades!
What life from out our glances pours!
Sweet Philomela's song, resounding through the glades,
Ourselves, our youthful strength restores!

Oh, may this whisper breathe—(let Rieger bear in mind
The storm by which in age we're bent!)—
His guardian angel, when the evening's star so kind

Gleams softly from the firmament!

In silence be he led to yonder thundering height,
And guided be his eye, that he,
In valley and on plain, may see his friends aright.
And that, with growing ecstasy,

On yonder holy spot, when he their number tells,
He may experience friendship's bliss,
Now first unveiled, until with pride his bosom swells,
Conscious that all their love is his.

Then will the distant voice be loudly heard to say:
"And G—, too, is a friend of thine!
When silvery locks no more around his temples play,
G— still will be a friend of thine!"

"E'en yonder"—and now in his eye the crystal tear
Will gleam—"e'en yonder he will love!
Love thee too, when his heart, in yonder spring-like sphere,
Linked on to thine, can rapture prove!"

EPITAPH.

Here lies a man cut off by fate
Too soon for all good men;
For sextons he died late—too late
For those who wield the pen.

QUIRL.

You tell me that you feel surprise
Because Quirl's paper's grown in size;
And yet they're crying through the street
That there's a rise in bread and meat.

THE PLAGUE.

A PHANTASY.

Plague's contagious murderous breath
God's strong might with terror reveals,
As through the dreary valley of death
With its brotherhood fell it steals!

Fearfully throbs the anguish-struck heart,
Horribly quivers each nerve in the frame;
Frenzy's wild laughs the torment proclaim,
Howling convulsions disclose the fierce smart.

Fierce delirium writhes upon the bed—
Poisonous mists hang o'er the cities dead;
Men all haggard, pale, and wan,
To the shadow-realm press on.
Death lies brooding in the humid air,
Plague, in dark graves, piles up treasures fair,
And its voice exultingly raises.
Funeral silence—churtyard calm,
Rapture change to dread alarm.—
Thus the plague God wildly praises!

MONUMENT OF MOOR THE ROBBER. [65]

'Tis ended!
Welcome! 'tis ended
Oh thou sinner majestic,
All thy terrible part is now played!

Noble abased one!
Thou, of thy race beginner and ender!
Wondrous son of her fearfulest humor,
Mother Nature's blunder sublime!

Through cloud-covered night a radiant gleam!
Hark how behind him the portals are closing!
Night's gloomy jaws veil him darkly in shade!
Nations are trembling,
At his destructive splendor afraid!
Thou art welcome! 'Tis ended!
Oh thou sinner majestic,
All thy terrible part is now played!

Crumble,—decay
In the cradle of wide-open heaven!
Terrible sight to each sinner that breathes,
When the hot thirst for glory
Raises its barriers over against the dread throne!

See! to eternity shame has consigned thee!
To the bright stars of fame
Thou hast clambered aloft, on the shoulders of shame!
Yet time will come when shame will crumble beneath thee,
When admiration at length will be thine!

With moist eye, by thy sepulchre dreaded,
Man has passed onward—
Rejoice in the tears that man sheddeth,
Oh thou soul of the judged!
With moist eye, by the sepulchre dreaded,
Lately a maiden passed onward,
Hearing the fearful announcement
Told of thy deeds by the herald of marble;
And the maiden—rejoice thee! rejoice thee!
Sought not to dry up her tears.
Far away I stood as the pearls were falling,
And I shouted: Amalia!

Oh, ye youths! Oh, ye youths!—
With the dangerous lightning of genius
Learn to play with more caution!
Wildly his bit champs the charger of Phoebus;
Though, 'neath the reins of his master,
More gently he rocks earth and heaven,
Reined by a child's hand, he kindles
Earth and heaven in blazing destruction!
Obstinate Phaeton perished,
Buried beneath the sad wreck.

Child of the heavenly genius!
Glowing bosom all panting for action!
Art thou charmed by the tale of my robber?

Glowing like time was his bosom, and panting for action!

He, like thee, was the child of the heavenly genius.

But thou smilest and goest—

Thy gaze flies through the realms of the world's long story,

Moor, the robber, it finds not there—

Stay, thou youth, and smile not!

Still survive all his sins and his shame—

Robber Moor liveth—in all but name.

THE BAD MONARCHS. [66]

Earthly gods—my lyre shall win your praise,
Though but wont its gentle sounds to raise
When the joyous feast the people throng;
Softly at your pompous-sounding names,
Shyly round your greatness purple flames,
Trembles now my song.

Answer! shall I strike the golden string,
When, borne on by exultation's wing,
O'er the battle-field your chariots trail?
When ye, from the iron grasp set free,
For your mistress' soft arms, joyously
Change your pond'rous mail?—

Shall my daring hymn, ye gods, resound,
While the golden splendor gleams around,
Where, by mystic darkness overcome,
With the thunderbolt your spleen may play,
Or in crime humanity array,
Till—the grave is dumb?

Say! shall peace 'neath crowns be now my theme?
Shall I boast, ye princes, that ye dream?—
While the worm the monarch's heart may tear,

Golden sleep twines round the Moor by stealth,
As he, at the palace, guards the wealth,
Guards—but covets ne'er.

Show how kings and galley-slaves, my Muse,
Lovingly one single pillow use,—
How their lightnings flatter, when surpressed,
When their humors have no power to harm,
When their mimic minotaurs are calm,
And—the lions rest!

Up, thou Hecate! with thy magic seal
Make the barred-up grave its wealth reveal,—
Hark! its doors like thunder open spring;
When death's dismal blast is heard to sigh,
And the hair on end stands fearfully,
Princes' bliss I sing!

Do I hear the strand, the coast, detect
Where your wishes' haughty fleet was wrecked,
Where was stayed your greatness' proud career
That they ne'er with glory may grow warm,
Night, with black and terror-spreading arm,
Forges monarchs here.

On the death-chest sadly gleams the crown,
With its heavy load of pearls weighed down,
And the sceptre, needed now no more.
In what splendor is the mould arrayed!
Yet but worms are with the body paid,
That—the world watched o'er.

Haughty plants within that humble bed

See how death their pomp decayed and fled
With unblushing ribaldry besets!
They who ruled o'er north and east and west
Suffer now his ev'ry nauseous jest,
And—no sultan threats?

Leap for joy, ye stubborn dumb, to-day,
And your heavy slumber shake away!
From the battle, victory upsprings!
Hearken to the trump's exulting song!
Ye are worshipped by the shouting throng!—
Rouse ye, then, ye kings!

Seven sleepers!—to the clarion hark!
How it rings, and how the fierce dogs bark!
Shouts from out a thousand barrels whizz;
Eager steeds are neighing for the wood,—
Soon the bristly boar rolls in his blood,—
Yours the triumph is!

But what now?—Are even princes dumb?
Tow'rd me scornful echoes ninefold come,
Stealing through the vault's terrific gloom—
Sleep assails the page by slow degrees,
And Madonna gives to you the keys
Of—her sleeping-room.

Not an answer—hushed and still is all—
Does the veil, then, e'en on monarchs fall,
Which enshrouds their humble flatt'ers glance?
And ye ask for worship in the dust,
Since the blind jade, Fate, a world has thrust
In your purse, perchance?

And ye clatter, giant puppet troops,
Marshalled in your proudly childish groups,
Like the juggler on the opera scene?—
Though the sound may please the vulgar ear,
Yet the skilful, filled with sadness, jeer
Powers so great, but mean.

Let your towering shame be hid from sight
In the garment of a sovereign's right,
From the ambush of the throne outspring!
Tremble, though, before the voice of song
Through the purple, vengeance will, ere long,
Strike down e'en a king!

THE SATYR AND MY MUSE.

An aged satyr sought
Around my Muse to pass,
Attempting to pay court,
And eyed her fondly through his glass.

By Phoebus' golden torch,
By Luna's pallid light,
Around her temple's porch
Crept the unhappy sharp-eared wight;

And warbled many a lay,
Her beauty's praise to sing,
And fiercely scraped away
On his discordant fiddle-string.

With tears, too, swelled his eyes,
As large as nuts, or larger;
He gasped forth heavy sighs,
Like music from Silenus' charger.

The Muse sat still, and played
Within her grotto fair,
And peevishly surveyed
Signor Adonis Goatsfoot there.

"Who ever would kiss thee,
Thou ugly, dirty dunce?
Wouldst thou a gallant be,
As Midas was Apollo once?

"Speak out, old horned boor
What charms canst thou display?
Thou'rt swarthy as a Moor,
And shaggy as a beast of prey.

"I'm by a bard adored
In far Teutonia's land;
To him, who strikes the chord,
I'm linked in firm and loving band."

She spoke, and straightway fled
The spoiler,—he pursued her,
And, by his passion led,
Soon caught her, shouted, and thus wooed her:

"Thou prudish one, stay, stay!
And hearken unto me!
Thy poet, I dare say,
Repents the pledge he gave thee.

"Behold this pretty thing,—
No merit would I claim,—
Its weight I often fling
On many a clown's back, to his shame.

"His sharpness it increases,
And spices his discourse,
Instilling learned theses,

When mounted on his hobby-horse

"The best of songs are known,
Thanks to this heavy whip
Yet fool's blood 'tis alone
We see beneath its lashes drip.

"This lash, then, shall be his,
If thou'lt give me a smack;
Then thou mayest hasten, miss,
Upon thy German sweetheart's track."

The Muse, with purpose sly,
Ere long agreed to yield—
The satyr said good-by,
And now the lash I wield!

And I won't drop it here,
Believe in what I say!
The kisses of one's dear
One does not lightly throw away.

They kindle raptures sweet,
But fools ne'er know their flame!
The gentle Muse will kneel at honor's feet,
But cudgels those who mar her fame.

THE PEASANTS. [67]

Look outside, good friend, I pray!
Two whole mortal hours
Dogs and I've out here to-day
Waited, by the powers!

Rain comes down as from a spout,
Doomsday-storms rage round about,

Dripping are my hose;
Drenched are coat and mantle too,
Coat and mantle, both just new,
Wretched plight, heaven knows!
Pretty stir's abroad to-day;
Look outside, good friend, I pray!

Ay, the devil! look outside!
Out is blown my lamp,—
Gloom and night the heavens now hide,
Moon and stars decamp.
Stumbling over stock and stone,
Jerkin, coat, I've torn, ochone!

Let me pity beg
Hedges, bushes, all around,
Here a ditch, and there a mound,

Breaking arm and leg.
Gloom and night the heavens now hide
Ay, the devil! look outside!

Ay, the deuce, then look outside!
Listen to my prayer!
Praying, singing, I have tried,
Wouldst thou have me swear?
I shall be a steaming mass,
Freeze to rock and stone, alas!
If I don't remove.
All this, love, I owe to thee,
Winter-bumps thou'lt make for me,
Thou confounded love!
Cold and gloom spread far and wide!
Ay, the deuce! then look outside!

Thousand thunders! what's this now
From the window shoots?
Oh, thou witch! 'Tis dirt, I vow,
That my head salutes!
Rain, frost, hunger, tempests wild,
Bear I for the devil's child,
Now I'm vexed full sore.
Worse and worse 'tis! I'll begone.
Pray be quick, thou Evil One!
I'll remain no more.
Pretty tumult there's outside!
Fare thee well—I'll homeward stride.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

Farewell! the beauteous sun is sinking fast,
The moon lifts up her head;
Farewell! mute night o'er earth's wide round at last
Her darksome raven-wing has spread.

Across the wintry plain no echoes float,
Save, from the rock's deep womb,
The murmuring streamlet, and the screech-owl's note,
Arising from the forest's gloom.

The fish repose within the watery deeps,
The snail draws in his head;
The dog beneath the table calmly sleeps,
My wife is slumbering in her bed.

A hearty welcome to ye, brethren mine!
Friends of my life's young spring!
Perchance around a flask of Rhenish wine
Ye're gathered now, in joyous ring.

The brimming goblet's bright and purple beams
Mirror the world with joy,
And pleasure from the golden grape-juice gleams—
Pleasure untainted by alloy.

Concealed behind departed years, your eyes
Find roses now alone;
And, as the summer tempest quickly flies,
Your heavy sorrows, too, are flown.

From childish sports, to e'en the doctor's hood,
The book of life ye thumb,
And reckon o'er, in light and joyous mood,
Your toils in the gymnasium;

Ye count the oaths that Terence—may he ne'er,
Though buried, calmly slumber!—
Caused you, despite Minelli's notes, to swear,—
Count your wry faces without number.

How, when the dread examinations came,
The boy with terror shook!
How, when the rector had pronounced his name,
The sweat streamed down upon his book!

All this is now involved in mist forever,
The boy is now a man,
And Frederick, wiser grown, discloses never
What little Fritz once loved to plan.

At length—a doctor one's declared to be,—
A regimental one!
And then,—and not too soon,—discover we
That plans soap-bubbles are alone. [68]

Blow on! blow on! and let the bubbles rise,
If but this heart remain!
And if a German laurel as the prize

Of song, 'tis given me to gain!

THE WIRTEMBERGER.

The name of Wirtemberg they hold
To come from Wirth am berg [69], I'm told.
A Wirtemberger who ne'er drinks
No Wirtemberger is, methinks!

THE MOLE.

HUSBAND.

The boy's my very image! See!
Even the scars my small-pox left me!

WIFE.

I can believe it easily
They once of all my senses reft me.

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL.

'Twixt the heavens and earth, high in the airy ocean,
In the tempest's cradle I'm borne with a rocking motion;
 Clouds are towering,
 Storms beneath me are lowering,
Giddily all the wonders I see,
And, O Eternal, I think of Thee!

 All Thy terrible pomp, lend to the Finite now,
Mighty Nature! Oh, of Infinity, thou
 Giant daughter!
 Mirror God, as in water!
Tempest, oh, let thine organ-peal
God to the reasoning worm reveal!

 Hark! it peals—how the rocks quiver beneath its growls
Zeboath's glorious name, wildly the hurricane howls!
 Graving the while
 With the lightning's style
"Creatures, do ye acknowledge me?"—
Spare us, Lord! We acknowledge Thee!

DIALOGUE.

A.

Hark, neighbor, for one moment stay!
Herr Doctor Scalpel, so they say,
Has got off safe and sound;
At Paris I your uncle found
Fast to a horse's crupper bound,—
Yet Scalpel made a king his prey.

B.

Oh, dear me, no! A real misnomer!
The fact is, he has his diploma;
The other one has not.

A.

Eh? What? Has a diploma?
In Suabia may such things be got?

EPITAPH

ON A CERTAIN PHYSIOGNOMIST.

On every nose he rightly read
What intellects were in the head
And yet—that he was not the one
By whom God meant it to be done,
This on his own he never read.

TRUST IN IMMORTALITY.

The dead has risen here, to live through endless ages;
This I with firmness trust and know.
I was first led to guess it by the sages,
The knaves convince me that 'tis really so.

APPENDIX OF POEMS ETC. IN SCHILLER'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

APPENDIX.

The following variations appear in the first two verses of Hector's Farewell, as given in *The Robbers*, act ii. scene 2.

ANDROMACHE.

Wilt thou, Hector, leave me?—leave me weeping,
Where Achilles' murderous blade is heaping
Bloody offerings on Patroclus' grave?
Who, alas, will teach thine infant truly
Spears to hurl, the gods to honor duly,
When thou'rt buried 'neath dark Xanthus' wave?

HECTOR.

Dearest wife, go,—fetch my death-spear glancing,
Let me join the battle-dance entrancing,
For my shoulders bear the weight of Troy!
Heaven will be our Astyanax' protector!
Falling as his country's savior, Hector
Soon will greet thee in the realms of joy.

The following additional verse is found in Amalia's Song, as sung in The Robbers, act iii. scene 1. It is introduced between the first and second verses, as they appear in poems.

His embrace—what maddening rapture bound us!
Bosom throbbed 'gainst bosom with wild might;
Mouth and ear were chained—night reigned around us—
And the spirit winged toward heaven its flight.

From The Robbers, act iv. scene 5.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

What so good for banishing sorrow
As women, theft, and bloody affray?
We must dance in the air to-morrow,
Therefore let's be right merry to-day!

A free and jovial life we've led,
Ever since we began it.
Beneath the tree we make our bed,
We ply our task when the storm's o'erhead
And deem the moon our planet.
The fellow we swear by is Mercury,
A capital hand at our trade is he.

To-day we become the guests of a priest,
A rich farmer to-morrow must feed us;
And as for the future, we care not the least,
But leave it to heaven to heed us.

And when our throats with a vintage rare
We've long enough been supplying,
Fresh courage and strength we drink in there,
And with the evil one friendship swear,
Who down in hell is frying.

The groans o'er fathers reft of breath,
The sorrowing mothers' cry of death,
Deserted brides' sad sobs and tears.
Are sweetest music to our ears.

Ha! when under the axe each one quivering lies,
When they bellow like calves, and fall round us like flies,
Naught gives such pleasure to our sight,
It fills our ears with wild delight.
And when arrives the fatal day
The devil straight may fetch us!
Our fee we get without delay—
They instantly Jack-Ketch us.
One draught upon the road of liquor bright and clear,

And hip! hip! hip; hurrah! we're seen no longer here!

From *The Robbers*, act iv. scene 5.

MOOR'S SONG.

BRUTUS.

Ye are welcome, peaceful realms of light!
Oh, receive Rome's last-surviving son!
From Philippi, from the murderous fight,
Come I now, my race of sorrow run.—
Cassius, where art thou?—Rome overthrown!
All my brethren's loving band destroyed!
Safety find I at death's door alone,
And the world to Brutus is a void!

CAESAR.

Who now, with the ne'er-subdued-one's tread,
Hither from yon rocks makes haste to come?—
Ha! if by no vision I'm misled,
'Tis the footstep of a child of Rome.—
Son of Tiber—whence dost thou appear?
Stands the seven-hilled city as of yore
Oft her orphaned lot awakes my tear,
For alas, her Caesar is no more?

BRUTUS.

Ha! thou with the three-and-twenty wounds!
Who hath, dead one, summoned thee to light?
Back to gaping Orcus' fearful bonds,
Haughty mourner! triumph not to-night!
On Philippi's iron altar, lo!

Reeks now freedom's final victim's blood;
Rome o'er Brutus' bier feels her death-throe,—
He seeks Minos.—Back to thy dark flood!

CAESAR.

Oh, the death-stroke Brutus' sword then hurled!
Thou, too—Brutus—thou? Could this thing be?
Son! It was thy father!—Son! the world
Would have fallen heritage to thee!
Go—'mongst Romans thou art deemed immortal,
For thy steel hath pierced thy father's breast.
Go—and shout it even to yon portal:
"Brutus is 'mongst Romans deemed immortal,
For his steel hath pierced his father's breast."
Go—thou knowest now what on Lethe's strand
Made me a prisoner stand.—
Now, grim steersman, push thy bark from land!

BRUTUS.

Father, stay!—In all earth's realms so fair,
It hath been my lot to know but one,
Who with mighty Caesar could compare;
And of yore thou called'st him thy son.
None but Caesar could a Rome o'erthrow,
Brutus only made great Caesar fear;
Where lives Brutus, Caesar's blood must flow;
If thy path lies yonder, mine is here.

From Wallenstein's Camp, scene 1.

RECRUIT'S SONG.

How sweet the wild sound
Of drum and of fife!
To roam o'er earth's round,
Lead a wandering life,
With steed trained aright,
And bold for the fight,
With a sword by the side,
To rove far and wide,—
Quick, nimble, and free
As the finch that we see
On bushes and trees,
Or braving the breeze,—
Huzza, then! the Friedlander's banner for me!

From Wallenstein's Camp, scene the last.

SECOND CUIRASSIER sings.

Up, up, my brave comrades! to horse! to horse!
Let us haste to the field and to freedom!
To the field, for 'tis there that is proved our hearts' force,
'Tis there that in earnest we need 'em!
None other can there our places supply,
Each must stand alone,—on himself must rely.

CHORUS.

None other can there our places supply,
Each must stand alone,—on himself must rely.

DRAGOON.

Now freedom appears from the world to have flown,
None but lords and their vassals one traces;
While falsehood and cunning are ruling alone

O'er the living cowardly races.
The man who can look upon death without fear—
The soldier,—is now the sole freeman left here.

CHORUS.

The man who can look upon death without fear—
The soldier,—is now the sole freeman left here.

FIRST YAGER.

The cares of this life, he casts them away,
Untroubled by fear or by sorrow;
He rides to his fate with a countenance gay,
And finds it to-day or to-morrow;
And if 'tis to-morrow, to-day we'll employ
To drink full deep of the goblet of joy,

CHORUS.

And if 'tis to-morrow, to-day we'll employ
To drink full deep of the goblet of joy.
[They refill their glasses and drink.

CAVALRY SERGEANT.

The skies o'er him shower his lot filled with mirth,
He gains, without toil, its full measure;
The peasant, who grubs in the womb of the earth,
Believes that he'll find there the treasure,
Through lifetime he shovels and digs like a slave,
And digs—till at length he has dug his own grave.

CHORUS.

Through lifetime he shovels and digs like a slave,
And digs—till at length he has dug his own grave.

FIRST YAGER.

The horseman, as well as his swift-footed beast,
Are guests by whom all are affrighted,
When glimmer the lamps at the wedding feast,
In the banquet he joins uninvited;
He woos not long, and with gold he ne'er buys,
But carries by storm love's blissful prize.

CHORUS.

He woos not long, and with gold he ne'er buys,
But carries by storm love's blissful prize.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why weeps the maiden? Why sorrows she so?
Let me hence, let me hence, girl, I pray thee?
The soldier on earth no sure quarters can know,
With true love he ne'er can repay thee.
Fate hurries him onward with fury blind,
His peace he never can leave behind.

CHORUS.

Fate hurries him onward with fury blind,
His peace he can never leave behind,

FIRST YAGER.

(Taking his two neighbors by the hand. The rest do the same,
forming a large semi-circle.)

Away, then, my comrades, our chargers let's mount!
In the battle the bosom bounds lightly!
Youth boils, and life's goblet still foams at the fount,
Away! while the spirit glows brightly!
Unless ye have courage your life to stake,
That life ye never your own can make!

CHORUS.

Unless ye have courage your life to stake,
That life ye never your own can make!

From William Tell, act i. scene 1.

SCENE—The high rocky shore of the Lake of Lucerne, opposite Schwytz.

The lake forms an inlet in the land; a cottage is near the shore; a fisher-boy is rowing in a boat. Beyond the lake are seen the green pastures, the villages and farms of Schwytz glowing in the sunshine. On the left of the spectator are the peaks of the Hacken, enveloped in clouds; on his right, in the distance, are seen the glaciers. Before the curtain rises the RANZ DES VACHES, and the musical sound of the cattle-bells are heard, and continue also for some time after the scene opens.

FISHER-BOY (sings in his boat).

AIR—Ranz des Vaches.

Bright smiles the lake, as it woos to its deep,—
A boy on its margin of green lies asleep;
Then hears he a strain,
Like the flute's gentle note,
Sweet as voices of angels
In Eden that float.
And when he awakens, with ecstasy blest,
The waters are playing all over his breast,
From the depths calls a voice
"Dearest child, with me go!
I lure down the sleeper,
I draw him below."

HERDSMAN (on the mountain).

AIR—Variation of the Ranz des Vaches.

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye pastures so glowing!
The herdsman is going,
For summer has fled!

We depart to the mountain; we'll come back again,
When the cuckoo is calling,—when wakens the strain,—
When the earth is tricked out with her flowers so gay,
When the stream sparkles bright in the sweet month of May.

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye pastures so glowing!
The herdsman is going,
For summer has fled!

CHAMOIS-HUNTER (appearing on the top of a rock).

AIR—Second Variation of the Ranz des Vaches.

O'er the heights growls the thunder, while quivers the bridge,
Yet no fear feels the hunter, though dizzy the ridge;
He strides on undaunted,
O'er plains icy-bound,
Where spring never blossoms,
Nor verdure is found;
And, a broad sea of mist lying under his feet,
Man's dwellings his vision no longer can greet;
The world he but views
When the clouds broken are—
With its pastures so green,
Through the vapor afar.

From William Tell, act iii. scene 1.

WALTER sings.

Bow and arrow bearing,
Over hills and streams
Moves the hunter daring,
Soon as daylight gleams.

As all flying creatures
Own the eagle's sway,
So the hunter, Nature's
Mounts and crags obey.

Over space he reigneth,
And he makes his prize
All his bolt attaineth,
All that creeps or flies.

From William Tell, act iv. scene 3.

CHORUS OF BROTHERS OF MERCY.

Death comes to man with hasty stride,
No respite is to him e'er given;
He's stricken down in manhood's pride,
E'en in mid race from earth he's driven.
Prepared, or not, to go from here,
Before his Judge he must appear!

From Turandot, act ii. scene 4.

RIDDLE.

The tree whereon decay

All those from mortals sprung,—
Full old, and yet whose spray
Is ever green and young;
To catch the light, it rolls
Each leaf upon one side;
The other, black as coals,
The sun has ne'er descried.

It places on new rings
As often as it blows;
The age, too, of all things
To mortal gaze it shows.
Upon its bark so green
A name oft meets the eye,
Yet 'tis no longer seen,
When it grows old and dry.
This tree—what can it mean?
I wait for thy reply. [70]

From *Mary Stuart*, act iii, scene 1.

SCENE—A Park. **MARY** advances hastily from behind some trees. **HANNAH KENNEDY** follows her slowly.

MARY.

Let me my newly-won liberty taste!
Let me rejoice as a child once again!
And, as on pinions, with airy foot hast
Over the tapestried green of the plain!
Have I escaped from my prison so drear?
Shall I no more in my sad dungeon pine?
Let me in long and in thirsty draughts here

Drink in the breezes, so free, so divine

Thanks, thanks, ye trees, in smiling verdure dressed,
In that ye veil my prison-walls from sight!
I'll dream that I am free and blest
Why should I waken from a dream so bright?
Do not the spacious heavens encompass me?
Behold! my gaze, unshackled, free,
Pierces with joy the trackless realms of light!
There, where the gray-tinged hills of mist project,
My kingdom's boundaries begin;
Yon clouds, that tow'rd the south their course direct,
France's far-distant ocean seek to win.

Swiftly-flying clouds, hardy sailors through air!
Mortal hath roamed with ye, sailed with ye, ne'er!
Greetings of love to my youthful home bear!
I am a prisoner, I am in chains,
Ah, not a herald, save ye, now remains,
Free through the air hath your path ever been,
Ye are not subject to England's proud queen!

Yonder's a fisherman trimming his boat.
E'en that frail skiff from all danger might tear me,
And to the dwellings of friends it might bear me.
Scarcely his earnings can keep life afloat.
Richly with treasures his lap I'd heap over,—
Oh! what a draught should reward him to-day!
Fortune held fast in his nets he'd discover,
If in his bark he would take me away!

Hear'st thou the horn of the hunter resound,
Wakening the echo through forest and plain?

Ah, on my spirited courser to bound!
Once more to join in the mirth-stirring train!
Hark! how the dearly-loved tones come again!
Blissful, yet sad, the remembrance they wake;
Oft have they fallen with joy on mine ear,
When in the highlands the bugle rang clear,
Rousing the chase over mountain and brake.

From *The Maid of Orleans*, Prologue, scene 4.

JOAN OF ARC (soliloquizing).

Farewell, ye mountains, and ye pastures dear,
Ye still and happy valleys, fare ye well!
No longer may Joan's footsteps linger here,
Joan bids ye now a long, a last farewell!

Ye meadows that I watered, and each bush
Set by my hands, ne'er may your verdure fail!
Farewell, ye grotts, ye springs that cooling gush
Thou echo, blissful voice of this sweet vale,
So wont to give me back an answering strain,—
Joan must depart, and ne'er return again!

Ye haunts of all my silent joys of old,
I leave ye now behind forevermore!
Disperse, ye lambs, far o'er the trackless wold!
She now hath gone who tended you of yore!
I must away to guard another fold,
On yonder field of danger, stained with gore.
Thus am I bidden by a spirit's tone
'Tis no vain earthly longing drives me on.

For He who erst to Moses on the height
Of Horeb, in the fiery bush came down,
And bade him stand in haughty Pharaoh's sight,
He who made choice of Jesse's pious son,
The shepherd, as his champion in the fight,—
He who to shepherds grace hath ever shown,
He thus addressed me from this lofty tree:
"Go hence! On earth my witness thou shalt be!

"In rugged brass, then, clothe thy members now,
In steel thy gentle bosom must be dressed!
No mortal love thy heart must e'er allow,
With earthly passion's sinful flame possessed.
Ne'er will the bridal wreath adorn thy brow,
No darling infant blossom on thy breast;
Yet thou with warlike honors shalt be laden,
Raising thee high above each earthly maiden.

"For when the bravest in the fight despair,
When France appears to wait her final blow,
Then thou my holy oriflamme must bear;
And, as the ripened corn the reapers mow,
Hew down the conqueror as he triumphs there;
His fortune's wheel thou thus wilt overthrow,
To France's hero-sons salvation bring,
Deliver Rheims once more, and crown thy king!"

The Lord hath promised to send down a sign
A helmet he hath sent, it comes from Him,—
His sword endows mine arm with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim;
To join the battle-turmoil how I pine!
A raging tempest thrills through every limb;

The summons to the field bursts on mine ear,
My charger paws the ground, the trump rings clear.

From *The Maid of Orleans*, act iv. scene 1.

SCENE—A hall prepared for a festival. The pillars are covered with festoons of flowers; flutes and hautboys are heard behind the scene.

JOAN OF ARC (soliloquizing).

Each weapon rests, war's tumults cease to sound,
While dance and song succeed the bloody fray;
Through every street the merry footsteps bound,
Altar and church are clad in bright array,
And gates of branches green arise around,
Over the columns twine the garlands gay;
Rheims cannot hold the ever-swelling train
That seeks the nation-festival to gain.

All with one joyous feeling are elate,
One single thought is thrilling every breast;
What, until now, was severed by fierce hate,
Is by the general rapture truly blessed.
By each who called this land his parent-state,
The name of Frenchman proudly is confessed;
The glory is revived of olden days,
And to her regal son France homage pays.

Yet I who have achieved this work of pride,
I cannot share the rapture felt by all:
My heart is changed, my heart is turned aside,
It shuns the splendor of this festival;
'Tis in the British camp it seeks to hide,—

'Tis on the foe my yearning glances fall;
And from the joyous circle I must steal,
My bosom's crime o'erpowering to conceal.

Who? I? What! in my bosom chaste
Can mortal's image have a seat?
This heart, by heavenly glory graced,—
Dares it with earthly love to beat?
The saviour of my country, I,—
The champion of the Lord Most High,
Own for my country's foe a flame—
To the chaste sun my guilt proclaim,
And not be crushed beneath my shame?

(The music behind the scene changes into a soft, melting melody.)

Woe! oh woe! what strains entralling!
How bewildering to mine ear
Each his voice beloved recalling,
Charming up his image dear!

Would that battle-tempests bound me!
Would that spears were whizzing round me
In the hotly-raging strife!
Could my courage find fresh life!

How those tones, those voices blest
Coil around my bosom burning
All the strength within my breast
Melting into tender yearning,
Into tears of sadness turning!

(The flutes are again heard—she falls into a silent melancholy.)

Gentle crook! oh that I never
For the sword had bartered thee!
Sacred oak! why didst thou ever
From thy branches speak to me?
Would that thou to me in splendor,
Queen of heaven, hadst ne'er come down!
Take—all claim I must surrender,—
Take, oh take away thy crown!

Ah, I open saw yon heaven,
Saw the features of the blest!
Yet to earth my hopes are riven,
In the skies they ne'er can rest!
Wherefore make me ply with ardor
This vocation, terror-fraught?
Would this heart were rendered harder.
That by heaven to feel was taught!

To proclaim Thy might sublime
Those select, who, free from crime,
In Thy lasting mansions stand;
Send Thou forth Thy spirit-band,
The immortal, and the pure,
Feelingless, from tears secure
Never choose a maiden fair,
Shepherdess' weak spirit ne'er!

Kings' dissensions wherefore dread I,
Why the fortune of the fight?
Guilelessly my lambs once fed I
On the silent mountain-height.
Yet Thou into life didst bear me,
To the halls where monarchs throne.

In the toils of guilt to snare me—
Ah, the choice was not mine own!

FOOTNOTES.

[1] The allusion in the original is to the seemingly magical power possessed by a Jew conjuror, named Philadelphia, which would not be understood in English.

[2] This most exquisite love poem is founded on the platonic notion, that souls were united in a pre-existent state, that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on earth. The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.

[3] "Und Empfindung soll mein Richtschwert seyn." A line of great vigor in the original, but which, if literally translated, would seem extravagant in English.

[4] Joseph, in the original.

[5] The youth's name was John Christian Weckherlin.

[6] Venus.

[7] Originally Laura, this having been one of the "Laura-Poems," as the Germans call them of which so many appeared in the Anthology (see Preface). English readers will probably not think that the change is for the better.

[8] Tityus.

[9] This concluding and fine strophe is omitted in the later editions of Schiller's "Poems."

[10] Hercules who recovered from the Shades Alcestis, after she had given her

own life to save her husband, Admetus. Alcestis, in the hands of Euripides (that woman-hater as he is called!) becomes the loveliest female creation in the Greek drama.

[11] i. e. Castor and Pollux are transferred to the stars, Hercules to Olympus, for their deeds on earth.

[12] Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii, p. 47.

[13] Literally "Nierensteiner,"—a wine not much known in England, and scarcely—according to our experience—worth the regrets of its respectable owner.

[14] In Schiller the eight long lines that conclude each stanza of this charming love-poem, instead of rhyming alternately as in the translation, chime somewhat to the tune of Byron's *Don Juan*—six lines rhyming with each other, and the two last forming a separate couplet. In other respects the translation, it is hoped, is sufficiently close and literal.

[15] The peach.

[16] Sung in "The Parasite," a comedy which Schiller translated from Picard—much the best comedy, by the way, that Picard ever wrote.

[17] The idea diffused by the translator through this and the preceding stanza is more forcibly condensed by Schiller in four lines.

[18] "And ere a man hath power to say, "behold,"
The jaws of Darkness do devour it up,
So quick bright things come to confusion."—

SHAKESPEARE.

[19] The three following ballads, in which Switzerland is the scene, betray their origin in Schiller's studies for the drama of *William Tell*.

[20] The avalanche—the equivoque of the original, turning on the Swiss word *Lawine*, it is impossible to render intelligible to the English reader. The giants in the preceding line are the rocks that overhang the pass which winds now to the right, now to the left, of a roaring stream.

[21] The Devil's Bridge. The Land of Delight (called in *Tell* "a serene valley of joy") to which the dreary portal (in *Tell* the black rock gate) leads, is the Urse Vale. The four rivers, in the next stanza, are the Reus, the Rhine, the Tessin, and the Rhone.

[22] The everlasting glacier. See *William Tell*, act v, scene 2.

[23] This has been paraphrased by Coleridge.

[24] Ajax the Less.

[25] Ulysses.

[26] Achilles.

[27] Diomed.

[28] Cassandra.

[29] It may be scarcely necessary to treat, however briefly, of the mythological legend on which this exquisite elegy is founded; yet we venture to do so rather than that the forgetfulness of the reader should militate against his enjoyment of the poem. Proserpine, according to the *Homeride* (for the story is not without variations), when gathering flowers with the Ocean-Nymphs, is carried off by Aidoneus, or Pluto. Her mother, Ceres, wanders over the earth for her in vain, and refuses to return to heaven till her daughter is restored to her. Finally, Jupiter commissions Hermes to persuade Pluto to render up his bride, who rejoins Ceres at Eleusis. Unfortunately she has swallowed a pomegranate seed in the Shades below, and is thus mysteriously doomed to spend one-third of

the year with her husband in Hades, though for the remainder of the year she is permitted to dwell with Ceres and the gods. This is one of the very few mythological fables of Greece which can be safely interpreted into an allegory. Proserpine denotes the seed-corn one-third of the year below the earth; two-thirds (that is, dating from the appearance of the ear) above it. Schiller has treated this story with admirable and artistic beauty; and, by an alteration in its symbolical character has preserved the pathos of the external narrative, and heightened the beauty of the interior meaning—associating the productive principle of the earth with the immortality of the soul. Proserpine here is not the symbol of the buried seed, but the buried seed is the symbol of her—that is, of the dead. The exquisite feeling of this poem consoled Schiller's friend, Sophia La Roche, in her grief for her son's death. [30] What a beautiful vindication of the shortness of human life!

[31] The corn-flower.

[32] For this story, see Herodotus, book iii, sections 40-43.

[33] President of Council of Five Hundred.

[34] We have already seen in "The Ring of Polycrates," Schiller's mode of dealing with classical subjects. In the poems that follow, derived from similar sources, the same spirit is maintained. In spite of Humboldt, we venture to think that Schiller certainly does not narrate Greek legends in the spirit of an ancient Greek. The Gothic sentiment, in its ethical depth and mournful tenderness, more or less pervades all that he translates from classic fable into modern pathos. The grief of Hero in the ballad subjoined, touches closely on the lamentations of Thekla, in "Wallenstein." The Complaint of Ceres, embodies Christian grief and Christian hope. The Trojan Cassandra expresses the moral of the Northern Faust. Even the "Victory Feast" changes the whole spirit of Homer, on whom it is founded, by the introduction of the ethical sentiment at the close, borrowed, as a modern would apply what he so borrows from the moralizing Horace. Nothing can be more foreign to the Hellenic genius, (if we except the very disputable

intention of the "Prometheus"), than the interior and typical design which usually exalts every conception in Schiller. But it is perfectly open to the modern poet to treat of ancient legends in the modern spirit. Though he selects a Greek story, he is still a modern who narrates—he can never make himself a Greek any more than Aeschylus in the "Persae" could make himself a Persian. But this is still more the privilege of the poet in narrative, or lyrical composition, than in the drama, for in the former he does not abandon his identity, as in the latter he must—yet even this must have its limits. Shakspeare's wonderful power of self-transfusion has no doubt enabled him, in his plays from Roman history, to animate his characters with much of Roman life. But no one can maintain that a Roman would ever have written plays in the least resembling "Julius Caesar," or "Coriolanus," or "Antony and Cleopatra." The portraits may be Roman, but they are painted in the manner of the Gothic school. The spirit of antiquity is only in them, inasmuch as the representation of human nature, under certain circumstances, is accurately, though loosely outlined. When the poet raises the dead, it is not to restore, but to remodel.

[35] This notes the time of year—not the time of day—viz., about the 23d of September.—HOFFMEISTER.

[36] Hecate as the mysterious goddess of Nature.—HOFFMEISTER.

[37] This story, the heroes of which are more properly known to us under the names of Damon and Pythias (or Phintias), Schiller took from Hyginus in whom the friends are called Moerus and Selinuntius. Schiller has somewhat amplified the incidents in the original, in which the delay of Moerus is occasioned only by the swollen stream—the other hindrances are of Schiller's invention. The subject, like "The Ring of Polycrates," does not admit of that rich poetry of description with which our author usually adorns some single passage in his narratives. The poetic spirit is rather shown in the terse brevity with which picture after picture is not only sketched but finished—and in the great thought at the close. Still it is not one of Schiller's best ballads. His additions to the original story are not happy. The incident of the robbers is commonplace and poor. The delay

occasioned by the thirst of Moerus is clearly open to Goethe's objection (an objection showing very nice perception of nature)—that extreme thirst was not likely to happen to a man who had lately passed through a stream on a rainy day, and whose clothes must have been saturated with moisture—nor in the traveller's preoccupied state of mind, is it probable that he would have so much felt the mere physical want. With less reason has it been urged by other critics, that the sudden relenting of the tyrant is contrary to his character. The tyrant here has no individual character at all. He is the mere personation of disbelief in truth and love—which the spectacle of sublime self-abnegation at once converts. In this idea lies the deep philosophical truth, which redeems all the defects of the piece—for poetry, in its highest form, is merely this—"Truth made beautiful."

[38] The somewhat irregular metre of the original has been preserved in this ballad, as in other poems; although the perfect anapaestic metre is perhaps more familiar to the English ear.

[39] "Die Gestalt"—Form, the Platonic Archetype.

[40] More literally translated thus by the author of the article on Schiller in the *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July, 1843—

"Thence all witnesses forever banished
Of poor human nakedness."

[41] The law, i. e., the Kantian ideal of truth and virtue. This stanza and the next embody, perhaps with some exaggeration, the Kantian doctrine of morality.

[42] "But in God's sight submission is command." "Jonah," by the Rev. F. Hodgson. Quoted in *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July, 1843: Art. Schiller, p. 21.

[43] It seems generally agreed that poetry is allegorized in these stanzas; though, with this interpretation, it is difficult to reconcile the sense of some of the lines—for instance, the last in the first stanza. How can poetry be said to

leave no trace when she takes farewell?

[44] "I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning." These words are inscribed on the great bell of the Minster of Schaffhausen—also on that of the Church of Art near Lucerne. There was an old belief in Switzerland that the undulation of air caused by the sound of a bell, broke the electric fluid of a thunder-cloud.

[45] A piece of clay pipe, which becomes vitrified if the metal is sufficiently heated.

[46] The translator adheres to the original, in forsaking the rhyme in these lines and some others.

[47] Written in the time of the French war.

[48] Literally, "the manners." The French word *moeurs* corresponds best with the German.

[49] The epithet in the first edition is *ruhmlose*.

[50] For this interesting story, see Cox's "House of Austria," vol i, pp. 87-98 (Bohn's Standard Library).

[51] See "Piccolomini," act ii., scene 6; and "The Death of Wallenstein," act v., scene 3.

[52] This poem is very characteristic of the noble ease with which Schiller often loves to surprise the reader, by the sudden introduction of matter for the loftiest reflection in the midst of the most familiar subjects. What can be more accurate and happy than the poet's description of the national dance, as if such description were his only object—the outpouring, as it were, of a young gallant intoxicated by the music, and dizzy with the waltz? Suddenly and imperceptibly the reader finds himself elevated from a trivial scene. He is borne upward to the

harmony of the sphere. He bows before the great law of the universe—the young gallant is transformed into the mighty teacher; and this without one hard conceit—without one touch of pedantry. It is but a flash of light; and where glowed the playful picture shines the solemn moral.

[53] The first five verses in the original of this poem are placed as a motto on Goethe's statue in the Library at Weimar. The poet does not here mean to extol what is vulgarly meant by the gifts of fortune; he but develops a favorite idea of his, that, whatever is really sublime and beautiful, comes freely down from heaven; and vindicates the seeming partiality of the gods, by implying that the beauty and the genius given, without labor, to some, but serve to the delight of those to whom they are denied.

[54] Achilles.

[55] "Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen In das schoene Wunderland."—SCHILLER, Sehnsucht.

[56] This simile is nobly conceived, but expressed somewhat obscurely. As Hercules contended in vain against Antaeus, the Son of Earth—so long as the earth gave her giant offspring new strength in every fall,—so the soul contends in vain with evil—the natural earth-born enemy, while the very contact of the earth invigorates the enemy for the struggle. And as Antaeus was slain at last, when Hercules lifted him from the earth, and strangled him while raised aloft, so can the soul slay the enemy (the desire, the passion, the evil, the earth's offspring), when bearing it from earth itself, and stifling it in the higher air.

[57] By this Schiller informs us elsewhere that he does not mean death alone; but that the thought applies equally to every period of life when we can divest ourselves of the body and perceive or act as pure spirits; we are truly then under the influence of the sublime.

[58] Duke Bernard of Weimar, one of the heroes of the Thirty Years' war.

[59] These verses were sent by Schiller to the then Electoral High Chancellor, with a copy of his "William Tell."

[60] Addressed in the original to Mdlle. Slevoigt, on her marriage to Dr. Sturm.

[61] This was the title of the publication in which many of the finest of Schiller's "Poems of the Third Period" originally appeared.

[62] A pointless satire upon Klopstock and his Messiah.

[63] Schiller, who is not very particular about the quantities of classical names, gives this word with the o long—which is, of course, the correct quantity—in *The Gods of Greece*.

[64] A well-known general, who died in 1783.

[65] See the play of *The Robbers*.

[66] Written in consequence of the ill-treatment Schiller experienced at the hands of the Grand Duke Charles of Wirtemberg.

[67] Written in the Suabian dialect.

[68] An allusion to the appointment of regimental surgeon, conferred upon Schiller by the Grand Duke Charles in 1780, when he was twenty-one years of age.

[69] *The Landlord on the Mountain*.

[70] The year.

AESTHETICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS

by Frederick Schiller

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

VOCABULARY OF TERMINOLOGY

LETTERS ON THE AESTHETICAL EDUCATION OF MAN

AESTHETICAL ESSAYS:—

THE MORAL UTILITY OF AESTHETIC MANNERS ON THE SUBLIME THE PATHETIC ON
GRACE AND DIGNITY ON DIGNITY ON THE NECESSARY LIMITATIONS IN THE USE OF
BEAUTY AND FORM REFLECTIONS ON THE USE OF THE VULGAR AND LOW ELEMENTS
IN WORKS OF ART DETACHED REFLECTIONS ON DIFFERENT QUESTIONS OF
AESTHETICS ON SIMPLE AND SENTIMENTAL POETRY THE STAGE AS A MORAL
INSTITUTION ON THE TRAGIC ART OF THE CAUSE OF THE PLEASURE WE DERIVE
FROM TRAGIC OBJECTS

SCHILLER'S PHILOSOPHICAL LETTERS:—

PREFATORY REMARKS THEOSOPHY OF JULIUS ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE

**ANIMAL AND THE SPIRITUAL NATURE IN MAN PHYSICAL CONNECTION
PHILOSOPHICAL CONNECTION**

INTRODUCTION.

The special subject of the greater part of the letters and essays of Schiller contained in this volume is Aesthetics; and before passing to any remarks on his treatment of the subject it will be useful to offer a few observations on the nature of this topic, and on its treatment by the philosophical spirit of different ages.

First, then, aesthetics has for its object the vast realm of the beautiful, and it may be most adequately defined as the philosophy of art or of the fine arts. To some the definition may seem arbitrary, as excluding the beautiful in nature; but it will cease to appear so if it is remarked that the beauty which is the work of art is higher than natural beauty, because it is the offspring of the mind. Moreover, if, in conformity with a certain school of modern philosophy, the mind be viewed as the true being, including all in itself, it must be admitted that beauty is only truly beautiful when it shares in the nature of mind, and is mind's offspring.

Viewed in this light, the beauty of nature is only a reflection of the beauty of the mind, only an imperfect beauty, which as to its essence is included in that of the mind. Nor has it ever entered into the mind of any thinker to develop the beautiful in natural objects, so as to convert it into a science and a system. The field of natural beauty is too uncertain and too fluctuating for this purpose. Moreover, the relation of beauty in nature and beauty in art forms a part of the science of aesthetics, and finds again its proper place.

But it may be urged that art is not worthy of a scientific treatment. Art is no doubt an ornament of our life and a charm to the fancy; but has it a more serious

side? When compared with the absorbing necessities of human existence, it might seem a luxury, a superfluity, calculated to enfeeble the heart by the assiduous worship of beauty, and thus to be actually prejudicial to the true interest of practical life. This view seems to be largely countenanced by a dominant party in modern times, and practical men, as they are styled, are only too ready to take this superficial view of the office of art.

Many have indeed undertaken to defend art on this score, and to show that, far from being a mere luxury, it has serious and solid advantages. It has been even apparently exaggerated in this respect, and represented as a kind of mediator between reason and sense, between inclination and duty, having as its mission the work of reconciling the conflicting elements in the human heart. A strong trace of this view will be found in Schiller, especially in all that he says about the play-instinct in his "Aesthetical Letters."

Nevertheless, art is worthy of science; aesthetics is a true science, and the office of art is as high as that assigned to it in the pages of Schiller. We admit that art viewed only as an ornament and a charm is no longer free, but a slave. But this is a perversion of its proper end. Science has to be considered as free in its aim and in its means, and it is only free when liberated from all other considerations; it rises up to truth, which is its only real object, and can alone fully satisfy it. Art in like manner is alone truly art when it is free and independent, when it solves the problem of its high destination—that problem whether it has to be placed beside religion and philosophy as being nothing else than a particular mode or a special form of revealing God to consciousness, and of expressing the deepest interests of human nature and the widest truths of the human mind.

For it is in their works of art that the nations have imprinted their favorite thoughts and their richest intuitions, and not unfrequently the fine arts are the only means by which we can penetrate into the secrets of their wisdom and the mysteries of their religion.

It is made a reproach to art that it produces its effects by appearance and illusion; but can it be established that appearance is objectionable? The phenomena of nature and the acts of human life are nothing more than appearances, and are yet looked upon as constituting a true reality; for this reality must be sought for beyond the objects perceived immediately by the sense, the substance and speech and principle underlying all things manifesting itself in time and space through these real existences, but preserving its absolute existence in itself. Now, the very special object and aim of art is to represent the action and development of this universal force. In nature this force or principle appears confounded with particular interests and transitory circumstances, mixed up with what is arbitrary in the passions and in individual wills. Art sets the truth free from the illusory and mendacious forms of this coarse, imperfect world, and clothes it in a nobler, purer form created by the mind itself. Thus the forms of art, far from being mere appearances, perfectly illusory, contain more reality and truth than the phenomenal existences of the real world. The world of art is truer than that of history or nature.

Nor is this all: the representations of art are more expressive and transparent than the phenomena of the real world or the events of history. The mind finds it harder to pierce through the hard envelop of nature and common life than to penetrate into works of art.

Two more reflections appear completely to meet the objection that art or aesthetics is not entitled to the name of science.

It will be generally admitted that the mind of man has the power of considering itself, of making itself its own object and all that issues from its activity; for thought constitutes the essence of the mind. Now art and its work, as creations of the mind, are themselves of a spiritual nature. In this respect art is much nearer to the mind than nature. In studying the works of art the mind has to do with itself, with what proceeds from itself, and is itself.

Thus art finds its highest confirmation in science.

Nor does art refuse a philosophical treatment because it is dependent on caprice, and subject to no law. If its highest aim be to reveal to the human consciousness the highest interest of the mind, it is evident that the substance or contents of the representations are not given up to the control of a wild and irregular imagination. It is strictly determined by the ideas that concern our intelligence and by the laws of their development, whatever may be the inexhaustible variety of forms in which they are produced. Nor are these forms arbitrary, for every form is not fitted to express every idea. The form is determined by the substance which it has to suit.

A further consideration of the true nature of beauty, and therefore of the vocation of the artist, will aid us still more in our endeavor to show the high dignity of art and of aesthetics. The history of philosophy presents us with many theories on the nature of the beautiful; but as it would lead us too far to examine them all, we shall only consider the most important among them. The coarsest of these theories defines the beautiful as that which pleases the senses. This theory, issuing from the philosophy of sensation of the school of Locke and Condillac, only explains the idea and the feeling of the beautiful by disfiguring it. It is entirely contradicted by facts. For it converts it into desire, but desire is egotistical and insatiable, while admiration is respectful, and is its own satisfaction without seeking possession.

Others have thought the beautiful consists in proportion, and no doubt this is one of the conditions of beauty, but only one. An ill-proportioned object cannot be beautiful, but the exact correspondence of parts, as in geometrical figures, does not constitute beauty.

A noted ancient theory makes beauty consist in the perfect suitableness of means to their end. In this case the beautiful is not the useful, it is the suitable; and the latter idea is more akin to that of beauty. But it has not the true character of the beautiful. Again, order is a less mathematical idea than proportion, but it does not explain what is free and flowing in certain beauties.

The most plausible theory of beauty is that which makes it consist in two contrary and equally necessary elements—unity and variety. A beautiful flower has all the elements we have named; it has unity, symmetry, and variety of shades of color. There is no beauty without life, and life is movement, diversity. These elements are found in beautiful and also in sublime objects. A beautiful object is complete, finished, limited with symmetrical parts. A sublime object whose forms, though not out of proportion, are less determined, ever awakens in us the feeling of the infinite. In objects of sense all qualities that can produce the feeling of the beautiful come under one class called physical beauty. But above and beyond this in the region of mind we have first intellectual beauty, including the laws that govern intelligence and the creative genius of the artist, the poet, and the philosopher. Again, the moral world has beauty in its ideas of liberty, of virtue, of devotion, the justice of Aristides, the heroism of Leonidas.

We have now ascertained that there is beauty and sublimity in nature, in ideas, in feelings, and in actions. After all this it might be supposed that a unity could be found amidst these different kinds of beauty. The sight of a statue, as the Apollo of Belvedere, of a man, of Socrates expiring, are adduced as producing impressions of the beautiful; but the form cannot be a form by itself, it must be the form of something. Physical beauty is the sign of an interior beauty, a spiritual and moral beauty which is the basis, the principle, and the unity of the beautiful.

Physical beauty is an envelop to intellectual and to moral beauty.

Intellectual beauty, the splendor of the true, can only have for principle that of all truth.

Moral beauty comprehends two distinct elements, equally beautiful, justice and charity. Thus God is the principle of the three orders of beauty, physical, intellectual, and moral. He also construes the two great powers distributed over the three orders, the beautiful and the sublime. God is beauty par excellence; He is therefore perfectly beautiful; He is equally sublime. He is to us the type and

sense of the two great forms of beauty. In short, the Absolute Being as absolute unity and absolute variety is necessarily the ultimate principle, the extreme basis, the finished ideal of all beauty. This was the marvellous beauty which Diotimus had seen, and which is described in the Banquet of Socrates.

It is our purpose after the previous discussion to attempt to elucidate still further the idea of art by following its historic development.

Many questions bearing on art and relating to the beautiful had been propounded before, even as far back as Plotinus, Plato, and Socrates, but recent times have been the real cradle of aesthetics as a science. Modern philosophy was the first to recognize that beauty in art is one of the means by which the contradictions can be removed between mind considered in its abstract and absolute existence and nature constituting the world of sense, bringing back these two factors to unity.

Kant was the first who felt the want of this union and expressed it, but without determining its conditions or expressing it scientifically. He was impeded in his efforts to effect this union by the opposition between the subjective and the objective, by his placing practical reason above theoretical reason, and he set up the opposition found in the moral sphere as the highest principle of morality. Reduced to this difficulty, all that Kant could do was to express the union under the form of the subjective ideas of reason, or as postulates to be deduced from the practical reason, without their essential character being known, and representing their realization as nothing more than a simple you ought, or imperative "Du sollst."

In his teleological judgment applied to living beings, Kant comes, on the contrary, to consider the living organism in such wise that, the general including the particular, and determining it as an end, consequently the idea also determines the external, the compound of the organs, not by an act springing from without but issuing from within. In this way the end and the means, the interior and exterior, the general and particular, are confounded in unity. But this

judgment only expresses a subjective act of reflection, and does not throw any light on the object in itself. Kant has the same view of the aesthetic judgment. According to him the judgment does not proceed either from reason, as the faculty of general ideas, or from sensuous perception, but from the free play of the reason and of the imagination. In this analysis of the cognitive faculty, the object only exists relatively to the subject and to the feeling of pleasure or the enjoyment that it experiences.

The characteristics of the beautiful are, according to Kant:—

1. The pleasure it procures is free from interest.
2. Beauty appears to us as an object of general enjoyment, without awakening in us the consciousness of an abstract idea and of a category of reason to which we might refer our judgment.
3. Beauty ought to embrace in itself the relation of conformity to its end, but in such a way that this conformity may be grasped without the idea of the end being offered to our mind.
4. Though it be not accompanied by an abstract idea, beauty ought to be acknowledged as the object of a necessary enjoyment.

A special feature of all this system is the indissoluble unity of what is supposed to be separated in consciousness. This distinction disappears in the beautiful, because in it the general and the particular, the end and the means, the idea and the object, mentally penetrate each other completely. The particular in itself, whether it be opposed to itself or to what is general, is something accidental. But here what may be considered as an accidental form is so intimately connected with the general that it is confounded and identified with it. By this means the beautiful in art presents thought to us as incarnate. On the other hand, matter, nature, the sensuous as themselves possessing measure, end, and harmony, are raised to the dignity of spirit and share in its general character.

Thought not only abandons its hostility against nature, but smiles in her. Sensation and enjoyment are justified and sanctified, so that nature and liberty, sense and ideas, find their justification and their sanctification in this union. Nevertheless this reconciliation, though seemingly perfect, is stricken with the character of subjectiveness. It cannot constitute the absolutely true and real.

Such is an outline of the principal results of Kant's criticism, and Hegel passes high praise on the profoundly philosophic mind of Schiller, who demanded the union and reconciliation of the two principles, and who tried to give a scientific explanation of it before the problem had been solved by philosophy. In his "Letters on Aesthetic Education," Schiller admits that man carries in himself the germ of the ideal man which is realized and represented by the state. There are two ways for the individual man to approach the ideal man; first, when the state, considered as morality, justice, and general reason, absorbs the individualities in its unity; secondly, when the individual rises to the ideal of his species by the perfecting of himself. Reason demands unity, conformity to the species; nature, on the other hand, demands plurality and individuality; and man is at once solicited by two contrary laws. In this conflict, aesthetic education must come in to effect the reconciliation of the two principles; for, according to Schiller, it has as its end to fashion and polish the inclinations and passions so that they may become reasonable, and that, on the other hand, reason and freedom may issue from their abstract character, may unite with nature, may spiritualize it, become incarnate, and take a body in it. Beauty is thus given as the simultaneous development of the rational and of the sensuous, fused together, and interpenetrated one by the other, an union that constitutes in fact true reality.

This unity of the general and of the particular, of liberty and necessity of the spiritual and material, which Schiller understood scientifically as the spirit of art, and which he tried to make appear in real life by aesthetic art and education, was afterwards put forward under the name of idea as the principle of all knowledge and existence. In this way, through the agency of Schelling, science raised itself to an absolute point of view. It was thus that art began to claim its proper nature

and dignity. From that time its proper place was finally marked out for it in science, though the mode of viewing it still labored under certain defects. Its high and true distinction were at length understood.

In viewing the higher position to which recent philosophical systems have raised the theory of art in Germany, we must not overlook the advantages contributed by the study of the ideal of the ancients by such men as Winckelmann, who, by a kind of inspiration, raised art criticism from a carping about petty details to seek the true spirit of great works of art, and their true ideas, by a study of the spirit of the originals.

It has appeared expedient to conclude this introduction with a summary of the latest and highest theory of art and aesthetics issuing from Kant and Schiller, and developed in the later philosophy of Hegel.

Our space only allows us to give a glance, first, at the metaphysics of the beautiful as developed by Hegel in the first part of his 'Aesthetik,' and then at the later development of the same system in recent writers issuing from his school.

Hegel considers, first, the abstract idea of the beautiful; secondly, beauty in nature; thirdly, beauty in art or the ideal; and he winds up with an examination of the qualities of the artist.

His preliminary remarks are directed to show the relations of art to religion and philosophy, and he shows that man's destination is an infinite development. In real life he only satisfies his longing partially and imperfectly by limited enjoyments. In science he finds a nobler pleasure, and civil life opens a career for his activity; but he only finds an imperfect pleasure in these pursuits. He cannot then find the ideal after which he sighs. Then he rises to a higher sphere, where all contradictions are effaced and the ideas of good and happiness are realized in perfect accord and in constant harmony. This deep want of the soul is satisfied in three ways: in art, in religion, and in philosophy.

Art is intended to make us contemplate the true and the infinite in forms of sense. Yet even art does not fully satisfy the deepest need of the soul. The soul wants to contemplate truth in its inmost consciousness. Religion is placed above the dominion of art.

First, as to idea of the beautiful, Hegel begins by giving its characteristics. It is infinite, and it is free; the contemplation of the beautiful suffices to itself, it awakens no desire. The soul experiences something like a godlike felicity and is transported into a sphere remote from the miseries of life. This theory of the beautiful comes very near that of Plato.

Secondly, as to beauty in nature. Physical beauty, considered externally, presents itself successively under the aspects of regularity and of symmetry, of conformity with a law, and of harmony, also of purity and simplicity of matter.

Thirdly, beauty in art or the ideal is beauty in a higher degree of perfection than real beauty. The ideal in art is not contrary to the real, but the real idealized, purified, and perfectly expressed. The ideal is also the soul arrived at the consciousness of itself, free and fully enjoying its faculties; it is life, but spiritual life and spirit. Nor is the ideal a cold abstraction, it is the spiritual principle under the form of a living individuality freed from the laws of the finite. The ideal in its highest form is the divine, as expressed in the Greek divinities; the Christian ideal, as expressed in all its highest purity in God the Father, the Christ, the Virgin. Its essential features are calm, majesty, serenity.

At a lower degree the ideal is in man the victory of the eternal principles that fill the human heart, the triumph of the nobler part of the soul, the moral and divine principle.

But the ideal manifested in the world becomes action, and action implies a form of society, a determinate situation with collision, and an action properly so called. The heroic age is the best society for the ideal in action; in its determinate situation the ideal in action must appear as the manifestation of moral power,

and in action, properly so called, it must contain three points in the ideal: first, general principles; secondly, personages; thirdly, their character and their passions. Hegel winds up by considering the qualities necessary in an artist: imagination, genius, inspiration, originality, etc.

A recent exponent of Hegel's aesthetical ideas further developed expresses himself thus on the nature of beauty:—

"After the bitterness of the world, the sweetness of art soothes and refreshes us. This is the high value of the beautiful—that it solves the contradiction of mind and matter, of the moral and sensuous world, in harmony. Thus the beautiful and its representation in art procures for intuition what philosophy gives to the cognitive insight and religion to the believing frame of mind. Hence the delight with which Schiller's wonderful poem on the Bell celebrates the accord of the inner and outer life, the fulfilment of the longing and demands of the soul by the events in nature. The externality of phenomena is removed in the beautiful; it is raised into the circle of ideal existence; for it is recognized as the revelation of the ideal, and thus transfigured it gives to the latter additional splendor."

"Thus the beautiful is active, living unity, full existence without defect, as Plato and Schelling have said, or as recent writers describe it; the idea that is quite present in the appearance, the appearance which is quite formed and penetrated by the idea."

"Beauty is the world secret that invites us in image and word," is the poetical expression of Plato; and we may add, because it is revealed in both. We feel in it the harmony of the world; it breaks forth in a beauty, in a lovely accord, in a radiant point, and starting thence we penetrate further and yet further, and find as the ground of all existence the same charm which had refreshed us in individual forms. Thus Christ pointed to the lilies of the field to knit His followers' reliance on Providence with the phenomena of nature: and could they jet forth in royal beauty, exceeding that of Solomon, if the inner ground of nature were not

beauty?

We may also name beauty in a certain sense a mystery, as it mediates to us in a sensuous sign a heavenly gift of grace, that it opens to us a view into the eternal Being, teaching us to know nature in God and God in nature, that it brings the divine even to the perception of sense, and establishes the energy of love and freedom as the ground, the bond, and the end of the world.

In the midst of the temporal the eternal is made palpable and present to us in the beautiful, and offers itself to our enjoyment. The separation is suppressed, and the original unity, as it is in God, appears as the first, as what holds together even the past in the universe, and what constitutes the aim of the development in a finite accord.

The beautiful not only presents itself to us as mediator of a foreign excellence or of a remote divinity, but the ideal and the godlike are present in it. Hence aesthetics requires as its basis the system in which God is known as indwelling in the world, that He is not far distant from any one of us, but that He animates us, and that we live in Him. Aesthetics requires the knowledge that mind is the creative force and unity of all that is extended and developed in time and space.

The beautiful is thus, according to these later thinkers, the revelation of God to the mind through the senses; it is the appearance of the idea. In the beautiful spirit reveals itself to spirit through matter and the senses; thus the entire man feels himself raised and satisfied by it. By the unity of the beautiful with us we experience with delight that thought and the material world are present for our individuality, that they utter tones and shine forth in it, that both penetrate each other and blend in it and thus become one with it. We feel one with them and one in them.

This later view was to a great extent expressed by Schiller in his "Aesthetical Letters."

But art and aesthetics, in the sense in which these terms are used and understood by German philosophical writers, such as Schiller, embrace a wider field than the fine arts. Lessing, in his "Laocoon," had already shown the point of contrast between painting and poetry; and aesthetics, being defined as the science of the beautiful, must of necessity embrace poetry. Accordingly Schiller's essays on tragic art, pathos, and sentimental poetry, contained in this volume, are justly classed under his aesthetical writings.

This being so, it is important to estimate briefly the transitions of German poetry before Schiller, and the position that he occupied in its historic development.

The first classical period of German poetry and literature was contained between A. D. 1190 and 1300. It exhibits the intimate blending of the German and Christian elements, and their full development in splendid productions, for this was the period of the German national epos, the "Nibelungenlied," and of the "Minnegesang."

This was a period which has nothing to compare with it in point of art and poetry, save perhaps, and that imperfectly, the heroic and post-Homeric age of early Greece.

The poetical efforts of that early age may be grouped under—(1) national epos: the "Nibelungenlied;" (2) art epos: the "Rolandslied," "Percival," etc.; (3) the introduction of antique legends: Veldeck's "Aeneide," and Konrad's "War of Troy;" (4) Christian legends "Barlaam," "Sylvester," "Pilatus," etc.; (5) poetical narratives: "Crescentia," "Graf Rudolf," etc.; (6) animal legends; "Reinecke Vos;" (7) didactic poems: "Der Renner;" (8) the Minne-poetry, and prose.

The fourth group, though introduced from a foreign source, gives the special character and much of the charm of the period we consider. This is the sphere of legends derived from ecclesiastical ground. One of the best German writers on the history of German literature remarks: "If the aim and nature of all poetry is to

let yourself be filled by a subject and to become penetrated with it; if the simple representation of unartificial, true, and glowing feelings belongs to its most beautiful adornments; if the faithful direction of the heart to the invisible and eternal is the ground on which at all times the most lovely flowers of poetry have sprouted forth, these legendary poems of early Germany, in their lovely heartiness, in their unambitious limitation, and their pious sense, deserve a friendly acknowledgment. What man has considered the pious images in the prayer-books of the Middle Ages, the unadorned innocence, the piety and purity, the patience of the martyrs, the calm, heavenly transparency of the figures of the holy angels, without being attracted by the simple innocence and humility of these forms, the creation of pious artists' hands? Who has beheld them without tranquil joy at the soft splendor poured, over them, without deep sympathy, nay, without a certain emotion and tenderness? And the same spirit that created these images also produced those poetical effusions, the same spirit of pious belief, of deep devotion, of heavenly longing. If we make a present reality of the heroic songs of the early German popular poetry, and the chivalrous epics of the art poetry, the military expeditions and dress of the Crusades, this legendary poetry appears as the invention of humble pilgrims, who wander slowly on the weary way to Jerusalem, with scollop and pilgrim's staff, engaged in quiet prayer, till they are all to kneel at the Saviour's sepulchre; and thus contented, after touching the holy earth with their lips, they return, poor as they were, but full of holy comfort, to their distant home.

"While the knightly poetry is the poetry of the splendid secular life, full of cheerful joy, full of harp-tones and song, full of tournaments and joyous festivals, the poetry of the earthly love for the earthly bride, the poetry of the legends is that of the spontaneous life of poverty, the poetry of the solitary cloister cell, of the quiet, well-walled convent garden, the poetry of heavenly brides, who without lamenting the joys of the world, which they need not, have their joy in their Saviour in tranquil piety and devout resignation—who attend at the espousals of Anna and Joachim, sing the Magnificat with the Holy Mother of God, stand weeping beneath the cross, to be pierced also by the sword, who hear

the angel harp with St. Cecilia, and walk with St. Theresa in the glades of Paradise. While the Minne-poetry was the tender homage offered to the beauty, the gentleness, the grace, and charm of noble women of this world, legendary poetry was the homage given to the Virgin Mother, the Queen of Heaven, transfiguring earthly love into a heavenly and eternal love."

"For the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the time of woman cultus, such as has never been before or since seen; it is also the time of the deepest and simplest and truest, most enthusiastic and faithful veneration of the Virgin Mary. If we, by a certain effort, manage to place ourselves back on the standpoint of childlike poetic faith of that time, and set aside in thought the materializing and exaggeration of the hagiology and Mariolatry produced by later centuries, rendering the reaction of the Reformation unavoidable—if now in our age, turned exclusively to logical ideas and a negative dialectic, we live again by thought in those ages of feeling and poetry—if we acknowledge all these things to be something more than harmless play of words and fancy, and as the true lifelike contents of the period, then we can properly appreciate this legendary poetry as a necessary link in the crown of pearls of our ancient poetry."

In short, the first classical period of German literature was a time of youthful freshness, of pure harmony, plunged in verse and song, full of the richest tones and the noblest rhythm, so that rhyme and song alone must be looked for as the form of poetic creations. Accordingly it had no proper prose. Like our own youth, it was a happy, free, and true youth, it knew no prose; like us it dreamed to speechless songs; and as we expressed our youthful language and hopes, woes and joys, in rhyme and song, thus a whole people and age had its beautiful youth full of song and verse tones. The life was poetry and poetry was the life.

Then came degeneracy and artifice; after that the great shock of the Reformation; subsequently a servile and pedantic study of classical forms without imbibing their spirit, but preparing the way for a truer art spirit, extracted from their study by the masterly criticism of Winckelmann and Lessing, till the second classical period of German literature and poetry bloomed

forth in full beauty, blending the national and legendary elements so well expressed by Herder with the highest effusions of dramatic poetry, partly creative and partly imitative of the Greek models, in Schiller and Goethe.

Modern German literature presents a very remarkable spectacle, though far from unique in history, for there we see criticism begetting genius.

Lessing, the founder of the modern German drama, sought to banish all pomp from the theatre, and in doing so some critics have thought that he banished the ideal and fell into affectation. At any rate, his "Dramaturgy" is full of original ideas, and when he drew out the sphere of poetry contrasted with that of painting in his "Laocoon," all Germany resounded with his praise. "With that delight," says Goethe, "we saluted this luminous ray which a thinker of the first order caused to break forth from its clouds. It is necessary to have all the fire of youth to conceive the effect produced on us by the 'Laocoon' of Lessing." Another great contemporary, whose name is imperishable as that of art, struck a mortal blow at a false taste in the study of the antique. Winckelmann questioned the works of the Greek chisel with an intelligence full of love, and initiated his countrymen into poetry by a feeling for sculpture! What an enthusiasm he displayed for classical beauty! what a worship of the form! what a fervor of paganism is found in its eloquent pages when he also comments on the admirable group of the Laocoon, or the still purer masterpiece of the Apollo of Belvedere.

These men were the vanguard of the great Germanic army; Schiller and Goethe alone formed its main column. In them German poetry shows itself in its perfection, and completely realizes the ideal designed for it by the critic. Every factitious precept and conventional law was now overthrown; these poetical Protestants broke away entirely from the yoke of tradition. Yet their genius was not without a rule. Every work bears in itself the organic laws of its development. Thus, although they laugh at the famous precept of the three unities, it is because they dig still deeper down to the root of things, to grasp the true principle from which the precept issued. "Men have not understood," said

Goethe, "the basis of this law. The law of the comprehensive—'das Fassliche'— is the principle; and the three unities have only value as far as they attain it. When they become an obstacle to the comprehension it is madness to wish to observe them. The Greeks themselves, from whom the rule is derived, did not always follow it. In the 'Phaeton' of Euripides, and in other pieces, there was change, place; accordingly they prefer to give a perfect exposition of their subject, rather than blindly respect a law never very essential in itself. The pieces of Shakspeare violate in the highest degree the unity of time and of place; but they are full of comprehensiveness; nothing is easier to grasp, and for that reason they would have found favor with the Greeks. The French poets tried to obey exactly the law of the three unities; but they violate the law of comprehensiveness, as they do not expound dramatic subjects by dramas but by recitals."

Poetical creation was therefore viewed as free, but at the same time responsible. Immediately, as if fecundity were the reward of correctness, the German theatre became filled with true and living characters. The stage widens under their steps that they may have room to move. History with its great proportions and its terrible lessons, is now able to take place on the stage. The whole Thirty Years' War passes before us in "Wallenstein." We hear the tumult of camps, the disorder of a fanatical and undisciplined army, peasants, recruits, sutlers, soldiers. The illusion is complete, and enthusiasm breaks out among the spectators. Similar merits attach to many other of Schiller's plays.

This new drama, which seemed to give all to the natural sphere, concedes still more to the ideal. An able critic has said the details which are the truth of history are also its poetry. Here the German school professes a principle of the highest learning, and one that seems to be borrowed from its profoundest philosophers; it is that of the universal beauty of life, of the identity of beauty and existence. "Our aesthetics," says Goethe, "speak a great deal of poetical or antipoetical subjects; fundamentally there is no subject that has not its poetry; it is for the poet to find it there."

Schiller and Goethe divide the empire over modern German poetry, and represent its two principal powers; the one, Schiller, impassioned and lyrical, pours his soul over all the subjects he touches; in him every composition, ode, or drama is always one of his noble ideas, borrowing its dress and ornament from the external world. He is a poet especially through the heart, by the force with which he rushes in and carries you with him. Goethe is especially an epic; no doubt he paints the passions with admirable truth, but he commands them; like the god of the seas in Virgil, he raises above the angry waves his calm and sublime forehead.

After this glance at the position and chief characteristics of Schiller, it may be useful to offer a few remarks on those of the principal works in this volume, his *Aesthetical Letters and Essays*. Schiller, in his *Aesthetical Essays*, did not choose the pure abstract method of deduction and conception like Kant, nor the historical like Herder, who strove thus to account for the genesis of our ideas of beauty and art. He struck out a middle path, which presents certain deficiencies to the advocates of either of these two systems. He leans upon Kantian ideas, but without scholastic constraint. Pure speculation, which seeks to set free the form from all contents and matter, was remote from his creative genius, to which the world of matter and sense was no hinderance, but a necessary envelop for his forms.

His removal to Jena in 1791, and acquaintance with Reinhold, familiarized him with the Kantian philosophy, but he only appreciated it by halves. The bare and bald dealing with fundamental principles was at this time equally repulsive to Goethe and Schiller, the man of the world and the man of life. But Schiller did not find anywhere at that time justice done to the dignity of art, or honor to the substantial value of beauty.

The *Aesthetical Essays* in this volume appeared for the most part since 1792, in the "Thalia" and the "Hours" periodicals. The first "On the Ground of our Pleasure in Tragic Subjects" (1792), applies Kantian principles of the sublime to tragedy, and shows Schiller's lofty estimate of this class of poetry. With Kant he

shows that the source of all pleasure is suitability; the touching and sublime elicit this feeling, implying the existence of unsuitability. In this article he makes the aim and source of art to consist in giving enjoyment, in pleasing. To nature pleasure is a mediate object, to art its main object. The same proposition appears in Schiller's paper on Tragic Art (1792), closely connected with the former. This article contains views of the affection of pity that seem to approximate the Aristotelian propositions about tragedy.

His views on the sublime are expressed in two papers, "The Sublime" and "The Pathetic," in which we trace considerable influence of Lessing and Winckelmann. He is led especially to strong antagonism against the French tragedy, and he indulges in a lengthy consideration of the passage of Virgil on Laocoon, showing the necessity of suffering and the pathetic in connection with moral adaptations to interest us deeply.

All these essays bespeak the poet who has tried his hand at tragedy, but in his next paper, "On Grace and Dignity," we trace more of the moralist. Those passages where he takes up a medium position between sense and reason, between Goethe and Kant, are specially attractive. The theme of this paper is the conception of grace, or the expression of a beautiful soul and dignity, or that of a lofty mind. The idea of grace has been developed more deeply and truly by Schiller than by Wieland or Winckelmann, but the special value of the paper is its constantly pointing to the ideal of a higher humanity. In it he does full justice to the sensuous and to the moral, and commencing with the beautiful nature of the Greeks, to whom sense was never mere sense, nor reason mere reason, he concludes with an image of perfected humanity in which grace and dignity are united, the former by architectonic beauty (structure), the last supported by power.

The following year, 1795, appeared his most important contribution to aesthetics, in his Aesthetical Letters.

In these letters he remarks that beauty is the work of free contemplation, and

we enter with it into the world of ideas, but without leaving the world of sense. Beauty is to us an object, and yet at the same time a state of our subjectivity, because the feeling of the conditional is under that which we have of it. Beauty is a form because we consider it, and life because we feel it; in a word, it is at once our state and our art. And exactly because it is both it serves us as a triumphant proof that suffering does not exclude activity, nor matter form, nor limitation the infinite, for in the enjoyment of beauty both natures are united, and by this is proved the capacity of the infinite to be developed in the finite, and accordingly the possibility of the sublimest humanity.

The free play of the faculty of cognition which had been determined by Kant is also developed by Schiller. His representation of this matter is this: Man, as a spirit, is reason and will, self-active, determining, form-giving; this is described by Schiller as the form-instinct; man, as a sensuous being, is determinable, receptive, termed to matter; Schiller describes this as the material instinct, "Stofftrieb." In the midst between these two is situated the beautiful, in which reason and the sensuous penetrate each other, and their enjoyable product is designated by Schiller the play instinct. This expression is not happily chosen. Schiller means to describe by it the free play of the forces, activity according to nature, which is at once a joy and a happiness; he reminds us of the life of Olympus, and adds: "Man is only quite a man when he plays." Personality is that which lasts, the state of feeling is the changeable in man; he is the fixed unity remaining eternally himself in the floods of change. Man in contact with the world is to take it up in himself, but to unite with it the highest freedom and independence, and, instead of being lost in the world, to subject it to his reason. It is only by his being independent that there is reality out of him; only by being susceptible of feeling that there is reality in him. The object of sensuous instinct is life; that of the purer instinct figure; living figure or beauty is the object of the play instinct.

Only inasmuch as life is formed in the understanding and form in feeling does life win a form and form win life, and only thus does beauty arise. By beauty the

sensuous man is led up to reason, the one-sided tension of special force is strung to harmony, and man made a complete whole.

Schiller adds that beauty knits together thought and feeling; the fullest unity of spirit and matter. Its freedom is not lack, but harmony, of laws; its conditions are not exclusions, inclusion of all infinity determined in itself. A true work of art generates lofty serenity and freedom of mind. Thus the aesthetic disposition bestows on us the highest of all gifts, that of a disposition to humanity, and we may call beauty our second creator.

In these letters Schiller spoke out the mildest and highest sentiments on art, and in his paper on Simple and Sentimental Poetry (1795) he constructs the ideal of the perfect poet. This is by far the most fruitful of Schiller's essays in its results. It has much that is practically applicable, and contains a very able estimate of German poetry. The writing is also very pointed and telling, because it is based upon actual perceptions, and it is interesting because the contrast drawn out throughout it between the simple and the sentimental has been referred to his own contrast with Goethe. He also wished to vindicate modern poetry, which Goethe seemed to wish to sacrifice to the antique.

The sentimental poetry is the fruit of quiet and retirement; simple poetry the child of life. One is a favor of nature; the sentimental depends on itself, the simple on the world of experience. The sentimental is in danger of extending the limits of human nature too far, of being too ideal, too mystical. Neither character exhausts the ideal of humanity, but the intimate union of both. Both are founded in human nature; the contradictions lying at their basis, when cleared in thought from the poetical faculty, are realism and idealism. These also are sides of human nature, which, when unconnected, bring forth disastrous results. Their opposition is as old as the beginning of culture, and till its end can hardly be set aside, save in the individual. The idealist is a nobler but a far less perfect being; the realist appears far less noble, but is more perfect, for the noble lies in the proof of a great capacity, but the perfect in the general attitude of the whole and in the real facts.

On the whole it may be said, taking a survey of these labors, that if Schiller had developed his ideas systematically and the unity of his intuition of the world, which were present in his feelings, and if he had based them scientifically, a new epoch in philosophy might have been anticipated. For he had obtained a view of such a future field of thought with the deep clairvoyance of his genius.

A few words may be desirable on Schiller's religious standpoint, especially in connection with his philosophical letters.

Schiller came up ten years later than Goethe, and concluded the cyclus of genius that Goethe had inaugurated. But as he was the last arrival of that productive period of tempestuous agitation, he retained more of its elements in his later life and poetry than any others who had passed through earlier agitations, such as Goethe. For Goethe cast himself free in a great measure from the early intoxication of his youthful imagination, devoting himself partly to nobler matter and partly to purer forms.

Schiller derived from the stormy times of his youth his direction to the ideal, to the hostility against the narrow spirit of civil relations, and to all given conditions of society in general. He derived from it his disposition, not to let himself be moulded by matter, but to place his own creative and determining impress on matter, not so much to grasp reality poetically and represent it poetically as to cast ideas into reality, a disposition for lively representation and strong oratorical coloring. All this he derived from the genial period, though later on somewhat modified, and carried it over into his whole life and poetry; and for this very reason he is not only together with Goethe, but before Goethe, the favorite poet of the nation, and especially with that part of the nation which sympathizes with him in the choice of poetic material and in his mode of feeling.

Gervinus remarks that Schiller had at Weimar long fallen off from Christianity, and occupied his mind tranquilly for a time with the views of Spinoza (realistic pantheism). Like Herder and Goethe, he viewed life in its great

entirety and sacrificed the individual to the species. Accordingly, through the gods of Greece, he fell out with strict, orthodox Christians.

But Schiller had deeply religious and even Christian elements, as became a German and a Kantian. He receives the Godhead in His will, and He descends from His throne, He dwells in his soul; the poet sees divine revelations, and as a seer announces them to man. He is a moral educator of his people, who utters the tones of life in his poetry from youth upwards. Philosophy was not disclosed to Plato in the highest and purest thought, nor is poetry to Schiller merely an artificial edifice in the harmony of speech; philosophy and poetry are to both a vibration of love in the soul upwards to God, a liberation from the bonds of sense, a purification of man, a moral art. On this reposes the religious consecration of the Platonic spirit and of that of Schiller.

Issuing from the philosophical school of Kant, and imbued with the antagonism of the age against constituted authorities, it is natural that Schiller should be a rationalist in his religious views. It has been justly said of him that while Goethe's system was an apotheosis of nature Schiller's was an apotheosis of man.

Historically he was not prepared enough to test and search the question of evidence as applied to divine things handed down by testimony, and his Kantian coloring naturally disposed him to include all religions within the limits of pure reason, and to seek it rather in the subject than in anything objective.

In conclusion, we may attempt to classify and give Schiller his place in the progress of the world's literary history. Progress is no doubt a law of the individual, of nations, and of the whole race. To grow in perfection, to exist in some sort at a higher degree, is the task imposed by God on man, the continuation of the very work of God, the complement of creation. But this moral growth, this need of increase, may, like all the forces of nature, yield to a greater force; it is an impulsion rather than a necessity; it solicits and does not constrain. A thousand obstacles stay its development in individuals and in

societies; moral liberty may retard or accelerate its effects. Progress is therefore a law which cannot be abrogated, but which is not invariably obeyed.

Nevertheless, in proportion to the increase of the mass of individuals, the caprices of chance and of liberty neutralize each other to allow the providential action that presides over our destinies to prevail. Looking at the same total of the life of the world, humanity undoubtedly advances: there are in our time fewer moral miseries, fewer physical miseries, than were known in the past.

Consequently art and literature, which express the different states of society, must share in some degree in this progressive march. But there are two things in literary work: on the one hand the ideas and social manners which it expresses, on the other the intelligence, the feeling, the imagination of the writer who becomes its interpreter. While the former of these elements tends incessantly to a greater perfection, the latter is subject to all the hazards of individual genius. Accordingly the progressive literature is only in the inspiration, and so to speak in the matter; it may and must therefore not be continuous in form.

But more than this: in very advanced societies the very grandeur of ideas, the abundance of models, the satiety of the public render the task of the artist more and more difficult. The artist himself has no longer the enthusiasm of the first ages, the youth of imagination and of the heart; he is an old man whose riches have increased, but who enjoys his wealth less.

If all the epochs of literature are considered as a whole it will be seen that they succeed each other in a constant order. After the period when the idea and the form combined in a harmonious manner comes another where the social idea is superabundant, and destroys the literary form of the preceding epoch.

The middle ages introduced spiritualism in art; before this new idea the smiling untruths of Greek poetry fled away frightened. The classical form so beautiful, so pure, cannot contain high Catholic thought. A new art is formed; on this side the Alps it does not reach the maturity that produces masterpieces. But

at that time all Europe was one fatherland; Italy completes what is lacking in France and elsewhere.

The renaissance introduces new ideas into civilization; it resuscitates the traditions of antique science and seeks to unite them to the truths of Christianity. The art of the middle ages, as a vessel of too limited capacity, is broken by the new flood poured into it. These different ideas are stirred up and in conflict in the sixteenth century; they became co-ordinate and attain to an admirable expression in the following age.

In the eighteenth century there is a new invasion of ideas; all is examined and questioned; religion, government, society, all becomes a matter of discussion for the school called philosophical. Poetry appeared dying out, history drying up, till a truer spirit was breathed into the literary atmosphere by the criticism of Lessing, the philosophy of Kant, and the poetry of Klopstock. It was at this transition period that Schiller appeared, retaining throughout his literary career much of the revolutionary and convulsive spirit of his early days, and faithfully reflecting much of the dominant German philosophy of his time.

Part of the nineteenth century seems to take in hand the task of reconstructing the moral edifice and of giving back to thought a larger form. The literary result of its effects is the renaissance of lyrical poetry with an admirable development in history.

Schiller's most brilliant works were in the former walk, his histories have inferior merit, and his philosophical writings bespeak a deep thinking nature with great originality of conception, such as naturally results from a combination of high poetic inspiration with much intellectual power.

Schiller, like all great men of genius, was a representative man of his country and of his age. A German, a Protestant free-thinker, a worshipper of the classical, he was the expression of these aspects of national and general thought.

The religious reformation was the work of the North. The instinct of races came in it to complicate the questions of dogmas. The awakening of individual

nationalities was one of the characters of the epoch.

The nations compressed in the severe unity of the Middle Ages escaped in the Reformation from the uniform mould that had long enveloped them, and tended to that other unity, still very distant, which must spring from the spontaneous view of the same truth by all men, result from the free and original development of each nation, and, as in a vast concert, unite harmonious dissonances. Europe, without being conscious of its aim, seized greedily at the means—insurrection; the only thought was to overthrow, without yet thinking of a reconstruction. The sixteenth century was the vanguard of the eighteenth. At all times the North had fretted under the antipathetic yoke of the South. Under the Romans, Germany, though frequently conquered, had never been subdued. She had invaded the Empire and determined its fall. In the Middle Ages the struggle had continued; not only instincts, but ideas, were in conflict; force and spirit, violence and polity, feudalism and the Catholic hierarchy, hereditary and elective forms, represented the opposition of two races. In the sixteenth century the schism long anticipated took place. The Catholic dogma had hitherto triumphed over all outbreaks— over Arnaldo of Brescia, the Waldenses, and Wickliffe. But Luther appeared, and the work was accomplished: Catholic unity was broken.

And this breaking with authority went on fermenting in the nations till its last great outburst at the French Revolution; and Schiller was born at this convulsive period, and bears strong traces of his parentage in his anti-dogmatic spirit.

Yet there is another side to Germanism which is prone to the ideal and the mystical, and bears still the trace of those lovely legends of mediaeval growth to which we have adverted. For Christianity was not a foreign and antagonistic importation in Germany; rather, the German character obtained its completeness through Christianity. The German found himself again in the Church of Christ, only raised, transfigured, and sanctified. The apostolic representation of the Church as the bride of Christ has found its fullest and truest correspondence in that of Germany. Hence when the German spirit was thoroughly espoused to the Christian spirit, we find that character of love, tenderness, and depth so

characteristic of the early classics of German poetry, and reappearing in glorious afterglow in the second classics, in Klopstock, Herder, and, above all, Schiller.

It is this special instinct for the ideal and mystical in German nature that has enabled spirits born of negation and revolution, like Schiller, to unite with those elements the most genial and creative inspirations of poetry.

VOCABULARY OF TERMINOLOGY.

Absolute, The. A conception, or, more strictly, in Kantian language, an idea of the pure reason, embracing the fundamental and necessary yet free ground of all things.

Antinomy. The conflict of the laws of pure reason; as in the question of free will and necessity.

Autonomy (autonomous). Governing itself by the spontaneous action of free will.

Aesthetics. The science of beauty; as ethics of duty.

Cognition (knowledge; Germanic, "Erkenntniss") is either an intuition or a conception. The former has an immediate relation to the object, and is singular and individual; the latter has but a mediate relation, by means of a characteristic mark, which may be common to several things.

Cognition is an objective perception.

Conception. A conception is either empirical or pure. A pure conception, in so far as it has its origin in the understanding alone, and is not the conception of a pure sensuous image, is called *notio*.

Conceptions are distinguished on the one hand from sensation and perception, and on the other hand from the intuitions of pure reason or ideas. They are

distinctly the product of thought and of the understanding, except when quite free from empirical elements.

Feeling (Gefuehl). That part of our nature which relates to passion and instinct. Feelings are connected both with our sensuous nature, our imagination, and the pure reason.

Form. See Matter.

Ideas. The product of the pure reason (Vernunft) or intuitive faculty. Wherever the absolute is introduced in thought we have ideas. Perfection in all its aspects is an idea, virtue and wisdom in their perfect purity and ideas. Kant remarks ("Critique of Pure Reason," Meiklejohn's translation, p. 256): "It is from the understanding alone that pure and transcendental conceptions take their origin; the reason does not properly give birth to any conception, but only frees the conception of the understanding from the unavoidable limitation of possible experience. A conception formed from notions which transcend the possibility of experience is an idea or a conception of reason."

Intuition (Anschauung) as used by Kant, is external or internal. External, sensuous intuition is identical with perception; internal intuition gives birth to ideas.

Matter and Form. "These two conceptions are at the foundation of all other reflection, being inseparably connected with every mode of exercising the understanding. By the former is implied that which can be determined in general; the second implies its determination, both in a transcendental sense, abstraction being made of any difference in that which is given, and of the mode in which it is determined. That which in the phenomenon corresponds to the sensation, I term its matter; but that which effects that the content of the phenomenon can be arranged under certain relations, I call its form."—Kant, "Critique," op. cit.

Objective. What is inherent or relative to an object, or not Myself, except in the case when I reflect on myself, in which case my states of mind are objective to my thoughts. In a popular sense objective means external, as contrasted with the subjective or internal.

Perception, if it relates only to the subject as a modification of its state, is a sensation. An objective perception is a cognition (Erkenntniss).

Phenomena (Erscheinungen). The undetermined object of an empirical intuition is called phenomenon.

Reason (pure; Germanic, "Vernunft"). The source of ideas of moral feelings and of conceptions free from all elements taken up from experience.

Representation (Vorstellung). All the products of the mind are styled representations (except emotions and mere sensations) and the term is applied to the whole genus.

Representation with consciousness is perceptio.

Sensation. The capacity of receiving representations through the mode in which we are affected by objects is called sensibility. By means of sensibility objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes with intentions meaning sensuous intuitions. By the understanding they are thought, and from it arise conceptions.

Subjective. What has its source in and relation to the personality, to Myself, I, or the Ego; opposed to the objective, or what is inherent in and relative to the object. Not myself, except in the case when my states of mind are the object of my own reflection.

Supersensuous. Contrasted with and opposed to the sensuous. What is exclusively related to sense or imparted through the sensuous ideas is supersensuous. See Transcendental.

Transcendental. What exceeds the limits of sense and empirical observation. "I apply the term transcendental to all knowledge which is not so much occupied with objects as with the mode of our cognition of these objects, so far as this mode of cognition is possible a priori." Kant's "Critique," op. cit. p. 16.

Understanding (Verstand). The thought of faculty, the source of conceptions and notions (Begriffe) of the laws of logic, the categories, and judgment.

**LETTERS ON THE AESTHETICAL
EDUCATION OF MAN.**

LETTER I.

By your permission I lay before you, in a series of letters, the results of my researches upon beauty and art. I am keenly sensible of the importance as well as of the charm and dignity of this undertaking. I shall treat a subject which is closely connected with the better portion of our happiness and not far removed from the moral nobility of human nature. I shall plead this cause of the beautiful before a heart by which her whole power is felt and exercised, and which will take upon itself the most difficult part of my task in an investigation where one is compelled to appeal as frequently to feelings as to principles.

That which I would beg of you as a favor, you generously impose upon me as a duty; and, when I solely consult my inclination, you impute to me a service. The liberty of action you prescribe is rather a necessity for me than a constraint. Little exercised in formal rules, I shall scarcely incur the risk of sinning against good taste by any undue use of them; my ideas, drawn rather from within than from reading or from an intimate experience with the world, will not disown their origin; they would rather incur any reproach than that of a sectarian bias, and would prefer to succumb by their innate feebleness than sustain themselves by borrowed authority and foreign support.

In truth, I will not keep back from you that the assertions which follow rest chiefly upon Kantian principles; but if in the course of these researches you should be reminded of any special school of philosophy, ascribe it to my incapacity, not to those principles. No; your liberty of mind shall be sacred to me; and the facts upon which I build will be furnished by your own sentiments;

your own unfettered thought will dictate the laws according to which we have to proceed.

With regard to the ideas which predominate in the practical part of Kant's system, philosophers only disagree, whilst mankind, I am confident of proving, have never done so. If stripped of their technical shape, they will appear as the verdict of reason pronounced from time immemorial by common consent, and as facts of the moral instinct which nature, in her wisdom, has given to man in order to serve as guide and teacher until his enlightened intelligence gives him maturity. But this very technical shape which renders truth visible to the understanding conceals it from the feelings; for, unhappily, understanding begins by destroying the object of the inner sense before it can appropriate the object. Like the chemist, the philosopher finds synthesis only by analysis, or the spontaneous work of nature only through the torture of art. Thus, in order to detain the fleeting apparition, he must enchain it in the fetters of rule, dissect its fair proportions into abstract notions, and preserve its living spirit in a fleshless skeleton of words. Is it surprising that natural feeling should not recognize itself in such a copy, and if in the report of the analyst the truth appears as paradox?

Permit me therefore to crave your indulgence if the following researches should remove their object from the sphere of sense while endeavoring to draw it towards the understanding. That which I before said of moral experience can be applied with greater truth to the manifestation of "the beautiful." It is the mystery which enchants, and its being is extinguished with the extinction of the necessary combination of its elements.

LETTER II.

But I might perhaps make a better use of the opening you afford me if I were to direct your mind to a loftier theme than that of art. It would appear to be unseasonable to go in search of a code for the aesthetic world, when the moral world offers matter of so much higher interest, and when the spirit of philosophical inquiry is so stringently challenged by the circumstances of our times to occupy itself with the most perfect of all works of art—the establishment and structure of a true political freedom.

It is unsatisfactory to live out of your own age and to work for other times. It is equally incumbent on us to be good members of our own age as of our own state or country. If it is conceived to be unseemly and even unlawful for a man to segregate himself from the customs and manners of the circle in which he lives, it would be inconsistent not to see that it is equally his duty to grant a proper share of influence to the voice of his own epoch, to its taste and its requirements, in the operations in which he engages.

But the voice of our age seems by no means favorable to art, at all events to that kind of art to which my inquiry is directed. The course of events has given a direction to the genius of the time that threatens to remove it continually further from the ideal of art. For art has to leave reality, it has to raise itself boldly above necessity and neediness; for art is the daughter of freedom, and it requires its prescriptions and rules to be furnished by the necessity of spirits and not by that of matter. But in our day it is necessity, neediness, that prevails, and lends a degraded humanity under its iron yoke. Utility is the great idol of the time, to

which all powers do homage and all subjects are subservient. In this great balance on utility, the spiritual service of art has no weight, and, deprived of all encouragement, it vanishes from the noisy Vanity Fair of our time. The very spirit of philosophical inquiry itself robs the imagination of one promise after another, and the frontiers of art are narrowed in proportion as the limits of science are enlarged.

The eyes of the philosopher as well as of the man of the world are anxiously turned to the theatre of political events, where it is presumed the great destiny of man is to be played out. It would almost seem to betray a culpable indifference to the welfare of society if we did not share this general interest. For this great commerce in social and moral principles is of necessity a matter of the greatest concern to every human being, on the ground both of its subject and of its results. It must accordingly be of deepest moment to every man to think for himself. It would seem that now at length a question that formerly was only settled by the law of the stronger is to be determined by the calm judgment of the reason, and every man who is capable of placing himself in a central position, and raising his individuality into that of his species, can look upon himself as in possession of this judicial faculty of reason; being moreover, as man and member of the human family, a party in the case under trial and involved more or less in its decisions. It would thus appear that this great political process is not only engaged with his individual case, it has also to pronounce enactments, which he as a rational spirit is capable of enunciating and entitled to pronounce.

It is evident that it would have been most attractive to me to inquire into an object such as this, to decide such a question in conjunction with a thinker of powerful mind, a man of liberal sympathies, and a heart imbued with a noble enthusiasm for the weal of humanity. Though so widely separated by worldly position, it would have been a delightful surprise to have found your unprejudiced mind arriving at the same result as my own in the field of ideas. Nevertheless, I think I can not only excuse, but even justify by solid grounds, my step in resisting this attractive purpose and in preferring beauty to freedom. I

hope that I shall succeed in convincing you that this matter of art is less foreign to the needs than to the tastes of our age; nay, that, to arrive at a solution even in the political problem, the road of aesthetics must be pursued, because it is through beauty that we arrive at freedom. But I cannot carry out this proof without my bringing to your remembrance the principles by which the reason is guided in political legislation.

LETTER III.

Man is not better treated by nature in his first start than her other works are; so long as he is unable to act for himself as an independent intelligence she acts for him. But the very fact that constitutes him a man is that he does not remain stationary, where nature has placed him, that he can pass with his reason, retracing the steps nature had made him anticipate, that he can convert the work of necessity into one of free solution, and elevate physical necessity into a moral law.

When man is raised from his slumber in the senses he feels that he is a man; he surveys his surroundings and finds that he is in a state. He was introduced into this state by the power of circumstances, before he could freely select his own position. But as a moral being he cannot possibly rest satisfied with a political condition forced upon him by necessity, and only calculated for that condition; and it would be unfortunate if this did satisfy him. In many cases man shakes off this blind law of necessity, by his free spontaneous action, of which among many others we have an instance, in his ennobling by beauty and suppressing by moral influence the powerful impulse implanted in him by nature in the passion of love. Thus, when arrived at maturity, he recovers his childhood by an artificial process, he finds a state of nature in his ideas, not given him by any experience, but established by the necessary laws and conditions of his reason, and he attributes to this ideal condition an object, an aim, of which he was not cognizant in the actual reality of nature. He gives himself a choice of which he was not capable before, and sets to work just as if he were beginning anew, and were exchanging his original state of bondage for one of complete

independence, doing this with complete insight and of his free decision. He is justified in regarding this work of political thralldom as non-existing, though a wild and arbitrary caprice may have founded its work very artfully; though it may strive to maintain it with great arrogance and encompass it with a halo of veneration. For the work of blind powers possesses no authority before which freedom need bow, and all must be made to adapt itself to the highest end which reason has set up in his personality. It is in this wise that a people in a state of manhood is justified in exchanging a condition of thralldom for one of moral freedom.

Now the term natural condition can be applied to every political body which owes its establishment originally to forces and not to laws, and such a state contradicts the moral nature of man, because lawfulness can alone have authority over this. At the same time this natural condition is quite sufficient for the physical man, who only gives himself laws in order to get rid of brute force. Moreover, the physical man is a reality, and the moral man problematical. Therefore when the reason suppresses the natural condition, as she must if she wishes to substitute her own, she weighs the real physical man against the problematical moral man, she weighs the existence of society against a possible, though morally necessary, ideal of society. She takes from man something which he really possesses, and without which he possesses nothing, and refers him as a substitute to something that he ought to possess and might possess; and if reason had relied too exclusively on him she might, in order to secure him a state of humanity in which he is wanting and can want without injury to his life, have robbed him even of the means of animal existence, which is the first necessary condition of his being a man. Before he had opportunity to hold firm to the law with his will, reason would have withdrawn from his feet the ladder of nature.

The great point is, therefore, to reconcile these two considerations, to prevent physical society from ceasing for a moment in time, while the moral society is being formed in the idea; in other words, to prevent its existence from being placed in jeopardy for the sake of the moral dignity of man. When the mechanic

has to mend a watch he lets the wheels run out; but the living watchworks of the state have to be repaired while they act, and a wheel has to be exchanged for another during its revolutions. Accordingly props must be sought for to support society and keep it going while it is made independent of the natural condition from which it is sought to emancipate it.

This prop is not found in the natural character of man, who, being selfish and violent, directs his energies rather to the destruction than to the preservation of society. Nor is it found in his moral character, which has to be formed, which can never be worked upon or calculated on by the lawgiver, because it is free and never appears. It would seem, therefore, that another measure must be adopted. It would seem that the physical character of the arbitrary must be separated from moral freedom; that it is incumbent to make the former harmonize with the laws and the latter dependent on impressions; it would be expedient to remove the former still farther from matter and to bring the latter somewhat more near to it; in short, to produce a third character related to both the others—the physical and the moral—paving the way to a transition from the sway of mere force to that of law, without preventing the proper development of the moral character, but serving rather as a pledge in the sensuous sphere of a morality in the unseen.

LETTER IV.

Thus much is certain. It is only when a third character, as previously suggested, has preponderance that a revolution in a state according to moral principles can be free from injurious consequences; nor can anything else secure its endurance. In proposing or setting up a moral state, the moral law is relied upon as a real power, and free-will is drawn into the realm of causes, where all hangs together mutually with stringent necessity and rigidity. But we know that the condition of the human will always remains contingent, and that only in the Absolute Being physical coexists with moral necessity. Accordingly, if it is wished to depend on the moral conduct of man as on natural results, this conduct must become nature, and he must be led by natural impulse to such a course of action as can only and invariably have moral results. But the will of man is perfectly free between inclination and duty, and no physical necessity ought to enter as a sharer in this magisterial personality. If, therefore, he is to retain this power of solution, and yet become a reliable link in the causal concatenation of forces, this can only be effected when the operations of both these impulses are presented quite equally in the world of appearances. It is only possible when, with every difference of form, the matter of man's volition remains the same, when all his impulses agreeing with his reason are sufficient to have the value of a universal legislation.

It may be urged that every individual man carries within himself, at least in his adaptation and destination, a purely ideal man. The great problem of his existence is to bring all the incessant changes of his outer life into conformity with the unchanging unity of this ideal. This pure ideal man, which makes itself

known more or less clearly in every subject, is represented by the state, which is the objective, and, so to speak, canonical form in which the manifold differences of the subjects strive to unite. Now two ways present themselves to the thought in which the man of time can agree with the man of idea, and there are also two ways in which the state can maintain itself in individuals. One of these ways is when the pure ideal man subdues the empirical man, and the state suppresses the individual, or again when the individual becomes the state, and the man of time is ennobled to the man of idea.

I admit that in a one-sided estimate from the point of view of morality this difference vanishes, for the reason is satisfied if her law prevails unconditionally. But when the survey taken is complete and embraces the whole man (anthropology), where the form is considered together with the substance, and a living feeling has a voice, the difference will become far more evident. No doubt the reason demands unity, and nature variety, and both legislations take man in hand. The law of the former is stamped upon him by an incorruptible consciousness, that of the latter by an ineradicable feeling. Consequently education will always appear deficient when the moral feeling can only be maintained with the sacrifice of what is natural; and a political administration will always be very imperfect when it is only able to bring about unity by suppressing variety. The state ought not only to respect the objective and generic, but also the subjective and specific in individuals; and while diffusing the unseen world of morals, it must not depopulate the kingdom of appearance, the external world of matter.

When the mechanical artist places his hand on the formless block, to give it a form according to his intention, he has not any scruples in doing violence to it. For the nature on which he works does not deserve any respect in itself, and he does not value the whole for its parts, but the parts on account of the whole. When the child of the fine arts sets his hand to the same block, he has no scruples either in doing violence to it, he only avoids showing this violence. He does not respect the matter in which he works any more than the mechanical

artist; but he seeks by an apparent consideration for it to deceive the eye which takes this matter under its protection. The political and educating artist follows a very different course, while making man at once his material and his end. In this case the aim or end meets in the material, and it is only because the whole serves the parts that the parts adapt themselves to the end. The political artist has to treat his material—man—with a very different kind of respect than that shown by the artist of fine art to his work. He must spare man's peculiarity and personality, not to produce a defective effect on the senses, but objectively and out of consideration for his inner being.

But the state is an organization which fashions itself through itself and for itself, and for this reason it can only be realized when the parts have been accorded to the idea of the whole. The state serves the purpose of a representative, both to pure ideal and to objective humanity, in the breast of its citizens, accordingly it will have to observe the same relation to its citizens in which they are placed to it; and it will only respect their subjective humanity in the same degree that it is ennobled to an objective existence. If the internal man is one with himself he will be able to rescue his peculiarity, even in the greatest generalization of his conduct, and the state will only become the exponent of his fine instinct, the clearer formula of his internal legislation. But if the subjective man is in conflict with the objective, and contradicts him in the character of a people, so that only the oppression of the former can give victory to the latter, then the state will take up the severe aspect of the law against the citizen, and in order not to fall a sacrifice, it will have to crush under foot such a hostile individuality without any compromise.

Now man can be opposed to himself in a twofold manner; either as a savage, when his feelings rule over his principles; or as a barbarian, when his principles destroy his feelings. The savage despises art, and acknowledges nature as his despotic ruler; the barbarian laughs at nature, and dishonors it, but he often proceeds in a more contemptible way than the savage to be the slave of his senses. The cultivated man makes of nature his friend, and honors its friendship,

while only bridling its caprice.

Consequently, when reason brings her moral unity into physical society, she must not injure the manifold in nature. When nature strives to maintain her manifold character in the moral structure of society, this must not create any breach in moral unity; the victorious form is equally remote from uniformity and confusion. Therefore, totality of character must be found in the people which is capable and worthy to exchange the state of necessity for that of freedom.

LETTER V.

Does the present age, do passing events, present this character? I direct my attention at once to the most prominent object in this vast structure.

It is true that the consideration of opinion is fallen; caprice is unnerved, and, although still armed with power, receives no longer any respect. Man has awakened from his long lethargy and self-deception, and he demands with impressive unanimity to be restored to his imperishable rights. But he does not only demand them; he rises on all sides to seize by force what, in his opinion, has been unjustly wrested from him. The edifice of the natural state is tottering, its foundations shake, and a physical possibility seems at length granted to place law on the throne, to honor man at length as an end, and to make true freedom the basis of political union. Vain hope! The moral possibility is wanting, and the generous occasion finds an unsusceptible rule.

Man paints himself in his actions, and what is the form depicted in the drama of the present time? On the one hand, he is seen running wild, on the other, in a state of lethargy; the two extremest stages of human degeneracy, and both seen in one and the same period.

In the lower larger masses, coarse, lawless impulses come to view, breaking loose when the bonds of civil order are burst asunder, and hastening with unbridled fury to satisfy their savage instinct. Objective humanity may have had cause to complain of the state; yet subjective man must honor its institutions. Ought he to be blamed because he lost sight of the dignity of human nature, so

long as he was concerned in preserving his existence? Can we blame him that he proceeded to separate by the force of gravity, to fasten by the force of cohesion, at a time when there could be no thought of building or raising up? The extinction of the state contains its justification. Society set free, instead of hastening upward into organic life, collapses into its elements.

On the other hand, the civilized classes give us the still more repulsive sight of lethargy, and of a depravity of character which is the more revolting because it roots in culture. I forget who of the older or more recent philosophers makes the remark, that what is more noble is the more revolting in its destruction. The remark applies with truth to the world of morals. The child of nature, when he breaks loose, becomes a madman; but the art scholar, when he breaks loose, becomes a debased character. The enlightenment of the understanding, on which the more refined classes pride themselves with some ground, shows on the whole so little of an ennobling influence on the mind that it seems rather to confirm corruption by its maxims. We deny nature on her legitimate field and feel her tyranny in the moral sphere, and while resisting her impressions, we receive our principles from her. While the affected decency of our manners does not even grant to nature a pardonable influence in the initial stage, our materialistic system of morals allows her the casting vote in the last and essential stage. Egotism has founded its system in the very bosom of a refined society, and without developing even a sociable character, we feel all the contagions and miseries of society. We subject our free judgment to its despotic opinions, our feelings to its bizarre customs, and our will to its seductions. We only maintain our caprice against her holy rights. The man of the world has his heart contracted by a proud self-complacency, while that of the man of nature often beats in sympathy; and every man seeks for nothing more than to save his wretched property from the general destruction, as it were from some great conflagration. It is conceived that the only way to find a shelter against the aberrations of sentiment is by completely foregoing its indulgence, and mockery, which is often a useful chastener of mysticism, slanders in the same breath the noblest aspirations. Culture, far from giving us freedom, only develops, as it advances,

new necessities; the fetters of the physical close more tightly around us, so that the fear of loss quenches even the ardent impulse toward improvement, and the maxims of passive obedience are held to be the highest wisdom of life. Thus the spirit of the time is seen to waver between perversion and savagism, between what is unnatural and mere nature, between superstition and moral unbelief, and it is often nothing but the equilibrium of evils that sets bounds to it.

LETTER VI.

Have I gone too far in this portraiture of our times? I do not anticipate this stricture, but rather another—that I have proved too much by it. You will tell me that the picture I have presented resembles the humanity of our day, but it also bodies forth all nations engaged in the same degree of culture, because all, without exception, have fallen off from nature by the abuse of reason, before they can return to it through reason.

But if we bestow some serious attention to the character of our times, we shall be astonished at the contrast between the present and the previous form of humanity, especially that of Greece. We are justified in claiming the reputation of culture and refinement, when contrasted with a purely natural state of society, but not so comparing ourselves with the Grecian nature. For the latter was combined with all the charms of art and with all the dignity of wisdom, without, however, as with us, becoming a victim to these influences. The Greeks have put us to shame not only by their simplicity, which is foreign to our age; they are at the same time our rivals, nay, frequently our models, in those very points of superiority from which we seek comfort when regretting the unnatural character of our manners. We see that remarkable people uniting at once fulness of form and fulness of substance, both philosophizing and creating, both tender and energetic, uniting a youthful fancy to the virility of reason in a glorious humanity.

At the period of Greek culture, which was an awakening of the powers of the mind, the senses and the spirit had no distinctly separated property; no division

had yet torn them asunder, leading them to partition in a hostile attitude, and to mark off their limits with precision. Poetry had not as yet become the adversary of wit, nor had speculation abused itself by passing into quibbling. In cases of necessity both poetry and wit could exchange parts, because they both honored truth only in their special way. However high might be the flight of reason, it drew matter in a loving spirit after it, and while sharply and stiffly defining it, never mutilated what it touched. It is true the Greek mind displaced humanity, and recast it on a magnified scale in the glorious circle of its gods; but it did this not by dissecting human nature, but by giving it fresh combinations, for the whole of human nature was represented in each of the gods. How different is the course followed by us moderns! We also displace and magnify individuals to form the image of the species, but we do this in a fragmentary way, not by altered combinations, so that it is necessary to gather up from different individuals the elements that form the species in its totality. It would almost appear as if the powers of mind express themselves with us in real life or empirically as separately as the psychologist distinguishes them in the representation. For we see not only individual subjects, but whole classes of men, uphold their capacities only in part, while the rest of their faculties scarcely show a germ of activity, as in the case of the stunted growth of plants.

I do not overlook the advantages to which the present race, regarded as a unity and in the balance of the understanding, may lay claim over what is best in the ancient world; but it is obliged to engage in the contest as a compact mass, and measure itself as a whole against a whole. Who among the moderns could step forth, man against man, and strive with an Athenian for the prize of higher humanity.

Whence comes this disadvantageous relation of individuals coupled with great advantages of the race? Why could the individual Greek be qualified as the type of his time; and why can no modern dare to offer himself as such? Because all-uniting nature imparted its forms to the Greek, and an all-dividing understanding gives our forms to us.

It was culture itself that gave these wounds to modern humanity. The inner union of human nature was broken, and a destructive contest divided its harmonious forces directly; on the one hand, an enlarged experience and a more distinct thinking necessitated a sharper separation of the sciences, while, on the other hand, the more complicated machinery of states necessitated a stricter sundering of ranks and occupations. Intuitive and speculative understanding took up a hostile attitude in opposite fields, whose borders were guarded with jealousy and distrust; and by limiting its operation to a narrow sphere, men have made unto themselves a master who is wont not unfrequently to end by subduing and oppressing all the other faculties. Whilst on the one hand a luxuriant imagination creates ravages in the plantations that have cost the intelligence so much labor; on the other hand, a spirit of abstraction suffocates the fire that might have warmed the heart and inflamed the imagination.

This subversion, commenced by art and learning in the inner man, was carried out to fulness and finished by the spirit of innovation in government. It was, no doubt, reasonable to expect that the simple organization of the primitive republics should survive the quaintness of primitive manners and of the relations of antiquity. But, instead of rising to a higher and nobler degree of animal life, this organization degenerated into a common and coarse mechanism. The zoophyte condition of the Grecian states, where each individual enjoyed an independent life, and could, in cases of necessity, become a separate whole and unit in himself, gave way to an ingenious mechanism, when, from the splitting up into numberless parts, there results a mechanical life in the combination. Then there was a rupture between the state and the church, between laws and customs; enjoyment was separated from labor, the means from the end, the effort from the reward. Man himself, eternally chained down to a little fragment of the whole, only forms a kind of fragment; having nothing in his ears but the monotonous sound of the perpetually revolving wheel, he never develops the harmony of his being, and instead of imprinting the seal of humanity on his being, he ends by being nothing more than the living impress of the craft to which he devotes himself, of the science that he cultivates. This very partial and

paltry relation, linking the isolated members to the whole, does not depend on forms that are given spontaneously; for how could a complicated machine, which shuns the light, confide itself to the free will of man? This relation is rather dictated, with a rigorous strictness, by a formulary in which the free intelligence of man is chained down. The dead letter takes the place of a living meaning, and a practised memory becomes a safer guide than genius and feeling.

If the community or state measures man by his function, only asking of its citizens memory, or the intelligence of a craftsman, or mechanical skill, we cannot be surprised that the other faculties of the mind are neglected for the exclusive culture of the one that brings in honor and profit. Such is the necessary result of an organization that is indifferent about character, only looking to acquirements, whilst in other cases it tolerates the thickest darkness, to favor a spirit of law and order; it must result if it wishes that individuals in the exercise of special aptitudes should gain in depth what they are permitted to lose in extension. We are aware, no doubt, that a powerful genius does not shut up its activity within the limits of its functions; but mediocre talents consume in the craft fallen to their lot the whole of their feeble energy; and if some of their energy is reserved for matters of preference, without prejudice to its functions, such a state of things at once bespeaks a spirit soaring above the vulgar. Moreover, it is rarely a recommendation in the eye of a state to have a capacity superior to your employment, or one of those noble intellectual cravings of a man of talent which contend in rivalry with the duties of office. The state is so jealous of the exclusive possession of its servants that it would prefer—nor can it be blamed in this—for functionaries to show their powers with the Venus of Cytherea rather than the Uranian Venus.

It is thus that concrete individual life is extinguished, in order that the abstract whole may continue its miserable life, and the state remains forever a stranger to its citizens, because feeling does not discover it anywhere. The governing authorities find themselves compelled to classify, and thereby simplify the multiplicity of citizens, and only to know humanity in a representative form and

at second-hand. Accordingly they end by entirely losing sight of humanity, and by confounding it with a simple artificial creation of the understanding, whilst on their part the subject-classes cannot help receiving coldly laws that address themselves so little to their personality. At length, society, weary of having a burden that the state takes so little trouble to lighten, falls to pieces and is broken up—a destiny that has long since attended most European states. They are dissolved in what may be called a state of moral nature, in which public authority is only one function more, hated and deceived by those who think it necessary, respected only by those who can do without it.

Thus compressed between two forces, within and without, could humanity follow any other course than that which it has taken? The speculative mind, pursuing imprescriptible goods and rights in the sphere of ideas, must needs have become a stranger to the world of sense, and lose sight of matter for the sake of form. On its part, the world of public affairs, shut up in a monotonous circle of objects, and even there restricted by formulas, was led to lose sight of the life and liberty of the whole, while becoming impoverished at the same time in its own sphere. Just as the speculative mind was tempted to model the real after the intelligible, and to raise the subjective laws of its imagination into laws constituting the existence of things, so the state spirit rushed into the opposite extreme, wished to make a particular and fragmentary experience the measure of all observation, and to apply without exception to all affairs the rules of its own particular craft. The speculative mind had necessarily to become the prey of a vain subtlety, the state spirit of a narrow pedantry; for the former was placed too high to see the individual, and the latter too low to survey the whole. But the disadvantage of this direction of mind was not confined to knowledge and mental production; it extended to action and feeling. We know that the sensibility of the mind depends, as to degree, on the liveliness, and for extent on the richness of the imagination. Now the predominance of the faculty of analysis must necessarily deprive the imagination of its warmth and energy, and a restricted sphere of objects must diminish its wealth. It is for this reason that the abstract thinker has very often a cold heart, because he analyzes impressions,

which only move the mind by their combination or totality; on the other hand, the man of business, the statesman, has very often a narrow heart, because, shut up in the narrow circle of his employment, his imagination can neither expand nor adapt itself to another manner of viewing things.

My subject has led me naturally to place in relief the distressing tendency of the character of our own times and to show the sources of the evil, without its being my province to point out the compensations offered by nature. I will readily admit to you that, although this splitting up of their being was unfavorable for individuals, it was the only open road for the progress of the race. The point at which we see humanity arrived among the Greeks was undoubtedly a maximum; it could neither stop there nor rise higher. It could not stop there, for the sum of notions acquired forced infallibly the intelligence to break with feeling and intuition, and to lead to clearness of knowledge. Nor could it rise any higher; for it is only in a determinate measure that clearness can be reconciled with a certain degree of abundance and of warmth. The Greeks had attained this measure, and to continue their progress in culture, they, as we, were obliged to renounce the totality of their being, and to follow different and separate roads in order to seek after truth.

There was no other way to develop the manifold aptitudes of man than to bring them in opposition with one another. This antagonism of forces is the great instrument of culture, but it is only an instrument: for as long as this antagonism lasts man is only on the road to culture. It is only because these special forces are isolated in man, and because they take on themselves to impose all exclusive legislation, that they enter into strife with the truth of things, and oblige common sense, which generally adheres imperturbably to external phenomena, to dive into the essence of things. While pure understanding usurps authority in the world of sense, and empiricism attempts to subject this intellect to the conditions of experience, these two rival directions arrive at the highest possible development, and exhaust the whole extent of their sphere. While, on the one hand, imagination, by its tyranny, ventures to destroy the order of the world, it

forces reason, on the other side, to rise up to the supreme sources of knowledge, and to invoke against this predominance of fancy the help of the law of necessity.

By an exclusive spirit in the case of his faculties, the individual is fatally led to error; but the species is led to truth. It is only by gathering up all the energy of our mind in a single focus, and concentrating a single force in our being, that we give in some sort wings to this isolated force, and that we draw it on artificially far beyond the limits that nature seems to have imposed upon it. If it be certain that all human individuals taken together would never have arrived, with the visual power given them by nature, to see a satellite of Jupiter, discovered by the telescope of the astronomer, it is just as well established that never would the human understanding have produced the analysis of the infinite, or the critique of pure reason, if in particular branches, destined for this mission, reason had not applied itself to special researches, and it, after having, as it were, freed itself from all matter, it had not, by the most powerful abstraction given to the spiritual eye of man the force necessary, in order to look into the absolute. But the question is, if a spirit thus absorbed in pure reason and intuition will be able to emancipate itself from the rigorous fetters of logic, to take the free action of poetry, and seize the individuality of things with a faithful and chaste sense? Here nature imposes even on the most universal genius a limit it cannot pass, and truth will make martyrs as long as philosophy will be reduced to make its principal occupation the search for arms against errors.

But whatever may be the final profit for the totality of the world, of this distinct and special perfecting of the human faculties, it cannot be denied that this final aim of the universe, which devotes them to this kind of culture, is a cause of suffering, and a kind of malediction for individuals. I admit that the exercises of the gymnasium form athletic bodies; but beauty is only developed by the free and equal play of the limbs. In the same way the tension of the isolated spiritual forces may make extraordinary men; but it is only the well-tempered equilibrium of these forces that can produce happy and accomplished

men. And in what relation should we be placed with past and future ages if the perfecting of human nature made such a sacrifice indispensable? In that case we should have been the slaves of humanity, we should have consumed our forces in servile work for it during some thousands of years, and we should have stamped on our humiliated, mutilated nature the shameful brand of this slavery—all this in order that future generations, in a happy leisure, might consecrate themselves to the cure of their moral health, and develop the whole of human nature by their free culture.

But can it be true that man has to neglect himself for any end whatever? Can nature snatch from us, for any end whatever, the perfection which is prescribed to us by the aim of reason? It must be false that the perfecting of particular faculties renders the sacrifice of their totality necessary; and even if the law of nature had imperiously this tendency, we must have the power to reform by a superior art this totality of our being, which art has destroyed.

LETTER VII.

Can this effect of harmony be attained by the state? That is not possible, for the state, as at present constituted, has given occasion to evil, and the state as conceived in the idea, instead of being able to establish this more perfect humanity, ought to be based upon it. Thus the researches in which I have indulged would have brought me back to the same point from which they had called me off for a time. The present age, far from offering us this form of humanity, which we have acknowledged as a necessary condition of an improvement of the state, shows us rather the diametrically opposite form. If, therefore, the principles I have laid down are correct, and if experience confirms the picture I have traced of the present time, it would be necessary to qualify as unseasonable every attempt to effect a similar change in the state, and all hope as chimerical that would be based on such an attempt, until the division of the inner man ceases, and nature has been sufficiently developed to become herself the instrument of this great change and secure the reality of the political creation of reason.

In the physical creation, nature shows us the road that we have to follow in the moral creation. Only when the struggle of elementary forces has ceased in inferior organizations, nature rises to the noble form of the physical man. In like manner, the conflict of the elements of the moral man and that of blind instincts must have ceased, and a coarse antagonism in himself, before the attempt can be hazarded. On the other hand, the independence of man's character must be secured, and his submission to despotic forms must have given place to a suitable liberty, before the variety in his constitution can be made subordinate to

the unity of the ideal. When the man of nature still makes such an anarchial abuse of his will, his liberty ought hardly to be disclosed to him. And when the man fashioned by culture makes so little use of his freedom, his free will ought not to be taken from him. The concession of liberal principles becomes a treason to social order when it is associated with a force still in fermentation, and increases the already exuberant energy of its nature. Again, the law of conformity under one level becomes tyranny to the individual when it is allied to a weakness already holding sway and to natural obstacles, and when it comes to extinguish the last spark of spontaneity and of originality.

The tone of the age must therefore rise from its profound moral degradation; on the one hand it must emancipate itself from the blind service of nature, and on the other it must revert to its simplicity, its truth, and its fruitful sap; a sufficient task for more than a century. However, I admit readily, more than one special effort may meet with success, but no improvement of the whole will result from it, and contradictions in action will be a continual protest against the unity of maxims. It will be quite possible, then, that in remote corners of the world humanity may be honored in the person of the negro, while in Europe it may be degraded in the person of the thinker. The old principles will remain, but they will adopt the dress of the age, and philosophy will lend its name to an oppression that was formerly authorized by the church. In one place, alarmed at the liberty which in its opening efforts always shows itself an enemy, it will cast itself into the arms of a convenient servitude. In another place, reduced to despair by a pedantic tutelage, it will be driven into the savage license of the state of nature. Usurpation will invoke the weakness of human nature, and insurrection will invoke its dignity, till at length the great sovereign of all human things, blind force, shall come in and decide, like a vulgar pugilist, this pretended contest of principles.

LETTER VIII.

Must philosophy therefore retire from this field, disappointed in its hopes? Whilst in all other directions the dominion of forms is extended, must this the most precious of all gifts be abandoned to a formless chance? Must the contest of blind forces last eternally in the political world, and is social law never to triumph over a hating egotism?

Not in the least. It is true that reason herself will never attempt directly a struggle with this brutal force which resists her arms, and she will be as far as the son of Saturn in the "Iliad" from descending into the dismal field of battle, to fight them in person. But she chooses the most deserving among the combatants, clothes him with divine arms as Jupiter gave them to his son-in-law, and by her triumphing force she finally decides the victory.

Reason has done all that she could in finding the law and promulgating it; it is for the energy of the will and the ardor of feeling to carry it out. To issue victoriously from her contest with force, truth herself must first become a force, and turn one of the instincts of man into her champion in the empire of phenomena. For instincts are the only motive forces in the material world. If hitherto truth has so little manifested her victorious power, this has not depended on the understanding, which could not have unveiled it, but on the heart which remained closed to it and on instinct which did not act with it.

Whence, in fact, proceeds this general sway of prejudices, this might of the understanding in the midst of the light disseminated by philosophy and

experience? The age is enlightened, that is to say, that knowledge, obtained and vulgarized, suffices to set right at least on practical principles. The spirit of free inquiry has dissipated the erroneous opinions which long barred the access to truth, and has undermined the ground on which fanaticism and deception had erected their throne. Reason has purified itself from the illusions of the senses and from a mendacious sophistry, and philosophy herself raises her voice and exhorts us to return to the bosom of nature, to which she had first made us unfaithful. Whence then is it that we remain still barbarians?

There must be something in the spirit of man—as it is not in the objects themselves—which prevents us from receiving the truth, notwithstanding the brilliant light she diffuses, and from accepting her, whatever may be her strength for producing conviction. This something was perceived and expressed by an ancient sage in this very significant maxim: *sapere aude* [dare to be wise.]

Dare to be wise! A spirited courage is required to triumph over the impediments that the indolence of nature as well as the cowardice of the heart oppose to our instruction. It was not without reason that the ancient Mythos made Minerva issue fully armed from the head of Jupiter, for it is with warfare that this instruction commences. From its very outset it has to sustain a hard fight against the senses, which do not like to be roused from their easy slumber. The greater part of men are much too exhausted and enervated by their struggle with want to be able to engage in a new and severe contest with error. Satisfied if they themselves can escape from the hard labor of thought, they willingly abandon to others the guardianship of their thoughts. And if it happens that nobler necessities agitate their soul, they cling with a greedy faith to the formula that the state and the church hold in reserve for such cases. If these unhappy men deserve our compassion, those others deserve our just contempt, who, though set free from those necessities by more fortunate circumstances, yet willingly bend to their yoke. These latter persons prefer this twilight of obscure ideas, where the feelings have more intensity, and the imagination can at will create convenient chimeras, to the rays of truth which put to flight the pleasant illusions of their

dreams. They have founded the whole structure of their happiness on these very illusions, which ought to be combated and dissipated by the light of knowledge, and they would think they were paying too dearly for a truth which begins by robbing them of all that has value in their sight. It would be necessary that they should be already sages to love wisdom: a truth that was felt at once by him to whom philosophy owes its name. [The Greek word means, as is known, love of wisdom.]

It is therefore not going far enough to say that the light of the understanding only deserves respect when it reacts on the character; to a certain extent it is from the character that this light proceeds; for the road that terminates in the head must pass through the heart. Accordingly, the most pressing need of the present time is to educate the sensibility, because it is the means, not only to render efficacious in practice the improvement of ideas, but to call this improvement into existence.

LETTER IX.

But perhaps there is a vicious circle in our previous reasoning! Theoretical culture must it seems bring along with it practical culture, and yet the latter must be the condition of the former. All improvement in the political sphere must proceed from the ennobling of the character. But, subject to the influence of a social constitution still barbarous, how can character become ennobled? It would then be necessary to seek for this end an instrument that the state does not furnish, and to open sources that would have preserved themselves pure in the midst of political corruption.

I have now reached the point to which all the considerations tended that have engaged me up to the present time. This instrument is the art of the beautiful; these sources are open to us in its immortal models.

Art, like science, is emancipated from all that is positive, and all that is humanly conventional; both are completely independent of the arbitrary will of man. The political legislator may place their empire under an interdict, but he cannot reign there. He can proscribe the friend of truth, but truth subsists; he can degrade the artist, but he cannot change art. No doubt, nothing is more common than to see science and art bend before the spirit of the age, and creative taste receive its law from critical taste. When the character becomes stiff and hardens itself, we see science severely keeping her limits, and art subject to the harsh restraint of rules; when the character is relaxed and softened, science endeavors to please and art to rejoice. For whole ages philosophers as well as artists show themselves occupied in letting down truth and beauty to the depths of vulgar

humanity. They themselves are swallowed up in it; but, thanks to their essential vigor and indestructible life, the true and the beautiful make a victorious fight, and issue triumphant from the abyss.

No doubt the artist is the child of his time, but unhappy for him if he is its disciple or even its favorite! Let a beneficent deity carry off in good time the suckling from the breast of its mother, let it nourish him on the milk of a better age, and suffer him to grow up and arrive at virility under the distant sky of Greece. When he has attained manhood, let him come back, presenting a face strange to his own age; let him come, not to delight it with his apparition, but rather to purify it, terrible as the son of Agamemnon. He will, indeed, receive his matter from the present time, but he will borrow the form from a nobler time and even beyond all time, from the essential, absolute, immutable unity. There, issuing from the pure ether of its heavenly nature, flows the source of all beauty, which was never tainted by the corruptions of generations or of ages, which roll along far beneath it in dark eddies. Its matter may be dishonored as well as ennobled by fancy, but the ever-chaste form escapes from the caprices of imagination. The Roman had already bent his knee for long years to the divinity of the emperors, and yet the statues of the gods stood erect; the temples retained their sanctity for the eye long after the gods had become a theme for mockery, and the noble architecture of the palaces that shielded the infamies of Nero and of Commodus were a protest against them. Humanity has lost its dignity, but art has saved it, and preserves it in marbles full of meaning; truth continues to live in illusion, and the copy will serve to re-establish the model. If the nobility of art has survived the nobility of nature, it also goes before it like an inspiring genius, forming and awakening minds. Before truth causes her triumphant light to penetrate into the depths of the heart, poetry intercepts her rays, and the summits of humanity shine in a bright light, while a dark and humid night still hangs over the valleys.

But how will the artist avoid the corruption of his time which encloses him on all hands? Let him raise his eyes to his own dignity, and to law; let him not

lower them to necessity and fortune. Equally exempt from a vain activity which would imprint its trace on the fugitive moment, and from the dreams of an impatient enthusiasm which applies the measure of the absolute to the paltry productions of time, let the artist abandon the real to the understanding, for that is its proper field. But let the artist endeavor to give birth to the ideal by the union of the possible and of the necessary. Let him stamp illusion and truth with the effigy of this ideal; let him apply it to the play of his imagination and his most serious actions, in short, to all sensuous and spiritual forms; then let him quietly launch his work into infinite time.

But the minds set on fire by this ideal have not all received an equal share of calm from the creative genius—that great and patient temper which is required to impress the ideal on the dumb marble, or to spread it over a page of cold, sober letters, and then intrust it to the faithful hands of time. This divine instinct, and creative force, much too ardent to follow this peaceful walk, often throws itself immediately on the present, on active life, and strives to transform the shapeless matter of the moral world. The misfortune of his brothers, of the whole species, appeals loudly to the heart of the man of feeling; their abasement appeals still louder: enthusiasm is inflamed, and in souls endowed with energy the burning desire aspires impatiently to action and facts. But has this innovator examined himself to see if these disorders of the moral world wound his reason, or if they do not rather wound his self-love? If he does not determine this point at once, he will find it from the impulsiveness with which he pursues a prompt and definite end. A pure, moral motive has for its end the absolute; time does not exist for it, and the future becomes the present to it directly; by a necessary development, it has to issue from the present. To a reason having no limits the direction towards an end becomes confounded with the accomplishment of this end, and to enter on a course is to have finished it.

If, then, a young friend of the true and of the beautiful were to ask me how, notwithstanding the resistance of the times, he can satisfy the noble longing of his heart, I should reply: Direct the world on which you act towards that which is

good, and the measured and peaceful course of time will bring about the results. You have given it this direction if by your teaching you raise its thoughts towards the necessary and the eternal; if, by your acts or your creations, you make the necessary and the eternal the object of your leanings. The structure of error and of all that is arbitrary must fall, and it has already fallen, as soon as you are sure that it is tottering. But it is important that it should not only totter in the external but also in the internal man. Cherish triumphant truth in the modest sanctuary of your heart; give it an incarnate form through beauty, that it may not only be in the understanding that does homage to it, but that feeling may lovingly grasp its appearance. And that you may not by any chance take from external reality the model which you yourself ought to furnish, do not venture into its dangerous society before you are assured in your own heart that you have a good escort furnished by ideal nature. Live with your age, but be not its creation; labor for your contemporaries, but do for them what they need, and not what they praise. Without having shared their faults, share their punishment with a noble resignation, and bend under the yoke which they find it as painful to dispense with as to bear. By the constancy with which you will despise their good fortune, you will prove to them that it is not through cowardice that you submit to their sufferings. See them in thought such as they ought to be when you must act upon them; but see them as they are when you are tempted to act for them. Seek to owe their suffrage to their dignity; but to make them happy keep an account of their unworthiness: thus, on the one hand, the nobleness of your heart will kindle theirs, and, on the other, your end will not be reduced to nothingness by their unworthiness. The gravity of your principles will keep them off from you, but in play they will still endure them. Their taste is purer than their heart, and it is by their taste you must lay hold of this suspicious fugitive. In vain will you combat their maxims, in vain will you condemn their actions; but you can try your moulding hand on their leisure. Drive away caprice, frivolity, and coarseness from their pleasures, and you will banish them imperceptibly from their acts, and at length from their feelings. Everywhere that you meet them, surround them with great, noble, and ingenious forms; multiply around them the symbols of perfection, till appearance triumphs over reality, and art

over nature.

LETTER X.

Convinced by my preceding letters, you agree with me on this point, that man can depart from his destination by two opposite roads, that our epoch is actually moving on these two false roads, and that it has become the prey, in one case, of coarseness, and elsewhere of exhaustion and depravity. It is the beautiful that must bring it back from this twofold departure. But how can the cultivation of the fine arts remedy, at the same time, these opposite defects, and unite in itself two contradictory qualities? Can it bind nature in the savage, and set it free in the barbarian? Can it at once tighten a spring and loose it; and if it cannot produce this double effect, how will it be reasonable to expect from it so important a result as the education of man?

It may be urged that it is almost a proverbial adage that the feeling developed by the beautiful refines manners, and any new proof offered on the subject would appear superfluous. Men base this maxim on daily experience, which shows us almost always clearness of intellect, delicacy of feeling, liberality and even dignity of conduct, associated with a cultivated taste, while an uncultivated taste is almost always accompanied by the opposite qualities. With considerable assurance, the most civilized nation of antiquity is cited as an evidence of this, the Greeks, among whom the perception of the beautiful attained its highest development, and, as a contrast, it is usual to point to nations in a partial savage state, and partly barbarous, who expiate their insensibility to the beautiful by a coarse, or, at all events, a hard, austere character. Nevertheless, some thinkers are tempted occasionally to deny either the fact itself or to dispute the legitimacy of the consequences that are derived from it. They do not entertain so

unfavorable an opinion of that savage coarseness which is made a reproach in the case of certain nations; nor do they form so advantageous an opinion of the refinement so highly lauded in the case of cultivated nations. Even as far back as in antiquity there were men who by no means regarded the culture of the liberal arts as a benefit, and who were consequently led to forbid the entrance of their republic to imagination.

I do not speak of those who calumniate art because they have never been favored by it. These persons only appreciate a possession by the trouble it takes to acquire it, and by the profit it brings: and how could they properly appreciate the silent labor of taste in the exterior and interior man? How evident it is that the accidental disadvantages attending liberal culture would make them lose sight of its essential advantages? The man deficient in form despises the grace of diction as a means of corruption, courtesy in the social relations as dissimulation, delicacy and generosity in conduct as an affected exaggeration. He cannot forgive the favorite of the Graces for having enlivened all assemblies as a man of the world, of having directed all men to his views like a statesman, and of giving his impress to the whole century as a writer: while he, the victim of labor, can only obtain with all his learning, the least attention or overcome the least difficulty. As he cannot learn from his fortunate rival the secret of pleasing, the only course open to him is to deplore the corruption of human nature, which adores rather the appearance than the reality.

But there are also opinions deserving respect, that pronounce themselves adverse to the effects of the beautiful, and find formidable arms in experience, with which to wage war against it. "We are free to admit"—such is their language—"that the charms of the beautiful can further honorable ends in pure hands; but it is not repugnant to its nature to produce, in impure hands, a directly contrary effect, and to employ in the service of injustice and error the power that throws the soul of man into chains. It is exactly because taste only attends to the form and never to the substance; it ends by placing the soul on the dangerous incline, leading it to neglect all reality and to sacrifice truth and morality to an

attractive envelope. All the real difference of things vanishes, and it is only the appearance that determines the value! How many men of talent"—thus these arguers proceed—"have been turned aside from all effort by the seductive power of the beautiful, or have been led away from all serious exercise of their activity, or have been induced to use it very feebly? How many weak minds have been impelled to quarrel with the organizations of society, simply because it has pleased the imagination of poets to present the image of a world constituted differently, where no propriety chains down opinion and no artifice holds nature in thralldom? What a dangerous logic of the passions they have learned since the poets have painted them in their pictures in the most brilliant colors, and since, in the contest with law and duty, they have commonly remained masters of the battle-field. What has society gained by the relations of society, formerly under the sway of truth, being now subject to the laws of the beautiful, or by the external impression deciding the estimation in which merit is to be held? We admit that all virtues whose appearance produces an agreeable effect are now seen to flourish, and those which, in society, give a value to the man who possesses them. But, as a compensation, all kinds of excesses are seen to prevail, and all vices are in vogue that can be reconciled with a graceful exterior." It is certainly a matter entitled to reflection that, at almost all the periods of history when art flourished and taste held sway, humanity is found in a state of decline; nor can a single instance be cited of the union of a large diffusion of aesthetic culture with political liberty and social virtue, of fine manners associated with good morals, and of politeness fraternizing with truth and loyalty of character and life.

As long as Athens and Sparta preserved their independence, and as long as their institutions were based on respect for the laws, taste did not reach its maturity, art remained in its infancy, and beauty was far from exercising her empire over minds. No doubt, poetry had already taken a sublime flight, but it was on the wings of genius, and we know that genius borders very closely on savage coarseness, that it is a light which shines readily in the midst of darkness, and which therefore often argues against rather than in favor of the taste of time.

When the golden age of art appears under Pericles and Alexander, and the sway of taste becomes more general, strength and liberty have abandoned Greece; eloquence corrupts the truth, wisdom offends it on the lips of Socrates, and virtue in the life of Phocion. It is well known that the Romans had to exhaust their energies in civil wars, and, corrupted by Oriental luxury, to bow their heads under the yoke of a fortunate despot, before Grecian art triumphed over the stiffness of their character. The same was the case with the Arabs: civilization only dawned upon them when the vigor of their military spirit became softened under the sceptre of the Abbassides. Art did not appear in modern Italy till the glorious Lombard League was dissolved, Florence submitting to the Medici; and all those brave cities gave up the spirit of independence for an inglorious resignation. It is almost superfluous to call to mind the example of modern nations, with whom refinement has increased in direct proportion to the decline of their liberties. Wherever we direct our eyes in past times, we see taste and freedom mutually avoiding each other. Everywhere we see that the beautiful only founds its sway on the ruins of heroic virtues.

And yet this strength of character, which is commonly sacrificed to establish aesthetic culture, is the most powerful spring of all that is great and excellent in man, and no other advantage, however great, can make up for it. Accordingly, if we only keep to the experiments hitherto made, as to the influence of the beautiful, we cannot certainly be much encouraged in developing feelings so dangerous to the real culture of man. At the risk of being hard and coarse, it will seem preferable to dispense with this dissolving force of the beautiful rather than see human nature a prey to its enervating influence, notwithstanding all its refining advantages. However, experience is perhaps not the proper tribunal at which to decide such a question; before giving so much weight to its testimony, it would be well to inquire if the beauty we have been discussing is the power that is condemned by the previous examples. And the beauty we are discussing seems to assume an idea of the beautiful derived from a source different from experience, for it is this higher notion of the beautiful which has to decide if what is called beauty by experience is entitled to the name.

This pure and rational idea of the beautiful—supposing it can be placed in evidence—cannot be taken from any real and special case, and must, on the contrary, direct and give sanction to our judgment in each special case. It must therefore be sought for by a process of abstraction, and it ought to be deduced from the simple possibility of a nature both sensuous and rational; in short, beauty ought to present itself as a necessary condition of humanity. It is therefore essential that we should rise to the pure idea of humanity, and as experience shows us nothing but individuals, in particular cases, and never humanity at large, we must endeavor to find in their individual and variable mode of being the absolute and the permanent, and to grasp the necessary conditions of their existence, suppressing all accidental limits. No doubt this transcendental procedure will remove us for some time from the familiar circle of phenomena, and the living presence of objects, to keep us on the unproductive ground of abstract idea; but we are engaged in the search after a principle of knowledge solid enough not to be shaken by anything, and the man who does not dare to rise above reality will never conquer this truth.

LETTER XI.

If abstraction rises to as great an elevation as possible, it arrives at two primary ideas, before which it is obliged to stop and to recognize its limits. It distinguishes in man something that continues, and something that changes incessantly. That which continues it names his person; that which changes his position, his condition.

The person and the condition, I and my determinations, which we represent as one and the same thing in the necessary being, are eternally distinct in the finite being. Notwithstanding all continuance in the person, the condition changes; in spite of all change of condition the person remains. We pass from rest to activity, from emotion to indifference, from assent to contradiction, but we are always we ourselves, and what immediately springs from ourselves remains. It is only in the absolute subject that all his determinations continue with his personality. All that Divinity is, it is because it is so; consequently it is eternally what it is, because it is eternal.

As the person and the condition are distinct in man, because he is a finite being, the condition cannot be founded on the person, nor the person on the condition. Admitting the second case, the person would have to change; and in the former case, the condition would have to continue. Thus in either supposition, either the personality or the quality of a finite being would necessarily cease. It is not because we think, feel, and will that we are; it is not because we are that we think, feel, and will. We are because we are. We feel, think, and will because there is out of us something that is not ourselves.

Consequently the person must have its principle of existence in itself, because the permanent cannot be derived from the changeable, and thus we should be at once in possession of the idea of the absolute being, founded on itself; that is to say, of the idea of freedom. The condition must have a foundation, and as it is not through the person, and is not therefore absolute, it must be a sequence and a result; and thus, in the second place, we should have arrived at the condition of every independent being, of everything in the process of becoming something else: that is, of the idea of time. "Time is the necessary condition of all processes, of becoming (Werden);" this is an identical proposition, for it says nothing but this: "That something may follow, there must be a succession."

The person which manifested itself in the eternally continuing Ego, or I myself, and only in him, cannot become something or begin in time, because it is much rather time that must begin with him, because the permanent must serve as basis to the changeable. That change may take place, something must change; this something cannot therefore be the change itself. When we say the flower opens and fades, we make of this flower a permanent being in the midst of this transformation; we lend it, in some sort, a personality, in which these two conditions are manifested. It cannot be objected that man is born, and becomes something; for man is not only a person simply, but he is a person finding himself in a determinate condition. Now our determinate state of condition springs up in time, and it is thus that man, as a phenomenon or appearance, must have a beginning, though in him pure intelligence is eternal. Without time, that is, without a becoming, he would not be a determinate being; his personality would exist virtually no doubt, but not in action. It is not by the succession of its perceptions that the immutable Ego or person manifests himself to himself.

Thus, therefore, the matter of activity, or reality, that the supreme intelligence draws from its own being, must be received by man; and he does, in fact, receive it, through the medium of perception, as something which is outside him in space, and which changes in him in time. This matter which changes in him is always accompanied by the Ego, the personality, that never changes; and the rule

prescribed for man by his rational nature is to remain immutably himself in the midst of change, to refer all perceptions to experience, that is, to the unity of knowledge, and to make of each of its manifestations of its modes in time the law of all time. The matter only exists in as far as it changes: he, his personality, only exists in as far as he does not change. Consequently, represented in his perfection, man would be the permanent unity, which remains always the same, among the waves of change.

Now, although an infinite being, a divinity could not become (or be subject to time), still a tendency ought to be named divine which has for its infinite end the most characteristic attribute of the divinity; the absolute manifestation of power—the reality of all the possible—and the absolute unity of the manifestation (the necessity of all reality). It cannot be disputed that man bears within himself, in his personality, a predisposition for divinity. The way to divinity—if the word "way" can be applied to what never leads to its end—is open to him in every direction.

Considered in itself, and independently of all sensuous matter, his personality is nothing but the pure virtuality of a possible infinite manifestation; and so long as there is neither intuition nor feeling, it is nothing more than a form, an empty power. Considered in itself, and independently of all spontaneous activity of the mind, sensuousness can only make a material man; without it, it is a pure form; but it cannot in any way establish a union between matter and it. So long as he only feels, wishes, and acts under the influence of desire, he is nothing more than the world, if by this word we point out only the formless contents of time. Without doubt, it is only his sensuousness that makes his strength pass into efficacious acts, but it is his personality alone that makes this activity his own. Thus, that he may not only be a world, he must give form to matter, and in order not to be a mere form, he must give reality to the virtuality that he bears in him. He gives matter to form by creating time, and by opposing the immutable to change, the diversity of the world to the eternal unity of the Ego. He gives a form to matter by again suppressing time, by maintaining permanence in change,

and by placing the diversity of the world under the unity of the Ego.

Now from this source issue for man two opposite exigencies, the two fundamental laws of sensuous-rational nature. The first has for its object absolute reality; it must make a world of what is only form, manifest all that in it is only a force. The second law has for its object absolute formality; it must destroy in him all that is only world, and carry out harmony in all changes. In other terms, he must manifest all that is internal, and give form to all that is external. Considered in its most lofty accomplishment, this twofold labor brings back to the idea of humanity, which was my starting-point.

LETTER XII.

This twofold labor or task, which consists in making the necessary pass into reality in us and in making out of us reality subject to the law of necessity, is urged upon us as a duty by two opposing forces, which are justly styled impulsions or instincts, because they impel us to realize their object. The first of these impulsions, which I shall call the sensuous instinct, issues from the physical existence of man, or from sensuous nature; and it is this instinct which tends to enclose him in the limits of time, and to make of him a material being; I do not say to give him matter, for to do that a certain free activity of the personality would be necessary, which, receiving matter, distinguishes it from the Ego, or what is permanent. By matter I only understand in this place the change or reality that fills time. Consequently the instinct requires that there should be change, and that time should contain something. This simply filled state of time is named sensation, and it is only in this state that physical existence manifests itself.

As all that is in time is successive, it follows by that fact alone that something is: all the remainder is excluded. When one note on an instrument is touched, among all those that it virtually offers, this note alone is real. When man is actually modified, the infinite possibility of all his modifications is limited to this single mode of existence. Thus, then, the exclusive action of sensuous impulsion has for its necessary consequence the narrowest limitation. In this state man is only a unity of magnitude, a complete moment in time; or, to speak more correctly, he is not, for his personality is suppressed as long as sensation holds sway over him and carries time along with it.

This instinct extends its domains over the entire sphere of the finite in man, and as form is only revealed in matter, and the absolute by means of its limits, the total manifestation of human nature is connected on a close analysis with the sensuous instinct. But though it is only this instinct that awakens and develops what exists virtually in man, it is nevertheless this very instinct which renders his perfection impossible. It binds down to the world of sense by indestructible ties the spirit that tends higher, and it calls back to the limits of the present, abstraction which had its free development in the sphere of the infinite. No doubt, thought can escape it for a moment, and a firm will victoriously resist its exigencies: but soon compressed nature resumes her rights to give an imperious reality to our existence, to give it contents, substance, knowledge, and an aim for our activity.

The second impulsion, which may be named the formal instinct, issues from the absolute existence of man, or from his rational nature, and tends to set free, and bring harmony into the diversity of its manifestations, and to maintain personality notwithstanding all the changes of state. As this personality, being an absolute and indivisible unity, can never be in contradiction with itself, as we are ourselves forever, this impulsion, which tends to maintain personality, can never exact in one time anything but what it exacts and requires forever. It therefore decides for always what it decides now, and orders now what it orders forever. Hence it embraces the whole series of times, or what comes to the same thing, it suppresses time and change. It wishes the real to be necessary and eternal, and it wishes the eternal and the necessary to be real; in other terms, it tends to truth and justice.

If the sensuous instinct only produces accidents, the formal instinct gives laws, laws for every judgment when it is a question of knowledge, laws for every will when it is a question of action. Whether, therefore, we recognize an object or conceive an objective value to a state of the subject, whether we act in virtue of knowledge or make of the objective the determining principle of our state; in both cases we withdraw this state from the jurisdiction of time, and we attribute

to its reality for all men and for all time, that is, universality and necessity. Feeling can only say: "That is true for this subject and at this moment," and there may come another moment, another subject, which withdraws the affirmation from the actual feeling. But when once thought pronounces and says: "That is," it decides forever and ever, and the validity of its decision is guaranteed by the personality itself, which defies all change. Inclination can only say: "That is good for your individuality and present necessity"; but the changing current of affairs will sweep them away, and what you ardently desire to-day will form the object of your aversion to-morrow. But when the moral feeling says: "That ought to be," it decides forever. If you confess the truth because it is the truth, and if you practise justice because it is justice, you have made of a particular case the law of all possible cases, and treated one moment of your life as eternity.

Accordingly, when the formal impulse holds sway and the pure object acts in us, the being attains its highest expansion, all barriers disappear, and from the unity of magnitude in which man was enclosed by a narrow sensuousness, he rises to the unity of idea, which embraces and keeps subject the entire sphere of phenomena. During this operation we are no longer in time, but time is in us with its infinite succession. We are no longer individuals but a species; the judgment of all spirits is expressed by our own, and the choice of all hearts is represented by our own act.

LETTER XIII.

On a first survey, nothing appears more opposed than these two impulses; one having for its object change, the other immutability, and yet it is these two notions that exhaust the notion of humanity, and a third fundamental impulse, holding a medium between them, is quite inconceivable. How then shall we re-establish the unity of human nature, a unity that appears completely destroyed by this primitive and radical opposition?

I admit these two tendencies are contradictory, but it should be noticed that they are not so in the same objects. But things that do not meet cannot come into collision. No doubt the sensuous impulse desires change; but it does not wish that it should extend to personality and its field, nor that there should be a change of principles. The formal impulse seeks unity and permanence, but it does not wish the condition to remain fixed with the person, that there should be identity of feeling. Therefore these two impulses are not divided by nature, and if, nevertheless, they appear so, it is because they have become divided by transgressing nature freely, by ignoring themselves, and by confounding their spheres. The office of culture is to watch over them and to secure to each one its proper limits; therefore culture has to give equal justice to both, and to defend not only the rational impulse against the sensuous, but also the latter against the former. Hence she has to act a twofold part: first, to protect sense against the attacks of freedom; secondly, to secure personality against the power of sensations. One of these ends is attained by the cultivation of the sensuous, the other by that of reason.

Since the world is developed in time, or change, the perfection of the faculty that places men in relation with the world will necessarily be the greatest possible mutability and extensiveness. Since personality is permanence in change, the perfection of this faculty, which must be opposed to change, will be the greatest possible freedom of action (autonomy) and intensity. The more the receptivity is developed under manifold aspects, the more it is movable and offers surfaces to phenomena, the larger is the part of the world seized upon by man, and the more virtualities he develops in himself. Again, in proportion as man gains strength and depth, and depth and reason gain in freedom, in that proportion man takes in a larger share of the world, and throws out forms outside himself. Therefore his culture will consist, first, in placing his receptivity in contact with the world in the greatest number of points possible, and in raising passivity, to the highest exponent on the side of feeling; secondly, in procuring for the determining faculty the greatest possible amount of independence, in relation to the receptive power, and in raising activity to the highest degree on the side of reason. By the union of these two qualities man will associate the highest degree of self-spontaneity (autonomy) and of freedom with the fullest plenitude of existence, and instead of abandoning himself to the world so as to get lost in it, he will rather absorb it in himself, with all the infinitude of its phenomena, and subject it to the unity of his reason.

But man can invert this relation, and thus fail in attaining his destination in two ways. He can hand over to the passive force the intensity demanded by the active force; he can encroach by material impulsion on the formal impulsion, and convert the receptive into the determining power. He can attribute to the active force the extensiveness belonging to the passive force, he can encroach by the formal impulsion on the material impulsion, and substitute the determining for the receptive power. In the former case, he will never be an Ego, a personality; in the second case, he will never be a Non-Ego, and hence in both cases he will be neither the one nor the other, consequently he will be nothing.

In fact, if the sensuous impulsion becomes determining, if the senses become

lawgivers, and if the world stifles personality, he loses as object what he gains in force. It may be said of man that when he is only the contents of time, he is not and consequently he has no other contents. His condition is destroyed at the same time as his personality, because these are two correlative ideas, because change presupposes permanence, and a limited reality implies an infinite reality. If the formal impulsion becomes receptive, that is, if thought anticipates sensation, and the person substitutes itself in the place of the world, it loses as a subject and autonomous force what it gains as object, because immutability implies change, and that to manifest itself also absolute reality requires limits. As soon as man is only form, he has no form, and the personality vanishes with the condition. In a word, it is only inasmuch as he is spontaneous, autonomous, that there is reality out of him, that he is also receptive; and it is only inasmuch as he is receptive that there is reality in him, that he is a thinking force.

Consequently these two impulsions require limits, and looked upon as forces, they need tempering; the former that it may not encroach on the field of legislation, the latter that it may not invade the ground of feeling. But this tempering and moderating the sensuous impulsion ought not to be the effect of physical impotence or of a blunting of sensations, which is always a matter for contempt. It must be a free act, an activity of the person, which by its moral intensity moderates the sensuous intensity, and by the sway of impressions takes from them in depth what it gives them in surface or breadth. The character must place limits to temperament, for the senses have only the right to lose elements if it be to the advantage of the mind. In its turn, the tempering of the formal impulsion must not result from moral impotence, from a relaxation of thought and will, which would degrade humanity. It is necessary that the glorious source of this second tempering should be the fulness of sensations; it is necessary that sensuousness itself should defend its field with a victorious arm and resist the violence that the invading activity of the mind would do to it. In a word, it is necessary that the material impulsion should be contained in the limits of propriety by personality, and the formal impulsion by receptivity or nature.

LETTER XIV.

We have been brought to the idea of such a correlation between the two impulsions that the action of the one establishes and limits at the same time the action of the other, and that each of them, taken in isolation, does arrive at its highest manifestation just because the other is active.

No doubt this correlation of the two impulsions is simply a problem advanced by reason, and which man will only be able to solve in the perfection of his being. It is in the strictest signification of the term: the idea of his humanity; accordingly, it is an infinite to which he can approach nearer and nearer in the course of time, but without ever reaching it. "He ought not to aim at form to the injury of reality, nor to reality to the detriment of the form. He must rather seek the absolute being by means of a determinate being, and the determinate being by means of an infinite being. He must set the world before him because he is a person, and he must be a person because he has the world before him. He must feel because he has a consciousness of himself, and he must have a consciousness of himself because he feels." It is only in conformity with this idea that he is a man in the full sense of the word; but he cannot be convinced of this so long as he gives himself up exclusively to one of these two impulsions, or only satisfies them one after the other. For as long as he only feels, his absolute personality and existence remain a mystery to him, and as long as he only thinks, his condition or existence in time escapes him. But if there were cases in which he could have at once this twofold experience in which he would have the consciousness of his freedom and the feeling of his existence together, in which he would simultaneously feel as matter and know himself as spirit, in such cases,

and in such only, would he have a complete intuition of his humanity, and the object that would procure him this intuition would be a symbol of his accomplished destiny and consequently serve to express the infinite to him—since this destination can only be fulfilled in the fulness of time.

Presuming that cases of this kind could present themselves in experience, they would awake in him a new impulsion, which, precisely because the other two impulsions would co-operate in it, would be opposed to each of them taken in isolation, and might, with good grounds, be taken for a new impulsion. The sensuous impulsion requires that there should be change, that time should have contents; the formal impulsion requires that time should be suppressed, that there should be no change. Consequently, the impulsion in which both of the others act in concert—allow me to call it the instinct of play, till I explain the term—the instinct of play would have as its object to suppress time in time, to conciliate the state of transition or becoming with the absolute being, change with identity.

The sensuous instinct wishes to be determined, it wishes to receive an object; the formal instinct wishes to determine itself, it wishes to produce an object. Therefore the instinct of play will endeavor to receive as it would itself have produced, and to produce as it aspires to receive.

The sensuous impulsion excludes from its subject all autonomy and freedom; the formal impulsion excludes all dependence and passivity. But the exclusion of freedom is physical necessity; the exclusion of passivity is moral necessity. Thus the two impulsions subdue the mind: the former to the laws of nature, the latter to the laws of reason. It results from this that the instinct of play, which unites the double action of the two other instincts, will content the mind at once morally and physically. Hence, as it suppresses all that is contingent, it will also suppress all coercion, and will set man free physically and morally. When we welcome with effusion some one who deserves our contempt, we feel painfully that nature is constrained. When we have a hostile feeling against a person who commands our esteem, we feel painfully the constraint of reason. But if this person inspires us with interest, and also wins our esteem, the constraint of

feeling vanishes together with the constraint of reason, and we begin to love him, that is to say, to play, to take recreation, at once with our inclination and our esteem.

Moreover, as the sensuous impulsion controls us physically, and the formal impulsion morally, the former makes our formal constitution contingent, and the latter makes our material constitution contingent, that is to say, there is contingency in the agreement of our happiness with our perfection, and reciprocally. The instinct of play, in which both act in concert, will render both our formal and our material constitution contingent; accordingly, our perfection and our happiness in like manner. And on the other hand, exactly because it makes both of them contingent, and because the contingent disappears with necessity, it will suppress this contingency in both, and will thus give form to matter and reality to form. In proportion that it will lessen the dynamic influence of feeling and passion, it will place them in harmony with rational ideas, and by taking from the laws of reason their moral constraint, it will reconcile them with the interest of the senses.

LETTER XV.

I approach continually nearer to the end to which I lead you, by a path offering few attractions. Be pleased to follow me a few steps further, and a large horizon will open up to you, and a delightful prospect will reward you for the labor of the way.

The object of the sensuous instinct, expressed in a universal conception, is named Life in the widest acceptation; a conception that expresses all material existence and all that is immediately present in the senses. The object of the formal instinct, expressed in a universal conception, is called shape or form, as well in an exact as in an inexact acceptation; a conception that embraces all formal qualities of things and all relations of the same to the thinking powers. The object of the play instinct, represented in a general statement, may therefore bear the name of living form; a term that serves to describe all aesthetic qualities of phenomena, and what people style, in the widest sense, beauty.

Beauty is neither extended to the whole field of all living things nor merely enclosed in this field. A marble block, though it is and remains lifeless, can nevertheless become a living form by the architect and sculptor; a man, though he lives and has a form, is far from being a living form on that account. For this to be the case, it is necessary that his form should be life, and that his life should be a form. As long as we only think of his form, it is lifeless, a mere abstraction; as long as we only feel his life, it is without form, a mere impression. It is only when his form lives in our feeling, and his life in our understanding, he is the living form, and this will everywhere be the case where we judge him to be

beautiful.

But the genesis of beauty is by no means declared because we know how to point out the component parts, which in their combination produce beauty. For to this end it would be necessary to comprehend that combination itself, which continues to defy our exploration, as well as all mutual operation between the finite and the infinite. The reason, on transcendental grounds, makes the following demand: There shall be a communion between the formal impulse and the material impulse—that is, there shall be a play instinct—because it is only the unity of reality with the form, of the accidental with the necessary, of the passive state with freedom, that the conception of humanity is completed. Reason is obliged to make this demand, because her nature impels her to completeness and to the removal of all bounds; while every exclusive activity of one or the other impulse leaves human nature incomplete and places a limit in it. Accordingly, as soon as reason issues the mandate, "a humanity shall exist," it proclaims at the same time the law, "there shall be a beauty." Experience can answer us if there is a beauty, and we shall know it as soon as she has taught us if a humanity can exist. But neither reason nor experience can tell us how beauty can be and how a humanity is possible.

We know that man is neither exclusively matter nor exclusively spirit. Accordingly, beauty as the consummation of humanity, can neither be exclusively mere life, as has been asserted by sharp-sighted observers, who kept too close to the testimony of experience, and to which the taste of the time would gladly degrade it; Nor can beauty be merely form, as has been judged by speculative sophists, who departed too far from experience, and by philosophic artists, who were led too much by the necessity of art in explaining beauty; it is rather the common object of both impulses, that is of the play instinct. The use of language completely justifies this name, as it is wont to qualify with the word play what is neither subjectively nor objectively accidental, and yet does not impose necessity either externally or internally. As the mind in the intuition of the beautiful finds itself in a happy medium between law and necessity, it is,

because it divides itself between both, emancipated from the pressure of both. The formal impulse and the material impulse are equally earnest in their demands, because one relates in its cognition to things in their reality and the other to their necessity; because in action the first is directed to the preservation of life, the second to the preservation of dignity, and therefore both to truth and perfection. But life becomes more indifferent when dignity is mixed up with it, and duty no longer coerces when inclination attracts. In like manner the mind takes in the reality of things, material truth, more freely and tranquilly as soon as it encounters formal truth, the law of necessity; nor does the mind find itself strung by abstraction as soon as immediate intuition can accompany it. In one word, when the mind comes into communion with ideas, all reality loses its serious value because it becomes small; and as it comes in contact with feeling, necessity parts also with its serious value because it is easy.

But perhaps the objection has for some time occurred to you, Is not the beautiful degraded by this, that it is made a mere play? and is it not reduced to the level of frivolous objects which have for ages passed under that name? Does it not contradict the conception of the reason and the dignity of beauty, which is nevertheless regarded as an instrument of culture, to confine it to the work of being a mere play? and does it not contradict the empirical conception of play, which can coexist with the exclusion of all taste, to confine it merely to beauty?

But what is meant by a mere play, when we know that in all conditions of humanity that very thing is play, and only that is play which makes man complete and develops simultaneously his twofold nature? What you style limitation, according to your representation of the matter, according to my views, which I have justified by proofs, I name enlargement. Consequently I should have said exactly the reverse: man is serious only with the agreeable, with the good, and with the perfect, but he plays with beauty. In saying this we must not indeed think of the plays that are in vogue in real life, and which commonly refer only to his material state. But in real life we should also seek in vain for the beauty of which we are here speaking. The actually present beauty is

worthy of the really, of the actually present play-impulse; but by the ideal of beauty, which is set up by the reason, an ideal of the play-instinct is also presented, which man ought to have before his eyes in all his plays.

Therefore, no error will ever be incurred if we seek the ideal of beauty on the same road on which we satisfy our play-impulse. We can immediately understand why the ideal form of a Venus, of a Juno, and of an Apollo, is to be sought not at Rome, but in Greece, if we contrast the Greek population, delighting in the bloodless athletic contests of boxing, racing, and intellectual rivalry at Olympia, with the Roman people gloating over the agony of a gladiator. Now the reason pronounces that the beautiful must not only be life and form, but a living form, that is, beauty, inasmuch as it dictates to man the twofold law of absolute formality and absolute reality. Reason also utters the decision that man shall only play with beauty, and he shall only play with beauty.

For, to speak out once for all, man only plays when in the full meaning of the word he is a man, and he is only completely a man when he plays. This proposition, which at this moment perhaps appears paradoxical, will receive a great and deep meaning if we have advanced far enough to apply it to the twofold seriousness of duty and of destiny. I promise you that the whole edifice of aesthetic art and the still more difficult art of life will be supported by this principle. But this proposition is only unexpected in science; long ago it lived and worked in art and in the feeling of the Greeks, her most accomplished masters; only they removed to Olympus what ought to have been preserved on earth. Influenced by the truth of this principle, they effaced from the brow of their gods the earnestness and labor which furrow the cheeks of mortals, and also the hollow lust that smoothes the empty face. They set free the ever serene from the chains of every purpose, of every duty, of every care, and they made indolence and indifference the envied condition of the godlike race; merely human appellations for the freest and highest mind. As well the material pressure of natural laws as the spiritual pressure of moral laws lost itself in its higher idea

of necessity, which embraced at the same time both worlds, and out of the union of these two necessities issued true freedom. Inspired by this spirit the Greeks also effaced from the features of their ideal, together with desire or inclination, all traces of volition, or, better still, they made both unrecognizable, because they knew how to wed them both in the closest alliance. It is neither charm, nor is it dignity, which speaks from the glorious face of Juno Ludovici; it is neither of these, for it is both at once. While the female god challenges our veneration, the godlike woman at the same time kindles our love. But while in ecstasy we give ourselves up to the heavenly beauty, the heavenly self-repose awes us back. The whole form rests and dwells in itself—a fully complete creation in itself—and as if she were out of space, without advance or resistance; it shows no force contending with force, no opening through which time could break in. Irresistibly carried away and attracted by her womanly charm, kept off at a distance by her godly dignity, we also find ourselves at length in the state of the greatest repose, and the result is a wonderful impression for which the understanding has no idea and language no name.

LETTER XVI.

From the antagonism of the two impulsions, and from the association of two opposite principles, we have seen beauty to result, of which the highest ideal must therefore be sought in the most perfect union and equilibrium possible of the reality and of the form. But this equilibrium remains always an idea that reality can never completely reach. In reality, there will always remain a preponderance of one of these elements over the other, and the highest point to which experience can reach will consist in an oscillation between two principles, when sometimes reality and at others form will have the advantage. Ideal beauty is therefore eternally one and indivisible, because there can only be one single equilibrium; on the contrary, experimental beauty will be eternally double, because in the oscillation the equilibrium may be destroyed in two ways—this side and that.

I have called attention in the foregoing letters to a fact that can also be rigorously deduced from the considerations that have engaged our attention to the present point; this fact is that an exciting and also a moderating action may be expected from the beautiful. The tempering action is directed to keep within proper limits the sensuous and the formal impulsions; the exciting, to maintain both of them in their full force. But these two modes of action of beauty ought to be completely identified in the idea. The beautiful ought to temper while uniformly exciting the two natures, and it ought also to excite while uniformly moderating them. This result flows at once from the idea of a correlation, in virtue of which the two terms mutually imply each other, and are the reciprocal condition one of the other, a correlation of which the purest product is beauty.

But experience does not offer an example of so perfect a correlation. In the field of experience it will always happen more or less that excess on the one side will give rise to deficiency on the other, and deficiency will give birth to excess. It results from this that what in the beau-ideal is only distinct in the idea is different in reality in empirical beauty. The beau-ideal, though simple and indivisible, discloses, when viewed in two different aspects, on the one hand, a property of gentleness and grace, and on the other, an energetic property; in experience there is a gentle and graceful beauty and there is an energetic beauty. It is so, and it will be always so, so long as the absolute is enclosed in the limits of time, and the ideas of reason have to be realized in humanity. For example, the intellectual man has the ideal of virtue, of truth, and of happiness; but the active man will only practise virtues, will only grasp truths, and enjoy happy days. The business of physical and moral education is to bring back this multiplicity to unity, to put morality in the place of manners, science in the place of knowledge; the business of aesthetic education is to make out of beauties the beautiful.

Energetic beauty can no more preserve a man from a certain residue of savage violence and harshness than graceful beauty can secure him against a certain degree of effeminacy and weakness. As it is the effect of the energetic beauty to elevate the mind in a physical and moral point of view and to augment its momentum, it only too often happens that the resistance of the temperament and of the character diminishes the aptitude to receive impressions, that the delicate part of humanity suffers an oppression which ought only to affect its grosser part, and that this coarse nature participates in an increase of force that ought only to turn to the account of free personality. It is for this reason that, at the periods when we find much strength and abundant sap in humanity, true greatness of thought is seen associated with what is gigantic and extravagant, and the sublimest feeling is found coupled with the most horrible excess of passion. It is also the reason why, in the periods distinguished for regularity and form, nature is as often oppressed as it is governed, as often outraged as it is surpassed. And as the action of gentle and graceful beauty is to relax the mind in

the moral sphere as well as the physical, it happens quite as easily that the energy of feelings is extinguished with the violence of desires, and that character shares in the loss of strength which ought only to affect the passions. This is the reason why, in ages assumed to be refined, it is not a rare thing to see gentleness degenerate into effeminacy, politeness into platitude, correctness into empty sterility, liberal ways into arbitrary caprice, ease into frivolity, calm into apathy, and, lastly, a most miserable caricature treads on the heels of the noblest, the most beautiful type of humanity. Gentle and graceful beauty is therefore a want to the man who suffers the constraint of manner and of forms, for he is moved by grandeur and strength long before he becomes sensible to harmony and grace. Energetic beauty is a necessity to the man who is under the indulgent sway of taste, for in his state of refinement he is only too much disposed to make light of the strength that he retained in his state of rude savagism.

I think I have now answered and also cleared up the contradiction commonly met in the judgments of men respecting the influence of the beautiful, and the appreciation of aesthetic culture. This contradiction is explained directly we remember that there are two sorts of experimental beauty, and that on both hands an affirmation is extended to the entire race, when it can only be proved of one of the species. This contradiction disappears the moment we distinguish a twofold want in humanity to which two kinds of beauty correspond. It is therefore probable that both sides would make good their claims if they come to an understanding respecting the kind of beauty and the form of humanity that they have in view.

Consequently in the sequel of my researches I shall adopt the course that nature herself follows with man considered from the point of view of aesthetics, and setting out from the two kinds of beauty, I shall rise to the idea of the genus. I shall examine the effects produced on man by the gentle and graceful beauty when its springs of action are in full play, and also those produced by energetic beauty when they are relaxed. I shall do this to confound these two sorts of beauty in the unity of the beau-ideal, in the same way that the two opposite

forms and modes of being of humanity are absorbed in the unity of the ideal man.

LETTER XVII.

While we were only engaged in deducing the universal idea of beauty from the conception of human nature in general, we had only to consider in the latter the limits established essentially in itself, and inseparable from the notion of the finite. Without attending to the contingent restrictions that human nature may undergo in the real world of phenomena, we have drawn the conception of this nature directly from reason, as a source of every necessity, and the ideal of beauty has been given us at the same time with the ideal of humanity.

But now we are coming down from the region of ideas to the scene of reality, to find man in a determinate state, and consequently in limits which are not derived from the pure conception of humanity, but from external circumstances and from an accidental use of his freedom. But, although the limitation of the idea of humanity may be very manifold in the individual, the contents of this idea suffice to teach us that we can only depart from it by two opposite roads. For if the perfection of man consist in the harmonious energy of his sensuous and spiritual forces, he can only lack this perfection through the want of harmony and the want of energy. Thus, then, before having received on this point the testimony of experience, reason suffices to assure us that we shall find the real and consequently limited man in a state of tension or relaxation, according as the exclusive activity of isolated forces troubles the harmony of his being, or as the unity of his nature is based on the uniform relaxation of his physical and spiritual forces. These opposite limits are, as we have now to prove, suppressed by the beautiful, which re-establishes harmony in man when excited, and energy in man when relaxed; and which, in this way, in conformity with the

nature of the beautiful, restores the state of limitation to an absolute state, and makes of man a whole, complete in himself.

Thus the beautiful by no means belies in reality the idea which we have made of it in speculation; only its action is much less free in it than in the field of theory, where we were able to apply it to the pure conception of humanity. In man, as experience shows him to us, the beautiful finds a matter, already damaged and resisting, which robs him in ideal perfection of what it communicates to him of its individual mode of being. Accordingly in reality the beautiful will always appear a peculiar and limited species, and not as the pure genus; in excited minds in a state of tension it will lose its freedom and variety; in relaxed minds, it will lose its vivifying force; but we, who have become familiar with the true character of this contradictory phenomenon, cannot be led astray by it. We shall not follow the great crowd of critics, in determining their conception by separate experiences, and to make them answerable for the deficiencies which man shows under their influence. We know rather that it is man who transfers the imperfections of his individuality over to them, who stands perpetually in the way of their perfection by his subjective limitation, and lowers their absolute ideal to two limited forms of phenomena.

It was advanced that soft beauty is for an unstrung mind, and the energetic beauty for the tightly strung mind. But I apply the term unstrung to a man when he is rather under the pressure of feelings than under the pressure of conceptions. Every exclusive sway of one of his two fundamental impulses is for man a state of compulsion and violence, and freedom only exists in the co-operation of his two natures. Accordingly, the man governed preponderately by feelings, or sensuously unstrung, is emancipated and set free by matter. The soft and graceful beauty, to satisfy this twofold problem, must therefore show herself under two aspects—in two distinct forms. First, as a form in repose, she will tone down savage life, and pave the way from feeling to thought. She will, secondly, as a living image, equip the abstract form with sensuous power, and lead back the conception to intuition and law to feeling. The former service she

does to the man of nature, the second to the man of art. But because she does not in both cases hold complete sway over her matter, but depends on that which is furnished either by formless nature or unnatural art, she will in both cases bear traces of her origin, and lose herself in one place in material life and in another in mere abstract form.

To be able to arrive at a conception how beauty can become a means to remove this twofold relaxation, we must explore its source in the human mind. Accordingly, make up your mind to dwell a little longer in the region of speculation, in order then to leave it forever, and to advance with securer footing on the ground of experience.

LETTER XVIII.

By beauty the sensuous man is led to form and to thought; by beauty the spiritual man is brought back to matter and restored to the world of sense.

From this statement it would appear to follow that between matter and form, between passivity and activity, there must be a middle state, and that beauty plants us in this state. It actually happens that the greater part of mankind really form this conception of beauty as soon as they begin to reflect on its operations, and all experience seems to point to this conclusion. But, on the other hand, nothing is more unwarrantable and contradictory than such a conception, because the aversion of matter and form, the passive and the active, feeling and thought, is eternal, and cannot be mediated in any way. How can we remove this contradiction? Beauty weds the two opposed conditions of feeling and thinking, and yet there is absolutely no medium between them. The former is immediately certain through experience, the other through the reason.

This is the point to which the whole question of beauty leads, and if we succeed in settling this point in a satisfactory way, we have at length found the clue that will conduct us through the whole labyrinth of aesthetics.

But this requires two very different operations, which must necessarily support each other in this inquiry. Beauty, it is said, weds two conditions with one another which are opposite to each other, and can never be one. We must start from this opposition; we must grasp and recognize them in their entire purity and strictness, so that both conditions are separated in the most definite

manner; otherwise we mix, but we do not unite them. Secondly, it is usual to say, beauty unites those two opposed conditions, and therefore removes the opposition. But because both conditions remain eternally opposed to one another, they cannot be united in any other way than by being suppressed. Our second business is therefore to make this connection perfect, to carry them out with such purity and perfection that both conditions disappear entirely in a third one, and no trace of separation remains in the whole; otherwise we segregate, but do not unite. All the disputes that have ever prevailed and still prevail in the philosophical world respecting the conception of beauty have no other origin than their commencing without a sufficiently strict distinction, or that it is not carried out fully to a pure union. Those philosophers who blindly follow their feeling in reflecting on this topic can obtain no other conception of beauty, because they distinguish nothing separate in the totality of the sensuous impression. Other philosophers, who take the understanding as their exclusive guide, can never obtain a conception of beauty, because they never see anything else in the whole than the parts; and spirit and matter remain eternally separate, even in their most perfect unity. The first fear to suppress beauty dynamically, that is, as a working power, if they must separate what is united in the feeling. The others fear to suppress beauty logically, that is, as a conception, when they have to hold together what in the understanding is separate. The former wish to think of beauty as it works; the latter wish it to work as it is thought. Both therefore must miss the truth; the former, because they try to follow infinite nature with their limited thinking power; the others, because they wish to limit unlimited nature according to their laws of thought. The first fear to rob beauty of its freedom by a too strict dissection, the others fear to destroy the distinctness of the conception by a too violent union. But the former do not reflect that the freedom in which they very properly place the essence of beauty is not lawlessness, but harmony of laws; not caprice, but the highest internal necessity. The others do not remember that distinctness, which they with equal right demand from beauty, does not consist in the exclusion of certain realities, but the absolute including of all; that is not therefore limitation but infinitude. We shall avoid the quicksands on which both have made shipwreck if we begin from the

two elements in which beauty divides itself before the understanding, but then afterwards rise to a pure aesthetic unity by which it works on feeling, and in which both those conditions completely disappear.

LETTER XIX.

Two principal and different states of passive and active capacity of being determined [Bestimmbarkeit] can be distinguished in man; in like manner two states of passive and active determination [Bestimmung]. The explanation of this proposition leads us most readily to our end.

The condition of the state of man before destination or direction is given him by the impression of the senses is an unlimited capacity of being determined. The infinite of time and space is given to his imagination for its free use; and, because nothing is settled in this kingdom of the possible, and therefore nothing is excluded from it, this state of absence of determination can be named an empty infiniteness, which must not by any means be confounded with an infinite void.

Now it is necessary that his sensuous nature should be modified, and that in the indefinite series of possible determinations one alone should become real. One perception must spring up in it. That which, in the previous state of determinableness, was only an empty potency becomes now an active force, and receives contents; but, at the same time, as an active force it receives a limit, after having been, as a simple power, unlimited. Reality exists now, but the infinite has disappeared. To describe a figure in space, we are obliged to limit infinite space; to represent to ourselves a change in time, we are obliged to divide the totality of time. Thus we only arrive at reality by limitation, at the positive, at a real position, by negation or exclusion; to determination, by the suppression of our free determinableness.

But mere exclusion would never beget a reality, nor would a mere sensuous impression ever give birth to a perception, if there were not something from which it was excluded, if by an absolute act of the mind the negation were not referred to something positive, and if opposition did not issue out of non-position. This act of the mind is styled judging or thinking, and the result is named thought.

Before we determine a place in space, there is no space for us; but without absolute space we could never determine a place. The same is the case with time. Before we have an instant, there is no time to us: but without infinite time—eternity—we should never have a representation of the instant. Thus, therefore, we can only arrive at the whole by the part, to the unlimited through limitation; but reciprocally we only arrive at the part through the whole, at limitation through the unlimited.

It follows from this, that when it is affirmed of beauty that it mediates for man, the transition from feeling to thought, this must not be understood to mean that beauty can fill up the gap that separates feeling from thought, the passive from the active. This gap is infinite; and, without the interposition of a new and independent faculty, it is impossible for the general to issue from the individual, the necessary from the contingent. Thought is the immediate act of this absolute power, which, I admit, can only be manifested in connection with sensuous impressions, but which in this manifestation depends so little on the sensuous that it reveals itself specially in an opposition to it. The spontaneity or autonomy with which it acts excludes every foreign influence; and it is not in as far as it helps thought—which comprehends a manifest contradiction but only in as far as it procures for the intellectual faculties the freedom to manifest themselves in conformity with their proper laws. It does it only because the beautiful can become a means of leading man from matter to form, from feeling to laws, from a limited existence to an absolute existence.

But this assumes that the freedom of the intellectual faculties can be balked, which appears contradictory to the conception of an autonomous power. For a

power which only receives the matter of its activity from without can only be hindered in its action by the privation of this matter, and consequently by way of negation; it is therefore a misconception of the nature of the mind to attribute to the sensuous passions the power of oppressing positively the freedom of the mind. Experience does indeed present numerous examples where the rational forces appear compressed in proportion to the violence of the sensuous forces. But instead of deducing this spiritual weakness from the energy of passion, this passionate energy must rather be explained by the weakness of the human mind. For the sense can only have a sway such as this over man when the mind has spontaneously neglected to assert its power.

Yet in trying by these explanations to move one objection, I appear to have exposed myself to another, and I have only saved the autonomy of the mind at the cost of its unity. For how can the mind derive at the same time from itself the principles of inactivity and of activity, if it is not itself divided, and if it is not in opposition with itself?

Here we must remember that we have before us, not the infinite mind, but the finite. The finite mind is that which only becomes active through the passive, only arrives at the absolute through limitation, and only acts and fashions in as far as it receives matter. Accordingly, a mind of this nature must associate with the impulse towards form or the absolute, an impulse towards matter or limitation, conditions without which it could not have the former impulse nor satisfy it. How can two such opposite tendencies exist together in the same being? This is a problem that can no doubt embarrass the metaphysician, but not the transcendental philosopher. The latter does not presume to explain the possibility of things, but he is satisfied with giving a solid basis to the knowledge that makes us understand the possibility of experience. And as experience would be equally impossible without this autonomy in the mind, and without the absolute unity of the mind, it lays down these two conceptions as two conditions of experience equally necessary without troubling itself any more to reconcile them. Moreover, this immanence of two fundamental impulses does

not in any degree contradict the absolute unity of the mind, as soon as the mind itself, its selfhood, is distinguished from those two motors. No doubt, these two impulses exist and act in it, but itself is neither matter nor form, nor the sensuous nor reason, and this is a point that does not seem always to have occurred to those who only look upon the mind as itself acting when its acts are in harmony with reason, and who declare it passive when its acts contradict reason.

Arrived at its development, each of these two fundamental impulsions tends of necessity and by its nature to satisfy itself; but precisely because each of them has a necessary tendency, and both nevertheless have an opposite tendency, this twofold constraint mutually destroys itself, and the will preserves an entire freedom between them both. It is therefore the will that conducts itself like a power—as the basis of reality—with respect to both these impulses; but neither of them can by itself act as a power with respect to the other. A violent man, by his positive tendency to justice, which never fails in him, is turned away from injustice; nor can a temptation of pleasure, however strong, make a strong character violate its principles. There is in man no other power than his will; and death alone, which destroys man, or some privation of self-consciousness, is the only thing that can rob man of his internal freedom.

An external necessity determines our condition, our existence in time, by means of the sensuous. The latter is quite involuntary, and directly it is produced in us we are necessarily passive. In the same manner an internal necessity awakens our personality in connection with sensations, and by its antagonism with them; for consciousness cannot depend on the will, which presupposes it. This primitive manifestation of personality is no more a merit to us than its privation is a defect in us. Reason can only be required in a being who is self-conscious, for reason is an absolute consecutiveness and universality of consciousness; before this is the case he is not a man, nor can any act of humanity be expected from him. The metaphysician can no more explain the limitation imposed by sensation on a free and autonomous mind than the natural philosopher can understand the infinite, which is revealed in consciousness in

connection with these limits. Neither abstraction nor experience can bring us back to the source whence issue our ideas of necessity and of universality: this source is concealed in its origin in time from the observer, and its supersensuous origin from the researches of the metaphysician. But, to sum up in a few words, consciousness is there, and, together with its immutable unity, the law of all that is for man is established, as well as of all that is to be by man, for his understanding and his activity. The ideas of truth and of right present themselves inevitable, incorruptible, immeasurable, even in the age of sensuousness; and without our being able to say why or how, we see eternity in time, the necessary following the contingent. It is thus that, without any share on the part of the subject, the sensation and self-consciousness arise, and the origin of both is beyond our volition, as it is out of the sphere of our knowledge.

But as soon as these two faculties have passed into action, and man has verified by his experience, through the medium of sensation, a determinate existence, and through the medium of consciousness its absolute existence, the two fundamental impulses exert their influence directly their object is given. The sensuous impulse is awakened with the experience of life—with the beginning of the individual; the rational impulsion with the experience of law—with the beginning of his personality; and it is only when these two inclinations have come into existence that the human type is realized. Up to that time, everything takes place in man according to the law of necessity; but now the hand of nature lets him go, and it is for him to keep upright humanity, which nature places as a germ in his heart. And thus we see that directly the two opposite and fundamental impulses exercise their influence in him, both lose their constraint, and the autonomy of two necessities gives birth to freedom.

LETTER XX.

That freedom is an active and not a passive principle results from its very conception; but that liberty itself should be an effect of nature (taking this word in its widest sense), and not the work of man, and therefore that it can be favored or thwarted by natural means, is the necessary consequence of that which precedes. It begins only when man is complete, and when these two fundamental impulsions have been developed. It will then be wanting whilst he is incomplete, and while one of these impulsions is excluded, and it will be re-established by all that gives back to man his integrity.

Thus it is possible, both with regard to the entire species as to the individual, to remark the moment when man is yet incomplete, and when one of the two exclusions acts solely in him. We know that man commences by life simply, to end by form; that he is more of an individual than a person, and that he starts from the limited or finite to approach the infinite. The sensuous impulsion comes into play therefore before the rational impulsion, because sensation precedes consciousness; and in this priority of sensuous impulsion we find the key of the history of the whole of human liberty.

There is a moment, in fact, when the instinct of life, not yet opposed to the instinct of form, acts as nature and as necessity; when the sensuous is a power because man has not begun; for even in man there can be no other power than his will. But when man shall have attained to the power of thought, reason, on the contrary, will be a power, and moral or logical necessity will take the place of physical necessity. Sensuous power must then be annihilated before the law

which must govern it can be established. It is not enough that something shall begin which as yet was not; previously something must end which had begun. Man cannot pass immediately from sensuousness to thought. He must step backwards, for it is only when one determination is suppressed that the contrary determination can take place. Consequently, in order to exchange passive against active liberty, a passive determination against an active, he must be momentarily free from all determination, and must traverse a state of pure determinability. He has then to return in some degree to that state of pure negative indetermination in which he was before his senses were affected by anything. But this state was absolutely empty of all contents, and now the question is to reconcile an equal determination and a determinability equally without limit, with the greatest possible fulness, because from this situation something positive must immediately follow. The determination which man received by sensation must be preserved, because he should not lose the reality; but at the same time, in so far as finite, it should be suppressed, because a determinability without limit would take place. The problem consists then in annihilating the determination of the mode of existence, and yet at the same time in preserving it, which is only possible in one way: in opposing to it another. The two sides of a balance are in equilibrium when empty; they are also in equilibrium when their contents are of equal weight.

Thus, to pass from sensation to thought, the soul traverses a medium position, in which sensibility and reason are at the same time active, and thus they mutually destroy their determinant power, and by their antagonism produce a negation. This medium situation in which the soul is neither physically nor morally constrained, and yet is in both ways active, merits essentially the name of a free situation; and if we call the state of sensuous determination physical, and the state of rational determination logical or moral, that state of real and active determination should be called the aesthetic.

LETTER XXI.

I have remarked in the beginning of the foregoing letter that there is a twofold condition of determinableness and a twofold condition of determination. And now I can clear up this proposition.

The mind can be determined—is determinable—only in as far as it is not determined; it is, however, determinable also, in as far as it is not exclusively determined; that is, if it is not confined in its determination. The former is only a want of determination—it is without limits, because it is without reality; but the latter, the aesthetic determinableness, has no limits, because it unites all reality.

The mind is determined, inasmuch as it is only limited; but it is also determined because it limits itself of its own absolute capacity. It is situated in the former position when it feels, in the second when it thinks. Accordingly the aesthetic constitution is in relation to determinableness what thought is in relation to determination. The latter is a negative from internal and infinite completeness, the former a limitation from internal infinite power. Feeling and thought come into contact in one single point, the mind is determined in both conditions, the man becomes something and exists—either as individual or person—by exclusion; in other cases these two faculties stand infinitely apart. Just in the same manner the aesthetic determinableness comes in contact with the mere want of determination in a single point, by both excluding every distinct determined existence, by thus being in all other points nothing and all, and hence

by being infinitely different. Therefore if the latter, in the absence of determination from deficiency, is represented as an empty infiniteness, the aesthetic freedom of determination, which forms the proper counterpart to the former, can be considered as a completed infiniteness; a representation which exactly agrees with the teachings of the previous investigations.

Man is therefore nothing in the aesthetic state, if attention is given to the single result, and not to the whole faculty, and if we regard only the absence or want of every special determination. We must therefore do justice to those who pronounce the beautiful, and the disposition in which it places the mind, as entirely indifferent and unprofitable, in relation to knowledge and feeling. They are perfectly right; for it is certain that beauty gives no separate, single result, either for the understanding or for the will; it does not carry out a single intellectual or moral object; it discovers no truth, does not help us to fulfil a single duty, and, in one word, is equally unfit to found the character or to clear the head. Accordingly, the personal worth of a man, or his dignity, as far as this can only depend on himself, remains entirely undetermined by aesthetic culture, and nothing further is attained than that, on the part of nature, it is made profitable for him to make of himself what he will; that the freedom to be what he ought to be is restored perfectly to him.

But by this something infinite is attained. But as soon as we remember that freedom is taken from man by the one-sided compulsion of nature in feeling, and by the exclusive legislation of the reason in thinking, we must consider the capacity restored to him by the aesthetical disposition, as the highest of all gifts, as the gift of humanity. I admit that he possesses this capacity for humanity, before every definite determination in which he may be placed. But, as a matter of fact, he loses it with every determined condition into which he may come; and if he is to pass over to an opposite condition, humanity must be in every case restored to him by the aesthetic life.

It is therefore not only a poetical license, but also philosophically correct, when beauty is named our second creator. Nor is this inconsistent with the fact

that she only makes it possible for us to attain and realize humanity, leaving this to our free will. For in this she acts in common with our original creator, nature, which has imparted to us nothing further than this capacity for humanity, but leaves the use of it to our own determination of will.

LETTER XXII.

Accordingly, if the aesthetic disposition of the mind must be looked upon in one respect as nothing—that is, when we confine our view to separate and determined operations—it must be looked upon in another respect as a state of the highest reality, in as far as we attend to the absence of all limits and the sum of powers which are commonly active in it. Accordingly we cannot pronounce them, again, to be wrong who describe the aesthetic state to be the most productive in relation to knowledge and morality. They are perfectly right, for a state of mind which comprises the whole of humanity in itself must of necessity include in itself also —necessarily and potentially—every separate expression of it. Again, a disposition of mind that removes all limitation from the totality of human nature must also remove it from every special expression of the same. Exactly because its "aesthetic disposition" does not exclusively shelter any separate function of humanity, it is favorable to all without distinction; nor does it favor any particular functions, precisely because it is the foundation of the possibility of all. All other exercises give to the mind some special aptitude, but for that very reason give it some definite limits; only the aesthetical leads him to the unlimited. Every other condition in which we can live refers us to a previous condition, and requires for its solution a following condition; only the aesthetic is a complete whole in itself, for it unites in itself all conditions of its source and of its duration. Here alone we feel ourselves swept out of time, and our humanity expresses itself with purity and integrity as if it had not yet received any impression or interruption from the operation of external powers.

That which flatters our senses in immediate sensation opens our weak and

volatile spirit to every impression, but makes us in the same degree less apt for exertion. That which stretches our thinking power and invites to abstract conceptions strengthens our mind for every kind of resistance, but hardens it also in the same proportion, and deprives us of susceptibility in the same ratio that it helps us to greater mental activity. For this very reason, one as well as the other brings us at length to exhaustion, because matter cannot long do without the shaping, constructive force, and the force cannot do without the constructible material. But on the other hand, if we have resigned ourselves to the enjoyment of genuine beauty, we are at such a moment of our passive and active powers in the same degree master, and we shall turn with ease from grave to gay, from rest to movement, from submission to resistance, to abstract thinking and intuition.

This high indifference and freedom of mind, united with power and elasticity, is the disposition in which a true work of art ought to dismiss us, and there is no better test of true aesthetic excellence. If after an enjoyment of this kind we find ourselves specially impelled to a particular mode of feeling or action, and unfit for other modes, this serves as an infallible proof that we have not experienced any pure aesthetic effect, whether this is owing to the object, to our own mode of feeling—as generally happens—or to both together.

As in reality no purely aesthetical effect can be met with—for man can never leave his dependence on material forces—the excellence of a work of art can only consist in its greater approximation to its ideal of aesthetic purity, and however high we may raise the freedom of this effect, we shall always leave it with a particular disposition and a particular bias. Any class of productions or separate work in the world of art is noble and excellent in proportion to the universality of the disposition and the unlimited character of the bias thereby presented to our mind. This truth can be applied to works in various branches of art, and also to different works in the same branch. We leave a grand musical performance with our feelings excited, the reading of a noble poem with a quickened imagination, a beautiful statue or building with an awakened understanding; but a man would not choose an opportune moment who

attempted to invite us to abstract thinking after a high musical enjoyment, or to attend to a prosaic affair of common life after a high poetical enjoyment, or to kindle our imagination and astonish our feelings directly after inspecting a fine statue or edifice. The reason of this is, that music, by its matter, even when most spiritual, presents a greater affinity with the senses than is permitted by aesthetic liberty; it is because even the most happy poetry, having for its medium the arbitrary and contingent play of the imagination, always shares in it more than the intimate necessity of the really beautiful allows; it is because the best sculpture touches on severe science by what is determinate in its conception. However, these particular affinities are lost in proportion as the works of these three kinds of art rise to a greater elevation, and it is a natural and necessary consequence of their perfection, that, without confounding their objective limits, the different arts come to resemble each other more and more, in the action which they exercise on the mind. At its highest degree of ennobling, music ought to become a form, and act on us with the calm power of an antique statue; in its most elevated perfection, the plastic art ought to become music and move us by the immediate action exercised on the mind by the senses; in its most complete development, poetry ought both to stir us powerfully like music and like plastic art to surround us with a peaceful light. In each art, the perfect style consists exactly in knowing how to remove specific limits, while sacrificing at the same time the particular advantages of the art, and to give it by a wise use of what belongs to it specially a more general character.

Nor is it only the limits inherent in the specific character of each kind of art that the artist ought to overstep in putting his hand to the work; he must also triumph over those which are inherent in the particular subject of which he treats. In a really beautiful work of art, the substance ought to be inoperative, the form should do everything; for by the form the whole man is acted on; the substance acts on nothing but isolated forces. Thus, however vast and sublime it may be, the substance always exercises a restrictive action on the mind, and true aesthetic liberty can only be expected from the form. Consequently the true search of the matter consists in destroying matter by the form; and the triumph of

art is great in proportion as it overcomes matter and maintains its sway over those who enjoy its work. It is great particularly in destroying matter when most imposing, ambitious, and attractive, when therefore matter has most power to produce the effect proper to it, or, again, when it leads those who consider it more closely to enter directly into relation with it. The mind of the spectator and of the hearer must remain perfectly free and intact; it must issue pure and entire from the magic circle of the artist, as from the hands of the Creator. The most frivolous subject ought to be treated in such a way that we preserve the faculty to exchange it immediately for the most serious work. The arts which have passion for their object, as a tragedy for example, do not present a difficulty here; for, in the first place, these arts are not entirely free, because they are in the service of a particular end (the pathetic), and then no connoisseur will deny that even in this class a work is perfect in proportion as amidst the most violent storms of passion it respects the liberty of the soul. There is a fine art of passion, but an impassioned fine art is a contradiction in terms, for the infallible effect of the beautiful is emancipation from the passions. The idea of an instructive fine art (didactic art) or improving (moral) art is no less contradictory, for nothing agrees less with the idea of the beautiful than to give a determinate tendency to the mind.

However, from the fact that a work produces effects only by its substance, it must not always be inferred that there is a want of form in this work; this conclusion may quite as well testify to a want of form in the observer. If his mind is too stretched or too relaxed, if it is only accustomed to receive things either by the senses or the intelligence, even in the most perfect combination, it will only stop to look at the parts, and it will only see matter in the most beautiful form. Only sensible of the coarse elements, he must first destroy the aesthetic organization of a work to find enjoyment in it, and carefully disinter the details which genius has caused to vanish, with infinite art, in the harmony of the whole. The interest he takes in the work is either solely moral or exclusively physical; the only thing wanting to it is to be exactly what it ought to be—aesthetical. The readers of this class enjoy a serious and pathetic poem as they

do a sermon: a simple and playful work, as an inebriating draught; and if on the one hand they have so little taste as to demand edification from a tragedy or from an epos, even such as the "Messias," on the other hand they will be infallibly scandalized by a piece after the fashion of Anacreon and Catullus.

LETTER XXIII.

I take up the thread of my researches, which I broke off only to apply the principles I laid down to practical art and the appreciation of its works.

The transition from the passivity of sensuousness to the activity of thought and of will can be effected only by the intermediary state of aesthetic liberty; and though in itself this state decides nothing respecting our opinions and our sentiments, and therefore it leaves our intellectual and moral value entirely problematical, it is, however, the necessary condition without which we should never attain to an opinion or a sentiment. In a word, there is no other way to make a reasonable being out of a sensuous man than by making him first aesthetic.

But, you might object: Is this mediation absolutely indispensable? Could not truth and duty, one or the other, in themselves and by themselves, find access to the sensuous man? To this I reply: Not only is it possible but it is absolutely necessary that they owe solely to themselves their determining force, and nothing would be more contradictory to our preceding affirmations than to appear to defend the contrary opinion. It has been expressly proved that the beautiful furnishes no result, either for the comprehension or for the will; that it mingles with no operations, either of thought or of resolution; and that it confers this double power without determining anything with regard to the real exercise of this power. Here all foreign help disappears, and the pure logical form, the idea, would speak immediately to the intelligence, as the pure moral form, the law, immediately to the will.

But that the pure form should be capable of it, and that there is in general a pure form for sensuous man, is that, I maintain, which should be rendered possible by the aesthetic disposition of the soul. Truth is not a thing which can be received from without like reality or the visible existence of objects. It is the thinking force, in his own liberty and activity, which produces it, and it is just this liberty proper to it, this liberty which we seek in vain in sensuous man. The sensuous man is already determined physically, and thenceforth he has no longer his free determinability; he must necessarily first enter into possession of this lost determinability before he can exchange the passive against an active determination. Therefore, in order to recover it, he must either lose the passive determination that he had, or he should enclose already in himself the active determination to which he should pass. If he confined himself to lose passive determination, he would at the same time lose with it the possibility of an active determination, because thought needs a body, and form can only be realized through matter. He must therefore contain already in himself the active determination, that he may be at once both actively and passively determined, that is to say, he becomes necessarily aesthetic.

Consequently, by the aesthetic disposition of the soul the proper activity of reason is already revealed in the sphere of sensuousness, the power of sense is already broken within its own boundaries, and the ennobling of physical man carried far enough, for spiritual man has only to develop himself according to the laws of liberty. The transition from an aesthetic state to a logical and moral state (from the beautiful to truth and duty) is then infinitely more easy than the transition from the physical state to the aesthetic state (from life pure and blind to form). This transition man can effectuate alone by his liberty, whilst he has only to enter into possession of himself not to give it himself; but to separate the elements of his nature, and not to enlarge it. Having attained to the aesthetic disposition, man will give to his judgments and to his actions a universal value as soon as he desires it. This passage from brute nature to beauty, in which an entirely new faculty would awaken in him, nature would render easier, and his will has no power over a disposition which, we know, itself gives birth to the

will. To bring the aesthetic man to profound views, to elevated sentiments, he requires nothing more than important occasions: to obtain the same thing from the sensuous man, his nature must at first be changed. To make of the former a hero, a sage, it is often only necessary to meet with a sublime situation, which exercises upon the faculty of the will the more immediate action; for the second, it must first be transplanted under another sky.

One of the most important tasks of culture, then, is to submit man to form, even in a purely physical life, and to render it aesthetic as far as the domain of the beautiful can be extended, for it is alone in the aesthetic state, and not in the physical state, that the moral state can be developed. If in each particular case man ought to possess the power to make his judgment and his will the judgment of the entire species; if he ought to find in each limited existence the transition to an infinite existence; if, lastly, he ought from every dependent situation to take his flight to rise to autonomy and to liberty, it must be observed that at no moment he is only individual and solely obeys the laws of nature. To be apt and ready to raise himself from the narrow circle of the ends of nature, to rational ends, in the sphere of the former he must already have exercised himself in the second; he must already have realized his physical destiny with a certain liberty that belongs only to spiritual nature, that is to say according to the laws of the beautiful.

And that he can effect without thwarting in the least degree his physical aim. The exigencies of nature with regard to him turn only upon what he does—upon the substance of his acts; but the ends of nature in no degree determine the way in which he acts, the form of his actions. On the contrary, the exigencies of reason have rigorously the form of his activity for its object. Thus, so much as it is necessary for the moral destination of man, that he be purely moral, that he shows an absolute personal activity, so much is he indifferent that his physical destination be entirely physical, that he acts in a manner entirely passive. Henceforth with regard to this last destination, it entirely depends on him to fulfil it solely as a sensuous being and natural force (as a force which acts only

as it diminishes) or, at the same time, as absolute force, as a rational being. To which of these does his dignity best respond? Of this there can be no question. It is as disgraceful and contemptible for him to do under sensuous impulsion that which he ought to have determined merely by the motive of duty, as it is noble and honorable for him to incline towards conformity with laws, harmony, independence; there even where the vulgar man only satisfies a legitimate want. In a word, in the domain of truth and morality, sensuousness must have nothing to determine; but in the sphere of happiness, form may find a place, and the instinct of play prevail.

Thus then, in the indifferent sphere of physical life, man ought to already commence his moral life; his own proper activity ought already to make way in passivity, and his rational liberty beyond the limits of sense; he ought already to impose the law of his will upon his inclinations; he ought—if you will permit me the expression—to carry into the domain of matter the war against matter, in order to be dispensed from combating this redoubtable enemy upon the sacred field of liberty; he ought to learn to have nobler desires, not to be forced to have sublime volitions. This is the fruit of aesthetic culture, which submits to the laws of the beautiful, in which neither the laws of nature nor those of reason suffer, which does not force the will of man, and which by the form it gives to exterior life already opens internal life.

LETTER XXIV.

Accordingly three different moments or stages of development can be distinguished, which the individual man, as well as the whole race, must of necessity traverse in a determinate order if they are to fulfil the circle of their determination. No doubt, the separate periods can be lengthened or shortened, through accidental causes which are inherent either in the influence of external things or under the free caprice of men: but neither of them can be overstepped, and the order of their sequence cannot be inverted either by nature or by the will. Man, in his physical condition, suffers only the power of nature; he gets rid of this power in the aesthetical condition, and he rules them in the moral state.

What is man before beauty liberates him from free pleasure, and the serenity of form tames down the savageness of life? Eternally uniform in his aims, eternally changing in his judgments, self-seeking without being himself, unfettered without being free, a slave without serving any rule. At this period, the world is to him only destiny, not yet an object; all has existence for him only in as far as it procures existence to him; a thing that neither seeks from nor gives to him is non-existent. Every phenomenon stands out before him separate and cut off, as he finds himself in the series of beings. All that is, is to him through the bias of the moment; every change is to him an entirely fresh creation, because with the necessary in him, the necessary out of him is wanting, which binds together all the changing forms in the universe, and which holds fast the law on the theatre of his action, while the individual departs. It is in vain that nature lets the rich variety of her forms pass before him; he sees in her glorious fulness nothing but his prey, in her power and greatness nothing but his enemy.

Either he encounters objects, and wishes to draw them to himself in desire, or the objects press in a destructive manner upon him, and he thrusts them away in dismay and terror. In both cases his relation to the world of sense is immediate contact; and perpetually anxious through its pressure, restless and plagued by imperious wants, he nowhere finds rest except in enervation, and nowhere limits save in exhausted desire.

"True, his is the powerful breast, and the mighty hand
of the Titans. . . .

A certain inheritance; yet the god welded
Round his forehead a brazen band;
Advice, moderation, wisdom, and patience,—
Hid it from his shy, sinister look.
Every desire is with him a rage,
And his rage prowls around limitless."—Iphigenia in Tauris.

Ignorant of his own human dignity, he is far removed from honoring it in others, and conscious of his own savage greed, he fears it in every creature that he sees like himself. He never sees others in himself, only himself in others, and human society, instead of enlarging him to the race, only shuts him up continually closer in his individuality. Thus limited, he wanders through his sunless life, till favoring nature rolls away the load of matter from his darkened senses, reflection separates him from things, and objects show themselves at length in the afterglow of the consciousness.

It is true we cannot point out this state of rude nature as we have here portrayed it in any definite people and age. It is only an idea, but an idea with which experience agrees most closely in special features. It may be said that man was never in this animal condition, but he has not, on the other hand, ever entirely escaped from it. Even in the rudest subjects, unmistakable traces of rational freedom can be found, and even in the most cultivated, features are not wanting that remind us of that dismal natural condition. It is possible for man, at one and the same time, to unite the highest and the lowest in his nature; and if

his dignity depends on a strict separation of one from the other, his happiness depends on a skilful removal of this separation. The culture which is to bring his dignity into agreement with his happiness will therefore have to provide for the greatest purity of these two principles in their most intimate combination.

Consequently the first appearance of reason in man is not the beginning of humanity. This is first decided by his freedom, and reason begins first by making his sensuous dependence boundless; a phenomenon that does not appear to me to have been sufficiently elucidated, considering its importance and universality. We know that the reason makes itself known to man by the demand for the absolute—the self-dependent and necessary. But as this want of the reason cannot be satisfied in any separate or single state of his physical life, he is obliged to leave the physical entirely and to rise from a limited reality to ideas. But although the true meaning of that demand of the reason is to withdraw him from the limits of time and to lead him from the world of sense to an ideal world, yet this same demand of reason, by misapplication—scarcely to be avoided in this life, prone to sensuousness—can direct him to physical life, and, instead of making man free, plunge him in the most terrible slavery.

Facts verify this supposition. Man raised on the wings of imagination leaves the narrow limits of the present, in which mere animality is enclosed, in order to strive on to an unlimited future. But while the limitless is unfolded to his dazed imagination, his heart has not ceased to live in the separate, and to serve the moment. The impulse towards the absolute seizes him suddenly in the midst of his animality, and as in this cloddish condition all his efforts aim only at the material and temporal, and are limited by his individuality, he is only led by that demand of the reason to extend his individuality into the infinite, instead of to abstract from it. He will be led to seek instead of form an inexhaustible matter, instead of the unchangeable an everlasting change and an absolute securing of his temporal existence. The same impulse which, directed to his thought and action, ought to lead to truth and morality, now directed to his passion and emotional state, produces nothing but an unlimited desire and an absolute want.

The first fruits, therefore, that he reaps in the world of spirits are cares and fear—both operations of the reason; not of sensuousness, but of a reason that mistakes its object and applies its categorical imperative to matter. All unconditional systems of happiness are fruits of this tree, whether they have for their object the present day or the whole of life, or what does not make them any more respectable, the whole of eternity, for their object. An unlimited duration of existence and of well-being is only an ideal of the desires; hence a demand which can only be put forth by an animality striving up to the absolute. Man, therefore, without gaining anything for his humanity by a rational expression of this sort, loses the happy limitation of the animal, over which he now only possesses the unenviable superiority of losing the present for an endeavor after what is remote, yet without seeking in the limitless future anything but the present.

But even if the reason does not go astray in its object, or err in the question, sensuousness will continue to falsify the answer for a long time. As soon as man has begun to use his understanding and to knit together phenomena in cause and effect, the reason, according to its conception, presses on to an absolute knitting together and to an unconditional basis. In order, merely, to be able to put forward this demand, man must already have stepped beyond the sensuous, but the sensuous uses this very demand to bring back the fugitive.

In fact, it is now that he ought to abandon entirely the world of sense in order to take his flight into the realm of ideas; for the intelligence remains eternally shut up in the finite and in the contingent, and does not cease putting questions without reaching the last link of the chain. But as the man with whom we are engaged is not yet capable of such an abstraction, and does not find it in the sphere of sensuous knowledge, and because he does not look for it in pure reason, he will seek for it below in the region of sentiment, and will appear to find it. No doubt the sensuous shows him nothing that has its foundation in itself, and that legislates for itself, but it shows him something that does not care for foundation or law; therefore, thus not being able to quiet the intelligence by

showing it a final cause, he reduces it to silence by the conception which desires no cause; and being incapable of understanding the sublime necessity of reason, he keeps to the blind constraint of matter. As sensuousness knows no other end than its interest, and is determined by nothing except blind chance, it makes the former the motive of its actions, and the latter the master of the world.

Even the divine part in man, the moral law, in its first manifestation in the sensuous cannot avoid this perversion. As this moral law is only prohibited, and combats in man the interest of sensuous egotism, it must appear to him as something strange until he has come to consider this self-love as the stranger, and the voice of reason as his true self. Therefore he confines himself to feeling the fetters which the latter imposes on him, without having the consciousness of the infinite emancipation which it procures for him. Without suspecting in himself the dignity of lawgiver, he only experiences the constraint and the impotent revolt of a subject fretting under the yoke, because in this experience the sensuous impulsion precedes the moral impulsion, he gives to the law of necessity a beginning in him, a positive origin, and by the most unfortunate of all mistakes he converts the immutable and the eternal in himself into a transitory accident. He makes up his mind to consider the notions of the just and the unjust as statutes which have been introduced by a will, and not as having in themselves an eternal value. Just as in the explanation of certain natural phenomena he goes beyond nature and seeks out of her what can only be found in her, in her own laws; so also in the explanation of moral phenomena he goes beyond reason and makes light of his humanity, seeking a god in this way. It is not wonderful that a religion which he has purchased at the cost of his humanity shows itself worthy of this origin, and that he only considers as absolute and eternally binding laws that have never been binding from all eternity. He has placed himself in relation with, not a holy being, but a powerful. Therefore the spirit of his religion, of the homage that he gives to God, is a fear that abases him, and not a veneration that elevates him in his own esteem.

Though these different aberrations by which man departs from the ideal of his

destination cannot all take place at the same time, because several degrees have to be passed over in the transition from the obscure of thought to error, and from the obscure of will to the corruption of the will; these degrees are all, without exception, the consequence of his physical state, because in all the vital impulsion sways the formal impulsion. Now, two cases may happen: either reason may not yet have spoken in man, and the physical may reign over him with a blind necessity, or reason may not be sufficiently purified from sensuous impressions, and the moral may still be subject to the physical; in both cases the only principle that has a real power over him is a material principle, and man, at least as regards his ultimate tendency, is a sensuous being. The only difference is, that in the former case he is an animal without reason, and in the second case a rational animal. But he ought to be neither one nor the other: he ought to be a man. Nature ought not to rule him exclusively; nor reason conditionally. The two legislations ought to be completely independent, and yet mutually complementary.

LETTER XXV.

Whilst man, in his first physical condition, is only passively affected by the world of sense, he is still entirely identified with it; and for this reason the external world, as yet, has no objective existence for him. When he begins in his aesthetic state of mind to regard the world objectively, then only is his personality severed from it, and the world appears to him an objective reality, for the simple reason that he has ceased to form an identical portion of it.

That which first connects man with the surrounding universe is the power of reflective contemplation. Whereas desire seizes at once its object, reflection removes it to a distance and renders it inalienably her own by saving it from the greed of passion. The necessity of sense which he obeyed during the period of mere sensations, lessens during the period of reflection; the senses are for the time in abeyance; even ever-fleeting time stands still whilst the scattered rays of consciousness are gathering and shape themselves; an image of the infinite is reflected upon the perishable ground. As soon as light dawns in man, there is no longer night outside of him; as soon as there is peace within him the storm lulls throughout the universe, and the contending forces of nature find rest within prescribed limits. Hence we cannot wonder if ancient traditions allude to these great changes in the inner man as to a revolution in surrounding nature, and symbolize thought triumphing over the laws of time, by the figure of Zeus, which terminates the reign of Saturn.

As long as man derives sensations from a contact with nature, he is her slave; but as soon as he begins to reflect upon her objects and laws he becomes her

lawgiver. Nature, which previously ruled him as a power, now expands before him as an object. What is objective to him can have no power over him, for in order to become objective it has to experience his own power. As far and as long as he impresses a form upon matter, he cannot be injured by its effect; for a spirit can only be injured by that which deprives it of its freedom. Whereas he proves his own freedom by giving a form to the formless; where the mass rules heavily and without shape, and its undefined outlines are for ever fluctuating between uncertain boundaries, fear takes up its abode; but man rises above any natural terror as soon as he knows how to mould it, and transform it into an object of his art. As soon as he upholds his independence towards phenomenal natures he maintains his dignity toward her as a thing of power, and with a noble freedom he rises against his gods. They throw aside the mask with which they had kept him in awe during his infancy, and to his surprise his mind perceives the reflection of his own image. The divine monster of the Oriental, which roams about changing the world with the blind force of a beast of prey, dwindles to the charming outline of humanity in Greek fable; the empire of the Titans is crushed, and boundless force is tamed by infinite form.

But whilst I have been merely searching for an issue from the material world, and a passage into the world of mind, the bold flight of my imagination has already taken me into the very midst of the latter world. The beauty of which we are in search we have left behind by passing from the life of mere sensations to the pure form and to the pure object. Such a leap exceeds the condition of human nature; in order to keep pace with the latter we must return to the world of sense.

Beauty is indeed the sphere of unfettered contemplation and reflection; beauty conducts us into the world of ideas, without however taking us from the world of sense, as occurs when a truth is perceived and acknowledged. This is the pure product of a process of abstraction from everything material and accidental, a pure object free from every subjective barrier, a pure state of self-activity without any admixture of passive sensations. There is indeed a way back to sensation from the highest abstraction; for thought teaches the inner sensation,

and the idea of logical or moral unity passes into a sensation of sensual accord. But if we delight in knowledge we separate very accurately our own conceptions from our sensations; we look upon the latter as something accidental, which might have been omitted without the knowledge being impaired thereby, without truth being less true. It would, however, be a vain attempt to suppress this connection of the faculty of feeling with the idea of beauty, consequently, we shall not succeed in representing to ourselves one as the effect of the other, but we must look upon them both together and reciprocally as cause and effect. In the pleasure which we derive from knowledge we readily distinguish the passage from the active to the passive state, and we clearly perceive that the first ends when the second begins. On the contrary, from the pleasure which we take in beauty, this transition from the active to the passive is not perceivable, and reflection is so intimately blended with feeling that we believe we feel the form immediately. Beauty is then an object to us, it is true, because reflection is the condition of the feeling which we have of it; but it is also a state of our personality (our Ego) because the feeling is the condition of the idea we conceive of it: beauty is therefore doubtless form, because we contemplate it, but it is equally life because we feel it. In a word, it is at once our state and our act. And precisely because it is at the same time both a state and an act, it triumphantly proves to us that the passive does not exclude the active, neither matter nor form, neither the finite nor the infinite; and that consequently the physical dependence to which man is necessarily devoted does not in any way destroy his moral liberty. This is the proof of beauty, and I ought to add that this alone can prove it. In fact, as in the possession of truth or of logical unity, feeling is not necessarily one with the thought, but follows it accidentally; it is a fact which only proves that a sensitive nature can succeed a rational nature, and vice versa; not that they co-exist, that they exercise a reciprocal action one over the other; and, lastly, that they ought to be united in an absolute and necessary manner. From this exclusion of feeling as long as there is thought, and of thought so long as there is feeling, we should on the contrary conclude that the two natures are incompatible, so that in order to demonstrate that pure reason is to be realized in humanity, the best proof given by the analysis is that this

realization is demanded. But, as in the realization of beauty or of aesthetic unity, there is a real union, mutual substitution of matter and of form, of passive and of active, by this alone is proved the compatibility of the two natures, the possible realization of the infinite in the finite, and consequently also the possibility of the most sublime humanity.

Henceforth we need no longer be embarrassed to find a transition from dependent feeling to moral liberty, because beauty reveals to us the fact that they can perfectly coexist, and that to show himself a spirit, man need not escape from matter. But if on one side he is free, even in his relation with a visible world, as the fact of beauty teaches, and if on the other side freedom is something absolute and supersensuous, as its idea necessarily implies, the question is no longer how man succeeds in raising himself from the finite to the absolute, and opposing himself in his thought and will to sensuality, as this has already been produced in the fact of beauty. In a word, we have no longer to ask how he passes from virtue to truth which is already included in the former, but how he opens a way for himself from vulgar reality to aesthetic reality, and from the ordinary feelings of life to the perception of the beautiful.

LETTER XXVI.

I have shown in the previous letters that it is only the aesthetic disposition of the soul that gives birth to liberty, it cannot therefore be derived from liberty nor have a moral origin. It must be a gift of nature; the favor of chance alone can break the bonds of the physical state and bring the savage to duty. The germ of the beautiful will find an equal difficulty in developing itself in countries where a severe nature forbids man to enjoy himself, and in those where a prodigal nature dispenses him from all effort; where the blunted senses experience no want, and where violent desire can never be satisfied. The delightful flower of the beautiful will never unfold itself in the case of the Troglodyte hid in his cavern always alone, and never finding humanity outside himself; nor among nomads, who, travelling in great troops, only consist of a multitude, and have no individual humanity. It will only flourish in places where man converses peacefully with himself in his cottage, and with the whole race when he issues from it. In those climates where a limpid ether opens the senses to the lightest impression, whilst a life-giving warmth develops a luxuriant nature, where even in the inanimate creation the sway of inert matter is overthrown, and the victorious form ennobles even the most abject natures; in this joyful state and fortunate zone, where activity alone leads to enjoyment, and enjoyment to activity, from life itself issues a holy harmony, and the laws of order develop life, a different result takes place. When imagination incessantly escapes from reality, and does not abandon the simplicity of nature in its wanderings: then and there only the mind and the senses, the receptive force and the plastic force, are developed in that happy equilibrium which is the soul of the beautiful and the

condition of humanity.

What phenomenon accompanies the initiation of the savage into humanity? However far we look back into history the phenomenon is identical among all people who have shaken off the slavery of the animal state: the love of appearance, the inclination for dress and for games.

Extreme stupidity and extreme intelligence have a certain affinity in only seeking the real and being completely insensible to mere appearance. The former is only drawn forth by the immediate presence of an object in the senses, and the second is reduced to a quiescent state only by referring conceptions to the facts of experience. In short, stupidity cannot rise above reality, nor the intelligence descend below truth. Thus, in as far as the want of reality and attachment to the real are only the consequence of a want and a defect, indifference to the real and an interest taken in appearances are a real enlargement of humanity and a decisive step towards culture. In the first place it is the proof of an exterior liberty, for as long as necessity commands and want solicits, the fancy is strictly chained down to the real: it is only when want is satisfied that it develops without hinderance. But it is also the proof of an internal liberty, because it reveals to us a force which, independent of an external substratum, sets itself in motion, and has sufficient energy to remove from itself the solicitations of nature. The reality of things is effected by things, the appearance of things is the work of man, and a soul that takes pleasure in appearance does not take pleasure in what it receives but in what it makes.

It is self-evident that I am speaking of aesthetical evidence different from reality and truth, and not of logical appearance identical with them. Therefore if it is liked it is because it is an appearance, and not because it is held to be something better than it is: the first principle alone is a play, whilst the second is a deception. To give a value to the appearance of the first kind can never injure truth, because it is never to be feared that it will supplant it—the only way in which truth can be injured. To despise this appearance is to despise in general all the fine arts of which it is the essence. Nevertheless, it happens sometimes that

the understanding carries its zeal for reality as far as this intolerance, and strikes with a sentence of ostracism all the arts relating to beauty in appearance, because it is only an appearance. However, the intelligence only shows this vigorous spirit when it calls to mind the affinity pointed out further back. I shall find some day the occasion to treat specially of the limits of beauty in its appearance.

It is nature herself which raises man from reality to appearance by endowing him with two senses which only lead him to the knowledge of the real through appearance. In the eye and the ear the organs of the senses are already freed from the persecutions of nature, and the object with which we are immediately in contact through the animal senses is remoter from us. What we see by the eye differs from what we feel; for the understanding to reach objects overleaps the light which separates us from them. In truth, we are passive to an object: in sight and hearing the object is a form we create. While still a savage, man only enjoys through touch merely aided by sight and sound. He either does not rise to perception through sight, or does not rest there. As soon as he begins to enjoy through sight, vision has an independent value, he is aesthetically free, and the instinct of play is developed.

The instinct of play likes appearance, and directly it is awakened it is followed by the formal imitative instinct which treats appearance as an independent thing. Directly man has come to distinguish the appearance from the reality, the form from the body, he can separate, in fact he has already done so. Thus the faculty of the art of imitation is given with the faculty of form in general. The inclination that draws us to it reposes on another tendency I have not to notice here. The exact period when the aesthetic instinct, or that of art, develops, depends entirely on the attraction that mere appearance has for men.

As every real existence proceeds from nature as a foreign power, whilst every appearance comes in the first place from man as a percipient subject, he only uses his absolute sight in separating semblance from essence, and arranging according to subjective law. With an unbridled liberty he can unite what nature has severed, provided he can imagine his union, and he can separate what nature

has united, provided this separation can take place in his intelligence. Here nothing can be sacred to him but his own law: the only condition imposed upon him is to respect the border which separates his own sphere from the existence of things or from the realm of nature.

This human right of ruling is exercised by man in the art of appearance; and his success in extending the empire of the beautiful, and guarding the frontiers of truth, will be in proportion with the strictness with which he separates form from substance: for if he frees appearance from reality, he must also do the converse.

But man possesses sovereign power only in the world of appearance, in the unsubstantial realm of imagination, only by abstaining from giving being to appearance in theory, and by giving it being in practice. It follows that the poet transgresses his proper limits when he attributes being to his ideal, and when he gives this ideal aim as a determined existence. For he can only reach this result by exceeding his right as a poet, that of encroaching by the ideal on the field of experience, and by pretending to determine real existence in virtue of a simple possibility, or else he renounces his right as a poet by letting experience encroach on the sphere of the ideal, and by restricting possibility to the conditions of reality.

It is only by being frank or disclaiming all reality, and by being independent or doing without reality, that the appearance is aesthetical. Directly it apes reality or needs reality for effect, it is nothing more than a vile instrument for material ends, and can prove nothing for the freedom of the mind. Moreover, the object in which we find beauty need not be unreal if our judgment disregards this reality; for if it regards this the judgment is no longer aesthetical. A beautiful woman, if living, would no doubt please us as much and rather more than an equally beautiful woman seen in painting; but what makes the former please men is not her being an independent appearance; she no longer pleases the pure aesthetic feeling. In the painting, life must only attract as an appearance, and reality as an idea. But it is certain that to feel in a living object only the pure appearance requires a greatly higher aesthetic culture than to do without life in the

appearance.

When the frank and independent appearance is found in man separately, or in a whole people, it may be inferred they have mind, taste, and all prerogatives connected with them. In this case the ideal will be seen to govern real life, honor triumphing over fortune, thought over enjoyment, the dream of immortality over a transitory existence.

In this case public opinion will no longer be feared, and an olive crown will be more valued than a purple mantle. Impotence and perversity alone have recourse to false and paltry semblance, and individuals as well as nations who lend to reality the support of appearance, or to the aesthetic appearance the support of reality, show their moral unworthiness and their aesthetical impotence. Therefore, a short and conclusive answer can be given to this question—how far will appearance be permitted in the moral world? It will run thus in proportion as this appearance will be aesthetical, that is, an appearance that does not try to make up for reality, nor requires to be made up for by it. The aesthetical appearance can never endanger the truth of morals: wherever it seems to do so the appearance is not aesthetical. Only a stranger to the fashionable world can take the polite assurances, which are only a form, for proofs of affection, and say he has been deceived; but only a clumsy fellow in good society calls in the aid of duplicity and flatters to become amiable. The former lacks the pure sense for independent appearance; therefore he can only give a value to appearance by truth. The second lacks reality, and wishes to replace it by appearance. Nothing is more common than to hear depreciators of the times utter these paltry complaints—that all solidity has disappeared from the world, and that essence is neglected for semblance. Though I feel by no means called upon to defend this age against these reproaches, I must say that the wide application of these criticisms shows that they attach blame to the age, not only on the score of the false, but also of the frank appearance. And even the exceptions they admit in favor of the beautiful have for their object less the independent appearance than the needy appearance. Not only do they attack the artificial coloring that hides

truth and replaces reality, but also the beneficent appearance that fills a vacuum and clothes poverty; and they even attack the ideal appearance that ennobles a vulgar reality. Their strict sense of truth is rightly offended by the falsity of manners; unfortunately, they class politeness in this category. It displeases them that the noisy and showy so often eclipse true merit, but they are no less shocked that appearance is also demanded from merit, and that a real substance does not dispense with an agreeable form. They regret the cordiality, the energy, and solidity of ancient times; they would restore with them ancient coarseness, heaviness, and the old Gothic profusion. By judgments of this kind they show an esteem for the matter itself unworthy of humanity, which ought only to value the matter inasmuch as it can receive a form and enlarge the empire of ideas. Accordingly, the taste of the age need not much fear these criticisms if it can clear itself before better judges. Our defect is not to grant a value to aesthetic appearance (we do not do this enough): a severe judge of the beautiful might rather reproach us with not having arrived at pure appearance, with not having separated clearly enough existence from the phenomenon, and thus established their limits. We shall deserve this reproach so long as we cannot enjoy the beautiful in living nature without desiring it; as long as we cannot admire the beautiful in the imitative arts without having an end in view; as long as we do not grant to imagination an absolute legislation of its own; and as long as we do not inspire it with care for its dignity by the esteem we testify for its works.

LETTER XXVII.

Do not fear for reality and truth. Even if the elevated idea of aesthetic appearance become general, it would not become so, as long as man remains so little cultivated as to abuse it; and if it became general, this would result from a culture that would prevent all abuse of it. The pursuit of independent appearance requires more power of abstraction, freedom of heart, and energy of will than man requires to shut himself up in reality; and he must have left the latter behind him if he wishes to attain to aesthetic appearance. Therefore, a man would calculate very badly who took the road of the ideal to save himself that of reality. Thus, reality would not have much to fear from appearance, as we understand it; but, on the other hand, appearance would have more to fear from reality. Chained to matter, man uses appearance for his purposes before he allows it a proper personality in the art of the ideal: to come to that point a complete revolution must take place in his mode of feeling, otherwise, he would not be even on the way to the ideal. Consequently, when we find in man the signs of a pure and disinterested esteem, we can infer that this revolution has taken place in his nature, and that humanity has really begun in him. Signs of this kind are found even in the first and rude attempts that he makes to embellish his existence, even at the risk of making it worse in its material conditions. As soon as he begins to prefer form to substance and to risk reality for appearance (known by him to be such), the barriers of animal life fall, and he finds himself on a track that has no end.

Not satisfied with the needs of nature, he demands the superfluous. First, only the superfluous of matter, to secure his enjoyment beyond the present necessity;

but afterward; he wishes a superabundance in matter, an aesthetical supplement to satisfy the impulse for the formal, to extend enjoyment beyond necessity. By piling up provisions simply for a future use, and anticipating their enjoyment in the imagination, he outsteps the limits of the present moment, but not those of time in general. He enjoys more; he does not enjoy differently. But as soon as he makes form enter into his enjoyment, and he keeps in view the forms of the objects which satisfy his desires, he has not only increased his pleasure in extent and intensity, but he has also ennobled it in mode and species.

No doubt nature has given more than is necessary to unreasoning beings; she has caused a gleam of freedom to shine even in the darkness of animal life. When the lion is not tormented by hunger, and when no wild beast challenges him to fight, his unemployed energy creates an object for himself; full of ardor, he fills the re-echoing desert with his terrible roars, and his exuberant force rejoices in itself, showing itself without an object. The insect flits about rejoicing in life in the sunlight, and it is certainly not the cry of want that makes itself heard in the melodious song of the bird; there is undeniably freedom in these movements, though it is not emancipation from want in general, but from a determinate external necessity.

The animal works, when a privation is the motor of its activity, and it plays when the plenitude of force is this motor, when an exuberant life is excited to action. Even in inanimate nature a luxury of strength and a latitude of determination are shown, which in this material sense might be styled play. The tree produces numberless germs that are abortive without developing, and it sends forth more roots, branches, and leaves, organs of nutrition, than are used for the preservation of the species. Whatever this tree restores to the elements of its exuberant life, without using it or enjoying it, may be expended by life in free and joyful movements. It is thus that nature offers in her material sphere a sort of prelude to the limitless, and that even there she suppresses partially the chains from which she will be completely emancipated in the realm of form. The constraint of superabundance or physical play answers as a transition from the

constraint of necessity, or of physical seriousness, to aesthetical play; and before shaking off, in the supreme freedom of the beautiful, the yoke of any special aim, nature already approaches, at least remotely, this independence, by the free movement which is itself its own end and means.

The imagination, like the bodily organs, has in man its free movement and its material play, a play in which, without any reference to form, it simply takes pleasure in its arbitrary power and in the absence of all hinderance. These plays of fancy, inasmuch as form is not mixed up with them, and because a free succession of images makes all their charm, though confined to man, belong exclusively to animal life, and only prove one thing—that he is delivered from all external sensuous constraint without our being entitled to infer that there is in it an independent plastic force.

From this play of free association of ideas, which is still quite material in nature and is explained by simple natural laws, the imagination, by making the attempt of creating a free form, passes at length at a jump to the aesthetic play: I say at one leap, for quite a new force enters into action here; for here, for the first time, the legislative mind is mixed with the acts of a blind instinct, subjects the arbitrary march of the imagination to its eternal and immutable unity, causes its independent permanence to enter in that which is transitory, and its infinity in the sensuous. Nevertheless, as long as rude nature, which knows of no other law than running incessantly from change to change, will yet retain too much strength, it will oppose itself by its different caprices to this necessity; by its agitation to this permanence; by its manifold needs to this independence, and by its insatiability to this sublime simplicity. It will be also troublesome to recognize the instinct of play in its first trials, seeing that the sensuous impulsion, with its capricious humor and its violent appetites, constantly crosses. It is on that account that we see the taste, still coarse, seize that which is new and startling, the disordered, the adventurous and the strange, the violent and the savage, and fly from nothing so much as from calm and simplicity. It invents grotesque figures, it likes rapid transitions, luxurious forms, sharply-marked

changes, acute tones, a pathetic song. That which man calls beautiful at this time is that which excites him, that which gives him matter; but that which excites him to give his personality to the object, that which gives matter to a possible plastic operation, for otherwise it would not be the beautiful for him. A remarkable change has therefore taken place in the form of his judgments; he searches for these objects, not because they affect him, but because they furnish him with the occasion of acting; they please him, not because they answer to a want, but because they satisfy a law which speaks in his breast, although quite low as yet.

Soon it will not be sufficient for things to please him; he will wish to please: in the first place, it is true, only by that which belongs to him; afterwards by that which he is. That which he possesses, that which he produces, ought not merely to bear any more the traces of servitude, nor to mark out the end, simply and scrupulously, by the form. Independently of the use to which it is destined, the object ought also to reflect the enlightened intelligence which imagines it, the hand which shaped it with affection, the mind free and serene which chose it and exposed it to view. Now, the ancient German searches for more magnificent furs, for more splendid antlers of the stag, for more elegant drinking-horns; and the Caledonian chooses the prettiest shells for his festivals. The arms themselves ought to be no longer only objects of terror, but also of pleasure; and the skilfully-worked scabbard will not attract less attention than the homicidal edge of the sword. The instinct of play, not satisfied with bringing into the sphere of the necessary an aesthetic superabundance for the future more free, is at last completely emancipated from the bonds of duty, and the beautiful becomes of itself an object of man's exertions. He adorns himself. The free pleasure comes to take a place among his wants, and the useless soon becomes the best part of his joys. Form, which from the outside gradually approaches him, in his dwelling, his furniture, his clothing, begins at last to take possession of the man himself, to transform him, at first exteriorly, and afterwards in the interior. The disordered leaps of joy become the dance, the formless gesture is changed into an amiable and harmonious pantomime, the confused accents of feeling are

developed, and begin to obey measures and adapt themselves to song. When, like the flight of cranes, the Trojan army rushes on to the field of battle with thrilling cries, the Greek army approaches in silence and with a noble and measured step. On the one side we see but the exuberance of a blind force, on the other the triumph of form, and the simple majesty of law.

Now, a nobler necessity binds the two sexes mutually, and the interests of the heart contribute in rendering durable an alliance which was at first capricious and changing like the desire that knits it. Delivered from the heavy fetters of desire, the eye, now calmer, attends to the form, the soul contemplates the soul, and the interested exchange of pleasure becomes a generous exchange of mutual inclination. Desire enlarges and rises to love, in proportion as it sees humanity dawn in its object; and, despising the vile triumphs gained by the senses, man tries to win a nobler victory over the will. The necessity of pleasing subjects the powerful nature to the gentle laws of taste; pleasure may be stolen, but love must be a gift. To obtain this higher recompense, it is only through the form and not through matter that it can carry on the contest. It must cease to act on feeling as a force, to appear in the intelligence as a simple phenomenon; it must respect liberty, as it is liberty it wishes to please. The beautiful reconciles the contrast of different natures in its simplest and purest expression. It also reconciles the eternal contrast of the two sexes in the whole complex framework of society, or at all events it seeks to do so; and, taking as its model the free alliance it has knit between manly strength and womanly gentleness, it strives to place in harmony, in the moral world, all the elements of gentleness and of violence. Now, at length, weakness becomes sacred, and an unbridled strength disgraces; the injustice of nature is corrected by the generosity of chivalrous manners. The being whom no power can make tremble, is disarmed by the amiable blush of modesty, and tears extinguish a vengeance that blood could not have quenched. Hatred itself hears the delicate voice of honor, the conqueror's sword spares the disarmed enemy, and a hospitable hearth smokes for the stranger on the dreaded hillside where murder alone awaited him before.

In the midst of the formidable realm of forces, and of the sacred empire of laws, the aesthetic impulse of form creates by degrees a third and a joyous realm, that of play and of the appearance, where she emancipates man from fetters, in all his relations, and from all that is named constraint, whether physical or moral.

If in the dynamic state of rights men mutually move and come into collision as forces, in the moral (ethical) state of duties, man opposes to man the majesty of the laws, and chains down his will. In this realm of the beautiful or the aesthetic state, man ought to appear to man only as a form, and an object of free play. To give freedom through freedom is the fundamental law of this realm.

The dynamic state can only make society simple possibly by subduing nature through nature; the moral (ethical) state can only make it morally necessary by submitting the will of the individual to the general will.

The aesthetic state alone can make it real, because it carries out the will of all through the nature of the individual. If necessity alone forces man to enter into society, and if his reason engraves on his soul social principles, it is beauty only that can give him a social character; taste alone brings harmony into society, because it creates harmony in the individual. All other forms of perception divide the man, because they are based exclusively either in the sensuous or in the spiritual part of his being. It is only the perception of beauty that makes of him an entirety, because it demands the co-operation of his two natures. All other forms of communication divide society, because they apply exclusively either to the receptivity or to the private activity of its members, and therefore to what distinguishes men one from the other. The aesthetic communication alone unites society because it applies to what is common to all its members. We only enjoy the pleasures of sense as individuals, without the nature of the race in us sharing in it; accordingly, we cannot generalize our individual pleasures, because we cannot generalize our individuality. We enjoy the pleasures of knowledge as a race, dropping the individual in our judgment; but we cannot generalize the pleasures of the understanding, because we cannot eliminate individuality from the judgments of others as we do from our own. Beauty alone can we enjoy both

as individuals and as a race, that is, as representing a race. Good appertaining to sense can only make one person happy, because it is founded on inclination, which is always exclusive; and it can only make a man partially happy, because his real personality does not share in it. Absolute good can only render a man happy conditionally, for truth is only the reward of abnegation, and a pure heart alone has faith in a pure will. Beauty alone confers happiness on all, and under its influence every being forgets that he is limited.

Taste does not suffer any superior or absolute authority, and the sway of beauty is extended over appearance. It extends up to the seat of reason's supremacy, suppressing all that is material. It extends down to where sensuous impulse rules with blind compulsion, and form is undeveloped. Taste ever maintains its power on these remote borders, where legislation is taken from it. Particular desires must renounce their egotism, and the agreeable, otherwise tempting the senses, must in matters of taste adorn the mind with the attractions of grace.

Duty and stern necessity must change their forbidding tone, only excused by resistance, and do homage to nature by a nobler trust in her. Taste leads our knowledge from the mysteries of science into the open expanse of common sense, and changes a narrow scholasticism into the common property of the human race. Here the highest genius must leave its particular elevation, and make itself familiar to the comprehension even of a child. Strength must let the Graces bind it, and the arbitrary lion must yield to the reins of love. For this purpose taste throws a veil over physical necessity, offending a free mind by its coarse nudity, and dissimulating our degrading parentage with matter by a delightful illusion of freedom. Mercenary art itself rises from the dust; and the bondage of the bodily, at its magic touch, falls off from the inanimate and animate. In the aesthetic state the most slavish tool is a free citizen, having the same rights as the noblest; and the intellect which shapes the mass to its intent must consult it concerning its destination. Consequently, in the realm of aesthetic appearance, the idea of equality is realized, which the political zealot

would gladly see carried out socially. It has often been said that perfect politeness is only found near a throne. If thus restricted in the material, man has, as elsewhere appears, to find compensation in the ideal world.

Does such a state of beauty in appearance exist, and where? It must be in every finely-harmonized soul; but as a fact, only in select circles, like the pure ideal of the church and state—in circles where manners are not formed by the empty imitations of the foreign, but by the very beauty of nature; where man passes through all sorts of complications in all simplicity and innocence, neither forced to trench on another's freedom to preserve his own, nor to show grace at the cost of dignity.

AESTHETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MORAL UTILITY OF AESTHETIC MANNERS.

The author of the article which appeared in the eleventh number of "The Hours," of 1795, upon "The Danger of Aesthetic Manners," was right to hold as doubtful a morality founded only on a feeling for the beautiful, and which has no other warrant than taste; but it is evident that a strong and pure feeling for the beautiful ought to exercise a salutary influence upon the moral life; and this is the question of which I am about to treat.

When I attribute to taste the merit of contributing to moral progress, it is not in the least my intention to pretend that the interest that good taste takes in an action suffices to make an action moral; morality could never have any other foundation than her own. Taste can be favorable to morality in the conduct, as I hope to point out in the present essay; but alone, and by its unaided influence, it could never produce anything moral.

It is absolutely the same with respect to internal liberty as with external physical liberty. I act freely in a physical sense only when, independently of all external influence, I simply obey my will. But for the possibility of thus obeying without hinderance my own will, it is probable, ultimately, that I am indebted to a principle beyond or distinct from myself immediately it is admitted that this principle would hamper my will. The same also with regard to the possibility of accomplishing such action in conformity with duty—it may be that I owe it, ultimately, to a principle distinct from my reason; that is possible, the moment the idea of this principle is recognized as a force which could have constrained

my independence. Thus the same as we can say of a man, that he holds his liberty from another man, although liberty in its proper sense consists in not being forced to be regulated by another—in like manner we can also say that taste here obeys virtue, although virtue herself expressly carries this idea, that in the practice of virtue she makes use of no other foreign help. An action does not in any degree cease to be free, because he who could hamper its accomplishment should fortunately abstain from putting any obstacle in the way; it suffices to know that this agent has been moved by his own will without any consideration of another will. In the same way, an action of the moral order does not lose its right to be qualified as a moral action, because the temptations which might have turned it in another direction did not present themselves; it suffices to admit that the agent obeyed solely the decree of his reason to the exclusion of all foreign springs of action. The liberty of an external act is established as soon as it directly proceeds from the will of a person; the morality of an interior action is established from the moment that the will of the agent is at once determined to it by the laws of reason.

It may be rendered easier or more difficult to act as free men according as we meet or not in our path forces adverse to our will that must be overcome. In this sense liberty is more or less susceptible. It is greater, or at least more visible, when we enable it to prevail over the opposing forces, however energetic their opposition; but it is not suspended because our will should have met with no resistance, or that a foreign succor coming to our aid should have destroyed this resistance, without any help from ourselves.

The same with respect to morality; we might have more or less resistance to offer in order on the instant to obey our reason, according as it awakens or not in us those instincts which struggle against its precepts, and which must be put aside. In this sense morality is susceptible of more or of less. Our morality is greater, or at least more in relief, when we immediately obey reason, however powerful the instincts are which push us in a contrary direction; but it is not suspended because we have had no temptation to disobey, or that this force had

been paralyzed by some other force other than our will. We are incited to an action solely because it is moral, without previously asking ourselves if it is the most agreeable. It is enough that such an action is morally good, and it would preserve this character even if there were cause to believe that we should have acted differently if the action had cost us any trouble, or had deprived us of a pleasure.

It can be admitted, for the honor of humanity, that no man could fall so low as to prefer evil solely because it is evil, but rather that every man, without exception, would prefer the good because it is the good, if by some accidental circumstance the good did not exclude the agreeable, or did not entail trouble. Thus in reality all moral action seems to have no other principle than a conflict between the good and the agreeable; or, that which comes to the same thing, between desire and reason; the force of our sensuous instincts on one side, and, on the other side, the feebleness of will, the moral faculty: such apparently is the source of all our faults.

There may be, therefore, two different ways of favoring morality, the same as there are two kinds of obstacles which thwart it: either we must strengthen the side of reason, and the power of the good will, so that no temptation can overcome it; or we must break the force of temptation, in order that the reason and the will, although feebler, should yet be in a state to surmount it.

It might be said, without doubt, that true morality gains little by this second proceeding, because it happens without any modification of the will, and yet that it is the nature of the will that alone give to actions their moral character. But I say also, in the case in question, a change of will is not at all necessary; because we do not suppose a bad will which should require to be changed, but only a will turned to good, but which is feeble. Therefore, this will, inclined to good, but too feeble, does not fail to attain by this route to good actions, which might not have happened if a stronger impulsion had drawn it in a contrary sense. But every time that a strong will towards good becomes the principle of an action, we are really in presence of a moral action. I have therefore no scruple in advancing this

proposition—that all which neutralizes the resistance offered to the law of duty really favors morality.

Morality has within us a natural enemy, the sensuous instinct; this, as soon as some object solicits its desires, aspires at once to gratify it, and, as soon as reason requires from it anything repugnant, it does not fail to rebel against its precepts. This sensuous instinct is constantly occupied in gaining the will on its side. The will is nevertheless under the jurisdiction of the moral law, and it is under an obligation never to be in contradiction with that which reason demands.

But the sensuous instinct does not recognize the moral law; it wishes to enjoy its object and to induce the will to realize it also, notwithstanding what the reason may advance. This tendency of the faculty of our appetites, of immediately directing the will without troubling itself about superior laws, is perpetually in conflict with our moral destination, and it is the most powerful adversary that man has to combat in his moral conduct. The coarse soul, without either moral or aesthetic education, receives directly the law of appetite, and acts only according to the good pleasure of the senses. The moral soul, but which wants aesthetic culture, receives in a direct manner the law of reason, and it is only out of respect for duty that it triumphs over temptation. In the purified aesthetic soul, there is moreover another motive, another force, which frequently takes the place of virtue when virtue is absent, and which renders it easier when it is present—that is, taste.

Taste demands of us moderation and dignity; it has a horror of everything sharp, hard and violent; it likes all that shapes itself with ease and harmony. To listen to the voice of reason amidst the tempest of the senses, and to know where to place a limit to nature in its most brutified explosions, is, as we are aware, required by good breeding, which is no other than an aesthetic law; this is required of every civilized man. Well, then, this constraint imposed upon civilized man in the expression of his feelings, confers upon him already a certain degree of authority over them, or at least develops in him a certain aptitude to rise above the purely passive state of the soul, to interrupt this state

by an initiative act, and to stop by reflection the petulance of the feelings, ever ready to pass from affections to acts. Therefore everything that interrupts the blind impetuosity of these movements of the affections does not as yet, however, produce, I own, a virtue (for virtue ought never to have any other active principle than itself), but that at least opens the road to the will, in order to turn it on the side of virtue. Still, this victory of taste over brutish affections is by no means a moral action, and the freedom which the will acquires by the intervention of taste is as yet in no way a moral liberty. Taste delivers the soul from the yoke of instinct, only to impose upon it chains of its own; and in discerning the first enemy, the declared enemy of moral liberty, it remains itself, too often, as a second enemy, perhaps even the more dangerous as it assumes the aspect of a friend. Taste effectively governs the soul itself only by the attraction of pleasure; it is true of a nobler type, because its principle is reason, but still as long as the will is determined by pleasure there is not yet morality.

Notwithstanding this, a great point is gained already by the intervention of taste in the operations of the will. All those material inclinations and brutal appetites, which oppose with so much obstinacy and vehemence the practice of good, the soul is freed from through the aesthetic taste; and in their place, it implants in us nobler and gentler inclinations, which draw nearer to order, to harmony, and to perfection; and although these inclinations are not by themselves virtues, they have at least something in common with virtue; it is their object. Thenceforth, if it is the appetite that speaks, it will have to undergo a rigorous control before the sense of the beautiful; if it is the reason which speaks, and which commands in its acts conformity with order, harmony, and perfection, not only will it no longer meet with an adversary on the side of inclination, but it will find the most active competition. If we survey all the forms under which morality can be produced, we shall see that all these forms can be reduced to two; either it is sensuous nature which moves the soul either to do this thing or not to do the other, and the will finally decides after the law of the reason; or it is the reason itself which impels the motion, and the will obeys it without seeking counsel of the senses.

The Greek princess, Anna Comnena, speaks of a rebel prisoner, whom her father Alexis, then a simple general of his predecessor, had been charged to conduct to Constantinople. During the journey, as they were riding side by side, Alexis desired to halt under the shade of a tree to refresh himself during the great heat of the day. It was not long before he fell asleep, whilst his companion, who felt no inclination to repose with the fear of death awaiting him before his eyes, remained awake. Alexis slumbered profoundly, with his sword hanging upon a branch above his head; the prisoner perceived the sword, and immediately conceived the idea of killing his guardian and thus of regaining his freedom. Anna Comnena gives us to understand that she knows not what might have been the result had not Alexis fortunately awoke at that instant. In this there is a moral of the highest kind, in which the sensuous instinct first raised its voice, and of which the reason had only afterwards taken cognizance in quality of judge. But suppose that the prisoner had triumphed over the temptation only out of respect for justice, there could be no doubt the action would have been a moral action.

When the late Duke Leopold of Brunswick, standing upon the banks of the raging waters of the Oder, asked himself if at the peril of his life he ought to venture into the impetuous flood in order to save some unfortunates who without his aid were sure to perish; and when—I suppose a case—simply under the influence of duty, he throws himself into the boat into which none other dares to enter, no one will contest doubtless that he acted morally. The duke was here in a contrary position to that of the preceding one. The idea of duty, in this circumstance, was the first which presented itself, and afterwards only the instinct of self-preservation was roused to oppose itself to that prescribed by reason, But in both cases the will acted in the same way; it obeyed unhesitatingly the reason, yet both of them are moral actions.

But would the action have continued moral in both cases, if we suppose the aesthetic taste to have taken part in it? For example, suppose that the first, who was tempted to commit a bad action, and who gave it up from respect for justice, had the taste sufficiently cultivated to feel an invincible horror aroused in him

against all disgraceful or violent action, the aesthetic sense alone will suffice to turn him from it; there is no longer any deliberation before the moral tribunal, before the conscience; another motive, another jurisdiction has already pronounced. But the aesthetic sense governs the will by the feeling and not by laws. Thus this man refuses to enjoy the agreeable sensation of a life saved, because he cannot support his odious feelings of having committed a baseness. Therefore all, in this, took place before the feelings alone, and the conduct of this man, although in conformity with the law, is morally indifferent; it is simply a fine effect of nature.

Now let us suppose that the second, he to whom his reason prescribed to do a thing against which natural instinct protested; suppose that this man had to the same extent a susceptibility for the beautiful, so that all which is great and perfect enraptured him; at the same moment, when reason gave the order, the feelings would place themselves on the same side, and he would do willingly that which without the inclination for the beautiful he would have had to do contrary to inclination. But would this be a reason for us to find it less perfect? Assuredly not, because in principle it acts out of pure respect for the prescriptions of reason; and if it follows these injunctions with joy, that can take nothing away from the moral purity of the act. Thus, this man will be quite as perfect in the moral sense; and, on the contrary, he will be incomparably more perfect in the physical sense, because he is infinitely more capable of making a virtuous subject.

Thus, taste gives a direction to the soul which disposes it to virtue, in keeping away such inclinations as are contrary to it, and in rousing those which are favorable. Taste could not injure true virtue, although in every case where natural instinct speaks first, taste commences by deciding for its chief that which conscience otherwise ought to have known; in consequence it is the cause that, amongst the actions of those whom it governs, there are many more actions morally indifferent than actions truly moral. It thus happens that the excellency of the man does not consist in the least degree in producing a larger sum of

vigorously moral particular actions, but by evincing as a whole a greater conformity of all his natural dispositions with the moral law; and it is not a thing to give people a very high idea of their country or of their age to hear morality so often spoken of and particular acts boasted of as traits of virtue. Let us hope that the day when civilization shall have consummated its work (if we can realize this term in the mind) there will no longer be any question of this. But, on the other side, taste can become of possible utility to true virtue, in all cases when, the first instigations issuing from reason, its voice incurs the risk of being stifled by the more powerful solicitations of natural instinct. Thus, taste determines our feelings to take the part of duty, and in this manner renders a mediocre moral force of will sufficient for the practice of virtue.

In this light, if the taste never injures true morality, and if in many cases it is of evident use—and this circumstance is very important—then it is supremely favorable to the legality of our conduct. Suppose that aesthetic education contributes in no degree to the improvement of our feelings, at least it renders us better able to act, although without true moral disposition, as we should have acted if our soul had been truly moral. Therefore, it is quite true that, before the tribunal of the conscience, our acts have absolutely no importance but as the expression of our feelings: but it is precisely the contrary in the physical order and in the plan of nature: there it is no longer our sentiments that are of importance; they are only important so far as they give occasion to acts which conduce to the aims of nature. But the physical order which is governed by forces, and the moral order which governs itself by laws, are so exactly made one for the other, and are so intimately blended, that the actions which are by their form morally suitable, necessarily contain also a physical suitability; and as the entire edifice of nature seems to exist only to render possible the highest of all aims, which is the good, in the same manner the good can in its turn be employed as the means of preserving the edifice. Thus, the natural order has been rendered dependent upon the morality of our souls, and we cannot go against the moral laws of the world without at the same time provoking a perturbation in the physical world.

If, then, it is impossible to expect that human nature, as long as it is only human nature, should act without interruption or feebleness, uniformly and constantly as pure reason, and that it never offend the laws of moral order; if fully persuaded, as we are, both of the necessity and the possibility of pure virtue, we are forced to avow how subject to accident is the exercise of it, and how little we ought to reckon upon the steadfastness of our best principles; if with this conviction of human fragility we bear in mind that each of the infractions of the moral law attacks the edifice of nature, if we recall all these considerations to our memory, it would be assuredly the most criminal boldness to place the interests of the entire world at the mercy of the uncertainty of our virtue. Let us rather draw from it the following conclusion, that it is for us an obligation to satisfy at the very least the physical order by the object of our acts, even when we do not satisfy the exigencies of the moral order by the form of these acts; to pay, at least, as perfect instruments the aims of nature, that which we owe as imperfect persons to reason, in order not to appear shamefaced before both tribunals. For if we refused to make any effort to conform our acts to it because simple legality is without moral merit, the order of the world might in the meanwhile be dissolved, and before we had succeeded in establishing our principles all the links of society might be broken. No, the more our morality is subjected to chance, the more is it necessary to take measures in order to assure its legality; to neglect, either from levity or pride, this legality is a fault for which we shall have to answer before morality. When a maniac believes himself threatened with a fit of madness, he leaves no knife within reach of his hands, and he puts himself under constraint, in order to avoid responsibility in a state of sanity for the crimes which his troubled brain might lead him to commit. In a similar manner it is an obligation for us to seek the salutary bonds which religion and the aesthetic laws present to us, in order that during the crisis when our passion is dominant it shall not injure the physical order.

It is not unintentionally that I have placed religion and taste in one and the same class; the reason is that both one and the other have the merit, similar in effect, although dissimilar in principle and in value, to take the place of virtue

properly so called, and to assure legality where there is no possibility to hope for morality. Doubtless that would hold an incontestably higher rank in the order of pure spirits, as they would need neither the attraction of the beautiful nor the perspective of eternal life, to conform on every occasion to the demands of reason; but we know man is short-sighted, and his feebleness forces the most rigid moralist to temper in some degree the rigidity of his system in practice, although he will yield nothing in theory; it obliges him, in order to insure the welfare of the human race, which would be ill protected by a virtue subjected to chance, to have further recourse to two strong anchors—those of religion and taste.

ON THE SUBLIME.

"Man is never obliged to say, I must—must," says the Jew Nathan [Lessing's play, "Nathan the Wise," act i. scene 3.] to the dervish; and this expression is true in a wider sense than man might be tempted to suppose. The will is the specific character of man, and reason itself is only the eternal rule of his will. All nature acts reasonably; all our prerogative is to act reasonably, with consciousness and with will. All other objects obey necessity; man is the being who wills.

It is exactly for this reason that there is nothing more inconsistent with the dignity of man than to suffer violence, for violence effaces him. He who does violence to us disputes nothing less than our humanity; he who submits in a cowardly spirit to the violence abdicates his quality of man. But this pretension to remain absolutely free from all that is violence seems to imply a being in possession of a force sufficiently great to keep off all other forces. But if this pretension is found in a being who, in the order of forces, cannot claim the first rank, the result is an unfortunate contradiction between his instinct and his power.

Man is precisely in this case. Surrounded by numberless forces, which are all superior to him and hold sway over him, he aspires by his nature not to have to suffer any injury at their hands. It is true that by his intelligence he adds artificially to his natural forces, and that up to a certain point he actually succeeds in reigning physically over everything that is physical. The proverb says, "there is a remedy for everything except death;" but this exception, if it is

one in the strictest acceptation of the term, would suffice to entirely ruin the very idea of our nature. Never will man be the cause that wills, if there is a case, a single case, in which, with or without his consent, he is forced to what he does not wish. This single terrible exception, to be or to do what is necessary and not what he wishes, this idea will pursue him as a phantom; and as we see in fact among the greater part of men, it will give him up a prey to the blind terrors of imagination. His boasted liberty is nothing, if there is a single point where he is under constraint and bound. It is education that must give back liberty to man, and help him to complete the whole idea of his nature. It ought, therefore, to make him capable of making his will prevail, for, I repeat it, man is the being who wills.

It is possible to reach this end in two ways: either really, by opposing force to force, by commanding nature, as nature yourself; or by the idea, issuing from nature, and by thus destroying in relation to self the very idea of violence. All that helps man really to hold sway over nature is what is styled physical education. Man cultivates his understanding and develops his physical force, either to convert the forces of nature, according to their proper laws, into the instruments of his will, or to secure himself against their effects when he cannot direct them. But the forces of nature can only be directed or turned aside up to a certain point; beyond that point they withdraw from the influence of man and place him under theirs.

Thus beyond the point in question his freedom would be lost, were he only susceptible of physical education. But he must be man in the full sense of the term, and consequently he must have nothing to endure, in any case, contrary to his will. Accordingly, when he can no longer oppose to the physical forces any proportional physical force, only one resource remains to him to avoid suffering any violence: that is, to cause to cease entirely that relation which is so fatal to him. It is, in short, to annihilate as an idea the violence he is obliged to suffer in fact. The education that fits man for this is called moral education.

The man fashioned by moral education, and he only, is entirely free. He is

either superior to nature as a power, or he is in harmony with her. None of the actions that she brings to bear upon him is violence, for before reaching him it has become an act of his own will, and dynamic nature could never touch him, because he spontaneously keeps away from all to which she can reach. But to attain to this state of mind, which morality designates as resignation to necessary things, and religion styles absolute submission to the counsels of Providence, to reach this by an effort of his free will and with reflection, a certain clearness is required in thought, and a certain energy in the will, superior to what man commonly possesses in active life. Happily for him, man finds here not only in his rational nature a moral aptitude that can be developed by the understanding, but also in his reasonable and sensible nature—that is, in his human nature—an aesthetic tendency which seems to have been placed there expressly: a faculty awakens of itself in the presence of certain sensuous objects, and which, after our feelings are purified, can be cultivated to such a point as to become a powerful ideal development. This aptitude, I grant, is idealistic in its principle and in its essence, but one which even the realist allows to be seen clearly enough in his conduct, though he does not acknowledge this in theory. I am now about to discuss this faculty.

I admit that the sense of the beautiful, when it is developed by culture, suffices of itself even to make us, in a certain sense, independent of nature as far as it is a force. A mind that has ennobled itself sufficiently to be more sensible of the form than of the matter of things, contains in itself a plenitude of existence that nothing could make it lose, especially as it does not trouble itself about the possession of the things in question, and finds a very liberal pleasure in the mere contemplation of the phenomenon. As this mind has no want to appropriate the objects in the midst of which it lives, it has no fear of being deprived of them. But it is nevertheless necessary that these phenomena should have a body, through which they manifest themselves; and, consequently, as long as we feel the want even only of finding a beautiful appearance or a beautiful phenomenon, this want implies that of the existence of certain objects; and it follows that our satisfaction still depends on nature, considered as a force, because it is nature

who disposes of all existence in a sovereign manner. It is a different thing, in fact, to feel in yourself the want of objects endowed with beauty and goodness, or simply to require that the objects which surround us are good and beautiful. This last desire is compatible with the most perfect freedom of the soul; but it is not so with the other. We are entitled to require that the object before us should be beautiful and good, but we can only wish that the beautiful and the good should be realized objectively before us. Now the disposition of mind is, par excellence, called grand and sublime, in which no attention is given to the question of knowing if the beautiful, the good, and the perfect exist; but when it is rigorously required that that which exists should be good, beautiful and perfect, this character of mind is called sublime, because it contains in it positively all the characteristics of a fine mind without sharing its negative features. A sign by which beautiful and good minds, but having weaknesses, are recognized, is the aspiring always to find their moral ideal realized in the world of facts, and their being painfully affected by all that places an obstacle to it. A mind thus constituted is reduced to a sad state of dependence in relation to chance, and it may always be predicted of it, without fear of deception, that it will give too large a share to the matter in moral and aesthetical things, and that it will not sustain the more critical trials of character and taste. Moral imperfections ought not to be to us a cause of suffering and of pain: suffering and pain bespeak rather an ungratified wish than an unsatisfied moral want. An unsatisfied moral want ought to be accompanied by a more manly feeling, and fortify our mind and confirm it in its energy rather than make us unhappy and pusillanimous.

Nature has given to us two genii as companions in our life in this lower world. The one, amiable and of good companionship, shortens the troubles of the journey by the gayety of its plays. It makes the chains of necessity light to us, and leads us amidst joy and laughter, to the most perilous spots, where we must act as pure spirits and strip ourselves of all that is body, on the knowledge of the true and the practice of duty. Once when we are there, it abandons us, for its realm is limited to the world of sense; its earthly wings could not carry it

beyond. But at this moment the other companion steps upon the stage, silent and grave, and with his powerful arm carries us beyond the precipice that made us giddy.

In the former of these genii we recognize the feeling of the beautiful, in the other the feeling of the sublime. No doubt the beautiful itself is already an expression of liberty. This liberty is not the kind that raises us above the power of nature, and that sets us free from all bodily influence, but it is only the liberty which we enjoy as men, without issuing from the limits of nature. In the presence of beauty we feel ourselves free, because the sensuous instincts are in harmony with the laws of reason. In presence of the sublime we feel ourselves sublime, because the sensuous instincts have no influence over the jurisdiction of reason, because it is then the pure spirit that acts in us as if it were not absolutely subject to any other laws than its own.

The feeling of the sublime is a mixed feeling. It is at once a painful state, which in its paroxysm is manifested by a kind of shudder, and a joyous state, that may rise to rapture, and which, without being properly a pleasure, is greatly preferred to every kind of pleasure by delicate souls. This union of two contrary sensations in one and the same feeling proves in a peremptory manner our moral independence. For as it is absolutely impossible that the same object should be with us in two opposite relations, it follows that it is we ourselves who sustain two different relations with the object. It follows that these two opposed natures should be united in us, which, on the idea of this object, are brought into play in two perfectly opposite ways. Thus we experience by the feeling of the beautiful that the state of our spiritual nature is not necessarily determined by the state of our sensuous nature; that the laws of nature are not necessarily our laws; and that there is in us an autonomous principle independent of all sensuous impressions.

The sublime object may be considered in two lights. We either represent it to our comprehension, and we try in vain to make an image or idea of it, or we refer it to our vital force, and we consider it as a power before which ours is nothing. But though in both cases we experience in connection with this object

the painful feeling of our limits, yet we do not seek to avoid it; on the contrary we are attracted to it by an irresistible force. Could this be the case if the limits of our imagination were at the same time those of our comprehension? Should we be willingly called back to the feeling of the omnipotence of the forces of nature if we had not in us something that cannot be a prey of these forces. We are pleased with the spectacle of the sensuous infinite, because we are able to attain by thought what the senses can no longer embrace and what the understanding cannot grasp. The sight of a terrible object transports us with enthusiasm, because we are capable of willing what the instincts reject with horror, and of rejecting what they desire. We willingly allow our imagination to find something in the world of phenomena that passes beyond it; because, after all, it is only one sensuous force that triumphs over another sensuous force, but nature, notwithstanding all her infinity, cannot attain to the absolute grandeur which is in ourselves. We submit willingly to physical necessity both our well-being and our existence. This is because the very power reminds us that there are in us principles that escape its empire. Man is in the hands of nature, but the will of man is in his own hands.

Nature herself has actually used a sensuous means to teach us that we are something more than mere sensuous natures. She has even known how to make use of our sensations to put us on the track of this discovery—that we are by no means subject as slaves to the violence of the sensations. And this is quite a different effect from that which can be produced by the beautiful; I mean the beautiful of the real world, for the sublime itself is surpassed by the ideal. In the presence of beauty, reason and sense are in harmony, and it is only on account of this harmony that the beautiful has attraction for us. Consequently, beauty alone could never teach us that our destination is to act as pure intelligences, and that we are capable of showing ourselves such. In the presence of the sublime, on the contrary, reason and the sensuous are not in harmony, and it is precisely this contradiction between the two which makes the charm of the sublime—its irresistible action on our minds. Here the physical man and the moral man separate in the most marked manner; for it is exactly in the presence of objects

that make us feel at once how limited the former is that the other makes the experience of its force. The very thing that lowers one to the earth is precisely that which raises the other to the infinite.

Let us imagine a man endowed with all the virtues of which the union constitutes a fine character. Let us suppose a man who finds his delight in practising justice, beneficence, moderation, constancy, and good faith. All the duties whose accomplishment is prescribed to him by circumstances are only a play to him, and I admit that fortune favors him in such wise that none of the actions which his good heart may demand of him will be hard to him. Who would not be charmed with such a delightful harmony between the instincts of nature and the prescriptions of reason? and who could help admiring such a man? Nevertheless, though he may inspire us with affection, are we quite sure that he is really virtuous? Or in general that he has anything that corresponds to the idea of virtue? If this man had only in view to obtain agreeable sensations, unless he were mad he could not act in any other possible way; and he would have to be his own enemy to wish to be vicious. Perhaps the principle of his actions is pure, but this is a question to be discussed between himself and his conscience. For our part, we see nothing of it; we do not see him do anything more than a simply clever man would do who had no other god than pleasure. Thus all his virtue is a phenomenon that is explained by reasons derived from the sensuous order, and we are by no means driven to seek for reasons beyond the world of sense.

Let us suppose that this same man falls suddenly under misfortune. He is deprived of his possessions; his reputation is destroyed; he is chained to his bed by sickness and suffering; he is robbed by death of all those he loves; he is forsaken in his distress by all in whom he had trusted. Let us under these circumstances again seek him, and demand the practice of the same virtues under trial as he formerly had practised during the period of his prosperity. If he is found to be absolutely the same as before, if his poverty has not deteriorated his benevolence, or ingratitude his kindly offices of good-will, or bodily

suffering his equanimity, or adversity his joy in the happiness of others; if his change of fortune is perceptible in externals, but not in his habits, in the matter, but not in the form of his conduct; then, doubtless, his virtue could not be explained by any reason drawn from the physical order; the idea of nature—which always necessarily supposes that actual phenomena rest upon some anterior phenomenon, as effects upon cause—this idea no longer suffices to enable us to comprehend this man; because there is nothing more contradictory than to admit that effect can remain the same when the cause has changed to its contrary. We must then give up all natural explanation or thought of finding the reason of his acts in his condition; we must of necessity go beyond the physical order, and seek the principle of his conduct in quite another world, to which the reason can indeed raise itself with its ideas, but which the understanding cannot grasp by its conceptions. It is this revelation of the absolute moral power which is subjected to no condition of nature, it is this which gives to the melancholy feeling that seizes our heart at the sight of such a man that peculiar, inexpressible charm, which no delight of the senses, however refined, could arouse in us to the same extent as the sublime.

Thus the sublime opens to us a road to overstep the limits of the world of sense, in which the feeling of the beautiful would forever imprison us. It is not little by little (for between absolute dependence and absolute liberty there is no possible transition), it is suddenly and by a shock that the sublime wrenches our spiritual and independent nature away from the net which feeling has spun round us, and which enchains the soul the more tightly because of its subtle texture. Whatever may be the extent to which feeling has gained a mastery over men by the latent influence of a softening taste, when even it should have succeeded in penetrating into the most secret recesses of moral jurisdiction under the deceptive envelope of spiritual beauty, and there poisoning the holiness of principle at its source—one single sublime emotion often suffices to break all this tissue of imposture, at one blow to give freedom to the fettered elasticity of spiritual nature, to reveal its true destination, and to oblige it to conceive, for one instant at least, the feeling of its liberty. Beauty, under the shape of the divine

Calypso, bewitched the virtuous son of Ulysses, and the power of her charms held him long a prisoner in her island. For long he believed he was obeying an immortal divinity, whilst he was only the slave of sense; but suddenly an impression of the sublime in the form of Mentor seizes him; he remembers that he is called to a higher destiny—he throws himself into the waves, and is free.

The sublime, like the beautiful, is spread profusely throughout nature, and the faculty to feel both one and the other has been given to all men; but the germ does not develop equally; it is necessary that art should lend its aid. The aim of nature supposes already that we ought spontaneously to advance towards the beautiful, although we still avoid the sublime: for the beautiful is like the nurse of our childhood, and it is for her to refine our soul in withdrawing it from the rude state of nature. But though she is our first affection, and our faculty of feeling is first developed for her, nature has so provided, nevertheless, that this faculty ripens slowly and awaits its full development until the understanding and the heart are formed. If taste attains its full maturity before truth and morality have been established in our heart by a better road than that which taste would take, the sensuous world would remain the limit of our aspirations. We should not know, either in our ideas or in our feelings, how to pass beyond the world of sense, and all that imagination failed to represent would be without reality to us. But happily it enters into the plan of nature, that taste, although it first comes into bloom, is the last to ripen of all the faculties of the mind. During this interval, man has time to store up in his mind a provision of ideas, a treasure of principles in his heart, and then to develop especially, in drawing from reason, his feeling for the great and the sublime.

As long as man was only the slave of physical necessity, while he had found no issue to escape from the narrow circle of his appetites, and while he as yet felt none of that superior liberty which connects him with the angels, nature, so far as she is incomprehensible, could not fail to impress him with the insufficiency of his imagination, and again, as far as she is a destructive force, to recall his physical powerlessness. He is forced then to pass timidly towards one, and to

turn away with affright from the other. But scarcely has free contemplation assured him against the blind oppression of the forces of nature—scarcely has he recognized amidst the tide of phenomena something permanent in his own being—than at once the coarse agglomeration of nature that surrounds him begins to speak in another language to his heart, and the relative grandeur which is without becomes for him a mirror in which he contemplates the absolute greatness which is within himself. He approaches without fear, and with a thrill of pleasure, those pictures which terrified his imagination, and intentionally makes an appeal to the whole strength of that faculty by which we represent the infinite perceived by the senses, in order if she fails in this attempt, to feel all the more vividly how much these ideas are superior to all that the highest sensuous faculty can give. The sight of a distant infinity—of heights beyond vision, this vast ocean which is at his feet, that other ocean still more vast which stretches above his head, transport and ravish his mind beyond the narrow circle of the real, beyond this narrow and oppressive prison of physical life. The simple majesty of nature offers him a less circumscribed measure for estimating its grandeur, and, surrounded by the grand outlines which it presents to him, he can no longer bear anything mean in his way of thinking. Who can tell how many luminous ideas, how many heroic resolutions, which would never have been conceived in the dark study of the imprisoned man of science, nor in the saloons where the people of society elbow each other, have been inspired on a sudden during a walk, only by the contact and the generous struggle of the soul with the great spirit of nature? Who knows if it is not owing to a less frequent intercourse with this sublime spirit that we must partially attribute the narrowness of mind so common to the dwellers in towns, always bent under the minutiae which dwarf and wither their soul, whilst the soul of the nomad remains open and free as the firmament beneath which he pitches his tent?

But it is not only the unimaginable or the sublime in quantity, it is also the incomprehensible, that which escapes the understanding and that which troubles it, which can serve to give us an idea of the super-sensuous infinity. As soon as this element attains the grandiose and announces itself to us as the work of

nature (for otherwise it is only despicable), it then aids the soul to represent to itself the ideal, and imprints upon it a noble development. Who does not love the eloquent disorder of natural scenery to the insipid regularity of a French garden? Who does not admire in the plains of Sicily the marvellous combat of nature with herself—of her creative force and her destructive power? Who does not prefer to feast his eyes upon the wild streams and waterfalls of Scotland, upon its misty mountains, upon that romantic nature from which Ossian drew his inspiration—rather than to grow enthusiastic in this stiff Holland, before the laborious triumph of patience over the most stubborn of elements? No one will deny that in the rich grazing-grounds of Holland, things are not better ordered for the wants of physical man than upon the perfid crater of Vesuvius, and that the understanding which likes to comprehend and arrange all things, does not find its requirements rather in the regularly planted farm-garden than in the uncultivated beauty of natural scenery. But man has requirements which go beyond those of natural life and comfort or well-being; he has another destiny than merely to comprehend the phenomena which surround him.

In the same manner as for the observant traveller, the strange wildness of nature is so attractive in physical nature—thus, and for the same reason, every soul capable of enthusiasm finds even in the regrettable anarchy found in the moral world a source of singular pleasure. Without doubt he who sees the grand economy of nature only from the impoverished light of the understanding; he who has never any other thought than to reform its defiant disorder and to substitute harmony, such a one could not find pleasure in a world which seems given up to the caprice of chance rather than governed according to a wise ordination, and where merit and fortune are for the most part in opposition. He desires that the whole world throughout its vast space should be ruled like a house well regulated; and when this much-desired regularity is not found, he has no other resource than to defer to a future life, and to another and better nature, the satisfaction which is his due, but which neither the present nor the past afford him. On the contrary, he renounces willingly the pretension of restoring this chaos of phenomena to one single notion; he regains on another side, and with

interest, what he loses on this side. Just this want of connection, this anarchy, in the phenomena, making them useless to the understanding, is what makes them valuable to reason. The more they are disorderly the more they represent the freedom of nature. In a sense, if you suppress all connection, you have independence. Thus, under the idea of liberty, reason brings back to unity of thought that which the understanding could not bring to unity of notion. It thus shows its superiority over the understanding, as a faculty subject to the conditions of a sensuous order. When we consider of what value it is to a rational being to be independent of natural laws, we see how much man finds in the liberty of sublime objects as a set-off against the checks of his cognitive faculty. Liberty, with all its drawbacks, is everywhere vastly more attractive to a noble soul than good social order without it—than society like a flock of sheep, or a machine working like a watch. This mechanism makes of man only a product; liberty makes him the citizen of a better world.

It is only thus viewed that history is sublime to me. The world, as a historic object, is only the strife of natural forces; with one another and with man's freedom. History registers more actions referable to nature than to free will; it is only in a few cases, like Cato and Phocion, that reason has made its power felt. If we expect a treasury of knowledge in history how we are deceived! All attempts of philosophy to reconcile what the moral world demands with what the real world gives is belied by experience, and nature seems as illogical in history as she is logical in the organic kingdoms.

But if we give up explanation it is different. Nature, in being capricious and defying logic, in pulling down great and little, in crushing the noblest works of man, taking centuries to form—nature, by deviating from intellectual laws, proves that you cannot explain nature by nature's laws themselves, and this sight drives the mind to the world of ideas, to the absolute.

But though nature as a sensuous activity drives us to the ideal, it throws us still more into the world of ideas by the terrible. Our highest aspiration is to be in good relations with physical nature, without violating morality. But it is not

always convenient to serve two masters; and though duty and the appetites should never be at strife, physical necessity is peremptory, and nothing can save men from evil destiny. Happy is he who learns to bear what he cannot change! There are cases where fate overpowers all ramparts, and where the only resistance is, like a pure spirit, to throw freely off all interest of sense, and strip yourself of your body. Now this force comes from sublime emotions, and a frequent commerce with destructive nature. Pathos is a sort of artificial misfortune, and brings us to the spiritual law that commands our soul. Real misfortune does not always choose its time opportunely, while pathos finds us armed at all points. By frequently renewing this exercise of its own activity the mind controls the sensuous, so that when real misfortune comes, it can treat it as an artificial suffering, and make it a sublime emotion. Thus pathos takes away some of the malignity of destiny, and wards off its blows.

Away then with that false theory which supposes falsely a harmony binding well being and well doing. Let evil destiny show its face. Our safety is not in blindness, but in facing our dangers. What can do so better than familiarity with the splendid and terrible evolution of events, or than pictures showing man in conflict with chance; evil triumphant, security deceived—pictures shown us throughout history, and placed before us by tragedy? Whoever passes in review the terrible fate of Mithridates, of Syracuse, and Carthage, cannot help keeping his appetite in check, at least for a time, and, seeing the vanity of things, strive after that which is permanent. The capacity of the sublime is one of the noblest aptitudes of man. Beauty is useful, but does not go beyond man. The sublime applies to the pure spirit. The sublime must be joined to the beautiful to complete the aesthetic education, and to enlarge man's heart beyond the sensuous world.

Without the beautiful there would be an eternal strife between our natural and rational destiny. If we only thought of our vocation as spirits we should be strangers to this sphere of life. Without the sublime, beauty would make us forget our dignity. Enervated—wedded to this transient state, we should lose

sight of our true country. We are only perfect citizens of nature when the sublime is wedded to the beautiful.

Many things in nature offer man the beautiful and sublime. But here again he is better served at second-hand. He prefers to have them ready-made in art rather than seek them painfully in nature. This instinct for imitation in art has the advantage of being able to make those points essential that nature has made secondary. While nature suffers violence in the organic world, or exercises violence, working with power upon man, though she can only be aesthetical as an object of pure contemplation, art, plastic art, is fully free, because it throws off all accidental restrictions and leaves the mind free, because it imitates the appearance, not the reality of objects. As all sublimity and beauty consists in the appearance, and not in the value of the object, it follows that art has all the advantages of nature without her shackles.

THE PATHETIC.

The depicting of suffering, in the shape of simple suffering, is never the end of art, but it is of the greatest importance as a means of attaining its end. The highest aim of art is to represent the super-sensuous, and this is effected in particular by tragic art, because it represents by sensible marks the moral man, maintaining himself in a state of passion, independently of the laws of nature. The principle of freedom in man becomes conscious of itself only by the resistance it offers to the violence of the feelings. Now the resistance can only be measured by the strength of the attack. In order, therefore, that the intelligence may reveal itself in man as a force independent of nature, it is necessary that nature should have first displayed all her power before our eyes. The sensuous being must be profoundly and strongly affected, passion must be in play, that the reasonable being may be able to testify his independence and manifest himself in action.

It is impossible to know if the empire which man has over his affections is the effect of a moral force, till we have acquired the certainty that it is not an effect of insensibility. There is no merit in mastering the feelings which only lightly and transitorily skim over the surface of the soul. But to resist a tempest which stirs up the whole of sensuous nature, and to preserve in it the freedom of the soul, a faculty of resistance is required infinitely superior to the act of natural force. Accordingly it will not be possible to represent moral freedom, except by expressing passion, or suffering nature, with the greatest vividness; and the hero of tragedy must first have justified his claim to be a sensuous being before aspiring to our homage as a reasonable being, and making us believe in his

strength of mind.

Therefore the pathetic is the first condition required most strictly in a tragic author, and he is allowed to carry his description of suffering as far as possible, without prejudice to the highest end of his art, that is, without moral freedom being oppressed by it. He must give in some sort to his hero, as to his reader, their full load of suffering, without which the question will always be put whether the resistance opposed to suffering is an act of the soul, something positive, or whether it is not rather a purely negative thing, a simple deficiency.

The latter case is offered in the purer French tragedy, where it is very rare, or perhaps unexampled, for the author to place before the reader suffering nature, and where generally, on the contrary, it is only the poet who warms up and declaims, or the comedian who struts about on stilts. The icy tone of declamation extinguishes all nature here, and the French tragedians, with their superstitious worship of decorum, make it quite impossible for them to paint human nature truly. Decorum, wherever it is, even in its proper place, always falsifies the expression of nature, and yet this expression is rigorously required by art. In a French tragedy, it is difficult for us to believe that the hero ever suffers, for he explains the state of his soul, as the coolest man would do, and always thinking of the effect he is making on others, he never lets nature pour forth freely. The kings, the princesses, and the heroes of Corneille or Voltaire never forget their rank even in the most violent excess of passion; and they part with their humanity much sooner than with their dignity. They are like those kings and emperors of our old picture-books, who go to bed with their crowns on.

What a difference from the Greeks and those of the moderns who have been inspired with their spirit in poetry! Never does the Greek poet blush at nature; he leaves to the sensuous all its rights, and yet he is quite certain never to be subdued by it. He has too much depth and too much rectitude in his mind not to distinguish the accidental, which is the principal point with false taste, from the really necessary; but all that is not humanity itself is accidental in man. The Greek artist who has to represent a Laocoon, a Niobe, and a Philoctetes, does not

care for the king, the princess, or the king's son; he keeps to the man. Accordingly the skilful statuary sets aside the drapery, and shows us nude figures, though he knows quite well it is not so in real life. This is because drapery is to him an accidental thing, and because the necessary ought never to be sacrificed to the accidental. It is also because, if decency and physical necessities have their laws, these laws are not those of art. The statuary ought to show us, and wishes to show us, the man himself; drapery conceals him, therefore he sets that aside, and with reason.

The Greek sculptor rejects drapery as a useless and embarrassing load, to make way for human nature; and in like manner the Greek poet emancipates the human personages he brings forward from the equally useless constraint of decorum, and all those icy laws of propriety, which put nothing but what is artificial in man, and conceal nature in it. Take Homer and the tragedians; suffering nature speaks the language of truth and ingenuousness in their pages, and in a way to penetrate to the depths of our hearts. All the passions play their part freely, nor do the rules of propriety compress any feeling with the Greeks. The heroes are just as much under the influence of suffering as other men, and what makes them heroes is the very fact that they feel suffering strongly and deeply, without suffering overcoming them. They love life as ardently as others; but they are not so ruled by this feeling as to be unable to give up life when the duties of honor or humanity call on them to do so. Philoctetes filled the Greek stage with his lamentations; Hercules himself, when in fury, does not keep under his grief. Iphigenia, on the point of being sacrificed, confesses with a touching ingenuousness that she grieves to part with the light of the sun. Never does the Greek place his glory in being insensible or indifferent to suffering, but rather in supporting it, though feeling it in its fulness. The very gods of the Greeks must pay their tribute to nature, when the poet wishes to make them approximate to humanity. Mars, when wounded, roars like ten thousand men together, and Venus, scratched by an iron lance, mounts again to Olympus, weeping, and cursing all battles.

This lively susceptibility on the score of suffering, this warm, ingenuous nature, showing itself uncovered and in all truth in the monuments of Greek art, and filling us with such deep and lively emotions—this is a model presented for the imitation of all artists; it is a law which Greek genius has laid down for the fine arts. It is always and eternally nature which has the first rights over man; she ought never to be fettered, because man, before being anything else, is a sensuous creature. After the rights of nature come those of reason, because man is a rational, sensuous being, a moral person, and because it is a duty for this person not to let himself be ruled by nature, but to rule her. It is only after satisfaction has been given in the first place to nature, and after reason in the second place has made its rights acknowledged, that it is permitted for decorum in the third place to make good its claims, to impose on man, in the expression of his moral feelings and of his sensations, considerations towards society, and to show in it the social being, the civilized man. The first law of the tragic art was to represent suffering nature. The second law is to represent the resistance of morality opposed to suffering.

Affection, as affection, is an unimportant thing; and the portraiture of affection, considered in itself, would be without any aesthetic value; for, I repeat it, nothing that only interests sensuous nature is worthy of being represented by art. Thus not only the affections that do nothing but enervate and soften man, but in general all affections, even those that are exalted, ecstatic, whatever may be their nature, are beneath the dignity of tragic art.

The soft emotions, only producing tenderness, are of the nature of the agreeable, with which the fine arts are not concerned. They only caress the senses, while relaxing and creating languidness, and only relate to external nature, not at all to the inner nature of man. A good number of our romances and of our tragedies, particularly those that bear the name of dramas—a sort of compromise between tragedy and comedy—a good number also of those highly-appreciated family portraits, belong to this class. The only effect of these works is to empty the lachrymal duct, and soothe the overflowing feelings; but the

mind comes back from them empty, and the moral being, the noblest part of our nature, gathers no new strength whatever from them. "It is thus," says Kant, "that many persons feel themselves edified by a sermon that has nothing edifying in it." It seems also that modern music only aims at interesting the sensuous, and in this it flatters the taste of the day, which seeks to be agreeably tickled, but not to be startled, nor strongly moved and elevated. Accordingly we see music prefer all that is tender; and whatever be the noise in a concert-room, silence is immediately restored, and every one is all ears directly a sentimental passage is performed. Then an expression of sensibility common to animalism shows itself commonly on all faces; the eyes are swimming with intoxication, the open mouth is all desire, a voluptuous trembling takes hold of the entire body, the breath is quick and full, in short, all the symptoms of intoxication appear. This is an evident proof that the senses swim in delight, but that the mind or the principle of freedom in man has become a prey to the violence of the sensuous impression. Real taste, that of noble and manly minds, rejects all these emotions as unworthy of art, because they only please the senses, with which art has nothing in common.

But, on the other hand, real taste excludes all extreme affections, which only put sensuousness to the torture, without giving the mind any compensation. These affections oppress moral liberty by pain, as the others by voluptuousness; consequently they can excite aversion, and not the emotion that would alone be worthy of art. Art ought to charm the mind and give satisfaction to the feeling of moral freedom. This man who is a prey to his pain is to me simply a tortured animate being, and not a man tried by suffering. For a moral resistance to painful affections is already required of man—a resistance which can alone allow the principle of moral freedom, the intelligence, to make itself known in it.

If it is so, the poets and the artists are poor adepts in their art when they seek to reach the pathetic only by the sensuous force of affection and by representing suffering in the most vivid manner. They forget that suffering in itself can never be the last end of imitation, nor the immediate source of the pleasure we

experience in tragedy. The pathetic only has aesthetic value in as far as it is sublime. Now, effects that only allow us to infer a purely sensuous cause, and that are founded only on the affection experienced by the faculty of sense, are never sublime, whatever energy they may display, for everything sublime proceeds exclusively from the reason.

I imply by passion the affections of pleasure as well as the painful affections, and to represent passion only, without coupling with it the expression of the super-sensuous faculty which resists it, is to fall into what is properly called vulgarity; and the opposite is called nobility. Vulgarity and nobility are two ideas which, wherever they are applied, have more or less relation with the super-sensuous share a man takes in a work. There is nothing noble but what has its source in the reason; all that issues from sensuousness alone is vulgar or common. We say of a man that he acts in a vulgar manner when he is satisfied with obeying the suggestions of his sensuous instinct; that he acts suitably when he only obeys his instinct in conformity with the laws; that he acts nobly when he obeys reason only, without having regard to his instincts. We say of a physiognomy that it is common when it does not show any trace of the spiritual man, the intelligence; we say it has expression when it is the mind which has determined its features: and that it is noble when a pure spirit has determined them. If an architectural work is in question we qualify it as common if it aims at nothing but a physical end; we name it noble if, independently of all physical aim, we find in it at the same time the expression of a conception.

Accordingly, I repeat it, correct taste disallows all painting of the affections, however energetic, which rests satisfied with expressing physical suffering and the physical resistance opposed to it by the subject, without making visible at the same time the superior principle of the nature of man, the presence of a super-sensuous faculty. It does this in virtue of the principle developed farther back, namely, that it is not suffering in itself, but only the resistance opposed to suffering, that is pathetic and deserving of being represented. It is for this reason that all the absolutely extreme degrees of the affections are forbidden to the artist

as well as to the poet. All of these, in fact, oppress the force that resists from within or rather, all betray of themselves, and without any necessity of other symptoms, the oppression of this force, because no affection can reach this last degree of intensity as long as the intelligence in man makes any resistance.

Then another question presents itself. How is this principle of resistance, this super-sensuous force, manifested in the phenomenon of the affections? Only in one way, by mastering or, more commonly, by combating affection. I say affection, for sensuousness can also fight, but this combat of sensuousness is not carried on with the affection, but with the cause that produces it; a contest which has no moral character, but is all physical, the same combat that the earthworm, trodden under foot, and the wounded bull engage in, without thereby exciting the pathetic. When suffering man seeks to give an expression to his feelings, to remove his enemy, to shelter the suffering limb, he does all this in common with the animals, and instinct alone takes the initiative here, without the will being applied to. Therefore, this is not an act that emanates from the man himself, nor does it show him as an intelligence. Sensuous nature will always fight the enemy that makes it suffer, but it will never fight against itself.

On the other hand, the contest with affection is a contest with sensuousness, and consequently presupposes something that is distinct from sensuous nature. Man can defend himself with the help of common sense and his muscular strength against the object that makes him suffer; against suffering itself he has no other arms than those of reason.

These ideas must present themselves to the eye in the portraiture of the affections, or be awakened by this portraiture in order that the pathetic may exist. But it is impossible to represent ideas, in the proper sense of the word, and positively, as nothing corresponds to pure ideas in the world of sense. But they can be always represented negatively and in an indirect way if the sensuous phenomenon by which they are manifested has some character of which you would seek in vain the conditions in physical nature. All phenomena of which the ultimate principle cannot be derived from the world of sense are an indirect

representation of the upper-sensuous element.

And how does one succeed in representing something that is above nature without having recourse to supernatural means? What can this phenomenon be which is accomplished by natural forces—otherwise it would not be a phenomenon—and yet which cannot be derived from physical causes without a contradiction? This is the problem; how can the artist solve it?

It must be remembered that the phenomena observable in a man in a state of passion are of two kinds. They are either phenomena connected simply with animal nature, and which, therefore, only obey the physical law, without the will being able to master them, or the independent force in him being able to exercise an immediate influence over them. It is the instinct which immediately produces these phenomena, and they obey blindly the laws of instinct. To this kind belong, for example, the organs of the circulation of the blood, of respiration, and all the surface of the skin. But, moreover, the other organs, and those subject to the will, do not always await the decision of the will; and often instinct itself sets them immediately in play, especially when the physical state is threatened with pain or with danger. Thus, the movements of my arm depend, it is true, on my will; but if I place my hand, without knowing it, on a burning body, the movement by which I draw it back is certainly not a voluntary act, but a purely instinctive phenomenon. Nay more, speech is assuredly subject to the empire of the will, and yet instinct can also dispose of this organ according to its whim, and even of this and of the mind, without consulting beforehand the will, directly a sharp pain, or even an energetic affection, takes us by surprise. Take the most impassible stoic and make him see suddenly something very wonderful, or a terrible and unexpected object. Fancy him, for example, present when a man slips and falls to the bottom of an abyss. A shout, a resounding cry, and not only inarticulate, but a distinct word will escape his lips, and nature will have acted in him before the will: a certain proof that there are in man phenomena which cannot be referred to his person as an intelligence, but only to his instinct as a natural force.

But there is also in man a second order of phenomena, which are subject to the influence and empire of the will, or which may be considered at all events as being of such a kind that will might always have prevented them, consequently phenomena for which the person and not instinct is responsible. It is the office of instinct to watch with a blind zeal over the interests of the senses; but it is the office of the person to hold instinct in proper bounds, out of respect for the moral law. Instinct in itself does not hold account of any law; but the person ought to watch that instinct may not infringe in any way on the decrees of reason. It is therefore evident that it is not for instinct alone to determine unconditionally all the phenomena that take place in man in the state of affection, and that on the contrary the will of man can place limits to instinct. When instinct only determines all phenomena in man, there is nothing more that can recall the person; there is only a physical creature before you, and consequently an animal; for every physical creature subject to the sway of instinct is nothing else. Therefore, if you wish to represent the person itself, you must propose to yourself in man certain phenomena that have been determined in opposition to instinct, or at least that have not been determined by instinct. That they have not been determined by instinct is sufficient to refer them to a higher source, the moment we see that instinct would no doubt have determined them in another way if its force had not been broken by some obstacle.

We are now in a position to point out in what way the super-sensuous element, the moral and independent force of man, his Ego in short, can be represented in the phenomena of the affections. I understand that this is possible if the parts which only obey physical nature, those where will either disposes nothing at all, or only under certain circumstances, betray the presence of suffering; and if those, on the contrary, that escape the blind sway of instinct, that only obey physical nature, show no trace, or only a very feeble trace, of suffering, and consequently appear to have a certain degree of freedom. Now this want of harmony between the features imprinted on animal nature in virtue of the laws of physical necessity, and those determined with the spiritual and independent faculty of man, is precisely the point by which that super-sensuous

principle is discovered in man capable of placing limits to the effects produced by physical nature, and therefore distinct from the latter. The purely animal part of man obeys the physical law, and consequently may show itself oppressed by the affection. It is, therefore, in this part that all the strength of passion shows itself, and it answers in some degree as a measure to estimate the resistance—that is to say, of the energy of the moral faculty in man—which can only be judged according to the force of the attack. Thus in proportion as the affection manifests itself with decision and violence in the field of animal nature, without being able to exercise the same power in the field of human nature, so in proportion the latter makes itself manifestly known—in the same proportion the moral independence of man shows itself gloriously: the portraiture becomes pathetic and the pathetic sublime.

The statues of the ancients make this principle of aesthetics sensible to us; but it is difficult to reduce to conceptions and express in words what the very inspection of ancient statues makes the senses feel in so lively a manner. The group of Laocoon and his children can give to a great extent the measure of what the plastic art of the ancients was capable of producing in the matter of pathos. Winckelmann, in his "History of Art," says: "Laocoon is nature seized in the highest degree of suffering, under the features of a man who seeks to gather up against pain all the strength of which the mind is conscious. Hence while his suffering swells his muscles and stretches his nerves, the mind, armed with an interior force shows itself on his contracted brow, and the breast rises, because the breathing is broken, and because there is an internal struggle to keep in the expression of pain, and press it back into his heart. The sigh of anguish he wishes to keep in, his very breath which he smothers, exhaust the lower part of his trunk, and works into his flanks, which make us judge in some degree of the palpitations of his visceral organs. But his own suffering appears to occasion less anguish than the pain of his children, who turn their faces toward their father, and implore him, crying for help. His father's heart shows itself in his eyes, full of sadness, and where pity seems to swim in a troubled cloud. His face expresses lament, but he does not cry; his eyes are turned to heaven, and implore help from

on high. His mouth also marks a supreme sadness, which depresses the lower lip and seems to weigh upon it, while the upper lip, contracted from the top to the bottom, expresses at once both physical suffering and that of the soul. Under the mouth there is an expression of indignation that seems to protest against an undeserved suffering, and is revealed in the nostrils, which swell out and enlarge and draw upwards. Under the forehead, the struggle between pain and moral strength, united as it were in a single point, is represented with great truth, for, while pain contracts and raises the eyebrows, the effort opposed to it by the will draws down towards the upper eyelid all the muscles above it, so that the eyelid is almost covered by them. The artist, not being able to embellish nature, has sought at least to develop its means, to increase its effect and power. Where is the greatest amount of pain is also the highest beauty. The left side, which the serpent besets with his furious bites, and where he instils his poison, is that which appears to suffer the most intensely, because sensation is there nearest to the heart. The legs strive to raise themselves as if to shun the evil; the whole body is nothing but movement, and even the traces of the chisel contribute to the illusion; we seem to see the shuddering and icy-cold skin."

How great is the truth and acuteness of this analysis! In what a superior style is this struggle between spirit and the suffering of nature developed! How correctly the author has seized each of the phenomena in which the animal element and the human element manifest themselves, the constraint of nature and the independence of reason! It is well known that Virgil has described this same scene in his "Aeneid," but it did not enter into the plan of the epic poet to pause as the sculptor did, and describe the moral nature of Laocoon; for this recital is in Virgil only an episode; and the object he proposes is sufficiently attained by the simple description of the physical phenomenon, without the necessity on his part of looking into the soul of the unhappy sufferer, as his aim is less to inspire us with pity than to fill us with terror. The duty of the poet from this point of view was purely negative; I mean he had only to avoid carrying the picture of physical suffering to such a degree that all expression of human dignity or of moral resistance would cease, for if he had done this indignation

and disgust would certainly be felt. He, therefore, preferred to confine himself to the representation of the least of the suffering, and he found it advisable to dwell at length on the formidable nature of the two serpents, and on the rage with which they attack their victims, rather than on the feelings of Laocoon. He only skims over those feelings, because his first object was to represent a chastisement sent by the gods, and to produce an impression of terror that nothing could diminish. If he had, on the contrary, detained our looks on the person of Laocoon himself with as much perseverance as the statuary, instead of on the chastizing deity, the suffering man would have become the hero of the scene, and the episode would have lost its propriety in connection with the whole piece.

The narrative of Virgil is well known through the excellent commentary of Lessing. But Lessing only proposed to make evident by this example the limits that separate partial description from painting, and not to make the notion of the pathetic issue from it. Yet the passage of Virgil does not appear to me less valuable for this latter object, and I crave permission to bring it forward again under this point of view:—

Ecce autem gemini Tenedo tranquilla per alta
(Horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt;
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta jubaeque
Sanguineae exsuperant undas; pars caetera pontum
Pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga.
Fit sonitus spumante salo, jamque arva tenebant,
Ardentes oculos suffecti sanguine et igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora!

Aeneid, ii. 203-211.

We find here realized the first of the three conditions of the sublime that have been mentioned further back,—a very powerful natural force, armed for destruction, and ridiculing all resistance. But that this strong element may at the same time be terrible, and thereby sublime, two distinct operations of the mind are wanted; I mean two representations that we produce in ourselves by our own activity. First, we recognize this irresistible natural force as terrible by comparing it with the weakness of the faculty of resistance that the physical man can oppose to it; and, secondly, it is by referring it to our will, and recalling to our consciousness that the will is absolutely independent of all influence of physical nature, that this force becomes to us a sublime object. But it is we ourselves who represent these two relations; the poet has only given us an object armed with a great force seeking to manifest itself. If this object makes us tremble, it is only because we in thought suppose ourselves, or some one like us, engaged with this force. And if trembling in this way, we experience the feeling

of the sublime, it is because our consciousness tells us that, if we are the victims of this force, we should have nothing to fear, from the freedom of our Ego, for the autonomy of the determinations of our will. In short the description up to here is sublime, but quite a contemplative, intuitive sublimity:—

Diffugimus visu exsanguis, illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt . . .—Aeneid, ii. 212-213.

Here the force is presented to us as terrible also; and contemplative sublimity passes into the pathetic. We see that force enter really into strife with man's impotence. Whether it concerns Laocoon or ourselves is only a question of degree. The instinct of sympathy excites and frightens in us the instinct of preservation: there are the monsters, they are darting—on ourselves; there is no more safety, flight is vain.

It is no more in our power to measure this force with ours, and to refer it or not to our own existence. This happens without our co-operation, and is given us by the object itself. Accordingly our fear has not, as in the preceding moment, a purely subjective ground, residing in our soul; it has an objective ground, residing in the object. For, even if we recognize in this entire scene a simple fiction of the imagination, we nevertheless distinguish in this fiction a conception communicated to us from without, from another conception that we produce spontaneously in ourselves.

Thus the mind loses a part of her freedom, inasmuch as she receives now from without that which she produced before her own activity. The idea of danger puts on an appearance of objective reality, and affection becomes now a serious affair.

If we were only sensuous creatures, obeying no other instinct than that of self-preservation, we should stop here, and we should remain in a state of mere and pure affection. But there is something in us which takes no part in the affections of sensuous nature, and whose activity is not directed according to physical

conditions. According, then, as this independently acting principle (the disposition, the moral faculty) has become to a degree developed in the soul, there is left more or less space for passive nature, and there remains more or less of the independent principle in the affection.

In the truly moral soul the terrible trial (of the imagination) passes quickly and readily into the sublime. In proportion as imagination loses its liberty, reason makes its own prevail, and the soul ceases not to enlarge within when it thus finds outward limits. Driven from all the intrenchments which would give physical protection to sensuous creatures, we seek refuge in the stronghold of our moral liberty, and we arrive by that means at an absolute and unlimited safety, at the very moment when we seem to be deprived in the world of phenomena of a relative and precarious rampart. But precisely because it was necessary to have arrived at the physical oppression before having recourse to the assistance of our moral nature, we can only buy this high sentiment of our liberty through suffering. An ordinary soul confines itself entirely to this suffering, and never comprehends in the sublime or the pathetic anything beyond the terrible. An independent soul, on the contrary, precisely seizes this occasion to rise to the feeling of his moral force, in all that is most magnificent in this force, and from every terrible object knows how to draw out the sublime.

The moral man (the father) [see Aeneid, ii. 213-215] is here attacked before the physical man, and that has a grand effect. All the affections become more aesthetic when we receive them second-hand; there is no stronger sympathy than that we feel for sympathy.

The moment [see Aeneid, ii. 216-217] had arrived when the hero himself had to be recommended to our respect as a moral personage, and the poet seized upon that moment. We already know by his description all the force, all the rage of the two monsters who menace Laocoon, and we know how all resistance would be in vain. If Laocoon were only a common man he would better understand his own interests, and, like the rest of the Trojans, he would find safety in rapid flight. But there is a heart in that breast; the danger to his children

holds him back, and decides him to meet his fate. This trait alone renders him worthy of our pity. At whatever moment the serpents had assailed him, we should have always been touched and troubled. But because it happens just at the moment when as father he shows himself so worthy of respect, his fate appears to us as the result of having fulfilled his duty as parent, of his tender disquietude for his children. It is this which calls forth our sympathy in the highest degree. It appears, in fact, as if he deliberately devoted himself to destruction, and his death becomes an act of the will.

Thus there are two conditions in every kind of the pathetic: 1st. Suffering, to interest our sensuous nature; 2d. Moral liberty, to interest our spiritual nature. All portraiture in which the expression of suffering nature is wanting remains without aesthetic action, and our heart is untouched. All portraiture in which the expression of moral aptitude is wanting, even did it possess all the sensuous force possible, could not attain to the pathetic, and would infallibly revolt our feelings. Throughout moral liberty we require the human being who suffers; throughout all the sufferings of human nature we always desire to perceive the independent spirit, or the capacity for independence.

But the independence of the spiritual being in the state of suffering can manifest itself in two ways. Either negatively, when the moral man does not receive the law from the physical man, and his state exercises no influence over his manner of feeling; or positively, when the moral man is a ruler over the physical being, and his manner of feeling exercises an influence upon his state. In the first case, it is the sublime of disposition; in the second, it is the sublime of action.

The sublime of disposition is seen in all character independent of the accidents of fate. "A noble heart struggling against adversity," says Seneca, "is a spectacle full of attraction even for the gods." Such for example is that which the Roman Senate offered after the disaster of Cannae. Lucifer even, in Milton, when for the first time he contemplates hell—which is to be his future abode—penetrates us with a sentiment of admiration by the force of soul he displays:—

"Hail, horrors, hail.
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest Hell;
Receive thy new possessor!—one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time;
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell. . . .

Here at least
We shall be free," etc.

The reply of Medea in the tragedy belongs also to this order of the sublime.

The sublime of disposition makes itself seen, it is visible to the spectator, because it rests upon co-existence, the simultaneous; the sublime action, on the contrary, is conceived only by the thought, because the impression and the act are successive, and the intervention of the mind is necessary to infer from a free determination the idea of previous suffering.

It follows that the first alone can be expressed by the plastic arts, because these arts give but that which is simultaneous; but the poet can extend his domain over one and the other. Even more; when the plastic art has to represent a sublime action, it must necessarily bring it back to sublimity.

In order that the sublimity of action should take place, not only must the suffering of man have no influence upon the moral constitution, but rather the opposite must be the case. The affection is the work of his moral character. This can happen in two ways: either mediately, or according to the law of liberty, when out of respect for such and such a duty it decides from free choice to suffer—in this case, the idea of duty determines as a motive, and its suffering is a voluntary act—or immediately, and according to the necessity of nature, when he expiates by a moral suffering the violation of duty; in this second case, the idea of duty determines him as a force, and his suffering is no longer an effect. Regulus offers us an example of the first kind, when, to keep his word, he gives

himself up to the vengeance of the Carthaginians; and he would serve as an example of the second class, if, having betrayed his trust, the consciousness of this crime would have made him miserable. In both cases suffering has a moral course, but with this difference, that on the one part Regulus shows us its moral character, and that, on the other, he only shows us that he was made to have such a character. In the first case he is in our eyes a morally great person; in the second he is only aesthetically great.

This last distinction is important for the tragic art; it consequently deserves to be examined more closely.

Man is already a sublime object, but only in the aesthetic sense, when the state in which he is gives us an idea of his human destination, even though we might not find this destination realized in his person. He only becomes sublime to us in a moral point of view, when he acts, moreover, as a person, in a manner conformable with this destination; if our respect bears not only on his moral faculty, but on the use he makes of this faculty; if dignity, in his case, is due, not only to his moral aptitude; but to the real morality of his conduct. It is quite a different thing to direct our judgment and attention to the moral faculty generally, and to the possibility of a will absolutely free, and to be directing it to the use of this faculty, and to the reality of this absolute freedom of willing.

It is, I repeat, quite a different thing; and this difference is connected not only with the objects to which we may have to direct our judgment, but to the very criterion of our judgment. The same object can displease us if we appreciate it in a moral point of view, and be very attractive to us in the aesthetical point of view. But even if the moral judgment and the aesthetical judgment were both satisfied, this object would produce this effect on one and the other in quite a different way. It is not morally satisfactory because it has an aesthetical value, nor has it an aesthetical value because it satisfies us morally. Let us take, as example, Leonidas and his devotion at Thermopylae. Judged from the moral point of view, this action represents to me the moral law carried out notwithstanding all the repugnance of instinct. Judged from the aesthetic point of

view, it gives me the idea of the moral faculty, independent of every constraint of instinct. The act of Leonidas satisfies the moral sense, the reason; it enraptures the aesthetical sense, the imagination.

Whence comes this difference in the feelings in connection with the same object? I account for it thus:—

In the same way that our being consists of two principles and natures, so also and consequently our feelings are divided into two kinds, entirely different. As reasonable beings we experience a feeling of approbation or of disapprobation; as sensuous creatures we experience pleasure or displeasure. The two feelings, approbation and pleasure, repose on satisfaction: one on a satisfaction given to a requirement of reason—reason has only requirements, and not wants. The other depends on a satisfaction given to a sensuous want—sense only knows of wants, and cannot prescribe anything. These two terms—requirements of reason, wants of the senses—are mutually related, as absolute necessity and the necessity of nature. Accordingly, both are included in the idea of necessity, but with this difference, that the necessity of reason is unconditional, and the necessity of sense only takes place under conditions. But, for both, satisfaction is a purely contingent thing. Accordingly every feeling, whether of pleasure or approbation, rests definitively on an agreement between the contingent and the necessary. If the necessary has thus an imperative character, the feeling experienced will be that of approbation. If necessity has the character of a want, the feeling experienced will be that of pleasure, and both will be strong in proportion as the satisfaction will be contingent. Now, underlying every moral judgment there is a requirement of reason which requires us to act conformably with the moral law, and it is an absolute necessity that we should wish what is good. But as the will is free, it is physically an accidental thing that we should do in fact what is good. If we actually do it, this agreement between the contingent in the use of free will and the imperative demand of reason gives rise to our assent or approbation, which will be greater in proportion as the resistance of the inclinations made this use that we make of our free will more accidental and more doubtful. Every

aesthetic judgment, on the contrary, refers the object to the necessity which cannot help willing imperatively, but only desires that there should be an agreement between the accidental and its own interest. Now what is the interest of imagination? It is to emancipate itself from all laws, and to play its part freely. The obligation imposed on the will by the moral law, which prescribes its object in the strictest manner, is by no means favorable to this need of independence. And as the moral obligation of the will is the object of the moral judgment, it is clear that in this mode of judging, the imagination could not find its interest. But a moral obligation imposed on the will cannot be conceived, except by supposing this same will absolutely independent of the moral instincts and from their constraint. Accordingly the possibility of the moral act requires liberty, and therefore agrees here in the most perfect manner with the interest of imagination. But as imagination, through the medium of its wants, cannot give orders to the will of the individual, as reason does by its imperative character, it follows that the faculty of freedom, in relation to imagination, is something accidental, and consequently that the agreement between the accidental and the necessary (conditionally necessary) must excite pleasure. Therefore, if we bring to bear a moral judgment on this act of Leonidas, we shall consider it from a point of view where its accidental character strikes the eye less than its necessary side. If, on the other hand, we apply the aesthetical judgment to it, this is another point of view, where its character of necessity strikes us less forcibly than its accidental character. It is a duty for every will to act thus, directly it is a free will; but the fact that there is a free will that makes this act possible is a favor of nature in regard to this faculty, to which freedom is a necessity. Thus an act of virtue judged by the moral sense—by reason—will give us as its only satisfaction the feeling of approbation, because reason can never find more, and seldom finds as much as it requires. This same act, judged, on the contrary, by the aesthetic sense—by imagination—will give us a positive pleasure, because the imagination, never requiring the end to agree with the demand, must be surprised, enraptured, at the real satisfaction of this demand as at a happy chance. Our reason will merely approve, and only approve, of Leonidas actually taking this heroic resolution; but that he could take this resolution is what delights and enraptures

us.

This distinction between the two sorts of judgments becomes more evident still, if we take an example where the moral sense and the aesthetic sense pronounce a different verdict. Suppose we take the act of Perigrinus Proteus burning himself at Olympia. Judging this act morally, I cannot give it my approbation, inasmuch as I see it determined by impure motives, to which Proteus sacrifices the duty of respecting his own existence. But in the aesthetic judgment this same act delights me; it delights me precisely because it testifies to a power of will capable of resisting even the most potent of instincts, that of self-preservation. Was it a moral feeling, or only a more powerful sensuous attraction, that silenced the instinct of self-preservation in this enthusiast. It matters little, when I appreciate the act from an aesthetic point of view. I then drop the individual, I take away the relation of his will to the law that ought to govern him; I think of human will in general, considered as a common faculty of the race, and I regard it in connection with all the forces of nature. We have seen that in a moral point of view, the preservation of our being seemed to us a duty, and therefore we were offended at seeing Proteus violate this duty. In an aesthetic point of view the self-preservation only appears as an interest, and therefore the sacrifice of this interest pleases us. Thus the operation that we perform in the judgments of the second kind is precisely the inverse of that which we perform in those of the first. In the former we oppose the individual, a sensuous and limited being, and his personal will, which can be effected pathologically, to the absolute law of the will in general, and of unconditional duty which binds every spiritual being; in the second case, on the contrary, we oppose the faculty of willing, absolute volition, and the spiritual force as an infinite thing, to the solicitations of nature and the impediments of sense. This is the reason why the aesthetical judgment leaves us free, and delights and enraptures us. It is because the mere conception of this faculty of willing in an absolute manner, the mere idea of this moral aptitude, gives us in itself a consciousness of a manifest advantage over the sensuous. It is because the mere possibility of emancipating ourselves from the impediments of nature is in itself

a satisfaction that flatters our thirst for freedom. This is the reason why moral judgment, on the contrary, makes us experience a feeling of constraint that humbles us. It is because in connection with each voluntary act we appreciate in this manner, we feel, as regards the absolute law that ought to rule the will in general, in a position of inferiority more or less decided, and because the constraint of the will thus limited to a single determination, which duty requires of it at all costs, contradicts the instinct of freedom which is the property of imagination. In the former case we soared from the real to the possible, and from the individual to the species; in the latter, on the contrary, we descend from the possible to the real, and we shut up the species in the narrow limits of the individual. We cannot therefore be surprised if the aesthetical judgment enlarges the heart, while the moral judgment constrains and straitens it.

It results, therefore, from all that which precedes, that the moral judgment and the aesthetic, far from mutually corroborating each other, impede and hinder each other, because they impress on the soul two directions entirely opposite. In fact, this observance of rule which reason requires of us as moral judge is incompatible with the independence which the imagination calls for as aesthetic judge. It follows that an object will have so much the less aesthetic value the more it has the character of a moral object, and if the poet were obliged notwithstanding that to choose it, he would do well in treating of it, not to call the attention of our reason to the rule of the will, but that of our imagination to the power of the will. In his own interest it is necessary for the poet to enter on this path, for with our liberty his empire finishes. We belong to him only inasmuch as we look beyond ourselves; we escape from him the moment we re-enter into our innermost selves, and that is what infallibly takes place the moment an object ceases to be a phenomenon in our consideration, and takes the character of a law which judges us.

Even in the manifestation of the most sublime virtue, the poet can only employ for his own views that which in those acts belongs to force. As to the direction of the force, he has no reason to be anxious. The poet, even when he

places before our eyes the most perfect models of morality, has not, and ought not to have, any other end than that of rejoicing our soul by the contemplation of this spectacle. Moreover, nothing can rejoice our soul except that which improves our personality, and nothing can give us a spiritual joy except that which elevates the spiritual faculty. But in what way can the morality of another improve our own personality, and raise our spiritual force? That this other one accomplishes really his duty results from an accidental use which he makes of his liberty, and which for that very reason can prove nothing to us. We only have in common with him the faculty to conform ourselves equally to duty; the moral power which he exhibits reminds us also of our own, and that is why we then feel something which upraises our spiritual force. Thus it is only the idea of the possibility of an absolutely free will which makes the real exercise of this will in us charming to the aesthetic feeling.

We shall be still more convinced when we think how little the poetic force of impression which is awakened in us by an act or a moral character is dependent on their historic reality. The pleasure which we take in considering an ideal character will in no way be lessened when we come to think that this character is nothing more than a poetic fiction; for it is on the poetic truth, and not on historic truth, that every aesthetic impression of the feelings rest. Moreover, poetic truth does not consist in that this or that thing has effectually taken place, but in that it may have happened, that is to say, that the thing is in itself possible. Thus the aesthetic force is necessarily obliged to rest in the first place in the idea of possibility.

Even in real subjects, for which the actors are borrowed from history, it is not the reality of the simple possibility of the fact, but that which is guaranteed to us by its very reality which constitutes the poetic element. That these personages have indeed existed, and that these events have in truth taken place, is a circumstance which can, it is true, in many cases add to our pleasure, but that which it adds to it is like a foreign addition, much rather unfavorable than advantageous to the poetical impression.

It was long thought that a great service was rendered to German poetry by recommending German poets to treat of national themes. Why, it was asked, did Greek poetry have so much power over the mind? Because it brought forward national events and immortalized domestic exploits. No doubt the poetry of the ancients may have been indebted to this circumstance for certain effects of which modern poetry cannot boast; but do these effects belong to art and the poet? It is small glory for the Greek genius if it had only this accidental advantage over modern genius; still more if it were necessary for the poets, in order to gain this advantage, to obtain it by this conformity of their invention with real history! It is only a barbarous taste that requires this stimulant of a national interest to be captivated by beautiful things; and it is only a scribbler who borrows from matter a force to which he despairs of giving a form.

Poetry ought not to take its course through the frigid region of memory; it ought never to convert learning into its interpreter, nor private interest its advocate with the popular mind. It ought to go straight to the heart, because it has come from the heart; and aim at the man in the citizen, not the citizen in the man.

Happily, true genius does not make much account of all these counsels that people are so anxious to give her with better intentions than competence. Otherwise, Sulzer and his school might have made German poetry adopt a very equivocal style. It is no doubt a very honorable aim in a poet to moralize the man, and excite the patriotism of the citizen, and the Muses know better than any one how well the arts of the sublime and of the beautiful are adapted to exercise this influence. But that which poetry obtains excellently by indirect means it would accomplish very badly as an immediate end. Poetry is not made to serve in man for the accomplishment of a particular matter, nor could any instrument be selected less fitted to cause a particular object to succeed, or to carry out special projects and details. Poetry acts on the whole of human nature, and it is only by its general influence on the character of a man that it can influence particular acts. Poetry can be for man what love is for the hero. It can neither

counsel him, nor strike for him, nor do anything for him in short; but it can form a hero in him, call him to great deeds, and arm him with a strength to be all that he ought to be.

Thus the degree of aesthetical energy with which sublime feelings and sublime acts take possession of our souls, does not rest at all on the interest of reason, which requires every action to be really conformable with the idea of good. But it rests on the interest of the imagination, which requires conformity with good should be possible, or, in other terms, that no feeling, however strong, should oppress the freedom of the soul. Now this possibility is found in every act that testifies with energy to liberty, and to the force of the will; and if the poet meets with an action of this kind, it matters little where, he has a subject suitable for his art. To him, and to the interest we have in him, it is quite the same, to take his hero in one class of characters or in another, among the good or the wicked, as it often requires as much strength of character to do evil conscientiously and persistently as to do good. If a proof be required that in our aesthetic judgments we attend more to the force than to its direction, to its freedom than to its lawfulness, this is sufficient for our evidence. We prefer to see force and freedom manifest themselves at the cost of moral regularity, rather than regularity at the cost of freedom and strength. For directly one of those cases offers itself, in which the general law agrees with the instincts which by their strength threaten to carry away the will, the aesthetic value of the character is increased, if he be capable of resisting these instincts. A vicious person begins to interest us as soon as he must risk his happiness and life to carry out his perverse designs; on the contrary, a virtuous person loses in proportion as he finds it useful to be virtuous. Vengeance, for instance, is certainly an ignoble and a vile affection, but this does not prevent it from becoming aesthetical, if to satisfy it we must endure painful sacrifice. Medea slaying her children aims at the heart of Jason, but at the same time she strikes a heavy blow at her own heart, and her vengeance aesthetically becomes sublime directly we see in her a tender mother.

In this sense the aesthetic judgment has more of truth than is ordinarily believed. The vices which show a great force of will evidently announce a greater aptitude for real moral liberty than do virtues which borrow support from inclination; seeing that it only requires of the man who persistently does evil to gain a single victory over himself, one simple upset of his maxims, to gain ever after to the service of virtue his whole plan of life, and all the force of will which he lavished on evil. And why is it we receive with dislike medium characters, whilst we at times follow with trembling admiration one which is altogether wicked? It is evident, that with regard to the former, we renounce all hope, we cannot even conceive the possibility of finding absolute liberty of the will; whilst with the other, on the contrary, each time he displays his faculties, we feel that one single act of the will would suffice to raise him up to the fullest height of human dignity.

Thus, in the aesthetic judgment, that which excites our interest is not morality itself, but liberty alone; and moral purity can only please our imagination when it places in relief the forces of the will. It is then manifestly to confound two very distinct orders of ideas, to require in aesthetic things so exact a morality, and, in order to stretch the domain of reason, to exclude the imagination from its own legitimate sphere.

Either it would be necessary to subject it entirely, then there would be an end to all aesthetic effect; or it would share the realm of reason, then morality would not gain much. For if we pretend to pursue at the same time two different ends, there would be risk of missing both one and the other. The liberty of the imagination would be fettered by too great respect for the moral law; and violence would be done to the character of necessity which is in the reason, in missing the liberty which belongs to the imagination.

ON GRACE AND DIGNITY.

The Greek fable attributes to the goddess of beauty a wonderful girdle which has the quality of lending grace and of gaining hearts in all who wear it. This same divinity is accompanied by the Graces, or goddesses of grace. From this we see that the Greeks distinguished from beauty grace and the divinities styled the Graces, as they expressed the ideas by proper attributes, separable from the goddess of beauty. All that is graceful is beautiful, for the girdle of love winning attractions is the property of the goddess of Cnidus; but all beauty is not of necessity grace, for Venus, even without this girdle, does not cease to be what she is.

However, according to this allegory, the goddess of beauty is the only one who wears and who lends to others the girdle of attractions. Juno, the powerful queen of Olympus, must begin by borrowing this girdle from Venus, when she seeks to charm Jupiter on Mount Ida [Pope's "Iliad," Book XIV. v. 220]. Thus greatness, even clothed with a certain degree of beauty, which is by no means disputed in the spouse of Jupiter, is never sure of pleasing without the grace, since the august queen of the gods, to subdue the heart of her consort, expects the victory not from her own charms but from the girdle of Venus.

But we see, moreover, that the goddess of beauty can part with this girdle, and grant it, with its quality and effects, to a being less endowed with beauty. Thus grace is not the exclusive privilege of the beautiful; it can also be handed over, but only by beauty, to an object less beautiful, or even to an object deprived of beauty.

If these same Greeks saw a man gifted in other respects with all the advantages of mind, but lacking grace, they advised him to sacrifice to the Graces. If, therefore, they conceived these deities as forming an escort to the beauty of the other sex, they also thought that they would be favorable to man, and that to please he absolutely required their help.

But what then is grace, if it be true that it prefers to unite with beauty, yet not in an exclusive manner? What is grace if it proceeds from beauty, but yet produces the effects of beauty, even when beauty is absent. What is it, if beauty can exist indeed without it, and yet has no attraction except with it? The delicate feeling of the Greek people had marked at an early date this distinction between grace and beauty, whereof the reason was not then able to give an account; and, seeking the means to express it, it borrowed images from the imagination, because the understanding could not offer notions to this end. On this score, the myth of the girdle deserves to fix the attention of the philosopher, who, however, ought to be satisfied to seek ideas corresponding with these pictures when the pure instinctive feeling throws out its discoveries, or, in other words, with explaining the hieroglyphs of sensation. If we strip off its allegorical veil from this conception of the Greeks, the following appears the only meaning it admits.

Grace is a kind of movable beauty, I mean a beauty which does not belong essentially to its subject, but which may be produced accidentally in it, as it may also disappear from it. It is in this that grace is distinguished from beauty properly so called, or fixed beauty, which is necessarily inherent in the subject itself. Venus can no doubt take off her girdle and give it up for the moment to Juno, but she could only give up her beauty with her very person. Venus, without a girdle, is no longer the charming Venus, without beauty she is no longer Venus.

But this girdle as a symbol of movable beauty has this particular feature, that the person adorned with it not only appears more graceful, but actually becomes so. The girdle communicates objectively this property of grace, in this contrasting with other articles of dress, which have only subjective effects, and

without modifying the person herself, only modify the impression produced on the imagination of others. Such is the express meaning of the Greek myth; grace becomes the property of the person who puts on this girdle; she does more than appear amiable, it is so in fact.

No doubt it may be thought that a girdle, which after all is only an outward, artificial ornament, does not prove a perfectly correct emblem to express grace as a personal quality. But a personal quality that is conceived at the same time as separable from the subject, could only be represented to the senses by an accidental ornament which can be detached from the person, without the essence of the latter being affected by it.

Thus the girdle of charms operates not by a natural effect (for then it would not change anything in the person itself) but by a magical effect; that is to say, its virtue extends beyond all natural conditions. By this means, which is nothing more, I admit, than an expedient, it has been attempted to avoid the contradiction to which the mind, as regards its representative faculty, is unavoidably reduced, every time it asks an expression from nature herself, for an object foreign to nature and which belongs to the free field of the ideal. If this magic girdle is the symbol of an objective property which can be separated from its subject without modifying in any degree its nature, this myth can only express one thing—the beauty of movement, because movement is the only modification that can affect an object without changing its identity.

The beauty of movement is an idea that satisfies the two conditions contained in the myth which now occupies us. In the first place, it is an objective beauty, not entirely depending upon the impression that we receive from the object, but belonging to the object itself. In the second place, this beauty has in itself something accidental, and the object remains identical even when we conceive it to be deprived of this property. The girdle of attractions does not lose its magic virtue in passing to an object of less beauty, or even to that which is without beauty; that is to say, that a being less beautiful, or even one which is not beautiful, may also lay claim to the beauty of movement. The myth tells us that

grace is something accidental in the subject in which we suppose it to be. It follows that we can attribute this property only to accidental movements. In an ideal of beauty the necessary movements must be beautiful, because inasmuch as necessary they form an integral part of its nature; the idea of Venus once given, the idea of this beauty of necessary movements is that implicitly comprised in it; but it is not the same with the beauty of accidental movements; this is an extension of the former; there can be a grace in the voice, there is none in respiration.

But all this beauty in accidental movements—is it necessarily grace? It is scarcely necessary to notice that the Greek fable attributes grace exclusively to humanity. It goes still further, for even the beauty of form it restricts within the limits of the human species, in which, as we know, the Greeks included also their gods. But if grace is the exclusive privilege of the human form, none of the movements which are common to man with the rest of nature can evidently pretend to it. Thus, for example, if it were admitted that the ringlets of hair on a beautiful head undulate with grace, there would also be no reason to deny a grace of movement to the branches of trees, to the waves of the stream, to the ears of a field of corn, or to the limbs of animals. No, the goddess of Cnidus represents exclusively the human species; therefore, as soon as you see only a physical creature in man, a purely sensuous object, she is no longer concerned with him. Thus, grace can only be met with in voluntary movements, and then in those only which express some sentiment of the moral order. Those which have as principle only animal sensuousness belong only, however voluntary we may suppose them to be, to physical nature, which never reaches of itself to grace. If it were possible to have grace in the manifestations of the physical appetites and instincts, grace would no longer be either capable or worthy to serve as the expression of humanity. Yet it is humanity alone which to the Greek contains all the idea of beauty and of perfection. He never consents to see separated from the soul the purely sensuous part, and such is with him that which might be called man's sensuous nature, which it is equally impossible for him to isolate either from his lower nature or from his intelligence. In the same way that no idea

presents itself to his mind without taking at once a visible form, and without his endeavoring to give a bodily envelope even to his intellectual conceptions, so he desires in man that all his instinctive acts should express at the same time his moral destination. Never for the Greek is nature purely physical nature, and for that reason he does not blush to honor it; never for him is reason purely reason, and for that reason he has not to tremble in submitting to its rule. The physical nature and moral sentiments, matter and mind, earth and heaven, melt together with a marvellous beauty in his poetry. Free activity, which is truly at home only in Olympus, was introduced by him even into the domain of sense, and it is a further reason for not attaching blame to him if reciprocally he transported the affections of the sense into Olympus. Thus, this delicate sense of the Greeks, which never suffered the material element unless accompanied by the spiritual principle, recognizes in man no voluntary movement belonging only to sense which did not at the same time manifest the moral sentiment of the soul. It follows that for them grace is one of the manifestations of the soul, revealed through beauty in voluntary movements; therefore, wherever there is grace, it is the soul which is the mobile, and it is in her that beauty of movement has its principle. The mythological allegory thus expresses the thought, "Grace is a beauty not given by nature, but produced by the subject itself."

Up to the present time I have confined myself to unfolding the idea of grace from the Greek myth, and I hope I have not forced the sense: may I now be permitted to try to what result a philosophical investigation on this point will lead us, and to see if this subject, as so many others, will confirm this truth, that the spirit of philosophy can hardly flatter itself that it can discover anything which has not already been vaguely perceived by sentiment and revealed in poetry?

Without her girdle, and without the Graces, Venus represents the ideal of beauty, such as she could have come forth from the hands of nature, and such as she is made without the intervention of mind endowed with sentiment and by the virtue alone of plastic forces. It is not without reason that the fable created a

particular divinity to represent this sort of beauty, because it suffices to see and to feel in order to distinguish it very distinctly from the other, from that which derives its origin from the influence of a mind endowed with sentiments.

This first beauty, thus formed by nature solely and in virtue of the laws of necessity, I shall distinguish from that which is regulated upon conditions of liberty, in calling it, if allowed, beauty of structure (architectonic beauty). It is agreed, therefore, to designate under this name that portion of human beauty which not only has as efficient principle the forces and agents of physical nature (for we can say as much for every phenomenon), but which also is determined, so far as it is beauty solely, by the forces of this nature.

Well-proportioned limbs, rounded contours, an agreeable complexion, delicacy of skin, an easy and graceful figure, a harmonious tone of voice, etc., are advantages which are gifts of nature and fortune: of nature, which predisposed to this, and developed it herself; of fortune, which protects against all influence adverse to the work of nature.

Venus came forth perfect and complete from the foam of the sea. Why perfect? because she is the finished and exactly determined work of necessity, and on that account she is neither susceptible of variety nor of progress. In other terms, as she is only a beautiful representation of the various ends which nature had in view in forming man, and thence each of her properties is perfectly determined by the idea that she realizes; hence it follows that we can consider her as definitive and determined (with regard to its connection with the first conception) although this conception is subject, in its development, to the conditions of time.

The architectonic beauty of the human form and its technical perfection are two ideas, which we must take good care not to confound. By the latter, the ensemble of particular ends must be understood, such as they co-ordinate between themselves towards a general and higher end; by the other, on the contrary, a character suited to the representation of these ends, as far as these are

revealed, under a visible form, to our faculty of seeing and observing. When, then, we speak of beauty, we neither take into consideration the justness of the aims of nature in themselves, nor formally, the degree of adaptation to the principles of art which their combination could offer. Our contemplative faculties hold to the manner in which the object appears to them, without taking heed to its logical constitution. Thus, although the architectonic beauty, in the structure of man, be determined by the idea which has presided at this structure, and by the ends that nature proposes for it, the aesthetic judgment, making abstraction of these ends, considers this beauty in itself; and in the idea which we form of it, nothing enters which does not immediately and properly belong to the exterior appearance.

We are, then, not obliged to say that the dignity of man and of his condition heightens the beauty of his structure. The idea we have of his dignity may influence, it is true, the judgment that we form on the beauty of his structure; but then this judgment ceases to be purely aesthetic. Doubtless, the technical constitution of the human form is an expression of its destiny, and, as such, it ought to excite our admiration; but this technical constitution is represented to the understanding and not to sense; it is a conception and not a phenomenon. The architectonic beauty, on the contrary, could never be an expression of the destiny of man, because it addresses itself to quite a different faculty from that to which it belongs to pronounce upon his destiny.

If, then, man is, amongst all the technical forces created by nature, that to whom more especially we attribute beauty, this is exact and true only under one condition, which is, that at once and upon the simple appearance he justifies this superiority, without the necessity, in order to appreciate it, that we bring to mind his humanity. For, to recall this, we must pass through a conception; and then it would no longer be the sense, but the understanding, that would become the judge of beauty, which would imply contradiction. Man, therefore, cannot put forward the dignity of his moral destiny, nor give prominence to his superiority as intelligence, to increase the price of his beauty. Man, here, is but a being

thrown like others into space—a phenomenon amongst other phenomena. In the world of sense no account is made of the rank he holds in the world of ideas; and if he desires in that to hold the first place, he can only owe it to that in him which belongs to the physical order.

But his physical nature is determined, we know, by the idea of his humanity; from which it follows that his architectonic beauty is so also mediately. If, then he is distinguished by superior beauty from all other creatures of the sensuous world, it is incontestable that he owes this advantage to his destiny as man, because it is in it that the reason is of the differences which in general separate him from the rest of the sensuous world. But the beauty of the human form is not due to its being the expression of this superior destiny, for if it were so, this form would necessarily cease to be beautiful, from the moment it began to express a less high destiny, and the contrary to this form would be beautiful as soon as it could be admitted that it expresses this higher destination. However, suppose that at the sight of a fine human face we could completely forget that which it expresses, and put in its place, without chancing anything of its outside, the savage instincts of the tiger, the judgment of the eyesight would remain absolutely the same, and the tiger would be for it the chef-d'oeuvre of the Creator.

The destiny of man as intelligence contributes, then, to the beauty of his structure only so far as the form that represents this destiny, the expression that makes it felt, satisfies at the same time the conditions which are prescribed in the world of sense to the manifestations of the beautiful; which signifies that beauty ought always to remain a pure effect of physical nature, and that the rational conception which had determined the technical utility of the human structure cannot confer beauty, but simply be compatible with beauty.

It could be objected, it is true, that in general all which is manifested by a sensuous representation is produced by the forces of nature, and that consequently this character cannot be exclusively an indication of the beautiful. Certainly, and without doubt, all technical creations are the work of nature; but it

is not by the fact of nature that they are technical, or at least that they are so judged to be. They are technical only through the understanding, and thus their technical perfection has already its existence in the understanding, before passing into the world of sense, and becoming a sensible phenomenon. Beauty, on the contrary, has the peculiarity, that the sensuous world is not only its theatre, but the first source from whence it derives its birth, and that it owes to nature not only its expression, but also its creation. Beauty is absolutely but a property of the world of sense; and the artist, who has the beautiful in view, would not attain to it but inasmuch as he entertains this illusion, that his work is the work of nature.

In order to appreciate the technical perfection of the human body, we must bear in mind the ends to which it is appropriated; this being quite unnecessary for the appreciation of its beauty. Here the senses require no aid, and of themselves judge with full competence; however they would not be competent judges of the beautiful, if the world of sense (the senses have no other object) did not contain all the conditions of beauty and was therefore competent to produce it. The beauty of man, it is true, has for mediate reason the idea of his humanity, because all his physical nature is founded on this idea; but the senses, we know, hold to immediate phenomena, and for them it is exactly the same as if this beauty were a simple effect of nature, perfectly independent.

From what we have said, up to the present time, it would appear that the beautiful can offer absolutely no interest to the understanding, because its principle belongs solely to the world of sense, and amongst all our faculties of knowledge it addresses itself only to our senses. And in fact, the moment that we sever from the idea of the beautiful, as a foreign element, all that is mixed with the idea of technical perfection, almost inevitably, in the judgment of beauty, it appears that nothing remains to it by which it can become the object of an intellectual pleasure. And nevertheless, it is quite as incontestable that the beautiful pleases the understanding, as it is beyond doubt that the beautiful rests upon no property of the object that could not be discovered but by the

understanding.

To solve this apparent contradiction, it must be remembered that the phenomena can in two different ways pass to the state of objects of the understanding and express ideas. It is not always necessary that the understanding draws these ideas from phenomena; it can also put them into them. In the two cases, the phenomena will be adequate to a rational conception, with this simple difference, that, in the first case, the understanding finds it objectively given, and to a certain extent only receives it from the object because it is necessary that the idea should be given to explain the nature and often even the possibility of the object; whilst in the second case, on the contrary, it is the understanding which of itself interprets, in a manner to make of it the expression of its idea, that which the phenomenon offers us, without any connection with this idea, and thus treats by a metaphysical process that which in reality is purely physical. There, then, in the association of the idea with the object there is an objective necessity; here, on the contrary, a subjective necessity at the utmost. It is unnecessary to say that, in my mind, the first of these two connections ought to be understood of technical perfection, the second, of the beautiful.

As then in the second case it is a thing quite contingent for the sensuous object that there should or should not be outside of it an object which perceives it—an understanding that associates one of its own ideas with it, consequently, the ensemble of these objective properties ought to be considered as fully independent of this idea; we have perfectly the right to reduce the beautiful, objectively, to the simple conditions of physical nature, and to see nothing more in beauty than effect belonging purely to the world of sense. But as, on the other side, the understanding makes of this simple fact of the world of sense a transcendent usage, and in lending it a higher signification inasmuch as he marks it, as it were, with his image, we have equally the right to transport the beautiful, subjectively, into the world of intelligence. It is in this manner that beauty belongs at the same time to the two worlds—to one by the right of birth, to the other by adoption; it takes its being in the world of sense, it acquires the rights of

citizenship in the world of understanding. It is that which explains how it can be that taste, as the faculty for appreciating the beautiful, holds at once the spiritual element and that of sense; and that these two natures, incompatible one with the other, approach in order to form in it a happy union. It is this that explains how taste can conciliate respect for the understanding with the material element, and with the rational principle the favor and the sympathy of the senses, how it can ennoble the perceptions of the senses so as to make ideas of them, and, in a certain measure, transform the physical world itself into a domain of the ideal.

At all events, if it is accidental with regard to the object, that the understanding associates, at the representation of this object, one of its own ideas with it, it is not the less necessary for the subject which represents it to attach to such a representation such an idea. This idea, and the sensuous indication which corresponds to it in the object, ought to be one with the other in such relation, that the understanding be forced to this association by its own immutable laws; the understanding then must have in itself the reason which leads it to associate exclusively a certain phenomenon with a certain determined idea, and, reciprocally, the object should have in itself the reason for which it exclusively provokes that idea and not another. As to knowing what the idea can be which the understanding carries into the beautiful, and by what objective property the object gifted with beauty can be capable of serving as symbol to this idea, is then a question much too grave to be solved here in passing, and I reserve this examination for an analytical theory of the beautiful.

The architectonic beauty of man is then, in the way I have explained it, the visible expression of a rational conception, but it is so only in the same sense and the same title as are in general all the beautiful creations of nature. As to the degree, I agree that it surpasses all the other beauties; but with regard to kind, it is upon the same rank as they are, because it also manifests that which alone is perceptible of its subject, and it is only when we represent it to ourselves that it receives a super-sensuous value.

If the ends of creation are marked in man with more of success and of beauty

than in the organic beings, it is to some extent a favor which the intelligence, inasmuch as it dictated the laws of the human structure, has shown to nature charged to execute those laws. The intelligence, it is true, pursues its end in the technique of man with a rigorous necessity, but happily its exigencies meet and accord with the necessary laws of nature so well, that one executes the order of the other whilst acting according to its own inclination.

But this can only be true respecting the architectonic beauty of man, where the necessary laws of physical nature are sustained by another necessity, that of the teleological principle which determines them. It is here only that the beautiful could be calculated by relation to the technique of the structure, which can no longer take place when the necessity is on one side alone, and the super-sensuous cause which determines the phenomenon takes a contingent character. Thus, it is nature alone who takes upon herself the architectonic beauty of man, because here, from the first design, she had been charged once for all by the creating intelligence with the execution of all that man needs in order to arrive at the ends for which he is destined, and she has in consequence no change to fear in this organic work which she accomplishes.

But man is moreover a person—that is to say, a being whose different states can have their cause in himself, and absolutely their last cause; a being who can be modified by reason that he draws from himself. The manner in which he appears in the world of sense depends upon the manner in which he feels and wills, and, consequently, upon certain states which are freely determined by himself, and not fatally by nature.

If man were only a physical creature, nature, at the same time that she establishes the general laws of his being, would determine also the various causes of application. But here she divides her empire with free arbitration; and, although its laws are fixed, it is the mind that pronounces upon particular cases.

The domain of mind extends as far as living nature goes, and it finishes only at the point at which organic life loses itself in unformed matter, at the point at

which the animal forces cease to act. It is known that all the motive forces in man are connected one with the other, and this makes us understand how the mind, even considered as principle of voluntary movement, can propagate its action through all organisms. It is not only the instruments of the will, but the organs themselves upon which the will does not immediately exercise its empire, that undergo, indirectly at least, the influence of mind; the mind determines then, not only designedly when it acts, but again, without design, when it feels.

From nature in herself (this result is clearly perceived from what precedes) we must ask nothing but a fixed beauty, that of the phenomena that she alone has determined according to the law of necessity. But with free arbitration, chance (the accidental), interferes in the work of nature, and the modifications that affect it thus under the empire of free will are no longer, although all behave according to its own laws, determined by these laws. From thence it is to the mind to decide the use it will make of its instruments, and with regard to that part of beauty which depends on this use, nature has nothing further to command, nor, consequently, to incur any responsibility.

And thus man by reason that, making use of his liberty, he raises himself into the sphere of pure intelligences, would find himself in danger of sinking, inasmuch as he is a creature of sense, and of losing in the judgment of taste that which he gains at the tribunal of reason. This moral destiny, therefore, accomplished by the moral action of man, would cost him a privilege which was assured to him by this same moral destiny when only indicated in his structure; a purely sensuous privilege, it is true, but one which receives, as we have seen, a signification and a higher value from the understanding. No; nature is too much enamored with harmony to be guilty of so gross a contradiction, and that which is harmonious in the world of the understanding could not be rendered by a discord in the world of sense.

As soon, then, as in man the person, the moral and free agent, takes upon himself to determine the play of phenomena, and by his intervention takes from nature the power to protect the beauty of her work, he then, as it were,

substitutes himself for nature, and assumes in a certain measure, with the rights of nature, a part of the obligations incumbent on her. When the mind, taking possession of the sensuous matter subservient to it, implicates it in his destiny and makes it depend on its own modifications, it transforms itself to a certain point into a sensuous phenomenon, and, as such, is obliged to recognize the law which regulates in general all the phenomena. In its own interest it engages to permit that nature in its service, placed under its dependence, shall still preserve its character of nature, and never act in a manner contrary to its anterior obligations. I call the beautiful an obligation of phenomena, because the want which corresponds to it in the subject has its reason in the understanding itself, and thus it is consequently universal and necessary. I call it an anterior obligation because the senses, in the matter of beauty, have given their judgment before the understanding commences to perform its office.

Thus it is now free arbitration which rules the beautiful. If nature has furnished the architectonic beauty, the soul in its turn determines the beauty of the play, and now also we know what we must understand by charm and grace. Grace is the beauty of the form under the influence of free will; it is the beauty of this kind of phenomena that the person himself determines. The architectonic beauty does honor to the author of nature; grace does honor to him who possesses it. That is a gift, this is a personal merit.

Grace can be found only in movement, for a modification which takes place in the soul can only be manifested in the sensuous world as movement. But this does not prevent features fixed and in repose also from possessing grace. There immobility is, in its origin, movement which, from being frequently repeated, at length becomes habitual, leaving durable traces.

But all the movements of man are not capable of grace. Grace is never otherwise than beauty of form animated into movement by free will; and the movements which belong only to physical nature could not merit the name. It is true that an intellectual man, if he be keen, ends by rendering himself master of almost all the movements of the body; but when the chain which links a fine

lineament to a moral sentiment lengthens much, this lineament becomes the property of the structure, and can no longer be counted as a grace. It happens, ultimately, that the mind moulds the body, and that the structure is forced to modify itself according to the play that the soul imprints upon the organs, so entirely, that grace finally is transformed—and the examples are not rare—into architectonic beauty. As at one time an antagonistic mind which is ill at ease with itself alters and destroys the most perfect beauty of structure, until at last it becomes impossible to recognize this magnificent chef-d'oeuvre of nature in the state to which it is reduced under the unworthy hands of free will, so at other times the serenity and perfect harmony of the soul come to the aid of the hampered technique, unloose nature and develop with divine splendor the beauty of form, enveloped until then, and oppressed.

The plastic nature of man has in it an infinity of resources to retrieve the negligencies and repair the faults that she may have committed. To this end it is sufficient that the mind, the moral agent, sustain it, or even withhold from troubling it in the labor of rebuilding.

Since the movements become fixed (gestures pass to a state of lineament), are themselves capable of grace, it would perhaps appear to be rational to comprehend equally under this idea of beauty some apparent or imitative movements (the flamboyant lines for example, undulations). It is this which Mendelssohn upholds. But then the idea of grace would be confounded with the ideal of beauty in general, for all beauty is definitively but a property of true or apparent movement (objective or subjective), as I hope to demonstrate in an analysis of beauty. With regard to grace, the only movements which can offer any are those which respond at the same time to a sentiment.

The person (it is known what I mean by the expression) prescribes the movements of the body, either through the will, when he desires to realize in the world of sense an effect of which he has proposed the idea, and in that case the movements are said to be voluntary or intentional; or, on the other hand, they take place without its will taking any part in it—in virtue of a fatal law of the

organism—but on the occasion of a sentiment, in the latter case, I say that the movements are sympathetic. The sympathetic movement, though it may be involuntary and provoked by a sentiment, ought not to be confounded with those purely instinctive movements that proceed from physical sensibility. Physical instinct is not a free agent, and that which it executes is not an act of the person; I understand then here exclusively, by sympathetic movements, those which accompany a sentiment, a disposition of the moral order.

The question that now presents itself is this: Of these two kinds of movement, having their principle in the person, which is capable of grace?

That which we are rigorously forced to distinguish in philosophic analysis is not always separated also in the real. Thus it is rare that we meet intentional movements without sympathetic movements, because the will determines the intentional movements only after being decided itself by the moral sentiments which are the principle of the sympathetic movements. When a person speaks, we see his looks, his lineaments, his hands, often the whole person all together speaks to us; and it is not rare that this mimic part of the discourse is the most eloquent. Still more there are cases where an intentional movement can be considered at the same time as sympathetic; and it is that which happens when something involuntary mingles with the voluntary act which determines this movement.

I will explain: the mode, the manner in which a voluntary movement is executed, is not a thing so exactly determined by the intention which is proposed by it that it cannot be executed in several different ways. Well, then, that which the will or intention leaves undetermined can be sympathetically determined by the state of moral sensibility in which the person is found to be, and consequently can express this state. When I extend the arm to seize an object, I execute, in truth, an intention, and the movement I make is determined in general by the end that I have in view; but in what way does my arm approach the object? how far do the other parts of my body follow this impulsion? What will be the degree of slowness or of the rapidity of the movement? What amount of

force shall I employ? This is a calculation of which my will, at the instant, takes no account, and in consequence there is a something left to the discretion of nature.

But nevertheless, though that part of the movement is not determined by the intention itself, it must be decided at length in one way or the other, and the reason is that the manner in which my moral sensibility is affected can have here decisive influence: it is this which will give the tone, and which thus determines the mode and the manner of the movement. Therefore this influence, which exercises upon the voluntary movement the state of moral sensibility in which the subject is found, represents precisely the involuntary part of this movement, and it is there then that we must seek for grace.

A voluntary movement, if it is not linked to any sympathetic movement—or that which comes to the same thing, if there is nothing involuntary mixed up with it having for principle the moral state of sensibility in which the subject happens to be—could not in any manner present grace, for grace always supposes as a cause a disposition of the soul. Voluntary movement is produced after an operation of the soul, which in consequence is already completed at the moment in which the movement takes place.

The sympathetic movement, on the contrary, accompanies this operation of the soul, and the moral state of sensibility which decides it to this operation. So that this movement ought to be considered as simultaneous with regard to both one and the other.

From that alone it results that voluntary movement not proceeding immediately from the disposition of the subject could not be an expression of this disposition also. For between the disposition and the movement itself the volition has intervened, which, considered in itself, is something perfectly indifferent. This movement is the work of the volition, it is determined by the aim that is proposed; it is not the work of the person, nor the product of the sentiments that affect it.

The voluntary movement is united but accidentally with the disposition which precedes it; the concomitant movement, on the contrary, is necessarily linked to it. The first is to the soul that which the conventional signs of speech are to the thoughts which they express. The second, on the contrary, the sympathetic movement or concomitant, is to the soul that which the cry of passion is to the passion itself. The involuntary movement is, then, an expression of the mind, not by its nature, but only by its use. And in consequence we are not authorized to say that the mind is revealed in a voluntary movement; this movement never expresses more than the substance of the will (the aim), and not the form of the will (the disposition). The disposition can only manifest itself to us by concomitant movements.

It follows that we can infer from the words of a man the kind of character he desires to have attributed to him; but if we desire to know what is in reality his character we must seek to divine it in the mimic expression which accompanies his words, and in his gestures, that is to say, in the movements which he did not desire. If we perceive that this man wills even the expression of his features, from the instant we have made this discovery we cease to believe in his physiognomy and to see in it an indication of his sentiments.

It is true that a man, by dint of art and of study, can at last arrive at this result, to subdue to his will even the concomitant movements; and, like a clever juggler, to shape according to his pleasure such or such a physiognomy upon the mirror from which his soul is reflected through mimic action. But then, with such a man all is dissembling, and art entirely absorbs nature. The true grace, on the contrary, ought always to be pure nature, that is to say, involuntary (or at least appear to be so), to be graceful. The subject even ought not to appear to know that it possesses grace.

By which we can also see incidentally what we must think of grace, either imitated or learned (I would willingly call it theatrical grace, or the grace of the dancing-master). It is the pendant of that sort of beauty which a woman seeks from her toilet-table, reinforced with rouge, white paint, false ringlets, pads, and

whalebone. Imitative grace is to true grace what beauty of toilet is to architectonic beauty. One and the other could act in absolutely the same manner upon the senses badly exercised, as the original of which they wish to be the imitation; and at times even, if much art is put into it, they might create an illusion to the connoisseur. But there will be always some indication through which the intention and constraint will betray it in the end, and this discovery will lead inevitably to indifference, if not even to contempt and disgust. If we are warned that the architectonic beauty is factitious, at once, the more it has borrowed from a nature which is not its own, the more it loses in our eyes of that which belongs to humanity (so far as it is phenomenal), and then we, who forbid the renunciation lightly of an accidental advantage, how can we see with pleasure or even with indifference an exchange through which man sacrifices a part of his proper nature in order to substitute elements taken from inferior nature? How, even supposing we could forgive the illusion produced, how could we avoid despising the deception? If we are told that grace is artificial, our heart at once closes; our soul, which at first advanced with so much vivacity to meet the graceful object, shrinks back. That which was mind has suddenly become matter. Juno and her celestial beauty has vanished, and in her place there is nothing but a phantom of vapour.

Although grace ought to be, or at least ought to appear, something involuntary, still we seek it only in the movements that depend more or less on the will. I know also that grace is attributed to a certain mimic language, and we say a pleasing smile, a charming blush, though the smile and the blush are sympathetic movements, not determined by the will, but by moral sensibility. But besides that, the first of these movements is, after all, in our power, and that it is not shown that in the second there is, properly speaking, any grace, it is right to say, in general, that most frequently when grace appears it is on the occasion of a voluntary movement. Grace is desired both in language and in song; it is asked for in the play of the eyes and of the mouth, in the movements of the hands and the arms whenever these movements are free and voluntary; it is required in the walk, in the bearing, and attitude, in a word, in all exterior

demonstrations of man, so far as they depend on his will. As to the movements which the instinct of nature produces in us, or which an overpowering affection excites, or, so to speak, is lord over; that which we ask of these movements, in origin purely physical, is, as we shall see presently, quite another thing than grace. These kinds of movements belong to nature, and not to the person, but it is from the person alone, as we have seen, that all grace issues.

If, then, grace is a property that we demand only from voluntary movements, and if, on the other hand, all voluntary element should be rigorously excluded from grace, we have no longer to seek it but in that portion of the intentional movements to which the intention of the subject is unknown, but which, however, does not cease to answer in the soul to a moral cause.

We now know in what kind of movements he must ask for grace; but we know nothing more, and a movement can have these different characters, without on that account being graceful; it is as yet only speaking (or mimic).

I call speaking (in the widest sense of the word) every physical phenomenon which accompanies and expresses a certain state of the soul; thus, in this acceptation, all the sympathetic movements are speaking, including those which accompany the simple affections of the animal sensibility.

The aspect, even, under which the animals present themselves, can be speaking, as soon as they outwardly show their inward dispositions. But, with them, it is nature alone which speaks, and NOT LIBERTY. By the permanent configuration of animals through their fixed and architectonic features, nature expresses the aim she proposed in creating them; by their mimic traits she expresses the want awakened and the want satisfied. Necessity reigns in the animal as well as in the plant, without meeting the obstacle of a person. The animals have no individuality farther than each of them is a specimen by itself of a general type of nature, and the aspect under which they present themselves at such or such an instant of their duration is only a particular example of the accomplishment of the views of nature under determined natural conditions.

To take the word in a more restricted sense, the configuration of man alone is speaking, and it is itself so only in those of the phenomena that accompany and express the state of its moral sensibility.

I say it is only in this sort of phenomena; for, in all the others, man is in the same rank as the rest of sensible beings. By the permanent configuration of man, by his architectonic features, nature only expresses, just as in the animals and other organic beings, her own intention. It is true the intention of nature may go here much further, and the means she employs to reach her end may offer in their combination more of art and complication; but all that ought to be placed solely to the account of nature, and can confer no advantage on man himself.

In the animal, and in the plant, nature gives not only the destination; she acts herself and acts alone in the accomplishment of her ends. In man, nature limits herself in marking her views; she leaves to himself their accomplishment, it is this alone that makes of him a man.

Alone of all known beings—man, in his quality of person, has the privilege to break the chain of necessity by his will, and to determine in himself an entire series of fresh spontaneous phenomena. The act by which he thus determines himself is properly that which we call an action, and the things that result from this sort of action are what we exclusively name his acts. Thus man can only show his personality by his own acts.

The configuration of the animal not only expresses the idea of his destination, but also the relation of his present state with this destination. And as in the animal it is nature which determines and at the same time accomplishes its destiny, the configuration of the animal can never express anything else than the work of nature.

If then nature, whilst determining the destiny of man, abandons to the will of man himself the care to accomplish it, the relation of his present state with his

destiny cannot be a work of nature, but ought to be the work of the person; it follows, that all in the configuration which expresses this relation will belong, not to nature, but to the person, that is to say, will be considered as a personal expression; if then, the architectonic part of his configuration tells us the views that nature proposed to herself in creating him, the mimic part of his face reveals what he has himself done for the accomplishment of these views.

It is not then enough for us, when there is question of the form of man, to find in it the expression of humanity in general, or even of that which nature has herself contributed to the individual in particular, in order to realize the human type in it; for he would have that in common with every kind of technical configuration. We expect something more of his face; we desire that it reveal to us at the same time, up to what point man himself, in his liberty, has contributed towards the aim of nature; in other words, we desire that his face bear witness to his character. In the first case we see that nature proposed to create in him a man; but it is in the second case only that we can judge if he has become so in reality.

Thus, the face of a man is truly his own only inasmuch as his face is mimic; but also all that is mimic in his face is entirely his own. For, if we suppose the case in which the greatest part, and even the totality, of these mimic features express nothing more than animal sensations or instincts, and, in consequence, would show nothing more than the animal in him, it would still remain that it was in his destiny and in his power to limit, by his liberty, his sensuous nature. The presence of these kinds of traits clearly witness that he has not made use of this faculty. We see by that he has not accomplished his destiny, and in this sense his face is speaking; it is still a moral expression, the same as the non-accomplishment of an act commanded by duty is likewise a sort of action.

We must distinguish from these speaking features which are always an expression of the soul, the features non-speaking or dumb, which are exclusively the work of plastic nature, and which it impresses on the human face when it acts independently of all influence of the soul. I call them dumb, because, like

incomprehensible figures put there by nature, they are silent upon the character. They mark only distinctive properties attributed by nature to all the kind; and if at times they are sufficient to distinguish the individual, they at least never express anything of the person.

These features are by no means devoid of signification for the physiognomies, because the physiognomies not only studies that which man has made of his being, but also that which nature has done for him and against him.

It is not also easy to determine with precision where the dumb traits or features end, where the speaking traits commence. The plastic forces on one side, with their uniform action, and, on the other, the affections which depend on no law, dispute incessantly the ground; and that which nature, in its dumb and indefatigable activity, has succeeded in raising up, often is overturned by liberty, as a river that overflows and spreads over its banks: the mind when it is gifted with vivacity acquires influence over all the movements of the body, and arrives at last indirectly to modify by force the sympathetic play as far as the architectonic and fixed forms of nature, upon which the will has no hold. In a man thus constituted it becomes at last characteristic; and it is that which we can often observe upon certain heads which a long life, strange accidents, and an active mind have moulded and worked. In these kinds of faces there is only the generic character which belongs to plastic nature; all which here forms individuality is the act of the person himself, and it is this which causes it to be said, with much reason, that those faces are all soul.

Look at that man, on the contrary, who has made for himself a mechanical existence, those disciples of the rule. The rule can well calm the sensuous nature, but not awaken human nature, the superior faculties: look at those flat and inexpressive physiognomies; the finger of nature has alone left there its impression; a soul inhabits these bodies, but it is a sluggish soul, a discreet guest, and, as a peaceful and silent neighbour who does not disturb the plastic force at its work, left to itself. Never a thought which requires an effort, never a movement of passion, hurries the calm cadence of physical life. There is no

danger that the architectonic features ever become changed by the play of voluntary movements, and never would liberty trouble the functions of vegetative life. As the profound calm of the mind does not bring about a notable degeneracy of forces, the expense would never surpass the receipts; it is rather the animal economy which would always be in excess. In exchange for a certain sum of well-being which it throws as bait, the mind makes itself the servant, the punctual major-domo of physical nature, and places all his glory in keeping his books in order. Thus will be accomplished that which organic nature can accomplish; thus will the work of nutrition and of reproduction prosper. So happy a concord between animal nature and the will cannot but be favorable to architectonic beauty, and it is there that we can observe this beauty in all its purity. But the general forces of nature, as every one knows, are eternally at warfare with the particular or organic forces, and, however cleverly balanced is the technique of a body, the cohesion and the weight end always by getting the upper hand. Also architectonic beauty, so far as it is a simple production of nature, has its fixed periods, its blossoming, its maturity, and its decline—periods the revolution of which can easily be accelerated, but not retarded in any case, by the play of the will, and this is the way in which it most frequently finishes; little by little matter takes the upper hand over form, and the plastic principle, which vivified the being, prepares for itself its tomb under the accumulation of matter.

However, although no dumb trait, considered in an isolated point of view, can be an expression of the mind, a face composed entirely of these kinds of features can be characterized in its entirety by precisely the same reason as a face which is speaking only as an expression of sensuous nature can be nevertheless characteristic. I mean to say that the mind is obliged to exercise its activity and to feel conformably to its moral nature, and it accuses itself and betrays its fault when the face which it animates shows no trace of this moral activity. If, therefore, the pure and beautiful expression of the destination of man, which is marked in his architectonic structure, penetrates us with satisfaction and respect for the sovereign, reason, who is the author of it, at all events these two

sentiments will not be for us without mixture but in as far as we see in man a simple creation of nature. But if we consider in him the moral person, we have a right to demand of his face an expression of the person, and if this expectation is deceived contempt will infallibly follow. Simply organic beings have a right to our respect as creatures; man cannot pretend to it but in the capacity of creator, that is to say, as being himself the determiner of his own condition. He ought not only, as the other sensuous creatures, to reflect the rays of a foreign intelligence, were it even the divine intelligence; man ought, as a sun, to shine by his own light.

Thus we require of man a speaking expression as soon as he becomes conscious of his moral destiny; but we desire at the same time that this expression speak to his advantage, that is to say, it marks in him sentiments conformable to his moral destiny, and a superior moral aptitude. This is what reason requires in the human face.

But, on the other side, man, as far as he is a phenomenon, is an object of sense; there, where the moral sentiment is satisfied, the aesthetic sentiment does not understand its being made a sacrifice, and the conformity with an idea ought not to lessen the beauty of the phenomenon. Thus, as much as reason requires an expression of the morality of the subject in the human face, so much, and with no less rigor, does the eye demand beauty. As these two requirements, although coming from the principles of the appreciation of different degrees, address themselves to the same object, also both one and the other must be given satisfaction by one and the same cause. The disposition of the soul which places man in the best state for accomplishing his moral destiny ought to give place to an expression that will be at the same time the most advantageous to his beauty as phenomenon; in other terms, his moral exercise ought to be revealed by grace.

But a great difficulty now presents itself from the idea alone of the expressive movements which bear witness to the morality of the subject: it appears that the cause of these movements is necessarily a moral cause, a principle which resides beyond the world of sense; and from the sole idea of beauty it is not less evident

that its principle is purely sensuous, and that it ought to be a simple effect of nature, or at the least appear to be such. But if the ultimate reason of the movements which offer a moral expression is necessarily without, and the ultimate reason of the beautiful necessarily within, the sensuous world, it appears that grace, which ought to unite both of them, contains a manifest contradiction.

To avoid this contradiction we must admit that the moral cause, which in our soul is the foundation of grace, brings, in a necessary manner, in the sensibility which depends on that cause, precisely that state which contains in itself the natural conditions of beauty. I will explain. The beautiful, as each sensuous phenomenon, supposes certain conditions, and, in as far as it is beautiful, these are purely conditions of the senses; well, then, in that the mind (in virtue of a law that we cannot fathom), from the state in which it is, itself prescribes to physical nature which accompanies it, its own state, and in that the state of moral perfection is precisely in it the most favorable for the accomplishment of the physical conditions of beauty, it follows that it is the mind which renders beauty possible; and there its action ends. But whether real beauty comes forth from it, that depends upon the physical conditions alluded to, and is consequently a free effect of nature. Therefore, as it cannot be said that nature is properly free in the voluntary movements, in which it is employed but as a means to attain an end, and as, on the other side, it cannot be said that it is free in its involuntary movements, which express the moral, the liberty with which it manifests itself, dependent as it is on the will of the subject, must be a concession that the mind makes to nature; and, consequently, it can be said that grace is a favor in which the moral has desired to gratify the sensuous element; the same as the architectonic beauty may be considered as nature acquiescing to the technical form.

May I be permitted a comparison to clear up this point? Let us suppose a monarchical state administered in such a way that, although all goes on according to the will of one person, each citizen could persuade himself that he

governs and obeys only his own inclination, we should call that government a liberal government.

But we should look twice before we should thus qualify a government in which the chief makes his will outweigh the wishes of the citizens, or a government in which the will of the citizens outweighs that of the chief. In the first case, the government would be no more liberal; in the second, it would not be a government at all.

It is not difficult to make application of these examples to what the human face could be under the government of the mind. If the mind is manifested in such a way through the sensuous nature subject to its empire that it executes its behests with the most faithful exactitude, or expresses its sentiments in the most perfectly speaking manner, without going in the least against that which the aesthetic sense demands from it as a phenomenon, then we shall see produced that which we call grace. But this is far from being grace, if mind is manifested in a constrained manner by the sensuous nature, or if sensuous nature acting alone in all liberty the expression of moral nature was absent. In the first case there would not be beauty; in the second the beauty would be devoid of play.

The super-sensuous cause, therefore, the cause of which the principle is in the soul, can alone render grace speaking, and it is the purely sensuous cause having its principle in nature which alone can render it beautiful. We are not more authorized in asserting that mind engenders beauty than we should be, in the former example, in maintaining that the chief of the state produces liberty; because we can indeed leave a man in his liberty, but not give it to him.

But just as when a people feels itself free under the constraint of a foreign will, it is in a great degree due to the sentiments animating the prince; and as this liberty would run great risks if the prince took opposite sentiments, so also it is in the moral dispositions of the mind which suggests them that we must seek the beauty of free movements. And now the question which is presented is this one: What then are the conditions of personal morality which assure the utmost

amount of liberty to the sensuous instruments of the will? and what are the moral sentiments which agree the best in their expression with the beautiful?

That which is evident is that neither the will, in the intentional movement, nor the passion, in the sympathetic movement, ought to act as a force with regard to the physical nature which is subject to it, in order that this, in obeying it, may have beauty. In truth, without going further, common sense considers ease to be the first requisite of grace. It is not less evident that, on another side, nature ought not to act as a force with regard to mind, in order to give occasion for a fine moral expression; for there, where physical nature commands alone, it is absolutely necessary that the character of the man should vanish.

We can conceive three sorts of relation of man with himself: I mean the sensuous part of man with the reasonable part. From these three relations we have to seek which is that one which best suits him in the sensuous world, and the expression of which constitutes the beautiful. Either man enforces silence upon the exigencies of his sensuous nature, to govern himself conformably with the superior exigencies of his reasonable nature; or else, on the contrary, he subjects the reasonable portion of his being to the sensuous part, reducing himself thus to obey only the impulses which the necessity of nature imprints upon him, as well as upon the other phenomena; or lastly, harmony is established between the impulsions of the one and the laws of the other, and man is in perfect accord with himself.

If he has the consciousness of his spiritual person, of his pure autonomy, man rejects all that is sensuous, and it is only when thus isolated from matter that he feels to the full his moral liberty. But for that, as his sensuous nature opposes an obstinate and vigorous resistance to him, he must, on his side, exercise upon it a notable pressure and a strong effort, without which he could neither put aside the appetites nor reduce to silence the energetic voice of instinct. A mind of this quality makes the physical nature which depends on him feel that it has a master in him, whether it fulfils the orders of the will or endeavors to anticipate them. Under its stern discipline sensuousness appears then repressed, and interior

resistance will betray itself exteriorly by the constraint. This moral state cannot, then, be favorable to beauty, because nature cannot produce the beautiful but as far as it is free, and consequently that which betrays to us the struggles of moral liberty against matter cannot either be grace.

If, on the contrary, subdued by its wants, man allows himself to be governed without reserve by the instinct of nature, it is his interior autonomy that vanishes, and with it all trace of this autonomy is exteriorly effaced. The animal nature is alone visible upon his visage; the eye is watery and languishing, the mouth rapaciously open, the voice trembling and muffled, the breathing short and rapid, the limbs trembling with nervous agitation: the whole body by its languor betrays its moral degradation. Moral force has renounced all resistance, and physical nature, with such a man, is placed in full liberty. But precisely this complete abandonment of moral independence, which occurs ordinarily at the moment of sensuous desire, and more still at the moment of enjoyment, sets suddenly brute matter at liberty which until then had been kept in equilibrium by the active and passive forces. The inert forces of nature commence from thence to gain the upper hand over the living forces of the organism; the form is oppressed by matter, humanity by common nature. The eye, in which the soul shone forth, becomes dull, or it protrudes from its socket with I know not what glassy haggardness; the delicate pink of the cheeks thickens, and spreads as a coarse pigment in uniform layers. The mouth is no longer anything but a simple opening, because its form no longer depends upon the action of forces, but on their non-resistance; the gasping voice and breathing are no more than an effort to ease the laborious and oppressed lungs, and which show a simple mechanical want, with nothing that reveals a soul. In a word, in that state of liberty which physical nature arrogates to itself from its chief, we must not think of beauty. Under the empire of the moral agent, the liberty of form was only restrained, here it is crushed by brutal matter, which gains as much ground as is abstracted from the will. Man in this state not only revolts the moral sense, which incessantly claims of the face an expression of human dignity, but the aesthetic sense, which is not content with simple matter, and which finds in the form an

unfettered pleasure—the aesthetic sense will turn away with disgust from such a spectacle, where concupiscence could alone find its gratification.

Of these two relations between the moral nature of man and his physical nature, the first makes us think of a monarchy, where strict surveillance of the prince holds in hand all free movement; the second is an ochlocracy, where the citizen, in refusing to obey his legitimate sovereign, finds he has liberty quite as little as the human face has beauty when the moral autonomy is oppressed; nay, on the contrary, just as the citizens are given over to the brutal despotism of the lowest classes, so the form is given over here to the despotism of matter. Just as liberty finds itself between the two extremes of legal oppression and anarchy, so also we shall find the beautiful between two extremes, between the expression of dignity which bears witness to the domination exercised by the mind, and the voluptuous expression which reveals the domination exercised by instinct.

In other terms, if the beauty of expression is incompatible with the absolute government of reason over sensuous nature, and with the government of sensuous nature over the reason, it follows that the third state (for one could not conceive a fourth)—that in which the reason and the senses, duty and inclination, are in harmony—will be that in which the beauty of play is produced. In order that obedience to reason may become an object of inclination, it must represent for us the principle of pleasure; for pleasure and pain are the only springs which set the instincts in motion. It is true that in life it is the reverse that takes place, and pleasure is ordinarily the motive for which we act according to reason. If morality itself has at last ceased to hold this language, it is to the immortal author of the "Critique" to whom we must offer our thanks; it is to him to whom the glory is due of having restored the healthy reason in separating it from all systems. But in the manner in which the principles of this philosopher are ordinarily expressed by himself and also by others, it appears that the inclination can never be for the moral sense otherwise than a very suspicious companion, and pleasure a dangerous auxiliary for moral determinations. In admitting that the instinct of happiness does not exercise a

blind domination over man, it does not the less desire to interfere in the moral actions which depend on free arbitration, and by that it changes the pure action of the will, which ought always to obey the law alone, never the instinct. Thus, to be altogether sure that the inclination has not interfered with the demonstrations of the will, we prefer to see it in opposition rather than in accord with the law of reason; because it may happen too easily, when the inclination speaks in favor of duty, that duty draws from the recommendation all its credit over the will. And in fact, as in practical morals, it is not the conformity of the acts with the law, but only the conformity of the sentiments with duty, which is important. We do not attach, and with reason, any value to this consideration, that it is ordinarily more favorable to the conformity of acts with the law that inclination is on the side of duty. As a consequence, this much appears evident: that the assent of sense, if it does not render suspicious the conformity of the will with duty, at least does not guarantee it. Thus the sensuous expression of this assent, expression that grace offers to us, could never bear a sufficient available witness to the morality of the act in which it is met; and it is not from that which an action or a sentiment manifests to the eyes by graceful expression that we must judge of the moral merit of that sentiment or of that action.

Up to the present time I believe I have been in perfect accord with the rigorists in morals. I shall not become, I hope, a relaxed moralist in endeavoring to maintain in the world of phenomena and in the real fulfilment of the law of duty those rights of sensuous nature which, upon the ground of pure reason and in the jurisdiction of the moral law, are completely set aside and excluded.

I will explain. Convinced as I am, and precisely because I am convinced, that the inclination in associating itself to an act of the will offers no witness to the pure conformity of this act with the duty, I believe that we are able to infer from this that the moral perfection of man cannot shine forth except from this very association of his inclination with his moral conduct. In fact, the destiny of man is not to accomplish isolated moral acts, but to be a moral being. That which is prescribed to him does not consist of virtues, but of virtue, and virtue is not

anything else "than an inclination for duty." Whatever, then, in the objective sense, may be the opposition which separates the acts suggested by the inclination from those which duty determines, we cannot say it is the same in the subjective sense; and not only is it permitted to man to accord duty with pleasure, but he ought to establish between them this accord, he ought to obey his reason with a sentiment of joy. It is not to throw it off as a burden, nor to cast it off as a too coarse skin. No, it is to unite it, by a union the most intimate, with his Ego, with the most noble part of his being, that a sensuous nature has been associated in him to his purely spiritual nature. By the fact that nature has made of him a being both at once reasonable and sensuous, that is to say, a man, it has prescribed to him the obligation not to separate that which she has united; not to sacrifice in him the sensuous being, were it in the most pure manifestations of the divine part; and never to found the triumph of one over the oppression and the ruin of the other. It is only when he gathers, so to speak, his entire humanity together, and his way of thinking in morals becomes the result of the united action of the two principles, when morality has become to him a second nature, it is then only that it is secure; for, as far as the mind and the duty are obliged to employ violence, it is necessary that the instinct shall have force to resist them. The enemy which only is overturned can rise up again, but the enemy reconciled is truly vanquished. In the moral philosophy of Kant the idea of duty is proposed with a harshness enough to ruffle the Graces, and one which could easily tempt a feeble mind to seek for moral perfection in the sombre paths of an ascetic and monastic life. Whatever precautions the great philosopher has been able to take in order to shelter himself against this false interpretation, which must be repugnant more than all else to the serenity of the free mind, he has lent it a strong impulse, it seems to me, in opposing to each other by a harsh contrast the two principles which act upon the human will. Perhaps it was hardly possible, from the point of view in which he was placed, to avoid this mistake; but he has exposed himself seriously to it. Upon the basis of the question there is no longer, after the demonstration he has given, any discussion possible, at least for the heads which think and which are quite willing to be persuaded; and I am not at all sure if it would not be better to renounce at once all the attributes of the

human being than to be willing to reach on this point, by reason, a different result. But although he began to work without any prejudice when he searched for the truth, and though all is here explained by purely objective reasons, it appears that when he put forward the truth once found he had been guided by a more subjective maxim, which is not difficult, I believe, to be accounted for by the time and circumstances.

What, in fact, was the moral of his time, either in theory or in its application? On one side, a gross materialism, of which the shameless maxims would revolt his soul; impure resting-places offered to the bastard characters of a century by the unworthy complacency of philosophers; on the other side, a pretended system of perfectibility, not less suspicious, which, to realize the chimera of a general perfection common to the whole universe, would not be embarrassed for a choice of means. This is what would meet his attention. So he carried there, where the most pressing danger lay and reform was the most urgent, the strongest forces of his principles, and made it a law to pursue sensualism without pity, whether it walks with a bold face, impudently insulting morality, or dissimulates under the imposing veil of a moral, praiseworthy end, under which a certain fanatical kind of order know how to disguise it. He had not to disguise ignorance, but to reform perversion; for such a cure a violent blow, and not persuasion or flattery, was necessary; and the more the contrast would be violent between the true principles and the dominant maxims, the more he would hope to provoke reflection upon this point. He was the Draco of his time, because his time seemed to him as yet unworthy to possess a Solon, neither capable of receiving him. From the sanctuary of pure reason he drew forth the moral law, unknown then, and yet, in another way, so known; he made it appear in all its saintliness before a degraded century, and troubled himself little to know whether there were eyes too enfeebled to bear the brightness.

But what had the children of the house done for him to have occupied himself only with the valets? Because strongly impure inclinations often usurp the name of virtue, was it a reason for disinterested inclinations in the noblest heart to be

also rendered suspicious? Because the moral epicurean had willingly relaxed the law of reason, in order to fit it as a plaything to his customs, was it a reason to thus exaggerate harshness, and to make the fulfilment of duty, which is the most powerful manifestation of moral freedom, another kind of decorated servitude of a more specious name? And, in fact, between the esteem and the contempt of himself has the truly moral man a more free choice than the slave of sense between pleasure and pain? Is there less of constraint there for a pure will than here for a depraved will? Must one, by this imperative form given to the moral law, accuse man and humble him, and make of this law, which is the most sublime witness of our grandeur, the most crushing argument for our fragility? Was it possible with this imperative force to avoid that a prescription which man imposes on himself, as a reasonable being, and which is obligatory only for him on that account, and which is conciliatory with the sentiment of his liberty only—that this prescription, say I, took the appearance of a foreign law, a positive law, an appearance which could hardly lessen the radical tendency which we impute to man to react against the law?

It is certainly not an advantage for moral truth to have against itself sentiments which man can avow without shame. Thus, how can the sentiment of the beautiful, the sentiment of liberty, accord with the austere mind of a legislation which governs man rather through fear than trust, which tends constantly to separate that which nature has united, and which is reduced to hold us in defiance against a part of our being, to assure its empire over the rest? Human nature forms a whole more united in reality than it is permitted to the philosopher, who can only analyze, to allow it to appear. The reason can never reject as unworthy of it the affections which the heart recognizes with joy; and there, where man would be morally fallen, he can hardly rise in his own esteem. If in the moral order the sensuous nature were only the oppressed party and not an ally, how could it associate with all the ardor of its sentiments in a triumph which would be celebrated only over itself? how could it be so keen a participator in the satisfaction of a pure spirit having consciousness of itself, if in the end it could not attach itself to the pure spirit with such closeness that it is

not possible even to intellectual analysis to separate it without violence.

The will, besides, is in more immediate relation with the faculty of feeling than with the cognitive faculties, and it would be regrettable in many circumstances if it were obliged, in order to guide itself, to take advice of pure reason. I prejudge nothing good of a man who dares so little trust to the voice of instinct that he is obliged each time to make it appear first before the moral law; he is much more estimable who abandons himself with a certain security to inclination, without having to fear being led astray by her. That proves in fact that with him the two principles are already in harmony—in that harmony which places a seat upon the perfection of the human being, and which constitutes that which we understand by a noble soul.

It is said of a man that he has a great soul when the moral sense has finished assuring itself of all the affections, to the extent of abandoning without fear the direction of the senses to the will, and never incurring the risk of finding himself in discord with its decisions. It follows that in a noble soul it is not this or that particular action, it is the entire character which is moral. Thus we can make a merit of none of its actions because the satisfaction of an instinct could not be meritorious. A noble soul has no other merit than to be a noble soul. With as great a facility as if the instinct alone were acting, it accomplishes the most painful duties of humanity, and the most heroic sacrifice that she obtains over the instinct of nature seems the effect of the free action of the instinct itself. Also, it has no idea of the beauty of its act, and it never occurs to it that any other way of acting could be possible; on the contrary, the moralist formed by the school and by rule, is always ready at the first question of the master to give an account with the most rigorous precision of the conformity of its acts with the moral law. The life of this one is like a drawing where the pencil has indicated by harsh and stiff lines all that the rule demands, and which could, if necessary, serve for a student to learn the elements of art. The life of a noble soul, on the contrary, is like a painting of Titian; all the harsh outlines are effaced, which does not prevent the whole face being more true, lifelike and harmonious.

It is then in a noble soul that is found the true harmony between reason and sense, between inclination and duty, and grace is the expression of this harmony in the sensuous world. It is only in the service of a noble soul that nature can at the same time be in possession of its liberty, and preserve from all alteration the beauty of its forms; for the one, its liberty would be compromised under the tyranny of an austere soul, the other, under the anarchical regimen of sensuousness. A noble soul spreads even over a face in which the architectonic beauty is wanting an irresistible grace, and often even triumphs over the natural disfavor. All the movements which proceed from a noble soul are easy, sweet, and yet animated. The eye beams with serenity as with liberty, and with the brightness of sentiment; gentleness of heart would naturally give to the mouth a grace that no affectation, no art, could attain. You trace there no effort in the varied play of the physiognomy, no constraint in the voluntary movements—a noble soul knows not constraint; the voice becomes music, and the limpid stream of its modulations touches the heart. The beauty of structure can excite pleasure, admiration, astonishment; grace alone can charm. Beauty has its adorers; grace alone has its lovers: for we pay our homage to the Creator, and we love man. As a whole, grace would be met with especially amongst women; beauty, on the contrary, is met with more frequently in man, and we need not go far without finding the reason. For grace we require the union of bodily structure, as well as that of character: the body, by its suppleness, by its promptitude to receive impressions and to bring them into action; the character, by the moral harmony of the sentiments. Upon these two points nature has been more favorable to the woman than to man.

The more delicate structure of the woman receives more rapidly each impression and allows it to escape as rapidly. It requires a storm to shake a strong constitution, and when vigorous muscles begin to move we should not find the ease which is one of the conditions of grace. That which upon the face of woman is still a beautiful sensation would express suffering already upon the face of man. Woman has the more tender nerves; it is a reed which bends under the gentlest breath of passion. The soul glides in soft and amiable ripples upon

her expressive face, which soon regains the calm and smooth surface of the mirror.

The same also for the character: for that necessary union of the soul with grace the woman is more happily gifted than man. The character of woman rises rarely to the supreme ideal of moral purity, and would rarely go beyond acts of affection; her character would often resist sensuousness with heroic force. Precisely because the moral nature of woman is generally on the side of inclination, the effect becomes the same, in that which touches the sensuous expression of this moral state, as if the inclination were on the side of duty. Thus grace would be the expression of feminine virtue, and this expression would often be wanting in manly virtue.

ON DIGNITY.

As grace is the expression of a noble soul, so is dignity the expression of elevated feeling.

It has been prescribed to man, it is true, to establish between his two natures a unison, to form always an harmonious whole, and to act as in union with his entire humanity. But this beauty of character, this last fruit of human maturity, is but an ideal to which he ought to force his conformity with a constant vigilance, but to which, with all his efforts, he can never attain.

He cannot attain to it because his nature is thus made and it will not change; the physical conditions of his existence themselves are opposed to it.

In fact, his existence, so far as he is a sensuous creature, depends on certain physical conditions; and in order to insure this existence man ought—because, in his quality of a free being, capable of determining his modifications by his own will—to watch over his own preservation himself. Man ought to be made capable of certain acts in order to fulfil these physical conditions of his existence, and when these conditions are out of order to re-establish them.

But although nature had to give up to him this care which she reserves exclusively to herself in those creatures which have only a vegetative life, still it was necessary that the satisfaction of so essential a want, in which even the existence of the individual and of the species is interested, should not be absolutely left to the discretion of man, and his doubtful foresight. It has then provided for this interest, which in the foundation concerns it, and it has also

interfered with regard to the form in placing in the determination of free arbitration a principle of necessity. From that arises natural instinct, which is nothing else than a principle of physical necessity which acts upon free arbitration by the means of sensation.

The natural instinct solicits the sensuous faculty through the combined force of pain and of pleasure: by pain when it asks satisfaction, and by pleasure when it has found what it asks.

As there is no bargaining possible with physical necessity, man must also, in spite of his liberty, feel what nature desires him to feel. According as it awakens in him a painful or an agreeable sensation, there will infallibly result in him either aversion or desire. Upon this point man quite resembles the brute; and the stoic, whatever his power of soul, is not less sensible of hunger, and has no less aversion to it, than the worm that crawls at his feet.

But here begins the great difference: with the lower creature action succeeds to desire or aversion quite as of necessity, as the desire to the sensation, and the expression to the external impression. It is here a perpetual circle, a chain, the links of which necessarily join one to the other. With man there is one more force—the will, which, as a super-sensuous faculty, is not so subject to the law of nature, nor that of reason, that he remains without freedom to choose, and to guide himself according to this or to that. The animal cannot do otherwise than seek to free itself from pain; man can decide to suffer.

The will of man is a privilege, a sublime idea, even when we do not consider the moral use that he can make of it. But firstly, the animal nature must be in abeyance before approaching the other, and from that cause it is always a considerable step towards reaching the moral emancipation of the will to have conquered in us the necessity of nature, even in indifferent things, by the exercise in us of the simple will.

The jurisdiction of nature extends as far as the will, but there it stops, and the

empire of reason commences. Placed between these two jurisdictions, the will is absolutely free to receive the law from one and the other; but it is not in the same relation with one and the other. Inasmuch as it is a natural force it is equally free with regard to nature and with respect to reason; I mean to say it is not forced to pass either on the side of one or of the other: but as far as it is a moral faculty it is not free; I mean that it ought to choose the law of reason. It is not chained to one or the other, but it is obliged towards the law of reason. The will really then makes use of its liberty even whilst it acts contrary to reason: but it makes use of it unworthily, because, notwithstanding its liberty, it is no less under the jurisdiction of nature, and adds no real action to the operation of pure instinct; for to will by virtue of desire is only to desire in a different way.

There may be conflict between the law of nature, which works in us through the instinct, and the law of reason, which comes out of principles, when the instinct, to satisfy itself, demands of us an action which disgusts our moral sense. It is, then, the duty of the will to make the exigencies of the instinct give way to reason. Whilst the laws of nature oblige the will only conditionally, the laws of reason oblige absolutely and without conditions.

But nature obstinately maintains her rights, and as it is never by the result of free choice that she solicits us, she also does not withdraw any of her exigencies as long as she has not been satisfied. Since, from the first cause which gave the impulsion to the threshold of the will where its jurisdiction ends, all in her is rigorously necessary, consequently she can neither give way nor go back, but must always go forward and press more and more the will on which depends the satisfaction of her wants. Sometimes, it is true, we could say that nature shortens her road and acts immediately as a cause for the satisfaction of her needs without having in the first instance carried her request before the will. In such a case, that is to say, if man not simply allowed instinct to follow a free course, but if instinct took this course of itself, man would be no more than the brute. But it is very doubtful whether this case would ever present itself, and if ever it were really presented it would remain to be seen whether we should not blame the will

itself for this blind power which the instinct would have usurped.

Thus the appetitive faculty claims with persistence the satisfaction of its wants, and the will is solicited to procure it; but the will should receive from the reason the motives by which she determines. What does the reason permit? What does she prescribe? This is what the will should decide upon. Well, then, if the will turns towards the reason before consenting to the request of the instinct, it is properly a moral act; but if it immediately decides, without consulting the reason, it is a physical act.

Every time, then, that nature manifests an exigence and seeks to draw the will along with it by the blind violence of affective movement, it is the duty of the will to order nature to halt until reason has pronounced. The sentence which reason pronounces, will it be favorable or the contrary to the interest of sensuousness? This is, up to the present time, what the will does not know. Also it should observe this conduct for all the affective movements without exception, and when it is nature which has spoken the first, never allow it to act as an immediate cause. Man would testify only by that to his independence. It is when, by an act of his will, he breaks the violence of his desires, which hasten towards the object which should satisfy them, and would dispense entirely with the cooperation of the will,—it is only then that he reveals himself in quality of a moral being, that is to say, as a free agent, which does not only allow itself to experience either aversion or desire, but which at all times must will his aversions and his desires.

But this act of taking previously the advice of reason is already an attempt against nature, who is a competent judge in her own cause, and who will not allow her sentences to be submitted to a new and strange jurisdiction; this act of the will which thus brings the appetitive faculty before the tribunal of reason is then, in the proper acceptation of the word, an act against nature, in that it renders accidental that which is necessary, in that it attributes to the laws of reason the right to decide in a cause where the laws of nature can alone pronounce, and where they have pronounced effectively. Just, in fact, as the

reason in the exercise of its moral jurisdiction is little troubled to know if the decisions it can come to will satisfy or not the sensuous nature, so the sensuous in the exercise of the right which is proper to it does not trouble itself whether its decisions would satisfy pure reason or not. Each is equally necessary, though different in necessity, and this character of necessity would be destroyed if it were permitted for one to modify arbitrarily the decisions of the other. This is why the man who has the most moral energy cannot, whatever resistance he opposes to instinct, free himself from sensuousness, or stifle desire, but can only deny it an influence upon the decisions of his will; he can disarm instinct by moral means, but he cannot appease it but by natural means. By his independent force he may prevent the laws of nature from exercising any constraint over his will, but he can absolutely change nothing of the laws themselves.

Thus in the affective movements in which nature (instinct) acts the first and seeks to do without the will, or to draw it violently to its side, the morality of character cannot manifest itself but by its resistance, and there is but one means of preventing the instinct from restraining the liberty of the will: it is to restrain the instinct itself. Thus we can only have agreement between the law of reason and the affective phenomena, under the condition of putting both in discord with the exigencies of instinct. And as nature never gives way to moral reasons, and recalls her claims, and as on her side, consequently, all remains in the same state, in whatever manner the will acts towards her, it results that there is no possible accord between the inclination and duty, between reason and sense; and that here man cannot act at the same time with all his being and with all the harmony of his nature, but exclusively with his reasonable nature. Thus in these sorts of actions we could not find moral beauty, because an action is morally good only as far as inclination has taken part in it, and here the inclination protests against much more than it concurs with it. But these actions have moral grandeur, because all that testifies to a preponderating authority exercised over the sensuous nature has grandeur, and grandeur is found only there.

It is, then, in the affective movements that this great soul of which we speak

transforms itself and becomes sublime; and it is the touchstone to distinguish the soul truly great from what is called a good heart, or from the virtue of temperament. When in man the inclination is ranged on the side of morality only because morality itself is happily on the side of inclination, it will happen that the instinct of nature in the affective movements will exercise upon the will a full empire, and if a sacrifice is necessary it is the moral nature, and not the sensuous nature, that will make it. If, on the contrary, it is reason itself which has made the inclination pass to the side of duty (which is the case in the fine character), and which has only confided the rudder to the sensuous nature, it will be always able to retake it as soon as the instinct should misuse its full powers. Thus the virtue of temperament in the affective movements falls back to the state of simple production of nature, whilst the noble soul passes to heroism and rises to the rank of pure intelligence.

The rule over the instincts by moral force is the emancipation of mind, and the expression by which this independence presents itself to the eyes in the world of phenomena is what is called dignity.

To consider this rigorously: the moral force in man is susceptible of no representation, for the super-sensuous could not explain itself by a phenomenon that falls under the sense; but it can be represented indirectly to the mind by sensuous signs, and this is actually the case with dignity in the configuration of man.

When the instinct of nature is excited, it is accompanied just as the heart in its moral emotions is, by certain movements of the body, which sometimes go before the will, sometimes, even as movements purely sympathetic, escape altogether its empire. In fact, as neither sensation, nor the desire, nor aversion, are subject to the free arbitration of man, man has no right over the physical movements which immediately depend on it. But the instinct does not confine itself to simple desire; it presses, it advances, it endeavors to realize its object; and if it does not meet in the autonomy of the mind an energetic resistance, it will even anticipate it, it will itself take the initiative of those sorts of acts over

which the will alone has the right to pronounce. For the instinct of conservation tends without ceasing to usurp the legislative powers in the domain of the will, and its efforts go to exercise over man a domination as absolute as over the beast. There are, then, two sorts of distinct movements, which, in themselves and by their origin, in each affective phenomenon, arise in man by the instinct of conservation: those firstly which immediately proceed from sensation, and which, consequently, are quite involuntary; then those which in principle could and would be voluntary, but from which the blind instinct of nature takes all freedom. The first refer to the affection itself, and are united necessarily with it; the others respond rather to the cause and to the object of the affections, and are thus accidental and susceptible of modification, and cannot be mistaken for infallible signs of the affective phenomena. But as both one and the other, when once the object is determined, are equally necessary to the instinct of nature, so they assist, both one and the other, the expression of affective phenomena; a necessary competition, in order that the expression should be complete and form a harmonious whole.

If, then, the will is sufficiently independent to repress the aggressions of instinct and to maintain its rights against this blind force, all the phenomena which the instinct of nature, once excited, produce, in its proper domain, will preserve, it is true, their force; but those of the second kind, those which came out of a foreign jurisdiction, and which it pretended to subject arbitrarily to its power, these phenomena would not take place. Thus the phenomena are no longer in harmony; but it is precisely in their opposition that consists the expression of the moral force. Suppose that we see a man a prey to the most poignant affection, manifested by movements of the first kind, by quite involuntary movements. His veins swell, his muscles contract convulsively, his voice is stifled, his chest is raised and projects, whilst the lower portion of the torso is sunken and compressed; but at the same time the voluntary movements are soft, the features of the face free, and serenity beams forth from the brow and in the look. If man were only a physical being, all his traits, being determined only by one and the same principle, would be in unison one with the other, and

would have a similar expression. Here, for example, they would unite in expressing exclusively suffering; but as those traits which express calmness are mixed up with those which express suffering, and as similar causes do not produce opposite effects, we must recognize in this contrast the presence and the action of a moral force, independent of the passive affections, and superior to the impressions beneath which we see sensuous nature give way. And this is why calmness under suffering, in which properly consists dignity, becomes—indirectly, it is true, and by means of reasoning—a representation of the pure intelligence which is in man, and an expression of his moral liberty. But it is not only under suffering, in the restricted sense of the word, in the sense in which it marks only the painful affections, but generally in all the cases in which the appetitive faculty is strongly interested, that mind ought to show its liberty, and that dignity ought to be the dominant expression. Dignity is not less required in the agreeable affections than in the painful affections, because in both cases nature would willingly play the part of master, and has to be held in check by the will. Dignity relates to the form and not to the nature of the affection, and this is why it can be possible that often an affection, praiseworthy in the main, but one to which we blindly commit ourselves, degenerates, from the want of dignity, into vulgarity and baseness; and, on the contrary, a condemnable affection, as soon as it testifies by its form to the empire of the mind over the senses, changes often its character and approaches even towards the sublime.

Thus in dignity the mind reigns over the body and bears itself as ruler: here it has its independence to defend against imperious impulse, always ready to do without it, to act and shake off its yoke. But in grace, on the contrary, the mind governs with a liberal government, for here the mind itself causes sensuous nature to act, and it finds no resistance to overcome. But obedience only merits forbearance, and severity is only justifiable when provoked by opposition.

Thus grace is nothing else than the liberty of voluntary movements, and dignity consists in mastering involuntary movements. Grace leaves to sensuous nature, where it obeys the orders of the mind, a certain air of independence;

dignity, on the contrary, submits the sensuous nature to mind where it would make the pretensions to rule; wherever instinct takes the initiative and allows itself to trespass upon the attributes of the will, the will must show it no indulgence, but it must testify to its own independence (autonomy), in opposing to it the most energetic resistance. If, on the contrary, it is the will that commences, and if instinct does but follow it, the free arbitration has no longer to display any rigor, now it must show indulgence. Such is in a few words the law which ought to regulate the relation of the two natures of man in what regards the expression of this relation in the world of phenomena.

It follows that dignity is required, and is seen particularly in passive affection, whilst grace is shown in the conduct, for it is only in suffering that the liberty of the soul can be manifested, and only in action that the liberty of the body can be displayed.

If dignity is an expression of resistance opposed to instinct by moral liberty, and if the instinct consequently ought to be considered as a force that renders resistance necessary, it follows that dignity is ridiculous where you have no force of this kind to resist, and contemptible where there ought not to be any such force to combat. We laugh at a comedian, whatever rank or condition he may occupy, who even in indifferent actions affects dignity. We despise those small souls who, for having accomplished an ordinary action, and often for having simply abstained from a base one, plume themselves on their dignity.

Generally, what is demanded of virtue is not properly speaking dignity, but grace. Dignity is implicitly contained in the idea of virtue, which even by its nature supposes already the rule of man over his instincts. It is rather sensuous nature that, in the fulfilment of moral duties, is found in a state of oppression and constraint, particularly when it consummates in a painful sacrifice. But as the ideal of perfection in man does not require a struggle, but harmony between the moral and physical nature, this ideal is little compatible with dignity, which is only the expression of a struggle between the two natures, and as such renders visible either the particular impotence of the individual, or the impotence

common to the species. In the first case, when the want of harmony between inclination and duty, with regard to a moral act, belongs to the particular powerlessness of the subject, the act would always lose its moral value, in as far as that combat is necessary, and, in consequence, proportionally as there would be dignity in the exterior expression of this act; for our moral judgment connects each individual with the common measure of the species, and we do not allow man to be stopped by other limits than those of human nature.

In the second case, when the action commanded by duty cannot be placed in harmony with the exigencies of instinct without going against the idea of human nature, the resistance of the inclination is necessary, and then only the sight of the combat can convince us of the possibility of victory. Thus we ask here of the features and attitudes an expression of this interior struggle, not being able to take upon ourselves to believe in virtue where there is no trace of humanity. Where then the moral law commands of us an action which necessarily makes the sensuous nature suffer, there the matter is serious, and ought not to be treated as play; ease and lightness in accomplishing this act would be much more likely to revolt us than to satisfy us; and thus, in consequence, expression is no longer grace, but dignity. In general, the law which prevails here is, that man ought to accomplish with grace all the acts that he can execute in the sphere of human nature; and with dignity all those for the accomplishment of which he is obliged to go beyond his nature.

In like manner as we ask of virtue to have grace, we ask of inclination to have dignity. Grace is not less natural to inclination than dignity to virtue, and that is evident from the idea of grace, which is all sensuous and favorable to the liberty of physical nature, and which is repugnant to all idea of constraint. The man without cultivation lacks not by himself a certain degree of grace, when love or any other affection of this kind animates him; and where do we find more grace than in children, who are nevertheless entirely under the direction of instinct. The danger is rather that inclination should end by making the state of passion the dominant one, stifling the independence of mind, and bringing about a

general relaxation. Therefore in order to conciliate the esteem of a noble sentiment—esteem can only be inspired by that which proceeds from a moral source—the inclination must always be accompanied by dignity. It is for that reason a person in love desires to find dignity in the object of this passion. Dignity alone is the warrant that it is not need which has forced, but free choice which has chosen, that he is not desired as a thing, but esteemed as a person.

We require grace of him who obliges, dignity of the person obliged: the first, to set aside an advantage which he has over the other, and which might wound, ought to give to his actions, though his decision may have been disinterested, the character of an affective movement, that thus, from the part which he allows inclination to take, he may have the appearance of being the one who gains the most: the second, not to compromise by the dependence in which he put himself the honor of humanity, of which liberty is the saintly palladium, ought to raise what is only a pure movement of instinct to the height of an act of the will, and in this manner, at the moment when he receives a favor, return in a certain sense another favor.

We must censure with grace, and own our faults with dignity: to put dignity into our remonstrances is to have the air of a man too penetrated by his own advantage: to put grace into our confessions is to forget the inferiority in which our fault has placed us. Do the powerful desire to conciliate affection? Their superiority must be tempered by grace. The feeble, do they desire to conciliate esteem? They must through dignity rise above their powerlessness. Generally it is thought that dignity is suitable to the throne, and every one knows that those seated upon it desire to find in their councillors, their confessors, and in their parliaments—grace. But that which may be good and praiseworthy in a kingdom is not so always in the domain of taste. The prince himself enters into this domain as soon as he descends from his throne (for thrones have their privileges), and the crouching courtier places himself under the saintly and free probation of this law as soon as he stands erect and becomes again a man. The first we would counsel to supplement from the superfluity of the second that

which he himself needs, and to give him as much of his dignity as he requires to borrow grace from him.

Although dignity and grace have each their proper domain in which they are manifest, they do not exclude each other. They can be met with in the same person, and even in the same state of that person. Further, it is grace alone which guarantees and accredits dignity, and dignity alone can give value to grace.

Dignity alone, wherever met with, testifies that the desires and inclinations are restrained within certain limits. But what we take for a force which moderates and rules, may it not be rather an obliteration of the faculty of feeling (hardness)? Is it really the moral autonomy, and may it not be rather the preponderance of another affection, and in consequence a voluntary interested effort that restrains the outburst of the present affection? This is what grace alone can put out of doubt in joining itself to dignity. It is grace, I mean to say, that testifies to a peaceful soul in harmony with itself and a feeling heart.

In like manner grace by itself shows a certain susceptibility of the feeling faculty, and a certain harmony of sentiment. But may this not be a certain relaxation of the mind which allows so much liberty to sensuous nature and which opens the heart to all impressions? Is it indeed the moral which has established this harmony between the sentiments? It is dignity alone which can in its turn guarantee this to us in joining itself to grace; I mean it is dignity alone which attests in the subject an independent force, and at the moment when the will represses the license of involuntary movement, it is by dignity that it makes known that the liberty of voluntary movements is a simple concession on its part.

If grace and dignity, still supported, the one by architectonic beauty and the other by force, were united in the same person, the expression of human nature would be accomplished in him: such a person would be justified in the spiritual world and set at liberty in the sensuous world. Here the two domains touch so closely that their limits are indistinguishable. The smile that plays on the lips; this sweetly animated look; that serenity spread over the brow—it is the liberty

of the reason which gleams forth in a softened light. This noble majesty impressed on the face is the sublime adieu of the necessity of nature, which disappears before the mind. Such is the ideal of human beauty according to which the antique conceptions were formed, and we see it in the divine forms of a Niobe, of the Apollo Belvedere, in the winged Genius of the Borghese, and in the Muse of the Barberini palace. There, where grace and dignity are united, we experience by turns attraction and repulsion; attraction as spiritual creatures, and repulsion as being sensuous creatures.

Dignity offers to us an example of subordination of sensuous nature to moral nature—an example which we are bound to imitate, but which at the same time goes beyond the measure of our sensuous faculty. This opposition between the instincts of nature and the exigencies of the moral law, exigencies, however, that we recognize as legitimate, brings our feelings into play and awakens a sentiment that we name esteem, which is inseparable from dignity.

With grace, on the contrary, as with beauty in general, reason finds its demands satisfied in the world of sense, and sees with surprise one of its own ideas presented to it, realized in the world of phenomena. This unexpected encounter between the accident of nature and the necessity of reason awakens in us a sentiment of joyous approval (contentment) which calms the senses, but which animates and occupies the mind, and it results necessarily that we are attracted by a charm towards the sensuous object. It is this attraction which we call kindness, or love—a sentiment inseparable from grace and beauty.

The attraction—I mean the attraction (stimulus) not of love but of voluptuousness—proposes to the senses a sensuous object that promises to these the satisfaction of a want, that is to say a pleasure; the senses are consequently solicited towards this sensuous object, and from that springs desire, a sentiment which increases and excites the sensuous nature, but which, on the contrary, relaxes the spiritual nature.

We can say of esteem that it inclines towards its object; of love, that it

approaches with inclination towards its object; of desire, that it precipitates itself upon its object; with esteem, the object is reason, and the subject is sensuous nature; with love, the object is sensuous, and the subject is moral nature; with desire, the object and the subject are purely sensuous.

With love alone is sentiment free, because it is pure in its principle, and because it draws its source from the seat of liberty, from the breast of our divine nature. Here, it is not the weak and base part of our nature that measures itself with the greater and more noble part; it is not the sensibility, a prey to vertigo, which gazes up at the law of reason. It is absolute greatness which is reflected in beauty and in grace, and satisfied in morality; it becomes the legislator even, the god in us who plays with his own image in the world of sense. Thus love consoles and dilates the heart, whilst esteem strains it; because here there is nothing which could limit the heart and compress its impulses, there being nothing higher than absolute greatness; and sensibility, from which alone hinderance could come, is reconciled, in the breast of beauty and of grace, with the ideas even of the mind. Love has but to descend; esteem aspires with effort towards an object placed above it. This is the reason that the wicked love nothing, though they are obliged to esteem many things. This is why the well-disposed man can hardly esteem without at once feeling love for the object. Pure spirit can only love, but not esteem; the senses know only esteem, but not love.

The culpable man is perpetually a prey to fear, that he may meet in the world of sense the legislator within himself; and sees an enemy in all that bears the stamp of greatness, of beauty, and of perfection: the man, on the contrary, in whom a noble soul breathes, knows no greater pleasure than to meet out of himself the image or realization of the divine that is in him; and to embrace in the world of sense a symbol of the immortal friend he loves. Love is at the same time the most generous and the most egotistical thing in nature; the most generous, because it receives nothing and gives all—pure mind being only able to give and not receive; the most egotistical, for that which he seeks in the subject, that which he enjoys in it, is himself and never anything else.

But precisely because he who loves receives from the beloved object nothing but that which he has himself given, it often happens that he gives more than he has received.

The exterior senses believe to have discovered in the object that which the internal sense alone contemplates in it, in the end believing what is desired with ardor, and the riches belonging to the one who loves hide the poverty of the object loved. This is the reason why love is subject to illusion, whilst esteem and desire are never deceived. As long as the super-excitement of the internal senses overcomes the internal senses, the soul remains under the charm of this Platonic love, which gives place only in duration to the delights enjoyed by the immortals. But as soon as internal sense ceases to share its visions with the exterior sense, these take possession of their rights and imperiously demand that which is its due—matter. It is the terrestrial Venus who profits by the fire kindled by the celestial Venus, and it is not rare to find the physical instinct, so long sacrificed, revenge itself by a rule all the more absolute. As external sense is never a dupe to illusion, it makes this advantage felt with a brutal insolence over its noble rival; and it possesses audacity to the point of asserting that it has settled an account that the spiritual nature had left under sufferance.

Dignity prevents love from degenerating into desire, and grace, from esteem turning into fear. True beauty, true grace, ought never to cause desire. Where desire is mingled, either the object wants dignity, or he who considers it wants morality in his sentiments. True greatness ought never to cause fear. If fear finds a place, you may hold for certain either that the object is wanting in taste and grace, or that he who considers it is not at peace with his conscience.

Attraction, charm, grace: words commonly employed as synonyms, but which are not, or ought not to be so, the idea they express being capable of many determinations, requiring different designations.

There is a kind of grace which animates, and another which calms the heart. One touches nearly the sphere of the senses, and the pleasure which is found in

these, if not restrained by dignity, would easily degenerate into concupiscence; we may use the word attraction [Reiz] to designate this grace. A man with whom the feelings have little elasticity does not find in himself the necessary force to awaken his affections: he needs to borrow it from without and to seek from impressions which easily exercise the phantasy, by rapid transition from sentiment to action, in order to establish in himself the elasticity he had lost. It is the advantage that he will find in the society of an attractive person, who by conversation and look would stir his imagination and agitate this stagnant water.

The calming grace approaches more nearly to dignity, inasmuch as it manifests itself through the moderation which it imposes upon the impetuosity of the movements. It is to this the man addresses himself whose imagination is over-excited; it is in this peaceful atmosphere that the heart seeks repose after the violence of the storm. It is to this that I reserve especially the appellation of grace. Attraction is not incompatible with laughter, jest, or the sting of raillery; grace agrees only with sympathy and love.

Dignity has also its degrees and its shades. If it approaches grace and beauty, it takes the name of nobleness; if, on the contrary, it inclines towards the side of fear, it becomes haughtiness.

The utmost degree of grace is ravishing charm. Dignity, in its highest form, is called majesty. In the ravishing we love our Ego, and we feel our being fused with the object. Liberty in its plenitude and in its highest enjoyment tends to the complete destruction of liberty, and the excitement of the mind to the delirium of the voluptuousness of the senses. Majesty, on the contrary, proposes to us a law, a moral ideal, which constrains us to turn back our looks upon ourselves. God is there, and the sentiment we have of His presence makes us bend our eyes upon the ground. We forget all that is without ourselves, and we feel but the heavy burden of our own existence.

Majesty belongs to what is holy. A man capable of giving us an idea of holiness possesses majesty, and if we do not go so far as to kneel, our mind at

least prostrates itself before him. But the mind recoils at once upon the slightest trace of human imperfection which he discovers in the object of his adoration, because that which is only comparatively great cannot subdue the heart.

Power alone, however terrible or without limit we may suppose it to be, can never confer majesty. Power imposes only upon the sensuous being; majesty should act upon the mind itself, and rob it of its liberty. A man who can pronounce upon me a sentence of death has neither more nor less of majesty for me the moment I am what I ought to be. His advantage over me ceases as soon as I insist on it. But he who offers to me in his person the image of pure will, before him I would prostrate myself, if it is possible, for all eternity.

Grace and dignity are too high in value for vanity and stupidity not to be excited to appropriate them by imitation. There is only one means of attaining this: it is to imitate the moral state of which they are the expression. All other imitation is but to ape them, and would be recognized directly through exaggeration.

Just as exaggeration of the sublime leads to inflation, and affectation of nobleness to preciousness, in the same manner affectation of grace ends in coquetry, and that of dignity to stiff solemnity, false gravity.

There where true grace simply used ease and provenance, affected grace becomes effeminacy. One is content to use discreetly the voluntary movements, and not thwart unnecessarily the liberty of nature; the other has not even the heart to use properly the organs of will, and, not to fall into hardness and heaviness, it prefers to sacrifice something of the aim of movement, or else it seeks to reach it by cross ways and indirect means. An awkward and stiff dancer expends as much force as if he had to work a windmill; with his feet and arms he describes lines as angular as if he were tracing figures with geometrical precision; the affected dancer, on the other hand, glides with an excess of delicacy, as if he feared to injure himself on coming in contact with the ground, and his feet and hands describe only lines in sinuous curves. The other sex,

which is essentially in possession of true grace, is also that one which is more frequently culpable of affected grace, but this affectation is never more distasteful than when used as a bait to desire. The smile of true grace thus gives place to the most repulsive grimace; the fine play of look, so ravishing when it displays a true sentiment, is only contortion; the melodious inflections of the voice, an irresistible attraction from candid lips, are only a vain cadence, a tremulousness which savors of study: in a word, all the harmonious charms of woman become only deception, an artifice of the toilet.

If we have many occasions to observe the affected grace in the theatre and in the ball-room, there is also often occasion of studying the affected dignity in the cabinet of ministers and in the study-rooms of men of science (notably at universities). True dignity is content to prevent the domination of the affections, to keep the instinct within just limits, but there only where it pretends to be master in the involuntary movements; false dignity regulates with an iron sceptre even the voluntary movements, it oppresses the moral movements, which were sacred to true dignity, as well as the sensual movements, and destroys all the mimic play of the features by which the soul gleams forth upon the face. It arms itself not only against rebel nature, but against submissive nature, and ridiculously seeks its greatness in subjecting nature to its yoke, or, if this does not succeed, in hiding it. As if it had vowed hatred to all that is called nature, it swathes the body in long, heavy-plaited garments, which hide the human structure; it paralyzes the limbs in surcharging them with vain ornaments, and goes even the length of cutting the hair to replace this gift of nature by an artificial production. True dignity does not blush for nature, but only for brute nature; it always has an open and frank air; feeling gleams in its look; calm and serenity of mind is legible upon the brow in eloquent traits. False gravity, on the contrary, places its dignity in the lines of its visage; it is close, mysterious, and guards its features with the care of an actor; all the muscles of its face are tormented, all natural and true expression disappears, and the entire man is like a sealed letter.

But false dignity is not always wrong to keep the mimic play of its features under sharp discipline, because it might betray more than would be desired, a precaution true dignity has not to consider. True dignity wishes only to rule, not to conceal nature; in false dignity, on the contrary, nature rules the more powerfully within because it is controlled outwardly. [Art can make use of a proper solemnity. Its object is only to prepare the mind for something important. When the poet is anxious to produce a great impression he tunes the mind to receive it.]

ON THE NECESSARY LIMITATIONS IN THE USE OF BEAUTY OF FORM.

The abuse of the beautiful and the encroachments of imagination, when, having only the casting vote, it seeks to grasp the law-giving sceptre, has done great injury alike in life and in science. It is therefore highly expedient to examine very closely the bounds that have been assigned to the use of beautiful forms. These limits are embodied in the very nature of the beautiful, and we have only to call to mind how taste expresses its influence to be able to determine how far it ought to extend it.

The following are the principal operations of taste; to bring the sensuous and spiritual powers of man into harmony, and to unite them in a close alliance. Consequently, whenever such an intimate alliance between reason and the senses is suitable and legitimate, taste may be allowed influence. But taste reaches the bounds which it is not permitted to pass without defeating its end or removing us from our duty, in all cases where the bond between mind and matter is given up for a time, where we must act for the time as purely creatures of reason, whether it be to attain an end or to perform a duty. Cases of this kind do really occur, and they are even incumbent on us in carrying out our destiny.

For we are destined to obtain knowledge and to act from knowledge. In both cases a certain readiness is required to exclude the senses from that which the spirit does, because feelings must be abstracted from knowledge, and passion or desire from every moral act of the will.

When we know, we take up an active attitude, and our attention is directed to an object, to a relation between different representations. When we feel, we have a passive attitude, and our attention—if we may call that so, which is no conscious operation of the mind—is only directed to our own condition, as far as it is modified by the impression received. Now, as we only feel and do not know the beautiful, we do not distinguish any relation between it and other objects, we do not refer its representation to other representations, but to ourselves who have experienced the impression. We learn or experience nothing in the beautiful object, but we perceive a change occasioned by it in our own condition, of which the impression produced is the expression. Accordingly our knowledge is not enlarged by judgments of taste, and no knowledge, not even that of beauty, is obtained by the feeling of beauty. Therefore, when knowledge is the object, taste can give us no help, at least directly and immediately; on the contrary, knowledge is shut out as long as we are occupied with beauty.

But it may be objected, What is the use then of a graceful embodiment of conceptions, if the object of the discussion or treatise, which is simply and solely to produce knowledge, is rather hindered than benefited by ornament? To convince the understanding this gracefulness of clothing can certainly avail as little as the tasteful arrangement of a banquet can satisfy the appetite of the guests, or the outward elegance of a person can give a clue to his intrinsic worth. But just as the appetite is excited by the beautiful arrangement of the table, and attention is directed to the elegant person in question, by the attractiveness of the exterior, so also we are placed in a favorable attitude to receive truth by the charming representation given of it; we are led to open our souls to its reception, and the obstacles are removed from our minds which would have otherwise opposed the difficult pursuit of a long and strict concatenation of thought. It is never the contents, the substance, that gains by the beauty of form; nor is it the understanding that is helped by taste in the act of knowing. The substance, the contents, must commend themselves to the understanding directly, of themselves; whilst the beautiful form speaks to the imagination, and flatters it with an appearance of freedom.

But even further limitations are necessary in this innocent subserviency to the senses, which is only allowed in the form, without changing anything in the substance. Great moderation must be always used, and sometimes the end in view may be completely defeated according to the kind of knowledge and degree of conviction aimed at in imparting our views to others. There is a scientific knowledge, which is based on clear conceptions and known principles; and a popular knowledge, which is founded on feelings more or less developed. What may be very useful to the latter is quite possibly adverse to the former.

When the object in view is to produce a strict conviction on principles, it is not sufficient to present the truth only in respect to its contents or subject; the test of the truth must at the same time be contained in the manner of its presentation. But this can mean nothing else than that not only the contents, but also the mode of stating them, must be according to the laws of thought. They must be connected in the presentation with the same strict logical sequence with which they are chained together in the seasonings of the understanding; the stability of the representation must guarantee that of the ideas. But the strict necessity with which the understanding links together reasonings and conclusions, is quite antagonistic to the freedom granted to imagination in matters of knowledge. By its very nature, the imagination strives after perceptions, that is, after complete and completely determinate representations, and is indefatigably active to represent the universal in one single case, to limit it in time and space, to make of every conception an individual, and to give a body to abstractions. Moreover, the imagination likes freedom in its combinations, and admits no other law in them than the accidental connection with time and space; for this is the only connection that remains to our representations, if we separate from them in thought all that is conception, all that binds them internally and substantially together. The understanding, following a diametrically opposite course, only occupies itself with part representations or conceptions, and its effort is directed to distinguish features in the living unity of a perception. The understanding proceeds on the same principles in putting together and taking to pieces, but it can only combine things by part-

representations, just as it can separate them; for it only unites, according to their inner relations, things that first disclosed themselves in their separation.

The understanding observes a strict necessity and conformity with laws in its combinations, and it is only the consistent connection of ideas that satisfies it. But this connection is destroyed as often as the imagination insinuates entire representations (individual cases) in this chain of abstractions, and mixes up the accidents of time with the strict necessity of a chain of circumstances. Accordingly, in every case where it is essential to carry out a rigidly accurate sequence of reasoning, imagination must forego its capricious character; and its endeavor to obtain all possible sensuousness in conceptions, and all freedom in their combination, must be made subordinate and sacrificed to the necessity of the understanding. From this it follows that the exposition must be so fashioned as to overthrow this effort of the imagination by the exclusion of all that is individual and sensuous. The poetic impulse of imagination must be curbed by distinctness of expression, and its capricious tendency to combine must be limited by a strictly legitimate course of procedure. I grant that it will not bend to this yoke without resistance; but in this matter reliance is properly placed on a certain amount of self-denial, and on an earnest determination of the hearer or reader not to be deterred by the difficulties accompanying the form, for the sake of the subject-matter. But in all cases where no sufficient dependence can be placed on this self-denial, or where the interest felt in the subject-matter is insufficient to inspire courage for such an amount of exertion, it is necessary to resign the idea of imparting strictly scientific knowledge; and to gain instead greater latitude in the form of its presentation. In such a case it is expedient to abandon the form of science, which exercises too great violence over the imagination, and can only be made acceptable through the importance of the object in view. Instead of this, it is proper to choose the form of beauty, which, independent of the contents or subject, recommends itself by its very appearance. As the matter cannot excuse the form in this case, the form must trespass on the matter.

Popular instruction is compatible with this freedom. By the term popular speakers or popular writers I imply all those who do not direct their remarks exclusively to the learned. Now, as these persons do not address any carefully trained body of hearers or readers, but take them as they find them, they must only assume the existence of the general conditions of thought, only the universal impulses that call attention, but no special gift of thinking, no acquaintance with distinct conceptions, nor any interest in special subjects. These lecturers and authors must not be too particular as to whether their audience or readers assign by their imagination a proper meaning to their abstractions, or whether they will furnish a proper subject-matter for the universal conceptions to which the scientific discourse is limited. In order to pursue a safer, easier course, these persons will present along with their ideas the perceptions and separate cases to which they relate, and they leave it to the understanding of the reader to form a proper conception impromptu. Accordingly, the faculty of imagination is much more mixed up with a popular discourse, but only to reproduce, to renew previously received representations, and not to produce, to express its own self-creating power. Those special cases or perceptions are much too certainly calculated for the object on hand, and much too closely applied to the use that is to be made of them, to allow the imagination ever to forget that it only acts in the service of the understanding. It is true that a discourse of this popular kind holds somewhat closer to life and the world of sense, but it does not become lost in it. The mode of presenting the subject is still didactic; for in order to be beautiful it is still wanting in the two most distinguished features of beauty, sensuousness of expression and freedom of movement.

The mode of presenting a theme may be called free when the understanding, while determining the connection of ideas, does so with so little prominence that the imagination appears to act quite capriciously in the matter, and to follow only the accident of time. The presentation of a subject becomes sensuous when it conceals the general in the particular, and when the fancy gives the living image (the whole representation), where attention is merely concerned with the

conception (the part representation). Accordingly, sensuous presentation is, viewed in one aspect, rich, for in cases where only one condition is desired, a complete picture, an entirety of conditions, an individual is offered. But viewed in another aspect it is limited and poor, because it only confines to a single individual and a single case what ought to be understood of a whole sphere. It therefore curtails the understanding in the same proportion that it grants preponderance to the imagination; for the completer a representation is in substance, the smaller it is in compass.

It is the interest of the imagination to change objects according to its caprice; the interest of the understanding is to unite its representations with strict logical necessity.

To satisfy the imagination, a discourse must have a material part, a body; and these are formed by the perceptions, from which the understanding separates distinct features or conceptions. For though we may attempt to obtain the highest pitch of abstraction, something sensuous always lies at the ground of the thought. But imagination strives to pass unfettered and lawless from one conception to another conception, and seeks not to be bound by any other connection than that of time. So when the perceptions that constitute the bodily part of a discourse have no concatenation as things, when they appear rather to stand apart as independent limbs and separate unities, when they betray the utter disorder of a sportive imagination, obedient to itself alone, then the clothing has aesthetic freedom and the wants of the fancy are satisfied. A mode of presentation such as this might be styled an organic product, in which not only the whole lives, but also each part has its individual life. A merely scientific presentation is a mechanical work, when the parts, lifeless in themselves, impart by their connection an artificial life to the whole.

On the other hand, a discourse, in order to satisfy the understanding and to produce knowledge, must have a spiritual part, it must have significance, and it receives this through the conceptions, by means of which those perceptions are referred to one another and united into a whole. The problem of satisfying the

understanding by conformity with law, while the imagination is flattered by being set free from restrictions, is solved thus: by obtaining the closest connection between the conceptions forming the spiritual part of the discourse, while the perceptions, corresponding to them and forming the sensuous part of the discourse, appear to cohere merely through an arbitrary play of the fancy.

If an inquiry be instituted into the magic influence of a beautiful diction, it will always be found that it consists in this happy relation between external freedom and internal necessity. The principal features that contribute to this freedom of the imagination are the individualizing of objects and the figurative or inexact expression of a thing; the former employed to give force to its sensuousness, the latter to produce it where it does not exist. When we express a species or kind by an individual, and portray a conception in a single case, we remove from fancy the chains which the understanding has placed upon her and give her the power to act as a creator. Always grasping at completely determinate images, the imagination obtains and exercises the right to complete according to her wish the image afforded to her, to animate it, to fashion it, to follow it in all the associations and transformations of which it is capable. She may forget for a moment her subordinate position, and act as an independent power, only self-directing, because the strictness of the inner concatenation has sufficiently guarded against her breaking loose from the control of the understanding. An inexact or figurative expression adds to the liberty, by associating ideas which in their nature differ essentially from one another, but which unite in subordination to the higher idea. The imagination adheres to the concrete object, the understanding to this higher idea, and thus the former finds movement and variety even where the other verifies a most perfect continuity. The conceptions are developed according to the law of necessity, but they pass before the imagination according to the law of liberty.

Thought remains the same; the medium that represents it is the only thing that changes. It is thus that an eloquent writer knows how to extract the most splendid order from the very centre of anarchy, and that he succeeds in erecting

a solid structure on a constantly moving ground, on the very torrent of imagination.

If we compare together scientific statement or address, popular address, and fine language, it is seen directly that all three express the idea with an equal faithfulness as regards the matter, and consequently that all three help us to acquire knowledge, but that as regards the mode and degree of this knowledge a very marked difference exists between them. The writer who uses the language of the beautiful rather represents the matter of which he treats as possible and desirable than indulges in attempts to convince us of its reality, and still less of its necessity. His thought does in fact only present itself as an arbitrary creation of the imagination, which is never qualified, in itself, to guarantee the reality of what it represents. No doubt the popular writer leads us to believe that the matter really is as he describes it, but does not require anything more firm; for, though he may make the truth of a proposition credible to our feelings, he does not make it absolutely certain. Now, feeling may always teach us what is, but not what must be. The philosophical writer raises this belief to a conviction, for he proves by undeniable reasons that the matter is necessarily so.

Starting from the principle that we have just established, it will not be difficult to assign its proper part and sphere to each of the three forms of diction. Generally it may be laid down as a rule that preference ought to be given to the scientific style whenever the chief consideration is not only the result, but also the proofs. But when the result merely is of the most essential importance the advantage must be given to popular elocution and fine language. But it may be asked in what cases ought popular elocution to rise to a fine, a noble style? This depends on the degree of interest in the reader, or which you wish to excite in his mind.

The purely scientific statement may incline either to popular discourse or to philosophic language, and according to this bias it places us more or less in possession of some branch of knowledge. All that popular elocution does is to lend us this knowledge for a momentary pleasure or enjoyment. The first, if I

may be allowed the comparison, gives us a tree with its roots, though with the condition that we wait patiently for it to blossom and bear fruit. The other, or fine diction, is satisfied with gathering its flowers and fruits, but the tree that bore them does not become our property, and when once the flowers are faded and the fruit is consumed our riches depart. It would therefore be equally unreasonable to give only the flower and fruit to a man who wishes the whole tree to be transplanted into his garden, and to offer the whole tree with its fruit in the germ to a man who only looks for the ripe fruit. The application of the comparison is self-evident, and I now only remark that a fine ornate style is as little suited to the professor's chair as the scholastic style to a drawing-room, the pulpit, or the bar.

The student accumulates in view of an ulterior end and for a future use; accordingly the professor ought to endeavor to transmit the full and entire property of the knowledge that he communicates to him. Now, nothing belongs to us as our own but what has been communicated to the understanding. The orator, on the other hand, has in view an immediate end, and his voice must correspond with an immediate want of the public. His interest is to make his knowledge practically available as soon as possible; and the surest way is to hand it over to the senses, and to prepare it for the use of sensation. The professor, who only admits hearers on certain conditions, and who is entitled to suppose in his hearers the dispositions of mind in which a man ought to be to receive the truth, has only in view in his lecture the object of which he is treating; while the orator, who cannot make any conditions with his audience, and who needs above everything sympathy, to secure it on his side, must regulate his action and treatment according to the subjects on which he turns his discourse. The hearers of the professor have already attended his lectures, and will attend them again; they only want fragments that will form a whole after having been linked to the preceding lectures. The audience of the orator is continually renewed; it comes unprepared, and perhaps will not return; accordingly in every address the orator must finish what he wishes to do; each of his harangues must form a whole and contain expressly and entirely his

conclusion.

It is not therefore surprising that a dogmatic composition or address, however solid, should not have any success either in conversation or in the pulpit, nor that a fine diction, whatever wit it may contain, should not bear fruit in a professor's chair. It is not surprising that the fashionable world should not read writings that stand out in relief in the scientific world, and that the scholar and the man of science are ignorant of works belonging to the school of worldly people that are devoured greedily by all lovers of the beautiful. Each of these works may be entitled to admiration in the circle to which it belongs; and more than this, both, fundamentally, may be quite of equal value; but it would be requiring an impossibility to expect that the work which demands all the application of the thinker should at the same time offer an easy recreation to the man who is only a fine wit.

For the same reason I consider that it is hurtful to choose for the instruction of youth books in which scientific matters are clothed in an attractive style. I do not speak here of those in which the substance is sacrificed to the form, but of certain writings really excellent, which are sufficiently well digested to stand the strictest examination, but which do not offer their proofs by their very form. No doubt books of this kind attain their end, they are read; but this is always at the cost of a more important end, the end for which they ought to be read. In this sort of reading the understanding is never exercised save in as far as it agrees with the fancy; it does not learn to distinguish the form from the substance, nor to act alone as pure understanding. And yet the exercise of the pure understanding is in itself an essential and capital point in the instruction of youth; and very often the exercise itself of thought is much more important than the object on which it is exercised. If you wish for a matter to be done seriously, be very careful not to announce it as a diversion. It is preferable, on the contrary, to secure attention and effort by the very form that is employed, and to use a kind of violence to draw minds over from the passive to an active state. The professor ought never to hide from his pupil the exact regularity of the method;

he ought rather to fix his attention on it, and if possible to make him desire this strictness. The student ought to learn to pursue an end, and in the interest of that end to put up with a difficult process. He ought early to aspire to that loftier satisfaction which is the reward of exertion. In a scientific lecture the senses are altogether set aside; in an aesthetic address it is wished to interest them. What is the result? A writing or conversation of the aesthetic class is devoured with interest; but questions are put as to its conclusions; the hearer is scarcely able to give an answer. And this is quite natural, as here the conceptions reach the mind only in entire masses, and the understanding only knows what it analyzes. The mind during a lecture of this kind is more passive than active, and the intellect only possesses what it has produced by its own activity.

However, all this applies only to the vulgarly beautiful, and to a vulgar fashion of perceiving beauty. True beauty reposes on the strictest limitation, on the most exact definition, on the highest and most intimate necessity. Only this limitation ought rather to let itself be sought for than be imposed violently. It requires the most perfect conformity to law, but this must appear quite natural. A product that unites these conditions will fully satisfy the understanding as soon as study is made of it. But exactly because this result is really beautiful, its conformity is not expressed; it does not take the understanding apart to address it exclusively; it is a harmonious unity which addresses the entire man—all his faculties together; it is nature speaking to nature.

A vulgar criticism may perhaps find it empty, paltry, and too little determined. He who has no other knowledge than that of distinguishing, and no other sense than that for the particular, is actually pained by what is precisely the triumph of art, this harmonious unity where the parts are blended in a pure entirety. No doubt it is necessary, in a philosophical discourse, that the understanding, as a faculty of analysis, find what will satisfy it; it must obtain single concrete results; this is the essential that must not by any means be lost sight of. But if the writer, while giving all possible precision to the substance of his conceptions, has taken the necessary measures to enable the understanding, as soon as it will

take the trouble, to find of necessity these truths, I do not see that he is a less good writer because he has approached more to the highest perfection. Nature always acts as a harmonious unity, and when she loses this in her efforts after abstraction, nothing appears more urgent to her than to re-establish it, and the writer we are speaking of is not less commendable if he obeys nature by attaching to the understanding what had been separated by abstraction, and when, by appealing at the same time to the sensuous and to the spiritual faculties, he addresses altogether the entire man. No doubt the vulgar critic will give very scant thanks to this writer for having given him a double task. For vulgar criticism has not the feeling for this harmony, it only runs after details, and even in the Basilica of St. Peter would exclusively attend to the pillars on which the ethereal edifice reposes. The fact is that this critic must begin by translating it to understand it—in the same way that the pure understanding, left to itself, if it meets beauty and harmony, either in nature or in art, must begin by transferring them into its own language—and by decomposing it, by doing in fact what the pupil does who spells before reading. But it is not from the narrow mind of his readers that the writer who expresses his conceptions in the language of the beautiful receives his laws. The ideal which he carries in himself is the goal at which he aims without troubling himself as to who follows and who remains behind. Many will stay behind; for if it be a rare thing to find readers simply capable of thinking, it is infinitely more rare to meet any who can think with imagination. Thus our writer, by the force of circumstances, will fall out, on the one hand, with those who have only intuitive ideas and feelings, for he imposes on them a painful task by forcing them to think; and, on the other hand, he aggravates those who only know how to think, for he asks of them what is absolutely impossible—to give a living, animated form to conception. But as both only represent true humanity very imperfectly—that normal humanity which requires the absolute harmony of these two operations—their contradictory objections have no weight, and if their judgments prove anything, it is rather that the author has succeeded in attaining his end. The abstract thinker finds that the substance of the work is solidly thought; the reader of intuitive ideas finds his style lively and animated; both consequently find and approve in

him what they are able to understand, and that alone is wanting which exceeds their capacity.

But precisely for this very reason a writer of this class is not adapted to make known to an ignorant reader the object of what he treats, or, in the most proper sense of the word, to teach. Happily also, he is not required for that, for means will not be wanting for the teaching of scholars. The professor in the strictest acceptation is obliged to bind himself to the needs of his scholars; the first thing he has to presuppose is the ignorance of those who listen to him; the other, on the other hand, demands a certain maturity and culture in his reader or audience. Nor is his office confined to impart to them dead ideas; he grasps the living object with a living energy, and seizes at once on the entire man—his understanding, his heart, and his will.

We have found that it is dangerous for the soundness of knowledge to give free scope to the exigencies of taste in teaching, properly so called. But this does not mean by any means that the culture of this faculty in the student is a premature thing. He must, on the contrary, be encouraged to apply the knowledge that he has appropriated in the school to the field of living development. When once the first point has been observed, and the knowledge acquired, the other point, the exercise of taste, can only have useful results. It is certain that it is necessary to be quite the master of a truth to abandon without danger the form in which it has been found; a great strength of understanding is required not to lose sight of your object while giving free play to the imagination. He who transmits his knowledge under a scholastic form persuades me, I admit, that he has grasped these truths properly and that he knows how to support them. But he who besides this is in a condition to communicate them to me in a beautiful form not only proves that he is adapted to promulgate them, he shows moreover that he has assimilated them and that he is able to make their image pass into his productions and into his acts. There is for the results of thought only one way by which they can penetrate into the will and pass into life; that is, by spontaneous imagination, only what in ourselves was already a

living act can become so out of us; and the same thing happens with the creations of the mind as with those of organic nature, that the fruit issues only from the flower. If we consider how many truths were living and active as interior intuitions before philosophy showed their existence, and how many truths most firmly secured by proofs often remain inactive on the will and the feelings, it will be seen how important it is for practical life to follow in this the indications of nature, and when we have acquired a knowledge scientifically to bring it back again to the state of a living intuition. It is the only way to enable those whose nature has forbidden them to follow the artificial path of science to share in the treasures of wisdom. The beautiful renders us here in relation with knowledge what, in morals, it does in relation with conduct; it places men in harmony on results, and on the substance of things, who would never have agreed on the form and principles.

The other sex, by its very nature and fair destiny, cannot and ought not to rival ours in scientific knowledge; but it can share truth with us by the reproduction of things. Man agrees to have his taste offended, provided compensation be given to his understanding by the increased value of its possessions. But women do not forgive negligence in form, whatever be the nature of the conception; and the inner structure of all their being gives them the right to show a strict severity on this point. The fair sex, even if it did not rule by beauty, would still be entitled to its name because it is ruled by beauty, and makes all objects presented to it appear before the tribunal of feeling, and all that does not speak to feeling or belies it is lost in the opinion of women. No doubt through this medium nothing can be made to reach the mind of woman save the matter of truth, and not truth itself, which is inseparable from its proofs. But happily woman only needs the matter of truth to reach her highest perfection, and the few exceptions hitherto seen are not of a nature to make us wish that the exception should become the rule. As, therefore, nature has not only dispensed but cut off the other sex from this task, man must give a double attention to it if he wishes to vie with woman and be equal to her in what is of great interest in human life. Consequently he will try to transfer all that he can from the field of abstraction, where he is

master, to that of imagination, of feeling, where woman is at once a model and a judge. The mind of woman being a ground that does not admit of durable cultivation, he will try to make his own ground yield as many flowers and as much fruit as possible, so as to renew as often as possible the quickly-fading produce on the other ground, and to keep up a sort of artificial harvest where natural harvests could not ripen. Taste corrects or hides the natural differences of the two sexes. It nourishes and adorns the mind of woman with the productions of that of man, and allows the fair sex to feel without being previously fatigued by thought, and to enjoy pleasures without having bought them with labors. Thus, save the restrictions I have named, it is to the taste that is intrusted the care of form in every statement by which knowledge is communicated, but under the express condition that it will not encroach on the substance of things. Taste must never forget that it carries out an order emanating elsewhere, and that it is not its own affairs it is treating of. All its parts must be limited to place our minds in a condition favorable to knowledge; over all that concerns knowledge itself it has no right to any authority. For it exceeds its mission, it betrays it, it disfigures the object that it ought faithfully to transmit, it lays claim to authority out of its proper province; if it tries to carry out there, too, its own law, which is nothing but that of pleasing the imagination and making itself agreeable to the intuitive faculties; if it applies this law not only to the operation, but also to the matter itself; if it follows this rule not only to arrange the materials, but also to choose them. When this is the case the first consideration is not the things themselves, but the best mode of presenting them so as to recommend them to the senses. The logical sequence of conceptions of which only the strictness should have been hidden from us is rejected as a disagreeable impediment. Perfection is sacrificed to ornament, the truth of the parts to the beauty of the whole, the inmost nature of things to the exterior impression. Now, directly the substance is subordinated to form, properly speaking it ceases to exist; the statement is empty, and instead of having extended our knowledge we have only indulged in an amusing game.

The writers who have more wit than understanding and more taste than

science, are too often guilty of this deception; and readers more accustomed to feel than to think are only too inclined to forgive them. In general it is unsafe to give to the aesthetical sense all its culture before having exercised the understanding as the pure thinking faculty, and before having enriched the head with conceptions; for as taste always looks at the carrying out and not at the basis of things, wherever it becomes the only arbiter, there is an end of the essential difference between things. Men become indifferent to reality, and they finish by giving value to form and appearance only.

Hence arises that superficial and frivolous bel-esprit that we often see hold sway in social conditions and in circles where men pride themselves, and not unreasonably, on the finest culture. It is a fatal thing to introduce a young man into assemblies where the Graces hold sway before the Muses have dismissed him and owned his majority. Moreover, it can hardly be prevented that what completes the external education of a young man whose mind is ripe turns him who is not ripened by study into a fool. I admit that to have a fund of conceptions, and not form, is only a half possession. For the most splendid knowledge in a head incapable of giving them form is like a treasure buried in the earth. But form without substance is a shadow of riches, and all possible cleverness in expression is of no use to him who has nothing to express.

Thus, to avoid the graces of education leading us in a wrong road, taste must be confined to regulating the external form, while reason and experience determine the substance and the essence of conceptions. If the impression made on the senses is converted into a supreme criterion, and if things are exclusively referred to sensation, man will never cease to be in the service of matter; he will never clear a way for his intelligence; in short, reason will lose in freedom in proportion as it allows imagination to usurp undue influence.

The beautiful produces its effect by mere intuition; the truth demands study. Accordingly, the man who among all his faculties has only exercised the sense of the beautiful is satisfied even when study is absolutely required, with a superficial view of things; and he fancies he can make a mere play of wit of that

which demands a serious effort. But mere intuition cannot give any result. To produce something great it is necessary to enter into the fundamental nature of things, to distinguish them strictly, to associate them in different manners, and study them with a steady attention. Even the artist and the poet, though both of them labor to procure us only the pleasure of intuition, can only by most laborious and engrossing study succeed in giving us a delightful recreation by their works.

I believe this to be the test to distinguish the mere dilettante from the artist of real genius. The seductive charm exercised by the sublime and the beautiful, the fire which they kindle in the young imagination, the apparent ease with which they place the senses under an illusion, have often persuaded inexperienced minds to take in hand the palette or the harp, and to transform into figures or to pour out in melody what they felt living in their heart. Misty ideas circulate in their heads, like a world in formation, and make them believe that they are inspired. They take obscurity for depth, savage vehemence for strength, the undetermined for the infinite, what has not senses for the super-sensuous. And how they revel in these creations of their brain! But the judgment of the connoisseur does not confirm this testimony of an excited self-love. With his pitiless criticism he dissipates all the prestige of the imagination and of its dreams, and carrying the torch before these novices he leads them into the mysterious depths of science and life, where, far from profane eyes, the source of all true beauty flows ever towards him who is initiated. If now a true genius slumbers in the young aspirant, no doubt his modesty will at first receive a shock; but soon the consciousness of real talent will embolden him for the trial. If nature has endowed him with gifts for plastic art, he will study the structure of man with the scalpel of the anatomist; he will descend into the lowest depths to be true in representing surfaces, and he will question the whole race in order to be just to the individual. If he is born to be a poet, he examines humanity in his own heart to understand the infinite variety of scenes in which it acts on the vast theatre of the world. He subjects imagination and its exuberant fruitfulness to the discipline of taste, and charges the understanding to mark out in its cool wisdom

the banks that should confine the raging waters of inspiration. He knows full well that the great is only formed of the little—from the imperceptible. He piles up, grain by grain, the materials of the wonderful structure, which, suddenly disclosed to our eyes, produces a startling effect and turns our head. But if nature has only intended him for a dilettante, difficulties damp his impotent zeal, and one of two things happens: either he abandons, if he is modest, that to which he was diverted by a mistaken notion of his vocation; or, if he has no modesty, he brings back the ideal to the narrow limits of his faculties, for want of being able to enlarge his faculties to the vast proportions of the ideal. Thus the true genius of the artist will be always recognized by this sign—that when most enthusiastic for the whole, he preserves a coolness, a patience defying all obstacles, as regards details. Moreover, in order not to do any injury to perfection, he would rather renounce the enjoyment given by the completion. For the simple amateur, it is the difficulty of means that disgusts him and turns him from his aim; his dreams would be to have no more trouble in producing than he had in conception and intuition.

I have spoken hitherto of the dangers to which we are exposed by an exaggerated sensuousness and susceptibility to the beautiful in the form, and from too extensive aesthetical requirements; and I have considered these dangers in relation to the faculty of thinking and knowing. What, then, will be the result when these pretensions of the aesthetical taste bear on the will? It is one thing to be stopped in your scientific progress by too great a love of the beautiful, another to see this inclination become a cause of degeneracy in character itself, and make us violate the law of duty. In matters of thought the caprices of "taste" are no doubt an evil, and they must of necessity darken the intelligence; but these same caprices applied to the maxims of the will become really pernicious and infallibly deprave the heart. Yet this is the dangerous extreme to which too refined an aesthetic culture brings us directly we abandon ourselves exclusively to the feelings for the beautiful, and directly we raise taste to the part of absolute lawgiver over our will.

The moral destination of man requires that the will should be completely independent of all influence of sensuous instincts, and we know that taste labors incessantly at making the link between reason and the senses continually closer. Now this effort has certainly as its result the ennobling of the appetites, and to make them more conformable with the requirements of reason; but this very point may be a serious danger for morality.

I proceed to explain my meaning. A very refined aesthetical education accustoms the imagination to direct itself according to laws, even in its free exercise, and leads the sensuous not to have any enjoyments without the concurrence of reason; but it soon follows that reason, in its turn, is required to be directed, even in the most serious operations of its legislative power, according to the interests of imagination, and to give no more orders to the will without the consent of the sensuous instincts. The moral obligation of the will, which is, however, an absolute and unconditional law, takes unperceived the character of a simple contract, which only binds each of the contracting parties when the other fulfils its engagement. The purely accidental agreement of duty with inclination ends by being considered a necessary condition, and thus the principle of all morality is quenched in its source.

How does the character become thus gradually depraved? The process may be explained thus: So long as man is only a savage, and his instincts' only bear on material things and a coarse egotism determines his actions, sensuousness can only become a danger to morality by its blind strength, and does not oppose reason except as a force. The voice of justice, moderation, and humanity is stifled by the appetites, which make a stronger appeal. Man is then terrible in his vengeance, because he is terribly sensitive to insults. He robs, he kills, because his desires are still too powerful for the feeble guidance of reason. He is towards others like a wild beast, because the instinct of nature still rules him after the fashion of animals.

But when to the savage state, to that of nature, succeeds civilization; when taste ennobles the instincts, and holds out to them more worthy objects taken

from the moral order; when culture moderates the brutal outbursts of the appetites and brings them back under the discipline of the beautiful, it may happen that these same instincts, which were only dangerous before by their blind power, coming to assume an air of dignity and a certain assumed authority, may become more dangerous than before to the morality of the character; and that, under the guise of innocence, nobleness, and purity, they may exercise over the will a tyranny a hundred times worse than the other.

The man of taste willingly escapes the gross thralldom of the appetites. He submits to reason the instinct which impels him to pleasure, and he is willing to take counsel from his spiritual and thinking nature for the choice of the objects he ought to desire. Now, reason is very apt to mistake a spiritualized instinct for one of its own instincts, and at length to give up to it the guidance of the will, and this in proportion as moral judgment and aesthetic judgment, the sense of the good and the sense of the beautiful, meet in the same object and in the same decision.

So long as it remains possible for inclination and duty to meet in the same object and in a common desire, this representation of the moral sense by the aesthetic sense may not draw after it positively evil consequences, though, if the matter be strictly considered, the morality of particular actions does not gain by this agreement. But the consequences will be quite different when sensuousness and reason have each of them a different interest. If, for example, duty commands us to perform an action that revolts our taste, or if taste feels itself drawn towards an object which reason as a moral judge is obliged to condemn, then, in fact, we suddenly encounter the necessity of distinguishing between the requirements of the moral sense and those of the aesthetic sense, which so long an agreement had almost confounded to such a degree that they could not be distinguished. We must now determine their reciprocal rights, and find which of them is the real master in our soul. But such a long representation of the moral sense by the sense of the beautiful has made us forget this master. When we have so long practised this rule of obeying at once the suggestions of taste, and when

we have found the result always satisfactory, taste ends by assuming a kind of appearance of right. As taste has shown itself irreproachable in the vigilant watch it has kept over the will, we necessarily come to grant a certain esteem to its decisions; and it is precisely to this esteem that inclination, with captious logic, gives weight against the duties of conscience.

Esteem is a feeling that can only be felt for law, and what corresponds to it. Whatever is entitled to esteem lays claim to an unconditional homage. The ennobled inclination which has succeeded in captivating our esteem will, therefore, no longer be satisfied with being subordinate to reason; it aspires to rank alongside it. It does not wish to be taken for a faithless subject in revolt against his sovereign; it wishes to be regarded as a queen; and, treating reason as its peer, to dictate, like reason, laws to the conscience. Thus, if we listen to her, she would weigh by right equally in the scale; and then have we not good reason to fear that interest will decide?

Of all the inclinations that are decided from the feeling for the beautiful and that are special to refined minds, none commends itself so much to the moral sense as the ennobled instinct of love; none is so fruitful in impressions which correspond to the true dignity of man. To what an elevation does it raise human nature! and often what divine sparks does it kindle in the common soul! It is a sacred fire that consumes every egotistical inclination, and the very principles of morality are scarcely a greater safeguard of the soul's chastity than love is for the nobility of the heart. How often it happens while the moral principles are still struggling that love prevails in their favor, and hastens by its irresistible power the resolutions that duty alone would have vainly demanded from weak human nature! Who, then, would distrust an affection that protects so powerfully what is most excellent in human nature, and which fights so victoriously against the moral foe of all morality, egotism?

But do not follow this guide till you have secured a better. Suppose a loved object be met that is unhappy, and unhappy because of you, and that it depends only on you to make it happy by sacrificing a few moral scruples. You may be

disposed to say, "Shall I let this loved being suffer for the pleasure of keeping our conscience pure? Is this resistance required by this generous, devoted affection, always ready to forget itself for its object? I grant it is going against conscience to have recourse to this immoral means to solace the being we love; but can we be said to love if in presence of this being and of its sorrow we continue to think of ourselves? Are we not more taken up with ourselves than with it, since we prefer to see it unhappy rather than consent to be so ourselves by the reproaches of our conscience?" These are the sophisms that the passion of love sets against conscience (whose voice thwarts its interests), making its utterances despicable as suggestions of selfishness, and representing our moral dignity as one of the components of our happiness that we are free to alienate. Then, if the morality of our character is not strongly backed by good principles, we shall surrender, whatever may be the impetus of our exalted imagination, to disgraceful acts; and we shall think that we gain a glorious victory over our self-love, while we are only the despicable victims of this instinct. A well-known French romance, "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," gives us a striking example of this delusion, by which love betrays a soul otherwise pure and beautiful. The Presidente de Tourvel errs by surprise, and seeks to calm her remorse by the idea that she has sacrificed her virtue to her generosity.

Secondary and imperfect duties, as they are styled, are those that the feeling for the beautiful takes most willingly under its patronage, and which it allows to prevail on many occasions over perfect duties. As they assign a much larger place to the arbitrary option of the subject, and at the same time as they have the appearance of merit, which gives them lustre, they commend themselves far more to the aesthetic taste than perfect or necessary duties, which oblige us strictly and unconditionally. How many people allow themselves to be unjust that they may be generous! How many fail in their duties to society that they may do good to an individual, and reciprocally! How many people forgive a lie sooner than a rudeness, a crime against humanity rather than an insult to honor! How many debase their bodies to hasten the perfection of their minds, and degrade their character to adorn their understanding! How many do not scruple

to commit a crime when they have a laudable end in view, pursue an ideal of political happiness through all the terrors of anarchy, tread under foot existing laws to make way for better ones, and do not scruple to devote the present generation to misery to secure at this cost the happiness of future generations! The apparent unselfishness of certain virtues gives them a varnish of purity, which makes them rash enough to break and run counter to the moral law; and many people are the dupes of this strange illusion, to rise higher than morality and to endeavor to be more reasonable than reason.

The man of a refined taste is susceptible, in this respect, of a moral corruption, from which the rude child of nature is preserved by his very coarseness. In the latter, the opposite of the demands of sense and the decrees of the moral law is so strongly marked and so manifest, and the spiritual element has so small a share in his desires, that although the appetites exercise a despotic sway over him, they cannot wrest his esteem from him. Thus, when the savage, yielding to the superior attraction of sense, gives way to the committal of an unjust action, he may yield to temptation, but he will not hide from himself that he is committing a fault, and he will do homage to reason even while he violates its mandates. The child of civilization, on the contrary, the man of refinement, will not admit that he commits a fault, and to soothe his conscience he prefers to impose on it by a sophism. No doubt he wishes to obey his appetite, but at the same time without falling in his own esteem. How does he manage this? He begins by overthrowing the superior authority that thwarts his inclination, and before transgressing the law he calls in question the competence of the lawgiver. Could it be expected that a corrupt will should so corrupt the intelligence? The only dignity that an inclination can assume accrues to it from its agreement with reason; yet we find that inclination, independent as well as blind, aspires, at the very moment she enters into contest with reason, to keep this dignity which she owes to reason alone. Nay, inclination even aspires to use this dignity she owes to reason against reason itself.

These are the dangers that threaten the morality of the character when too

intimate an association is attempted between sensuous instincts and moral instincts, which can never perfectly agree in real life, but only in the ideal. I admit that the sensuous risks nothing in this association, because it possesses nothing except what it must give up directly duty speaks and reason demands the sacrifice. But reason, as the arbiter of the moral law, will run the more risk from this union if it receives as a gift from inclination what it might enforce; for, under the appearance of freedom, the feeling of obligation may be easily lost, and what reason accepts as a favor may quite well be refused it when the sensuous finds it painful to grant it. It is, therefore, infinitely safer for the morality of the character to suspend, at least for a time, this misrepresentation of the moral sense by the sense of the beautiful. It is best of all that reason should command by itself without mediation, and that it should show to the will its true master. The remark is, therefore, quite justified, that true morality only knows itself in the school of adversity, and that a continual prosperity becomes easily a rock of offence to virtue. I mean here by prosperity the state of a man who, to enjoy the goods of life, need not commit injustice, and who to conform to justice need not renounce any of the goods of life. The man who enjoys a continual prosperity never sees moral duty face to face, because his inclinations, naturally regular and moderate, always anticipate the mandate of reason, and because no temptation to violate the law recalls to his mind the idea of law. Entirely guided by the sense of the beautiful, which represents reason in the world of sense, he will reach the tomb without having known by experience the dignity of his destiny. On the other hand, the unfortunate man, if he be at the same time a virtuous man, enjoys the sublime privilege of being in immediate intercourse with the divine majesty of the moral law; and as his virtue is not seconded by any inclination, he bears witness in this lower world, and as a human being, of the freedom of pure spirits!

REFLECTIONS ON THE USE OF THE VULGAR AND LOW ELEMENTS IN WORKS OF ART.

I call vulgar (common) all that does not speak to the mind, of which all the interest is addressed only to the senses. There are, no doubt, an infinite number of things vulgar in themselves from their material and subject. But as the vulgarity of the material can always be ennobled by the treatment, in respect of art the only question is that relating to the vulgarity in form. A vulgar mind will dishonor the most noble matter by treating it in a common manner. A great and noble mind, on the contrary, will ennoble even a common matter, and it will do so by superadding to it something spiritual and discovering in it some aspect in which this matter has greatness. Thus, for example, a vulgar historian will relate to us the most insignificant actions of a hero with a scrupulousness as great as that bestowed on his sublimest exploit, and will dwell as lengthily on his pedigree, his costume, and his household as on his projects and his enterprises. He will relate those of his actions that have the most grandeur in such wise that no one will perceive that character in them. On the contrary, a historian of genius, himself endowed with nobleness of mind, will give even to the private life and the least considerable actions of his hero an interest and a value that will make them considerable. Thus, again, in the matter of the plastic arts, the Dutch and Flemish painters have given proof of a vulgar taste; the Italians, and still more the ancient Greeks, of a grand and noble taste. The Greeks always went to the ideal; they rejected every vulgar feature, and chose no common subject.

A portrait painter can represent his model in a common manner or with

grandeur; in a common manner if he reproduce the merely accidental details with the same care as the essential features, if he neglect the great to carry out the minutiae curiously. He does it grandly if he know how to find out and place in relief what is most interesting, and distinguish the accidental from the necessary; if he be satisfied with indicating what is paltry, reserving all the finish of the execution for what is great. And the only thing that is great is the expression of the soul itself, manifesting itself by actions, gestures, or attitudes.

The poet treats his subject in a common manner when in the execution of his theme he dwells on valueless facts and only skims rapidly over those that are important. He treats his theme with grandeur when he associates with it what is great. For example, Homer treated the shield of Achilles grandly, though the making of a shield, looking merely at the matter, is a very commonplace affair.

One degree below the common or the vulgar is the element of the base or gross, which differs from the common in being not only something negative, a simple lack of inspiration or nobleness, but something positive, marking coarse feelings, bad morals, and contemptible manners. Vulgarity only testifies that an advantage is wanting, whereof the absence is a matter of regret; baseness indicates the want of a quality which we are authorized to require in all. Thus, for example, revenge, considered in itself, in whatever place or way it manifests itself, is something vulgar, because it is the proof of a lack of generosity. But there is, moreover, a base vengeance, when the man, to satisfy it, employs means exposed to contempt. The base always implies something gross, or reminds one of the mob, while the common can be found in a well-born and well-bred man, who may think and act in a common manner if he has only mediocre faculties. A man acts in a common manner when he is only taken up with his own interest, and it is in this that he is in opposition with the really noble man, who, when necessary, knows how to forget himself to procure some enjoyment for others. But the same man would act in a base manner if he consulted his interests at the cost of his honor, and if in such a case he did not even take upon himself to respect the laws of decency. Thus the common is only the contrary of the noble;

the base is the contrary both of the noble and the seemly. To give yourself up, unresisting, to all your passions, to satisfy all your impulses, without being checked even by the rules of propriety, still less by those of morality, is to conduct yourself basely, and to betray baseness of the soul.

The artist also may fall into a low style, not only by choosing ignoble subjects, offensive to decency and good taste, but moreover by treating them in a base manner. It is to treat a subject in a base manner if those sides are made prominent which propriety directs us to conceal, or if it is expressed in a manner that incidentally awakens low ideas. The lives of the greater part of men can present particulars of a low kind, but it is only a low imagination that will pick out these for representation.

There are pictures describing sacred history in which the Apostles, the Virgin, and even the Christ, are depicted in such wise that they might be supposed to be taken from the dregs of the populace. This style of execution always betrays a low taste, and might justly lead to the inference that the artist himself thinks coarsely and like the mob.

No doubt there are cases where art itself may be allowed to produce base images: for example, when the aim is to provoke laughter. A man of polished manners may also sometimes, and without betraying a corrupt taste, be amused by certain features when nature expresses herself crudely but with truth, and he may enjoy the contrast between the manners of polished society and those of the lower orders. A man of position appearing intoxicated will always make a disagreeable impression on us; but a drunken driver, sailor, or carter will only be a risible object. Jests that would be insufferable in a man of education amuse us in the mouth of the people. Of this kind are many of the scenes of Aristophanes, who unhappily sometimes exceeds this limit, and becomes absolutely condemnable. This is, moreover, the source of the pleasure we take in parodies, when the feelings, the language, and the mode of action of the common people are fictitiously lent to the same personages whom the poet has treated with all possible dignity and decency. As soon as the poet means only to jest, and seeks

only to amuse, we can overlook traits of a low kind, provided he never stirs up indignation or disgust.

He stirs up indignation when he places baseness where it is quite unpardonable, that is in the case of men who are expected to show fine moral sense. In attributing baseness to them he will either outrage truth, for we prefer to think him a liar than to believe that well-trained men can act in a base manner; or his personages will offend our moral sense, and, what is worse, excite our imagination. I do not mean by this to condemn farces; a farce implies between the poet and the spectator a tacit consent that no truth is to be expected in the piece. In a farce we exempt the poet from all faithfulness in his pictures; he has a kind of privilege to tell us untruths. Here, in fact, all the comic consists exactly in its contrast with the truth, and so it cannot possibly be true.

This is not all: even in the serious and the tragic there are certain places where the low element can be brought into play. But in this case the affair must pass into the terrible, and the momentary violation of our good taste must be masked by a strong impression, which brings our passion into play. In other words, the low impression must be absorbed by a superior tragic impression. Theft, for example, is a thing absolutely base, and whatever arguments our heart may suggest to excuse the thief, whatever the pressure of circumstances that led him to the theft, it is always an indelible brand stamped upon him, and, aesthetically speaking, he will always remain a base object. On this point taste is even less forgiving than morality, and its tribunal is more severe; because an aesthetical object is responsible even for the accessory ideas that are awakened in us by such an object, while moral judgment eliminates all that is merely accidental. According to this view a man who robs would always be an object to be rejected by the poet who wishes to present serious pictures. But suppose this man is at the same time a murderer, he is even more to be condemned than before by the moral law. But in the aesthetic judgment he is raised one degree higher and made better adapted to figure in a work of art. Continuing to judge him from the aesthetic point of view, it may be added that he who abases himself by a vile

action can to a certain extent be raised by a crime, and can be thus reinstated in our aesthetic estimation. This contradiction between the moral judgment and the aesthetical judgment is a fact entitled to attention and consideration. It may be explained in different ways. First, I have already said that, as the aesthetic judgment depends on the imagination, all the accessory ideas awakened in us by an object and naturally associated with it, must themselves influence this judgment. Now, if these accessory ideas are base, they infallibly stamp this character on the principal object.

In the second place, what we look for in the aesthetic judgment is strength; whilst in a judgment pronounced in the name of the moral sense we consider lawfulness. The lack of strength is something contemptible, and every action from which it may be inferred that the agent lacks strength is, by that very fact, a contemptible action. Every cowardly and underhand action is repugnant to us, because it is a proof of impotence; and, on the contrary, a devilish wickedness can, aesthetically speaking, flatter our taste, as soon as it marks strength. Now, a theft testifies to a vile and grovelling mind: a murder has at least on its side the appearance of strength; the interest we take in it aesthetically is in proportion to the strength that is manifested in it.

A third reason is, because in presence of a deep and horrible crime we no longer think of the quality but the awful consequences of the action. The stronger emotion covers and stifles the weaker one. We do not look back into the mind of the agent; we look onward into his destiny, we think of the effects of his action. Now, directly we begin to tremble all the delicacies of taste are reduced to silence. The principal impression entirely fills our mind: the accessory and accidental ideas, in which chiefly dwell all impressions of baseness, are effaced from it. It is for this reason that the theft committed by young Ruhberg, in the "Crime through Ambition," [a play of Iffland] far from displeasing on the stage, is a real tragic effect. The poet with great skill has managed the circumstances in such wise that we are carried away; we are left almost breathless. The frightful misery of the family, and especially the grief of the father, are objects that attract

our attention, turn it aside, from the person of the agent, towards the consequences of his act. We are too much moved to tarry long in representing to our minds the stamp of infamy with which the theft is marked. In a word, the base element disappears in the terrible. It is singular that this theft, really accomplished by young Ruhberg, inspires us with less repugnance than, in another piece, the mere suspicion of a theft, a suspicion which is actually without foundation. In the latter case it is a young officer who is accused without grounds of having abstracted a silver spoon, which is recovered later on. Thus the base element is reduced in this case to a purely imaginary thing, a mere suspicion, and this suffices nevertheless to do an irreparable injury, in our aesthetical appreciation, to the hero of the piece, in spite of his innocence. This is because a man who is supposed capable of a base action did not apparently enjoy a very solid reputation for morality, for the laws of propriety require that a man should be held to be a man of honor as long as he does not show the opposite. If therefore anything contemptible is imputed to him, it seems that by some part of his past conduct he has given rise to a suspicion of this kind, and this does him injury, though all the odious and the base in an undeserved suspicion are on the side of him who accuses. A point that does still greater injury to the hero of the piece of which I am speaking is the fact that he is an officer, and the lover of a lady of condition brought up in a manner suitable to her rank. With these two titles, that of thief makes quite a revolting contrast, and it is impossible for us, when we see him near his lady, not to think that perhaps at that very moment he had the silver spoon in his pocket. Lastly, the most unfortunate part of the business is, that he has no idea of the suspicion weighing over him, for if he had a knowledge of it, in his character of officer, he would exact a sanguinary reparation. In this case the consequences of the suspicion would change to the terrible, and all that is base in the situation would disappear.

We must distinguish, moreover, between the baseness of feeling and that which is connected with the mode of treatment and circumstance. The former in all respects is below aesthetic dignity; the second in many cases may perfectly agree with it. Slavery, for example, is a base thing; but a servile mind in a free

man is contemptible. The labors of the slave, on the contrary, are not so when his feelings are not servile. Far from this, a base condition, when joined to elevated feelings, can become a source of the sublime. The master of Epictetus, who beat him, acted basely, and the slave beaten by him showed a sublime soul. True greatness, when it is met in a base condition, is only the more brilliant and splendid on that account: and the artist must not fear to show us his heroes even under a contemptible exterior as soon as he is sure of being able to give them, when he wishes, the expression of moral dignity.

But what can be granted to the poet is not always allowed in the artist. The poet only addresses the imagination; the painter addresses the senses directly. It follows not only that the impression of the picture is more lively than that of the poem, but also that the painter, if he employ only his natural signs, cannot make the minds of his personages as visible as the poet can with the arbitrary signs at his command: yet it is only the sight of the mind that can reconcile us to certain exteriors. When Homer causes his Ulysses to appear in the rags of a beggar ["Odyssey," book xiii. v. 397], we are at liberty to represent his image to our mind more or less fully, and to dwell on it as long as we like. But in no case will it be sufficiently vivid to excite our repugnance or disgust. But if a painter, or even a tragedian, try to reproduce faithfully the Ulysses of Homer, we turn away from the picture with repugnance. It is because in this case the greater or less vividness of the impression no longer depends on our will: we cannot help seeing what the painter places under our eyes; and it is not easy for us to remove the accessory repugnant ideas which the picture recalls to our mind.

DETACHED REFLECTIONS ON DIFFERENT QUESTIONS OF AESTHETICS.

All the properties by which an object can become aesthetic, can be referred to four classes, which, as well according to their objective differences as according to their different relation with the subject, produce on our passive and active faculties pleasures unequal not only in intensity but also in worth; classes which also are of an unequal use for the end of the fine arts: they are the agreeable, the good, the sublime, and the beautiful.

Of these four categories, the sublime and the beautiful only belong properly to art. The agreeable is not worthy of art, and the good is at least not its end; for the aim of art is to please, and the good, whether we consider it in theory or in practice, neither can nor ought to serve as a means of satisfying the wants of sensuousness. The agreeable only satisfies the senses, and is distinguished thereby from the good, which only pleases the reason. The agreeable only pleases by its matter, for it is only matter that can affect the senses, and all that is form can only please the reason. It is true that the beautiful only pleases through the medium of the senses, by which it is distinguished from the good; but it pleases reason, on account of its form, by which it is essentially distinguished from the agreeable. It might be said that the good pleases only by its form being in harmony with reason; the beautiful by its form having some relation of resemblance with reason, and that the agreeable absolutely does not please by its form. The good is perceived by thought, the beautiful by intuition, and the agreeable only by the senses. The first pleases by the conception, the second by

the idea, and the third by material sensation.

The distance between the good and the agreeable is that which strikes the eyes the most. The good widens our understanding, because it procures and supposes an idea of its object; the pleasure which it makes us perceive rests on an objective foundation, even when this pleasure itself is but a certain state in which we are situated. The, agreeable, on the contrary, produces no notion of its object, and, indeed, reposes on no objective foundation. It is agreeable only inasmuch as it is felt by the subject, and the idea of it completely vanishes the moment an obstruction is placed on the affectibility of the senses, or only when it is modified. For a man who feels the cold the agreeable would be a warm air; but this same man, in the heat of summer, would seek the shade and coolness; but we must agree that in both cases he has judged well.

On the other hand, that which is objective is altogether independent of us, and that which to-day appears to us true, useful, reasonable, ought yet (if this judgment of to-day be admitted as just) to seem to us the same twenty years hence. But our judgment of the agreeable changes as soon as our state, with regard to its object, has changed. The agreeable is therefore not a property of the object; it springs entirely from the relations of such an object with our senses, for the constitution of our senses is a necessary condition thereof.

The good, on the contrary, is good in itself, before being represented to us, and before being felt. The property by which it pleases exists fully in itself without being in want of our subject, although the pleasure which we take in it rests on an aptitude for feeling that which is in us. Thus we can say that the agreeable exists only because it is experienced, and that the good, on the contrary, is experienced because it exists.

The distinction between the beautiful and the agreeable, great as it is, moreover, strikes the eye less. The beautiful approaches the agreeable in this—that it must always be proposed to the senses, inasmuch as it pleases only as a phenomenon. It comes near to it again in as far as it neither procures nor

supposes any notion of its object. But, on the other hand, it is widely separated from the agreeable, because it pleases by the form under which it is produced, and not by the fact of the material sensation. No doubt it only pleases the reasonable subject in so far as it is also a sensuous subject; but also it pleases the sensuous subject only inasmuch as it is at the same time a reasonable subject. The beautiful is not only pleasing to the individual but to the whole species; and although it draws its existence but from its relation with creatures at the same time reasonable and sensuous, it is not less independent of all empirical limitations of sensuousness, and it remains identical even when the particular constitution of the individual is modified. The beautiful has exactly in common with the good that by which it differs from the agreeable, and it differs from the good exactly in that in which it approximates to the agreeable.

By the good we must understand that in which reason recognizes a conformity with her theoretical and practical laws. But the same object can be perfectly conformable to the theoretical reason, and not be the less in contradiction in the highest degree with the practical reason. We can disapprove of the end of an enterprise, and yet admire the skill of the means and their relation with the end in view. We can despise the pleasures which the voluptuous man makes the end of his life, and nevertheless praise the skill which he exhibits in the choice of his means, and the logical result with which he carries out his principles. That which pleases us only by its form is good, absolutely good, and without any conditions, when its form is at the same time its matter. The good is also an object of sensuousness, but not of an immediate sensuousness, as the agreeable, nor moreover of a mixed sensuousness, as the beautiful. It does not excite desire as the first, nor inclination as the second. The simple idea of the good inspires only esteem.

The difference separating the agreeable, the good, and the beautiful being thus established, it is evident that the same object can be ugly, defective, even to be morally rejected, and nevertheless be agreeable and pleasing to the senses; that an object can revolt the senses, and yet be good, i.e., please the reason; that an

object can from its inmost nature revolt the moral senses, and yet please the imagination which contemplates it, and still be beautiful. It is because each one of these ideas interests different faculties, and interests differently.

But have we exhausted the classification of the aesthetic attributes? No, there are objects at the same time ugly, revolting, and horrifying to the senses, which do not please the understanding, and of no account to the moral judgment, and these objects do not fail to please; certainly to please to such a degree, that we would willingly sacrifice the pleasure of these senses and that of the understanding to procure for us the enjoyment of these objects. There is nothing more attractive in nature than a beautiful landscape, illuminated by the purple light of evening. The rich variety of the objects, the mellow outlines, the play of lights infinitely varying the aspect, the light vapors which envelop distant objects,—all combine in charming the senses; and add to it, to increase our pleasure, the soft murmur of a cascade, the song of the nightingales, an agreeable music. We give ourselves up to a soft sensation of repose, and whilst our senses, touched by the harmony of the colors, the forms, and the sounds, experience the agreeable in the highest, the mind is rejoiced by the easy and rich flow of the ideas, the heart by the sentiments which overflow in it like a torrent. All at once a storm springs up, darkening the sky and all the landscape, surpassing and silencing all other noises, and suddenly taking from us all our pleasures. Black clouds encircle the horizon; the thunder falls with a deafening noise. Flash succeeds flash. Our sight and hearing is affected in the most revolting manner. The lightning only appears to render to us more visible the horrors of the night: we see the electric fluid strike, nay, we begin to fear lest it may strike us. Well, that does not prevent us from believing that we have gained more than lost by the change; I except, of course, those whom fear has bereft of all liberty of judgment. We are, on the one hand, forcibly drawn towards this terrible spectacle, which on the other wounds and repulses our senses, and we pause before it with a feeling which we cannot properly call a pleasure, but one which we often like much more than pleasure. But still, the spectacle that nature then offers to us is in itself rather destructive than good (at all events we in no way

need to think of the utility of a storm to take pleasure in this phenomenon), is in itself rather ugly than beautiful, for the darkness, hiding from us all the images which light affords, cannot be in itself a pleasant thing; and those sudden crashes with which the thunder shakes the atmosphere, those sudden flashes when the lightning rends the cloud—all is contrary to one of the essential conditions of the beautiful, which carries with it nothing abrupt, nothing violent. And moreover this phenomenon, if we consider only our senses, is rather painful than agreeable, for the nerves of our sight and those of our hearing are each in their turn painfully strained, then not less violently relaxed, by the alternations of light and darkness, of the explosion of the thunder, and silence. And in spite of all these causes of displeasure, a storm is an attractive phenomenon for whomsoever is not afraid of it.

Another example. In the midst of a green and smiling plain there rises a naked and barren hillock, which hides from the sight a part of the view. Each one would wish that this hillock were removed which disfigures the beauty of all the landscape. Well, let us imagine this hillock rising, rising still, without indeed changing at all its shape, and preserving, although on a greater scale, the same proportions between its width and height. To begin with, our impression of displeasure will but increase with the hillock itself, which will the more strike the sight, and which will be the more repulsive. But continue; raise it up twice as high as a tower, and insensibly the displeasure will efface itself to make way for quite another feeling. The hill has at last become a mountain, so high a mountain that it is quite impossible for our eyes to take it in at one look. There is an object more precocious than all this smiling plain which surrounds it, and the impression that it makes on us is of such a nature that we should regret to exchange it for any other impression, however beautiful it might be. Now, suppose this mountain to be leaning, and of such an inclination that we could expect it every minute to crash down, the previous impression will be complicated with another impression: terror will be joined to it: the object itself will be but still more attractive. But suppose it were possible to prop up this leaning mountain with another mountain, the terror would disappear, and with it

a good part of the pleasure we experienced. Suppose that there were beside this mountain four or five other mountains, of which each one was a fourth or a fifth part lower than the one which came immediately after; the first impression with which the height of one mountain inspired us will be notably weakened. Something somewhat analogous would take place if the mountain itself were cut into ten or twelve terraces, uniformly diminishing; or again if it were artificially decorated with plantations. We have at first subjected one mountain to no other operation than that of increasing its size, leaving it otherwise just as it was, and without altering its form; and this simple circumstance has sufficed to make an indifferent or even disagreeable object satisfying to the eyes. By the second operation, this enlarged object has become at the same time an object of terror; and the pleasure which we have found in contemplating it has but been the greater. Finally, by the last operation which we have made, we have diminished the terror which its sight occasioned, and the pleasure has diminished as much. We have diminished subjectively the idea of its height, whether by dividing the attention of the spectator between several objects, or in giving to the eyes, by means of these smaller mountains, placed near to the large one, a measure by which to master the height of the mountain all the more easily. The great and the terrible can therefore be of themselves in certain cases a source of aesthetic pleasure.

There is not in the Greek mythology a more terrible, and at the same time more hideous, picture than the Furies, or Erinyes, quitting the infernal regions to throw themselves in the pursuit of a criminal. Their faces frightfully contracted and grimacing, their fleshless bodies, their heads covered with serpents in the place of hair—revolt our senses as much as they offend our taste. However, when these monsters are represented to us in the pursuit of Orestes, the murderer of his mother, when they are shown to us brandishing the torches in their hands, and chasing their prey, without peace or truce, from country to country, until at last, the anger of justice being appeased, they engulf themselves in the abyss of the infernal regions; then we pause before the picture with a horror mixed with pleasure. But not only the remorse of a criminal which is personified by the

Furies, even his unrighteous acts nay, the real perpetration of a crime, are able to please us in a work of art. Medea, in the Greek tragedy; Clytemnestra, who takes the life of her husband; Orestes, who kills his mother, fill our soul with horror and with pleasure. Even in real life, indifferent and even repulsive or frightful objects begin to interest us the moment that they approach the monstrous or the terrible. An altogether vulgar and insignificant man will begin to please us the moment that a violent passion, which indeed in no way upraises his personal value, makes him an object of fear and terror, in the same way that a vulgar, meaningless object becomes to us the source of aesthetic pleasure the instant we have enlarged it to the point where it threatens to overstep our comprehension. An ugly man is made still more ugly by passion, and nevertheless it is in bursts of this passion, provided that it turns to the terrible and not to the ridiculous, that this man will be to us of the most interest. This remark extends even to animals. An ox at the plow, a horse before a carriage, a dog, are common objects; but excite this bull to the combat, enrage this horse who is so peaceable, or represent to yourself this dog a prey to madness; instantly these animals are raised to the rank of aesthetic objects, and we begin to regard them with a feeling which borders on pleasure and esteem. The inclination to the pathetic—an inclination common to all men—the strength of the sympathetic sentiment—this force which in nature makes us wish to see suffering, terror, dismay, which has so many attractions for us in art, which makes us hurry to the theatre, which makes us take so much pleasure in the picturing of great misfortune,—all this bears testimony to a fourth source of aesthetic pleasure, which neither the agreeable, nor the good, nor the beautiful are in a state to produce.

All the examples that I have alleged up to the present have this in common—that the feeling they excite in us rests on something objective. In all these phenomena we receive the idea of something "which oversteps, or which threatens to overstep, the power of comprehension of our senses, or their power of resistance"; but not, however, going so far as to paralyze these two powers, or so far as to render us incapable of striving, either to know the object, or to resist the impression it makes on us. There is in the phenomena a complexity which

we cannot retrace to unity without driving the intuitive faculty to its furthest limits.

We have the idea of a force in comparison with which our own vanishes, and which we are nevertheless compelled to compare with our own. Either it is an object which at the same time presents and hides itself from our faculty of intuition, and which urges us to strive to represent it to ourselves, without leaving room to hope that this aspiration will be satisfied; or else it is an object which appears to upraise itself as an enemy, even against our existence—which provokes us, so to say, to combat, and makes us anxious as to the issue. In all the alleged examples there is visible in the same way the same action on the faculty of feeling. All throw our souls into an anxious agitation and strain its springs. A certain gravity which can even raise itself to a solemn rejoicing takes possession of our soul, and whilst our organs betray evident signs of internal anxiety, our mind falls back on itself by reflection, and appears to find a support in a higher consciousness of its independent strength and dignity. This consciousness of ourselves must always dominate in order that the great and the horrible may have for us an aesthetic value. It is because the soul before such sights as these feels itself inspired and lifted above itself that they are designated under the name of sublime, although the things themselves are objectively in no way sublime; and consequently it would be more just to say that they are elevating than to call them in themselves elevated or sublime.

For an object to be called sublime it must be in opposition with our sensuousness. In general it is possible to conceive but two different relations between the objects and our sensuousness, and consequently there ought to be two kinds of resistance. They ought either to be considered as objects from which we wish to draw a knowledge, or else they should be regarded as a force with which we compare our own. According to this division there are two kinds of the sublime, the sublime of knowledge and the sublime of force. Moreover, the sensuous faculties contribute to knowledge only in grasping a given matter, and putting one by the other its complexity in time and in space.

As to dissecting this complex property and assorting it, it is the business of the understanding and not of the imagination. It is for the understanding alone that the diversity exists: for the imagination (considered simply as a sensuous faculty) there is but an uniformity, and consequently it is but the number of the uniform things (the quantity and not the quality) which can give origin to any difference between the sensuous perception of phenomena. Thus, in order that the faculty of picturing things sensuously maybe reduced to impotence before an object, necessarily it is imperative that this object exceeds in its quantity the capacity of our imagination.

ON SIMPLE AND SENTIMENTAL POETRY.

There are moments in life when nature inspires us with a sort of love and respectful emotion, not because she is pleasing to our senses, or because she satisfies our mind or our taste (it is often the very opposite that happens), but merely because she is nature. This feeling is often elicited when nature is considered in her plants, in her mineral kingdom, in rural districts; also in the case of human nature, in the case of children, and in the manners of country people and of the primitive races. Every man of refined feeling, provided he has a soul, experiences this feeling when he walks out under the open sky, when he lives in the country, or when he stops to contemplate the monuments of early ages; in short, when escaping from factitious situations and relations, he finds himself suddenly face to face with nature. This interest, which is often exalted in us so as to become a want, is the explanation of many of our fancies for flowers and for animals, our preference for gardens laid out in the natural style, our love of walks, of the country and those who live there, of a great number of objects proceeding from a remote antiquity, etc. It is taken for granted that no affectation exists in the matter, and moreover that no accidental interest comes into play. But this sort of interest which we take in nature is only possible under two conditions. First the object that inspires us with this feeling must be really nature, or something we take for nature; secondly this object must be in the full sense of the word simple, that is, presenting the entire contrast of nature with art, all the advantage remaining on the side of nature. Directly this second condition is united to the first, but no sooner, nature assumes the character of simplicity.

Considered thus, nature is for us nothing but existence in all its freedom; it is

the constitution of things taken in themselves; it is existence itself according to its proper and immutable laws.

It is strictly necessary that we should have this idea of nature to take an interest in phenomena of this kind. If we conceive an artificial flower so perfectly imitated that it has all the appearance of nature and would produce the most complete illusion, or if we imagine the imitation of simplicity carried out to the extremest degree, the instant we discover it is only an imitation, the feeling of which I have been speaking is completely destroyed. It is, therefore, quite evident that this kind of satisfaction which nature causes us to feel is not a satisfaction of the aesthetical taste, but a satisfaction of the moral sense; for it is produced by means of a conception and not immediately by the single fact of intuition: accordingly it is by no means determined by the different degrees of beauty in forms. For, after all, is there anything so specially charming in a flower of common appearance, in a spring, a moss-covered stone, the warbling of birds, or the buzzing of bees, etc.? What is that can give these objects a claim to our love? It is not these objects in themselves; it is an idea represented by them that we love in them. We love in them life and its latent action, the effects peacefully produced by beings of themselves, existence under its proper laws, the inmost necessity of things, the eternal unity of their nature.

These objects which captivate us are what we were, what we must be again some day. We were nature as they are; and culture, following the way of reason and of liberty, must bring us back to nature. Accordingly, these objects are an image of our infancy irrevocably past—of our infancy which will remain eternally very dear to us, and thus they infuse a certain melancholy into us; they are also the image of our highest perfection in the ideal world, whence they excite a sublime emotion in us.

But the perfection of these objects is not a merit that belongs to them, because it is not the effect of their free choice. Accordingly they procure quite a peculiar pleasure for us, by being our models without having anything humiliating for us. It is like a constant manifestation of the divinity surrounding us, which refreshes

without dazzling us. The very feature that constitutes their character is precisely what is lacking in ours to make it complete; and what distinguishes us from them is precisely what they lack to be divine. We are free and they are necessary; we change and they remain identical. Now it is only when these two conditions are united, when the will submits freely to the laws of necessity, and when, in the midst of all the changes of which the imagination is susceptible, reason maintains its rule—it is only then that the divine or the ideal is manifested. Thus we perceive eternally in them that which we have not, but which we are continually forced to strive after; that which we can never reach, but which we can hope to approach by continual progress. And we perceive in ourselves an advantage which they lack, but in which some of them—the beings deprived of reason—cannot absolutely share, and in which the others, such as children, can only one day have a share by following our way. Accordingly, they procure us the most delicious feeling of our human nature, as an idea, though in relation to each determinate state of our nature they cannot fail to humble us.

As this interest in nature is based on an idea, it can only manifest itself in a soul capable of ideas, that is, in a moral soul. For the immense majority it is nothing more than pure affectation; and this taste of sentimentality so widely diffused in our day, manifesting itself, especially since the appearance of certain books, by sentimental excursions and journeys, by sentimental gardens, and other fancies akin to these—this taste by no means proves that true refinement of sense has become general. Nevertheless, it is certain that nature will always produce something of this impression, even on the most insensible hearts, because all that is required for this is the moral disposition or aptitude, which is common to all men. For all men, however contrary their acts may be to simplicity and to the truth of nature, are brought back to it in their ideas. This sensibility in connection with nature is specially and most strongly manifested, in the greater part of persons, in connection with those sorts of objects which are closely related to us, and which, causing us to look closer into ourselves, show us more clearly what in us departs from nature; for example, in connection with children, or with nations in a state of infancy. It is an error to suppose that it is

only the idea of their weakness that, in certain moments, makes us dwell with our eyes on children with so much emotion. This may be true with those who, in the presence of a feeble being, are used to feel nothing but their own superiority. But the feeling of which I speak is only experienced in a very peculiar moral disposition, nor must it be confounded with the feeling awakened in us by the joyous activity of children. The feeling of which I speak is calculated rather to humble than to flatter our self-love; and if it gives us the idea of some advantage, this advantage is at all events not on our side.

We are moved in the presence of childhood, but it is not because from the height of our strength and of our perfection we drop a look of pity on it; it is, on the contrary, because from the depths of our impotence, of which the feeling is inseparable from that of the real and determinate state to which we have arrived, we raise our eyes to the child's determinableness and pure innocence. The feeling we then experience is too evidently mingled with sadness for us to mistake its source. In the child, all is disposition and destination; in us, all is in the state of a completed, finished thing, and the completion always remains infinitely below the destination. It follows that the child is to us like the representation of the ideal; not, indeed, of the ideal as we have realized it, but such as our destination admitted; and, consequently, it is not at all the idea of its indigence, of its hinderances, that makes us experience emotion in the child's presence; it is, on the contrary, the idea of its pure and free force, of the integrity, the infinity of its being. This is the reason why, in the sight of every moral and sensible man, the child will always be a sacred thing; I mean an object which, by the grandeur of an idea, reduces to nothingness all grandeur realized by experience; an object which, in spite of all it may lose in the judgment of the understanding, regains largely the advantage before the judgment of reason.

Now it is precisely this contradiction between the judgment of reason and that of the understanding which produces in us this quite special phenomenon, this mixed feeling, called forth in us by the sight of the simple—I mean the simple in the manner of thinking. It is at once the idea of a childlike simplicity and of a

childish simplicity. By what it has of childish simplicity it exposes a weak side to the understanding, and provokes in us that smile by which we testify our superiority (an entirely speculative superiority). But directly we have reason to think that childish simplicity is at the same time a childlike simplicity—that it is not consequently a want of intelligence, an infirmity in a theoretical point of view, but a superior force (practically), a heart-full of truth and innocence, which is its source, a heart that has despised the help of art because it was conscious of its real and internal greatness—directly this is understood, the understanding no longer seeks to triumph. Then raillery, which was directed against simpleness, makes way for the admiration inspired by noble simplicity. We feel ourselves obliged to esteem this object, which at first made us smile, and directing our eyes to ourselves, to feel ourselves unhappy in not resembling it. Thus is produced that very special phenomenon of a feeling in which good-natured raillery, respect, and sadness are confounded. It is the condition of the simple that nature should triumph over art, either unconsciously to the individual and against his inclination, or with his full and entire cognizance. In the former case it is simplicity as a surprise, and the impression resulting from it is one of gayety; in the second case, it is simplicity of feeling, and we are moved.

With regard to simplicity as a surprise, the person must be morally capable of denying nature. In simplicity of feeling the person may be morally incapable of this, but we must not think him physically incapable, in order that it may make upon us the impression of the simple. This is the reason why the acts and words of children only produce the impression of simplicity upon us when we forget that they are physically incapable of artifice, and in general only when we are exclusively impressed by the contrast between their natural character and what is artificial in us. Simplicity is a childlike ingenuousness which is encountered when it is not expected; and it is for this very reason that, taking the word in its strictest sense, simplicity could not be attributed to childhood properly speaking.

But in both cases, in simplicity as a surprise and simplicity as a feeling, nature must always have the upper hand, and art succumb to her.

Until we have established this distinction we can only form an incomplete idea of simplicity. The affections are also something natural, and the rules of decency are artificial; yet the triumph of the affections over decency is anything but simple. But when affection triumphs over artifice, over false decency, over dissimulation, we shall have no difficulty in applying the word simple to this. Nature must therefore triumph over art, not by its blind and brutal force as a dynamical power, but in virtue of its form as a moral magnitude; in a word, not as a want, but as an internal necessity. It must not be insufficiency, but the inopportune character of the latter that gives nature her victory; for insufficiency is only a want and a defect, and nothing that results from a want or defect could produce esteem. No doubt in the simplicity resulting from surprise, it is always the predominance of affection and a want of reflection that causes us to appear natural. But this want and this predominance do not by any means suffice to constitute simplicity; they merely give occasion to nature to obey without let or hinderance her moral constitution, that is, the law of harmony.

The simplicity resulting from surprise can only be encountered in man and that only in as far as at the moment he ceases to be a pure and innocent nature. This sort of simplicity implies a will that is not in harmony with that which nature does of her own accord. A person simple after this fashion, when recalled to himself, will be the first to be alarmed at what he is; on the other hand, a person in whom simplicity is found as a feeling, will only wonder at one thing, that is, at the way in which men feel astonishment. As it is not the moral subject as a person, but only his natural character set free by affection, that confesses the truth, it follows from this that we shall not attribute this sincerity to man as a merit, and that we shall be entitled to laugh at it, our raillery not being held in check by any personal esteem for his character. Nevertheless, as it is still the sincerity of nature which, even in the simplicity caused by surprise, pierces suddenly through the veil of dissimulation, a satisfaction of a superior order is mixed with the mischievous joy we feel in having caught any one in the act. This is because nature, opposed to affectation, and truth, opposed to deception, must in every case inspire us with esteem. Thus we experience, even in the presence

of simplicity originating in surprise, a really moral pleasure, though it be not in connection with a moral object.

I admit that in simplicity proceeding from surprise we always experience a feeling of esteem for nature, because we must esteem truth; whereas in the simplicity of feeling we esteem the person himself, enjoying in this way not only a moral satisfaction, but also a satisfaction of which the object is moral. In both cases nature is right, since she speaks the truth; but in the second case not only is nature right, but there is also an act that does honor to the person. In the first case the sincerity of nature always puts the person to the blush, because it is involuntary; in the second it is always a merit which must be placed to the credit of the person, even when what he confesses is of a nature to cause a blush.

We attribute simplicity of feeling to a man, when, in the judgments he pronounces on things, he passes, without seeing them, over all the factitious and artificial sides of an object, to keep exclusively to simple nature. We require of him all the judgments that can be formed of things without departing from a sound nature; and we only hold him entirely free in what presupposes a departure from nature in his mode of thinking or feeling.

If a father relates to his son that such and such a person is dying of hunger, and if the child goes and carries the purse of his father to this unfortunate being, this is a simple action. It is in fact a healthy nature that acts in the child; and in a world where healthy nature would be the law, he would be perfectly right to act so. He only sees the misery of his neighbor and the speediest means of relieving him. The extension given to the right of property, in consequence of which part of the human race might perish, is not based on mere nature. Thus the act of this child puts to shame real society, and this is acknowledged by our heart in the pleasure it experiences from this action.

If a good-hearted man, inexperienced in the ways of the world, confides his secrets to another, who deceives him, but who is skilful in disguising his perfidy, and if by his very sincerity he furnishes him with the means of doing him injury,

we find his conduct simple. We laugh at him, yet we cannot avoid esteeming him, precisely on account of his simplicity. This is because his trust in others proceeds from the rectitude of his own heart; at all events, there is simplicity here only as far as this is the case.

Simplicity in the mode of thinking cannot then ever be the act of a depraved man; this quality only belongs to children, and to men who are children in heart. It often happens to these in the midst of the artificial relations of the great world to act or to think in a simple manner. Being themselves of a truly good and humane nature, they forget that they have to do with a depraved world; and they act, even in the courts of kings, with an ingenuousness and an innocence that are only found in the world of pastoral idyls.

Nor is it always such an easy matter to distinguish exactly childish candor from childlike candor, for there are actions that are on the skirts of both. Is a certain act foolishly simple, and must we laugh at it? or is it nobly simple, and must we esteem the actors the higher on that account? It is difficult to know which side to take in some cases. A very remarkable example of this is found in the history of the government of Pope Adrian VI., related by Mr. Schroeckh with all the solidity and the spirit of practical truth which distinguish him. Adrian, a Netherlander by birth, exerted the pontifical sway at one of the most critical moments for the hierarchy—at a time when an exasperated party laid bare without any scruple all the weak sides of the Roman Church, while the opposite party was interested in the highest degree in covering them over. I do not entertain the question how a man of a truly simple character ought to act in such a case, if such a character were placed in the papal chair. But, we ask, how could this simplicity of feeling be compatible with the part of a pope? This question gave indeed very little embarrassment to the predecessors and successors of Adrian. They followed uniformly the system adopted once for all by the court of Rome, not to make any concessions anywhere. But Adrian had preserved the upright character of his nation and the innocence of his previous condition. Issuing from the humble sphere of literary men to rise to this eminent position,

he did not belie at that elevation the primitive simplicity of his character. He was moved by the abuses of the Roman Church, and he was much too sincere to dissimulate publicly what he confessed privately. It was in consequence of this manner of thinking that, in his instruction to his legate in Germany, he allowed himself to be drawn into avowals hitherto unheard of in a sovereign pontiff, and diametrically contrary to the principles of that court "We know well," he said, among other things, "that for many years many abominable things have taken place in this holy chair; it is not therefore astonishing that the evil has been propagated from the head to the members, from the pope to the prelates. We have all gone astray from the good road, and for a long time there is none of us, not one, who has done anything good." Elsewhere he orders his legate to declare in his name "that he, Adrian, cannot be blamed for what other popes have done before him; that he himself, when he occupied a comparatively mediocre position, had always condemned these excesses." It may easily be conceived how such simplicity in a pope must have been received by the Roman clergy. The smallest crime of which he was accused was that of betraying the church and delivering it over to heretics. Now this proceeding, supremely imprudent in a pope, would yet deserve our esteem and admiration if we could believe it was real simplicity; that is, that Adrian, without fear of consequences, had made such an avowal, moved by his natural sincerity, and that he would have persisted in acting thus, though he had understood all the drift of his clumsiness. Unhappily we have some reason to believe that he did not consider his conduct as altogether impolitic, and that in his candor he went so far as to flatter himself that he had served very usefully the interests of his church by his indulgence to his adversaries. He did not even imagine that he ought to act thus in his quality as an honest man; he thought also as a pope to be able to justify himself, and forgetting that the most artificial of structures could only be supported by continuing to deny the truth, he committed the unpardonable fault of having recourse to means of safety, excellent perhaps, in a natural situation, but here applied to entirely contrary circumstances. This necessarily modifies our judgment very much, and although we cannot refuse our esteem for the honesty of heart in which the act originates, this esteem is greatly lessened when we

reflect that nature on this occasion was too easily mistress of art, and that the heart too easily overruled the head.

True genius is of necessity simple, or it is not genius. Simplicity alone gives it this character, and it cannot belie in the moral order what it is in the intellectual and aesthetical order. It does not know those rules, the crutches of feebleness, those pedagogues which prop up slippery spirits; it is only guided by nature and instinct, its guardian angel; it walks with a firm, calm step across all the snares of false taste, snares in which the man without genius, if he have not the prudence to avoid them the moment he detects them, remains infallibly imbedded. It is therefore the part only of genius to issue from the known without ceasing to be at home, or to enlarge the circle of nature without overstepping it. It does indeed sometimes happen that a great genius oversteps it; but only because geniuses have their moments of frenzy, when nature, their protector, abandons them, because the force of example impels them, or because the corrupt taste of their age leads them astray.

The most intricate problems must be solved by genius with simplicity, without pretension, with ease; the egg of Christopher Columbus is the emblem of all the discoveries of genius. It only justifies its character as genius by triumphing through simplicity over all the complications of art. It does not proceed according to known principles, but by feelings and inspiration; the sallies of genius are the inspirations of a God (all that healthy nature produces is divine); its feelings are laws for all time, for all human generations.

This childlike character imprinted by genius on its works is also shown by it in its private life and manners. It is modest, because nature is always so; but it is not decent, because corruption alone is decent. It is intelligent, because nature cannot lack intelligence; but it is not cunning, because art only can be cunning. It is faithful to its character and inclinations, but this is not so much because it has principles as because nature, notwithstanding all its oscillations, always returns to its equilibrium, and brings back the same wants. It is modest and even timid, because genius remains always a secret to itself; but it is not anxious, because it

does not know the dangers of the road in which it walks. We know little of the private life of the greatest geniuses; but the little that we know of it—what tradition has preserved, for example, of Sophocles, of Archimedes, of Hippocrates, and in modern times of Ariosto, of Dante, of Tasso, of Raphael, of Albert Duerer, of Cervantes, of Shakespeare, of Fielding, of Sterne, etc.—confirms this assertion.

Nay, more; though this admission seems more difficult to support, even the greatest philosophers and great commanders, if great by their genius, have simplicity in their character. Among the ancients I need only name Julius Caesar and Epaminondas; among the moderns Henry IV. in France, Gustavus Adolphus in Sweden, and the Czar Peter the Great. The Duke of Marlborough, Turenne, and Vendome all present this character. With regard to the other sex, nature proposes to it simplicity of character as the supreme perfection to which it should reach. Accordingly, the love of pleasing in women strives after nothing so much as the appearance of simplicity; a sufficient proof, if it were the only one, that the greatest power of the sex reposes in this quality. But, as the principles that prevail in the education of women are perpetually struggling with this character, it is as difficult for them in the moral order to reconcile this magnificent gift of nature with the advantages of a good education as it is difficult for men to preserve them unchanged in the intellectual order: and the woman who knows how to join a knowledge of the world to this sort of simplicity in manners is as deserving of respect as a scholar who joins to the strictness of scholastic rules the freedom and originality of thought.

Simplicity in our mode of thinking brings with it of necessity simplicity in our mode of expression, simplicity in terms as well as movement; and it is in this that grace especially consists. Genius expresses its most sublime and its deepest thoughts with this simple grace; they are the divine oracles that issue from the lips of a child; while the scholastic spirit, always anxious to avoid error, tortures all its words, all its ideas, and makes them pass through the crucible of grammar and logic, hard and rigid, in order to keep from vagueness, and uses few words

in order not to say too much, enervates and blunts thought in order not to wound the reader who is not on his guard—genius gives to its expression, with a single and happy stroke of the brush, a precise, firm, and yet perfectly free form. In the case of grammar and logic, the sign and the thing signified are always heterogenous and strangers to each other: with genius, on the contrary, the expression gushes forth spontaneously from the idea, the language and the thought are one and the same; so that even though the expression thus gives it a body the spirit appears as if disclosed in a nude state. This fashion of expression, when the sign disappears entirely in the thing signified, when the tongue, so to speak, leaves the thought it translates naked, whilst the other mode of expression cannot represent thought without veiling it at the same time: this is what is called originality and inspiration in style.

This freedom, this natural mode by which genius expresses itself in works of intellect, is also the expression of the innocence of heart in the intercourse of life. Every one knows that in the world men have departed from simplicity, from the rigorous veracity of language, in the same proportion as they have lost the simplicity of feelings. The guilty conscience easily wounded, the imagination easily seduced, made an anxious decency necessary. Without telling what is false, people often speak differently from what they think; we are obliged to make circumlocutions to say certain things, which however, can never afflict any but a sickly self-love, and that have no danger except for a depraved imagination. The ignorance of these laws of propriety (conventional laws), coupled with a natural sincerity which despises all kinds of bias and all appearance of falsity (sincerity I mean, not coarseness, for coarseness dispenses with forms because it is hampered), gives rise in the intercourse of life to a simplicity of expression that consists in naming things by their proper name without circumlocution. This is done because we do not venture to designate them as they are, or only to do so by artificial means. The ordinary expressions of children are of this kind. They make us smile because they are in opposition to received manners; but men would always agree in the bottom of their hearts that the child is right.

It is true that simplicity of feeling cannot properly be attributed to the child any more than to the man,—that is, to a being not absolutely subject to nature, though there is still no simplicity, except on the condition that it is pure nature that acts through him. But by an effort of the imagination, which likes to poetise things, we often carry over these attributes of a rational being to beings destitute of reason. It is thus that, on seeing an animal, a landscape, a building, and nature in general, from opposition to what is arbitrary and fantastic in the conceptions of man, we often attribute to them a simple character. But that implies always that in our thought we attribute a will to these things that have none, and that we are struck to see it directed rigorously according to the laws of necessity. Discontented as we are that we have ill employed our own moral freedom, and that we no longer find moral harmony in our conduct, we are easily led to a certain disposition of mind, in which we willingly address ourselves to a being destitute of reason, as if it were a person. And we readily view it as if it had really had to struggle against the temptation of acting otherwise, and proceed to make a merit of its eternal uniformity, and to envy its peaceable constancy. We are quite disposed to consider in those moments reason, this prerogative of the human race, as a pernicious gift and as an evil; we feel so vividly all that is imperfect in our conduct that we forget to be just to our destiny and to our aptitudes.

We see, then, in nature, destitute of reason, only a sister who, more fortunate than ourselves, has remained under the maternal roof, while in the intoxication of our freedom we have fled from it to throw ourselves into a stranger world. We regret this place of safety, we earnestly long to come back to it as soon as we have begun to feel the bitter side of civilization, and in the totally artificial life in which we are exiled we hear in deep emotion the voice of our mother. While we were still only children of nature we were happy, we were perfect: we have become free, and we have lost both advantages. Hence a twofold and very unequal longing for nature: the longing for happiness and the longing for the perfection that prevails there. Man, as a sensuous being, deplores sensibly the loss of the former of these goods; it is only the moral man who can be afflicted

at the loss of the other.

Therefore, let the man with a sensible heart and a loving nature question himself closely. Is it your indolence that longs for its repose, or your wounded moral sense that longs for its harmony? Ask yourself well, when, disgusted with the artifices, offended by the abuses that you discover in social life, you feel yourself attracted towards inanimate nature, in the midst of solitude ask yourself what impels you to fly the world. Is it the privation from which you suffer, its loads, its troubles? or is it the moral anarchy, the caprice, the disorder that prevail there? Your heart ought to plunge into these troubles with joy, and to find in them the compensation in the liberty of which they are the consequence. You can, I admit, propose as your aim, in a distant future, the calm and the happiness of nature; but only that sort of happiness which is the reward of your dignity. Thus, then, let there be no more complaint about the loads of life, the inequality of conditions, or the hampering of social relations, or the uncertainty of possession, ingratitude, oppression, and persecution. You must submit to all these evils of civilization with a free resignation; it is the natural condition of good, par excellence, of the only good, and you ought to respect it under this head. In all these evils you ought only to deplore what is morally evil in them, and you must do so not with cowardly tears only. Rather watch to remain pure yourself in the midst of these impurities, free amidst this slavery, constant with yourself in the midst of these capricious changes, a faithful observer of the law amidst this anarchy. Be not frightened at the disorder that is without you, but at the disorder which is within; aspire after unity, but seek it not in uniformity; aspire after repose, but through equilibrium, and not by suspending the action of your faculties. This nature which you envy in the being destitute of reason deserves no esteem: it is not worth a wish. You have passed beyond it; it ought to remain for ever behind you. The ladder that carried you having given way under your foot, the only thing for you to do is to seize again on the moral law freely, with a free consciousness, a free will, or else to roll down, hopeless of safety, into a bottomless abyss.

But when you have consoled yourself for having lost the happiness of nature, let its perfection be a model to your heart. If you can issue from the circle in which art keeps you enclosed and find nature again, if it shows itself to you in its greatness and in its calm, in its simple beauty, in its childlike innocence and simplicity, oh! then pause before its image, cultivate this feeling lovingly. It is worthy of you, and of what is noblest in man. Let it no more come into your mind to change with it; rather embrace it, absorb it into your being, and try to associate the infinite advantage it has over you with that infinite prerogative that is peculiar to you, and let the divine issue from this sublime union. Let nature breathe around you like a lovely idyl, where far from artifice and its wanderings you may always find yourself again, where you may go to draw fresh courage, a new confidence, to resume your course, and kindle again in your heart the flame of the ideal, so readily extinguished amidst the tempests of life.

If we think of that beautiful nature which surrounded the ancient Greeks, if we remember how intimately that people, under its blessed sky, could live with that free nature; how their mode of imagining, and of feeling, and their manners, approached far nearer than ours to the simplicity of nature, how faithfully the works of their poets express this; we must necessarily remark, as a strange fact, that so few traces are met among them of that sentimental interest that we moderns ever take in the scenes of nature and in natural characters. I admit that the Greeks are superiorly exact and faithful in their descriptions of nature. They reproduce their details with care, but we see that they take no more interest in them and more heart in them than in describing a vestment, a shield, armor, a piece of furniture, or any production of the mechanical arts. In their love for the object it seems that they make no difference between what exists in itself and what owes its existence to art, to the human will. It seems that nature interests their minds and their curiosity more than moral feeling. They do not attach themselves to it with that depth of feeling, with that gentle melancholy, that characterize the moderns. Nay, more, by personifying nature in its particular phenomena, by deifying it, by representing its effects as the acts of free being, they take from it that character of calm necessity which is precisely what makes

it so attractive to us. Their impatient imagination only traverses nature to pass beyond it to the drama of human life. It only takes pleasure in the spectacle of what is living and free; it requires characters, acts, the accidents of fortune and of manners; and whilst it happens with us, at least in certain moral dispositions, to curse our prerogative, this free will, which exposes us to so many combats with ourselves, to so many anxieties and errors, and to wish to exchange it for the condition of beings destitute of reason, for that fatal existence that no longer admits of any choice, but which is so calm in its uniformity;—while we do this, the Greeks, on the contrary, only have their imagination occupied in retracing human nature in the inanimate world, and in giving to the will an influence where blind necessity rules.

Whence can arise this difference between the spirit of the ancients and the modern spirit? How comes it that, being, for all that relates to nature, incomparably below the ancients, we are superior to them precisely on this point, that we render a more complete homage to nature; that we have a closer attachment to it; and that we are capable of embracing even the inanimate world with the most ardent sensibility. It is because nature, in our time, is no longer in man, and that we no longer encounter it in its primitive truth, except out of humanity, in the inanimate world. It is not because we are more conformable to nature—quite the contrary; it is because in our social relations, in our mode of existence, in our manners, we are in opposition with nature. This is what leads us, when the instinct of truth and of simplicity is awakened—this instinct which, like the moral aptitude from which it proceeds, lives incorruptible and indelible in every human heart—to procure for it in the physical world the satisfaction which there is no hope of finding in the moral order. This is the reason why the feeling that attaches us to nature is connected so closely with that which makes us regret our infancy, forever flown, and our primitive innocence. Our childhood is all that remains of nature in humanity, such as civilization has made it, of untouched, unmutilated nature. It is, therefore, not wonderful, when we meet out of us the impress of nature, that we are always brought back to the idea of our childhood.

It was quite different with the Greeks in antiquity. Civilization with them did not degenerate, nor was it carried to such an excess that it was necessary to break with nature. The entire structure of their social life reposed on feelings, and not on a factitious conception, on a work of art. Their very theology was the inspiration of a simple spirit, the fruit of a joyous imagination, and not, like the ecclesiastical dogmas of modern nations, subtle combinations of the understanding. Since, therefore, the Greeks had not lost sight of nature in humanity, they had no reason, when meeting it out of man, to be surprised at their discovery, and they would not feel very imperiously the need of objects in which nature could be retraced. In accord with themselves, happy in feeling themselves men, they would of necessity keep to humanity as to what was greatest to them, and they must needs try to make all the rest approach it; while we, who are not in accord with ourselves—we who are discontented with the experience we have made of our humanity—have no more pressing interest than to fly out of it and to remove from our sight a so ill-fashioned form. The feeling of which we are treating here is, therefore, not that which was known by the ancients; it approaches far more nearly that which we ourselves experience for the ancients. The ancients felt naturally; we, on our part, feel what is natural. It was certainly a very different inspiration that filled the soul of Homer, when he depicted his divine cowherd [Dios uphorbos, "Odyssey," xiv. 413, etc.] giving hospitality to Ulysses, from that which agitated the soul of the young Werther at the moment when he read the "Odyssey" [Werther, May 26, June 21, August 28, May 9, etc.] on issuing from an assembly in which he had only found tedium. The feeling we experience for nature resembles that of a sick man for health.

As soon as nature gradually vanishes from human life—that is, in proportion as it ceases to be experienced as a subject (active and passive)—we see it dawn and increase in the poetical world in the guise of an idea and as an object. The people who have carried farthest the want of nature, and at the same time the reflections on that matter, must needs have been the people who at the same time were most struck with this phenomenon of the simple, and gave it a name. If I am not mistaken, this people was the French. But the feeling of the simple, and

the interest we take in it, must naturally go much farther back, and it dates from the time when the moral sense and the aesthetical sense began to be corrupt. This modification in the manner of feeling is exceedingly striking in Euripides, for example, if compared with his predecessors, especially Aeschylus; and yet Euripides was the favorite poet of his time. The same revolution is perceptible in the ancient historians. Horace, the poet of a cultivated and corrupt epoch, praises, under the shady groves of Tibur, the calm and happiness of the country, and he might be termed the true founder of this sentimental poetry, of which he has remained the unsurpassed model. In Propertius, Virgil, and others, we find also traces of this mode of feeling; less of it is found in Ovid, who would have required for that more abundance of heart, and who in his exile at Tomes sorrowfully regrets the happiness that Horace so readily dispensed with in his villa at Tibur.

It is in the fundamental idea of poetry that the poet is everywhere the guardian of nature. When he can no longer entirely fill this part, and has already in himself suffered the deleterious influence of arbitrary and factitious forms, or has had to struggle against this influence, he presents himself as the witness of nature and as its avenger. The poet will, therefore, be the expression of nature itself, or his part will be to seek it, if men have lost sight of it. Hence arise two kinds of poetry, which embrace and exhaust the entire field of poetry. All poets—I mean those who are really so—will belong, according to the time when they flourish, according to the accidental circumstances that have influenced their education generally, and the different dispositions of mind through which they pass, will belong, I say, to the order of the sentimental poetry or to simple poetry.

The poet of a young world, simple and inspired, as also the poet who at an epoch of artificial civilization approaches nearest to the primitive bards, is austere and prudish, like the virginal Diana in her forests. Wholly unconfiding, he hides himself from the heart that seeks him, from the desire that wishes to embrace him. It is not rare for the dry truth with which he treats his subject to

resemble insensibility. The whole object possesses him, and to reach his heart it does not suffice, as with metals of little value, to stir up the surface; as with pure gold, you must go down to the lowest depths. Like the Deity behind this universe, the simple poet hides himself behind his work; he is himself his work, and his work is himself. A man must be no longer worthy of the work, nor understand it, or be tired of it, to be even anxious to learn who is its author.

Such appears to us, for instance, Homer in antiquity, and Shakespeare among moderns: two natures infinitely different and separated in time by an abyss, but perfectly identical as to this trait of character. When, at a very youthful age, I became first acquainted with Shakespeare, I was displeased with his coldness, with his insensibility, which allows him to jest even in the most pathetic moments, to disturb the impression of the most harrowing scenes in "Hamlet," in "King Lear," and in "Macbeth," etc., by mixing with them the buffooneries of a madman. I was revolted by his insensibility, which allowed him to pause sometimes at places where my sensibility would bid me hasten and bear me along, and which sometimes carried him away with indifference when my heart would be so happy to pause. Though I was accustomed, by the practice of modern poets, to seek at once the poet in his works, to meet his heart, to reflect with him in his theme—in a word, to see the object in the subject—I could not bear that the poet could in Shakespeare never be seized, that he would never give me an account of himself. For some years Shakespeare had been the object of my study and of all my respect before I had learned to love his personality. I was not yet able to comprehend nature at first hand. All that my eyes could bear was its image only, reflected by the understanding and arranged by rules: and on this score the sentimental poetry of the French, or that of the Germans of 1750 to 1780, was what suited me best. For the rest, I do not blush at this childish judgment: adult critics pronounced in that day in the same way, and carried their simplicity so far as to publish their decisions to the world.

The same thing happened to me in the case of Homer, with whom I made acquaintance at a later date. I remember now that remarkable passage of the

sixth book of the "Iliad," where Glaucus and Diomed meet each other in the strife, and then, recognizing each other as host and guest, exchange presents. With this touching picture of the piety with which the laws of hospitality were observed even in war, may be compared a picture of chivalrous generosity in Ariosto. The knights, rivals in love, Ferragus and Rinaldo—the former a Saracen, the latter a Christian —after having fought to extremity, all covered with wounds, make peace together, and mount the same horse to go and seek the fugitive Angelica. These two examples, however different in other respects, are very similar with regard to the impression produced on our heart: both represent the noble victory of moral feeling over passion, and touch us by the simplicity of feeling displayed in them. But what a difference in the way in which the two poets go to work to describe two such analogous scenes! Ariosto, who belongs to an advanced epoch, to a world where simplicity of manners no longer existed, in relating this trait, cannot conceal the astonishment, the admiration, he feels at it. He measures the distance from those manners to the manners of his own age, and this feeling of astonishment is too strong for him. He abandons suddenly the painting of the object, and comes himself on the scene in person. This beautiful stanza is well known, and has been always specially admired at all times:—

"Oh nobleness, oh generosity of the ancient manners of chivalry! These were rivals, separated by their faith, suffering bitter pain throughout their frames in consequence of a desperate combat; and, without any suspicion, behold them riding in company along dark and winding paths. Stimulated by four spurs, the horse hastens his pace till they arrive at the place where the road divides."
["Orlando Furioso," canto i., stanza 32.]

Now let us turn to old Homer. Scarcely has Diomed learned by the story of Glaucus, his adversary, that the latter has been, from the time of their fathers, the host and friend of his family, when he drives his lance into the ground, converses familiarly with him, and both agree henceforth to avoid each other in the strife. But let us hear Homer himself:—

"Thus, then, I am for thee a faithful host in Argos, and thou to me in Lycia,

when I shall visit that country. We shall, therefore, avoid our lances meeting in the strife. Are there not for me other Trojans or brave allies to kill when a god shall offer them to me and my steps shall reach them? And for thee, Glaucus, are there not enough Achaeans, that thou mayest immolate whom thou wishest? But let us exchange our arms, in order that others may also see that we boast of having been hosts and guests at the time of our fathers.' Thus they spoke, and, rushing from their chariots, they seized each other's hands, and swore friendship the one to the other." [Pope's "Iliad," vi. 264-287.]

It would have been difficult for a modern poet (at least to one who would be modern in the moral sense of the term) even to wait as long as this before expressing his joy in the presence of such an action. We should pardon this in him the more easily, because we also, in reading it, feel that our heart makes a pause here, and readily turns aside from the object to bring back its thoughts on itself. But there is not the least trace of this in Homer. As if he had been relating something that is seen everyday—nay, more, as if he had no heart beating in his breast—he continues, with his dry truthfulness:—

"Then the son of Saturn blinded Glaucus, who, exchanging his armor with Diomed, gave him golden arms of the value of one hecatomb, for brass arms only worth nine beeves." ["Iliad," vi. 234-236.]

The poets of this order,—the genuinely simple poets, are scarcely any longer in their place in this artificial age. Accordingly they are scarcely possible in it, or at least they are only possible on the condition of traversing their age, like scared persons, at a running pace, and of being preserved by a happy star from the influence of their age, which would mutilate their genius. Never, for ay and forever, will society produce these poets; but out of society they still appear sometimes at intervals, rather, I admit, as strangers, who excite wonder, or as ill-trained children of nature, who give offence. These apparitions, so very comforting for the artist who studies them, and for the real connoisseur, who knows how to appreciate them, are, as a general conclusion, in the age when they are begotten, to a very small degree preposterous. The seal of empire is

stamped on their brow, and we,—we ask the Muses to cradle us, to carry us in their arms. The critics, as regular constables of art, detest these poets as disturbers of rules or of limits. Homer himself may have been only indebted to the testimony of ten centuries for the reward these aristarchs are kindly willing to concede him. Moreover, they find it a hard matter to maintain their rules against his example, or his authority against their rules.

SENTIMENTAL POETRY.

I have previously remarked that the poet is nature, or he seeks nature. In the former case, he is a simple poet, in the second case, a sentimental poet.

The poetic spirit is immortal, nor can it disappear from humanity; it can only disappear with humanity itself, or with the aptitude to be a man, a human being. And actually, though man by the freedom of his imagination and of his understanding departs from simplicity, from truth, from the necessity of nature, not only a road always remains open to him to return to it, but, moreover, a powerful and indestructible instinct, the moral instinct, brings him incessantly back to nature; and it is precisely the poetical faculty that is united to this instinct by the ties of the closest relationship. Thus man does not lose the poetic faculty directly he parts with the simplicity of nature; only this faculty acts out of him in another direction.

Even at present nature is the only flame that kindles and warms the poetic soul. From nature alone it obtains all its force; to nature alone it speaks in the artificial culture-seeking man. Any other form of displaying its activity is remote from the poetic spirit. Accordingly it may be remarked that it is incorrect to apply the expression poetic to any of the so-styled productions of wit, though the high credit given to French literature has led people for a long period to class them in that category. I repeat that at present, even in the existing phase of culture, it is still nature that powerfully stirs up the poetic spirit, only its present relation to nature is of a different order from formerly.

As long as man dwells in a state of pure nature (I mean pure and not coarse nature), all his being acts at once like a simple sensuous unity, like a harmonious whole. The senses and reason, the receptive faculty and the spontaneously active faculty, have not been as yet separated in their respective functions: a fortiori they are not yet in contradiction with each other. Then the feelings of man are not the formless play of chance; nor are his thoughts an empty play of the imagination, without any value. His feelings proceed from the law of necessity; his thoughts from reality. But when man enters the state of civilization, and art has fashioned him, this sensuous harmony which was in him disappears, and henceforth he can only manifest himself as a moral unity, that is, as aspiring to unity. The harmony that existed as a fact in the former state, the harmony of feeling and thought, only exists now in an ideal state. It is no longer in him, but out of him; it is a conception of thought which he must begin by realizing in himself; it is no longer a fact, a reality of his life. Well, now let us take the idea of poetry, which is nothing else than expressing humanity as completely as possible, and let us apply this idea to these two states. We shall be brought to infer that, on the one hand, in the state of natural simplicity, when all the faculties of man are exerted together, his being still manifests itself in a harmonious unity, where, consequently, the totality of his nature expresses itself in reality itself, the part of the poet is necessarily to imitate the real as completely as is possible. In the state of civilization, on the contrary, when this harmonious competition of the whole of human nature is no longer anything but an idea, the part of the poet is necessarily to raise reality to the ideal, or, what amounts to the same thing, to represent the ideal. And, actually, these are the only two ways in which, in general, the poetic genius can manifest itself. Their great difference is quite evident, but though there be great opposition between them, a higher idea exists that embraces both, and there is no cause to be astonished if this idea coincides with the very idea of humanity.

This is not the place to pursue this thought any further, as it would require a separate discussion to place it in its full light. But if we only compare the modern and ancient poets together, not according to the accidental forms which

they may have employed, but according to their spirit, we shall be easily convinced of the truth of this thought. The thing that touches us in the ancient poets is nature; it is the truth of sense, it is a present and a living reality modern poets touch us through the medium of ideas.

The path followed by modern poets is moreover that necessarily followed by man generally, individuals as well as the species. Nature reconciles man with himself; art divides and disunites him; the ideal brings him back to unity. Now, the ideal being an infinite that he never succeeds in reaching, it follows that civilized man can never become perfect in his kind, while the man of nature can become so in his. Accordingly in relation to perfection one would be infinitely below the other, if we only considered the relation in which they are both to their own kind and to their maximum. If, on the other hand, it is the kinds that are compared together, it is ascertained that the end to which man tends by civilization is infinitely superior to that which he reaches through nature. Thus one has his reward, because having for object a finite magnitude, he completely reaches this object; the merit of the other is to approach an object that is of infinite magnitude. Now, as there are only degrees, and as there is only progress in the second of these evolutions, it follows that the relative merit of the man engaged in the ways of civilization is never determinable in general, though this man, taking the individuals separately, is necessarily at a disadvantage, compared with the man in whom nature acts in all its perfection. But we know also that humanity cannot reach its final end except by progress, and that the man of nature cannot make progress save through culture, and consequently by passing himself through the way of civilization. Accordingly there is no occasion to ask with which of the two the advantage must remain, considering this last end.

All that we say here of the different forms of humanity may be applied equally to the two orders of poets who correspond to them.

Accordingly it would have been desirable not to compare at all the ancient and the modern poets, the simple and the sentimental poets, or only to compare them

by referring them to a higher idea (since there is really only one) which embraces both. For, sooth to say, if we begin by forming a specific idea of poetry, merely from the ancient poets, nothing is easier, but also nothing is more vulgar, than to depreciate the moderns by this comparison. If persons wish to confine the name of poetry to that which has in all times produced the same impression in simple nature, this places them in the necessity of contesting the title of poet in the moderns precisely in that which constitutes their highest beauties, their greatest originality and sublimity; for precisely in the points where they excel the most, it is the child of civilization whom they address, and they have nothing to say to the simple child of nature.

To the man who is not disposed beforehand to issue from reality in order to enter the field of the ideal, the richest and most substantial poetry is an empty appearance, and the sublimest flights of poetic inspiration are an exaggeration. Never will a reasonable man think of placing alongside Homer, in his grandest episodes, any of our modern poets; and it has a discordant and ridiculous effect to hear Milton or Klopstock honored with the name of a "new Homer." But take in modern poets what characterizes them, what makes their special merit, and try to compare any ancient poet with them in this point, they will not be able to support the comparison any better, and Homer less than any other. I should express it thus: the power of the ancients consists in compressing objects into the finite, and the moderns excel in the art of the infinite.

What we have said here may be extended to the fine arts in general, except certain restrictions that are self-evident. If, then, the strength of the artists of antiquity consists in determining and limiting objects, we must no longer wonder that in the field of the plastic arts the ancients remain so far superior to the moderns, nor especially that poetry and the plastic arts with the moderns, compared respectively with what they were among the ancients, do not offer the same relative value. This is because an object that addresses itself to the eyes is only perfect in proportion as the object is clearly limited in it; whilst a work that is addressed to the imagination can also reach the perfection which is proper to it

by means of the ideal and the infinite. This is why the superiority of the moderns in what relates to ideas is not of great aid to them in the plastic arts, where it is necessary for them to determine in space, with the greatest precision, the image which their imagination has conceived, and where they must therefore measure themselves with the ancient artist just on a point where his superiority cannot be contested. In the matter of poetry it is another affair, and if the advantage is still with the ancients on that ground, as respects the simplicity of forms—all that can be represented by sensuous features, all that is something bodily—yet, on the other hand, the moderns have the advantage over the ancients as regards fundamental wealth, and all that can neither be represented nor translated by sensuous signs, in short, for all that is called mind and idea in the works of art.

From the moment that the simple poet is content to follow simple nature and feeling, that he is contented with the imitation of the real world, he can only be placed, with regard to his subject, in a single relation. And in this respect he has no choice as to the manner of treating it. If simple poetry produces different impressions—I do not, of course, speak of the impressions that are connected with the nature of the subject, but only of those that are dependent on poetic execution—the whole difference is in the degree; there is only one way of feeling, which varies from more to less; even the diversity of external forms changes nothing in the quality of aesthetic impressions. Whether the form be lyric or epic, dramatic or descriptive, we can receive an impression either stronger or weaker, but if we remove what is connected with the nature of the subject, we shall always be affected in the same way. The feeling we experience is absolutely identical; it proceeds entirely from one single and the same element to such a degree that we are unable to make any distinction. The very difference of tongues and that of times does not here occasion any diversity, for their strict unity of origin and of effect is precisely a characteristic of simple poetry.

It is quite different with sentimental poetry. The sentimental poet reflects on the impression produced on him by objects; and it is only on this reflection that his poetic force is based. It follows that the sentimental poet is always concerned

with two opposite forces, has two modes of representing objects to himself, and of feeling them; these are, the real or limited, and the ideal or infinite; and the mixed feeling that he will awaken will always testify to this duality of origin. Sentimental poetry thus admitting more than one principle, it remains to know which of the two will be predominant in the poet, both in his fashion of feeling and in that of representing the object; and consequently a difference in the mode of treating it is possible. Here, then, a new subject is presented: shall the poet attach himself to the real or the ideal? to the real as an object of aversion and of disgust, or to the ideal as an object of inclination? The poet will therefore be able to treat the same subject either in its satirical aspect or in its elegiac aspect,—taking these words in a larger sense, which will be explained in the sequel: every sentimental poet will of necessity become attached to one or the other of these two modes of feeling.

SATIRICAL POETRY.

The poet is a satirist when he takes as subject the distance at which things are from nature, and the contrast between reality and the ideal: as regards the impression received by the soul, these two subjects blend into the same. In the execution, he may place earnestness and passion, or jests and levity, according as he takes pleasure in the domain of the will or in that of the understanding. In the former case it is avenging and pathetic satire; in the second case it is sportive, humorous, and mirthful satire.

Properly speaking, the object of poetry is not compatible either with the tone of punishment or that of amusement. The former is too grave for play, which should be the main feature of poetry; the latter is too trifling for seriousness, which should form the basis of all poetic play. Our mind is necessarily interested in moral contradictions, and these deprive the mind of its liberty. Nevertheless, all personal interest, and reference to a personal necessity, should be banished from poetic feeling. But mental contradictions do not touch the heart, nevertheless the poet deals with the highest interests of the heart—nature and the ideal. Accordingly it is a hard matter for him not to violate the poetic form in pathetic satire, because this form consists in the liberty of movement; and in sportive satire he is very apt to miss the true spirit of poetry, which ought to be the infinite. The problem can only be solved in one way: by the pathetic satire assuming the character of the sublime, and the playful satire acquiring poetic substance by enveloping the theme in beauty.

In satire, the real as imperfection is opposed to the ideal, considered as the

highest reality. In other respects it is by no means essential that the ideal should be expressly represented, provided the poet knows how to awaken it in our souls, but he must in all cases awaken it, otherwise he will exert absolutely no poetic action. Thus reality is here a necessary object of aversion; but it is also necessary, for the whole question centres here, that this aversion should come necessarily from the ideal, which is opposed to reality. To make this clear—this aversion might proceed from a purely sensuous source, and repose only on a want of which the satisfaction finds obstacles in the real. How often, in fact, we think we feel, against society a moral discontent, while we are simply soured by the obstacles that it opposes to our inclination. It is this entirely material interest that the vulgar satirist brings into play; and as by this road he never fails to call forth in us movements connected with the affections, he fancies that he holds our heart in his hand, and thinks he has graduated in the pathetic. But all pathos derived from this source is unworthy of poetry, which ought only to move us through the medium of ideas, and reach our heart only by passing through the reason. Moreover, this impure and material pathos will never have its effect on minds, except by over-exciting the affective faculties and by occupying our hearts with painful feelings; in this it differs entirely from the truly poetic pathos, which raises in us the feeling of moral independence, and which is recognized by the freedom of our mind persisting in it even while it is in the state of affection. And, in fact, when the emotion emanates from the ideal opposed to the real, the sublime beauty of the ideal corrects all impression of restraint; and the grandeur of the idea with which we are imbued raises us above all the limits of experience. Thus in the representation of some revolting reality, the essential thing is that the necessary be the foundation on which the poet or the narrator places the real: that he know how to dispose our mind for ideas. Provided the point from which we see and judge be elevated, it matters little if the object be low and far beneath us. When the historian Tacitus depicts the profound decadence of the Romans of the first century, it is a great soul which from a loftier position lets his looks drop down on a low object; and the disposition in which he places us is truly poetic, because it is the height where he is himself placed, and where he has succeeded in raising us, which alone renders so

perceptible the baseness of the object.

Accordingly the satire of pathos must always issue from a mind deeply imbued with the ideal. It is nothing but an impulsion towards harmony that can give rise to that deep feeling of moral opposition and that ardent indignation against moral obliquity which amounted to the fulness of enthusiasm in Juvenal, Swift, Rousseau, Haller, and others. These same poets would have succeeded equally well in forms of poetry relating to all that is tender and touching in feeling, and it was only the accidents of life in their early days that diverted their minds into other walks. Nay, some amongst them actually tried their hand successfully in these other branches of poetry. The poets whose names have been just mentioned lived either at a period of degeneracy, and had scenes of painful moral obliquity presented to their view, or personal troubles had combined to fill their souls with bitter feelings. The strictly austere spirit in which Rousseau, Haller, and others paint reality is a natural result, moreover, of the philosophical mind, when with rigid adherence to laws of thought it separates the mere phenomenon from the substance of things. Yet these outer and contingent influences, which always put restraint on the mind, should never be allowed to do more than decide the direction taken by enthusiasm, nor should they ever give the material for it. The substance ought always to remain unchanged, emancipated from all external motion or stimulus, and it ought to issue from an ardent impulsion towards the ideal, which forms the only true motive that can be put forth for satirical poetry, and indeed for all sentimental poetry.

While the satire of pathos is only adapted to elevated minds, playful satire can only be adequately represented by a heart imbued with beauty. The former is preserved from triviality by the serious nature of the theme; but the latter, whose proper sphere is confined to the treatment of subjects of morally unimportant nature, would infallibly adopt the form of frivolity, and be deprived of all poetic dignity, were it not that the substance is ennobled by the form, and did not the personal dignity of the poet compensate for the insignificance of the subject.

Now, it is only given to mind imbued with beauty to impress its character, its entire image, on each of its manifestations, independently of the object of its manifestations. A sublime soul can only make itself known as such by single victories over the rebellion of the senses, only in certain moments of exaltation, and by efforts of short duration. In a mind imbued with beauty, on the contrary, the ideal acts in the same manner as nature, and therefore continuously; accordingly it can manifest itself in it in a state of repose. The deep sea never appears more sublime than when it is agitated; the true beauty of a clear stream is in its peaceful course.

The question has often been raised as to the comparative preference to be awarded to tragedy or comedy. If the question is confined merely to their respective themes, it is certain that tragedy has the advantage. But if our inquiry be directed to ascertain which has the more important personality, it is probable that a decision may be given in favor of comedy. In tragedy the theme in itself does great things; in comedy the object does nothing and the poet all. Now, as in the judgments of taste no account must be kept of the matter treated of, it follows naturally that the aesthetic value of these two kinds will be in an inverse ratio to the proper importance of their themes.

The tragic poet is supported by the theme, while the comic poet, on the contrary, has to keep up the aesthetic character of his theme by his own individual influence. The former may soar, which is not a very difficult matter, but the latter has to remain one and the same in tone; he has to be in the elevated region of art, where he must be at home, but where the tragic poet has to be projected and elevated by a bound. And this is precisely what distinguishes a soul of beauty from a sublime soul. A soul of beauty bears in itself by anticipation all great ideas; they flow without constraint and without difficulty from its very nature—an infinite nature, at least in potency, at whatever point of its career you seize it. A sublime soul can rise to all kinds of greatness, but by an effort; it can tear itself from all bondage, to all that limits and constrains it, but only by strength of will. Consequently the sublime soul is only free by broken

efforts; the other with ease and always.

The noble task of comedy is to produce and keep up in us this freedom of mind, just as the end of tragedy is to re-establish in us this freedom of mind by aesthetic ways, when it has been violently suspended by passion. Consequently it is necessary that in tragedy the poet, as if he made an experiment, should artificially suspend our freedom of mind, since tragedy shows its poetic virtue by re-establishing it; in comedy, on the other hand, care must be taken that things never reach this suspension of freedom.

It is for this reason that the tragic poet invariably treats his theme in a practical manner, and the comic poet in a theoretic manner, even when the former, as happened with Lessing in his "Nathan," should have the curious fancy to select a theoretical, and the latter should have that of choosing a practical subject. A piece is constituted a tragedy or a comedy not by the sphere from which the theme is taken, but by the tribunal before which it is judged. A tragic poet ought never to indulge in tranquil reasoning, and ought always to gain the interest of the heart; but the comic poet ought to shun the pathetic and bring into play the understanding. The former displays his art by creating continual excitement, the latter by perpetually subduing his passion; and it is natural that the art in both cases should acquire magnitude and strength in proportion as the theme of one poet is abstract and that of the other pathetic in character. Accordingly, if tragedy sets out from a more exalted place, it must be allowed, on the other hand, that comedy aims at a more important end; and if this end could be actually attained it would make all tragedy not only unnecessary, but impossible. The aim that comedy has in view is the same as that of the highest destiny of man, and this consists in liberating himself from the influence of violent passions, and taking a calm and lucid survey of all that surrounds him, and also of his own being, and of seeing everywhere occurrence rather than fate or hazard, and ultimately rather smiling at the absurdities than shedding tears and feeling anger at sight of the wickedness of man.

It frequently happens in human life that facility of imagination, agreeable

talents, a good-natured mirthfulness are taken for ornaments of the mind. The same fact is discerned in the case of poetical displays.

Now, public taste scarcely if ever soars above the sphere of the agreeable, and authors gifted with this sort of elegance of mind and style do not find it a difficult matter to usurp a glory which is or ought to be the reward of so much real labor. Nevertheless, an infallible text exists to enable us to discriminate a natural facility of manner from ideal gentleness, and qualities that consist in nothing more than natural virtue from genuine moral worth of character. This test is presented by trials such as those presented by difficulty and events offering great opportunities. Placed in positions of this kind, the genius whose essence is elegance is sure infallibly to fall into platitudes, and that virtue which only results from natural causes drops down to a material sphere. But a mind imbued with true and spiritual beauty is in cases of the kind we have supposed sure to be elevated to the highest sphere of character and of feeling. So long as Lucian merely furnishes absurdity, as in his "Wishes," in the "Lapithae," in "Jupiter Tragoedus," etc., he is only a humorist, and gratifies us by his sportive humor; but he changes character in many passages in his "Nigrinus," his "Timon," and his "Alexander," when his satire directs its shafts against moral depravity. Thus he begins in his "Nigrinus" his picture of the degraded corruption of Rome at that time in this way: "Wretch, why didst thou quit Greece, the sunlight, and that free and happy life? Why didst thou come here into this turmoil of splendid slavery, of service and festivals, of sycophants, flatterers, poisoners, orphan-robbers, and false friends?" It is on such occasions that the poet ought to show the lofty earnestness of soul which has to form the basis of all plays, if a poetical character is to be obtained by them. A serious intention may even be detected under the malicious jests with which Lucian and Aristophanes pursue Socrates. Their purpose is to avenge truth against sophistry, and to do combat for an ideal which is not always prominently put forward. There can be no doubt that Lucian has justified this character in his Diogenes and Demonax. Again, among modern writers, how grave and beautiful is the character depicted on all occasions by Cervantes in his Don Quixote! How

splendid must have been the ideal that filled the mind of a poet who created a Tom Jones and a Sophonisba! How deeply and strongly our hearts are moved by the jests of Yorick when he pleases! I detect this seriousness also in our own Wieland: even the wanton sportiveness of his humor is elevated and impeded by the goodness of his heart; it has an influence even on his rhythm; nor does he ever lack elastic power, when it is his wish, to raise us up to the most elevated planes of beauty and of thought.

The same judgment cannot be pronounced on the satire of Voltaire. No doubt, also, in his case, it is the truth and simplicity of nature which here and there makes us experience poetic emotions, whether he really encounters nature and depicts it in a simple character, as many times in his "Ingenu;" or whether he seeks it and avenges it as in his "Candide" and elsewhere. But when neither one nor the other takes place, he can doubtless amuse us with his fine wit, but he assuredly never touches us as a poet. There is always rather too little of the serious under his raillery, and this is what makes his vocation as poet justly suspicious. You always meet his intelligence only; never his feelings. No ideal can be detected under this light gauze envelope; scarcely can anything absolutely fixed be found under this perpetual movement. His prodigious diversity of externals and forms, far from proving anything in favor of the inner fulness of his inspiration, rather testifies to the contrary; for he has exhausted all forms without finding a single one on which he has succeeded in impressing his heart. We are almost driven to fear that in the case of his rich talent the poverty of heart alone determined his choice of satire. And how could we otherwise explain the fact that he could pursue so long a road without ever issuing from its narrow rut? Whatever may be the variety of matter and of external forms, we see the inner form return everywhere with its sterile and eternal uniformity, and in spite of his so productive career, he never accomplished in himself the circle of humanity, that circle which we see joyfully traversed throughout by the satirists previously named.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

When the poet opposes nature to art, and the ideal to the real, so that nature and the ideal form the principal object of his pictures, and that the pleasure we take in them is the dominant impression, I call him an elegiac poet. In this kind, as well as in satire, I distinguish two classes. Either nature and the ideal are objects of sadness, when one is represented as lost to man and the other as unattained; or both are objects of joy, being represented to us as reality. In the first case it is elegy in the narrower sense of the term; in the second case it is the idyl in its most extended acceptance.

Indignation in the pathetic and ridicule in mirthful satire are occasioned by an enthusiasm which the ideal has excited; and thus also sadness should issue from the same source in elegy. It is this, and this only, that gives poetic value to elegy, and any other origin for this description of poetical effusion is entirely beneath the dignity of poetry. The elegiac poet seeks after nature, but he strives to find her in her beauty, and not only in her mirth; in her agreement with conception, and not merely in her facile disposition towards the requirements and demands of sense. Melancholy at the privation of joys, complaints at the disappearance of the world's golden age, or at the vanished happiness of youth, affection, etc., can only become the proper themes for elegiac poetry if those conditions implying peace and calm in the sphere of the senses can moreover be portrayed as states of moral harmony. On this account I cannot bring myself to regard as poetry the complaints of Ovid, which he transmitted from his place of exile by the Black Sea; nor would they appear so to me however touching and however full of passages of the highest poetry they might be. His suffering is too devoid of

spirit, and nobleness. His lamentations display a want of strength and enthusiasm; though they may not reflect the traces of a vulgar soul, they display a low and sensuous condition of a noble spirit that has been trampled into the dust by its hard destiny. If, indeed, we call to mind that his regrets are directed to Rome, in the Augustan age, we forgive him the pain he suffers; but even Rome in all its splendor, except it be transfigured by the imagination, is a limited greatness, and therefore a subject unworthy of poetry, which, raised above every trace of the actual, ought only to mourn over what is infinite.

Thus the object of poetic complaint ought never to be an external object, but only an internal and ideal object; even when it deplores a real loss, it must begin by making it an ideal loss. The proper work of the poet consists in bringing back the finite object to the proportions of the infinite. Consequently the external matter of elegy, considered in itself, is always indifferent, since poetry can never employ it as it finds it, and because it is only by what it makes of it that it confers on it a poetic dignity. The elegiac poet seeks nature, but nature as an idea, and in a degree of perfection that it has never reached in reality, although he weeps over this perfection as something that has existed and is now lost. When Ossian speaks to us of the days that are no more, and of the heroes that have disappeared, his imagination has long since transformed these pictures represented to him by his memory into a pure ideal, and changed these heroes into gods. The different experiences of such or such a life in particular have become extended and confounded in the universal idea of transitoriness, and the bard, deeply moved, pursued by the increase of ruin everywhere present, takes his flight towards heaven, to find there in the course of the sun an emblem of what does not pass away.

I turn now to the elegiac poets of modern times. Rousseau, whether considered as a poet or a philosopher, always obeys the same tendency; to seek nature or to avenge it by art. According to the state of his heart, whether he prefers to seek nature or to avenge it, we see him at one time roused by elegiac feelings, at others showing the tone of the satire of *Le Devin*; and again, as in his

Julia, delighting in the sphere of the idyl. His compositions have undoubtedly a poetic value, since their object is ideal; only he does not know how to treat it in a poetic fashion. No doubt his serious character prevents him from falling into frivolity; but this seriousness also does not allow him to rise to poetic play. Sometimes absorbed by passion, at others by abstractions, he seldom if ever reaches aesthetic freedom, which the poet ought to maintain in spite of his material before his object, and in which he ought to make the reader share. Either he is governed by his sickly sensibility and his impressions become a torture, or the force of thought chains down his imagination and destroys by its strictness of reasoning all the grace of his pictures. These two faculties, whose reciprocal influence and intimate union are what properly make the poet, are found in this writer in an uncommon degree, and he only lacks one thing—it is that the two qualities should manifest themselves actually united; it is that the proper activity of thought should show itself mixed more with feeling, and the sensuous more with thought. Accordingly, even in the ideal which he has made of human nature, he is too much taken up with the limits of this nature, and not enough with its capabilities; he always betrays a want of physical repose rather than want of moral harmony. His passionate sensuousness must be blamed when, to finish as quickly as possible that struggle in humanity which offends him, he prefers to carry man back to the unintelligent uniformity of his primitive condition, rather than see that struggle carried out in the intellectual harmony of perfect cultivation, when, rather than await the fulfilment of art he prefers not to let it begin; in short, when he prefers to place the aim nearer the earth, and to lower the ideal in order to reach it the sooner and the safer.

Among the poets of Germany who belong to this class, I shall only mention here Haller, Kleist, and Klopstock. The character of their poetry is sentimental; it is by the ideal that they touch us, not by sensuous reality; and that not so much because they are themselves nature, as because they know how to fill us with enthusiasm for nature. However, what is true in general, as well of these three poets as of every sentimental poet, does not evidently exclude the faculty of moving us, in particular, by beauties of the simple genus; without this they

would not be poets. I only mean that it is not their proper and dominant characteristic to receive the impression of objects with a calm feeling, simple, easy, and to give forth in like manner the impression received. Involuntarily the imagination in them anticipates intuition, and reflection is in play before the sensuous nature has done its function; they shut their eyes and stop their ears to plunge into internal meditations. Their souls could not be touched by any impression without observing immediately their own movements, without placing before their eyes and outside themselves what takes place in them. It follows from this that we never see the object itself, but what the intelligence and reflection of the poet have made of the object; and even if this object be the person itself of the poet, even when he wishes to represent to us his own feelings, we are not informed of his state immediately or at first hand; we only see how this state is reflected in his mind and what he has thought of it in the capacity of spectator of himself. When Haller deplores the death of his wife—every one knows this beautiful elegy—and begins in the following manner:—

"If I must needs sing of thy death,
O Marian, what a song it would be!
When sighs strive against words,
And idea follows fast on idea," etc.,

we feel that this description is strictly true, but we feel also that the poet does not communicate to us, properly speaking, his feelings, but the thoughts that they suggest to him. Accordingly, the emotion we feel on hearing him is much less vivid! people remark that the poet's mind must have been singularly cooled down to become thus a spectator of his own emotion.

Haller scarcely treated any subjects but the super-sensuous, and part of the poems of Klopstock are also of this nature: this choice itself excludes them from the simple kind. Accordingly, in order to treat these super-sensuous themes in a poetic fashion, as no body could be given to them, and they could not be made the objects of sensuous intuition, it was necessary to make them pass from the finite to the infinite, and raise them to the state of objects of spiritual intuition. In

general, it may be said, that it is only in this sense that a didactic poetry can be conceived without involving contradiction; for, repeating again what has been so often said, poetry has only two fields, the world of sense and the ideal world, since in the sphere of conceptions, in the world of the understanding, it cannot absolutely thrive. I confess that I do not know as yet any didactic poem, either among the ancients or among the moderns, where the subject is completely brought down to the individual, or purely and completely raised to the ideal. The most common case, in the most happy essays, is where the two principles are used together; the abstract idea predominates, and the imagination, which ought to reign over the whole domain of poetry, has merely the permission to serve the understanding. A didactic poem in which thought itself would be poetic, and would remain so, is a thing which we must still wait to see.

What we say here of didactic poems in general is true in particular of the poems of Haller. The thought itself of these poems is not poetical, but the execution becomes so sometimes, occasionally by the use of images, at other times by a flight towards the ideal. It is from this last quality only that the poems of Haller belong to this class. Energy, depth, a pathetic earnestness—these are the traits that distinguish this poet. He has in his soul an ideal that enkindles it, and his ardent love of truth seeks in the peaceful valleys of the Alps that innocence of the first ages that the world no longer knows. His complaint is deeply touching; he retraces in an energetic and almost bitter satire the wanderings of the mind and of the heart, and he lovingly portrays the beautiful simplicity of nature. Only, in his pictures as well as in his soul, abstraction prevails too much, and the sensuous is overweighted by the intellectual. He constantly teaches rather than paints; and even in his paintings his brush is more energetic than lovable. He is great, bold, full of fire, sublime; but he rarely and perhaps never attains to beauty.

For the solidity and depth of ideas, Kleist is far inferior to Haller; in point of grace, perhaps, he would have the advantage—if, as happens occasionally, we did not impute to him as a merit, on the one side, that which really is a want on

the other. The sensuous soul of Kleist takes especial delight at the sight of country scenes and manners; he withdraws gladly from the vain jingle and rattle of society, and finds in the heart of inanimate nature the harmony and peace that are not offered to him by the moral world. How touching is his "Aspiration after Repose"! how much truth and feeling there is in these verses!—

"O world, thou art the tomb of true life!
Often a generous instinct attracts me to virtue;
My heart is sad, a torrent of tears bathes my cheeks
But example conquers, and thou, O fire of youth!
Soon you dry these noble tears.
A true man must live far from men!"

But if the poetic instinct of Kleist leads him thus far away from the narrow circle of social relations, in solitude, and among the fruitful inspirations of nature, the image of social life and of its anguish pursues him, and also, alas! its chains. What he flees from he carries in himself, and what he seeks remains entirely outside him: never can he triumph over the fatal influence of his time. In vain does he find sufficient flame in his heart and enough energy in his imagination to animate by painting the cold conceptions of the understanding; cold thought each time kills the living creations of fancy, and reflection destroys the secret work of the sensuous nature. His poetry, it must be admitted, is of as brilliant color and as variegated as the spring he celebrated in verse; his imagination is vivid and active; but it might be said that it is more variable than rich, that it sports rather than creates, that it always goes forward with a changeful gait, rather than stops to accumulate and mould things into shape. Traits succeed each other rapidly, with exuberance, but without concentrating to form an individual, without completing each other to make a living whole, without rounding to a form, a figure. Whilst he remains in purely lyrical poetry, and pauses amidst his landscapes of country life, on the one hand the greater freedom of the lyrical form, and on the other the more arbitrary nature of the subject, prevent us from being struck with this defect; in these sorts of works it is

in general rather the feelings of the poet, than the object in itself, of which we expect the portraiture. But this defect becomes too apparent when he undertakes, as in *Cisseis* and *Paches*, or in his *Seneca*, to represent men and human actions; because here the imagination sees itself kept in within certain fixed and necessary limits, and because here the effect can only be derived from the object itself. Kleist becomes poor, tiresome, jejune, and insupportably frigid; an example full of lessons for those who, without having an inner vocation, aspire to issue from musical poetry, to rise to the regions of plastic poetry. A spirit of this family, Thomson, has paid the same penalty to human infirmity.

In the sentimental kind, and especially in that part of the sentimental kind which we name elegiac, there are but few modern poets, and still fewer ancient ones, who can be compared to our Klopstock. Musical poetry has produced in this poet all that can be attained out of the limits of the living form, and out of the sphere of individuality, in the region of ideas. It would, no doubt, be doing him a great injustice to dispute entirely in his case that individual truth and that feeling of life with which the simple poet describes his pictures. Many of his odes, many separate traits in his dramas, and in his "*Messiah*," represent the object with a striking truth, and mark the outline admirably; especially, when the object is his own heart, he has given evidence on many occasions of a great natural disposition and of a charming simplicity. I mean only that it is not in this that the proper force of Klopstock consists, and that it would not perhaps be right to seek for this throughout his work. Viewed as a production of musical poetry, the "*Messiah*" is a magnificent work; but in the light of plastic poetry, where we look for determined forms and forms determined for the intuition, the "*Messiah*" leaves much to be desired. Perhaps in this poem the figures are sufficiently determined, but they are not so with intuition in view. It is abstraction alone that created them, and abstraction alone can discern them. They are excellent types to express ideas, but they are not individuals nor living figures. With regard to the imagination, which the poet ought to address, and which he ought to command by putting before it always perfectly determinate forms, it is left here much too free to represent as it wishes these men and these angels, these divinities and

demons, this paradise and this hell. We see quite well the vague outlines in which the understanding must be kept to conceive these personages; but we do not find the limit clearly traced in which the imagination must be enclosed to represent them. And what I say here of characters must apply to all that in this poem is, or ought to be, action and life, and not only in this epopoeia, but also in the dramatic poetry of Klopstock. For the understanding all is perfectly determined and bounded in them—I need only here recall his Judas, his Pilate, his Philo, his Solomon in the tragedy that bears that name—but for the imagination all this wants form too much, and I must readily confess I do not find that our poet is at all in his sphere here. His sphere is always the realm of ideas; and he knows how to raise all he touches to the infinite. It might be said that he strips away their bodily envelope, to spiritualize them from all the objects with which he is occupied, in the same way that other poets clothe all that is spiritual with a body. The pleasure occasioned by his poems must almost always be obtained by an exercise of the faculty of reflection; the feelings he awakens in us, and that so deeply and energetically, flow always from super-sensuous sources. Hence the earnestness, the strength, the elasticity, the depth, that characterize all that comes from him; but from that also issues that perpetual tension of mind in which we are kept when reading him. No poet—except perhaps Young, who in this respect exacts even more than Klopstock, without giving us so much compensation —no poet could be less adapted than Klopstock to play the part of favorite author and guide in life, because he never does anything else than lead us out of life, because he never calls to arms anything save spirit, without giving recreation and refreshment to sensuous nature by the calm presence of any object. His muse is chaste, it has nothing of the earthly, it is immaterial and holy as his religion; and we are forced to admit with admiration that if he wanders sometimes on these high places, it never happened to him to fall from them. But precisely for this reason, I confess in all ingenuousness, that I am not free from anxiety for the common sense of those who quite seriously and unaffectedly make Klopstock the favorite book, the book in which we find sentiments fitting all situations, or to which we may revert at all times: perhaps even—and I suspect it—Germany has seen enough

results of his dangerous influence. It is only in certain dispositions of the mind, and in hours of exaltation, that recourse can be had to Klopstock, and that he can be felt. It is for this reason that he is the idol of youth, without, however, being by any means the happiest choice that they could make. Youth, which always aspires to something beyond real life, which avoids all stiffness of form, and finds all limits too narrow, lets itself be carried away with love, with delight, into the infinite spaces opened up to them by this poet. But wait till the youth has become a man, and till, from the domain of ideas, he comes back to the world of experience, then you will see this enthusiastic love of Klopstock decrease greatly, without, however, a riper age changing at all the esteem due to this unique phenomenon, to this so extraordinary genius, to these noble sentiments—the esteem that Germany in particular owes to his high merit.

I have said that this poet was great specially in the elegiac style, and it is scarcely necessary to confirm this judgment by entering into particulars. Capable of exercising all kinds of action on the heart, and having graduated as master in all that relates to sentimental poetry, he can sometimes shake the soul by the most sublime pathos, at others cradle it with sweet and heavenly sensations. Yet his heart prefers to follow the direction of a lofty spiritual melancholy; and, however sublime be the tones of his harp and of his lyre, they are always the tender notes of his lute that resound with most truth and the deepest emotion. I take as witnesses all those whose nature is pure and sensuous: would they not be ready to give all the passages where Klopstock is strong, and bold; all those fictions, all the magnificent descriptions, all the models of eloquence which abound in the "Messiah," all those dazzling comparisons in which our poet excels,—would they not exchange them for the pages breathing tenderness, the "Elegy to Ebert" for example, or that admirable poem entitled "Bardalus," or again, the "Tombs Opened before the Hour," the "Summer's Night," the "Lake of Zurich," and many other pieces of this kind? In the same way the "Messiah" is dear to me as a treasure of elegiac feelings and of ideal paintings, though I am not much satisfied with it as the recital of an action and as an epic.

I ought, perhaps, before quitting this department, to recall the merits in this style of Uz, Denis, Gessner in the "Death of Abel"—Jacobi, Gerstenberg, Hoelty, De Goeckingk, and several others, who all knew how to touch by ideas, and whose poems belong to the sentimental kind in the sense in which we have agreed to understand the word. But my object is not here to write a history of German poetry; I only wished to clear up what I said further back by some examples from our literature. I wished to show that the ancient and the modern poets, the authors of simple poetry and of sentimental poetry, follow essentially different paths to arrive at the same end: that the former move by nature, individuality, a very vivid sensuous element; while the latter do it by means of ideas and a high spirituality, exercising over our minds an equally powerful though less extensive influence.

It has been seen, by the examples which precede, how sentimental poetry conceives and treats subjects taken from nature; perhaps the reader may be curious to know how also simple poetry treats a subject of the sentimental order. This is, as it seems, an entirely new question, and one of special difficulty; for, in the first place, has a subject of the sentimental order ever been presented in primitive and simple periods? And in modern times, where is the simple poet with whom we could make this experiment? This has not, however, prevented genius from setting this problem, and solving it in a wonderfully happy way. A poet in whose mind nature works with a purer and more faithful activity than in any other, and who is perhaps of all modern poets the one who departs the least from the sensuous truth of things, has proposed this problem to himself in his conception of a mind, and of the dangerous extreme of the sentimental character. This mind and this character have been portrayed by the modern poet we speak of, a character which with a burning sensuousness embraces the ideal and flies the real, to soar up to an infinite devoid of being, always occupied in seeking out of himself what he incessantly destroys in himself; a mind that only finds reality in his dreams, and to whom the realities of life are only limits and obstacles; in short, a mind that sees only in its own existence a barrier, and goes on, as it were, logically to break down this barrier in order to penetrate to true reality.

It is interesting to see with what a happy instinct all that is of a nature to feed the sentimental mind is gathered together in Werther: a dreamy and unhappy love, a very vivid feeling for nature, the religious sense coupled with the spirit of philosophic contemplation, and lastly, to omit nothing, the world of Ossian, dark, formless, melancholy. Add to this the aspect under which reality is presented, all is depicted which is least adapted to make it lovable, or rather all that is most fit to make it hated; see how all external circumstances unite to drive back the unhappy man into his ideal world; and now we understand that it was quite impossible for a character thus constituted to save itself, and issue from the circle in which it was enclosed. The same contrast reappears in the "Torquato Tasso" of the same poet, though the characters are very different. Even his last romance presents, like his first, this opposition between the poetic mind and the common sense of practical men, between the ideal and the real, between the subjective mode and the objective mode of seeing and representing things; it is the same opposition, I say, but with what a diversity! Even in "Faust" we still find this contrast, rendered, I admit—as the subject required—much more coarsely on both hands, and materialized. It would be quite worth while if a psychological explanation were attempted of this character, personified and specified in four such different ways.

It has been observed further back that a mere disposition to frivolity of mind, to a merry humor, if a certain fund of the ideal is not joined to it, does not suffice to constitute the vocation of a satirical poet, though this mistake is frequently made. In the same way a mere disposition for tender sentiments, softness of heart, and melancholy do not suffice to constitute a vocation for elegy. I cannot detect the true poetical talent, either on one side or the other; it wants the essential, I mean the energetic and fruitful principle that ought to enliven the subject, and produce true beauty. Accordingly the productions of this latter nature, of the tender nature, do nothing but enervate us; and without refreshing the heart, without occupying the mind, they are only able to flatter in us the sensuous nature. A constant disposition to this mode of feeling ends necessarily, in the long run, by weakening the character, and makes it fall into a state of

passivity from which nothing real can issue, either for external or for internal life. People have, therefore, been quite right to persecute by pitiless raillery this fatal mania of sentimentality and of tearful melancholy which possessed Germany eighteen years since, in consequence of certain excellent works that were ill understood and indiscreetly imitated. People have been right, I say, to combat this perversity, though the indulgence with which men are disposed to receive the parodies of these elegiac caricatures—that are very little better themselves—the complaisance shown to bad wit, to heartless satire and spiritless mirth, show clearly enough that this zeal against false sentimentalism does not issue from quite a pure source. In the balance of true taste one cannot weigh more than the other, considering that both here and there is wanting that which forms the aesthetic value of a work of art, the intimate union of spirit with matter, and the twofold relation of the work with the faculty of perception as well as with the faculty of the ideal.

People have turned Siegwart ["Siegwart," a novel by J. Mailer, published at Ulm, 1776] and his convent story into ridicule, and yet the "Travels into the South of France" are admired; yet both works have an equal claim to be esteemed in certain respects, and as little to be unreservedly praised in others. A true, though excessive, sensuousness gives value to the former of these two romances; a lively and sportive humor, a fine wit, recommends the other: but one totally lacks all sobriety of mind that would befit it, the other lacks all aesthetic dignity. If you consult experience, one is rather ridiculous; if you think of the ideal, the other is almost contemptible. Now, as true beauty must of necessity accord both with nature and with the ideal, it is clear that neither the one nor the other of these two romances could pretend to pass for a fine work. And notwithstanding all this, it is natural, as I know it by my own experience, that the romance of Thummel should be read with much pleasure. As a fact it only wounds those requirements which have their principle in the ideal, and which consequently do not exist for the greater part of readers; requirements that, even in persons of most delicate feeling, do not make themselves felt at the moments when we read romances. With regard to the other needs of the mind,

and especially to those of the senses, this book, on the other hand, affords unusual satisfaction. Accordingly, it must be, and will be so, that this book will remain justly one of the favorite works of our age, and of all epochs when men only write aesthetic works to please, and people only read to get pleasure.

But does not poetical literature also offer, even in its classical monuments, some analogous examples of injuries inflicted or attempted against the ideal and its superior purity? Are there not some who, by the gross, sensuous nature of their subject, seem to depart strangely from the spiritualism I here demand of all works of art? If this is permitted to the poet, the chaste nurseling of the muses, ought it not to be conceded to the novelist, who is only the half-brother of the poet, and who still touches by so many points? I can the less avoid this question because there are masterpieces, both in the elegiac and in the satirical kind, where the authors seek and preach up a nature quite different from that I am discussing in this essay, and where they seem to defend it, not so much against bad as against good morals. The natural conclusion would be either that this sort of poem ought to be rejected, or that, in tracing here the idea of elegiac poetry, we have granted far too much to what is arbitrary.

The question I asked was, whether what was permitted by the poet might not be tolerated in a prose narrator too? The answer is contained in the question. What is allowed in the poet proves nothing about what must be allowed in one who is not a poet. This tolerancy in fact reposes on the very idea which we ought to make to ourselves of the poet, and only on this idea; what in his case is legitimate freedom, is only a license worthy of contempt as soon as it no longer takes its source in the ideal, in those high and noble inspirations which make the poet.

The laws of decency are strangers to innocent nature; the experience of corruption alone has given birth to them. But when once this experience has been made, and natural innocence has disappeared from manners, these laws are henceforth sacred laws that man, who has a moral sense, ought not to infringe upon. They reign in an artificial world with the same right that the laws of nature

reign in the innocence of primitive ages. But by what characteristic is the poet recognized? Precisely by his silencing in his soul all that recalls an artificial world, and by causing nature herself to revive in him with her primitive simplicity. The moment he has done this he is emancipated by this alone from all the laws by which a depraved heart secures itself against itself. He is pure, he is innocent, and all that is permitted to innocent nature is equally permitted to him. But you who read him or listen to him, if you have lost your innocence, and if you are incapable of finding it again, even for a moment, in a purifying contact with the poet, it is your own fault, and not his: why do not you leave him alone? it is not for you that he has sung!

Here follows, therefore, in what relates to these kinds of freedoms, the rules that we can lay down.

Let us remark in the first place that nature only can justify these licenses; whence it follows that you could not legitimately take them up of your own choice, nor with a determination of imitating them; the will, in fact, ought always to be directed according to the laws of morality, and on its part all condescending to the sensuous is absolutely unpardonable. These licenses must, therefore, above all, be simplicity. But how can we be convinced that they are actually simple? We shall hold them to be so if we see them accompanied and supported by all the other circumstances which also have their spring of action in nature; for nature can only be recognized by the close and strict consistency, by the unity and uniformity of its effects. It is only a soul that has on all occasions a horror of all kinds of artifice, and which consequently rejects them even where they would be useful—it is only that soul which we permit to be emancipated from them when the artificial conventionalities hamper and hinder it. A heart that submits to all the obligations of nature has alone the right to profit also by the liberties which it authorizes. All the other feelings of that heart ought consequently to bear the stamp of nature: it will be true, simple, free, frank, sensible, and straightforward; all disguise, all cunning, all arbitrary fancy, all egotistical pettiness, will be banished from his character, and you will see no

trace of them in his writings.

Second rule: beautiful nature alone can justify freedoms of this kind; whence it follows that they ought not to be a mere outbreak of the appetites; for all that proceeds exclusively from the wants of sensuous nature is contemptible. It is, therefore, from the totality and the fulness of human nature that these vivid manifestations must also issue. We must find humanity in them. But how can we judge that they proceed in fact from our whole nature, and not only from an exclusive and vulgar want of the sensuous nature? For this purpose it is necessary that we should see—that they should represent to us—this whole of which they form a particular feature. This disposition of the mind to experience the impressions of the sensuous is in itself an innocent and an indifferent thing. It does not sit well on a man only because of its being common to animals with him; it augurs in him the lack of true and perfect humanity. It only shocks us in the poem because such a work having the pretension to please us, the author consequently seems to think us capable, us also, of this moral infirmity. But when we see in the man who has let himself be drawn into it by surprise all the other characteristics that human nature in general embraces; when we find in the work where these liberties have been taken the expression of all the realities of human nature, this motive of discontent disappears, and we can enjoy, without anything changing our joy, this simple expression of a true and beautiful nature. Consequently this same poet who ventures to allow himself to associate us with feelings so basely human, ought to know, on the other hand, how to raise us to all that is grand, beautiful, and sublime in our nature.

We should, therefore, have found there a measure to which we could subject the poet with confidence, when he trespasses on the ground of decency, and when he does not fear to penetrate as far as that in order freely to paint nature. His work is common, base, absolutely inexcusable, from the moment it is frigid, and from the moment it is empty, because that shows a prejudice, a vulgar necessity, an unhealthy appeal to our appetites. His work, on the other hand, is beautiful and noble, and we ought to applaud it without any consideration for all

the objections of frigid decency, as soon as we recognize in it simplicity, the alliance of spiritual nature and of the heart.

Perhaps I shall be told that if we adopt this criterion, most of the recitals of this kind composed by the French, and the best imitations made of them in Germany, would not perhaps find their interest in it; and that it might be the same, at least in part, with many of the productions of our most intellectual and amiable poets, without even excepting his masterpieces. I should have nothing to reply to this. The sentence after all is anything but new, and I am only justifying the judgment pronounced long since on this matter by all men of delicate perceptions. But these same principles which, applied to the works of which I have just spoken, seem perhaps in too strict a spirit, might also be found too indulgent when applied to some other works. I do not deny, in fact, that the same reasons which make me hold to be quite inexcusable the dangerous pictures drawn by the Roman Ovid and the German Ovid, those of Crébillon, of Voltaire, of Marmontel, who pretends to write moral tales!—of Lacroix, and of many others—that these same reasons, I say, reconcile me with the elegies of the Roman Propertius and of the German Propertius, and even with some of the decried productions of Diderot. This is because the former of those works are only witty, prosaic, and voluptuous, while the others are poetic, human, and simple.

IDYL.

It remains for me to say a few words about this third kind of sentimental poetry—some few words and no more, for I propose to speak of it at another time with the developments particularly demanded by the theme.

This kind of poetry generally presents the idea and description of an innocent and happy humanity. This innocence and bliss seeming remote from the artificial refinements of fashionable society, poets have removed the scene of the idyl from crowds of worldly life to the simple shepherd's cot, and have given it a place in the infancy of humanity before the beginning of culture. These limitations are evidently accidental; they do not form the object of the idyl, but are only to be regarded as the most natural means to attain this end. The end is everywhere to portray man in a state of innocence: which means a state of harmony and peace with himself and the external world.

But a state such as this is not merely met with before the dawn of civilization; it is also the state to which civilization aspires, as to its last end, if only it obeys a determined tendency in its progress. The idea of a similar state, and the belief of the possible reality of this state, is the only thing that can reconcile man with all the evils to which he is exposed in the path of civilization; and if this idea were only a chimera, the complaints of those who accuse civil life and the culture of the intelligence as an evil for which there is no compensation, and who represent this primitive state of nature that we have renounced as the real end of humanity—their complaints, I say, would have a perfectly just foundation. It is, therefore, of infinite importance for the man engaged in the path of civilization to see

confirmed in a sensuous manner the belief that this idea can be accomplished in the world of sense, that this state of innocence can be realized in it; and as real experience, far from keeping up this belief, is rather made incessantly to contradict it, poetry comes here, as in many other cases, in aid of reason, to cause this idea to pass into the condition of an intuitive idea, and to realize it in a particular fact. No doubt this innocence of pastoral life is also a poetic idea, and the imagination must already have shown its creative power in that. But the problem, with this datum, becomes infinitely simpler and easier to solve; and we must not forget that the elements of these pictures already existed in real life, and that it was only requisite to gather up the separate traits to form a whole. Under a fine sky, in a primitive society, when all the relations are still simple, when science is limited to so little, nature is easily satisfied, and man only turns to savagery when he is tortured by want. All nations that have a history have a paradise, an age of innocence, a golden age. Nay, more than this, every man has his paradise, his golden age, which he remembers with more or less enthusiasm, according as he is more or less poetical. Thus experience itself furnishes sufficient traits to this picture which the pastoral idyl executes. But this does not prevent the pastoral idyl from remaining always a beautiful and an encouraging fiction; and poetic genius, in retracing these pictures, has really worked in favor of the ideal. For, to the man who has once departed from simple nature, and who has been abandoned to the dangerous guidance of his reason, it is of the greatest importance to find the laws of nature expressed in a faithful copy, to see their image in a clear mirror, and to reject all the stains of artificial life. There is, however, a circumstance which remarkably lessens the aesthetic value of these sorts of poetry. By the very fact that the idyl is transported to the time that precedes civilization, it also loses the advantages thereof; and by its nature finds itself in opposition to itself. Thus, in a theoretical sense, it takes us back at the same time that in a practical sense it leads us on and ennobles us. Unhappily it places behind us the end towards which it ought to lead us, and consequently it can only inspire us with the sad feeling of a loss, and not the joyous feeling of a hope. As these poems can only attain their end by dispensing with all art, and by simplifying human nature, they have the highest value for the heart, but they are

also far too poor for what concerns the mind, and their uniform circle is too quickly traversed. Accordingly we can only seek them and love them in moments in which we need calm, and not when our faculties aspire after movement and exercise. A morbid mind will find its cure in them, a sound soul will not find its food in them. They cannot vivify, they can only soften. This defect, grounded in the essence of the pastoral idyll, has not been remedied by the whole art of poets. I know that this kind of poem is not without admirers, and that there are readers enough who prefer an Amyntus and a Daphnis to the most splendid masterpieces of the epic or the dramatic muse; but in them it is less the aesthetical taste than the feeling of an individual want that pronounces on works of art; and their judgment, by that very fact, could not be taken into consideration here. The reader who judges with his mind, and whose heart is sensuous, without being blind to the merit of these poems, will confess that he is rarely affected by them, and that they tire him most quickly. But they act with so much the more effect in the exact moment of need. But must the truly beautiful be reduced to await our hours of need? and is it not rather its office to awaken in our soul the want that it is going to satisfy?

The reproaches I here level against the bucolic idyl cannot be understood of the sentimental. The simple pastoral, in fact, cannot be deprived of aesthetic value, since this value is already found in the mere form. To explain myself: every kind of poetry is bound to possess an infinite ideal value, which alone constitutes it a true poetry; but it can satisfy this condition in two different ways. It can give us the feeling of the infinite as to form, by representing the object altogether limited and individualizing it; it can awaken in us the feeling of the infinite as to matter, in freeing its object from all limits in which it is enclosed, by idealizing this object; therefore it can have an ideal value either by an absolute representation or by the representation of an absolute. Simple poetry takes the former road, the other is that of sentimental poetry. Accordingly the simple poet is not exposed to failure in value so long as he keeps faithfully to nature, which is always completely circumscribed, that is, is infinite as regards form. The sentimental poet, on the contrary, by that very fact, that nature only

offers him completely circumscribed objects, finds in it an obstruction when he wishes to give an absolute value to a particular object. Thus the sentimental poet understands his interests badly when he goes along the trail of the simple poet, and borrows his objects from him—objects which by themselves are perfectly indifferent, and which only become poetical by the way in which they are treated. By this he imposes on himself without any necessity the same limits that confine the field of the simple poet, without, however, being able to carry out the limitation properly, or to vie with his rival in absolute definiteness of representation. He ought rather, therefore, to depart from the simple poet, just in the choice of object; because, the latter having the advantage of him on the score of form, it is only by the nature of the objects that he can resume the upper hand.

Applying this to the pastoral idyls of the sentimental poet, we see why these poems, whatever amount of art and genius be displayed in them, do not fully satisfy the heart or the mind. An ideal is proposed in it, and, at the same time, the writer keeps to this narrow and poor medium of pastoral life. Would it not have been better, on the contrary, to choose for the ideal another frame, or for the pastoral world another kind of picture? These pictures are just ideal enough for painting to lose its individual truth in them, and, again, just individual enough for the ideal in them to suffer therefrom. For example, a shepherd of Gessner can neither charm by the illusion of nature nor by the beauty of imitation; he is too ideal a being for that, but he does not satisfy us any more as an ideal by the infinity of the thought: he is a far too limited creature to give us this satisfaction. He will, therefore, please up to a certain point all classes of readers, without exception, because he seeks to unite the simple with the sentimental, and he thus gives a commencement of satisfaction to the two opposite exigencies that may be brought to bear on any particular part of a poem; but the author, in trying to unite the two points, does not fully satisfy either one or the other exigency, as you do not find in him either pure nature or the pure ideal; he cannot rank himself as entirely up to the mark of a stringent critical taste, for taste does not accept anything equivocal or incomplete in aesthetical matters. It is a strange thing that, in the poet whom I have named, this equivocal character extends to

the language, which floats undecided between poetry and prose, as if he feared either to depart too far from nature, by speaking rhythmical language, or if he completely freed himself from rhythm, to lose all poetic flight. Milton gives a higher satisfaction to the mind, in the magnificent picture of the first human pair, and of the state of innocence in paradise;—the most beautiful idyl I know of the sentimental kind. Here nature is noble, inspired, simple, full of breadth, and, at the same time, of depth; it is humanity in its highest moral value, clothed in the most graceful form.

Thus, even in respect to the idyl, as well as to all kinds of poetry, we must once for all declare either for individuality or ideality; for to aspire to give satisfaction to both exigencies is the surest means, unless you have reached the terminus of perfection, to miss both ends. If the modern poet thinks he feels enough of the Greeks' mind to vie with them, notwithstanding all the indocility of his matter, on their own ground, namely that of simple poetry, let him do it exclusively, and place himself apart from all the requirements of the sentimental taste of his age. No doubt it is very doubtful if he come up to his models; between the original and the happiest imitation there will always remain a notable distance; but, by taking this road, he is at all events secure of producing a really poetic work. If, on the other hand, he feels himself carried to the ideal by the instinct of sentimental poetry, let him decide to pursue this end fully; let him seek the ideal in its purity, and let him not pause till he has reached the highest regions without looking behind him to know if the real follows him, and does not leave him by the way. Let him not lower himself to this wretched expedient of spoiling the ideal to accommodate himself to the wants of human weakness, and to turn out mind in order to play more easily with the heart. Let him not take us back to our infancy, to make us buy, at the cost of the most precious acquisitions of the understanding, a repose that can only last as long as the slumber of our spiritual faculties; but let him lead us on to emancipation, and give us this feeling of higher harmony which compensates for all his troubles and secures the happiness of the victor! Let him prepare as his task an idyl that realizes the pastoral innocence, even in the children of civilization, and in all the

conditions of the most militant and excited life; of thought enlarged by culture; of the most refined art; of the most delicate social conventionalities—an idyl, in short, that is made, not to bring back man to Arcadia, but to lead him to Elysium.

This idyl, as I conceive it, is the idea of humanity definitely reconciled with itself, in the individual as well as in the whole of society; it is union freely re-established between inclination and duty; it is nature purified, raised to its highest moral dignity; in short, it is no less than the ideal of beauty applied to real life. Thus, the character of this idyl is to reconcile perfectly all the contradictions between the real and the ideal, which formed the matter of satirical and elegiac poetry, and, setting aside their contradictions, to put an end to all conflict between the feelings of the soul. Thus, the dominant expression of this kind of poetry would be calm; but the calm that follows the accomplishment, and not that of indolence—the calm that comes from the equilibrium re-established between the faculties, and not from the suspending of their exercise; from the fulness of our strength, and not from our infirmity; the calm, in short, which is accompanied in the soul by the feeling of an infinite power. But precisely because idyl thus conceived removes all idea of struggle, it will be infinitely more difficult than it was in two previously-named kinds of poetry to express movement; yet this is an indispensable condition, without which poetry can never act on men's souls. The most perfect unity is required, but unity ought not to wrong variety; the heart must be satisfied, but without the inspiration ceasing on that account. The solution of this problem is properly what ought to be given us by the theory of the idyl.

Now, what are the relations of the two poetries to one another, and their relations to the poetic ideal? Here are the principles we have established.

Nature has granted this favor to the simple poet, to act always as an indivisible unity, to be at all times identical and perfect, and to represent, in the real world, humanity at its highest value. In opposition, it has given a powerful faculty to the sentimental poet, or, rather, it has imprinted an ardent feeling on him; this is to replace out of himself this first unity that abstraction has destroyed in him, to complete humanity in his person, and to pass from a limited state to an infinite state. They both propose to represent human nature fully, or they would not be poets; but the simple poet has always the advantage of sensuous reality over the sentimental poet, by setting forth as a real fact what the other aspires only to reach. Every one experiences this in the pleasure he takes in simple poetry.

We there feel that the human faculties are brought into play; no vacuum is felt; we have the feeling of unity, without distinguishing anything of what we experience; we enjoy both our spiritual activity and also the fulness of physical life. Very different is the disposition of mind elicited by the sentimental poet. Here we feel only a vivid aspiration to produce in us this harmony of which we had in the other case the consciousness and reality; to make of ourselves a single and same totality; to realize in ourselves the idea of humanity as a complete expression. Hence it comes that the mind is here all in movement, stretched, hesitating between contrary feelings; whereas it was before calm and at rest, in harmony with itself, and fully satisfied.

But if the simple poet has the advantage over the sentimental poet on the score of reality; if he causes really to live that of which the other can only elicit a vivid instinct, the sentimental poet, in compensation, has this great advantage over the simple poet: to be in a position to offer to this instinct a greater object than that given by his rival, and the only one he could give. All reality, we know, is below the ideal; all that exists has limits, but thought is infinite. This limitation, to which everything is subject in sensuous reality, is, therefore, a disadvantage for

the simple poet, while the absolute, unconditional freedom of the ideal profits the sentimental poet. No doubt the former accomplishes his object, but this object is limited; the second, I admit, does not entirely accomplish his, but his object is infinite. Here I appeal to experience. We pass pleasantly to real life and things from the frame of mind in which the simple poet has placed us. On the other hand, the sentimental poet will always disgust us, for a time, with real life. This is because the infinite character has, in a manner, enlarged our mind beyond its natural measure, so that nothing it finds in the world of sense can fill its capacity. We prefer to fall back in contemplation on ourselves, where we find food for this awakened impulse towards the ideal world; while, in the simple poet, we only strive to issue out of ourselves, in search of sensuous objects. Sentimental poetry is the offspring of retirement and science, and invites to it; simple poetry is inspired by the spectacle of life, and brings back life.

I have styled simple poetry a gift of nature to show that thought has no share in it. It is a first jet, a happy inspiration, that needs no correction, when it turns out well, and which cannot be rectified if ill turned out. The entire work of the simple genius is accomplished by feeling; in that is its strength, and in it are its limits. If, then, he has not felt at once in a poetic manner—that is, in a perfectly human manner—no art in the world can remedy this defect. Criticism may help him to see the defect, but can place no beauty in its stead. Simple genius must draw all from nature; it can do nothing, or almost nothing, by its will; and it will fulfil the idea of this kind of poetry provided nature acts in it by an inner necessity. Now, it is true that all which happens by nature is necessary, and all the productions, happy or not, of the simple genius, which is disassociated from nothing so much as from arbitrary will, are also imprinted with this character of necessity; momentary constraint is one thing, and the internal necessity dependent on the totality of things another. Considered as a whole, nature is independent and infinite; in isolated operations it is poor and limited. The same distinction holds good in respect to the nature of the poet. The very moment when he is most happily inspired depends on a preceding instant, and consequently only a conditional necessity can be attributed to him. But now the

problem that the poet ought to solve is to make an individual state similar to the human whole, and consequently to base it in an absolute and necessary manner on itself. It is therefore necessary that at the moment of inspiration every trace of a temporal need should be banished, and that the object itself, however limited, should not limit the flight of the poet. But it may be conceived that this is only possible in so far as the poet brings to the object an absolute freedom, an absolute fulness of faculties, and in so far as he is prepared by an anterior exercise to embrace all things with all his humanity. Now he cannot acquire this exercise except by the world in which he lives, and of which he receives the impressions immediately. Thus simple genius is in a state of dependence with regard to experience, while the sentimental genius is forced from it. We know that the sentimental genius begins its operation at the place where the other finishes its own: its virtue is to complete by the elements which it derives from itself a defective object, and to transport itself by its own strength from a limited state to one of absolute freedom. Thus the simple poet needs a help from without, while the sentimental poet feeds his genius from his own fund, and purifies himself by himself. The former requires a picturesque nature, a poetical world, a simple humanity which casts its eyes around; for he ought to do his work without issuing from the sensuous sphere. If external aid fails him, if he be surrounded by matter not speaking to mind, one of two things will happen: either, if the general character of the poet-race is what prevails in him, he issues from the particular class to which he belongs as a poet, and becomes sentimental to be at any rate poetic; or, if his particular character as simple poet has the upper hand, he leaves his species and becomes a common nature, in order to remain at any rate natural. The former of these two alternatives might represent the case of the principal poets of the sentimental kind in Roman antiquity and in modern times. Born at another period of the world, transplanted under another sky, these poets who stir us now by ideas, would have charmed us by individual truth and simple beauty. The other alternative is the almost unavoidable quicksand for a poet who, thrown into a vulgar world, cannot resolve to lose sight of nature.

I mean, to lose sight of actual nature; but the greatest care must be given to distinguish actual nature from true nature, which is the subject of simple poetry. Actual nature exists everywhere; but true nature is so much the more rare because it requires an internal necessity that determines its existence. Every eruption of passion, however vulgar, is real—it may be even true nature; but it is not true human nature, for true human nature requires that the self-directing faculty in us should have a share in the manifestation, and the expression of this faculty is always dignified. All moral baseness is an actual human phenomenon, but I hope not real human nature, which is always noble. All the faults of taste cannot be surveyed that have been occasioned in criticism or the practice of art by this—confusion between actual human nature and true human nature. The greatest trivialities are tolerated and applauded under the pretext that they are real nature. Caricatures not to be tolerated in the real world are carefully preserved in the poetic world and reproduced according to nature! The poet can certainly imitate a lower nature; and it enters into the very definition of a satirical poet: but then a beauty by its own nature must sustain and raise the object, and the vulgarity of the subject must not lower the imitator too much. If at the moment he paints he is true human nature himself, the object of his paintings is indifferent; but it is only on this condition we can tolerate a faithful reproduction of reality. Unhappy for us readers when the rod of satire falls into hands that nature meant to handle another instrument, and when, devoid of all poetic talent, with nothing but the ape's mimicry, they exercise it brutally at the expense of our taste!

But vulgar nature has even its dangers for the simple poet; for the simple poet is formed by this fine harmony of the feeling and thinking faculty, which yet is only an idea, never actually realized. Even in the happiest geniuses of this class, receptivity will always more or less carry the day over spontaneous activity. But receptivity is always more or less subordinate to external impressions, and nothing but a perpetual activity of the creative faculty could prevent matter from exercising a blind violence over this quality. Now, every time this happens the feeling becomes vulgar instead of poetical.

No genius of the simple class, from Homer down to Bodmer, has entirely steered clear of this quicksand. It is evident that it is most perilous to those who have to struggle against external vulgarity, or who have parted with their refinement owing to a want of proper restraint. The first-named difficulty is the reason why even authors of high cultivation are not always emancipated from platitudes—a fact which has prevented many splendid talents from occupying the place to which they were summoned by nature. For this reason, a comic poet whose genius has chiefly to deal with scenes of real life, is more liable to the danger of acquiring vulgar habits of style and expression—a fact evidenced in the case of Aristophanes, Plautus, and all the poets who have followed in their track. Even Shakspeare, with all his sublimity, suffers us to fall very low now and then. Again, Lope De Vega, Moliere, Regnard, Goldoni worry us with frequent trifling. Holberg drags us down into the mire. Schlegel, a German poet, among the most remarkable for intellectual talent, with genius to raise him to a place among poets of the first order; Gellert, a truly simple poet, Rabener, and Lessing himself, if I am warranted to introduce his name in this category—this highly-cultivated scholar of criticism and vigilant examiner of his own genius—all these suffer in different degrees from the platitudes and uninspired movements of the natures they chose as the theme of their satire. With regard to more recent authors of this class, I avoid naming any of them, as I can make no exceptions in their case.

But not only is simple genius exposed to the danger of coming too near to vulgar reality; the ease of expression, even this too close approximation to reality, encourages vulgar imitators to try their hand in poetry. Sentimental poetry, though offering danger enough, has this advantage, to keep this crowd at a distance, for it is not for the first comer to rise to the ideal; but simple poetry makes them believe that, with feeling and humor, you need only imitate real nature to claim the title of poet. Now nothing is more revolting than platitude when it tries to be simple and amiable, instead of hiding its repulsive nature under the veil of art. This occasions the incredible trivialities loved by the Germans under the name of simple and facetious songs, and which give them

endless amusement round a well-garnished table. Under the pretext of good humor and of sentiment people tolerate these poverties: but this good humor and this sentiment ought to be carefully proscribed. The Muses of the Pleisse, in particular, are singularly pitiful; and other Muses respond to them, from the banks of the Seine, and the Elbe. If these pleasantries are flat, the passion heard on our tragic stage is equally pitiful, for, instead of imitating true nature, it is only an insipid and ignoble expression of the actual. Thus, after shedding torrents of tears, you feel as you would after visiting a hospital or reading the "Human Misery" of Saltzmann. But the evil is worse in satirical poetry and comic romance, kinds which touch closely on every-day life, and which consequently, as all frontier posts, ought to be in safer hands. In truth, he less than any other is called on to become the painter of his century, who is himself the child and caricature of his century. But as, after all, nothing is easier than to take in hand, among our acquaintances, a comic character—a big, fat man—and draw a coarse likeness of him on paper, the sworn enemies of poetic inspiration are often led to blot some paper in this way to amuse a circle of friends. It is true that a pure heart, a well-made mind, will never confound these vulgar productions with the inspirations of simple genius. But purity of feeling is the very thing that is wanting, and in most cases nothing is thought of but satisfying a want of sense, without spiritual nature having any share. A fundamentally just idea, ill understood, that works of *bel esprit* serve to recreate the mind, contributes to keep up this indulgence, if indulgence it may be called when nothing higher occupies the mind, and reader as well as writer find their chief interest therein. This is because vulgar natures, if overstrained, can only be refreshed by vacuity; and even a higher intelligence, when not sustained by a proportional culture, can only rest from its work amidst sensuous enjoyments, from which spiritual nature is absent.

Poetic genius ought to have strength enough to rise with a free and innate activity above all the accidental hinderances which are inseparable from every confined condition, to arrive at a representation of humanity in the absolute plenitude of its powers; it is not, however, permitted, on the other hand, to

emancipate itself from the necessary limits implied by the very idea of human nature; for the absolute only in the circle of humanity is its true problem. Simple genius is not exposed to overstep this sphere, but rather not to fill it entirely, giving too much scope to external necessity, to accidental wants, at the expense of the inner necessity. The danger for the sentimental genius is, on the other hand, by trying to remove all limits, of nullifying human nature absolutely, and not only rising, as is its right and duty, beyond finite and determinate reality, as far as absolute possibility, or in other terms to idealize; but of passing even beyond possibility, or, in other words, dreaming. This fault—overstraining—is precisely dependent on the specific property of the sentimental process, as the opposite defect, inertia, depends on the peculiar operation of the simple genius. The simple genius lets nature dominate, without restricting it; and as nature in her particular phenomena is always subject to some want, it follows that the simple sentiment will not be always exalted enough to resist the accidental limitations of the present hour. The sentimental genius, on the contrary, leaves aside the real world, to rise to the ideal and to command its matter with free spontaneity. But while reason, according to law, aspires always to the unconditional, so the sentimental genius will not always remain calm enough to restrain itself uniformly and without interruption within the conditions implied by the idea of human nature, and to which reason must always, even in its freest acts, remain attached. He could only confine himself in these conditions by help of a receptivity proportioned to his free activity; but most commonly the activity predominates over receptivity in the sentimental poet, as much as receptivity over activity in the simple poet. Hence, in the productions of simple genius, if sometimes inspiration is wanting, so also in works of sentimental poetry the object is often missed. Thus, though they proceed in opposite ways, they will both fall into a vacuum, for before the aesthetic judgment an object without inspiration, and inspiration without an object, are both negations.

The poets who borrow their matter too much from thought, and rather conceive poetic pictures by the internal abundance of ideas than by the suggestions of feeling, are more or less likely to be addicted to go thus astray. In

their creations reason makes too little of the limits of the sensuous world, and thought is always carried too far for experience to follow it. Now, when the idea is carried so far that not only no experience corresponds to it—as is the case in the beau ideal—but also that it is repugnant to the conditions of all possible experience, so that, in order to realize it, one must leave human nature altogether, it is no longer a poetic but an exaggerated thought; that is, supposing it claims to be representable and poetical, for otherwise it is enough if it is not self-contradictory. If thought is contradictory it is not exaggeration, but nonsense; for what does not exist cannot exceed. But when the thought is not an object proposed to the fancy, we are just as little justified in calling it exaggerated. For simple thought is infinite, and what is limitless also cannot exceed. Exaggeration, therefore, is only that which wounds, not logical truth, but sensuous truth, and what pretends to be sensuous truth. Consequently, if a poet has the unhappy chance to choose for his picture certain natures that are merely superhuman and cannot possibly be represented, he can only avoid exaggeration by ceasing to be a poet, and not trusting the theme to his imagination. Otherwise one of two things would happen: either imagination, applying its limits to the object, would make a limited and merely human object of an absolute object—which happened with the gods of Greece—or the object would take away limits from fancy, that is, would render it null and void, and this is precisely exaggeration.

Extravagance of feeling should be distinguished from extravagance of portraiture; we are speaking of the former. The object of the feeling may be unnatural, but the feeling itself is natural, and ought accordingly to be shadowed forth in the language of nature. While extravagant feelings may issue from a warm heart and a really poetic nature, extravagance of portraiture always displays a cold heart, and very often a want of poetic capacity. Therefore this is not a danger for the sentimental poet, but only for the imitator, who has no vocation; it is therefore often found with platitude, insipidity, and even baseness. Exaggeration of sentiment is not without truth, and must have a real object; as nature inspires it, it admits of simplicity of expression and coming from the heart

it goes to the heart. As its object, however, is not in nature, but artificially produced by the understanding, it has only a logical reality, and the feeling is not purely human. It was not an illusion that Heloise had for Abelard, Petrarch for Laura, Saint Preux for his Julia, Werther for his Charlotte; Agathon, Phantias, and Peregrinus—in Wieland—for the object of their dreams: the feeling is true, only the object is factitious and outside nature. If their thought had kept to simple sensuous truth, it could not have taken this flight; but on the other hand a mere play of fancy, without inner value, could not have stirred the heart: this is only stirred by reason. Thus this sort of exaggeration must be called to order, but it is not contemptible: and those who ridicule it would do well to find out if the wisdom on which they pride themselves is not want of heart, and if it is not through want of reason that they are so acute. The exaggerated delicacy in gallantry and honor which characterizes the chivalrous romances, especially of Spain, is of this kind; also the refined and even ridiculous tenderness of French and English sentimental romances of the best kind. These sentiments are not only subjectively true, but also objectively they are not without value; they are sound sentiments issuing from a moral source, only reprehensible as overstepping the limits of human truth. Without this moral reality how could they stir and touch so powerfully? The same remark applies to moral and religious fanaticism, patriotism, and the love of freedom when carried up to exaltation. As the object of these sentiments is always a pure idea, and not an external experience, imagination with its proper activity has here a dangerous liberty, and cannot, as elsewhere, be called back to bounds by the presence of a visible object. But neither the man nor the poet can withdraw from the law of nature, except to submit to that of reason. He can only abandon reality for the ideal; for liberty must hold to one or the other of these anchors. But it is far from the real to the ideal; and between the two is found fancy, with its arbitrary conceits and its unbridled freedom. It must needs be, therefore, that man in general, and the poet in particular, when he withdraws by liberty of his understanding from the dominion of feeling, without being moved to it by the laws of reason—that is, when he abandons nature through pure liberty—he finds himself freed from all law, and therefore a prey to the illusions of phantasy.

It is testified by experience that entire nations, as well as individual men, who have parted with the safe direction of nature, are actually in this condition; and poets have gone astray in the same manner. The true genius of sentimental poetry, if its aim is to raise itself to the rank of the ideal, must overstep the limits of the existing nature; but false genius oversteps all boundaries without any discrimination, flattering itself with the belief that the wild sport of the imagination is poetic inspiration. A true poetical genius can never fall into this error, because it only abandons the real for the sake of the ideal, or, at all events, it can only do so at certain moments when the poet forgets himself; but his main tendencies may dispose him to extravagance within the sphere of the senses. His example may also drive others into a chase of wild conceptions, because readers of lively fancy and weak understanding only remark the freedom which he takes with existing nature, and are unable to follow him in copying the elevated necessities of his inner being. The same difficulties beset the path of the sentimental genius in this respect, as those which afflict the career of a genius of the simple order. If a genius of this class carries out every work, obedient to the free and spontaneous impulses of his nature, the man devoid of genius who seeks to imitate him is not willing to consider his own nature a worse guide than that of the great poet. This accounts for the fact that masterpieces of simple poetry are commonly followed by a host of stale and unprofitable works in print, and masterpieces of the sentimental class by wild and fanciful effusions,—a fact that may be easily verified on questioning the history of literature.

Two maxims are prevalent in relation to poetry, both of them quite correct in themselves, but mutually destructive in the way in which they are generally conceived. The first is, that "poetry serves as a means of amusement and recreation," and we have previously observed that this maxim is highly favorable to aridity and platitudes in poetical actions. The other maxim, that "poetry is conducive to the moral progress of humanity," takes under its shelter theories and views of the most wild and extravagant character. It may be profitable to examine more attentively these two maxims, of which so much is heard, and which are so often imperfectly understood and falsely applied.

We say that a thing amuses us when it makes us pass from a forced state to the state that is natural to us. The whole question here is to know in what our natural state ought to consist, and what a forced state means. If our natural state is made to consist merely in the free development of all our physical powers, in emancipation from all constraint, it follows that every act of reason by resisting what is sensuous, is a violence we undergo, and rest of mind combined with physical movement will be a recreation par excellence. But if we make our natural state consist in a limitless power of human expression and of freely disposing of all our strength, all that divides these forces will be a forced state, and recreation will be what brings all our nature to harmony. Thus, the first of these ideal recreations is simply determined by the wants of our sensuous nature; the second, by the autonomous activity of human nature. Which of these two kinds of recreation can be demanded of the poet? Theoretically, the question is inadmissible, as no one would put the human ideal beneath the brutal. But in practice the requirements of a poet have been especially directed to the sensuous ideal, and for the most part favor, though not the esteem, for these sorts of works is regulated thereby. Men's minds are mostly engaged in a labor that exhausts them, or an enjoyment that sets them asleep. Now labor makes rest a sensible want, much more imperious than that of the moral nature; for physical nature must be satisfied before the mind can show its requirements. On the other hand, enjoyment paralyzes the moral instinct. Hence these two dispositions common in men are very injurious to the feeling for true beauty, and thus very few even of the best judge soundly in aesthetics. Beauty results from the harmony between spirit and sense; it addresses all the faculties of man, and can only be appreciated if a man employs fully all his strength. He must bring to it an open sense, a broad heart, a spirit full of freshness. All a man's nature must be on the alert, and this is not the case with those divided by abstraction, narrowed by formulas, enervated by application. They demand, no doubt, a material for the senses; but not to quicken, only to suspend, thought. They ask to be freed from what? From a load that oppressed their indolence, and not a rein that curbed their activity.

After this can one wonder at the success of mediocre talents in aesthetics? or

at the bitter anger of small minds against true energetic beauty? They reckon on finding therein a congenial recreation, and regret to discover that a display of strength is required to which they are unequal. With mediocrity they are always welcome; however little mind they bring, they want still less to exhaust the author's inspiration. They are relieved of the load of thought; and their nature can lull itself in beatific nothings on the soft pillow of platitude. In the temple of Thalia and Melpomene—at least, so it is with us—the stupid savant and the exhausted man of business are received on the broad bosom of the goddess, where their intelligence is wrapped in a magnetic sleep, while their sluggish senses are warmed, and their imagination with gentle motions rocked.

Vulgar people may be excused what happens to the best capacities. Those moments of repose demanded by nature after lengthy labor are not favorable to aesthetic judgment, and hence in the busy classes few can pronounce safely on matters of taste. Nothing is more common than for scholars to make a ridiculous figure, in regard to a question of beauty, besides cultured men of the world; and technical critics are especially the laughing-stock of connoisseurs. Their opinion, from exaggeration, crudeness, or carelessness guides them generally quite awry, and they can only devise a technical judgment, and not an aesthetical one, embracing the whole work, in which feeling should decide. If they would kindly keep to technicalities they might still be useful, for the poet in moments of inspiration and readers under his spell are little inclined to consider details. But the spectacle which they afford us is only the more ridiculous inasmuch as we see these crude natures—with whom all labor and trouble only develop at the most a particular aptitude,—when we see them set up their paltry individualities as the representation of universal and complete feeling, and in the sweat of their brow pronounce judgment on beauty.

We have just seen that the kind of recreation poetry ought to afford is generally conceived in too restricted a manner, and only referred to a simple sensuous want. Too much scope, however, is also given to the other idea, the moral ennobling the poet should have in view, inasmuch as too purely an ideal

aim is assigned.

In fact, according to the pure ideal, the ennobling goes on to infinity, because reason is not restricted to any sensuous limits, and only finds rest in absolute perfection. Nothing can satisfy whilst a superior thing can be conceived; it judges strictly and admits no excuses of infirmity and finite nature. It only admits for limits those of thought, which transcends time and space. Hence the poet could no more propose to himself such an ideal of ennobling (traced for him by pure (didactic) reason) any more than the coarse ideal of recreation of sensuous nature. The aim is to free human nature from accidental hinderances, without destroying the essential ideal of our humanity, or displacing its limits. All beyond this is exaggeration, and a quicksand in which the poet too easily suffers shipwreck if he mistakes the idea of nobleness. But, unfortunately, he cannot rise to the true ideal of ennobled human nature without going some steps beyond it. To rise so high he must abandon the world of reality, for, like every ideal, it is only to be drawn from its inner moral source. He does not find it in the turmoil of worldly life, but only in his heart, and that only in calm meditation. But in this separation from real life he is likely to lose sight of all the limits of human nature, and seeking pure form he may easily lose himself in arbitrary and baseless conceptions. Reason will abstract itself too much from experience, and the practical man will not be able to carry out, in the crush of real life, what the contemplative mind has discovered on the peaceful path of thought. Thus, what makes a dreamy man is the very thing that alone could have made him a sage; and the advantage for the latter is not that he has never been a dreamer, but rather that he has not remained one.

We must not, then, allow the workers to determine recreation according to their wants, nor thinkers that of nobleness according to their speculations, for fear of either a too low physical poetry, or a poetry too given to hyperphysical exaggeration. And as these two ideas direct most men's judgments on poetry, we must seek a class of mind at once active, but not slavishly so, and idealizing, but not dreamy; uniting the reality of life within as few limits as possible, obeying

the current of human affairs, but not enslaved by them. Such a class of men can alone preserve the beautiful unity of human nature, that harmony which all work for a moment disturbs, and a life of work destroys; such alone can, in all that is purely human, give by its feelings universal rules of judgment. Whether such a class exists, or whether the class now existing in like conditions answers to this ideal conception, I am not concerned to inquire. If it does not respond to the ideal it has only itself to blame. In such a class—here regarded as a mere ideal—the simple and sentimental would keep each other from extremes of extravagance and relaxation. For the idea of a beautiful humanity is not exhausted by either, but can only be presented in the union of both.

THE STAGE AS A MORAL INSTITUTION.

Sulzer has remarked that the stage has arisen from an irresistible longing for the new and extraordinary. Man, oppressed by divided cares, and satiated with sensual pleasure, felt an emptiness or want. Man, neither altogether satisfied with the senses, nor forever capable of thought, wanted a middle state, a bridge between the two states, bringing them into harmony. Beauty and aesthetics supplied that for him. But a good lawgiver is not satisfied with discovering the bent of his people—he turns it to account as an instrument for higher use; and hence he chose the stage, as giving nourishment to the soul, without straining it, and uniting the noblest education of the head and heart.

The man who first pronounced religion to be the strongest pillar of the state, unconsciously defended the stage, when he said so, in its noblest aspect. The uncertain nature of political events, rendering religion a necessity, also demands the stage as a moral force. Laws only prevent disturbances of social life; religion prescribes positive orders sustaining social order. Law only governs actions; religion controls the heart and follows thought to the source.

Laws are flexible and capricious; religion binds forever. If religion has this great sway over man's heart, can it also complete his culture? Separating the political from the divine element in it, religion acts mostly on the senses; she loses her sway if the senses are gone. By what channel does the stage operate? To most men religion vanishes with the loss of her symbols, images, and problems; and yet they are only pictures of the imagination, and insolvable problems. Both laws and religion are strengthened by a union with the stage,

where virtue and vice, joy and sorrow, are thoroughly displayed in a truthful and popular way; where a variety of providential problems are solved; where all secrets are unmasked, all artifice ends, and truth alone is the judge, as incorruptible as Rhadamanthus.

Where the influence of civil laws ends that of the stage begins. Where venality and corruption blind and bias justice and judgment, and intimidation perverts its ends, the stage seizes the sword and scales and pronounces a terrible verdict on vice. The fields of fancy and of history are open to the stage; great criminals of the past live over again in the drama, and thus benefit an indignant posterity. They pass before us as empty shadows of their age, and we heap curses on their memory while we enjoy on the stage the very horror of their crimes. When morality is no more taught, religion no longer received, or laws exist, Medea would still terrify us with her infanticide. The sight of Lady Macbeth, while it makes us shudder, will also make us rejoice in a good conscience, when we see her, the sleep-walker, washing her hands and seeking to destroy the awful smell of murder. Sight is always more powerful to man than description; hence the stage acts more powerfully than morality or law.

But in this the stage only aids justice. A far wider field is really open to it. There are a thousand vices unnoticed by human justice, but condemned by the stage; so, also, a thousand virtues overlooked by man's laws are honored on the stage. It is thus the handmaid of religion and philosophy. From these pure sources it draws its high principles and the exalted teachings, and presents them in a lovely form. The soul swells with noblest emotions when a divine ideal is placed before it. When Augustus offers his forgiving hand to Cinna, the conspirator, and says to him: "Let us be friends, Cinna!" what man at the moment does not feel that he could do the same. Again, when Francis von Sickingen, proceeding to punish a prince and redress a stranger, on turning sees the house, where his wife and children are, in flames, and yet goes on for the sake of his word—how great humanity appears, how small the stern power of fate!

Vice is portrayed on the stage in an equally telling manner. Thus, when old Lear, blind, helpless, childless, is seen knocking in vain at his daughters' doors, and in tempest and night he recounts by telling his woes to the elements, and ends by saying: "I have given you all,"—how strongly impressed we feel at the value of filial piety, and how hateful ingratitude seems to us!

The stage does even more than this. It cultivates the ground where religion and law do not think it dignified to stop. Folly often troubles the world as much as crime; and it has been justly said that the heaviest loads often hang suspended by the slightest threads. Tracing actions to their sources, the list of criminals diminish, and we laugh at the long catalogue of fools. In our sex all forms of evil emanate almost entirely from one source, and all our excesses are only varied and higher forms of one quality, and that a quality which in the end we smile at and love; and why should not nature have followed this course in the opposite sex too? In man there is only one secret to guard against depravity; that is, to protect his heart against wickedness.

Much of all this is shown up on the stage. It is a mirror to reflect fools and their thousand forms of folly, which are there turned to ridicule. It curbs vice by terror, and folly still more effectually by satire and jest. If a comparison be made between tragedy and comedy, guided by experience, we should probably give the palm to the latter as to effects produced. Hatred does not wound the conscience so much as mockery does the pride of man. We are exposed specially to the sting of satire by the very cowardice that shuns terrors. From sins we are guarded by law and conscience, but the ludicrous is specially punished on the stage. Where we allow a friend to correct our morals, we rarely forgive a laugh. We may bear heavy judgment on our transgressions, but our weaknesses and vulgarities must not be criticised by a witness.

The stage alone can do this with impunity, chastising us as the anonymous fool. We can bear this rebuke without a blush, and even gratefully.

But the stage does even more than this. It is a great school of practical

wisdom, a guide for civil life, and a key to the mind in all its sinuosities. It does not, of course, remove egoism and stubbornness in evil ways; for a thousand vices hold up their heads in spite of the stage, and a thousand virtues make no impression on cold-hearted spectators. Thus, probably, Moliere's Harpagon never altered a usurer's heart, nor did the suicide in Beverley save any one from the gaming-table. Nor, again, is it likely that the high roads will be safer through Karl Moor's untimely end. But, admitting this, and more than this, still how great is the influence of the stage! It has shown us the vices and virtues of men with whom we have to live. We are not surprised at their weaknesses, we are prepared for them. The stage points them out to us, and their remedy. It drags off the mask from the hypocrite, and betrays the meshes of intrigue. Duplicity and cunning have been forced by it to show their hideous features in the light of day. Perhaps the dying Sarah may not deter a single debauchee, nor all the pictures of avenged seduction stop the evil; yet unguarded innocence has been shown the snares of the corrupter, and taught to distrust his oaths.

The stage also teaches men to bear the strokes of fortune. Chance and design have equal sway over life. We have to bow to the former, but we control the latter. It is a great advantage if inexorable facts do not find us unprepared and unexercised, and if our breast has been steeled to bear adversity. Much human woe is placed before us on the stage. It gives us momentary pain in the tears we shed for strangers' troubles, but as a compensation it fills us with a grand new stock of courage and endurance. We are led by it, with the abandoned Ariadne, through the Isle of Naxos, and we descend the Tower of Starvation in Ugolino; we ascend the terrible scaffold, and we are present at the awful moment of execution. Things remotely present in thought become palpable realities now. We see the deceived favorite abandoned by the queen. When about to die, the perfidious Moor is abandoned by his own sophistry. Eternity reveals the secrets of the unknown through the dead, and the hateful wretch loses all screen of guilt when the tomb opens to condemn him.

Then the stage teaches us to be more considerate to the unfortunate, and to

judge gently. We can only pronounce on a man when we know his whole being and circumstances. Theft is a base crime, but tears mingle with our condemnation, when we read what obliged Edward Ruhberg to do the horrid deed. Suicide is shocking; but the condemnation of an enraged father, her love, and the fear of a convent, lead Marianne to drink the cup, and few would dare to condemn the victim of a dreadful tyranny. Humanity and tolerance have begun to prevail in our time at courts of princes and in courts of law. A large share of this may be due to the influence of the stage in showing man and his secret motives.

The great of the world ought to be especially grateful to the stage, for it is here alone that they hear the truth.

Not only man's mind, but also his intellectual culture, has been promoted by the higher drama. The lofty mind and the ardent patriot have often used the stage to spread enlightenment.

Considering nations and ages, the thinker sees the masses enchained by opinion and cut off by adversity from happiness; truth only lights up a few minds, who perhaps have to acquire it by the trials of a lifetime. How can the wise ruler put these within the reach of his nation.

The thoughtful and the worthier section of the people diffuse the light of wisdom over the masses through the stage. Purer and better principles and motives issue from the stage and circulate through society: the night of barbarism and superstition vanishes. I would mention two glorious fruits of the higher class of dramas. Religious toleration has latterly become universal. Before Nathan the Jew and Saladin the Saracen put us to shame, and showed that resignation to God's will did not depend on a fancied belief of His nature—even before Joseph II. contended with the hatred of a narrow piety—the stage had sown seeds of humanity and gentleness: pictures of fanaticism had taught a hatred of intolerance, and Christianity, seeing itself in this awful mirror, washed off its stains. It is to be hoped that the stage will equally combat mistaken

systems of education. This is a subject of the first political importance, and yet none is so left to private whims and caprice. The stage might give stirring examples of mistaken education, and lead parents to juster, better views of the subject. Many teachers are led astray by false views, and methods are often artificial and fatal.

Opinions about governments and classes might be reformed by the stage. Legislation could thus justify itself by foreign symbols, and silence doubtful aspersions without offence.

Now, if poets would be patriotic they could do much on the stage to forward invention and industry. A standing theatre would be a material advantage to a nation. It would have a great influence on the national temper and mind by helping the nation to agree in opinions and inclinations. The stage alone can do this, because it commands all human knowledge, exhausts all positions, illumines all hearts, unites all classes, and makes its way to the heart and understanding by the most popular channels.

If one feature characterized all dramas; if the poets were allied in aim—that is, if they selected well and from national topics—there would be a national stage, and we should become a nation. It was this that knit the Greeks so strongly together, and this gave to them the all-absorbing interest in the republic and the advancement of humanity.

Another advantage belongs to the stage; one which seems to have become acknowledged even by its censors. Its influence on intellectual and moral culture, which we have till now been advocating, may be doubted; but its very enemies have admitted that it has gained the palm over all other means of amusement. It has been of much higher service here than people are often ready to allow.

Human nature cannot bear to be always on the rack of business, and the charms of sense die out with their gratification. Man, oppressed by appetites,

weary of long exertion, thirsts for refined pleasure, or rushes into dissipations that hasten his fall and ruin, and disturb social order. Bacchanal joys, gambling, follies of all sorts to disturb ennui, are unavoidable if the lawgiver produces nothing better. A man of public business, who has made noble sacrifices to the state, is apt to pay for them with melancholy, the scholar to become a pedant, and the people brutish, without the stage. The stage is an institution combining amusement with instruction, rest with exertion, where no faculty of the mind is overstrained, no pleasure enjoyed at the cost of the whole. When melancholy gnaws the heart, when trouble poisons our solitude, when we are disgusted with the world, and a thousand worries oppress us, or when our energies are destroyed by over-exercise, the stage revives us, we dream of another sphere, we recover ourselves, our torpid nature is roused by noble passions, our blood circulates more healthily. The unhappy man forgets his tears in weeping for another. The happy man is calmed, the secure made provident. Effeminate natures are steeled, savages made man, and, as the supreme triumph of nature, men of all clanks, zones, and conditions, emancipated from the chains of conventionality and fashion, fraternize here in a universal sympathy, forget the world, and come nearer to their heavenly destination. The individual shares in the general ecstasy, and his breast has now only space for an emotion: he is a man.

ON THE TRAGIC ART.

The state of passion in itself, independently of the good or bad influence of its object on our morality, has something in it that charms us. We aspire to transport ourselves into that state, even if it costs us some sacrifices. You will find this instinct at the bottom of all our most habitual pleasures. As to the nature itself of the affection, whether it be one of aversion or desire, agreeable or painful, this is what we take little into consideration. Experience teaches us that painful affections are those which have the most attraction for us, and thus that the pleasure we take in an affection is precisely in an inverse ratio to its nature. It is a phenomenon common to all men, that sad, frightful things, even the horrible, exercise over us an irresistible seduction, and that in presence of a scene of desolation and of terror we feel at once repelled and attracted by two equal forces. Suppose the case be an assassination. Then every one crowds round the narrator and shows a marked attention. Any ghost story, however embellished by romantic circumstances, is greedily devoured by us, and the more readily in proportion as the story is calculated to make our hair stand on end.

This disposition is developed in a more lively manner when the objects themselves are placed before our eyes. A tempest that would swallow up an entire fleet would be, seen from shore, a spectacle as attractive to our imagination as it would be shocking to our heart. It would be difficult to believe with Lucretius that this natural pleasure results from a comparison between our own safety and the danger of which we are witnesses. See what a crowd accompanies a criminal to the scene of his punishment! This phenomenon cannot be explained either by the pleasure of satisfying our love of justice, nor

the ignoble joy of vengeance. Perhaps the unhappy man may find excuses in the hearts of those present; perhaps the sincerest pity takes an interest in his reprieve: this does not prevent a lively curiosity in the spectators to watch his expressions of pain with eye and ear. If an exception seems to exist here in the case of a well-bred man, endowed with a delicate sense, this does not imply that he is a complete stranger to this instinct; but in his case the painful strength of compassion carries the day over this instinct, or it is kept under by the laws of decency. The man of nature, who is not chained down by any feeling of human delicacy, abandons himself without any sense of shame to this powerful instinct. This attraction must, therefore, have its spring of action in an original disposition, and it must be explained by a psychological law common to the whole species.

But if it seems to us that these brutal instincts of nature are incompatible with the dignity of man, and if we hesitate, for this reason, to establish on this fact a law common to the whole species, yet no experiences are required to prove, with the completest evidence, that the pleasure we take in painful emotions is real, and that it is general. The painful struggle of a heart drawn asunder between its inclinations or contrary duties, a struggle which is a cause of misery to him who experiences it, delights the person who is a mere spectator. We follow with always heightening pleasure the progress of a passion to the abyss into which it hurries its unhappy victim. The same delicate feeling that makes us turn our eyes aside from the sight of physical suffering, or even from the physical expression of a purely moral pain, makes us experience a pleasure heightened in sweetness, in the sympathy for a purely moral pain. The interest with which we stop to look at the painting of these kinds of objects is a general phenomenon.

Of course this can only be understood of sympathetic affections, or those felt as a secondary effect after their first impression; for commonly direct and personal affections immediately call into life in us the instinct of our own happiness, they take up all our thoughts, and seize hold of us too powerfully to allow any room for the feeling of pleasure that accompanies them, when the

affection is freed from all personal relation. Thus, in the mind that is really a prey to painful passion, the feeling of pain commands all others notwithstanding all the charm that the painting of its moral state may offer to the hearers and the spectators. And yet the painful affection is not deprived of all pleasure, even for him who experiences it directly; only this pleasure differs in degree according to the nature of each person's mind. The sports of chance would not have half so much attraction for us were there not a kind of enjoyment in anxiety, in doubt, and in fear; danger would not be encountered from mere foolhardiness; and the very sympathy which interests us in the trouble of another would not be to us that pleasure which is never more lively than at the very moment when the illusion is strongest, and when we substitute ourselves most entirely in the place of the person who suffers. But this does not imply that disagreeable affections cause pleasure of themselves, nor do I think any one will uphold this view; it suffices that these states of the mind are the conditions that alone make possible for its certain kinds of pleasure. Thus the hearts particularly sensitive to this kind of pleasure, and most greedy of them, will be more easily led to share these disagreeable affections, which are the condition of the former; and even in the most violent storms of passion they will always preserve some remains of their freedom.

The displeasure we feel in disagreeable affections comes from the relation of our sensuous faculty or of our moral faculty with their object. In like manner, the pleasure we experience in agreeable affections proceeds from the very same source. The degree of liberty that may prevail in the affections depends on the proportion between the moral nature and the sensuous nature of a man. Now it is well known that in the moral order there is nothing arbitrary for us, that, on the contrary, the sensuous instinct is subject to the laws of reason and consequently depends more or less on our will. Hence it is evident that we can keep our liberty full and entire in all those affections that are concerned with the instinct of self-love, and that we are the masters to determine the degree which they ought to attain. This degree will be less in proportion as the moral sense in a man will prevail over the instinct of happiness, and as by obeying the universal laws of

reasons he will have freed himself from the selfish requirements of his individuality, his Ego. A man of this kind must therefore, in a state of passion, feel much less vividly the relation of an object with his own instinct of happiness, and consequently he will be much less sensible of the displeasure that arises from this relation. On the other hand, he will be perpetually more attentive to the relation of this same object with his moral nature, and for this very reason he will be more sensible to the pleasure which the relation of the object with morality often mingles with the most painful affections. A mind thus constituted is better fitted than all others to enjoy the pleasure attaching to compassion, and even to regard a personal affection as an object of simple compassion. Hence the inestimable value of a moral philosophy, which, by raising our eyes constantly towards general laws, weakens in us the feeling of our individuality, teaches us to plunge our paltry personality in something great, and enables us thus to act to ourselves as to strangers. This sublime state of the mind is the lot of strong philosophic minds, which by working assiduously on themselves have learned to bridle the egotistical instinct. Even the most cruel loss does not drive them beyond a certain degree of sadness, with which an appreciable sum of pleasure can always be reconciled. These souls, which are alone capable of separating themselves from themselves, alone enjoy the privilege of sympathizing with themselves and of receiving of their own sufferings only a reflex, softened by sympathy.

The indications contained in what precedes will suffice to direct our attention to the sources of the pleasure that the affection in itself causes, more particularly the sad affection. We have seen that this pleasure is more energetic in moral souls, and it acts with greater freedom in proportion as the soul is more independent of the egotistical instinct. This pleasure is, moreover, more vivid and stronger in sad affections, when self-love is painfully disquieted, than in gay affections, which imply a satisfaction of self-love. Accordingly this pleasure increases when the egotistical instinct is wounded, and diminishes when that instinct is flattered. Now we only know of two sources of pleasure—the satisfaction of the instinct of happiness, and the accomplishment of the moral

laws. Therefore, when it is shown that a particular pleasure does not emanate from the former source, it must of necessity issue from the second. It is therefore from our moral nature that issues the charm of the painful affections shared by sympathy, and the pleasure that we sometimes feel even where the painful affection directly affects ourselves.

Many attempts have been made to account for the pleasure of pity, but most of these solutions had little chance of meeting the problem, because the principle of this phenomenon was sought for rather in the accompanying circumstances than in the nature of the affection itself. To many persons the pleasure of pity is simply the pleasure taken by the mind in exercising its own sensibility. To others it is the pleasure of occupying their forces energetically, of exercising the social faculty vividly—in short, of satisfying the instinct of restlessness. Others again make it derived from the discovery of morally fine features of character, placed in a clear light by the struggle against adversity or against the passions. But there is still the difficulty to explain why it should be exactly the very feeling of pain, —suffering properly so called,—that in objects of pity attracts us with the greatest force, while, according to those elucidations, a less degree of suffering ought evidently to be more favorable to those causes to which the source of the emotion is traced. Various matters may, no doubt, increase the pleasure of the emotion without occasioning it. Of this nature are the vividness and force of the ideas awakened in our imagination, the moral excellence of the suffering persons, the reference to himself of the person feeling pity. I admit that the suffering of a weak soul, and the pain of a wicked character, do not procure us this enjoyment. But this is because they do not excite our pity to the same degree as the hero who suffers, or the virtuous man who struggles. Thus we are constantly brought back to the first question: why is it precisely the degree of suffering that determines the degree of sympathetic pleasure which we take in an emotion? and one answer only is possible; it is because the attack made on our sensibility is precisely the condition necessary to set in motion that quality of mind of which the activity produces the pleasure we feel in sympathetic affections.

Now this faculty is no other than the reason; and because the free exercise of reason, as an absolutely independent activity, deserves par excellence the name of activity; as, moreover, the heart of man only feels itself perfectly free and independent in its moral acts, it follows that the charm of tragic emotions is really dependent on the fact that this instinct of activity finds its gratification in them. But, even admitting this, it is neither the great number nor the vivacity of the ideas that are awakened then in our imagination, nor in general the exercise of the social faculty, but a certain kind of ideas and a certain activity of the social faculty brought into play by reason, which is the foundation of this pleasure.

Thus the sympathetic affections in general are for us a source of pleasure because they give satisfaction to our instinct of activity, and the sad affections produce this effect with more vividness because they give more satisfaction to this instinct. The mind only reveals all its activity when it is in full possession of its liberty, when it has a perfect consciousness of its rational nature, because it is only then that it displays a force superior to all resistance.

Hence the state of mind which allows most effectually the manifestation of this force, and awakens most successfully its activity, is that state which is most suitable to a rational being, and which best satisfies our instincts of activity: whence it follows that a greater amount of pleasure must be attached necessarily to this state. Now it is the tragic states that place our soul in this state, and the pleasure found in them is necessarily higher than the charm produced by gay affections, in the same degree that moral power in us is superior to the power of the senses.

Points that are only subordinate and partial in a system of final causes may be considered by art independently of that relation with the rest, and may be converted into principal objects. It is right that in the designs of nature pleasure should only be a mediate end, or a means; but for art it is the highest end. It is therefore essentially important for art not to neglect this high enjoyment attaching to the tragic emotion. Now, tragic art, taking this term in its widest

acceptation, is that among the fine arts which proposes as its principal object the pleasure of pity.

Art attains its end by the imitation of nature, by satisfying the conditions which make pleasure possible in reality, and by combining, according to a plan traced by the intelligence, the scattered elements furnished by nature, so as to attain as a principal end to that which, for nature, was only an accessory end. Thus tragic art ought to imitate nature in those kinds of actions that are specially adapted to awaken pity.

It follows that, in order to determine generally the system to be followed by tragic art, it is necessary before all things to know on what conditions in real life the pleasure of the emotion is commonly produced in the surest and the strongest manner; but it is necessary at the same time to pay attention to the circumstances that restrict or absolutely extinguish this pleasure.

After what we have established in our essay "On the Cause of the Pleasure we derive from Tragic Objects," it is known that in every tragic emotion there is an idea of incongruity, which, though the emotion may be attended with charm, must always lead on to the conception of a higher consistency. Now it is the relation that these two opposite conceptions mutually bear which determines in an emotion if the prevailing impression shall be pleasurable or the reverse. If the conception of incongruity be more vivid than that of the contrary, or if the end sacrificed is more important than the end gained, the prevailing impression will always be displeasure, whether this be understood objectively of the human race in general, or only subjectively of certain individuals.

If the cause that has produced a misfortune gives us too much displeasure, our compassion for the victim is diminished thereby. The heart cannot feel simultaneously, in a high degree, two absolutely contrary affections. Indignation against the person who is the primary cause of the suffering becomes the prevailing affection, and all other feeling has to yield to it. Thus our interest is always enfeebled when the unhappy man whom it would be desirable to pity had

cast himself into ruin by a personal and an inexcusable fault; or if, being able to save himself, he did not do so, either through feebleness of mind or pusillanimity. The interest we take in unhappy King Lear, ill-treated by two ungrateful daughters, is sensibly lessened by the circumstance that this aged man, in his second childhood, so weakly gave up his crown, and divided his love among his daughters with so little discernment. In the tragedy of *Kronegk*, "Olinda and Sophronia," the most terrible suffering to which we see these martyrs to their faith exposed only excites our pity feebly, and all their heroism only stirs our admiration moderately, because madness alone can suggest the act by which Olinda has placed himself and all his people on the brink of the precipice.

Our pity is equally lessened when the primary cause of a misfortune, whose innocent victim ought to inspire us with compassion, fills our mind with horror. When the tragic poet cannot clear himself of his plot without introducing a wretch, and when he is reduced to derive the greatness of suffering from the greatness of wickedness, the supreme beauty of his work must always be seriously injured. Iago and Lady Macbeth in Shakspeare, Cleopatra in the tragedy of "Rodogune," or Franz Moor in "The Robbers," are so many proofs in support of this assertion. A poet who understands his real interest will not bring about the catastrophe through a malicious will which proposes misfortune as its end; nor, and still less, by want of understanding: but rather through the imperious force of circumstances. If this catastrophe does not come from moral sources, but from outward things, which have no volition and are not subject to any will, the pity we experience is more pure, or at all events it is not weakened by any idea of moral incongruity. But then the spectator cannot be spared the disagreeable feeling of an incongruity in the order of nature, which can alone save in such a case moral propriety. Pity is far more excited when it has for its object both him who suffers and him who is the primary cause of the suffering. This can only happen when the latter has neither elicited our contempt nor our hatred, but when he has been brought against his inclination to become the cause of this misfortune. It is a singular beauty of the German play of "Iphigenia" that

the King of Tauris, the only obstacle who thwarts the wishes of Orestes and of his sister, never loses our esteem, and that we love him to the end.

There is something superior even to this kind of emotion; this is the case when the cause of the misfortune not only is in no way repugnant to morality, but only becomes possible through morality, and when the reciprocal suffering comes simply from the idea that a fellow-creature has been made to suffer. This is the situation of Chimene and Rodrigue in "The Cid" of Pierre Corneille, which is undeniably in point of intrigue the masterpiece of the tragic stage. Honor and filial love arm the hand of Rodrigue against the father of her whom he loves, and his valor gives him the victory. Honor and filial love rouse up against him, in the person of Chimene, the daughter of his victim, an accuser and a formidable persecutor. Both act in opposition to their inclination, and they tremble with anguish at the thought of the misfortune of the object against which they arm themselves, in proportion as zeal inspires them for their duty to inflict this misfortune. Accordingly both conciliate our esteem in the highest sense, as they accomplish a moral duty at the cost of inclination; both inflame our pity in the highest degree, because they suffer spontaneously for a motive that renders them in the highest degree to be respected. It results from this that our pity is in this case so little modified by any opposite feeling that it burns rather with a double flame; only the impossibility of reconciling the idea of misfortune with the idea of a morality so deserving of happiness might still disturb our sympathetic pleasure, and spread a shade of sadness over it. It is besides a great point, no doubt, that the discontent given us by this contradiction does not bear upon our moral being, but is turned aside to a harmless place, to necessity only; but this blind subjection to destiny is always afflicting and humiliating for free beings, who determine themselves. This is the cause that always leaves something to be wished for even in the best Greek pieces. In all these pieces, at the bottom of the plot it is always fatality that is appealed to, and in this there is a knot that cannot be unravelled by our reason, which wishes to solve everything.

But even this knot is untied, and with it vanishes every shade of displeasure, at

the highest and last step to which man perfected by morality rises, and at the highest point which is attained by the art which moves the feelings. This happens when the very discontent with destiny becomes effaced, and is resolved in a presentiment or rather a clear consciousness of a teleological concatenation of things, of a sublime order, of a beneficent will. Then, to the pleasure occasioned in us by moral consistency is joined the invigorating idea of the most perfect suitability in the great whole of nature. In this case the thing that seemed to militate against this order, and that caused us pain, in a particular case, is only a spur that stimulates our reason to seek in general laws for the justification of this particular case, and to solve the problem of this separate discord in the centre of the general harmony. Greek art never rose to this supreme serenity of tragic emotion, because neither the national religion, nor even the philosophy of the Greeks, lighted their step on this advanced road. It was reserved for modern art, which enjoys the privilege of finding a purer matter in a purer philosophy, to satisfy also this exalted want, and thus to display all the moral dignity of art.

If we moderns must resign ourselves never to reproduce Greek art because the philosophic genius of our age, and modern civilization in general are not favorable to poetry, these influences are at all events less hurtful to tragic art, which is based rather on the moral element. Perhaps it is in the case of this art only that our civilization repairs the injury that it has caused to art in general.

In the same manner as the tragic emotion is weakened by the admixture of conflicting ideas and feelings, and the charm attaching to it is thus diminished, so this emotion can also, on the contrary, by approaching the excess of direct and personal affection, become exaggerated to the point where pain carries the day over pleasure. It has been remarked that displeasure, in the affections, comes from the relation of their object with our senses, in the same way as the pleasure felt in them comes from the relation of the affection itself to our moral faculty. This implies, then, between our senses and our moral faculty a determined relation, which decides as regards the relation between pleasure and displeasure in tragic emotions. Nor could this relation be modified or overthrown without

overthrowing at the same time the feelings of pleasure and displeasure which we find in the emotions, or even without changing them into their opposites. In the same ratio that the senses are vividly roused in us, the influence of morality will be proportionately diminished; and reciprocally, as the sensuous loses, morality gains ground. Therefore that which in our hearts gives a preponderance to the sensuous faculty, must of necessity, by placing restrictions on the moral faculty, diminish the pleasure that we take in tragic emotions, a pleasure which emanates exclusively from this moral faculty. In like manner, all that in our heart impresses an impetus on this latter faculty, must blunt the stimulus of pain even in direct and personal affections. Now our sensuous nature actually acquires this preponderance, when the ideas of suffering rise to a degree of vividness that no longer allows us to distinguish a sympathetic affection from a personal affection, or our own proper Ego from the subject that suffers,—reality, in short, from poetry. The sensuous also gains the upper hand when it finds an aliment in the great number of its objects, and in that dazzling light which an over-excited imagination diffuses over it. On the contrary, nothing is more fit to reduce the sensuous to its proper bounds than to place alongside it super-sensuous ideas, moral ideas, to which reason, oppressed just before, clings as to a kind of spiritual props, to right and raise itself above the fogs of the sensuous to a serener atmosphere. Hence the great charm which general truths or moral sentences, scattered opportunely over dramatic dialogue, have for all cultivated nations, and the almost excessive use that the Greeks made of them. Nothing is more agreeable to a moral soul than to have the power, after a purely passive state that has lasted too long, of escaping from the subjection of the senses, and of being recalled to its spontaneous activity, and restored to the possession of its liberty.

These are the remarks I had to make respecting the causes that restrict our pity and place an obstacle to our pleasure in tragic emotions. I have next to show on what conditions pity is solicited and the pleasure of the emotion excited in the most infallible and energetic manner.

Every feeling of pity implies the idea of suffering, and the degree of pity is regulated according to the degree more or less of vividness, of truth, of intensity, and of duration of this idea.

1st. The moral faculty is provoked to reaction in proportion to the vividness of ideas in the soul, which incites it to activity and solicits its sensuous faculty. Now the ideas of suffering are conceived in two different manners, which are not equally favorable to the vividness of the impression. The sufferings that we witness affect us incomparably more than those that we have through a description or a narrative. The former suspend in us the free play of the fancy, and striking our senses immediately penetrate by the shortest road to our heart. In the narrative, on the contrary, the particular is first raised to the general, and it is from this that the knowledge of the special case is afterwards derived; accordingly, merely by this necessary operation of the understanding, the impression already loses greatly in strength. Now a weak impression cannot take complete possession of our mind, and it will allow other ideas to disturb its action and to dissipate the attention. Very frequently, moreover, the narrative account transports us from the moral disposition, in which the acting person is placed, to the state of mind of the narrator himself, which breaks up the illusion so necessary for pity. In every case, when the narrator in person puts himself forward, a certain stoppage takes place in the action, and, as an unavoidable result, in our sympathetic affection. This is what happens even when the dramatic poet forgets himself in the dialogue, and puts in the mouth of his dramatic persons reflections that could only enter the mind of a disinterested spectator. It would be difficult to mention a single one of our modern tragedies quite free from this defect; but the French alone have made a rule of it. Let us infer, then, that the immediate vivid and sensuous presence of the object is necessary to give to the ideas impressed on us by suffering that strength without which the emotion could not rise to a high degree.

2d. But we can receive the most vivid impressions of the idea of suffering without, however, being led to a remarkable degree of pity, if these impressions

lack truth. It is, necessary that we should form of suffering an idea of such a nature that we are obliged to share and take part in it. To this end there must be a certain agreement between this suffering and something that we have already in us. In other words, pity is only possible inasmuch as we can prove or suppose a resemblance between ourselves and the subject that suffers. Everywhere where this resemblance makes itself known, pity is necessary; where this resemblance is lacking, pity is impossible. The more visible and the greater is the resemblance, the more vivid is our pity; and they mutually slacken in dependence on each other. In order that we may feel the affections of another after him, all the internal conditions demanded by this affection must be found beforehand in us, in order that the external cause which, by meeting with the internal conditions, has given birth to the affection, may also produce on us a like effect. It is necessary that, without doing violence to ourselves, we should be able to exchange persons with another, and transport our Ego by an instantaneous substitution in the state of the subject. Now, how is it possible to feel in us the state of another, if we have not beforehand recognized ourselves in this other.

This resemblance bears on the totality of the constitution of the mind, in as far as that is necessary and universal. Now, this character of necessity and of universality belongs especially to our moral nature. The faculty of feeling can be determined differently by accidental causes: our cognitive faculties themselves depend on variable conditions: the moral faculty only has its principle in itself, and by that very fact it can best give us a general measure and a certain criterion of this resemblance. Thus an idea which we find in accord with our mode of thinking and of feeling, which offers at once a certain relationship with the train of our own ideas, which is easily grasped by our heart and our mind, we call a true idea. If this relationship bears on what is peculiar to our heart, on the private determinations that modify in us the common fundamentals of humanity, and which may be withdrawn without altering this general character, this idea is then simply true for us. If it bears on the general and necessary form that we suppose in the whole species, the truth of this idea ought to be held to be equal to

objective truth. For the Roman, the sentence of the first Brutus and the suicide of Cato are of subjective truth. The ideas and the feelings that have inspired the actions of these two men are not an immediate consequence of human nature in general, but the mediate consequence of a human nature determined by particular modifications. To share with them these feelings we must have a Roman soul, or at least be capable of assuming for a moment a Roman soul. It suffices, on the other hand, to be a man in general, to be vividly touched by the heroic sacrifice of Leonidas, by the quiet resignation of Aristides, by the voluntary death of Socrates, and to be moved to tears by the terrible changes in the fortunes of Darius. We attribute to these kinds of ideas, in opposition to the preceding ones, an objective truth because they agree with the nature of all human subjects, which gives them a character of universality and of necessity as strict as if they were independent of every subjective condition.

Moreover, although the subjectively true description is based on accidental determinations, this is no reason for confounding it with an arbitrary description. After all, the subjectively true emanates also from the general constitution of the human soul, modified only in particular directions by special circumstances; and the two kinds of truth are equally necessary conditions of the human mind. If the resolution of Cato were in contradiction with the general laws of human nature, it could not be true, even subjectively. The only difference is that the ideas of the second kind are enclosed in a narrower sphere of action; because they imply, besides the general modes of the human mind, other special determinations. Tragedy can make use of it with a very intense effect, if it will renounce the extensive effect; still the unconditionally true, what is purely human in human relations, will be always the richest matter for the tragic poet, because this ground is the only one on which tragedy, without ceasing to aspire to strength of expression can be certain of the generality of this impression.

3d. Besides the vividness and the truth of tragic pictures, there must also be completeness. None of the external data that are necessary to give to the soul the desired movement ought to be omitted in the representation. In order that the spectator, however Roman his sentiments may be, may understand the moral state of Cato—that he may make his own the high resolution of the republican, this resolution must have its principle, not only in the mind of the Roman, but also in the circumstances of the action. His external situation as well as his internal situation must be before our eyes in all their consequences and extent: and we must, lastly, have unrolled before us, without omitting a single link, the whole chain of determinations to which are attached the high resolution of the Roman as a necessary consequence. It may be said in general that without this third condition, even the truth of a painting cannot be recognized; for the similarity of circumstances, which ought to be fully evident, can alone justify our judgment on the similarity of the feelings, since it is only from the competition of external conditions and of internal conditions that the affective phenomenon results. To decide if we should have acted like Cato, we must before all things transport ourselves in thought to the external situation in which Cato was placed, and then only we are entitled to place our feelings alongside his, to pronounce if there is or is not likeness, and to give a verdict on the truth of these feelings.

A complete picture, as I understand it, is only possible by the concatenation of several separate ideas, and of several separate feelings, which are connected together as cause and effect, and which, in their sum total, form one single whole for our cognitive faculty. All these ideas, in order to affect us closely, must make an immediate impression on our senses; and, as the narrative form always weakens this impression, they must be produced by a present action. Thus, in order that a tragic picture may be complete, a whole series is required of particular actions, rendered sensuous and connected with the tragic action as to one whole.

4th. It is necessary, lastly, that the ideas we receive of suffering should act on

us in a durable manner, to excite in us a high degree of emotion. The affection created in us by the suffering of another is to us a constrained state, from which we hasten to get free; and the illusion so necessary for pity easily disappears in this case. It is, therefore, a necessity to fasten the mind closely to these ideas, and not to leave it the freedom to get rid too soon of the illusion. The vividness of sudden ideas and the energy of sudden impressions, which in rapid succession affect our senses, would not suffice for this end. For the power of reaction in the mind is manifested in direct proportion to the force with which the receptive faculty is solicited, and it is manifested to triumph over this impression. Now, the poet who wishes to move us ought not to weaken this independent power in us, for it is exactly in the struggle between it and the suffering of our sensuous nature that the higher charm of tragic emotions lies. In order that the heart, in spite of that spontaneous force which reacts against sensuous affections, may remain attached to the impressions of sufferings, it is, therefore, necessary that these impressions should be cleverly suspended at intervals, or even interrupted and intercepted by contrary impressions, to return again with twofold energy and renew more frequently the vividness of the first impression. Against the exhaustion and languor that result from habit, the most effectual remedy is to propose new objects to the senses; this variety retempers them, and the gradation of impressions calls forth the innate faculty, and makes it employ a proportionately stronger resistance. This faculty ought to be incessantly occupied in maintaining its independence against the attacks of the senses, but it must not triumph before the end, still less must it succumb in the struggle. Otherwise, in the former case, suffering, and, in the latter, moral activity is set aside; while it is the union of these two that can alone elicit emotion. The great secret of the tragic art consists precisely in managing this struggle well; it is in this that it shows itself in the most brilliant light.

For this, a succession of alternate ideas is required: therefore a suitable combination is wanted of several particular actions corresponding with these different ideas; actions round which the principal action and the tragic impression which it is wished to produce through it unroll themselves like the

yarn from the distaff, and end by enlacing our souls in nets, through which they cannot break. Let me be permitted to make use of a simile, by saying that the artist ought to begin by gathering up with parsimonious care all the separate rays that issue from the object by aid of which he seeks to produce the tragic effect that he has in view, and these rays, in his hands, become a lightning flash, setting the hearts of all on fire. The tyro casts suddenly and vainly all the thunderbolts of horror and fear into the soul; the artist, on the contrary, advances step by step to his end; he only strikes with measured strokes, but he penetrates to the depth of our soul, precisely because he has only stirred it by degrees.

If we now form the proper deductions from the previous investigation, the following will be the conditions that form bases of the tragic art. It is necessary, in the first place, that the object of our pity should belong to our own species—I mean belong in the full sense of the term and that the action in which it is sought to interest us be a moral action; that is, an action comprehended in the field of free-will. It is necessary, in the second place, that suffering, its sources, its degrees, should be completely communicated by a series of events chained together. It is necessary, in the third place, that the object of the passion be rendered present to our senses, not in a mediate way and by description, but immediately and in action. In tragedy art unites all these conditions and satisfies them.

According to these principles tragedy might be defined as the poetic imitation of a coherent series of particular events (forming a complete action): an imitation which shows us man in a state of suffering, and which has for its end to excite our pity.

I say first that it is the imitation of an action; and this idea of imitation already distinguishes tragedy from the other kinds of poetry, which only narrate or describe. In tragedy particular events are presented to our imagination or to our senses at the very time of their accomplishment; they are present, we see them immediately, without the intervention of a third person. The epos, the romance, simple narrative, even in their form, withdraw action to a distance, causing the

narrator to come between the acting person and the reader. Now what is distant and past always weakens, as we know, the impressions and the sympathetic affection; what is present makes them stronger. All narrative forms make of the present something past; all dramatic form makes of the past a present.

Secondly, I say that tragedy is the imitation of a succession of events, of an action. Tragedy has not only to represent by imitation the feelings and the affections of tragic persons, but also the events that have produced these feelings, and the occasion on which these affections are manifested. This distinguishes it from lyric poetry, and from its different forms, which no doubt offer, like tragedy, the poetic imitation of certain states of the mind, but not the poetic imitation of certain actions. An elegy, a song, an ode, can place before our eyes, by imitation, the moral state in which the poet actually is—whether he speaks in his own name, or in that of an ideal person—a state determined by particular circumstances; and up to this point these lyric forms seem certainly to be incorporated in the idea of tragedy; but they do not complete that idea, because they are confined to representing our feelings. There are still more essential differences, if the end of these lyrical forms and that of tragedy are kept in view.

I say, in the third place, that tragedy is the imitation of a complete action. A separate event, though it be ever so tragic, does not in itself constitute a tragedy. To do this, several events are required, based one on the other, like cause and effect, and suitably connected so as to form a whole; without which the truth of the feeling represented, of the character, etc.—that is, their conformity with the nature of our mind, a conformity which alone determines our sympathy—will not be recognized. If we do not feel that we ourselves in similar circumstances should have experienced the same feelings and acted in the same way, our pity would not be awakened. It is, therefore, important that we should be able to follow in all its concatenation the action that is represented to us, that we should see it issue from the mind of the agent by a natural gradation, under the influence and with the concurrence of external circumstances. It is thus that we see spring

up, grow, and come to maturity under our eyes, the curiosity of Oedipus and the jealousy of Iago. It is also the only way to fill up the great gap that exists between the joy of an innocent soul and the torments of a guilty conscience, between the proud serenity of the happy man and his terrible catastrophe; in short, between the state of calm, in which the reader is at the beginning, and the violent agitation he ought to experience at the end.

A series of several connected incidents is required to produce in our souls a succession of different movements which arrest the attention, which, appealing to all the faculties of our minds, enliven our instinct of activity when it is exhausted, and which, by delaying the satisfaction of this instinct, do not kindle it the less. Against the suffering of sensuous nature the human heart has only recourse to its moral nature as counterpoise. It is, therefore, necessary, in order to stimulate this in a more pressing manner, for the tragic poet to prolong the torments of sense, but he must also give a glimpse to the latter of the satisfaction of its wants, so as to render the victory of the moral sense so much the more difficult and glorious. This twofold end can only be attained by a succession of actions judiciously chosen and combined to this end.

In the fourth place, I say that tragedy is the poetic imitation of an action deserving of pity, and, therefore, tragic imitation is opposed to historic imitation. It would only be a historic imitation if it proposed a historic end, if its principal object were to teach us that a thing has taken place, and how it took place. On this hypothesis it ought to keep rigorously to historic accuracy, for it would only attain its end by representing faithfully that which really took place. But tragedy has a poetic end, that is to say, it represents an action to move us, and to charm our souls by the medium of this emotion. If, therefore, a matter being given, tragedy treats it conformably with this poetic end, which is proper to it, it becomes, by that very thing, free in its imitation. It is a right—nay, more, it is an obligation—for tragedy to subject historic truth to the laws of poetry; and to treat its matter in conformity with requirements of this art. But as it cannot attain its end, which is emotion, except on the condition of a perfect conformity with the

laws of nature, tragedy is, notwithstanding its freedom in regard to history, strictly subject to the laws of natural truth, which, in opposition to the truth of history, takes the name of poetic truth. It may thus be understood how much poetic truth may lose, in many cases by a strict observance of historic truth, and, reciprocally, how much it may gain by even a very serious alteration of truth according to history. As the tragic poet, like poets in general, is only subject to the laws of poetic truth, the most conscientious observance of historic truth could never dispense him from his duties as poet, and could never excuse in him any infraction of poetic truth or lack of interest. It is, therefore, betraying very narrow ideas on tragic art, or rather on poetry in general, to drag the tragic poet before the tribunal of history, and to require instruction of the man who by his very title is only bound to move and charm you. Even supposing the poet, by a scrupulous submission to historic truth, had stripped himself of his privilege of artist, and that he had tacitly acknowledged in history a jurisdiction over his work, art retains all her rights to summon him before its bar; and pieces such as "The Death of Hermann," "Minona," "Fust of Stromberg," if they could not stand the test on this side, would only be tragedies of mediocre value, notwithstanding all the minuteness of costume—of national costume—and of the manners of the time.

Fifthly, tragedy is the imitation of an action that lets us see man suffering. The word man is essential to mark the limits of tragedy. Only the suffering of a being like ourselves can move our pity. Thus, evil genii, demons—or even men like them, without morals—and again pure spirits, without our weaknesses, are unfit for tragedy. The very idea of suffering implies a man in the full sense of the term. A pure spirit cannot suffer, and a man approaching one will never awaken a high degree of sympathy. A purely sensuous being can indeed have terrible suffering; but without moral sense it is a prey to it, and a suffering with reason inactive is a disgusting spectacle. The tragedian is right to prefer mixed characters, and to place the ideal of his hero half way between utter perversity and entire perfection.

Lastly, tragedy unites all these requisites to excite pity. Many means the tragic poet takes might serve another object; but he frees himself from all requirements not relating to this end, and is thereby obliged to direct himself with a view to this supreme object.

The final aim to which all the laws tend is called the end of any style of poetry. The means by which it attains this are its form. The end and form are, therefore, closely related. The form is determined by the end, and when the form is well observed the end is generally attained. Each kind of poetry having a special end must have a distinguishing form. What it exclusively produces it does in virtue of this special nature it possesses. The end of tragedy is emotion; its form is the imitation of an action that leads to suffering. Many kinds may have the same object as tragedy, of emotion, though it be not their principal end. Therefore, what distinguishes tragedy is the relation of its form to its end, the way in which it attains its end by means of its subject.

If the end of tragedy is to awaken sympathy, and its form is the means of attaining it, the imitation of an action fit to move must have all that favors sympathy. Such is the form of tragedy.

The production of a kind of poetry is perfect when the form peculiar to its kind has been used in the best way. Thus, a perfect tragedy is that where the form is best used to awaken sympathy. Thus, the best tragedy is that where the pity excited results more from the treatment of the poet than the theme. Such is the ideal of a tragedy.

A good number of tragedies, though fine as poems are bad as dramas, because they do not seek their end by the best use of tragic form. Others, because they use the form to attain an end different from tragedy. Some very popular ones only touch us on account of the subject, and we are blind enough to make this a merit in the poet. There are others in which we seem to have quite forgotten the object of the poet, and, contented with pretty plays of fancy and wit, we issue with our hearts cold from the theatre. Must art, so holy and venerable, defend its

cause by such champions before such judges? The indulgence of the public only emboldens mediocrity: it causes genius to blush, and discourages it.

OF THE CAUSE OF THE PLEASURE WE DERIVE FROM TRAGIC OBJECTS.

Whatever pains some modern aesthetics give themselves to establish, contrary to general belief, that the arts of imagination and of feeling have not pleasure for their object, and to defend them against this degrading accusation, this belief will not cease: it reposes upon a solid foundation, and the fine arts would renounce with a bad grace the beneficent mission which has in all times been assigned to them, to accept the new employment to which it is generously proposed to raise them. Without troubling themselves whether they lower themselves in proposing our pleasure as object, they become rather proud of the advantages of reaching immediately an aim never attained except mediately in other routes followed by the activity of the human mind. That the aim of nature, with relation to man, is the happiness of man,—although he ought of himself, in his moral conduct, to take no notice of this aim,—is what, I think, cannot be doubted in general by any one who admits that nature has an aim. Thus the fine arts have the same aim as nature, or rather as the Author of nature, namely, to spread pleasure and render people happy. It procures for us in play what at other more austere sources of good to man we extract only with difficulty. It lavishes as a pure gift that which elsewhere is the price of many hard efforts. With what labor, what application, do we not pay for the pleasures of the understanding; with what painful sacrifices the approbation of reason; with what hard privations the joys of sense! And if we abuse these pleasures, with what a succession of evils do we expiate excess! Art alone supplies an enjoyment which requires no appreciable effort, which costs no sacrifice, and which we need not repay with repentance.

But who could class the merit of charming in this manner with the poor merit of amusing? who would venture to deny the former of these two aims of the fine arts solely because they have a tendency higher than the latter.

The praiseworthy object of pursuing everywhere moral good as the supreme aim, which has already brought forth in art so much mediocrity, has caused also in theory a similar prejudice. To assign to the fine arts a really elevated position, to conciliate for them the favor of the State, the veneration of all men, they are pushed beyond their due domain, and a vocation is imposed upon them contrary to their nature. It is supposed that a great service is awarded to them by substituting for a frivolous aim—that of charming—a moral aim; and their influence upon morality, which is so apparent, necessarily militates against this pretension. It is found illogical that the art which contributes in so great a measure to the development of all that is most elevated in man, should produce but accessorially this effect, and make its chief object an aim so vulgar as we imagine pleasure to be. But this apparent contradiction it would be very easy to conciliate if we had a good theory of pleasure, and a complete system of aesthetic philosophy.

It would result from this theory that a free pleasure, as that which the fine arts procure for us, rests wholly upon moral conditions, and all the moral faculties of man are exercised in it. It would further result that this pleasure is an aim which can never be attained but by moral means, and consequently that art, to tend and perfectly attain to pleasure, as to a real aim, must follow the road of healthy morals. Thus it is perfectly indifferent for the dignity of art whether its aim should be a moral aim, or whether it should reach only through moral means; for in both cases it has always to do with the morality, and must be rigorously in unison with the sentiment of duty; but for the perfection of art, it is by no means indifferent which of the two should be the aim and which the means. If it is the aim that is moral, art loses all that by which it is powerful,—I mean its freedom, and that which gives it so much influence over us—the charm of pleasure. The play which recreates is changed into serious occupation, and yet it is precisely in

recreating us that art can the better complete the great affair—the moral work. It cannot have a salutary influence upon the morals but in exercising its highest aesthetic action, and it can only produce the aesthetic effect in its highest degree in fully exercising its liberty.

It is certain, besides, that all pleasure, the moment it flows from a moral source, renders man morally better, and then the effect in its turn becomes cause. The pleasure we find in what is beautiful, or touching, or sublime, strengthens our moral sentiments, as the pleasure we find in kindness, in love, etc., strengthens these inclinations. And just as contentment of the mind is the sure lot of the morally excellent man, so moral excellence willingly accompanies satisfaction of heart. Thus the moral efficacy of art is, not only because it employs moral means in order to charm us, but also because even the pleasure which it procures us is a means of morality.

There are as many means by which art can attain its aim as there are in general sources from which a free pleasure for the mind can flow. I call a free pleasure that which brings into play the spiritual forces—reason and imagination—and which awakens in us a sentiment by the representation of an idea, in contradistinction to physical or sensuous pleasure, which places our soul under the dependence of the blind forces of nature, and where sensation is immediately awakened in us by a physical cause. Sensual pleasure is the only one excluded from the domain of the fine arts; and the talent of exciting this kind of pleasure could never raise itself to the dignity of an art, except in the case where the sensual impressions are ordered, reinforced or moderated, after a plan which is the production of art, and which is recognized by representation. But, in this case even, that alone here can merit the name of art which is the object of a free pleasure—I mean good taste in the regulation, which pleases our understanding, and not physical charms themselves, which alone flatter our sensibility.

The general source of all pleasure, even of sensual pleasure, is propriety, the conformity with the aim. Pleasure is sensual when this propriety is manifested by means of some necessary law of nature which has for physical result the

sensation of pleasure. Thus the movement of the blood, and of the animal life, when in conformity with the aim of nature, produces in certain organs, or in the entire organism, corporeal pleasure with all its varieties and all its modes. We feel this conformity by the means of agreeable sensation, but we arrive at no representation of it, either clear or confused.

Pleasure is free when we represent to ourselves the conformability, and when the sensation that accompanies this representation is agreeable. Thus all the representations by which we have notice that there is propriety and harmony between the end and the means, are for us the sources of free pleasure, and consequently can be employed to this end by the fine arts. Thus, all the representations can be placed under one of these heads: the good, the true, the perfect, the beautiful, the touching, the sublime. The good especially occupies our reason; the true and perfect, our intelligence; the beautiful interests both the intelligence and the imagination; the touching and the sublime, the reason and the imagination. It is true that we also take pleasure in the charm (*Reiz*) or the power called out by action from play, but art uses charm only to accompany the higher enjoyments which the idea of propriety gives to us. Considered in itself the charm or attraction is lost amid the sensations of life, and art disdains it together with all merely sensual pleasures.

We could not establish a classification of the fine arts only upon the difference of the sources from which each of them draws the pleasure which it affords us; for in the same class of the fine arts many sorts of pleasures may enter, and often all together. But in as far as a certain sort of pleasure is pursued as a principal aim, we can make of it, if not a specific character of a class properly so called, at least the principle and the tendency of a class in the works of art. Thus, for example, we could take the arts which, above all, satisfy the intelligence and imagination—consequently those which have as chief object the true, the perfect, and the beautiful—and unite them under the name of fine arts (arts of taste, arts of intelligence); those, on the other hand, which especially occupy the imagination and the reason, and which, in consequence, have for principal object

the good, the sublime, and the touching, could be limited in a particular class under the denomination of touching arts (arts of sentiment, arts of the heart). Without doubt it is impossible to separate absolutely the touching from the beautiful, but the beautiful can perfectly subsist without the touching. Thus, although we are not authorized to base upon this difference of principle a rigorous classification of the liberal arts, it can at least serve to determine with more of precision the criterion, and prevent the confusion in which we are inevitably involved, when, drawing up laws of aesthetic things, we confound two absolutely different domains, as that of the touching and that of the beautiful.

The touching and the sublime resemble in this point, that both one and the other produce a pleasure by a feeling at first of displeasure, and that consequently (pleasure proceeding from suitability, and displeasure from the contrary) they give us a feeling of suitability which presupposes an unsuitability.

The feeling of the sublime is composed in part of the feeling of our feebleness, of our impotence to embrace an object; and, on the other side, of the feeling of our moral power—of this superior faculty which fears no obstacle, no limit, and which subdues spiritually that even to which our physical forces give way. The object of the sublime thwarts, then, our physical power; and this contrariety (impropriety) must necessarily excite a displeasure in us. But it is, at the same time, an occasion to recall to our conscience another faculty which is in us—a faculty which is even superior to the objects before which our imagination yields. In consequence, a sublime object, precisely because it thwarts the senses, is suitable with relation to reason, and it gives to us a joy by means of a higher faculty, at the same time that it wounds us in an inferior one.

The touching, in its proper sense, designates this mixed sensation, into which enters at the same time suffering and the pleasure that we find in suffering. Thus we can only feel this kind of emotion in the case of a personal misfortune, only when the grief that we feel is sufficiently tempered to leave some place for that impression of pleasure that would be felt by a compassionate spectator. The loss of a great good prostrates for the time, and the remembrance itself of the grief

will make us experience emotion after a year. The feeble man is always the prey of his grief; the hero and the sage, whatever the misfortune that strikes them, never experience more than emotion.

Emotion, like the sentiment of the sublime, is composed of two affections—grief and pleasure. There is, then, at the bottom a propriety, here as well as there, and under this propriety a contradiction. Thus it seems that it is a contradiction in nature that man, who is not born to suffer, is nevertheless a prey to suffering, and this contradiction hurts us. But the evil which this contradiction does us is a propriety with regard to our reasonable nature in general, insomuch as this evil solicits us to act: it is a propriety also with regard to human society; consequently, even displeasure, which excites in us this contradiction, ought necessarily to make us experience a sentiment of pleasure, because this displeasure is a propriety. To determine in an emotion if it is pleasure or displeasure which triumphs, we must ask ourselves if it is the idea of impropriety or that of propriety which affects us the more deeply. That can depend either on the number of the aims reached or abortive, or on their connection with the final aim of all.

The suffering of the virtuous man moves us more painfully than that of the perverse man, because in the first case there is contradiction not only to the general destiny of man, which is happiness, but also to this other particular principle, viz., that virtue renders happy; whilst in the second case there is contradiction only with regard to the end of man in general. Reciprocally, the happiness of the wicked also offends us much more than the misfortune of the good man, because we find in it a double contradiction: in the first place vice itself, and, in the second place, the recompense of vice.

There is also this other consideration, that virtue is much more able to recompense itself than vice, when it triumphs, is to punish itself; and it is precisely for this that the virtuous man in misfortune would much more remain faithful to the cultus of virtue than the perverse man would dream of converting himself in prosperity.

But what is above all important in determining in the emotions the relation of pleasure and displeasure, is to compare the two ends—that which has been fulfilled and that which has been ignored—and to see which is the most considerable. There is no propriety which touches us so nearly as moral propriety, and no superior pleasure to that which we feel from it. Physical propriety could well be a problem, and a problem forever unsolvable. Moral propriety is already demonstrated. It alone is founded upon our reasonable nature and upon internal necessity. It is our nearest interest, the most considerable, and, at the same time, the most easily recognized, because it is not determined by any external element but by an internal principle of our reason: it is the palladium of our liberty.

This moral propriety is never more vividly recognized than when it is found in conflict with another propriety, and still keeps the upper hand; then only the moral law awakens in full power, when we find it struggling against all the other forces of nature, and when all those forces lose in its presence their empire over a human soul. By these words, "the other forces of nature," we must understand all that is not moral force, all that is not subject to the supreme legislation of reason: that is to say, feelings, affections, instincts, passions, as well as physical necessity and destiny. The more redoubtable the adversary, the more glorious the victory; resistance alone brings out the strength of the force and renders it visible. It follows that the highest degree of moral consciousness can only exist in strife, and the highest moral pleasure is always accompanied by pain.

Consequently, the kind of poetry which secures us a high degree of moral pleasure, must employ mixed feelings, and please us through pain or distress,—this is what tragedy does specially; and her realm embraces all that sacrifices a physical propriety to a moral one; or one moral propriety to a higher one. It might be possible, perhaps, to form a measure of moral pleasure, from the lowest to the highest degree, and to determine by this principle of propriety the degree of pain or pleasure experienced. Different orders of tragedy might be classified on the same principle, so as to form a complete exhaustive tabulation of them.

Thus, a tragedy being given, its place could be fixed, and its genus determined. Of this subject more will be said separately in its proper place.

A few examples will show how far moral propriety commands physical propriety in our souls.

Theron and Amanda are both tied to the stake as martyrs, and free to choose life or death by the terrible ordeal of fire—they select the latter. What is it which gives such pleasure to us in this scene? Their position so conflicting with the smiling destiny they reject, the reward of misery given to virtue—all here awakens in us the feeling of impropriety: it ought to fill us with great distress. What is nature, and what are her ends and laws, if all this impropriety shows us moral propriety in its full light. We here see the triumph of the moral law, so sublime an experience for us that we might even hail the calamity which elicits it. For harmony in the world of moral freedom gives us infinitely more pleasure than all the discords in nature give us pain.

When Coriolanus, obedient to duty as husband, son, and citizen, raises the siege of Rome, then almost conquered, withdrawing his army, and silencing his vengeance, he commits a very contradictory act evidently. He loses all the fruit of previous victories, he runs spontaneously to his ruin: yet what moral excellence and grandeur he offers! How noble to prefer any impropriety rather than wound moral sense; to violate natural interests and prudence in order to be in harmony with the higher moral law! Every sacrifice of a life is a contradiction, for life is the condition of all good; but in the light of morality the sacrifice of life is in a high degree proper, because life is not great in itself, but only as a means of accomplishing the moral law. If then the sacrifice of life be the way to do this, life must go. "It is not necessary for me to live, but it is necessary for Rome to be saved from famine," said Pompey, when the Romans embarked for Africa, and his friends begged him to defer his departure till the gale was over.

But the sufferings of a criminal are as charming to us tragically as those of a

virtuous man; yet here is the idea of moral impropriety. The antagonism of his conduct to moral law, and the moral imperfection which such conduct presupposes, ought to fill us with pain. Here there is no satisfaction in the morality of his person, nothing to compensate for his misconduct. Yet both supply a valuable object for art; this phenomenon can easily be made to agree with what has been said.

We find pleasure not only in obedience to morality, but in the punishment given to its infraction. The pain resulting from moral imperfection agrees with its opposite, the satisfaction at conformity with the law. Repentance, even despair, have nobleness morally, and can only exist if an incorruptible sense of justice exists at the bottom of the criminal heart, and if conscience maintains its ground against self-love. Repentance comes by comparing our acts with the moral law, hence in the moment of repenting the moral law speaks loudly in man. Its power must be greater than the gain resulting from the crime as the infraction poisons the enjoyment. Now, a state of mind where duty is sovereign is morally proper, and therefore a source of moral pleasure. What, then, sublimer than the heroic despair that tramples even life underfoot, because it cannot bear the judgment within? A good man sacrificing his life to conform to the moral law, or a criminal taking his own life because of the morality he has violated: in both cases our respect for the moral law is raised to the highest power. If there be any advantage it is in the case of the latter; for the good man may have been encouraged in his sacrifice by an approving conscience, thus detracting from his merit. Repentance and regret at past crimes show us some of the sublimest pictures of morality in active condition. A man who violates morality comes back to the moral law by repentance.

But moral pleasure is sometimes obtained only at the cost of moral pain. Thus one duty may clash with another. Let us suppose Coriolanus encamped with a Roman army before Antium or Corioli, and his mother a Volscian; if her prayers move him to desist, we now no longer admire him. His obedience to his mother would be at strife with a higher duty, that of a citizen. The governor to whom the

alternative is proposed, either of giving up the town or of seeing his son stabbed, decides at once on the latter, his duty as father being beneath that of citizen. At first our heart revolts at this conduct in a father, but we soon pass to admiration that moral instinct, even combined with inclination, could not lead reason astray in the empire where it commands. When Timoleon of Corinth puts to death his beloved but ambitious brother, Timophanes, he does it because his idea of duty to his country bids him to do so. The act here inspires horror and repulsion as against nature and the moral sense, but this feeling is soon succeeded by the highest admiration for his heroic virtue, pronouncing, in a tumultuous conflict of emotions, freely and calmly, with perfect rectitude. If we differ with Timoleon about his duty as a republican, this does not change our view. Nay, in those cases, where our understanding judges differently, we see all the more clearly how high we put moral propriety above all other.

But the judgments of men on this moral phenomenon are exceedingly various, and the reason of it is clear. Moral sense is common to all men, but differs in strength. To most men it suffices that an act be partially conformable with the moral law to make them obey it; and to make them condemn an action it must glaringly violate the law. But to determine the relation of moral duties with the highest principle of morals requires an enlightened intelligence and an emancipated reason. Thus an action which to a few will be a supreme propriety, will seem to the crowd a revolting impropriety, though both judge morally; and hence the emotion felt at such actions is by no means uniform. To the mass the sublimest and highest is only exaggeration, because sublimity is perceived by reason, and all men have not the same share of it. A vulgar soul is oppressed or overstretched by those sublime ideas, and the crowd sees dreadful disorder where a thinking mind sees the highest order.

This is enough about moral propriety as a principle of tragic emotion, and the pleasure it elicits. It must be added that there are cases where natural propriety also seems to charm our mind even at the cost of morality. Thus we are always pleased by the sequence of machinations of a perverse man, though his means

and end are immoral. Such a man deeply interests us, and we tremble lest his plan fail, though we ought to wish it to do so. But this fact does not contradict what has been advanced about moral propriety,—and the pleasure resulting from it.

Propriety, the reference of means to an end, is to us, in all cases, a source of pleasure; even disconnected with morality. We experience this pleasure unmixed, so long as we do not think of any moral end which disallows action before us. Animal instincts give us pleasure—as the industry of bees—without reference to morals; and in like manner human actions are a pleasure to us when we consider in them only the relation of means to ends. But if a moral principle be added to these, and impropriety be discovered, if the idea of moral agent comes in, a deep indignation succeeds our pleasure, which no intellectual propriety can remedy. We must not call to mind too vividly that Richard III., Iago, and Lovelace are men; otherwise our sympathy for them infallibly turns into an opposite feeling. But, as daily experience teaches, we have the power to direct our attention to different sides of things; and pleasure, only possible through this abstraction, invites us to exercise it, and to prolong its exercise.

Yet it is not rare for intelligent perversity to secure our favor by being the means of procuring us the pleasure of moral propriety. The triumph of moral propriety will be great in proportion as the snares set by Lovelace for the virtue of Clarissa are formidable, and as the trials of an innocent victim by a cruel tyrant are severe. It is a pleasure to see the craft of a seducer foiled by the omnipotence of the moral sense. On the other hand, we reckon as a sort of merit the victory of a malefactor over his moral sense, because it is the proof of a certain strength of mind and intellectual propriety.

Yet this propriety in vice can never be the source of a perfect pleasure, except when it is humiliated by morality. In that case it is an essential part of our pleasure, because it brings moral sense into stronger relief. The last impression left on us by the author of *Clarissa* is a proof of this. The intellectual propriety in the plan of Lovelace is greatly surpassed by the rational propriety of Clarissa.

This allows us to feel in full the satisfaction caused by both.

When the tragic poet has for object to awaken in us the feeling of moral propriety, and chooses his means skilfully for that end, he is sure to charm doubly the connoisseur, by moral and by natural propriety. The first satisfies the heart, the second the mind. The crowd is impressed through the heart without knowing the cause of the magic impression. But, on the other hand, there is a class of connoisseurs on whom that which affects the heart is entirely lost, and who can only be gained by the appropriateness of the means; a strange contradiction resulting from over-refined taste, especially when moral culture remains behind intellectual. This class of connoisseurs seek only the intellectual side in touching and sublime themes. They appreciate this in the justest manner, but you must beware how you appeal to their heart! The over-culture of the age leads to this shoal, and nothing becomes the cultivated man so much as to escape by a happy victory this twofold and pernicious influence. Of all other European nations, our neighbors, the French, lean most to this extreme, and we, as in all things, strain every nerve to imitate this model.

SCHILLER'S PHILOSOPHICAL LETTERS.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The reason passes, like the heart, through certain epochs and transitions, but its development is not so often portrayed. Men seem to have been satisfied with unfolding the passions in their extremes, their aberration, and their results, without considering how closely they are bound up with the intellectual constitution of the individual. Degeneracy in morals roots in a one-sided and wavering philosophy, doubly dangerous, because it blinds the beclouded intellect with an appearance of correctness, truth, and conviction, which places it less under the restraining influence of man's instinctive moral sense. On the other hand, an enlightened understanding ennobles the feelings,—the heart must be formed by the head.

The present age has witnessed an extraordinary increase of a thinking public, by the facilities afforded to the diffusion of reading; the former happy resignation to ignorance begins to make way for a state of half-enlightenment, and few persons are willing to remain in the condition in which their birth has placed them. Under these circumstances it may not be unprofitable to call attention to certain periods of the awakening and progress of the reason, to place in their proper light certain truths and errors, closely connected with morals, and calculated to be a source of happiness or misery, and, at all events, to point out the hidden shoals on which the reason of man has so often suffered shipwreck. Rarely do we arrive at the summit of truth without running into extremes; we have frequently to exhaust the part of error, and even of folly, before we work our way up to the noble goal of tranquil wisdom.

Some friends, inspired by an equal love of truth and moral beauty, who have arrived at the same conviction by different roads, and who view with serener eye the ground over which they have travelled, have thought that it might be profitable to present a few of these resolutions and epochs of thought. They propose to represent these and certain excesses of the inquiring reason in the form of two young men, of unequal character, engaged in epistolary correspondence. The following letters are the beginning of this essay.

The opinions that are offered in these letters can only be true and false relatively, and in the form in which the world is mirrored in the soul of the correspondent, and of him only. But the course of the correspondence will show that the one-sided, often exaggerated and contradictory opinions at length issue in a general, purified, and well-established truth.

Scepticism and free-thinking are the feverish paroxysms of the human mind, and must needs at length confirm the health of well-organized souls by the unnatural convulsion which they occasion. In proportion to the dazzling and seducing nature of error will be the greatness of the triumphs of truth: the demand for conviction and firm belief will be strong and pressing in proportion to the torment occasioned by the pangs of doubt. But doubt was necessary to elicit these errors; the knowledge of the disease had to precede its cure. Truth suffers no loss if a vehement youth fails in finding it, in the same way that virtue and religion suffer no detriment if a criminal denies them.

It was necessary to offer these prefatory remarks to throw a proper light on the point of view from which the following correspondence has to be read and judged.

LETTER I.

Julius to Raphael. October.

You are gone, Raphael—and the beauty of nature departs: the sere and yellow leaves fall from the trees, while a thick autumn fog hangs suspended like a bier over the lifeless fields. Solitary, I wander through the melancholy country. I call aloud your name, and am irritated that my Raphael does not answer me.

I had received your last embrace. The mournful sound of the carriage wheels that bore you away had at length died upon my ear. In happier moments I had just succeeded in raising a tumulus over the joys of the past, but now again you stand up before me, as your departed spirit, in these regions, and you accompany me to each favorite haunt and pleasant walk. These rocks I have climbed by your side: by your side have my eyes wandered over this immense landscape. In the dark sanctuary of this beech-grove we first conceived the bold ideal of our friendship. It was here that we unfolded the genealogical tree of the soul, and that we found that Julius was so closely related to Raphael. Not a spring, not a thicket, or a hill exists in this region where some memory of departed happiness does not come to destroy my repose. All things combine to prevent my recovery. Wherever I go, I repeat the painful scene of our separation.

What have you done to me, Raphael? What am I become? Man of dangerous power! would that I had never known or never lost you! Hasten back; come on the wings of friendship, or the tender plant, your nursling, shall have perished. How could you, endowed with such tender feelings, venture to leave the work

you had begun, but still so incomplete. The foundations that your proud wisdom tried to establish in my brain and heart are tottering; all the splendid palaces which you erected are crumbling, and the worm crushed to earth is writhing under the ruins.

Happy, heavenly time, when I groped through life, with bandaged eyes, like a drunken man,—when all my knowledge and my wishes were confined to the narrow horizon of my childhood's teachings! Blessed time, when a cheerful sunset raised no higher aspiration in my soul than the wish of a fine day on the morrow; when nothing reminded me of the world save the newspaper; nothing spoke of eternity save the passing bell; only ghost-stories brought to mind the thought of death and judgment; when I trembled at the thought of the devil, and was proportionately drawn to the Godhead! I felt and was happy. Raphael has taught me to think I am on the way to regret that I was ever created.

Creation? No, that is only a sound lacking all meaning, which my reason cannot receive. There was a time when I knew nothing, when no one knew me: accordingly, it is usual to say, I was not. That time is past: therefore it is usual to say that I was created. But also of the millions who existed centuries ago nothing more is now known, and yet men are wont to say, they are. On what do we found the right to grant the beginning and to deny the end? It is assumed that the cessation of thinking beings contradicts Infinite Goodness. Did, then, Infinite Goodness come first into being at the creation of the world? If there was a period when there were no spirits, Infinite Goodness must have been imperative for a whole eternity. If the fabric of the universe is a perfection of the Creator, He, therefore, lacked a perfection before the creation of the world. But an assumption like this contradicts the idea of perfect goodness, therefore there is no creation. To what have I arrived, Raphael? Terrible fallacy of my conclusions! I give up the Creator as soon as I believe in a God. Wherefore do I require a God, if I suffice without the Creator?

You have robbed me of the thought that gave me peace. You have taught me to despise where I prayed before. A thousand things were venerable in my sight

till your dismal wisdom stripped off the veil from them. I saw a crowd of people streaming to church, I heard their enthusiastic devotion poured forth in a common act of prayer and praise; twice did I stand beside a deathbed, and saw—wonderful power of religion!—the hope of heaven triumphant over the terror of annihilation, and the serene light of joy beaming from the eyes of those departing.

"Surely that doctrine must be divine," I exclaimed, "which is acknowledged by the best among men, which triumphs and comforts so wondrously!" Your cold-blooded wisdom extinguished my enthusiasm. You affirmed that an equal number of devotees streamed formerly round the Irmensaeule and to Jupiter's temple; an equal number of votaries, with like exultation, ascended the stake kindled in honor of Brahma. "Can the very feeling," you added, "which you found so detestable in heathenism prove the truth of your doctrine?"

You proceeded to say: "Trust nothing but your own reason. There is nothing holy, save truth." I have obeyed you: I have sacrificed all my opinions, I have set fire to all my ships when I landed on this island, and I have destroyed all my hopes of return. Never can I become reconciled to a doctrine which I joyfully welcomed once. My reason is now all to me—my only warrant for God, virtue, and immortality. Woe to me if I catch this, my only witness, in a contradiction! if my esteem for its conclusions diminishes! if a broken vessel in my brain diverts its action! My happiness is henceforth intrusted to the harmonious action of my sensorium: woe to me if the strings of this instrument give a false note in the critical moments of my life—if my convictions vary with my pulsations!

LETTER II.

Julius to Raphael.

Your doctrine has flattered my pride. I was a prisoner: you have led me out into the daylight; the golden shimmer and the measureless vault have enraptured my eye. Formerly, I was satisfied with the modest reputation of being a good son of my father's house, a friend of my friends, a useful member of society. You have changed me into a citizen of the universe. At that time my wishes had not aspired to infringe on the rights of the great: I tolerated these fortunate people because beggars tolerated me. I did not blush to envy a part of the human race, because there was a still larger part of humanity that I was obliged to pity. Meeting you, I learned for the first time that my claims on enjoyment were as well founded as those of my brethren. Now, for the first time, I learned that, raised one stratum above this atmosphere, I weighed just as much and as little as the rulers of this world. Raphael severed all bonds of agreement and of opinion. I felt myself quite free; for reason, as Raphael declared, is the only monarchy in the world of spirits, and I carried my imperial throne in my brain. All things in heaven and earth have no value, no estimation, except that which my reason grants them. The whole creation is mine, for I possess an irresistible omnipotence, and am empowered to enjoy it fully. All spirits—one degree below the most perfect Spirit—are my brethren, because we all obey one rule, and do homage to one supremacy.

How magnificent and sublime this announcement sounds! What a field for my thirst of knowledge! But—unlucky contradiction of nature—this free and

soaring spirit is woven together with the rigid, immovable clockwork of a mortal body, mixed up with its little necessities, and yoked to its fate—this god is banished into a world of worms. The immense space of nature is opened to his research, but he cannot think two ideas at the same time. With his eyes he reaches up to the sunny focus of the Godhead, but he himself is obliged to creep after Him slowly and wearily through the elements of time. To absorb one enjoyment he must give up all others: two unlimited desires are too great for his little heart. Every fresh joy costs him the sum of all previous joys. The present moment is the sepulchre of all that went before it. An idyllic hour of love is an intermittent pulsation of friendship.

Wherever I look, Raphael, how limited man appears! How great the distance between his aims and their fulfilment!—yet do not begrudge him his soothing slumber. Wake him not! He was so happy before he began to inquire whither he was to go and whence he came! Reason is a torch in a prison. The prisoner knew nothing of the light, but a dream of freedom appeared over him like a flash in the night which leaves the darkness deeper than before. Our philosophy is the unhappy curiosity of Oedipus, who did not cease to inquire till the dreadful oracle was unravelled. Mayest thou never learn who thou art!

Does your wisdom replace what it has set aside? If you had no key to open heaven, why did you lead me away from earth? If you knew beforehand that the way to wisdom leads through the frightful abyss of doubt, why did you venture the innocence of your friend Julius on this desperate throw?—

If to the good, which I propose to do,
Something very bad borders far too near,
I prefer not to do this good.

You have pulled down a shelter that was inhabited, and founded a splendid but lifeless palace on the spot.

Raphael, I claim my soul from you! I am unhappy. My courage is gone. I

despair of my own strength. Write to me soon!—your healing hand alone can pour balm on my burning wounds.

LETTER III.

Raphael to Julius.

Julius, happiness such as ours, if unbroken, would be too much for human lot. This thought often haunted me even in the full enjoyment of our friendship. This thought, then darkening our happiness, was a salutary foretaste, intended to mitigate the pain of my present position. Hardened in the stern school of resignation, I am still more susceptible of the comfort of seeing in our separation a slight sacrifice whose merit may win from fate the reward of our future reunion. You did not yet know what privation was. You suffer for the first time.

And yet it is perhaps an advantage for you that I have been torn from you exactly at this time. You have to endure a malady, from which you can only perfectly recover by your own energy, so as not to suffer a relapse. The more deserted you feel, the more you will stir up all healing power in yourself, and in proportion as you derive little or no benefit from temporary and deceptive palliatives, the more certainly will you succeed in eradicating the evil fundamentally.

I do not repent that I roused you from your dream, though your present position is painful. I have done nothing more than hasten a crisis, which every soul like yours has sooner or later to pass through, and where the essential thing is, at what time of life it is endured. There are times and seasons when it is terrible to doubt truth and virtue. Woe to the man who has to fight through the quibbles of a self-sufficient reason while he is immersed in the storms of the

passions. I have felt in its fulness all that is expressed by this, and, to preserve you from similar troubles I could devise no means but to ward off the pestilence by timely inoculation.

Nor could I, my dear Julius, choose a more propitious time? I met you in the full and glorious bloom of youthful intelligence and bodily vigor, before you had been oppressed by care or enchained by passion; fully prepared, in your freedom and strength, to stand the great fight, of which a sublime tranquillity, produced by conviction, is the prize. Truth and error had not yet been interwoven with your interests. Your enjoyments and virtues were independent of both. You required no images of terror to tear you from low dissipation. The feeling for nobler joys had made these odious to you. You were good from instinct and from unconsecrated moral grace. I had nothing to fear for your morality, if a building crumbled down on which it was not founded. Nor do your anxieties alarm me, though you may conjure up many dark anticipations in your melancholy mood. I know you better, Julius!

You are ungrateful, too! You despise the reason, and forget what joys it has procured you. Though you might have escaped the dangers of doubt all your life, still it was my duty not to deprive you of the pleasures which you were capable of enjoying. The height at which you were was not worthy of you. The way up which you climbed gave you compensation for all of which I deprived you. I still recall the delight—with what delight you blessed the moment when the bandage dropped from your eyes! The warmth with which you grasped the truth possibly may have led your all-devouring imagination to an abyss at sight of which you draw back shuddering.

I must follow the course of your inquiries to discover the sources of your complaints. You have written down the results of your thoughts: send me these papers and then I will answer you.

LETTER IV.

Julius to Raphael.

I have been looking over my papers this morning. Among them I have found a lost memorandum written down in those happy hours when I was inspired with a proud enthusiasm. But on looking over it how different seem all the things treated of! My former views look like the gloomy boarding of a playhouse when the lights have been removed. My heart sought a philosophy, and imagination substituted her dreams. I took the warmest for the truest coloring.

I seek for the laws of spirits—I soar up to the infinite, but I forget to prove that they really exist. A bold attack of materialism overthrows my creation.

You will read through this fragment, my dear Raphael. Would that you could succeed in kindling once again the extinct flames of my enthusiasm, to reconcile me again to my genius! but my pride has sunk so low that even Raphael's friendly hand can hardly raise me up again.

THEOSOPHY OF JULIUS.

THE WORLD AND THE THINKING BEING.

The universe is a thought of God. After this ideal thought-fabric passed out into reality, and the new-born world fulfilled the plan of its Creator—permit me to

use this human simile—the first duty of all thinking beings has been to retrace the original design in this great reality; to find the principle in the mechanism, the unity in the compound, the law in the phenomenon, and to pass back from the structure to its primitive foundation. Accordingly to me there is only one appearance in nature—the thinking being. The great compound called the world is only remarkable to me because it is present to shadow forth symbolically the manifold expressions of that being. All in me and out of me is only the hieroglyph of a power which is like to me. The laws of nature are the cyphers which the thinking mind adds on to make itself understandable to intelligence—the alphabet by means of which all spirits communicate with the most perfect Spirit and with one another. Harmony, truth, order, beauty, excellence, give me joy, because they transport me into the active state of their author, of their possessor, because they betray the presence of a rational and feeling Being, and let me perceive my relationship with that Being. A new experience in this kingdom of truth: gravitation, the circulation of the blood, the natural system of Linnaeus, correspond essentially in my mind to the discovery of an antique dug up at Herculaneum—they are both only the reflections of one spirit, a renewed acquaintance with a being like myself. I speak with the Eternal through the instrument of nature,—through the world's history: I read the soul of the artist in his Apollo.

If you wish to be convinced, my dear Raphael, look back. Each state of the human mind has some parable in the physical creation by which it is shadowed forth; nor is it only artists and poets, but even the most abstract thinkers that have drawn from this source. Lively activity we name fire; time is a stream that rolls on, sweeping all before it; eternity is a circle; a mystery is hid in midnight gloom, and truth dwells in the sun. Nay, I begin to believe that even the future destiny of the human race is prefigured in the dark oracular utterances of bodily creation. Each coming spring, forcing the sprouts of plants out of the earth, gives me explanations of the awful riddle of death, and contradicts my anxious fears about an everlasting sleep. The swallow that we find stiffened in winter, and see waking up to life after; the dead grub coming to life again as the butterfly and

rising into the air,—all these give excellent pictures of our immortality.

How strange all seems to me now, Raphael! Now all seems peopled round about me. To me there is no solitude in nature. Wherever I see a body I anticipate a spirit. Wherever I trace movement I infer thought.

Where no dead lie buried, where no resurrection will be, Omnipotence speaks to me this through His works, and thus I understand the doctrine of the omnipresence of God.

IDEA.

All spirits are attracted by perfection. There may be deviations, but there is no exception to this, for all strive after the condition of the highest and freest exercise of their powers; all possess the common instinct of extending their sphere of action; of drawing all, and centring all in themselves; of appropriating all that is good, all that is acknowledged as charming and excellent. When the beautiful, the true, and the excellent are once seen, they are immediately grasped at. A condition once perceived by us, we enter into it immediately. At the moment when we think of them, we become possessors of a virtue, authors of an action, discoverers of a truth, possessors of a happiness. We ourselves become the object perceived. Let no ambiguous smile from you, dear Raphael, disconcert me here,—this assumption is the basis on which I found all that follows, and we must be agreed before I take courage to complete the structure.

His inner feeling or innate consciousness tells every man almost the same thing. For example, when we admire an act of magnanimity, of bravery and wisdom, does not a secret feeling spring up in our heart that we are capable of doing the same? Does not the rush of blood coloring our cheeks on hearing narratives of this kind proclaim that our modesty trembles at the admiration called forth by such acts? that we are confused at the praise which this ennobling of our nature must call down upon us? Even our body at such moments agrees

with the attitude of the man, and shows clearly that our soul has passed into the state we admire. If you were ever present, Raphael, when a great event was related to a large assembly, did you not see how the relater waited for the incense of praise, how he devoured it, though it was given to the hero of his story,—and if you were ever a relater did you not trace how your heart was subject to this pleasing deception? You have had examples, my dear Raphael, of how easily I can wrangle with my best friend respecting the reading aloud of a pleasing anecdote or of a beautiful poem, and my heart told me truly on these occasions that I was only displeased at your carrying off the laurels because these passed from the head of author to that of the reader. A quick and deep artistic appreciation of virtue is justly held to be a great aptitude for virtue, in the same way as it is usual to have no scruple in distrusting the heart of a man whose intelligence is slow to take in moral beauty.

You need not advance as an objection that, frequently, coupled with a lively perception of a perfection, the opposite failing is found to coexist, that evil-doers are often possessed with strong enthusiasm for what is excellent, and that even the weak flame up into enthusiasm of herculean growth. I know, for example, that our admired Haller, who unmasked in so manly a spirit the sickly nothingness of vain honors; a man whose philosophical greatness I so highly appreciated, that he was not great enough to despise the still greater vanity of an order of knighthood, which conferred an injury on his greatness. I am convinced that in the happy moment of their ideal conceptions, the artist, the philosopher, and the poet are really the great and good man whose image they throw out; but with many this ennobling of the mind is only an unnatural condition occasioned by a more active stirring of the blood, or a more rapid vibration of the fancy: it is accordingly very transient, like every other enchantment, disappearing rapidly and leaving the heart more exhausted than before, and delivered over to the despotic caprice of low passions. I expressly said more exhausted than before, for universal experience teaches that a relapsing criminal is always the most furious, and that the renegades of virtue seek additional sweets in the arms of crime to compensate for the heavy pressure of repentance.

I wished to establish, my Raphael, that it is our own condition, when we feel that of another, that perfection becomes ours for the moment during which we raise in ourselves the representation of it; that the delight we take in truth, beauty, and virtue shows itself when closely analyzed to be the consciousness of our individual ennobling and enriching; and I think I have proved this.

We have ideas of the wisdom of the highest Being, of His goodness, of His justice, but none of His omnipotence. To describe His omnipotence, we help ourselves by the graduated representation of three successions: Nothing, His Will, and Something. It is waste and empty; God calls on light; and there is light. If we had a real idea of His operative omnipotence we should be creators, as He.

Accordingly, every perfection which I perceive becomes my own; it gives me joy, because it is my own; I desire it, because I love myself. Perfection in nature is no property of matter, but of spirits. All spirits are happy through their perfection. I desire the happiness of all souls, because I love myself. The happiness which I represent to myself becomes my happiness; accordingly I am interested in awakening these representations, to realize them, to exalt them; I am interested in diffusing happiness around me. Whenever I produce beauty, excellence, or enjoyment beyond myself, I produce myself; when I neglect or destroy anything, I neglect, I destroy myself. I desire the happiness of others, because I desire my own; and the desire of the happiness of others we call benevolence and love.

LOVE.

Now, my most worthy Raphael, let me look round. The height has been ascended, the mist is dissipated; I stand in the midst of immensity, as in the middle of a glowing landscape. A purer ray of sunlight has clarified all my thoughts. Love is the noblest phenomenon in the world of souls, the all-powerful magnet in the spiritual sphere, the source of devotion and of the sublimest virtue. Yet love is only the reflection of this single original power, an attraction of the

excellent, based upon an instantaneous permutation of individuality, an interchange of being.

When I hate, I take something from myself; when I love, I become richer by what I love. To pardon is to recover a property that has been lost. Misanthropy is a protracted suicide: egotism is the supremest poverty of a created being.

When Raphael tore himself from my embrace my soul was rent in twain, and I weep over the loss of my nobler half. On that holy evening—you must remember it—when our souls first communed together in ardent sympathy, all your great emotions became my own, and I only entered into my unvarying right of property over your excellence; I was prouder to love you than to be loved by you, for my own affection had changed me into Raphael.

Was it not this almighty instinct
That forced our hearts to meet
In the eternal bond of love?
Raphael! enraptured, resting on your arm,
I venture, joyful, the march towards perfection,
That leadeth to the spiritual sun.

Happy! happy! I have found thee,
Have secured thee 'midst millions,
And of all this multitude thou art mine!
Let the wild chaos return;
Let it cast adrift the atoms!
Forever our hearts fly to meet each other.

Must I not draw reflections of my ecstasy
From thy radiant, ardent eyes?
In thee alone do I wonder at myself.
The earth in brighter tints appears,
Heaven itself shines in more glowing light,

Seen through the soul and action of my friend.

Sorrow drops the load of tears;
Soothed, it rests from passion's storms,
Nursed upon the breast of love.
Nay, delight grows torment, and seeks
My Raphael, basking in thy soul,
Sweetest sepulchre! impatiently.

If I alone stood in the great All of things,
Dreamed I of souls in the very rocks,
And, embracing, I would have kissed them.
I would have sighed my complaints into the air;
The chasms would have answered me.
O fool! sweet sympathy was every joy to me.

Love does not exist between monotonous souls, giving out the same tone; it is found between harmonious souls. With pleasure I find again my feelings in the mirror of yours, but with more ardent longing I devour the higher emotions that are wanting in me. Friendship and love are led by one common rule. The gentle Desdemona loves Othello for the dangers through which he has passed; the manly Othello loves her for the tears that she shed hearing of his troubles.

There are moments in life when we are impelled to press to our heart every flower, every remote star, each worm, and the sublimest spirit we can think of. We are impelled to embrace them, and all nature, in the arms of our affection, as things most loved. You understand me, Raphael. A man who has advanced so far as to read off all the beauty, greatness, and excellence in the great and small of nature, and to find the great unity for this manifold variety, has advanced much nearer to the Divinity. The great creation flows into his personality. If each man loved all men, each individual would possess the whole world.

I fear that the philosophy of our time contradicts this doctrine. Many of our

thinking brains have undertaken to drive out by mockery this heavenly instinct from the human soul, to efface the effigy of Deity in the soul, and to dissolve this energy, this noble enthusiasm, in the cold, killing breath of a pusillanimous indifference. Under the slavish influence of their own unworthiness they have entered into terms with self-interest, the dangerous foe of benevolence; they have done this to explain a phenomenon which was too godlike for their narrow hearts. They have spun their comfortless doctrine out of a miserable egotism, and they have made their own limits the measure of the Creator; degenerate slaves decrying freedom amidst the rattle of their own chains. Swift, who exaggerated the follies of men till he covered the whole race with infamy, and wrote at length his own name on the gallows which he had erected for it—even Swift could not inflict such deadly wounds on human nature as these dangerous thinkers, who, laying great claim to penetration, adorn their system with all the specious appearance of art, and strengthen it with all the arguments of self-interest.

Why should the whole species suffer for the shortcomings of a few members?

I admit freely that I believe in the existence of a disinterested love. I am lost if I do not exist; I give up the Deity, immortality, and virtue. I have no remaining proof of these hopes if I cease to believe in love. A spirit that loves itself alone is an atom giving out a spark in the immeasurable waste of space.

SACRIFICE.

But love has produced effects that seem to contradict its nature.

It can be conceived that I increase my own happiness by a sacrifice which I offer for the happiness of others; but suppose this sacrifice is my life? History has examples of this kind of sacrifice, and I feel most vividly that it would cost me nothing to die in order to save Raphael. How is it possible that we can hold death to be a means of increasing the sum of our enjoyments? How can the

cessation of my being be reconciled with the enriching of my being?

The assumption of immortality removes this contradiction; but it also displaces the supreme gracefulness of this act of sacrifice. The consideration of a future reward excludes love. There must be a virtue which even without the belief in immortality, even at the peril of annihilation, suffices to carry out this sacrifice.

I grant it is ennobling to the human soul to sacrifice present enjoyment for a future eternal good; it is the noblest degree of egotism; but egotism and love separate humanity into two very unlike races, whose limits are never confounded.

Egotism erects its centre in itself; love places it out of itself in the axis of the universal whole. Love aims at unity, egotism at solitude. Love is the citizen ruler of a flourishing republic, egotism is a despot in a devastated creation. Egotism sows for gratitude, love for the ungrateful. Love gives, egotism lends; and love does this before the throne of judicial truth, indifferent if for the enjoyment of the following moment, or with the view to a martyr's crown—indifferent whether the reward is in this life or in the next.

Think, O Raphael, of a truth that benefits the whole human race to remote ages; add that this truth condemns its confessor to death; that this truth can only be proved and believed if he dies. Conceive this man gifted with the clear all-embracing and illumining eye of genius, with the flaming torch of enthusiasm, with all the sublime adaptations for love; let the grand ideal of this great effect be presented to his soul; let him have only an obscure anticipation of all the happy beings he will make; let the present and future crowd at the same time into his soul; and then answer me,—does this man require to be referred to a future life?

The sum of all these emotions will become confounded with his personality; will flow together in his personal identity, his I or Ego. The human race he is thinking of is himself. It is a body, in which his life swims forgotten like a blood-drop, forgotten, but essential to the welfare of the economy; and how quickly and readily he will shed it to secure his health.

GOD.

All perfections in the universe are united in God. God and nature are two magnitudes which are quite alike. The whole sum of harmonic activity which exists together in the divine substance, is in nature the antitype of this substance, united to incalculable degrees, and measures, and steps. If I may be allowed this expressive imagery, nature is an infinitely divided God.

Just as in the prism a white ray of light is split up into seven darker shades of color, so the divine personality or Ego has been broken into countless susceptible substances. As seven darker shades melt together in one clear pencil of light, out of the union of all these substances a divine being would issue. The existing form of nature's fabric is the optical glass, and all the activities of spirits are only an endless play of colors of that simple divine ray. If it pleased Omnipotence some day to break up this prism, the barrier between it and the world would fall down, all spirits would be absorbed in one infinite spirit, all accords would flow together in one common harmony, all streams would find their end in the ocean.

The bodily form of nature came to pass through the attractive force of the elements. The attraction of spirits, varied and developed infinitely, would at length lead to the cessation of that separation (or may I venture the expression) would produce God. An attraction of this kind is love.

Accordingly, my dear Raphael, love is the ladder by which we climb up to likeness to God. Unconsciously to ourselves, without laying claim to it, we aim at this.

Lifeless masses are we, when we hate;
Gods, when we cling; in love to one another,
Rejoicing in the gentle bond of love.
Upwards this divinest impulse holdeth sway
Through the thousandfold degrees of creation
Of countless spirits who did not create.

Arm-in-arm, higher and still higher,
From the savage to the Grecian seer,
Who is linked to the last seraph of the ring,
We turn, of one mind, in the same magic dance,
Till measure, and e'en time itself,
Sink at death in the boundless, glowing sea.

Friendless was the great world's blaster;
And feeling this, he made the spirit world
Blessed mirrors of his own blessedness!
And though the Highest found no equal,
Yet infinitude foams upward unto Him
From the vast basin of creation's realm.

Love is, Raphael, the great secret that can restore the dishonored king of gold from the flat, unprofitable chalk; that can save the eternal from the temporal and transient, and the great oracle of duration from the consuming conflagration of time.

What does all that has been said amount to?

If we perceive excellence, it is ours. Let us become intimate with the high ideal unit, and we shall be drawn to one another in brotherly love. If we plant beauty and joy we shall reap beauty and joy. If we think clearly we shall love ardently. "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect," says the Founder of our Faith. Weak human nature turned pale at this command, therefore He explained himself in clearer terms: "Love one another!"

Wisdom, with thy sunlike look,
Awful goddess! turn thee back,
And give way to Love;
Who before thee went, with hero heart,
Up the steep and stormy path
To the Godhead's very throne;
Who, unveiling the Holiest,
Showed to thee Elysium
Through the vaulted sepulchre.
Did it not invite us in?
Could we reach immortality—
Or could we seek the spirit

Without Love, the spirit's master?
Love, Love leadeth only to Nature's Father,
Only love the spirits.

I have now given you, Raphael, my spirit's confession of faith—a flying outline of the creation I have undertaken. As you may perceive, the seed which you scattered in my soul took root. Mock, or rejoice, or blush at your scholar, as you please. Certain it is this philosophy has ennobled my heart, and extended and beautified the perspective of my life. It is possible, my excellent friend, that the entire structure of my conclusions may have been a baseless and visionary edifice. Perhaps the world, as I depicted it, nowhere exists, save in the brain of your Julius. Perhaps, after the lapse of thousands on thousands of years, when the wiser Judge promised in the future, sits on the judgment-seat, at the sight of the true original, filled with confusion, I should tear in pieces my schoolboy's design. All this may happen—I expect it; and even if not a vestige of reality is found in my dream, the reality will fill me with proportionately greater delight and wonder. Ought my ideas to be more beautiful than those of the Creator? How so? Could we tolerate that His exalted artistic structure should fall beneath the expectations of a mortal connoisseur? This is exactly the fiery probation of His great perfection, and the sweetest triumph for the Exalted Spirit, that false conclusions and deception do not injure His acknowledgment; that all tortuous deviations of the wandering reason at length strike into the straight road of everlasting truth; that all diverging arms and currents ultimately meet in the main stream. What an idea, Raphael, I form of the Great Artist, who, differently travestied in a thousand copies, still retains identical features in all this diversity, from which even the depreciating hand of a blunderer cannot remove admiration.

Moreover, my representation may certainly be fallacious, wholly an invention,—nay, I am persuaded that it must necessarily be so; and yet it is possible that all results of this may come to pass. All great sages are agreed that our whole knowledge moves on ultimately to a conventional deception, with which, however, the strictest truth can co-exist. Our purest ideas are by no means

images of things, but only their signs or symbols determined by necessity, and co-existing with them.

Neither God, nor the human soul, nor the world are really what we consider them. Our thoughts of these are only the endemic forms in which the planet we inhabit hands them to us. Our brain belongs to this planet; accordingly, also, the idioms of our ideas, which are treasured up in it. But the power of the soul is peculiar, necessary, and always consistent: the capricious nature of the materials through which it finds expression changes nothing in the eternal laws, as long as this capriciousness does not stand in contradiction with itself, and so long as the sign remains true to the thing it designates. As the thinking power develops the relations of the idioms, these relations of things must also really be present in them. Therefore, truth is no property of the idioms, but of the conclusion; it is not the likeness of the sign with the thing signified, of the conception with the object; but the agreement of this conception with the laws of thought. In a similar manner, the doctrine of quantity makes use of cyphers which are nowhere present, except upon paper, and yet it finds with them what is present in the world of reality. For example, what resemblance is there between the letters A and B, the signs : and =, +, and -, and the fact that has to be ascertained? Yet the comet, foretold centuries before, advances from a remote corner of the heavens and the expected planet eclipses the disk at the proper time. Trusting to the infallibility of his calculation, the discoverer Columbus plunges into unknown regions of the sea to seek the missing other half of the known hemisphere—the great island of Atlantis—to fill up a blank in his geographical map. He found this island of his paper calculation, and his calculation was right. Would it have been less great if a hostile storm had shattered his fleet or driven it back? The human mind makes a similar calculation when it measures the supersensual by means of the sensible, and when mathematics applies its conclusions to the hidden physics of the superhuman. But the last test of its calculations is still wanting, for no traveller has come back from that land to relate his discovery. Human nature has its proper bounds, and so also has the individual. We will give each other mutual comfort respecting the former: Raphael will

concede this to the boyish age of his Julius. I am poor in conceptions, a stranger in many branches of knowledge which are thought to be essential in inquiries of this nature. I have not belonged to any philosophical school, nor have I read many printed books. It may quite well be that I occasionally substitute my fancies in the place of stricter logical proofs, that I mistake the rush of my blood or the hopes of my heart for sound wisdom; yet, my dear friend, you must not grudge me the moments I have thus lost. It is a real gain for universal perfection: it was the provision of the Wisest Spirit that the erring reason should also people the chaotic world of dreams, and make fruitful even the barren ground of contradiction. It is not only the mechanical artist who polishes the rough diamond into a brilliant whom we ought to value, but also that one who ennobles mere ordinary stones by giving them the apparent dignity of the diamond. The industry displayed in the forms may sometimes make us forget the massive truth of the substance. Is not every exercise of the thinking power, every sharpening of the edge of the spirit, a little step towards its perfection; and every perfection has to obtain a being and substantial existence in a complete and perfect world. Reality is not confined to the absolutely necessary; it also embraces the conditionally necessary: every offspring of the brain, every work elaborated by the wit, has an irresistible right of citizenship in this wider acceptance of creation. In the measureless plan of nature no activity was to be left out, no degree of enjoyment was to be wanting in universal happiness. The great Inventive Spirit would not even permit error to be wasted, nor allow this wide world of thought to remain empty and chaotic in the mind of man. For the Great Ruler of His world does not even allow a straw to fall without use, leaves no space uninhabited where life may be enjoyed; for He converts the very poison of man into the food of vipers; He even raises plants from the realm of corruption, and hospitably grants the little glimmer of pleasure that can co-exist with madness. He turns crime and folly into excellence, and weaves out of the very vices of a Tarquin the great idea of the universal monarchy of Rome. Every facility of the reason, even in error, increases its readiness to accept truth.

Dear friend of my soul, suffer me to add my contribution to the great woof of

human wisdom. The image of the sun is reflected differently in the dewdrop and in the majestic mirror of the wide-stretching ocean. Shame to the turbid, murky swamp, which never receives and never reflects this image! Millions of plants drink from the four elements of nature; a magazine of supplies is open for all: but they mix their sap in a thousand different ways, and return it in a thousand new forms. The most beautiful variety proclaims a rich Lord of this house. There are four elements from which all spirits draw their supplies: their Ego or individuality, Nature, God, and the Future All intermingle in millions of ways and offer themselves in a million differences of result: but one truth remains which, like a firm axis, goes through all religions and systems—draw nigh to the Godhead of whom you think!

LETTER V.

Raphael to Julius.

It would be very unfortunate, my dear Julius, if there were no other way of quieting you than by restoring the first-fruits of your belief in you. I found with delight these ideas, which I saw gaining in you, written down in your papers. They are worthy of a soul like yours, but you could not remain stationary in them. There are joys for every age and enjoyments for each degree of spirits. It must have been a difficult thing for you to sever yourself from a system that was entirely made to meet the wants of your heart. I would wager that no other system will strike such deep roots in you, and, possibly, if left quite to your own direction, you would sooner or later become reconciled to your favorite ideas. You would soon remark the weakness of the opposite system, and then, if both systems appeared equally deficient in proof, you would prefer the most desirable one, or, perhaps, you would find new arguments to preserve at least the essential features of your former theory, even if a few more doubtful points had to be given up.

But all this is remote from my plan. You must arrive at a higher freedom of mind, where you no longer require support. I grant that this is not the affair of a moment. The first aim of the earliest teaching is commonly the subjugation of the mind, and among all the artifices of the art of education this generally succeeds the first. Even you, though endowed with great elasticity of character, yet appear destined to submit readily to the sway of opinions, and even more inclined to this than thousands; and this state of infancy might last very long

with you, as you do not readily feel the oppression of it. Your head and heart are in very close connection. A doctrine is sweet to you on account of the teacher. You soon succeeded in finding an interesting side in this doctrine, you ennobled it according to the wants of your heart, and you suffered your mind to be resigned to other points that must needs appear strange to you. You regarded attacks on this doctrine as boyish revenge taken by a slavish soul against the rod of its tutor. You played with your chains, which you thought you carried by your own free will.

I found you in this situation, and the sight gave me pain—how, in the midst of the enjoyment, of your glowing life, and while giving expression to your noblest powers, you were hemmed in by narrow considerations. The very logical consistency with which you acted according to your convictions, and the strength of soul that made every sacrifice light to you, were twofold hinderances to your activity and to your joys. I then resolved to set aside these clumsy efforts by which it had been endeavored to cramp a soul like yours in the measure of ordinary natures. The result of your first exertions favored my intentions. I admit that your imagination was more actively employed upon the work than was your penetration. The loss of your fondest convictions was more than atoned for by your presentiments, which gathered results much more rapidly than the tortoise pace of cold scientific inquiry, passing from the known to the unknown. Your kind of inspired system gave you your first enjoyment in this new field of activity, and I was very careful not to destroy a welcome enthusiasm which was very favorable to the development of your excellent disposition. The scene is now changed. A return into the restrictions of infancy is closed forever. Your way leads onwards, and you require no further precautions.

You must not be surprised to find that a system such as yours cannot resist the searching of a severe criticism. All essays of this kind, equal in breadth and boldness to yours, have had no other fate. It was also most natural that your philosophical progress began with you individually, as with the human race in general. The first object on which man's spirit of inquiry first attempted its

strength was, at all times, the universe. Hypotheses relating to the origin of the world, and the combination of its parts, had occupied the greatest thinkers for ages, when Socrates called down the philosophy of his day from heaven to earth. But the limits of human wisdom were too narrow for the proud intellect of his followers. New systems arose on the ruins of the former ones. The penetrating mind of subsequent ages explored the immeasurable field of possible answers to those ever-recurring questions, bearing on the mysterious interior of nature, which could not be disclosed by any human intellect. Some, indeed, succeeded in giving a certain coloring of distinctness, completeness, and evidence to their views. There are many conjuring tricks by which the pride of reason seeks to avoid the disgrace of not being able to exceed the bounds of human nature in extending the circle of its knowledge. It is a frequent conceit with men to believe that they have discovered new truths, when they have dissected a conception into the separate elements out of which it was first compounded by an act of caprice. Not unfrequently an imperceptible assumption lies at the basis of a chain of consequences, whose breaks and deficiencies are cunningly concealed, while the false conclusions are admired as sublime wisdom. In other cases, partial experiences are accumulated to found a hypothesis, and all contradictory phenomena are either ignored, or the meaning of words is changed according to the requirements of the reasoning. Nor is it only the philosophical quack who employs these conjuring tricks to deceive the public; without being conscious of it, the most upright and the least prejudiced thinker uses analogous means to satisfy his thirst for knowledge directly that he issues from the only sphere where reason can legitimately enjoy the fruit of its activity.

After what you have heard me say on former occasions, Julius, these expressions must cause you no little astonishment; yet they are not the product of a sceptical caprice. I could lay before you the foundations on which they rest, but this would require, as prelude, a somewhat dry examination into the nature of human knowledge,—and I prefer to reserve this for a time when you will feel the want of it. You have not yet arrived at that state of mind when humiliating truths on the limits of human knowledge can have any interest for you. Make a

first essay with the system which has supplanted your own in your mind. Examine it with the same impartiality as severity. Proceed in the same manner with other theories with which you have recently become acquainted; and if none of them can fully satisfy your requirements, you will ask yourself if, after all, these requirements are reasonable.

Perhaps you will tell me this is a poor consolation. You will infer that resignation is your only refuge after so many brilliant hopes had been raised. "Was it worth while," you will say, "to challenge me to a full exercise of my reason in order to set bounds to it at the very moment when it was beginning to bear the noblest fruit? Was I only to become acquainted with a higher enjoyment in order to feel with a double keenness how painful it is to be thus bounded?"

Nevertheless, it is this very feeling of discouragement that I expressly wish to banish from your soul. My aim is this: to remove all that places an obstacle to the free enjoyment of your being, to bring to life in you the germ of all lofty inspiration—the consciousness of the nobility of your soul. You have been awakened from the slumber in which you were rocked by the slavery of others' opinions; but you would never reach the degree of grandeur to which you are called if you dissipated your strength in the pursuit of an unattainable end. This course was all proper up to the present time; it was the natural consequence of your recently acquired freedom. It was necessary that the ideas which had most engaged you previously should give the first impulse to the activity of your mind.. Among all possible directions that your mind could take, is its present course the most fertile in results? The answer would be given, sooner or later, by your own experience. My part was confined to hastening, if possible, this crisis.

It is a common prejudice to take as a measure of the greatness of man that matter on which he works, and not the manner of his work. But it is certain that a superior Being honors the stamp of perfection even in the most limited sphere, whilst He casts an eye of pity on the vain attempts of the insect which seeks to overlook the universe. It follows from this that I am especially unwilling to agree to the proposition in your papers, which assumes that the high destiny of man is

to detect the spirit of the Divine Artist in the work of creation. To express the activity of infinite perfection, I admit that I do not know any sublimer image than art; but you appear to have overlooked an important distinction. The universe is not the pure expression of an ideal, like the accomplished work of a human artist. The latter governs despotically the inanimate matter which he uses to give a body to his ideas. But in the divine work the proper value of each one of its parts is respected, and this conservative respect with which the Great Architect honors every germ of activity, even in the lowliest creature, glorifies it as much as the harmony of the immeasurable whole. Life and liberty to all possible extent are the seal of divine creation; nowhere is it more sublime than where it seems to have departed most widely from its ideal. But it is precisely this highest perfection that prevents us from grasping the limits in which we are at present confined. We embrace only too small a part of the universe, and the explanation of most of its discords is inaccessible to our faculties. Each step we climb in the scale of being will make us more susceptible of these enjoyments of art; but even then their only value will be that of means, and to excite us to an analogous exercise of our activity. The idle admiration of a greatness foreign to ourselves can never be a great merit. A superior man is never wanting in matter for his activity, nor in the forces necessary to become himself a creator in his sphere. This vocation is yours also, Julius; when you have recognized this you will never have a thought of complaining of the limits that your desire of knowledge cannot overstep.

When you have arrived at this conviction I expect to find you wholly reconciled to me. You must first know fully the extent of your strength before you can appreciate the value of its freest manifestation. Till then, continue to be dissatisfied with me, but do not despair of yourself.

ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND THE SPIRITUAL NATURE IN MAN.

"It behooves us to clearly realize, as the broad facts which have most wide-reaching consequences in mental physiology and pathology, that all parts of the body, the highest and the lowest, have a sympathy with one another more intelligent than conscious intelligence can yet, or perhaps ever will, conceive; that there is not an organic motion, visible or invisible, sensible or insensible, ministrant to the noblest or to the most humble purposes, which does not work its appointed effect in the complex recesses of the mind, and that the mind, as the crowning achievement of organization, and the consummation and outcome of all its energies, really comprehends the bodily life."—MAWDESLEY, *Body and Mind*.

"It is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world, and, as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body."—HUXLEY.

INTRODUCTION.

S 1.

Many philosophers have asserted that the body is, as it were, the prison-house of the spirit, holding it only too firmly to what is earthly, and checking its so-

called flight towards perfection. On the other hand, it has been held by another philosophic school that knowledge and virtue are not so much an end as a means towards happiness, and that the whole perfection of man culminates in the amelioration of his body.

Both opinions [1], methinks, are one-sided. The latter system has almost entirely disappeared from our schemes of ethics and philosophy, and is, I am inclined to think, not seldom cast out with over-fanatical zeal—(nothing assuredly is so dangerous to truth as when one-sided opinions meet with one-sided opponents). The former system has on the whole been more patiently endured, since it has the greatest capacity for warming the heart towards virtue, and has already justified its value in the case of truly great souls. Who is there that does not admire the strength of mind of a Cato, the lofty virtue of a Brutus and Aurelius, the equanimity of an Epictetus and a Seneca? But, in spite of all this, the system in question is nothing more than a beautiful aberration of the understanding, a real extreme, which in its wild enthusiasm underrates one part of our human nature, and desires to raise us into the order of ideal beings without at the same time relieving us of our humanity,—a system which runs directly contrary to all that we historically know or philosophically can explain either of the evolution of the single man or of that of the entire race, and can in no way be reconciled with the limitations of our human soul. It is therefore here, as ever, the wisest plan to hold the balance between the two opinions, and thus reach with greater certainty the middle line of truth. But, inasmuch as a mistake has very often been committed by treating the mental powers in an exclusive way, that is, in so far as they can be considered in independence of the body, and through an intentional subordination of this same body, the aim of this present essay will be to bring into a clearer light the remarkable contributions made by the body to the workings of the soul, and the great and real influence of the animal system of sensations upon the spiritual. But this is as like the philosophy of Epicurus as the holding of virtue to be the summum bonum is stoicism.

Before we seek to discover those higher moral ends which the animal nature

assists us in attaining to, we must establish their physical necessity, and come to an agreement as to some fundamental conceptions.

[1] Huxley, speaking of psychology and physiology (idealism and materialism), says: "Our stem divides into two main branches, which grow in opposite ways, and bear flowers which look as different as they can well be. But each branch is sound and healthy, and has as much life and vigor as the other. If a botanist found this state of things in a new plant, I imagine he might be inclined to think that his tree was monoecious, that the flowers were of different sexes, and that, so far from setting up a barrier between the branches of the tree, the only hope of fertility lay in bringing them together. This is my notion of what is to be done with physics and metaphysics. Their differences are complementary, not antagonistic, and thought will never be completely fruitful until the one unites with the other."—HUXLEY, *Macmillan's Mag.*, May 1870.

Descartes' method (according to Huxley) leads straight up to the critical idealism of his great successor, Kant, in declaring that the ultimate fact of all knowledge is a consciousness and therefore affirming that the highest of all certainties, and indeed the only absolute certainty, is the existence of mind. But it stops short of Berkeley in declaring that matter does not exist: his arguments against its existence would equally tend to prove the non-existence of soul. In Descartes' stem, the body is simply a machine, in the midst of which the rational soul (peculiar to man) is lodged, and which it directs at its will, as a skilful engineer familiar with its working might do—through will and through affection he can "increase, slacken, and alter their movements at his pleasure." At the same time, he admits, in all that regards its mere animal life—in active functions, such as those connected with hunger, respiration, sleep, digestion; in many passive ones, such as we are accustomed to call mental, as in memory, the perception of color, sound—a purely automatic action of the body, which it pursues simply by following out its own laws, independent of the soul's direction or interference.

PHYSICAL CONNECTION.

THE ANIMAL NATURE STRENGTHENS THE ACTION OF THE SPIRIT.

S 2.—Organism of the Operations of the Soul—of its Maintenance and Support—of Generation.

All those conditions which we accept as requisite to the perfection of man in the moral and material world may be included in one fundamental sentence: The perfection of man consists in his ability to exercise his powers in the observation of the plan of the world; and since between the measure of the power and the end towards which it works there must exist the completest harmony, perfection will consist in the highest possible activity of his powers, and, at the same time, in their mutual subordination. But the action of the human soul is—from a necessity which I do not understand—bound fast to the action of matter. The changes in the world of matter must be modified and, so to speak, refined by a peculiar class of secondary powers—I mean the senses—before they can produce in me any corresponding ideas; while, on the other hand, a fresh set of organic powers, the agents of voluntary movements must come into play between the inner spirit and the outward world in order to make the changes of the former tell upon the latter; thus must the operations of thinking and sensation alike correspond to certain movements of the internal sensorium. All this goes to make up the organism of the soul's activities.

But matter is spoil stolen from the eternal change, and wears itself away, even as it works; in its movement its very element is driven from its grooves, chased away and lost. Because now, on the contrary, that simple essence, the soul, possesses in itself permanence and stability, and in its essence neither gains nor loses aught,—matter cannot keep step with the activity of the spirit, and there would thus soon be an end of the organism of spiritual life, and therewith of all action of the soul. To prevent which there must be added to the first system or organic powers a second one, which shall make good the losses sustained, and

sustain the decay by a chain of new creations ready to take the place of those that have gone. This is the organism of maintenance.

Still further. After a short period of activity, when the equal balance of loss and reparation is once removed, man quits the stage of life, and the law of mortality depopulates the earth. There is not room enough for the multitude of sentient beings, whom eternal love and wisdom seemed to have called to a happy existence, to live side by side within the narrow boundaries of our world, and the life of one generation shuts out the life of another. Therefore was it necessary that new men should appear, to take the place of those who had departed, and that life should be kept up in unbroken succession. But of creation there is no longer any trace; what now becomes new becomes so only by development. The development of man must come to pass through man, if it is to bear a proportion to the original number, if man is to be cultivated into man. On this account a new system of organic powers was added to the two that had preceded it, which had for its object to quicken and to develop the seed of humanity. This is the organism of generation.

These three organisms, brought into the most thorough connection, local and real, go to form the human body.

S 3.—The Body.

The organic powers of the human body naturally divide themselves into two principal classes. The first class embraces those which no known laws and phenomena of the physical world enable us to comprehend; and to these belong the sensibility of the nerves and the irritability of the muscles. Inasmuch as it has hitherto been impossible to penetrate the economy of the invisible, men have sought to interpret this unknown mechanism through that with which they were already familiar, and have considered the nerves as a canal conducting an excessively fine, volatile, and active fluid, which in rapidity of motion and

fineness was held to excel ether and the electric spark. This fluid was held to be the principle and author of our sensibility and power of motion, and hence received the name of the spirit of life. Further, the irritability of the muscles was held to consist, in a certain effort to contract themselves on the touch of some external provocation. These two principles go to form the specific character of animal organism.

The second class of powers embraces those which we can account for by the universally-known laws of physics. Among these I reckon the mechanism of motion, and the chemistry of the human body, the source of vegetable life. Vegetation, then, and animal mechanism, thoroughly mingled, form the proper physical life of the human body.

S 4.-Animal Life.

This is not yet all. Since loss or misfortune, when it occurs, falls more or less within the will-power of the spirit, the spirit must be able to make some compensation for it. Further, since the body is subjected to all the consequences of this connection, and in the circle of circumstances is exposed to countless hostile forces, it must be within the power of the soul to protect the body against these harmful influences, and to bring it into such relations with the physical world as shall tend most to its preservation. The soul must therefore be conscious of the present evil or good state of its organs; from a bad state it must draw dissatisfaction, from a good state satisfaction, so that it may either retain or remove the condition, seek it or fly from it. Here then we have the organism at once and closely linked to the sensational capacity, and the soul drawn into the service of the body. We have now something more than vegetation, something more than a dead model and the mechanism of nerves and muscles. Now we have animal life. [1]

A healthy condition of our animal life is, as we know, most important for the

healthy condition of our spiritual life; and we dare never ignore the animal life so long as we are not quit of it. It must therefore possess a firm foundation, not easily moved; that is, the soul must be fitted and prepared for the actions of our bodily life by an irresistible power. Were then the sensations of our animal loss or well-being to become spiritual perceptions, and had they to be created by thought, how often would the soul be obscured by the overwhelming blaze of passion; how often stifled by laziness and stupidity; how often overlooked in the absorptions and distractions of business! Further, would not, in this case, the most perfect knowledge of his economy be demanded of the animal man—would not the child need to be a master in a branch of knowledge in which, after fifty years of investigation, Harvey, Boerhaave, and Haller were only beginners? The soul could thus have positively no idea of the condition she was called upon to alter. How shall she become acquainted with it? how shall she begin to act at all?

[1] But we have something more than the animal life of the animal (beast). A beast lives an animal life in order that it may experience pleasant sensations. It experiences pleasant sensations that it may preserve the animal life. It lives now, therefore, in order that it may live again tomorrow. It is happy now that it may be happy to-morrow. But it is a simple, an uncertain happiness, which depends upon the action of the organism, it is a slave to luck and blind chance; because it consists in sensation only. Man, too, lives an animal life,—is sensible of its pleasures and suffers its pains. But why? He feels and suffers that he may preserve his animal life. He preserves his animal life that he may longer have the power to live a spiritual one. Here, then, the means differ from the end; there, end and means seem to coincide. This is one of the lines of separation between man and the animal.

S 5.—Animal Sensations.

So far we have met with such sensations only as they take their rise in an antecedent operation of the understanding; but we have now to deal with sensations in which the understanding bears no part. These sensations, if they are not exactly the expression of the present state of our organs, mark it out specifically, or, better, accompany it. These sensations have quickly and forcibly to determine the will to aversion or desire; but, on the other hand, they are ever to float on the surface of the soul, and never to extend to the province of the reason. The part, accordingly, played by thought, in the case of a mental perception, is here taken up by that modification in the animal parts of us which either threatens the destruction of the sensation or insures its duration: that is, an eternal law of wisdom has combined with that condition of the machine which confirms its welfare, a pleasant emotion of the soul; and, on the other hand, with that condition which undermines it and threatens ruin, an unpleasant emotion is connected; and this in such a manner that the sensation itself has not the faintest resemblance to the state of the organs of which it is the mark. Animal sensations have, on this showing, a double origin: (1) in the present state of the machine; (2) in the capacity or faculty (of sensation).

We are now able to understand how it is that the animal sensations have the power to drive the soul with an irresistible tyranny in the direction of passionate action, and not seldom gain the upper hand in a struggle with those sensations which are most purely intellectual. For these last the soul has produced by means of thought, and therefore they can by thought be solved or even destroyed. Abstraction and philosophy have this power over the passions, over opinions—in short, over all the situations of life; but the animal sensations are forced upon the soul by a blind necessity, by a stern mechanical law. The understanding, which did not create them, likewise cannot dissolve them and make them as if they were not, though by giving an opposite direction to our attention it can do much to weaken their power and obscure their pretensions. The most stubborn stoic, lying in the agony of the stone, will never be able to boast that he did not feel its pain; but, lost in the consideration of the end of his existence, he will be able to divide his whole power of sensation and perception, and the

preponderating pleasure of a great achievement, which can subordinate even pain to the general welfare, will be victorious over the present discomfort. It was neither absence of nor annihilation of sensation that enabled Mucius, while he was roasting his hand in the fire, to gaze upon the foe with the Roman look of proud repose, but the thought of great Rome in admiration of his deed. This it was that ruled in his soul, and kept it grandly self-possessed, so that the terrible provocation of the animal pain was too slight to disturb the equal balance of his nature. But not on this account was the pain the Roman suffered less than it would have been in the case of the most effeminate voluptuary. True enough, the man who is accustomed to pass his days in a state of confused ideas will be less capable of manly action, in the critical moment of sensuous pain, than he who lives persistently among ideas distinct and clear; but, for all that, neither the loftiest virtue, nor the profoundest philosophy, nor even divine religion, can save a man from the result of a necessary law, though religion can bless her servants even at the stake, and make them happy as the pile gives way.

The wisest purpose is served by the power which the animal sensations possess over the perceptive faculty of the soul. The spirit once initiated in the mysteries of a higher pleasure would look with disdain upon the motions of its companion, and would pay no heed to the poor necessities of physical life, were it not that the animal feeling compelled it to do so. The mathematician, soaring in the region of the infinite, and dreaming away reality in a world of abstractions, is roused by the pang of hunger from his intellectual slumber; the natural philosopher, dismembering the solar system, accompanying through immeasurable space the wanderings of the planets, is restored by the prick of a needle to his mother earth; the philosopher who unfolds the nature of the Deity, and fancies himself to have broken through the fetters of mortality, returns to himself and everyday life when the bleak north wind whistles through his crazy hut, and teaches him that he stands midway between the beast and the angel.

Against an excess of the animal sensations the severest mental exertion in the end possesses no influence; as they continue to grow stronger, reason closes her

ears, and the fettered soul moves but to subserve the purposes of the bodily organization. To satisfy hunger or to quench thirst man will do deeds at which humanity will shudder: against his will he turns traitor or murderer—even cannibal:—

Tiger! in the bosom of thy mother wilt thou set thy teeth?

—so violent is the influence of the animal sensation over the mind. Such watchful care has the Creator shown for the preservation of the machine that the pillars on which it rests are the firmest, and experience has taught us that it is rather the over-abundance than the want of animal sensations that has carried destruction with it.

The animal sensations therefore may be said to further the welfare of the animal nature, just as the moral and intellectual perceptions promote spiritual progress or perfection. The system of animal sensations and motions, then, comprises the conception of the animal nature. This is the ground on which all the activities of the soul depend, and the conformation of this fabric determines the duration of the spiritual activity itself, and the degree of ease with which it works. Here, then, we find ourselves in possession of the first member of the connection between the two natures.

S 6.—Objections against the Connection of the Two Natures, drawn from Ideas of Morality.

There is no doubt that thus much will be conceded; but the next remark will be: "Here ends, too, any determining influence the body may possess; beyond this point the body is but the soul's inert companion, with whom she must sustain a constant battle, attendance on whose necessities robs her of all leisure, whose attacks and interruptions break the thread of the most intricate speculation, and drive the spirit from the clearest and plainest conceptions into a chaotic

complexity of the senses, whose pleasures remove the greatest part of our fellow-creatures far from their high original, and reduce them to the level of the beasts, which, in a word, entangles them in a slavery from which death only can deliver them. Is it not senseless and unjust," our complainer might go on to say, "to mix up a being, simple, necessary, that has its subsistence in itself, with another being that moves in an eternal whirl, exposed to every chance and change, and becomes the victim of every external necessity?" On cooler afterthought we shall perhaps see a great beauty take its rise out of this apparent confusion and want of plan.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONNECTION.

ANIMAL IMPULSES AWAKEN AND DEVELOP THE IMPULSES OF THE SOUL.

S 7.—The Metho.

The surest way, perhaps, to throw some light upon this matter is the following: Let us detach from man all idea of what can be called organization,—that is, let the body be separated from the spirit, without, however, depriving the latter of the power to attain to representations of, and to produce actions in, the corporeal world; and let us then inquire how the spirit would set to work, would develop its powers, what steps it would take towards its perfection: the result of this investigation must be founded upon facts. The actual culture of the individual man is thus surveyed, while we at the same time obtain a view of the development of the whole race. In the first place, then, we have this abstract case: the power of representation and will are present, a sphere of action is present, and a free way opened from the soul to the world, from the world to the soul. The question then is, How will the spirit act?

S 8.-The Soul viewed as out of connection with the Body.

We can form no conception without the antecedent will to form it; no will, unless by experience of a better condition thereby induced, without [some] sensation; no sensation without an antecedent idea (for along with the body we excluded bodily sensations), therefore no idea without an idea.

Let us consider now the case of a child; that is, according to our hypothesis, a spirit conscious in itself of the power to form ideas, but which for the first time is about to exercise this power. What will determine him to think, unless it be the pleasant sensation thereby arising, and what can have procured for him the experience of this pleasurable sensation? We have just seen that this, again, could be nothing but thinking, and he is now for the first time to think. Further, what shall invite him to a consideration of the [external] world? Nothing but the experience of its perfection in so far as it satisfies his instinct of activity, and as this satisfaction affords him pleasure. What, then, can determine him to an exercise of his powers? Nothing but the experience of their existence; and all these experiences are now to be made for the first time. He must therefore have been active from all eternity—which is contrary to the case as stated—or he will to all eternity be inactive, just as the machine without a touch from without remains idle and motionless.

S 9.—The Soul viewed in connection with the Body.

Now let the animal be added to the spirit. Weave these two natures so closely together as they really are closely woven, and cause an unknown something, born of the economy of the animal body, to be assailed by the power of sensation,—let the soul be placed in the condition of physical pain. That was the first touch, the first ray to light up the night of slumbering powers, a touch as from a golden finger upon nature's lute. Now is sensation there, and sensation

only was it that before we missed. This kind of sensation seems to have been made on purpose to remove all these difficulties. In the first case none could be produced because we were not allowed to presuppose an idea; here a modification of the bodily organs becomes a substitute for the ideas that were lacking, and thus does animal sensation come to the help of the spirits inward mechanism, if I may so call it, and puts the same in motion. The will is active, and the action of a single power is sufficient to set all the rest to work. The following operations are self-developed and do not belong to this chapter.

S 10.-Out of the History of the Individual.

Let us follow now the growth of the soul in the individual man in relation to what I am trying to demonstrate, and let us observe how all his spiritual capacities grow out of motive powers of sense.

a. The child. Still quite animal; or, rather more and at the same time less than animal—human animal (for that being which at some time shall be called man can at no time have been only animal). More wretched than an animal, because he has not even instinct—the animal-mother may with less danger leave her young than the mother abandon her child. Pain may force from him a cry, but will never direct him to the source from which it comes. The milk may give him pleasure, but he does not seek it. He is altogether passive.

His thinking rises only to sensation.

His knowledge is but pain, hunger—and what binds these together.

b. The boy. Here we have already reflection, but only in so far as it bears upon the satisfaction of the animal impulse. "He learns to value," says Garve [Observations on Ferguson's "Moral Philosophy," p. 319], "the things of others, and his actions in respect of others, first of all through the fact of their affording him [sensuous] pleasure."

A love of work, the love to his parents, to friends, yea even love to God, must go along the pathway of physical sense [Sinnlichkeit] to reach his soul. "That only is the sun," as Garve elsewhere observes, "which in itself enlightens and warms: all other objects are dark and cold; but they too can be warmed and illumined when they enter into such a connection with the same as to become partakers of its rays." [Observations on Ferguson's "Moral Philosophy," p. 393.] The good things of the spirit possess a value with the boy only by transference—they are the spiritual means to an animal end.

c. Youth and man. The frequent repetition of this process of induction at last brings about a readiness, and the transference begins to discover a beauty in what at first was regarded simply as a means. The youth begins to linger in the process without knowing why. Without observing it, he is often attracted to think about this means. Now is the time when the beams of spiritual beauty in itself begin to fall upon his open soul; the feeling of exercising his powers delights him, and infuses an inclination to the object which, up to this time, was a means only: the first end is forgotten. His enlightened mind and the richer store of his ideas at last reveal to him the whole worth of spiritual pleasures—the means has become the highest end.

Such is the teaching more or less of the history of each individual man—whose means of education have been fairly good; and wisdom could hardly choose a better road along which to lead mankind. Is not the mass of the people even to this day in leading-strings?—much like our boy. And has not the prophet from Medina left us an example of striking plainness how to bridle the rude nature of the Saracens?

On this subject nothing more excellent can be said than what Garve remarked in his translation of Ferguson's "Moral Philosophy," in the chapter upon the Natural Impulses, and has developed as follows: "The impulse of self-preservation and the attraction of sensual pleasure first bring both man and beast to the point of action: he first comes to value the things of others and his own actions in reference to them according as they procure him pleasure. In

proportion as the number of things under whose influence he comes increases do his desires cover a wider circle; as the road by which he reaches the objects of his wishes lengthens, so do his desires become more artificial. Here we come to the first line of separation between man and the mere animal, and herein we may even discover a difference between one species of animal and another. With few animals does the act of feeding follow immediately upon the sensation of hunger; the heat of the chase, or the industry of collection must come first. But in the case of no animal does the satisfaction of this want follow so late upon the preparations made in reference thereto as in the case of man; with no animal does the endeavor wind through so long a chain of means and intentions before it arrives at the last link. How far removed from this end, though in reality they have no other, are the labors of the artisan or the ploughman. But even this is not all. When the means of human subsistence have become richer and more various through the institutions of society; when man begins to discover that without a full expenditure of time and labor a surplus remains to him; when at the same time by the communication of ideas he becomes more enlightened; then he begins to find a last end for all his actions in himself; he then remarks that, even when his hunger is thoroughly satisfied, a good supply of raiment, a roof above him, and a sufficiency of furniture within doors, there still remains something over and above for him to do. He goes a step further, he becomes conscious that in those very actions by which he has procured for himself food and comfort—in so far as they have their origin in certain powers of a spirit, and in so far as they exercise these powers—there lies a higher good than in the external ends which thereby are attained. From this moment on he works, indeed—in company with the rest of the human race, and along with the whole animal kingdom—to keep himself alive, and to provide for himself and his friends the necessaries of physical existence;—for what else could he do? What other sphere of action could he create for himself, if he were to leave this? But he knows now that nature has not so much awakened in him these various impulses and desires for the purpose of affording so many particular pleasures,—but, and far more, places before him the attraction of those pleasures and advantages, in order that these impulses may be put in motion—and with this end, that to a thinking being there

may be given matter for thought, to a sensitive spirit matter for sensations, to the benevolent means of beneficence, and to the active opportunity for work. Thus does everything, living or lifeless, assume to him a new form. All the facts and changes of life were formerly estimated by him only in so far as they caused him pleasure or pain: now, in so far as they offer occasion for expression of his desire of perfection. In the first case, events are now good, now bad; in the latter, all are equally good. For there is no chance or accident which does not give scope for the exercise of some virtue, or for the employment of a special faculty. At first he loved his fellows because he believed that they could be of use to him; he loves them now far more—because he looks upon benevolence as the condition of the perfect mind."

S 11.-From the History of Humanity.

Yet once more, a glance at the universal history of the whole human race—from its cradle to the maturity of full-grown man—and the truth of what has been said up to this point will stand forth in clearest relief.

Hunger and nakedness first made of man a hunter, a fisher, a cowherd, a husbandman, and a builder. Sensual pleasure founded families, and the defencelessness of single men was the origin of the tribe. Here already may the first roots of the social duties be discovered. The soil would soon become too poor for the increasing multitude of men; hunger would drive them to other climates and countries that would discover their wealth to the necessity that forced men to seek it; in the process they would learn many improvements in the cultivation of the soil, and perhaps some means to escape the hurtful influence of many things they would necessarily encounter. These separate experiences passed from grandfather to grandson, and their number was always on the increase. Man learned to use the powers of nature against herself; these powers were brought into new relations and the first invention was made. Here we have

the first roots of the simple and healing arts—always, we admit, art and invention for the behoof of the animal, but still an exercise of power, an addition to knowledge; and at the very fire in whose embers the savage roasted his fish, Boerhaave afterwards made his inquiries into the composition of bodies; through the very knife which this wild man used to cut up his game, Lionet invented what led to his discovery of the nerves of insects; with the very circle wherewith at first hoofs were measured, Newton measures heaven and earth. Thus did the body force the mind to pay attention to the phenomena around it; thus was the world made interesting and important, through being made indispensable. The inward activity of their nature, and the barrenness of their native soil, combined in teaching our forefathers to form bolder plans, and invented for them a house wherein, under conduct of the stars, they could safely move upon rivers and seas, and sail toward regions new:—

Fluctibus ignotis insultavere carinae.

(Their keels danced upon waves unknown.)

Here again they met with new productions of nature, new dangers, new needs that called for new exertions. The collision of animal instincts drives hordes against hordes, forges a sword out of the raw metal, begets adventurers, heroes, and despots. Towns are fortified, states are founded: with the states arise civic duties and rights, arts, figures, codes of law, subtle priests—and gods.

And now, when necessities have degenerated into luxury, what a boundless field is opened to our eyes! Now are the veins of the earth burrowed through, the foot of man is planted on the bottom of the sea, commerce and travel flourish:—

Latet sub classibus aequor.

(The sea is hid beneath the fleets.)

The West wonders at the East, the East at the West; the productions of foreign countries accustom themselves to grow under other skies, and the art of gardening shows the products of three-quarters of the world in one garden.

Artists learn her works from nature, music soothes the savage breast, beauty and harmony ennoble taste and manners, and art leads the way to science and virtue. "Man," says Schloezer [see Schloezer's Plan of his Universal History, S 6], "this mighty demigod, clears rocks from his path, digs out lakes, and drives his plough where once the sail was seen. By canals he separates quarters of the globe and provinces from one another; leads one stream to another and discharges them upon a sandy desert, changed thereby into smiling meadow; three quarters of the globe he plunders and transplants them into a fourth. Even climate, air, and weather acknowledge his sway. While he roots out forests and drains the swamp, the heaven grows clear above his head, moisture and mist are lost, winter becomes milder and shorter, because rivers are no longer frozen over." And the mind of man is refined with the refining of his clime.

The state occupies the citizen in the necessities and comforts of life. Industry gives the state security and rest from without; from within, granting to thinker and artist that fruitful leisure through which the age of Augustus came to be called the Golden Age. The arts now take a more daring and untrammelled flight, science wins a light pure and dry, natural history and physical science shatter superstition, history extends a mirror of the times that were, and philosophy laughs at the follies of mankind. But when luxury grows into effeminacy and excess, when the bones begin to ache, and the pestilence to spread and the air becomes infected, man hastens in his distress from one realm of nature to another, that he may at least find means for lessening his pains. Then he finds the divine plant of China; from the bowels of the earth he digs out the mightily-working mercury, and from the poppy of the East learns to distil its precious juice. The most hidden corners of nature are investigated; chemistry separates material objects into their ultimate elements, and creates worlds of her own; alchemists enrich the province of physical science; the microscopic glance of a Schwammerdam surprises nature in her most secret operations. Man goes still further; necessity or curiosity transcends the boundaries set by superstition: he seizes the knife, takes courage, and the masterpiece of nature is discovered, even man. Thus did it behoove the least, the poorest, to help us to reach the

highest; disease and death must lend their aid to man in teaching him Gnothi seauton ("Know thyself!"). The plague produced and formed our Hippocrates, our Sydenhams, as war is the mother of generals; and we owe to the most devastating disease that ever visited humanity an entire reformation of our medical system.

Our intention was to show the influence upon the perfecting of the soul through the temperate enjoyment of the pleasures held out by the senses; and how marvellously has the matter changed, even while under our hands! We found that even excess and abuse in this direction have furthered the real demands of humanity; the deflections from the primitive end of nature—merchants, conquerors, and luxury—have, undoubtedly, tended to hasten a progress which had otherwise been more regular, but very slow. Let us compare the old world with the new! In the first, desire was simple, its satisfaction easy; but how mistaken, how painful was the judgment passed on nature and her laws! Now, the road is made more difficult by a thousand windings, but how full the light that has been shed upon all our conceptions!

We may, then, repeat: Man needed to be an animal before he knew that he was a spirit; he needed to crawl in the dust before he ventured on a Newtonian flight through the universe. The body, therefore, is the first spur to action; sense the first step on the ladder to perfection.

ANIMAL SENSATIONS ACCOMPANY MENTAL SENSATIONS.

S 12.—Law.

The understanding of man is extremely limited, and, therefore, all sensations resulting from its action must of necessity be also limited. In order, therefore, to give these sensations greater impulse, and with redoubled force to attract the will to good and restrain it from evil, both natures, the spiritual and the animal, are so

intimately connected with each other that their modifications, being mutually interchanged, impart strength to one another. Hence arises a fundamental law of mixed natures, which, being reduced to its primary divisions, runs thus: the activities of the body correspond to the activities of the mind; that is, any overstraining of a mental activity is necessarily followed by an overstraining of certain bodily actions,—just as the equilibrium, or harmonious action, of the mental powers is associated with that of the bodily powers in perfect accord. Further: mental indolence induces indolence in the bodily actions; mental inaction causes them to cease altogether. Thus, as perfection is ever accompanied by pleasure, imperfection by the absence of pleasure, this law may be thus expressed: Mental pleasure is invariably attended by animal pleasure, mental pain by animal pain. [Complacency and Displacency perhaps more aptly express the meaning of Lust and Unlust, which we translate by pleasure and pain.]

S 13.—Mental Pleasure furthers the Welfare of the Human Frame.

Thus, a sensation which embraces within its range the whole spiritual being agitates in the same measure the whole framework of the organic body,—heart, veins and blood, muscles and nerves, all, from those mighty nerves that give to the heart its living impulse of motion down to the tiny and unimportant nerves by which hairs are attached to the skin, share equally its influence. Everything tends to a more violent motion. If the sensation be an agreeable one, all these parts will acquire a higher degree of harmonious activity; the heart's beat will be free, lively, uniform, the blood will flow unchecked, gently or with fiery speed, according as the affection is of a gentle or violent description; digestion, secretion, and excretion will follow their natural course; the excitable membranes will pliantly play in a gentle vapor-bath, and excitability as well as sensitiveness will increase. Therefore the condition of the greatest momentary mental pleasure is at the same time the condition of the greatest bodily well-

being.

As many as there may be of these partial activities (and is not every beat of the pulse the result perhaps of thousands?) so many will be the obscure sensations crowding upon the soul, each one of which indicates perfection. Out of this confused complexity arises entire sensation of the animal harmonies, that is, the highest possible combined sensation of animal pleasure, which ranges itself, as it were, alongside of the original intellectual or moral sensation, which this addition infinitely increases. Thus is every agreeable affection the source of countless bodily pleasures.

This is most evidently confirmed by the examples of sick persons who have been cured by joy. Let one whom a terrible home-sickness has wasted to a skeleton be brought back to his native land, and the bloom of health will soon be his again; or let us enter a prison in which miserable men have for ten or twenty years inhabited filthy dungeons and possess at last barely strength to move,—and let us tell them suddenly they are free; the single word of freedom will endow their limbs with the strength of youth, and cause dead eyes to sparkle with life. Sailors, whom thirst and famine have made their prey during a long voyage, are half cured by the steersman's cry of "Land!" and he would certainly greatly err who ascribed the whole result to a prospect of fresh food. The sight of a dear one, whom the sufferer has long desired to see, sustains the life that was about to go, and imparts strength and health. It is a fact, that joy can quicken the nervous system more effectually than all the cordials of the apothecary, and can do wonders in the case of inveterate internal disorders denied to the action of rhubarb and even mercury. Who then does not perceive that the constitution of the soul which knows how to derive pleasure from every event and can dissipate every ache in the perfection of the universe, must be the most beneficial to the whole organism? and this constitution of the soul is—virtue.

S 14.—Mental pain undermines the Welfare of the Whole Organisms.

In the very same way, the opposite result is brought about by a disagreeable affection of the mind. The ideas which rule so intensely the angry or terrified man may, as rightly as Plato called the passions a fever of the soul, be regarded as convulsions of the organ of thought. These convulsions quickly extend through the nervous system, and so disturb the vital powers that they lose their perfection, and all organic actions lose their equilibrium. The heart beats violently and irregularly; the blood is so confined to the lungs that the failing pulse has barely enough to sustain it. The internal chemical processes are at cross-purposes; beneficent juices lose their way and work harm in other provinces, while what is malignant may attack the very core of our organism. In a word, the condition of the greatest mental distress becomes the condition of the greatest bodily sickness.

The soul is informed of the threatened ruin of the organs that should have been her good and willing servants by a thousand obscure sensations, and is filled with an entire sensation of pain, associating itself to the primary mental suffering, and giving to this a sharper sting.

S 15.—Examples.

Deep, chronic pains of the soul, especially if accompanied by a strong exertion of thought—among which I would give a prominent place to that lingering anger which men call indignation—gnaw the very foundations of physical life, and dry up the sap that nourish it. Sufferers of this kind have a worn and pale appearance, and the inward grief betrays itself by the hollow, sunken eyes. "Let me," says Caesar, "have men about me that are fat":—

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much—such men are dangerous.

Fear, trouble, distress of conscience, despair, are little less powerful in their effects than the most violent fevers. Richard, when in deepest anxiety, finds his former cheerfulness is gone, and thinks to bring it back with a glass of wine. But it is not mental sorrow only that has banished comfort, it is a sensation of discomfort proceeding from the very root of his physical organism, the very same sensation that announces a malignant fever. The Moor, heavily burdened with crimes, and once crafty enough in absolving all the sensations of humanity—by his skeleton-process—into nothing, now rises from a dreadful dream, pale and breathless, with a cold sweat upon his brow. All the images of a future judgment which he had perhaps believed in as a boy, and blotted out from his remembrance as a man, assail his dream-bewildered brain. The sensations are far too confused for the slower march of reason to overtake and unravel them. Reason is still struggling with fancy, the spirit with the horrors of the corporeal frame. ["Life of Moor," tragedy of Krake. Act. v. sc. 1.]

MOOR.—No! I am not shaking. It was but a dream. The dead are not beginning to rise. Who says I tremble and turn pale? I am quite well, quite well.

BED.—You are pale as death; your voice is frightened and hesitating.

MOOR.—I am feverish. I will be bled to-morrow. Say only, when the priest comes, that I have fever.

BED.—But you are very ill.

MOOR.—Yes truly; that is all. And sickness disturbs the brain and breeds strange mad dreams. Dreams mean nothing. Fie on womanish cowardice! Dreams mean nothing. I have just had a pleasant dream. [He falls down in a faint.]

Here we have the whole image of the dream suddenly forcing itself upon a man, and setting in motion the entire system of obscure ideas, stirring up from the foundation the organ of thought. From all these causes arises an intense

sensation of pain in its utmost concentration, which shatters the soul from its depth, and lames per consensum the whole structure of the nerves.

The cold horror that seizes on the man who is about to commit some crime, or who has just committed one, is nothing else than the horror which agitates the feverish man, and which is felt on taking nauseous medicines. The nightly tossings of those who are troubled by remorse, always accompanied by a high pulse, are veritable fevers, induced by the connection between the physical organism with the soul; and Lady Macbeth, walking in her sleep, is an instance of brain delirium. Even the imitation of a passion makes the actor for the moment ill; and after Garrick had played Lear or Othello he spent some hours in convulsions on his bed. Even the illusion of the spectator, through sympathy with acted passion, has brought on shivering, gout, and fits of fainting.

Is not he, then, who is plagued with an evil temper, and draws gall and bitterness from every situation in life: is not the vicious man, who lives in a chronic state of hatred and malevolence; is not the envious man, who finds torture in every excellence of his neighbor,—are not these, all of them, the greatest foes to their own health? Has vice not enough of the horrible in it, when it destroys not only happiness but health.

S 16.-Exceptions.

But a pleasant affection has sometimes been a fatal one, and an unpleasant one has sometimes worked a marvellous cure. Both facts rest upon experience: should they remove the limits of the law we have expounded?

Joy is fatal when it rises into ecstasy: nature cannot support the strain which in one moment is thrown upon the whole nervous system. The motion of the brain is no longer harmony, but convulsion, an extremely sudden and momentary force which soon changes into the ruin of the organism, since it has transgressed

the boundary line of health (for into the very idea of health there enters and is essentially interwoven the idea of a certain moderation of all natural motions). The joy as well as the grief of finite beings is limited, and dare not pass beyond a certain point without ruin.

As far as the second part is concerned, we have many examples of cure, through a moderate fit of anger, of inveterate dyspepsia; and through fright,—as in the case of a fire—of rheumatic pains and lameness apparently incurable. But even dysentery has sometimes resolved an internal stoppage, and the itch has been a cure for melancholy madness and insanity: is the itch, for this, less a disease?—is dysentery therefore health.

S 17.—Indolence of Mind brings about greater Indolence in the Organic Movements.

As, according to the testimony of Herr von Haller, activity of mind during the day tends to quicken the pulse towards evening, will not indolence of mind make it more sluggish, and absolute inactivity completely stop it? For, although the circulation of the blood does not seem to be so very dependent on the mind, is it altogether unreasonable to suppose that the heart, which, in any case, borrows from the brain the larger portion of its strength, must necessarily, when the soul ceases to maintain the action of the brain, suffer thereby a great loss of power? A condition of phlegm is accompanied by a sluggish pulse, the blood is thin and watery, and the circulation defective in the abdomen. The idiots, whom Muzell has described for us [Muzell's "Medical and Surgical Considerations."], breathed slowly and with difficulty, had no inclination to eat and drink, nor to the natural functions; the pulse was slow, all bodily movements slumberous and indicative of weariness. The mental numbness which is the result of terror or wonder is sometimes accompanied by a general suspension of all natural physical activity. Was the mind the origin of this condition, or was it the body which brought

about this torpid state of mind? But these considerations lead to subtleties and intricate questions, and, besides, must not be discussed in this place.

S 18.—Second Law.

All that has been said of the transference of the mental sensations to the animal holds true of the transference of animal affections to the mental. Bodily sickness—for the most part the natural result of intemperance—brings its punishment in the form of bodily pain; but the mind also cannot escape a radical attack, in order that a twofold pain may more powerfully impress upon it the necessity of restraint in the desires. In like manner the feeling of bodily health is accompanied by a more lively consciousness of mental improvement, and man is thus the more spurred on to maintain his body in good condition. We arrive thus at a second law of mixed natures—that, with the free action of the bodily organism, the sensations and ideas gain a freer flow; and learn that, with a corrupted organism, corruption of the thinking faculty and of the sensations inevitably follows. Or, more shortly, that the general sensation of a harmonious animal life is the fountain of mental pleasure, and that animal pain and sickness is the fountain of mental pain.

In these different respects, or from their consideration, soul and body may not unaptly be compared with two stringed instruments tuned by the same hand, and placed alongside of one another. When a string of one of them is touched and a certain tone goes forth, the corresponding string of the other will sound of itself and give the same tone, only somewhat weaker. And, using this comparison, we may say that the string of gladness in the body wakes the glad string in the soul, and the sad string the string of sadness. This is that wonderful and noteworthy sympathy which unites the heterogeneous principles in man so as to form one being. Man is not soul and body—but the most inward and essential blending of the two.

S 19.—Moods of Mind result from Moods of Body.

Hence the heaviness, the incapacity of thought, the discontented temper; which are the consequence of excess in physical indulgence; hence the wonderful effects of wine upon those who always drink in moderation. "When you have drunk wine," says Brother Martin, "you see everything double, you think doubly easily, you are doubly ready for any undertaking, and twice as quickly bring it to a conclusion." Hence the comfort and good-humor experienced in fine weather, proceeding partly from association of ideas, but mostly from the increased feeling of bodily health that goes along with it, extending over all the functions of our organism. Then it is that people use such expressions as, "I feel that I am well," and at such a season they are more disposed towards all manner of mental labor, and have a heart more open to the humaner feelings, and more prompt to the practice of moral duties. The same may be seen in the national character of different peoples. Those who dwell in gloomy regions mourn along with the dismal scenery: in wild and stormy zones man grows wild: where his lot is cast in friendly climates he laughs with the sky that is bright above him. Only under the clear heaven of Greece lived a Homer, a Plato, a Phidias; there were born the Muses and the Graces, while the Lapland mists can hardly bring forth men, and never a genius. While our Germany was yet a wild forest or morass, the German was a hunter as wild as the beast whose skin he slung about his shoulders. As soon as industry had changed the aspect of his country began the epoch of moral progress. I will not maintain that character takes its rise in climate only, but it is certain that towards the civilization of a people one main means is the improvement of their skies.

The disorders of the body may disorder the whole range of our moral perceptions, and prepare the way for an outburst of the most evil passions. A man whose constitution is ruined by a course of dissipation is more easily led to extremes than one who has kept his body as it should be kept. This is, indeed, the horrible plan of those who destroy our youths, and that father of robbers must have known man well, who said, "We must destroy both body and soul."

Catiline was a profligate before he became a conspirator, and Doria greatly erred when he thought he had no cause to fear a voluptuary like Fiesco. On the whole, it is very often remarked that an evil spirit dwells in a sick body.

In diseases this sympathy is still more striking. All severe illnesses, especially those of malignant nature and arising from the economy of the abdominal regions, announce themselves, more or less, by a strange revolution in the character. Even while the disease is still silently stealing through the hidden corners of our mechanism, and undermining the strength of nerve, the mind begins to anticipate by dark forebodings the fall of her companion. This is a main element in that condition which a great physician described in a masterly manner under the name of "Horrores." Hence their moroseness of disposition, which none can account for, their wavering fancies and inclinations, their disgust at what used to give them pleasure. The amiable man grows quarrelsome, the merry man cross, and he who used to lose himself, and gladly, in the bustle of the world, flies the face of man and retires into a gloomy melancholy. But underneath this treacherous repose the enemy is making ready for a deadly onslaught. The universal disturbance of the entire mechanism, when the disease once breaks forth, is the most speaking proof of the wonderful dependence of the soul on the body. The feeling, springing from a thousand painful sensations, of the utter ruin of the organism, brings about a frightful mental confusion. The most horrible ideas and fancies rise from their graves. The villain whom nothing could move yields under the dominant power of mere animal terror. Winchester, in dying, yells in the anguish of despair. The soul is under a terrible necessity, it would seem, of snatching at whatever will drag it deeper into darkness, and rejects with obstinate madness every ray of comfort. The string, the tone of pain is in the ascendant, and just as the spiritual misery rose in the bodily disorder, so now it turns and renders the disorder more universal and more intense.

S 20.—Limitations of the foregoing.

But there are daily examples of sufferers who courageously lift themselves above bodily ills: of dying men who, amidst the distressful struggles of the frame, ask, "Where is thy sting, O death?" Should not wisdom, one might urge, avail to combat the blind terrors of the organic nature? Nay, much more than wisdom, should religion have so little power to protect her friends against the assaults springing from the dust? Or, what is the same thing, does it not depend upon the preceding condition of the soul, as to how she accepts the alterations of the processes of life?

Now, this is an irrefragable truth. Philosophy, and still more a mind courageous and elevated by religion, are capable of completely weakening the influence of the animal sensations which assault the soul of one in pain, and able, as it were, to withdraw it from all coherence with the material. The thought of God, which is interwoven with death, as with all the universe, the harmony of past life, the anticipation of an ever-happy future, spread a bright light over all its ideas; while night is drawn round the soul of him who departs in folly and in unbelief. If even involuntary pangs force themselves upon the Christian and wise man (for is he less a human being?), yet will he resolve the sensations of his dissolving frame into happiness:—

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

It is precisely this unwonted cheerfulness on the part of those who are mortally sick which has often a physical reason at the basis, and which has the most express significance for the practical physician. It is often found in conjunction with the most fatal symptoms of Hippocrates, and without being attributable to any bygone crisis. Such a cheerfulness is of bad import. The

nerves, which during the height of the fever have been most sharply assailed, have now lost sensation; the inflamed members, it is well known, cease to smart as soon as they are destroyed; but it would be a hapless thought to rejoice that the time of burning pain were passed and gone. Stimulus fails before the dead nerves, and a deathly indolence belies future healing. The soul finds herself under the illusion of a pleasant sensation, because she is free from a long-enduring painful one. She is free from pain, not because the tone of her instrument is restored, but because she no more experiences the discord. Sympathy ceases as soon as the connection is lost.

S 21.—Further Aspects of the Connection.

If I might now begin to go deeper—if I might speak of delirium, of slumber, of stupor, of epilepsy and catalepsy, and such like, wherein the free and rational spirit is subjected to the despotism of the body—if I might enlarge especially on the wide field of hysteria and hypochondria—if it were allowed me to speak of temperaments, idiosyncrasies, and constitutions, which for physicians and philosophers are an abyss—in one word, should I attempt to demonstrate truth of the foregoing from the bed of sickness, which is ever a chief school of psychology—my matter would be extended to an endless length. We have, it seems to me, enough to prove that the animal nature is throughout mingled with the spiritual, and that this combination is perfection.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA EXPRESS THE EMOTIONS OF THE MIND.

S 22.—Physiognomy of Sensations.

It is just this close correspondence between the two natures which is the basis

of the whole science of physiognomy. By means of this nervous connection (which, as we have seen, lies at the bottom of the communication of feelings) the most secret movements of the soul are revealed on the exterior of the body, and passion penetrates even through the veil of the hypocrite. Each passion has its specific expressions, its peculiar dialect, so to speak, by which one knows it. And, indeed, it is an admirable law of Supreme Wisdom, that every passion which is noble and generous beautifies the body, while those that are mean and hateful distort it into animal forms. The more the mind departs from the likeness of the Deity, the nearer does the outward form seem to approach the animal, and always that animal which has a kindred proclivity. Thus, the mild expression of the philanthropist attracts the needy, whom the insolent look of the angry man repels. This is an indispensable guide in social life. It is astonishing what an accordance bodily appearance has with the passions; heroism and fearlessness pour life and strength through the veins and muscles, the eyes sparkle, the breast heaves, all the limbs arm themselves alike for combat—the man has the appearance of a war-horse. Fright and fear extinguish the fire in the eyes, the limbs sink powerless and heavy, the marrow in the bones seems frozen, the blood falls back on the heart like a stone, a general weakness cripples the powers of life.

A great, bold, lofty thought compels us to stand on tiptoe, to hold up the head, to expand the mouth and nose. The feeling of eternity, the outlook on a wide open horizon, the sea, etc., make us stretch out our arms—we would merge ourselves into the eternal: with the mountains, we would grow towards the heavens, rush thither on storms and waves: yawning abysses throw us down in giddiness. In like manner, hate is expressed in the body by a repelling force; while, on the contrary, in every pressure of the hand, in every embrace, our body will merge into that of our friend, in the same manner as the souls are in harmonious combination. Pride makes the body erect as the soul rises; pettiness bends the head, the limbs hang down; servile fear is expressed in the cringing walk; the thought of pain distorts our face, if pleasurable aspects spread a grace over the whole body; anger, on the other hand, will break through every strong

opposing cord, and need will almost overcome the impossible. I would now ask through what mechanism it happens that exactly these movements result from these feelings, that just these organs are affected by these passions? Might I not just as well want to know why a certain wounding of the ligament should stiffen the lower jaw?

If the passion which sympathetically awakened these movements of the frame be often renewed, if this sensation of soul become habitual, then these movements of the body will become so also. If this matured passion be of a lasting character, then these constitutional features of the frame become deeply engraved: they become, if I may borrow the pathologist's word, "deuteropathic," and are at last organic. Thus, at last, the firm perennial physiognomy of man is formed, so that it is almost easier afterwards to change the soul than the form. In this sense, one may also say, without being a "Stahlian," that the soul forms the body; and perhaps the earliest years of youth decide the features of a man for life, as they certainly are the foundation of his moral character. An inert and weak soul, which never overflows in passions, has no physiognomy at all; and want of expression is the leading characteristic of the countenance of the imbecile. The original features which nature gave him continue unaltered; the face is smooth, for no soul has played upon it; the eyebrows retain a perfect arch, for no wild passion has distorted them; the whole form retains its roundness, for the fat reposes in its cells; the face is regular, perhaps even beautiful, but I pity the soul of it!

A physiognomy of (perfect) organic parts, e.g., as to the form and size of the nose, eyes, mouth, ears, etc., the color of the hair, the height of the neck, and such like, may perhaps possibly be found, but certainly not very easily, however much Lavater should continue to rave about it through ten quarto volumes. He who would reduce to order the capricious play of nature, and classify the forms which she has punished like a stepmother, or endowed as a mother, would venture more than Linnaeus, and should be very careful lest he become one with the original presented to him, through its monstrous sportive variety.

Yet one more kind of sympathy deserves to be noticed, since it is of great importance in physiology. I mean the sympathy of certain sensations for the organs from which they sprang. A certain cramp in the stomach causes a feeling of disgust; the reproduction of this sensation brings back the cramp. How is this?

S 23.—The Remains of the Animal Nature is also a Source of Perfection.

Although the animal part of man preserves for him the many great advantages of which we have already spoken, still, one may say that, in another aspect, it remains always despicable; viz., the soul thus depends, slave-like, on the activity of its tools; the periodical relaxation of these prescribes to the soul an inactive pause and annihilation at periods. I mean sleep, which, one cannot deny, robs us at least of the third part of our life. Further, our mind is completely dependent on the laws of the body, so that the cessation of the latter puts a sudden stop to the continuance of thoughts, even though we be on the straight, open path towards truth. If the reason have ever so little fixed upon an idea, when the lazy matter refuses to carry it out, the strings of the thinking organs grow weary, if they have been but slightly strained; the body fails us where we need it most. What astonishing steps, one may infer, would man make in the use of his powers if he could continue to think in a state of unbroken intensity! How he would unravel every idea to its final elements; how he would trace every appearance to its most hidden sources, if he could keep them uninterruptedly before his mind! But, alas! it is not thus. Why is it not so?

S 24.—Necessity for Relaxation.

The following will lead us on the track of truth:—

1. Pleasant sensation was necessary to lead man to perfection, and he can only

be perfect when he feels comfortable.

2. The nature of a mortal being makes unpleasant feeling unavoidable. Evil does not shut man out from the best world, and the worldly-wise find their perfection therein.

3. Thus pain and pleasure are necessary. It seems harder, but it is no less true.

4. Every pain, as every pleasure, grows according to its nature, and would continue to do so.

5. Every pain and every pleasure of a mixed being tend to their own dissolution.

S 25.—Explanation.

It is a well-known law of the connection between ideas that every sensation, of whatever kind, immediately seizes another of its kind, and enlarges itself through this addition. The larger and more manifold it becomes, so much the more does it awaken similar sensations in all directions through the organs of thought, until, by degrees, it becomes universally predominant, and occupies the whole soul. Consequently, every sensation grows through itself; every present condition of the feeling power contains the root of a feeling to follow, similar, but more intense. This is evident. Now, every mental sensation is, as we know, allied to a similar animal one; in other words, each one is connected with more or less movement of the nerves, which take a direction according to the measure of their strength and extension. Thus, as mental sensations grow, must the movements in the nervous system increase also. This is no less clear. Now, pathology teaches us that a nerve never suffers alone: and to say, "Here is a superfluity of strength," is as much as to say, "There is want of strength." Thus, every nervous movement grows through itself. Now, we have remarked that the

movements of the nervous system react upon the mind, and strengthen the mental sensations;

[Why, how one weeps when one's too weary!

Tears, tears! why we weep,

'Tis worth inquiry:—that we've shamed a life,

Or lost a love, or missed a world, perhaps?

By no means. Simply, that we've walked too far,

Or talked too much, or felt the wind in the east, etc.

—Aurora Leigh.]

vice versa, the strengthened sensation of the mind increase and strengthen the motions of the nerves. Thus we have a circle, in which sensation must always increase, and nervous movements every moment become more powerful and universal.

Now, we know that the movements of the bodily frame which cause the feeling of pain run counter to the harmony by which it would exist in well-being; that is, that they are diseased. But disease cannot grow unceasingly, therefore they end in the total destruction of the frame. In relation to pain, it is thus proved that it aims at the death of the subject.

But, the motions of the nerves under pleasant sensations being so harmonious to the continuance of the machinery that the condition of mind which constitutes pleasure is that of the greatest bodily well-being, should not rather, then, pleasant sensation prolong the bloom of the body eternally? This inference is too hasty. In a certain stage of moderation, these nervous motions are wholesome, and really a sign of health. But if they outgrow this stage, they may be the highest activity, the highest momentary perfection; but, thus, they are excess of health, no longer health itself.

We only call that condition of the natural motions health in which the root of similar ones for the future lies, viz., those which confirm the perfection of

succeeding motions; thus, the destiny of continuance is essentially contained in the idea of health. Thus, for example, the body of the most debilitated profligate attains to its greatest harmony at the moment of excess; but it is only momentarily, and a so much deeper abatement shows sufficiently that overstraining was not health. Therefore one may justly accept that an overstrained vigor of physical action hastens death as much as the greatest disorder or the worst illness. Both pain and pleasure draw us towards an unavoidable death, unless something be present which limits their advance.

S 26.—Excellence of this Abatement.

It is just this (the limit to their growth) which the abatement of the animal nature causes. It must be no other than this limitation of our fragile frame (that appeared to have lent to our opponents so strong a proof against its perfection) which ameliorates all the evil consequences that the mechanism otherwise makes unavoidable. It is exactly this sinking, this lassitude of the organs, over which tinkers complain so much, that prevents our own strength destroying us in a short time; that does not permit our positions to be always increasing towards our destruction. This limitation shows each passion the period of its growth, its height and decline (if indeed the passion does not die out in a total relaxation of the body), which leaves the excited spirits time to resume their harmony, and the organs to recover. Hence, the highest pitch of rapture, of fear, and of anger, are the same as weariness, weakness, or fainting. But sleep vouchsafes more, for as Shakspeare says:—

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's sweet restorer.
—Macbeth.

During sleep, the vital forces restore themselves to that healthy balance which

the continuance of our being so much requires; all the cramped ideas and feelings, the overstrained actions which have troubled us through the day, are solved in the entire relaxation of the sensorium; the harmony of the motions of the mind are resumed, and the newly-awakened man greets the coming day more calmly.

In relation to the arrangement of the whole, also, we cannot sufficiently admire the worth and importance of this limitation. The arrangement necessarily causes many, who should be no less happy, to be sacrificed to the general order and to bear the lot of oppression. Likewise, many, whom we perhaps unjustly envy, must expend their mental and bodily strength in restless exertion, so that the repose of the whole be preserved. The same with sick persons, the same with unreasoning animals. Sleep seals the eye of care, takes from the prince and statesman the heavy weight of governing; pours new force into the veins of the sick man, and rest into his harassed soul; the daylaborer no longer hears the voice of the oppressor, and the ill-used beast escapes from the tyranny of man. Sleep buries all cares and troubles, balances everything, equips every one with new-born powers to bear the joys and sorrows of the next day.

S 27.—Severing of the Connection.

At length arrived at the point in the circle where the mind has fulfilled the aim of its being, an internal, unaccountable mechanism has, at the same time, made the body incapable of being any longer its instrument. All care for the well-being of the bodily state seems to reach but to this epoch. It appears to me that, in the formation of our physical nature, wisdom has shown such parsimony, that notwithstanding constant compensations, decline must always keep in the ascendancy, so that freedom misuses the mechanism, and death is germinated in life as out of its seed. Matter dissolves again into its last elements, which travel through the kingdom of nature in other forms and relations, to serve other

purposes. The mind continues to practise its thinking powers in other circles, and to observe the universe from other sides.

We may truly say that it has not by any means exhausted this actual sphere, that it might have left this sphere itself more perfect; but do we know that this sphere is lost to it? We lay many a book aside which we do not understand, but perhaps in a few years we shall understand it better.

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of The Project Gutenberg Works of
Frederich Schiller in English, by Frederich Schiller

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SCHILLER'S
WORKS ***

***** This file should be named 6800.txt or 6800.zip ***** This and all
associated files of various formats will be found in:
<https://www.gutenberg.org/6/8/0/6800/>

Produced by David Widger and Tapio Riikonen

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be
renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no one owns
a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy
and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying
copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of
this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic
works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark.
Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge
for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge

anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

***** START: FULL LICENSE *****

**THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU
DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK**

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at <https://gutenberg.org/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for

the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or

limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <https://www.pgla.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <https://pglaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <https://pglaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby

Chief Executive and Director

gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <https://pglaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <https://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright

notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<https://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.