

Adah. Lead! thou shalt be my guide, and
 may our God
 Be thine! Now let us carry forth our children.
Cain. And *he* who lieth there was child-
 less! I
 Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,
 Which might have graced his recent marriage
 couch,
 And might have tempered this stern blood of
 mine,
 Uniting with our children Abel's offspring?
 O Abel! 561
Adah. Peace be with him!
Cain. But with *me!*—
 [Exeunt.]

HEAVEN AND EARTH. ¹

A MYSTERY.

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE
 IN GENESIS, CHAP. vi. 1, 2.

“And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God
 saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and
 they took them wives of all which they chose.”

“And woman wailing for her demon lover.”
 Coleridge [*Kubla Khan*, line 16].

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANGELS.

SAMIASA.
 AZAZIEL.
 RAPHAEL, THE ARCHANGEL.

MEN.

NOAH AND HIS SONS.
 IRAD.
 JAPHET.

WOMEN.

ANAH.
 AHOLIBAMAH.

*Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.—Chorus
 of Mortals.*

¹ [*Heaven and Earth* was written at Ravenna, October 9-23, 1821. It was first published in the second number of the *Liberal*, January 1, 1823.]

PART I.

SCENE I.—*A woody and mountainous district
 near Mount Ararat.—Time, midnight.*

*Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*¹

Anah. OUR father sleeps: it is the hour
 when they
 Who love us are accustomed to descend
 Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat;—
 How my heart beats!
Aho. Let us proceed upon
 Our invocation.
Anah. But the stars are hidden.
 I tremble.
Aho. So do I, but not with fear
 Of aught save their delay.
Anah. My sister, though
 I love Azazel more than—oh, too much!
 What was I going to say? my heart grows
 impious.

Aho. And where is the impiety of loving to
 Celestial natures?

Anah. But, Aholibamah,
 I love our God less since his angel loved me:
 This cannot be of good; and though I know
 not

That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
 Which are not ominous of right.

Aho. Then wed thee
 Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
 There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved
 thee long:

Marry, and bring forth dust!

Anah. I should have loved
 Azazel not less were he mortal; yet
 I am glad he is not. I cannot outlive him.²⁰
 And when I think that his immortal wings
 Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
 Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
 As he adores the Highest, death becomes
 Less terrible; but yet I pity him:
 His grief will be of ages, or at least
 Mine would be such for him, were I the Seraph,
 And he the perishable.

Aho. Rather say,
 That he will single forth some other daughter
 Of earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.

Anah. And if it should be so, and she loved
 him, 31
 Better thus than that he should weep for me.

¹ [Aholibamah (“tent of the highest”) was daughter of Anah (a Hivite clan-name), the daughter of Zibeon, Esau's wife, *Gen.* xxxvi. 14. Irad was the son of Enoch, and grandson of Cain, *Gen.* iv. 18.]

Aho. If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All Seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation!—'Tis the hour.

Anah. Seraph!

From thy sphere!

Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven 39
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"¹

Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!

And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.

Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thine years, 50

Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;

With me thou canst not sympathize,
Except in love, and there thou must

Acknowledge that more loving dust

Ne'er wept beneath the skies.

Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st

The face of him who made thee great,

As he hath made me of the least

Of those cast out from Eden's gate:

Yet, Seraph dear! 60

Oh hear!

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die

Until I know what I must die in knowing,

That thou forget'st in thine eternity

Her whose heart Death could not keep from
o'erflowing

For thee, immortal essence as thou art!

Great is their love who love in sin and fear;

And such, I feel, are waging in my heart

A war unworthy: to an Adamite

Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts
appear, 70

For sorrow is our element;

Delight

An Eden kept afar from sight,

Though sometimes with our visions
blent.

The hour is near

¹ The archangels, said to be seven in number, and to occupy the eighth rank in the celestial hierarchy.

[Compare *Tobit* xii. 15, "I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels which present the prayers of the saints." *The Book of Enoch* (ch. xx.) names the other archangels, "Uriel, Rufael, Raguel, Michael, Saraqâêl, and Gabriel, who is over Paradise and the serpents and the cherubin."]

Which tells me we are not abandoned quite.—

Appear! Appear!

Seraph!

My own Azazel! be but here,

And leave the stars to their own light! 80

Aho. Samiasa!

Wheresoe'er

Thou rulest in the upper air—

Or warring with the spirits who may dare

Dispute with him

Who made all empires, empire; or recalling
Some wandering star, which shoots through
the abyss,

Whose tenants dying, while their world is
falling,

Share the dim destiny of clay in this;

Or joining with the inferior cherubim, 90

Thou deignest to partake their hymn—

Samiasa!

I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.

Many may worship thee, that will I not:

If that thy spirit down to mine may move
thee,

Descend and share my lot!

Though I be formed of clay,

And thou of beams

More bright than those of day

On Eden's streams, 100

Thine immortality can not repay

With love more warm than mine

My love. There is a ray

In me, which, though forbidden yet to
shine,

I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.

It may be hidden long: death and decay

Our mother Eve bequeathed us—but my
heart

Defies it: though this life must pass away,

Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?

Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel— 110

I feel my immortality o'ersweep

All pains, all tears, all fears, and peal,

Like the eternal thunders of the deep,

Into my ears this truth—"Thou liv'st for
ever!"

But if it be in joy

I know not, nor would know;

That secret rests with the Almighty giver,

Who folds in clouds the fonts of bliss and
woe.

But thee and me he never can destroy;

Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we
are 120

Of as eternal essence, and must war

With him if he will war with us; with *thee*

I can share all things, even immortal
sorrow ;
For thou hast ventured to share life with
me,
And shall I shrink from thine eternity?
No ! though the serpent's sting should
pierce me thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still ! and I will smile,
And curse thee not ; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold 130
As — but descend, and prove
A mortal's love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, re-
main !
Anah. Sister ! sister ! I view them winging
Their bright way through the parted night.
Aho. The clouds from off their pinions
flinging,
As though they bore to-morrow's light.
Anah. But if our father see the sight !
Aho. He would but deem it was the moon
Rising unto some sorcerer's tune 141
An hour too soon.
Anah. They come ! *he* comes !—Azaziel !
Aho. Haste
To meet them ! Oh ! for wings to bear
My spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa's breast !
Anah. Lo ! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset ;—lo !
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-coloured bow, 150
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines ! and now, behold ! it hath
Returned to night, as rippling foam,
Which the Leviathan hath lashed
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
Subsides soon after he again hath dashed
Down, down, to where the Ocean's fountains
sleep.
Aho. They have touched earth ! Samiasa !
Anah. My Azaziel !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter IRAD and JAPHET.*

Irada. Despond not : wherefore wilt thou
wander thus
To add thy silence to the silent night,
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars ?
They cannot aid thee.
Japh. But they soothe me—now
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.

Methinks a being that is beautiful
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
The eternal beauty of undying things.
Oh, Anah !
Irada. But she loves thee not.
Japh. Alas !
Irada. And proud Aholibamah spurns me
also. 10
Japh. I feel for thee too.
Irada. Let her keep her pride,
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn :
It may be, time too will avenge it.
Japh. Canst thou
Find joy in such a thought ?
Irada. Nor joy nor sorrow.
I loved her well ; I would have loved her
better,
Had love been met with love : as 'tis, I leave
her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.
Japh. What destinies ?
Irada. I have some cause to think
She loves another.
Japh. Anah !
Irada. No ; her sister.
Japh. What other ?
Irada. That I know not ; but her air, 20
If not her words, tells me she loves another.
Japh. Aye, but not Anah : she but loves her
God.
Irada. Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee
not,
What can it profit thee ?
Japh. True, nothing ; but
I love.
Irada. And so did I.
Japh. And now thou lov'st not,
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier ?
Irada. Yes
Japh. I pity thee.
Irada. Me ! why ?
Japh. For being happy,
Deprived of that which makes my misery.
Irada. I take thy taunt as part of thy dis-
temper,
And would not feel as thou dost for more
shekels 30
Than all our father's herds would bring, if
weighed
Against the metal of the sons of Cain—
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
As if such useless and discoloured trash,
The refuse of the earth, could be received
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and
all

Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhet,
Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the moon—
I must back to my rest.

Japh. And so would I
If I could rest.

Irada. Thou wilt not to our tents then? 40

Japh. No, Irad; I will to the cavern, whose
Mouth they say opens from the internal world,
To let the inner spirits of the earth
Forth when they walk its surface.

Irada. Wherefore so?
What wouldst thou there?

Japh. Soothe further my sad spirit
With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,
And I am hopeless.

Irada. But 'tis dangerous;
Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with
terrors.

I must go with thee.

Japh. Irad, no; believe me
I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil. 50

Irada. But evil things will be thy foe the more
As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,
Or let mine be with thine.

Japh. No, neither, Irad;
I must proceed alone.

Irada. Then peace be with thee!

[Exit IRAD.]

Japh. (solus). Peace! I have sought it where
it should be found,

In love — with love, too, which perhaps
deserved it;

And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart,
A weakness of the spirit, listless days,
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep
Have come upon me. Peace! what peace?
the calm 60

Of desolation, and the stillness of
The untrodden forest, only broken by
The sweeping tempest through its groaning
boughs;

Such is the sullen or the fitful state
Of my mind overworn. The Earth's grown
wicked,

And many signs and portents have proclaimed
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
When the dread hour denounced shall open
wide

The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou
Have lain within this bosom, folded from 71
The elements; this bosom, which in vain
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more
vainly,

While thine—Oh, God! at least remit to her

Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,
Although they obscure it for an hour. My
Anah!

How would I have adored thee, but thou
wouldst not;

And still would I redeem thee—see thee live
When Ocean is earth's grave, and, unopposed
By rock or shallow, the Leviathan, 81
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[Exit JAPHET.]

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet?

Shem. He went forth,
According to his wont, to meet with Irad,
He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps
Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers
nightly,

Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest;
Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern
Which opens to the heart of Ararat. 90

Noah. What doth he there? It is an evil
spot

Upon an earth all evil; for things worse
Than even wicked men resort there: he
Still loves this daughter of a fated race,
Although he could not wed her if she loved
him,

And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy
hearts

Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
The destiny and evil of these days,
And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;
He must be sought for! 101

Shem. Go not forward, father:
I will seek Japhet.

Noah. Do not fear for me:
All evil things are powerless on the man
Selected by Jehovah.—Let us on.

Shem. To the tents of the father of the
sisters?

Noah. No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.
[Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.]

SCENE III.—The mountains.—A cavern, and
the rocks of Caucasus.

Japh. (solus). Ye wilds, that look eternal;
and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye moun-
tains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;

Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
 And toppling trees that twine their roots with
 stone
 In perpendicular places, where the foot
 Of man would tremble, could he reach them
 —yes,
 Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
 Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent,
 hurled
 Before the mass of waters; and yon cave, 10
 Which seems to lead into a lower world,
 Shall have its depths searched by the sweep-
 ing wave,
 And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
 And man — Oh, men! my fellow-beings!
 Who
 Shall weep above your universal grave,
 Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My
 kinsmen,
 Alas! what am I better than ye are,
 That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
 The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
 While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
 Scarce less beloved, where I despaired for
 her?
 And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak. 22
 Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
 Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
 No more to have the morning sun break forth,
 And scatter back the mists in floating folds
 From its tremendous brow? no more to have
 Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
 Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
 No more to be the beacon of the world, 30
 For angels to alight on, as the spot
 Nearest the stars? And can those words
 "no more"
 Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
 And the predestined creeping things reserved
 By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
 He preserve *them*, and I *not* have the power
 To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters
 from
 A doom which even some serpent, with his
 mate,
 Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolonged,
 To hiss and sting through some emerging
 world, 40
 Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose
 ooze
 Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this, until
 The salt morass subside into a sphere
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
 The sole and undistinguished sepulchre,
 Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much

Breath will be stilled at once! All beauteous
 world!
 So young, so marked out for destruction, I
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
 And night by night, thy numbered days and
 nights. 50
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
 Whose love had made me love thee more;
 but as
 A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
 Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
 Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—
 [He pauses.
*A rushing sound from the cavern is
 heard, and shouts of laughter—
 afterwards a Spirit passes.*
Japh. In the name
 Of the Most High, what art thou?
Spirit (laughs). Ha! ha! ha!
Japh. By all that earth holds holiest, speak!
Spirit (laughs). Ha! ha!
Japh. By the approaching deluge! by the
 earth
 Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
 The deep which will lay open all her fountains!
 The heaven which will convert her clouds to
 seas, 61
 And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
 Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
 Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!
 Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?
Spirit. Why weep'st thou?
Japh. For earth and all her children.
Spirit. Ha! ha! ha!
 [Spirit vanishes.
Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of
 a world,
 The coming desolation of an orb,
 On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!
 How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is 70
 Sleep too upon the very eve of death!
 Why should they wake to meet it? What
 are here,
 Which look like death in life, and speak like
 things
 Born ere this dying world? They come like
 clouds!
 [Various Spirits pass from the cavern.
Spirit. Rejoice!
 The abhorred race
 Which could not keep in Eden their high
 place,
 But listened to the voice
 Of knowledge without power,
 Are nigh the hour, 80
 Of Death!

Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor
sorrow,
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor Time's
sapping motion,
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-
morrow!
Earth shall be Ocean!
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find
no spot:
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave,
Shall lift its point to save, 90
Or show the place where strong Despair
hath died,
After long looking o'er the ocean wide
For the expected ebb which cometh not:
All shall be void,
Destroyed!
Another element shall be the lord
Of life, and the abhorred
Children of dust be quenched; and of each
hue
Of earth nought left but the unbroken
blue;
And of the variegated mountain 100
Shall nought remain
Unchanged, or of the level plain;
Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in
vain:
All merged within the universal fountain.
Man, earth, and fire, shall die,
And sea and sky
Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.
Upon the foam
Who shall erect a home?
Japh. (coming forward). My sire! 110
Earth's seed shall not expire;
Only the evil shall be put away
From day.
Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!
Who howl your hideous joy
When God destroys whom you dare not
destroy:
Hence! haste!
Back to your inner caves!
Until the waves
Shall search you in your secret place,
And drive your sullen race 121
Forth, to be rolled upon the tossing winds,
In restless wretchedness along all space!
Spirit. Son of the saved!
When thou and thine have braved
The wide and warring element;
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,

Shall thou and thine be good or happy?—
No!
Thy new world and new race shall be of
woe— 129
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years
Less than the glorious giants, who
Yet walk the world in pride,
The sons of Heaven by many a mortal
bride.
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save
tears!
And art thou not ashamed
Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should
rather 140
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favoured father,
And build thy city o'er the drowned
earth's grave?
Who would outlive their kind,
Except the base and blind?
Mine
Hateth thine
As of a different order in the sphere,
But not our own.
There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness
here, 151
Rather than see his mates endure alone.
Go, wretch! and give
A life like thine to other wretches—live!
And when the annihilating waters roar
Above what they have done,
Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
Thyself for being his son!
Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.
Rejoice! 160
No more the human voice
Shall vex our joys in middle air
With prayer;
No more
Shall they adore;
And we, who ne'er for ages have adored
The prayer-exacting Lord,
To whom the omission of a sacrifice
Is vice;
We, we shall view the deep's salt sources
poured 170
Until one element shall do the work
Of all in chaos; until they,
The creatures proud of their poor clay,

Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall
lurk
In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains,
where
The deep shall follow to their latest lair ;
Where even the brutes, in their despair,
Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,
And the striped tiger shall lie down to die
Beside the lamb, as though he were his
brother ; 180
Till all things shall be as they were,
Silent and uncreated, save the sky :
While a brief truce
Is made with Death, who shall forbear
The little remnant of the past creation,
To generate new nations for his use ;
This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,
When the hot sun hath baked the reeking
soil 189
Into a world, shall give again to Time
New beings—years, diseases, sorrow,
crime—
With all companionship of hate and toil,
Until——
Japh. (interrupting them). The eternal Will
Shall deign to expound this dream
Of good and evil ; and redeem
Unto himself all times, all things ;
And, gathered under his almighty
wings,
Abolish Hell !
And to the expiated Earth
Restore the beauty of her birth, 200
Her Eden in an endless paradise,
Where man no more can fall as once
he fell,
And even the very demons shall do well !
Spirits. And when shall take effect this
wondrous spell ?
Japh. When the Redeemer cometh ; first
in pain,
And then in glory.
Spirit. Meantime still struggle in the
mortal chain,
Till Earth wax hoary ;
War with yourselves, and Hell, and
Heaven, in vain,
Until the clouds look gory 210
With the blood reeking from each battle-
plain ;
New times, new climes, new arts, new
men ; but still,
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest
ill,

Shall be amongst your race in different
forms ;
But the same moral storms
Shall oversweep the future, as the waves
In a few hours the glorious giants' graves.¹
Chorus of Spirits.
Brethren, rejoice !
Mortal, farewell !
Hark ! hark ! already we can hear the
voice 220
Of growing Ocean's gloomy swell ;
The winds, too, plume their piercing
wings ;
The clouds have nearly filled their springs ;
The fountains of the great deep shall be
broken,
And heaven set wide her windows ;²
while mankind
View, unacknowledged, each tremendous
token—
Still, as they were from the beginning,
blind.
We hear the sound they cannot hear,
The mustering thunders of the threaten-
ing sphere ;
Yet a few hours their coming is
delayed ; 230
Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
Yet undisplayed,
Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.
Howl ! howl ! oh Earth !
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth ;
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The Ocean's overflow !
The wave shall break upon your cliffs ; and
shells,
The little shells, of Ocean's least things be
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring
dwells— 240
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless
sea !
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswered, save by the encroaching swell ;—
While man shall long in vain for his broad
wings,
The wings which could not save :—
Where could he rest them, while the whole
space brings
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his
grave ?

¹ “[And] there were giants in the earth in those days ; and . . . after, . . . mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.”—*Genesis* [vi. 4].

² “The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.”—*Genesis* [vii. 11].

Brethren, rejoice!
 And loudly lift each superhuman voice—
 All die, 250
 Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—
 The seed of Seth,
 Exempt for future sorrow's sake from death.
 But of the sons of Cain
 None shall remain;
 And all his goodly daughters
 Must lie beneath the desolating waters;
 Or, floating upward, with their long hair
 laid
 Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,
 Which would not spare 260
 Beings even in death so fair.
 It is decreed,
 All die!
 And to the universal human cry
 The universal silence shall succeed!
 Fly, brethren, fly!
 But still rejoice!
 We fell!
 They fall!
 So perish all 270
 These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from
 Hell!
 [*The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.*
Japh. (solus). God hath proclaimed the
 destiny of earth;
 My father's ark of safety hath announced it;
 The very demons shriek it from their caves;
 The scroll¹ of Enoch prophesied it long

¹ The book of Enoch preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the flood.

[Some fragments of the *Book of Enoch*, which were included by Georgius Syncellus (a Byzantine writer of the eighth century A.D.) in his *Chronographia*, pp. 11, 26, were printed by J. J. Scaliger in 1606. In 1715 one of the fragments was "made English," and published under the title of *The History of the Angels and their Gallantry with the Daughters of Men*, written by Enoch the Patriarch.

In 1785 James Bruce, the traveller, discovered three MSS. of the *Book of Enoch*. One he conveyed to the library at Paris; a second MS. he presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In 1821 Richard Laurence, LL.D., Archbishop of Cashel, published a translation "from the Ethiopic MS. in the Bodleian Library." This was the first translation of the book as a whole.

The following extracts, which were evidently within Byron's recollection when he planned *Heaven and Earth*, are taken from *The Book of Enoch*, translated from Professor Dillman's Ethiopic Text, by R. H. Charles, Oxford, 1892:—

"Chap. vi. [1. And it came to pass when the

In silent books, which, in their silence, say
 More to the mind than thunder to the ear:
 And yet men listened not, nor listen; but
 Walk darkling to their doom: which, though
 so nigh,
 Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,
 Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty
 purpose, 281
 Or deaf obedient Ocean, which fulfils it.
 No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;
 The clouds are few, and of their wonted
 texture;
 The Sun will rise upon the Earth's last day
 As on the fourth day of creation, when
 God said unto him, "Shine!" and he broke
 forth
 Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
 Unformed forefather of mankind—but roused
 Before the human orison the earlier 290
 Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
 Which in the open firmament of heaven
 Have wings like angels, and like them salute
 Heaven first each day before the Adamites:
 Their matins now draw nigh—the east is
 kindling—
 And they will sing! and day will break!
 Both near,
 So near the awful close! For these must drop
 Their outworn pinions on the deep; and day,
 After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—
 Aye, day will rise; but upon what?—a chaos,

children of men had multiplied in those days that beautiful and comely daughters were born unto them. [2. And the angels, the sons of the Heavens, saw and lusted after them, and spake one to another, 'Come now, let us choose us wives from among the children of men, and beget children. [3. And Semjâzâ, who was the leader, spake unto them: 'I fear ye will not indeed agree to do this deed. . . . [6. And they descended in the days of Jared on the summit of Mount Hermon. . . .

"Chap. viii. [1. And Azâzêl taught men to make swords, etc.

"Chap. x. Then spake the Most High, the Great, the Holy One, and sent Arsjâlâljûr (=Uriel) to the son of Lamech, and said to him, 'Tell him in My Name to hide thyself!' and reveal to him that the end is approaching; for the whole earth will be destroyed, and a deluge will presently cover up the whole earth, and all that is in it will be destroyed. [3. And now instruct him that he may escape as his seed may be preserved for all generations. [4. And again the Lord spake to Rafael; Bind Azâzêl hand and foot, and place him in darkness; make an opening in the desert which is in Dudâêl and place him therein. [5. And place upon him rough and ragged rocks," etc.]

Which was ere day; and which, renewed,
 makes Time 301
 Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
 No more to dust than is Eternity
 Unto Jehovah, who created both.
 Without him, even Eternity would be
 A void: without man, Time, as made for man,
 Dies with man, and is swallowed in that deep
 Which has no fountain; as his race will be
 Devoured by that which drowns his infant
 world.—
 What have we here? Shapes of both earth
 and air? 310
 No—*all* of heaven, they are so beautiful.
 I cannot trace their features, but their forms,
 How lovelily they move along the side
 Of the grey mountain, scattering its mist!
 And after the swart savage spirits, whose
 Infernal immortality poured forth
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
 Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
 To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
 For which I have so often prayed.—They
 come! 320
 Anah! oh, God! and with her—
Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and
AHOLIBAMAH.
Anah. Japhet!
Sam. Lo!
 A son of Adam!
Aza. What doth the earth-born here,
 While all his race are slumbering?
Japh. Angel! what
 Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on
 high?
Aza. Know'st thou not, or forget'st thou
 that a part
 Of our great function is to guard thine earth?
Japh. But all good angels have forsaken
 earth,
 Which is condemned; nay, even the evil fly
 The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my
 In vain, and long, and still to be, beloved!
 Why walk'st thou with this Spirit, in those
 hours 331
 When no good Spirit longer lights below?
Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet,
 yet
 Forgive me—
Japh. May the Heaven, which soon
no more
 Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly
 tempted.
Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of
 Noah!
 We know thee not.

Japh. The hour may come when thou
 May'st know me better; and thy sister know
 Me still the same which I have ever been.
Sam. Son of the patriarch, who hath ever
 been 340
 Upright before his God, whate'er thy gifts,
 And thy words seem of sorrow, mixed with
 wrath,
 How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
 Wrong?
Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs!
 but, thou
 Say'st well, though she be dust—I did not,
 could not,
 Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
 That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
 To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er
 Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
 To save this beautiful—*these* beautiful 350
 Children of Cain?
Aza. From what?
Japh. And is it so,
 That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
 Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now
 must
 Partake his punishment; or, at the least,
 My sorrow.
Sam. Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
 To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.
Japh. And hath not the Most High
 expounded them?
 Then ye are lost as they are lost.
Aho. So be it!
 If they love as they are loved, they will not
 shrink
 More to be mortal, than I would to dare 360
 An immortality of agonies
 With Samiasa!
Anah. Sister! sister! speak not
 Thus.
Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah?
Anah. Yes, for thee:
 I would resign the greater remnant of
 This little life of mine, before one hour
 Of thine eternity should know a pang.
Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the Seraph
 thou
 Has left me! That is nothing, if thou hast
 not
 Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
 Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot
 Be happy or be hallowed. We are sent 371
 Upon the earth to toil and die; and they
 Are made to minister on high unto
 The Highest: but if he can *save* thee, soon

The hour will come in which celestial aid
Alone can do so.

Anah. Ah! he speaks of Death.

Sam. Of death to *us*! and those who are
with us!

But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
Could smile.

Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear.
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
Righteous enough to save his children.

Would 382

His power was greater of redemption! or
That by exchanging my own life for hers,
Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could
share

The ark which shall receive a remnant of
The seed of Seth!

Aho. And dost thou think that we,
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood
Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who was
begotten 390

In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's
children?

Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
No, not to save all Earth, were Earth in peril!
Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
Too much of the forefather whom thou
vauntest

Has come down in that haughty blood which
springs

From him who shed the first, and that a
brother's!

But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word I cannot 401
Part with, although I must from thee. My
Anah!

Thou who dost rather make me dream that
Abel

Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty.
For all of them are fairest in their favour—

Aho. (interrupting him). And wouldst
thou have her like our father's foe
In mind, in soul? If I partook thy thought
And dreamed that aught of *Abel* was in *her*!—
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou makest
strife. 411

Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!

Aho. But

He slew not Seth: and what hast thou to do

With other deeds between his God and him?

Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath
judged him, and

I had not named his deed, but that thyself
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.

Aho. He was our father's father;
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their
beauty, 422

Their courage, strength, and length of days—

Japh. They are numbered.

Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours
endure,

I glory in my brethren and our fathers.

Japh. My sire and race but glory in their
God,

Anah! and thou?—

Anah. Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey. 429

But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or
all

The brightest future, without the sweet past—
Thy love, my father's, all the life, and all
The things which sprang up with me, like the
stars,

Making my dim existence radiant with 338
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
I abhor Death, because that thou must die.

Aho. What, hath this dreamer, with his
father's ark,

The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved
Of Seraphs? and if we were not, must we
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?

Rather than thus—But the enthusiast dreams
The worst of dreams, the fantasies engendered
By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm
earth, 450

And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
Distinct from that which we and all our sires
Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
Who shall do this?

Japh. He whose one word produced them.

Aho. Who *heard* that word?

Japh. The Universe, which leaped

To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in
scorn?

Turn to thy Seraphs: if they attest it not,
They are none.

Sam. Aholibamah, own thy God!

Aho. I have ever hailed our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine and mine: a God of Love, not Sorrow.

Japh. Alas! what else is Love but Sorrow?

Even 461

He who made earth in love had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.

Aho. 'Tis said so.

Japh. It is even so.

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Japhet! What
Dost thou here with these children of the
wicked?

Dread'st thou not to partake their coming
doom?

Japh. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of angels.

Noah. These are they, then, 470
Who leave the throne of God, to take them
wives

From out the race of Cain; the sons of Heaven,
Who seek Earth's daughters for their beauty?

Aza. Patriarch

Thou hast said it.

Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between Earth
And Heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

Sam. Was not man made in high Jehovah's
image?

Did God not love what he had made? And
what

Do we but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?

Noah. I am 480

But man, and was not made to judgemankind,
Far less the sons of God; but as our God
Has deigned to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
Of Seraphs from their everlasting seat
Unto a perishable and perishing,
Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
Cannot be good.

Aza. What! though it were to save?

Noah. Not ye in all your glory can redeem
What he who made you glorious hath con-
demned. 490

Were your immortal mission safety, 'twould
Be general, not for two, though beautiful;

And beautiful they are, but not the less
Condemned.

Japh. Oh, father! say it not.

Noah. Son! son!

If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget
That they exist: they soon shall cease to be,
While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
And better.

Japh. Let me die with *this* and *them*!

Noah. Thou *shouldst* for such a thought,
but shalt not: he

Who *can*, redeems thee.

Sam. And why him and thee, 500
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?

Noah. Ask him who made thee greater than
myself

And mine, but not less subject to his own
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and
Least to be tempted messenger appears!

Enter RAPHAEL the Archangel.

Raph. Spirits!

Whose seat is near the throne,

What do you here?

Is thus a Seraph's duty to be shown,

Now that the hour is near 510

When Earth must be alone?

Return!

Adore and burn,

In glorious homage with the elected "Seven."

Your place is Heaven.

Sam. Raphael!

The first and fairest of the sons of God,

How long hath this been law,

That Earth by angel must be left untrod?

Earth! which oft saw 520

Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!

The world he loved, and made

For love; and oft have we obeyed

His frequent mission with delighted
pinions:

Adoring him in his least works dis-
played;

Watching this youngest star of his
dominions;

And, as the latest birth of his great word,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.

Why is thy brow severe?

And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction
near? 530

Raph. Had Samiasa and Azazel been

In their true place, with the angelic choir,
Written in fire

They would have seen

Jehovah's late decree,

And not enquired their Maker's breath of
me:

But ignorance must ever be
A part of sin;

And even the Spirits' knowledge shall grow
less

As they wax proud within: 540
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.

When all good angels left the world, ye
stayed,

Stung with strange passions, and debased
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid;
But ye are pardoned thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals. Hence! away!
away!

Or stay,
And lose Eternity by that delay!
Aza. And thou! if Earth be thus forbidden
In the decree 550

To us until this moment hidden,
Dost thou not err as we
In being here?

Raph. I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God,
Dear, dearest in themselves—and scarce less
dear,

That which I came to do: till now we trod
Together the eternal space; together
Let us still walk the stars. True, Earth
must die!

Her race, returned into her womb, must
wither, 560

And much which she inherits: but oh! why
Cannot this Earth be made, or be
destroyed,

Without involving ever some vast void
In the immortal ranks? immortal still
In their immeasurable forfeiture.

Our brother Satan fell; his burning will
Rather than longer worship dared endure!
But ye who still are pure!

Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest
one,—

Think how he was undone! 570
And think if tempting man can compensate
For Heaven desired too late?

Long have I warred,
Long must I war

With him who deemed it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge him
Who midst the cherubim

Made him as suns to a dependent star,
Leaving the archangels at his right hand
dim.

I loved him—beautiful he was: oh,
Heaven! 580

Save *his* who made, what beauty and what
power

Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious: but, oh ye!

Yet undestroyed; be warned! Eternity
With him, or with his God, is in your
choice:

He hath not tempted you; he cannot tempt
The angels, from his further snares exempt:

But man hath listened to his voice,
And ye to woman's—beautiful she is, 590
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.
The snake but vanquished dust; but she
will draw

A second host from heaven, to break
Heaven's law.

Yet, yet, oh fly!

Ye cannot die;

But they

Shall pass away,

While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,

Whose memory in your immortality 600
Shall long outlast the Sun which gave
them day.

Think how your essence differeth from theirs
In all but suffering! why partake

The agony to which they must be heirs—
Born to be ploughed with years, and sown
with cares,

And reaped by Death, lord of the human
soil?

Even had their days been left to toil their
path

Through time to dust, unshortened by
God's wrath,

Still they are Evil's prey, and Sorrow's
spoil.

Aho. Let them fly! 610
I hear the voice which says that all must die,
Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs
died;

And that on high
An ocean is prepared,
While from below

The deep shall rise to meet Heaven's over-
flow—

Few shall be spared,
It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.

Sister! since it is so, 620

And the eternal Lord

In vain would be implored
For the remission of one hour of woe,

Let us resign even what we have adored,
 And meet the wave, as we would meet the
 sword,
 If not unmoved, yet undismayed,
 And wailing less for us than those who shall
 Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
 And, when the fatal waters are allayed,
 Weep for the myriads who can weep no
 more.
 Fly, Seraphs! to your own eternal shore, 631
 Where winds nor howl, nor waters roar.
 Our portion is to die,
 And yours to live for ever:
 But which is best, a dead Eternity,
 Or living, is but known to the great Giver.
 Obey him, as we shall obey;
 I would not keep this life of mine in clay
 An hour beyond his will;
 Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace, 640
 For all the mercy which Seth's race
 Find still.
 Fly!
 And as your pinions bear ye back to
 Heaven,
 Think that my love still mounts with thee on
 high,
 Samiasa!
 And if I look up with a tearless eye,
 'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep,—
 Farewell! Now rise, inexorable deep!
Anah. And must we die? 650
 And must I lose thee too,
 Azaziel?
 Oh, my heart! my heart!
 Thy prophecies were true!
 And yet thou wert so happy too!
 The blow, though not unlooked for, falls as
 new:
 But yet depart!
 Ah! why?
 Yet let me not retain thee—fly!
 My pangs can be but brief; but thine
 would be 660
 Eternal, if repulsed from Heaven for me.
 Too much already hast thou deigned
 To one of Adam's race!
 Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,
 But to the Spirits who have not disdained
 To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.
 The first who taught us knowledge hath been
 hurled
 From his once archangelic throne
 Into some unknown world:
 And thou, Azaziel! No— 670
 Thou shalt not suffer woe

For me. Away! nor weep!
 Thou canst not weep; but yet
 May'st suffer more, not weeping: then forget
 Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling deep
 Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!
 Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.
Japh. Oh say not so!
 Father! and thou, archangel, thou!
 Surely celestial mercy lurks below 680
 That pure severe serenity of brow:
 Let them not meet this sea without a shore,
 Save in our ark, or let me be no more!
Noah. Peace, child of passion, peace!
 If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
 Do God no wrong!
 Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,
 A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.
 Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease
 To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
 Would'st thou have God commit a sin for
 thee? 691
 Such would it be
 To alter his intent
 For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
 And bear what Adam's race must bear, and
 can.
Japh. Aye, father! but when they are gone,
 And we are all alone,
 Floating upon the azure desert, and
 The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
 And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
 Buried in its immeasurable breast, 701
 Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then
 command?
 Can we in Desolation's peace have rest?
 Oh God! be thou a God, and spare
 Yet while 'tis time!
 Renew not Adam's fall:
 Mankind were then but twain,
 But they are numerous now as are the waves
 And the tremendous rain,
 Whose drops shall be less thick than would
 their graves, 710
 Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.
Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's
 a crime.
 Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.
Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in
 passion: Ye!
 Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
 May now return with me.
Sam. It may not be:
 We have chosen, and will endure.
Raph. Say'st thou?
Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

Raph. Again!
Then from this hour, 720
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,
And aliens from your God,
Farewell!

Japh. Alas! where shall they dwell?
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each
blossom:

Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry! 730
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,
And hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
Yet dared to soar,
Even when the waters waxed too fierce to
brave.
Soon it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!

Japh. The sun! the sun!
He riseth, but his better light is gone;
And a black circle, bound, 740
His glaring disk around,
Proclaims Earth's last of summer days hath
shone!

The clouds return into the hues of night,
Save where their brazen-coloured edges
streak
The verge where brighter morns were wont to
break.

Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!
It cometh! hence, away!
Leave to the elements their evil prey!
Hence to where our all-hallowed ark uprears
Its safe and wreckless sides! 751

Japh. Oh, father, stay!
Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!
Noah. Must we not leave all life to such?
Begone!

Japh. Not I.

Noah. Then die

With them!

How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,
And seek to save what all things now condemn,
In overwhelming unison 760
With just Jehovah's wrath!

Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same
path?

Noah. Blasphemer! darest thou murmur
even now!

Raph. Patriarch! be still a father! smooth
thy brow:

Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink:
He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
With sobs the salt foam of the swelling
waters;

But be, when passion passeth, good as thou,
Nor perish like Heaven's children with man's
daughters.

Aho. The tempest cometh; heaven and earth
unite 770

For the annihilation of all life.

Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal Might!

Sam. But ours is with thee; we will bear
ye far

To some untroubled star,
Where thou, and Anah, shalt partake our lot:
And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,
Our forfeit Heaven shall also be forgot.

Anah. Oh! my dear father's tents, my place
of birth,

And mountains, lands, and woods? when ye
are not, 780

Who shall dry up my tears?

Aza. Thy spirit-lord.

Fear not; though we are shut from Heaven,
Yet much is ours, whence we cannot be driven,

Raph. Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy
deeds

Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming
sword,

Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

Aza. It cannot slay us: threaten dust with
death,

And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds.
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?

Raph. The moment cometh to approve thy
strength; 791

And learn at length

How vain to war with what thy God com-
mands:

Thy former force was in thy faith.

Enter Mortals flying for refuge.

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling—God!
oh God!

What have we done? Yet spare!

Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their
prayer!

The dragon crawls from out his den,

To herd, in terror, innocent with men;

And the birds scream their agony through air.

Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod 801

Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair!
Hear not man only but all nature plead!

Raph. Farewell, thou earth! ye wretched
sons of clay,
I cannot, must not, aid you. 'Tis decreed!

[*Exit* RAPHAEL.]

Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for
their prey,

While others, fixed as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be poured.
No azure more shall robe the firmament,

Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death hath
risen: 810

In the Sun's place a pale and ghastly glare
Hath wound itself around the dying air.

Aza. Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded
prison,

To which the elements again repair,
To turn it into what it was; beneath
The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,
As was the eagle's nestling once within
Its mother's.—Let the coming chaos chafe
With all its elements! Heed not their din!
A brighter world than this, where thou shalt
breathe 820

Ethereal life, will we explore:
These darkened clouds are not the only skies.

[*AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*

Japh. They are gone! They have disappeared amidst the roar

Of the forsaken world; and never more
Whether they live, or die with all Earth's life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What! wilt thou leave us all—all—*all* behind?
While safe amidst the elemental strife, 830
Thou sitt'st within thy guarded ark?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET).

Oh, let this child embark!
I brought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?
What hath he done—
My unweaned son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?
What is there in this milk of mine, that Death
Should stir all Heaven and Earth up to
destroy 841

My boy,

And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?
Save him, thou seed of Seth!
Or curséd be—with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betrayed!
Japh. Peace! 'tis no hour for curses, but
for prayer!

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!

And where

Shall prayer ascend 850

When the swoln clouds unto the mountains
bend

And burst,

And gushing oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very deserts know no thirst?

Accursed

Be he who made thee and thy sire!
We deem our curses vain; we must expire;
But as we know the worst,
Why should our hymns be raised, our knees
be bent

Before the implacable Omnipotent, 860
Since we must fall the same?

If he hath made Earth, let it be his shame,
To make a world for torture.—Lo! they
come,

The loathsome waters, in their rage!
And with their roar make wholesome nature
dumb!

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour
When Paradise upsprung,
Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her
dower,

Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age, 870
Are overtopped,

Their summer blossoms by the surges lopped,
Which rise, and rise, and rise.

Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—
They meet the seas,

And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.
Fly, son of Noah, fly! and take thine ease,
In thine allotted ocean-tent;

And view, all floating o'er the element,
The corpses of the world of thy young days:
Then to Jehovah raise 881

Thy song of praise!

A Mortal. Blesséd are the dead
Who die in the Lord!

And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,
Yet, as *his* word,
Be the decree adored!

He gave me life—he taketh but

The breath which is his own :
 And though these eyes should be for ever shut,
 Nor longer this weak voice before his throne 891
 Be heard in supplicating tone,

Still blesséd be the Lord,

For what is past,

For that which is :

For all are his,

From first to last—

Time—Space—Eternity—Life—Death—

The vast known and immeasurable un-
 known.

He made, and can unmake; 900

And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,
 Blaspheme and groan?

No ; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
 Nor quiver, though the Universe may quake !

Chorus of Mortals.

Where shall we fly?

Not to the mountains high ;

For now their torrents rush, with double roar,

To meet the Ocean, which, advancing still,

Already grasps each drowning hill,

Nor leaves an unsearched cave. 910

Enter a Woman.

Woman. Oh, save me, save !

Our valley is no more :

My father and my father's tent,

My brethren and my brethren's herds,

The pleasant trees that o'er our noontday
 bent,

And sent forth evening songs from sweetest
 birds,

The little rivulet which freshened all

Our pastures green,

No more are to be seen.

When to the mountain cliff I climbed this morn,

I turned to bless the spot, 921

And not a leaf appeared about to fall ;—

And now they are not !—

Why was I born ?

Japh. To die ! in youth to die !

And happier in that doom,

Than to behold the universal tomb,

Which I

Am thus condemned to weep above in vain.

Why, when all perish, why must I remain ?

*[The waters rise ; Men fly in every
 direction ; many are overtaken by
 the waves : the Chorus of Mortals
 disperses in search of safety up the
 mountains : JAPHET remains upon a
 rock, while the Ark floats towards
 him in the distance.]*

WERNER ;¹

OR,

THE INHERITANCE : A TRAGEDY.

TO

THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE

BY ONE OF HIS HUMBLEST ADMIRERS,

THIS TRAGEDY

IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THE following drama is taken entirely from the *German's Tale, Kruitzner*, published many years ago in "*Lee's Canterbury Tales*," written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection.² I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Stralenheim) added by myself: but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think,) I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written. I am not sure that it ever was very popular; or, at any rate, its popularity has since been eclipsed by that

¹ [*Werner* was begun at Pisa, December 18, 1821, and finished January 20, 1822. It was published November 23, 1822.]

² [This is not correct. *The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys* and *The Clergyman's Tale, or Pembroke*, were contributed by Sophia Lee. *Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*, was written by Harriet Lee (1757-1851), the younger of the sisters.

The first volume of the *Canterbury Tales*, by Harriet Lee, was published in 1797; the second volume, by Sophia Lee, in 1798; a third volume, by Sophia and Harriet Lee, appeared in 1800: the fourth volume, by Harriet Lee (which contains *The German's Tale*, pp. 3-368) was published in 1801; and the fifth volume, by Harriet Lee, in 1805.]

of other great writers in the same department. But I have generally found that those who *had* read it, agreed with me in their estimate of the singular power of mind and conception which it develops. I should also add *conception*, rather than execution; for the story might, perhaps, have been developed with greater advantage. Amongst those whose opinions agreed with mine upon this story, I could mention some very high names: but it is not necessary, nor indeed of any use; for every one must judge according to his own feelings. I merely refer the reader to the original story, that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it; and am not unwilling that he should find much greater pleasure in perusing it than the drama which is founded upon its contents.

I had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as 1815, (the first I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called "Ulric and Ilvina," which I had sense enough to burn,) and had nearly completed an act, when I was interrupted by circumstances. This is somewhere amongst my papers in England; but as it has not been found, I have re-written the first, and added the subsequent acts.

The whole is neither intended, nor in any shape adapted, for the stage.

[*Werner* was produced, for the first time, at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1826. Mr. Barry played "Werner."

Werner was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, and played, for the first time, December 15, 1830. Macready appeared as "Werner," J. W. Wallack as "Ulric," Mrs. Faucit as "Josephine," and Miss Mordaunt as "Ida." According to the *Times*, December 16, 1830, "Mr. Macready appeared to very great advantage. We have never seen him exert himself more—we have never known him to exert himself with more powerful effect. Three of his scenes were masterpieces." Genest says that *Werner* was acted seventeen times in 1830-31.

There was a revival in 1833. Macready says (*Diary*, March 20) that he acted

"'Werner' with unusual force, truth, and collectedness . . . finished off each burst of passion, and, in consequence, entered on the following emotion with clearness and earnestness" (Macready's *Reminiscences*, 1875, i. 366).

Werner was played in 1834, 5, 6, 7, 9; in 1841; in 1843-4 (New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Montreal); in 1845 (Paris, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin); in 1846, 1847; in America in 1848; in the provinces in 1849; in 1850; and, for the last time, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, January 14, 1851. At the farewell performance Macready appeared as "Werner," Mr. Davenport as "Ulric," Mrs. Warner as "Josephine," Mrs. Ryder as "Ida." In the same year (1851) a portrait of Macready as "Werner," by Daniel Maclise, R.A., was on view at the Exhibition at the Royal Academy. The motto was taken from *Werner*, act i. sc. 1, lines 114, *sq.* (See, for a detailed criticism of Macready's "Werner," *Our Recent Actors*, by Westland Marston, 1881, i. 89-98; and for the famous "Macready burst," in act ii. sc. 2, and act v. sc. 1, *vide ibid.*, i. 97.)

Werner was brought out at Sadler's Wells Theatre, November 21, 1860, and repeated November 22, 23, 24, 28, 29; December 3, 4, 11, 13, 14, 1860. Phelps appeared as "Werner," Mr. Edmund Phelps as "Ulric," Miss Atkinson as "Josephine." Perhaps the old actor never performed the part so finely as he did on that night. The identity between the real and ideal relations of the characters was as vivid to him as to the audience, and gave a deeper intensity, on both sides, to the scenes between father and son." (See *The London Stage*, by H. Barton Baker, 1889, ii. 217.)

On the afternoon of June 1, 1887, *Werner* (four acts, arranged by Frank Marshall) was performed at the Lyceum Theatre for the benefit of Westland Marston. [Sir] Henry Irving appeared as "Werner," Miss Ellen Terry as "Josephine," Mr. Alexander as "Ulric." (See for an appreciation of Sir Henry Irving's presentation of *Werner*, the *Athenæum*, June 4, 1887.)]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

WERNER.
ULRIC.
STRALENHEIM.
IDENSTEIN.
GABOR.
FRITZ.
HENRICK.
ERIC.
ARNHEIM.
MEISTER.
RODOLPH.
LUDWIG.

WOMEN.

JOSEPHINE.
IDA STRALENHEIM.

SCENE—Partly on the Frontier of Silesia, and partly in Siegendorf Castle, near Prague.

Time—*The Close of the Thirty Years' War.*¹

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the Northern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.*

WERNER and JOSEPHINE, his Wife.

Jos. My love, be calmer!

Wer. I am calm.

Jos. To me—

Yes, but not to thyself: thy pace is hurried,
And no one walks a chamber like to ours,
With steps like thine, when his heart is at rest.
Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy,
And stepping with the bee from flower to flower;

But *here!*

Wer. 'Tis chill; the tapestry lets through
The wind to which it waves: my blood is frozen.

Jos. Ah, no!

¹ [The Thirty Years' War dates from the capture of Pilsen by Mansfeld, November 21, 1618, and did not end till the Peace of Westphalia, October 24, 1648. The incident recorded in act v., a solemn commemoration of the Treaty of Prague, must have taken place in 1635. But in *Werner* there is little or no attempt "to follow history."]

Wer. (*smiling*). Why! wouldst thou have it so?

Jos. I would
Have it a healthful current.

Wer. Let it flow ¹⁰
Until 'tis spilt or checked—how soon, I care not.

Jos. And am I nothing in thy heart?

Wer. All—all.

Jos. Then canst thou wish for that which must break mine?

Wer. (*approaching her slowly.*) But for thee had been—no matter what—

But much of good and evil; what I am,
Thou knowest; what I might or should have been,

Thou knowest not: but still I love thee, nor
Shall aught divide us.

[WERNER walks on abruptly, and then approaches JOSEPHINE.

The storm of the night,
Perhaps affects me; I'm a thing of feelings,
And have of late been sickly, as, alas! ²⁰
Thou know'st by sufferings more than mine,
my Love!

In watching me.

Jos. To see thee well is much—
To see thee happy—

Wer. Where hast thou seen such?
Let me be wretched with the rest!

Jos. But think
How many in this hour of tempest shiver
Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain,
Whose every drop bows them down nearer
earth,

Which hath no chamber for them save beneath
Her surface.

Wer. And that's not the worst: who cares
For chambers? rest is all. The wretches whom
Thou namest—aye, the wind howls round
them, and ³¹

The dull and dropping rain saps in their bones
The creeping marrow. I have been a soldier,
A hunter, and a traveller, and am

A beggar, and should know the thing thou
talk'st of.

Jos. And art thou not now sheltered from
them all?

Wer. Yes. And from these alone.

Jos. And that is something.

Wer. True—to a peasant.

Jos. Should the nobly born
Be thankless for that refuge which their habits
Of early delicacy render more ⁴⁰
Needful than to the peasant, when the ebb
Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of life?

Wer. It is not that, thou know'st it is not :
we
Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently,
Except in thee—but we have borne it.

Jos. Well?

Wer. Something beyond our outward
sufferings (though
These were enough to gnaw into our souls)
Hath stung me oft, and, more than ever, *now*.
When, but for this untoward sickness, which
Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and 50
Hath wasted, not alone my strength, but
means,
And leaves us—no ! this is beyond me !—but
For this I had been happy—*thou* been happy—
The splendour of my rank sustained—my
name—
My father's name—been still upheld ; and,
more
Than those—

Jos. (*abruptly*). My son—our son—our
Ulric,
Been clasped again in these long-empty arms,
And all a mother's hunger satisfied.
Twelve years ! he was but eight then :—
beautiful

He was, and beautiful he must be now, 60
My Ulric ! my adored !

Wer. I have been full oft
The chase of Fortune ; now she hath o'ertaken
My spirit where it cannot turn at bay,—
Sick, poor, and lonely.

Jos. Lonely ! my dear husband ?

Wer. Or worse—involving all I love, in this
Far worse than solitude. *Alone*, I had died,
And all been over in a nameless grave.

Jos. And I had not outlived thee ; but pray
take
Comfort ! We have struggled long ; and
they who strive

With Fortune win or weary her at last, 70
So that they find the goal or cease to feel
Further. Take comfort,—we shall find our
boy.

Wer. We were in sight of him, of everything
Which could bring compensation for past
sorrow—

And to be baffled thus !

Jos. We are not baffled.

Wer. Are we not penniless ?

Jos. We ne'er were wealthy.

Wer. But I was born to wealth, and rank,
and power ;
Enjoyed them, loved them, and, alas ! abused
them,

And forfeited them by my father's wrath,
In my o'er-fervent youth : but for the abuse
Long-sufferings have atoned. My father's
death 81

Left the path open, yet not without snares.
This cold and creeping kinsman, who so long
Kept his eye on me, as the snake upon
The fluttering bird, hath ere this time out-
stept me,

Become the master of my rights, and lord
Of that which lifts him up to princes in
Dominion and domain.

Jos. Who knows ? our son
May have returned back to his grandsire, and
Even now uphold thy rights for thee ?

Wer. 'Tis hopeless. 90
Since his strange disappearance from my
father's,

Entailing, as it were, my sins upon
Himself, no tidings have revealed his course.
I parted with him to his grandsire, on
The promise that his anger would stop short
Of the third generation ; but Heaven seems
To claim her stern prerogative, and visit
Upon my boy his father's faults and follies.

Jos. I must hope better still,—at least we
have yet

Baffled the long pursuit of Stralenheim. 100

Wer. We should have done, but for this
fatal sickness ;—

More fatal than a mortal malady,
Because it takes not life, but life's sole solace :
Even now I feel my spirit girt about
By the snares of this avaricious fiend :—

How do I know he hath not tracked us here ?

Jos. He does not know thy person ; and his
spies,

Who so long watched thee, have been left at
Hamburgh.

Our unexpected journey, and this change
Of name, leaves all discovery far behind ; 110
None hold us here for aught save what we
seem.

Wer. Save what we seem !—save what we
are—sick beggars,

Even to our very hopes.—Ha ! ha !

Jos. Alas !

That bitter laugh !

Wer. *Who* would read in this form
The high soul of the son of a long line ?
Who, in this garb, the heir of princely lands ?
Who, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride
Of rank and ancestry ? In this worn cheek
And famine-hollowed brow, the Lord of halls
Which daily feast a thousand vassals ?

Jos. You 120
Pondered not thus upon these worldly things,
My Werner! when you deigned to choose
for bride

The foreign daughter of a wandering exile.

Wer. An exile's daughter with an outcast
son,

Were a fit marriage: but I still had hopes
To lift thee to the state we both were born
for.

Your father's house was noble, though
decayed;

And worthy by its birth to match with ours.

Jos. Your father did not think so, though
'twas noble;

But had my birth been all my claim to
match 130

With thee, I should have deemed it what
it is.

Wer. And what is that in thine eyes!

Jos. All which it
Has done in our behalf,—nothing.

Wer. How,—nothing?

Jos. Or worse; for it has been a canker in
Thy heart from the beginning: but for this,
We had not felt our poverty but as
Millions of myriads feel it—cheerfully;

But for these phantoms of thy feudal fathers,
Thou mightst have earned thy bread, as
thousands earn it;

Or, if that seem too humble, tried by
commerce, 140

Or other civic means, to amend thy fortunes.

Wer. (*ironically*). And been an Hanseatic
burgher? Excellent!

Jos. Whate'er thou mightest have been, to
me thou art

What no state high or low can ever change,
My heart's first choice;—which chose thee,
knowing neither

Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; nought,
save thy sorrows:

While they last, let me comfort or divide them:
When they end—let mine end with them,
or thee!

Wer. My better angel! Such I have ever
found thee;

This rashness, or this weakness of my
temper, 150

Ne'er raised a thought to injure thee or
thine.

Thou didst not mar my fortunes: my own
nature

In youth was such as to unmake an empire,
Had such been my inheritance; but now,

Chastened, subdued, out-worn, and taught
to know

Myself,—to lose this for our son and thee!

Trust me, when, in my two-and-twentieth
spring,

My father barred me from my father's house,
The last sole scion of a thousand sires

(For I was then the last), it hurt me less 160

Than to behold my boy and my boy's mother
Excluded in their innocence from what

My faults deserved—exclusion; although then
My passions were all living serpents, and

Twined like the Gorgon's round me.

[*A loud knocking is heard.*]

Jos. Hark!

Wer. A knocking!

Jos. Who can it be at this lone hour? We
have

Few visitors.

Wer. And poverty hath none,
Save those who come to make it poorer still.

Well—I am prepared.

[*WERNER puts his hand into his bosom,
as if to search for some weapon.*]

Jos. Oh! do not look so. I
Will to the door. It cannot be of import 170

In this lone spot of wintry desolation:—

The very desert saves man from mankind.

[*She goes to the door.*]

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Iden. A fair good evening to my fair
hostess

And worthy—What's your name, my friend?

Wer. Are you

Not afraid to demand it?

Iden. Not afraid?

Egad! I am afraid. You look as if
I asked for something better than your name
By the face you put on it.

Wer. Better, sir!

Iden. Better or worse, like matrimony: what
Shall I say more? You have been a guest
this month 180

Here in the prince's palace—(to be sure
His Highness had resigned it to the ghosts
And rats these twelve years—but 'tis still a
palace)—

I say you have been our lodger, and as yet
We do not know your name.

Wer. My name is Werner.

Iden. A goodly name, a very worthy name,
As e'er was gilt upon a trader's board:

I have a cousin in the lazaretto

Of Hamburg, who has got a wife who bore

The same. He is an officer of trust, 190.
Surgeon's assistant (hoping to be surgeon),
And has done miracles i' the way of business.
Perhaps you are related to my relative?

Wer. To yours?

Jos. Oh, yes; we are, but distantly.
(*Aside to WERNER.*) Cannot you humour
the dull gossip till

We learn his purpose?

Iden. Well, I'm glad of that;
I thought so all along, such natural yearnings
Played round my heart:—blood is not water,
cousin;

And so let's have some wine and drink unto
Our better acquaintance: relatives should
be 200

Friends.

Wer. You appear to have drunk enough
already;

And if you have not, I've no wine to offer,
Else it were yours: but this you know, or
should know:

You see I am poor, and sick, and will not see
That I would be alone; but to your business!
What brings you here?

Iden. Why, what should bring me here?

Wer. I know not, though I think that
I could guess

That which will send you hence.

Jos. (aside). Patience, dear Werner!

Iden. You don't know what has happened,
then?

Jos. How should we?

Iden. The river has o'erflowed.

Jos. Alas! we have known
That to our sorrow for these five days;
since 211

It keeps us here.

Iden. But what you don't know is,
That a great personage, who fain would cross
Against the stream and three postillions'
wishes,

Is drowned below the ford, with five post-
horses,

A monkey, and a mastiff—and a valet.¹

Jos. Poor creatures! are you sure?

Iden. Yes, of the monkey,
And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet

¹ ["Lord Byron's establishment at Pisa was, like everything else about him, somewhat singular; it consisted of a monkey, a mastiff, a bull-dog, two cats . . . several servants in livery, and the trusty Fletcher as *Major Domo*, or superintendent of the *Menagerie*."]—*Life Writings, Opinions, etc.*, 1825, ii. 203, 204.]

We know not if his Excellency's dead
Or no; your noblemen are hard to drown, 220
As it is fit that men in office should be;
But what is certain is, that he has swallowed
Enough of the Oder to have burst two
peasants;

And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,
Who, at their proper peril, snatched him from
The whirling river, have sent on to crave
A lodging, or a grave, according as
It may turn out with the live or dead body.

Jos. And where will you receive him? here,
I hope,

If we can be of service—say the word. 230

Iden. Here? no; but in the Prince's own
apartment,

As fits a noble guest:—'tis damp, no doubt,
Not having been inhabited these twelve years;
But then he comes from a much damper place,
So scarcely will catch cold in't, if he be
Still liable to cold—and if not, why
He'll be worse lodged to-morrow: ne'ertheless,
I have ordered fire and all appliances
To be got ready for the worst—that is,
In case he should survive.

Jos. Poor gentleman! 240
I hope he will, with all my heart.

Wer. Intendant,
Have you not learned his name?

(*Aside to his wife.*)

My Josephine,
Retire: I'll sift this fool. [*Exit* JOSEPHINE.]

Iden. His name? oh Lord!
Who knows if he has now a name or no?
'Tis time enough to ask it when he's able
To give an answer; or if not, to put
His heir's upon his epitaph. Methought
Just now you chid me for demanding names?

Wer. True, true, I did so: you say well
and wisely.

Enter GABOR.¹

Gab. If I intrude, I crave—

Iden. Oh, no intrusion! 250
This is the palace; this a stranger like
Yourself; I pray you make yourself at home:
But where's his Excellency? and how fares
he?

Gab. Wetly and wearily, but out of peril:
He paused to change his garments in a cottage

¹ [In Miss Lee's *Kruitzner* Gabor is always spoken of as "The Hungarian." He is no doubt named after Bethlen Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, who was elected King of Hungary, August, 1620.]

(Where I doffed mine for these, and came on hither),
And has almost recovered from his drenching.
He will be here anon.

Iden. What ho, there! bustle!
Without there, Herman, Weilburg, Peter,
Conrad!

[*Gives directions to different servants who enter.*]

A nobleman sleeps here to-night—see that
All is in order in the damask chamber— 261
Keep up the stove—I will myself to the
cellar—

And Madame Idenstein (my consort, stranger,)
Shall furnish forth the bed-apparel; for,
To say the truth, they are marvellous scant of
this

Within the palace precincts, since his Highness
Left it some dozen years ago. And then
His Excellency will sup, doubtless?

Gab. Faith!
I cannot tell; but I should think the pillow
Would please him better than the table,
after 270

His soaking in your river: but for fear
Your viands should be thrown away, I mean
To sup myself, and have a friend without
Who will do honour to your good cheer with
A traveller's appetite.

Iden. But are you sure
His Excellency—But his name: what is it?

Gab. I do not know.

Iden. And yet you saved his life.

Gab. I helped my friend to do so.

Iden. Well, that's strange,
To save a man's life whom you do not know.

Gab. Not so; for there are some I know so
well, 280

I scarce should give myself the trouble.

Iden. Pray,
Good friend, and who may you be?

Gab. By my family,
Hungarian.

Iden. Which is called?

Gab. It matters little.

Iden. (*aside*). I think that all the world are
grown anonymous,

Since no one cares to tell me what he's called!
Pray, has his Excellency a large suite?

Gab. Sufficient.

Iden. How many?

Gab. I did not count them.
We came up by mere accident, and just
In time to drag him through his carriage
window.

Iden. Well, what would I give to save a
great man! 290
No doubt you'll have a swingeing sum as re-
compense.

Gab. Perhaps.

Iden. Now, how much do you reckon on?

Gab. I have not yet put up myself to sale:
In the mean time, my best reward would be
A glass of your Hochheimer—a green glass,
Wreathed with rich grapes and Bacchanal
devices,

O'erflowing with the oldest of your vintage:
For which I promise you, in case you e'er
Run hazard of being drowned, (although I own
It seems, of all deaths, the least likely for you,)
I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my
friend, 301

And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,
A wave the less may roll above your head.

Iden. (*aside*). I don't much like this fellow—
close and dry

He seems,—two things which suit me not;
however,

Wine he shall have; if that unlock him not,
I shall not sleep to-night for curiosity.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN.*]

Gab. (*to WERNER*). This master of the
ceremonies is

The intendant of the palace, I presume:
'Tis a fine building, but decayed.

Wer. The apartment 310
Designed for him you rescued will be found
In fitter order for a sickly guest.

Gab. I wonder then you occupied it not,
For you seem delicate in health.

Wer. (*quickly*). Sir!

Gab. Pray
Excuse me: have I said aught to offend you?
Wer. Nothing: but we are strangers to
each other.

Gab. And that's the reason I would have us
less so:

I thought our bustling host without had said
You were a chance and passing guest, the
counterpart

Of me and my companions.

Wer. Very true. 320

Gab. Then, as we never met before, and
never,

It may be, may again encounter, why,
I thought to cheer up this old dungeon here
(At least to me) by asking you to share
The fare of my companions and myself.

Wer. Pray, pardon me; my health—

Gab. Even as you please.

I have been a soldier, and perhaps am blunt
In bearing.

Wer. I have also served, and can
Requite a soldier's greeting.

Gab. In what service?
The Imperial?

Wer. (*quickly, and then interrupting him-
self*). I commanded—no—I mean
I served; but it is many years ago, 331
When first Bohemia¹ raised her banner 'gainst
The Austrian.

Gab. Well, that's over now, and peace
Has turned some thousand gallant hearts adrift
To live as they best may: and, to say truth,
Some take the shortest.

Wer. What is that?

Gab. Whate'er
They lay their hands on. All Silesia and
Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands
Of the late troops, who levy on the country
Their maintenance: the Chatelains must keep
Their castle walls—beyond them 'tis but
doubtful 341
Travel for your rich Count or full-blown Baron.
My comfort is that, wander where I may,
I've little left to lose now.

Wer. And I—nothing.

Gab. That's harder still. You say you were
a soldier.

Wer. I was.

Gab. You look one still. All soldiers are
Or should be comrades, even though enemies.
Our swords when drawn must cross, our
engines aim
(While levelled) at each other's hearts; but
when

A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits 350
The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep
The spark which lights the matchlock, we are
brethren.

You are poor and sickly—I am not rich, but
healthy;

I want for nothing which I cannot want;
You seem devoid of this—wilt share it?

[GABOR pulls out his purse.]

Wer. Who
Told you I was a beggar?

Gab. You yourself,
In saying you were a soldier during peace-time.

¹ [On the 18th of August, 1619, Bethlen Gabor threw in his lot with the Bohemians, and "wrote the Directors at Prague that he would march with his troops, and in September would, in their defence, enter Moravia."—*History of the Thirty Years' War*, by A. Gindely, 1885, i. 166.]

Wer. (*looking at him with suspicion*). You
know me not.

Gab. I know no man, not even
Myself: how should I then know one I ne'er
Beheld till half an hour since?

Wer. Sir, I thank you. 360
Your offer's noble were it to a friend,
And not unkind as to an unknown stranger,
Though scarcely prudent; but no less I thank
you.

I am a beggar in all save his trade;
And when I beg of any one, it shall be
Of him who was the first to offer what
Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me.

[Exit WERNER.]

Gab. (*solus*). A goodly fellow by his looks,
though worn,
As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure,
Which tear life out of us before our time, 370
I scarce know which most quickly: but he seems
To have seen better days, as who has not
Who has seen yesterday? — But here
approaches

Our sage intendant, with the wine: however,
For the cup's sake I'll bear the cupbearer.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Iden. 'Tis here! the *supernaculum*!¹
twenty years
Of age, if 'tis a day.

Gab. Which epoch makes
Young women and old wine; and 'tis great pity,
Of two such excellent things, increase of years,
Which still improves the one, should spoil
the other. 380
Fill full—Here's to our hostess!—your fair
wife! [Takes the glass.]

Iden. Fair!—Well, I trust your taste in
wine is equal
To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you
Nevertheless.

Gab. Is not the lovely woman
I met in the adjacent hall, who, with
An air, and port, and eye, which would have
better

Beseemed this palace in its brightest days
(Though in a garb adapted to its present

¹ [From *super*, and *nagel*, "a nail." To drink *supernaculum* is to empty the cup so thoroughly that the last drop or "pearl," drained on to the nail, retains its shape, and does not run. If "the pearl" broke and began to slide, the drinker was "sconced." Hence, good liquor. See Rabelais' *Life of Gargantua, etc.*, Urquhart's Translation, 1863, lib. i. ch. 5.]

Abandonment), returned my salutation—
Is not the same your spouse?

Iden. I would she were! 390
But you're mistaken:—that's the stranger's
wife.

Gab. And by her aspect she might be a
Prince's;
Though time hath touched her too, she still
retains
Much beauty, and more majesty.

Iden. And that
Is more than I can say for Madame Idenstein,
At least in beauty: as for majesty,
She has some of its properties which might
Be spared—but never mind!

Gab. I don't. But who
May be this stranger? He too hath a bearing
Above his outward fortunes.

Iden. There I differ. 400
He's poor as Job, and not so patient; but
Who he may be, or what, or aught of him,
Except his name (and that I only learned
To-night), I know not.

Gab. But how came he here?

Iden. In a most miserable old *calèche*,
About a month since, and immediately
Fell sick, almost to death. He should have
died.

Gab. Tender and true!—but why?

Iden. Why, what is life
Without a living? He has not a stiver.

Gab. In that case, I much wonder that a
person 410
Of your apparent prudence should admit
Guests so forlorn into this noble mansion.

Iden. That's true but pity, as you know,
does make
One's heart commit these follies; and besides,
They had some valuables left at that time,
Which paid their way up to the present
hour;

And so I thought they might as well be lodged
Here as at the small tavern, and I gave them
The run of some of the oldest palace rooms.
They served to air them, at the least as long
As they could pay for firewood. 421

Gab. Poor souls!

Iden. Aye,
Exceeding poor.

Gab. And yet unused to poverty,
If I mistake not. Whither were they going?

Iden. Oh! Heaven knows where, unless
to Heaven itself.

Some days ago that looked the likeliest journey
For Werner.

Gab. Werner! I have heard the name.
But it may be a feigned one.

Iden. Like enough!
But hark! a noise of wheels and voices, and
A blaze of torches from without. As sure
As destiny, his Excellency's come. 430
I must be at my post; will you not join me,
To help him from his carriage, and present
Your humble duty at the door?

Gab. I dragged him
From out that carriage when he would have
given

His barony or county to repel
The rushing river from his gurgling throat.
He has valets now enough: they stood aloof
then,

Shaking their dripping ears upon the shore,
All roaring "Help!" but offering none; and as
For *duty* (as you call it)—I did mine *then*, 440
Now do *yours*. Hence, and bow and cringe
him here!

Iden. I cringe!—but I shall lose the oppor-
tunity—

Plague take it! he'll be *here*, and I *not there*!
[*Exit IDENSTEIN hastily.*

Re-enter WERNER.

Wer. (to himself). I heard a noise of wheels
and voices. How

All sounds now jar me! [*Perceiving GABOR.*
Still here! Is he not

A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer
So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore
The aspect of a secret enemy;
For friends are slow at such.

Gab. Sir, you seem rapt;
And yet the time is not akin to thought. 450
These old walls will be noisy soon. The baron
Or count (or whatso'er this half-drowned noble
May be), for whom this desolate village and
Its lone inhabitants show more respect
Than did the elements, is come.

Iden. (without). This way—
This way, your Excellency:—have a care,
The staircase is a little gloomy, and
Somewhat decayed; but if we had expected
So high a guest—Pray take my arm, my Lord!

*Enter STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and
Attendants — partly his own, and
partly Retainers of the Domain of
which IDENSTEIN is Intendant.*

Stral. I'll rest me here a moment.

Iden. (to the servants). Ho! a chair! 460
Instantly, knaves. [*STRALENHEIM sits down*

Wer. (aside.) 'Tis he!
Stral. I'm better now.
 Who are these strangers?
Iden. Please you, my good Lord,
 One says he is no stranger.
Wer. (aloud and hastily). Who says that?
 [They look at him with surprise.
Iden. Why, no one spoke of you or to you!
 —but
 Here's one his Excellency may be pleased
 To recognise. [Pointing to GABOR.
Gab. I seek not to disturb
 His noble memory.
Stral. I apprehend
 This is one of the strangers to whose aid
 I owe my rescue. Is not that the other?
 [Pointing to WERNER.
 My state when I was succoured must excuse
 My uncertainty to whom I owe so much. 471
Iden. He!—no, my Lord! he rather wants
 for rescue
 Than can afford it. 'Tis a poor sick man,
 Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed
 From whence he never dreamed to rise.
Stral. Methought
 That there were two.
Gab. There were, in company;
 But, in the service rendered to your Lordship,
 I needs must say but *one*, and he is absent.
 The chief part of whatever aid was rendered
 Was *his*: it was his fortune to be first. 480
 My will was not inferior, but his strength
 And youth outstripped me; therefore do not
 waste
 Your thanks on me. I was but a glad second
 Unto a nobler principal.
Stral. Where is he?
An Atten. My Lord, he tarried in the
 cottage where
 Your Excellency rested for an hour,
 And said he would be here to-morrow.
Stral. Till
 That hour arrives, I can but offer thanks,
 And then—
Gab. I seek no more, and scarce deserve
 So much. My comrade may speak for him-
 self. 490
*Stral. (fixing his eyes upon WERNER: then
 aside).* It cannot be! and yet he must
 be looked to.
 'Tis twenty years since I beheld him with
 These eyes; and, though my agents still have
 kept
Theirs on him, policy has held aloof
 My own from his, not to alarm him into

Suspicion of my plan. Why did I leave
 At Hamburgh those who would have made
 assurance
 If this be he or no? I thought, ere now,
 To have been lord of Siegendorf, and parted
 In haste, though even the elements appear 500
 To fight against me, and this sudden flood
 May keep me prisoner here till—
 [He pauses and looks at WERNER:
 then resumes.
 This man must
 Be watched. If it is he, he is so changed,
 His father, rising from his grave again,
 Would pass by him unknown. I must be
 wary:
 An error would spoil all.
Iden. Your Lordship seems
 Pensive. Will it not please you to pass on?
Stral. 'Tis past fatigue which gives my
 weighed-down spirit
 An outward show of thought. I will to rest.
Iden. The Prince's chamber is prepared,
 with all 510
 The very furniture the Prince used when
 Last here, in its full splendour.
 (Aside). Somewhat tattered,
 And devilish damp, but fine enough by torch-
 light;
 And that's enough for your right noble blood
 Of twenty quarterings upon a hatchment;
 So let their bearer sleep 'neath something like
 one
 Now, as he one day will for ever lie.
Stral. (rising and turning to GABOR). Good
 night, good people! Sir, I trust to-
 morrow
 Will find me apter to requite your service.
 In the meantime I crave your company 520
 A moment in my chamber.
Gab. I attend you.
*Stral. (after a few steps, pauses and calls
 WERNER).* Friend!
Wer. Sir!
Iden. Sir! Lord—O Lord! Why don't
 you say
 His Lordship, or his Excellency? Pray,
 My Lord, excuse this poor man's want of
 breeding:
 He hath not been accustomed to admission
 To such a presence.
Stral. (to IDENSTEIN). Peace, Intendant!
Iden. Oh!
 I am dumb.
Stral. (to WERNER). Have you been long
 here?

Wer. Long?
Stral. I sought
 An answer, not an echo.
Wer. You may seek
 Both from the walls. I am not used to answer
 Those whom I know not.
Stral. Indeed! Ne'er the less,
 You might reply with courtesy to what 531
 Is asked in kindness.
Wer. When I know it such
 I will requite—that is, *reply*—in unison.
Stral. The intendant said, you had been
 detained by sickness—
 If I could aid you—journeying the same way?
Wer. (quickly). I am not journeying the
 same way!
Stral. How know ye
 That, ere you know my route?
Wer. Because there is
 But one way that the rich and poor must
 tread 538
 Together. You diverged from that dread path
 Some hours ago, and I some days: henceforth
 Our roads must lie asunder, though they tend
 All to one home.
Stral. Your language is above
 Your station.
Wer. (bitterly) Is it?
Stral. Or, at least, beyond
 Your garb.
Wer. 'Tis well that it is not beneath it,
 As sometimes happens to the better clad.
 But, in a word, what would you with me?
Stral. (startled.) I?
Wer. Yes—you! You know me not, and
 question me,
 And wonder that I answer not—not knowing
 My inquisitor. Explain what you would have,
 And then I'll satisfy yourself, or me. 550
Stral. I knew not that you had reasons for
 reserve.
Wer. Many have such:—Have you none?
Stral. None which can
 Interest a mere stranger.
Wer. Then forgive
 The same unknown and humble stranger, if
 He wishes to remain so to the man
 Who can have nought in common with him.
Stral. Sir,
 I will not balk your humour, though untoward:
 I only meant you service—but good night!
 Intendant, show the way! (*To GABOR.*) Sir,
 you will with me?
 [*Exeunt STRALLENHEIM and Attendants;*
IDENSTEIN and GABOR.]

Wer. (solus). 'Tis he! I am taken in the
 toils. Before 560
 I quitted Hamburg, Giulio, his late steward,
 Informed me, that he had obtained an order
 From Brandenburg's elector, for the arrest
 Of Kruitzner (such the name I then bore) when
 I came upon the frontier; the free city
 Alone preserved my freedom—till I left
 Its walls—fool that I was to quit them! But
 I deemed this humble garb, and route obscure,
 Had baffled the slow hounds in their pursuit.
 What's to be done? He knows me not by
 person; 570
 Nor could aught, save the eye of apprehension,
 Have recognised *him*, after twenty years—
 We met so rarely and so coldly in
 Our youth. But those about him! Now I can
 Divine the frankness of the Hungarian, who
 No doubt is a mere tool and spy of Stralen-
 heim's,
 To sound and to secure me. Without means!
 Sick, poor — begirt too with the flooding
 rivers,
 Impassable even to the wealthy, with
 All the appliances which purchase modes 580
 Of overpowering peril, with men's lives,—
 How can I hope! An hour ago methought
 My state beyond despair; and now, 'tis such,
 The past seems paradise. Another day,
 And I'm detected,—on the very eve
 Of honours, rights, and my inheritance,
 When a few drops of gold might save me still
 In favouring an escape.
Enter IDENSTEIN and FRITZ in conversation.
Fritz. Immediately.
Iden. I tell you, 'tis impossible.
Fritz. It must
 Be tried however; and if one express 590
 Fail, you must send on others, till the answer
 Arrives from Frankfort, from the Com-
 mandant.
Iden. I will do what I can.
Fritz. And recollect
 To spare no trouble; you will be repaid
 Tenfold.
Iden. The Baron is retired to rest?
Fritz. He hath thrown himself into an
 easy chair
 Beside the fire, and slumbers; and has
 ordered
 He may not be disturbed until eleven,
 When he will take himself to bed.
Iden. Before
 An hour is past I'll do my best to serve
 him. 600

Fritz. Remember! [Exit FRITZ.]
Iden. The devil take these great men! they
 Think all things made for them. Now here
 must I
 Rouse up some half a dozen shivering vassals
 From their scant pallets, and, at peril of
 Their lives, despatch them o'er the river
 towards
 Frankfort. Methinks the Baron's own
 experience
 Some hours ago might teach him fellow-
 feeling:
 But no, "it *must*," and there's an end.
 How now?
 Are you there, Mynheer Werner?
Wer. You have left
 Your noble guest right quickly.
Iden. Yes—he's dozing, 610
 And seems to like that none should sleep
 besides.
 Here is a packet for the Commandant
 Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses;
 But I must not lose time: Good Night!
[Exit IDEN.]
Wer. "To Frankfort!"
 So, so, it thickens! Aye, "the Com-
 mandant!"
 This tallies well with all the prior steps
 Of this cool, calculating fiend, who walks
 Between me and my father's house. No
 doubt
 He writes for a detachment to convey me
 Into some secret fortress.—Sooner than 620
 This—
[WERNER looks around, and snatches up
 a knife lying on a table in a recess.]
 Now I am master of myself at least.
 Hark,—footsteps! How do I know that
 Stralenheim
 Will wait for even the show of that authority
 Which is to overshadow usurpation?
 That he suspects me 's certain. I'm alone—
 He with a numerous train: I weak—he strong
 In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.
 I nameless, or involving in my name
 Destruction, till I reach my own domain;
 He full-blown with his titles, which impose 630
 Still further on these obscure petty burghers
 Than they could do elsewhere. Hark!
 nearer still!
 I'll to the secret passage, which communicates
 With the—No! all is silent—'twas my
 fancy!—
 Still as the breathless interval between
 The flash and thunder:—I must hush my
 soul

Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire,
 To see if still be unexplored the passage
 I wot of: it will serve me as a den
 Of secrecy for some hours, at the worst. 640
[WERNER draws a panel, and exit,
 closing it after him.]
Enter GABOR and JOSEPHINE.
Gab. Where is your husband?
Jos. Here, I thought: I left him
 Not long since in his chamber. But these
 rooms
 Have many outlets, and he may be gone
 To accompany the Intendant.
Gab. Baron Stralenheim
 Put many questions to the Intendant on
 The subject of your lord, and, to be plain,
 I have my doubts if he means well.
Jos. Alas!
 What can there be in common with the proud
 And wealthy Baron, and the unknown
 Werner?
Gab. That you know best.
Jos. Or, if it were so, how 650
 Come you to stir yourself in his behalf,
 Rather than that of him whose life you saved?
Gab. I helped to save him, as in peril; but
 I did not pledge myself to serve him in
 Oppression. I know well these nobles, and
 Their thousand modes of trampling on the
 poor.
 I have proved them; and my spirit boils
 up when
 I find them practising against the weak:—
 This is my only motive.
Jos. It would be
 Not easy to persuade my consort of 660
 Your good intentions.
Gab. Is he so suspicious?
Jos. He was not once; but time and
 troubles have
 Made him what you beheld.
Gab. I'm sorry for it.
 Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
 With its own weight impedes more than
 protects.
 Good night! I trust to meet with him at
 day-break.
[Exit GABOR.]
Re-enter IDENSTEIN and some Peasants.
 JOSEPHINE retires up the Hall.
First Peasant. But if I'm drowned?
Iden. Why, you will be well paid for 't,
 And have risked more than drowning for as
 much,
 I doubt not.

Second Peasant. But our wives and families?

I den. Cannot be worse off than they are,
and may 670
Be better.

Third Peasant. I have neither, and will venture.

I den. That's right. A gallant carle, and fit to be
A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks
In the Prince's body-guard—if you succeed :
And you shall have besides, in sparkling coin,
Two thalers.

Third Peasant. No more !

I den. Out upon your avarice !
Can that low vice alloy so much ambition ?
I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in
Small change will subdivide into a treasure.
Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily 680
Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler ?
When had you half the sum ?

Third Peasant. Never—but ne'er
The less I must have three.

I den. Have you forgot
Whose vassal you were born, knave ?

Third Peasant. No—the Prince's,
And not the stranger's.

I den. Sirrah ! in the Prince's
Absence, I am sovereign ; and the Baron is
My intimate connection ;—" Cousin Iden-
stein !

(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen villains."
And so, you villains ! troop—march—march,
I say ;

And if a single dog's ear of this packet 690
Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it !
For every page of paper, shall a hide
Of yours be stretched as parchment on a drum,
Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all
Refractory vassals, who can not effect
Impossibilities.—Away, ye earth-worms !

[*Exit, driving them out.*]

Jos. (coming forward). I fain would shun
these scenes, too oft repeated,
Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims ;
I cannot aid, and will not witness such.
Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull spot,
The dimmest in the district's map, exist 701
The insolence of wealth in poverty
O'er something poorer still—the pride of rank
In servitude, o'er something still more servile ;
And vice in misery affecting still
A tattered splendour. What a state of being !
In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,
Our nobles were but citizens and merchants,
Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such

As these ; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys
Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb
Was in itself a meal, and every vine 712
Rained, as it were, the beverage which makes
glad

The heart of man ; and the ne'er unfelt sun
(But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving
His warmth behind in memory of his beams)
Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe,
less

Oppressive than an emperor's jewelled purple.
But, here ! the despots of the north appear
To imitate the ice-wind of their clime, 720
Searching the shivering vassal through his
rags,

To wring his soul—as the bleak elements
His form. And 'tis to be amongst these
sovereigns

My husband pants ! and such his pride of
birth—

That twenty years of usage, such as no
Father born in a humble state could nerve
His soul to persecute a son withal,
Hath changed no atom of his early nature ;
But I, born nobly also, from my father's
Kindness was taught a different lesson.

Father ! 730

May thy long-tried and now rewarded spirit
Look down on us and our so long desired
Ulric ! I love my son, as thou didst me !
What's that ? Thou, Werner ! can it be ?
and thus ?

*Enter WERNER hastily, with the knife in
his hand, by the secret panel, which
he closes hurriedly after him.*

Wer. (not at first recognising her). Dis-
covered ! then I'll stab—(*recognising
her*).

Ah ! Josephine

Why art thou not at rest ?

Jos. What rest ? My God !
What doth this mean ?

Wer. (showing a rouleau). Here's gold—
gold, Josephine,
Will rescue us from this detested dungeon.

Jos. And how obtained ?—that knife !

Wer. 'Tis bloodless—yet.
Away—we must to our chamber.

Jos. But whence comest thou ? 740

Wer. Ask not ! but let us think where we
shall go—
This—this will make us way—(*showing the
gold*)—I'll fit them now.

Jos. I dare not think thee guilty of dishonour.

Wer. Dishonour!
Jos. I have said it.
Wer. Let us hence:
 'Tis the last night, I trust, that we need pass
 here.
Jos. And not the worst, I hope.
Wer. Hope! I make *sure*.
 But let us to our chamber.
Jos. Yet one question—
 What hast thou *done*?
Wer. (*fiercely*). Left one thing *undone*, which
 Had made all well: let me not think of it!
 Away!
Jos. Alas that I should doubt of thee! 750
 [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the same Palace.

Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.

Iden. Fine doings! goodly doings! honest
 doings!
 A Baron pillaged in a Prince's palace!
 Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was
 heard of.
Fritz. It hardly could, unless the rats de-
 spoiled
 The mice of a few shreds of tapestry.
Iden. Oh! that I e'er should live to see
 this day!
 The honour of our city's gone for ever.
Fritz. Well, but now to discover the de-
 linquent:
 The Baron is determined not to lose
 This sum without a search.
Iden. And so am I. 10
Fritz. But whom do you suspect?
Iden. Suspect! all people
 Without—within—above—below—Heaven
 help me!
Fritz. Is there no other entrance to the
 chamber?
Iden. None whatsoever.
Fritz. Are you sure of that?
Iden. Certain. I have lived and served here
 since my birth,
 And if there were such, must have heard of
 such,
 Or seen it.
Fritz. Then it must be some one who
 Had access to the antechamber.
Iden. Doubtless.
Fritz. The man called *Werner's* poor!
Iden. Poor as a miser. 20
 But lodged so far off, in the other wing,
 By which there's no communication with

The Baron's chamber, that it can't be he.
 Besides, I bade him "good night" in the hall,
 Almost a mile off, and which only leads
 To his own apartment, about the same time
 When this burglarious, larcenous felony
 Appears to have been committed.
Fritz. There's another,
 The stranger—
Iden. The Hungarian?
Fritz. He who helped
 To fish the Baron from the Oder.
Iden. Not
 Unlikely. But, hold—might it not have been
 One of the suite? 31
Fritz. How? *We*, Sir!
Iden. No—not *you*,
 But some of the inferior knaves. You say
 The Baron was asleep in the great chair—
 The velvet chair—in his embroidered night-
 gown;
 His toilet spread before him, and upon it
 A cabinet with letters, papers, and
 Several rouleaux of gold; of which *one* only
 Has disappeared:—the door unbolted, with
 No difficult access to any.
Fritz. Good Sir,
 Be not so quick; the honour of the corps 40
 Which forms the Baron's household's unim-
 peached
 From steward to scullion, save in the fair way
 Of peculation; such as in accompts,
 Weights, measures, larder, cellar, buttery,
 Where all men take their prey; as also in
 Postage of letters, gathering of rents,
 Purveying feasts, and understanding with
 The honest trades who furnish noble masters;
 But for your petty, picking, downright
 thievery, 49
 We scorn it as we do board wages. Then
 Had one of our folks done it, he would not
 Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard
 His neck for *one* rouleau, but have swooped
 all;
 Also the cabinet, if portable.
Iden. There is some sense in that—
Fritz. No, Sir, be sure
 'Twas none of our corps; but some petty,
 trivial
 Picker and stealer, without art or genius.
 The only question is—Who else could have
 Access, save the Hungarian and yourself?
Iden. You don't mean me?
Fritz. No, Sir; I honour more 60
 Your talents—
Iden. And my principles, I hope.

Fritz. Of course. But to the point : What's to be done?

Iden. Nothing—but there's a good deal to be said.

We'll offer a reward; move heaven and earth, And the police (though there's none nearer than Frankfort), post notices in manuscript (For we've no printer), and set by my clerk To read them (for few can, save he and I). We'll send out villains to strip beggars, and Search empty pockets; also, to arrest 70 All gipsies, and ill-clothed and sallow people. Prisoners we'll have at least, if not the culprit; And for the Baron's gold—if 'tis not found, At least he shall have the full satisfaction Of melting twice its substance in the raising The ghost of this rouleau. Here's alchemy For your Lord's losses!

Fritz. He hath found a better.

Iden. Where?

Fritz. In a most immense inheritance. The late Count Siegendorf, his distant kinsman, Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and my Lord Is on his way to take possession.

Iden. Was there 81 No heir?

Fritz. Oh, yes; but he has disappeared Long from the world's eye, and, perhaps, the world.

A prodigal son, beneath his father's ban For the last twenty years; for whom his sire Refused to kill the fatted calf; and, therefore, If living, he must chew the husks still. But The Baron would find means to silence him, Were he to re-appear: he's politic, And has much influence with a certain court.

Iden. He's fortunate.

Fritz. 'Tis true, there is a grandson, 91 Whom the late Count reclaimed from his son's hands,

And educated as his heir; but, then, His birth is doubtful.

Iden. How so?

Fritz. His sire made A left-hand, love, imprudent sort of marriage, With an Italian exile's dark-eyed daughter: Noble, they say, too; but no match for such A house as Siegendorf's. The grandsire ill Could brook the alliance; and could ne'er be brought

To see the parents, though he took the son. 100

Iden. If he's a lad of mettle, he may yet Dispute your claim, and weave a web that may Puzzle your Baron to unravel.

Fritz. Why,

For mettle, he has quite enough: they say, He forms a happy mixture of his sire And grandsire's qualities,—impetuous as The former, and deep as the latter; but The strangest is, that he too disappeared Some months ago.

Iden. The devil he did!

Fritz. Why, yes: It must have been at *his* suggestion, at 110 An hour so critical as was the eve Of the old man's death, whose heart was broken by it.

Iden. Was there no cause assigned?

Fritz. Plenty, no doubt, And none, perhaps, the true one. Some averred

It was to seek his parents; some because The old man held his spirit in so strictly (But that could scarce be, for he doted on him); A third believed he wished to serve in war, But, peace being made soon after his departure, He might have since returned, were that the motive; 120

A fourth set charitably have surmised, As there was something strange and mystic in him,

That in the wild exuberance of his nature He had joined the black bands,¹ who lay waste Lusatia,

The mountains of Bohemia and Silesia, Since the last years of war had dwindled into A kind of general condottiero system Of bandit-warfare; each troop with its chief, And all against mankind.

Iden. That cannot be.

A young heir, bred to wealth and luxury, 130 To risk his life and honours with disbanded Soldiers and desperadoes!

Fritz. Heaven best knows!

But there are human natures so allied Unto the savage love of enterprise, That they will seek for peril as a pleasure. I've heard that nothing can reclaim your Indian,

¹ [The Swedish garrisons did not evacuate Bohemia till 1649, and then, as their occupation was gone, with considerable reluctance. "It need not, therefore, be a matter of wonder that from the discharged soldiers numerous bands of robbers [*'bande nere,'* or *'black bands'*: see *Deformed Transformed*, Part II. sc. i. line 65] were formed; that these pursued on their own account the trade that they had formerly carried on under the cover of military law, and that commerce became again unsafe on the highways."—*History of the Thirty Years' War*, by A. Gindely, 1885, ii. 382, 383.]

Or tame the tiger, though their infancy
 Were fed on milk and honey. After all,
 Your Wallenstein, your Tilly and Gustavus,
 Your Bannier, and your Torstenson and
 Weimar, 140
 Were but the same thing upon a grand scale;
 And now that they are gone, and peace pro-
 claimed,
 They who would follow the same pastime must
 Pursue it on their own account. Here comes
 The Baron, and the Saxon stranger, who
 Was his chief aid in yesterday's escape,
 But did not leave the cottage by the Oder
 Until this morning.

Enter STRALENHEIM and ULRIC.

Stral. Since you have refused
 All compensation, gentle stranger, save
 Inadequate thanks, you almost check even
 them, 150
 Making me feel the worthlessness of words,
 And blush at my own barren gratitude,
 They seem so niggardly, compared with what
 Your courteous courage did in my behalf—

Ulr. I pray you press the theme no further.

Stral. But
 Can I not serve you? You are young, and of
 That mould which throws out heroes; fair in
 favour—

Brave, I know, by my living now to say so;
 And, doubtlessly, with such a form and heart,
 Would look into the fiery eyes of War, 160
 As ardently for glory as you dared
 An obscure death to save an unknown stranger,
 In an as perilous, but opposite, element.
 You are made for the service: I have served;
 Haverank by birth and soldiership, and friends,
 Who shall be yours. 'Tis true this pause of
 peace

Favours such views at present scantily;
 But 'twill not last, men's spirits are too stirring;
 And, after thirty years of conflict, peace
 Is but a petty war, as the time shows us 170
 In every forest, or a mere armed truce.
 War will reclaim his own; and, in the meantime,
 You might obtain a post, which would ensure
 A higher soon, and, by my influence, fail not
 To rise. I speak of Brandenburg, wherein
 I stand well with the Elector;¹ in Bohemia,
 Like you, I am a stranger, and we are now
 Upon its frontier.

¹ [George William, Elector of Brandenburg (1595 - 1640), was in alliance with Gustavus Adolphus; John George, Elector of Saxony (1585-1656) (*vide supra*, line 179), was on the side of the Imperialists.]

Ulr. You perceive my garb
 Is Saxon, and, of course, my service due
 To my own Sovereign. If I must decline 180
 Your offer, 'tis with the same feeling which
 Induced it.

Stral. Why, this is mere usury!
 I owe my life to you, and you refuse
 The acquittance of the interest of the debt,
 To heap more obligations on me, till
 I bow beneath them.

Ulr. You shall say so when
 I claim the payment.

Stral. Well, Sir, since you will not—
 You are nobly born?

Ulr. I have heard my kinsman say so.

Stral. Your actions show it. Might I ask
 your name?

Ulr. Ulríc.

Stral. Your house's?

Ulr. When I'm worthy of it, 190
 I'll answer you.

Stral. (aside). Most probably an Austrian,
 Whom these unsettled times forbid to boast
 His lineage on these wild and dangerous
 frontiers,

Where the name of his country is abhorred.

[*Aloud to FRITZ and IDENSTEIN.*
 So, Sirs! how have ye sped in your researches?

Iden. Indifferent well, your Excellency.

Stral. Then
 I am to deem the plunderer is caught?

Iden. Humph!—not exactly.

Stral. Or, at least, suspected?

Iden. Oh! for that matter, very much sus-
 pected.

Stral. Who may he be?

Iden. Why, don't you know, my Lord? 200

Stral. How should I? I was fast asleep.

Iden. And so
 Was I—and that 's the cause I know no more
 Than does your Excellency.

Stral. Dolt!

Iden. Why, if
 Your Lordship, being robbed, don't recognise
 The rogue; how should I, not being robbed,
 identify

The thief among so many? In the crowd,
 May it please your Excellency, your thief
 looks

Exactly like the rest, or rather better:

'Tis only at the bar and in the dungeon, 209
 That wise men know your felon by his features;
 But I'll engage, that if seen there but once,
 Whether he be found criminal or no,
 His face shall be so.

Stral. (to FRITZ). Prithee, Fritz, inform me
What hath been done to trace the fellow?

Fritz. Faith!
My Lord, not much as yet, except conjecture.

Stral. Besides the loss (which, I must own,
affects me

Just now materially), I needs would find
The villain out of public motives; for
So dexterous a spoiler, who could creep 219
Through my attendants, and so many peopled
And lighted chambers, on my rest, and snatch
The gold before my scarce-closed eyes, would
soon

Leave bare your borough, Sir Intendant!

Iden. True;
If there were aught to carry off, my Lord.

Ulr. What is all this?

Stral. You joined us but this morning,
And have not heard that I was robbed last
night.

Ulr. Some rumour of it reached me as I
passed

The outer chambers of the palace, but
I know no further.

Stral. It is a strange business:
The Intendant can inform you of the facts. 230

Iden. Most willingly. You see——

Stral. (impatiently). Defer your tale,
Till certain of the hearer's patience.

Iden. That
Can only be approved by proofs. You see——

Stral. (again interrupting him, and
addressing ULRIC).

In short, I was asleep upon a chair,
My cabinet before me, with some gold
Upon it (more than I much like to lose,
Though in part only): some ingenious person
Contrived to glide through all my own
attendants,

Besides those of the place, and bore away
A hundred golden ducats, which to find 240
I would be fain, and there's an end. Perhaps
You (as I still am rather faint) would add
To yesterday's great obligation, this,
Though slighter, yet not slight, to aid these men
(Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering it?

Ulr. Most willingly, and without loss of
time——

(To IDENSTEIN.) Come hither, mynheer!

Iden. But so much haste bodes
Right little speed, and——

Ulr. Standing motionless
None; so let's march: we'll talk as we go
on.

Iden. But——

Ulr. Show the spot, and then I'll answer
you. 250

Fritz. I will, Sir, with his Excellency's leave.

Stral. Do so, and take yon old ass with you.

Fritz. Hence!

Ulr. Come on, old oracle, expound thy
riddle!

[Exit with IDENSTEIN and FRITZ.]

Stral. (solus). A stalwart, active, soldier-
looking stripling,

Handsome as Hercules ere his first labour,
And with a brow of thought beyond his years
When in repose, till his eye kindles up
In answering yours! I wish I could engage
him:

I have need of some such spirits near me now,
For this inheritance is worth a struggle. 260
And though I am not the man to yield with-
out one,

Neither are they who now rise up between me
And my desire. The boy, they say, 's a bold
one;

But he hath played the truant in some hour
Of freakish folly, leaving Fortune to
Champion his claims. That's well. The
father, whom

For years I've tracked, as does the blood-
hound, never

In sight, but constantly in scent, had put me
To fault; but *here* I *have* him, and that 's
better. 269

It must be *he*! All circumstance proclaims it;
And careless voices, knowing not the cause
Of my enquiries, still confirm it.—Yes!

The man, his bearing, and the mystery
Of his arrival, and the time; the account, too,
The Intendant gave (for I have not beheld her)
Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect;

Besides the antipathy with which we met,
As snakes and lions shrink back from each other
By secret instinct that both must be foes 279

Deadly, without being natural prey to either;
All—all—confirm it to my mind. However,
We'll grapple, ne'ertheless. In a few hours

The order comes from Frankfort, if these waters
Rise not the higher (and the weather favours
Their quick abatement), and I'll have him safe
Within a dungeon, where he may avouch

His real estate and name; and there's no harm
done,

Should he prove other than I deem. This
robbery

(Save for the actual loss) is lucky also;
He's poor, and that 's suspicious—he's un-
known, 290

And that 's defenceless.—True, we have no
proofs
Of guilt—but what hath he of innocence?
Were he a man indifferent to my prospects,
In other bearings, I should rather lay
The inculcation on the Hungarian, who
Hath something which I like not; and alone
Of all around, except the Intendant, and
The Prince's household and my own, had
ingress
Familiar to the chamber.

Enter GABOR.

Friend, how fare you?

Gab. As those who fare well everywhere,
when they 300
Have supped and slumbered, no great matter
how—

And you, my Lord?

Stral. Better in rest than purse:
Mine inn is like to cost me dear.

Gab. I heard
Of your late loss; but 'tis a trifle to
One of your order.

Stral. You would hardly think so,
Were the loss yours.

Gab. I never had so much
(At once) in my whole life, and therefore
am not

Fit to decide. But I came here to seek you.
Your couriers are turned back — I have
outstripped them,

In my return.

Stral. You!—Why?

Gab. I went at daybreak, 310
To watch for the abatement of the river,
As being anxious to resume my journey.
Your messengers were all checked like
myself;

And, seeing the case hopeless, I await
The current's pleasure.

Stral. Would the dogs were in it!
Why did they not, at least, attempt the
passage?

I ordered this at all risks.

Gab. Could you order
The Oder to divide, as Moses did
The Red Sea (scarcely redder than the flood
Of the swoln stream), and be obeyed,
perhaps 320

They might have ventured.

Stral. I must see to it:
The knaves! the slaves!—but they shall
smart for this.

[*Exit STRALENHEIM.*]

Gab. (solus). There goes my noble, feudal,
self-willed Baron!

Epitome of what brave chivalry
The preux Chevaliers of the good old times
Have left us. Yesterday he would have given
His lands (if he hath any), and, still dearer,
His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh
air

As would have filled a bladder, while he lay
Gurgling and foaming half way through the
window 330

Of his o'erset and water-logged conveyance;
And now he storms at half a dozen wretches
Because they love their lives too! Yet, he's
right:

'Tis strange they should, when such as he
may put them

To hazard at his pleasure. Oh, thou world!
Thou art indeed a melancholy jest!

[*Exit GABOR.*]

SCENE II.—*The Apartment of WERNER, in
the Palace.*

Enter JOSEPHINE and ULRIC.

Jos. Stand back, and let me look on thee
again!

My Ulric!—my beloved!—can it be—
After twelve years?

Ulr. My dearest mother!

Jos. Yes!

My dream is realised—how beautiful!—
How more than all I sighed for! Heaven
receive

A mother's thanks! a mother's tears of joy!
This is indeed thy work!—At such an hour,
too,

He comes not only as a son, but saviour.

Ulr. If such a joy await me, it must double
What I now feel, and lighten from my heart
A part of the long debt of duty, not
Of love (for that was ne'er withheld)—forgive
me!

This long delay was not my fault.

Jos. I know it,

But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt
If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled from

My memory by this oblivious transport!—
My son!

Enter WERNER.

Wer. What have we here, — more
strangers?—

Jos. No!

Look upon him! What do you see?

Wer. A stripling,

For the first time—

Ulr. (kneeling). For twelve long years my father!

Wer. Oh, God!

Jos. He faints!

Wer. No—I am better now— 20

Ulr! (*Embraces him.*)

Ulr. My father, Siegendorf!

Wer. (startling). Hush! boy—
The walls may hear that name!

Ulr. What then?

Wer. Why, then—
But we will talk of that anon. Remember,
I must be known here but as Werner. Come!
Come to my arms again! Why, thou
look'st all
I should have been, and was not. Josephine!
Sure 'tis no father's fondness dazzles me;
But, had I seen that form amid ten thousand
Youth of the choicest, my heart would have
chosen
This for my son!

Ulr. And yet you knew me not! 30

Wer. Alas! I have had that upon my soul
Which makes me look on all men with an
eye
That only knows the evil at first glance.

Ulr. My memory served me far more
fondly: I
Have not forgotten aught; and oft-times in
The proud and princely halls of—(I'll not
name them,
As you say that 'tis perilous)—but i' the
pomp
Of your sire's feudal mansion, I looked back
To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,
And wept to see another day go down 40
O'er thee and me, with those huge hills
between us.
They shall not part us more.

Wer. I know not that.
Are you aware my father is no more?

Ulr. Oh, Heavens! I left him in a green
old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still
steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him. 'Twas scarce three
months since.

Wer. Why did you leave him?

Jos. (embracing ULRIC). Can you ask that
question?
Is he not *here*?

Wer. True; he hath sought his parents,
And found them; but, oh! *how*, and in
what state! 50

Ulr. All shall be bettered. What we have
to do
Is to proceed, and to assert our rights,
Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless
Your father has disposed in such a sort
Of his broads lands as to make mine the
foremost,
So that I must prefer my claim for form:
But I trust better, and that all is yours.

Wer. Have you not heard of Stralenheim?

Ulr. I saved
His life but yesterday: he's here.

Wer. You saved
The serpent who will sting us all!

Ulr. You speak 60
Riddles: what is this Stralenheim to us?

Wer. Everything. One who claims our
father's lands:
Our distant kinsman, and our nearest foe.

Ulr. I never heard his name till now.
The Count,
Indeed, spoke sometimes of a kinsman, who,
If his own line should fail, might be remotely
Involved in the succession; but his titles
Were never named before me—and what
then?
His right must yield to ours.

Wer. Aye, if at Prague:
But here he is all-powerful; and has spread 70
Snares for thy father, which, if hitherto
He hath escaped them, is by fortune, not
By favour.

Ulr. Doth he personally know you?

Wer. No; but he guesses shrewdly at my
person,
As he betrayed last night; and I, perhaps,
But owe my temporary liberty
To his uncertainty.

Ulr. I think you wrong him
(Excuse me for the phrase); but Stralenheim
Is not what you prejudge him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and
present. 80
I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me.
He hath been plundered too, since he came
hither:
Is sick, a stranger, and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath robbed him:
I have pledged myself to do so; and the
business
Which brought me here was chiefly that: but I
Have found, in searching for another's dross,
My own whole treasure—you, my parents!

Wer. (agitatedly). Who
Taught you to mouth that name of "villain"?

Ulr. What
More noble name belongs to common thieves?

Wer. Who taught you thus to brand an
unknown being 91
With an infernal stigma?

Ulr. My own feelings
Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

Wer. Who taught you, long-sought and
ill-found boy! that
It would be safe for my own son to insult me?

Ulr. I named a villain. What is there in
common
With such a being and my father?

Wer. Every thing!
That ruffian is thy father!

Jos. Oh, my son!
Believe him not—and yet! — (her voice
falters.)

Ulr. (starts, looks earnestly at WERNER and
then says slowly). And you avow it?

Wer. Ulric, before you dare despise your
father, 100
Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young,
Rash, new to life, and reared in Luxury's lap,
Is it for you to measure Passion's force,
Or Misery's temptation? Wait—(not long,
It cometh like the night, and quickly)—Wait!—
Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted—till
Sorrow and Shame are handmaids of your
cabin—

Famine and Poverty your guests at table;
Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not
From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er
arrive— 110

Should you see then the Serpent, who hath
coiled

Himself around all that is dear and noble
Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path,
With but *his* folds between your steps and
happiness,

When *he*, who lives but to tear from you name,
Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with
Chance your conductor—midnight for your
mantle—

The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,
Even to your deadliest foe; and he as 'twere
Inviting death, by looking like it, while 120
His death alone can save you:—Thank your
God!

If then, like me, content with petty plunder,
You turn aside—I did so.

Ulr. But—
Wer. (abruptly). Hear me!

I will not brook a human voice—scarce dare
Listen to my own (if that be human still)—

Hear me! you do not know this man—I do.
He's mean, deceitful, avaricious. You
Deem yourself safe, as young and brave; but
learn

None are secure from desperation, few 129
From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,
Housed in a Prince's palace, couched within
A Prince's chamber, lay below my knife!
An instant—a mere motion—the least im-
pulse—

Had swept him and all fears of mine from
earth.

He was within my power—my knife was
raised—

Withdrawn—and I'm in his:—are you not so?
Who tells you that he knows you *not*? Who
says

He hath not lured you here to end you? or
To plunge you, with your parents, in a
dungeon? [He pauses.]

Ulr. Proceed—proceed!

Wer. *Me* he hath ever known, 140
And hunted through each change of time—
name—fortune—

And why not *you*? Are you more versed in
men?

He wound snares round me; flung along my
path

Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have
spurned

Even from my presence; but, in spurning now,
Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be
More patient? Ulric!—Ulric!—there are
crimes

Made venial by the occasion, and temptations
Which Nature cannot master or forbear.

Ulr. (who looks first at him and then at
JOSEPHINE). My mother!

Wer. Ah! I thought so: you have now 150
Only one parent. I have lost alike
Father and son, and stand alone.

Ulr. But stay!

[WERNER rushes out of the chamber.]

Jos. (to ULRIC). Follow him not, until this
storm of passion

Abates. Think'st thou, that were it well for
him,

I had not followed?

Ulr. I obey you, mother,
Although reluctantly. My first act shall not
Be one of disobedience.

Jos. Oh! he is good!
Condemn him not from his own mouth, but
trust

To me, who have borne so much with him,
and for him,

That this is but the surface of his soul, 160
And that the depth is rich in better things.

Ulr. These then are but my father's principles?

My mother thinks not with him?

Jos. Nor doth he

Think as he speaks. Alas! long years of grief
Have made him sometimes thus.

Ulr. Explain to me
More clearly, then, these claims of Stralenheim,
That, when I see the subject in its bearings,
I may prepare to face him, or at least
To extricate you from your present perils.
I pledge myself to accomplish this—but would
I had arrived a few hours sooner!

Jos. Aye! 171
Hadst thou but done so!

Enter GABOR and IDENSTEIN, with Attendants.

Gab. (to ULRIC). I have sought you,
comrade.

So this is my reward!

Ulr. What do you mean?

Gab. 'Sdeath! have I lived to these years,
and for this!

(To IDENSTEIN.) But for your age and folly,
I would—

Iden. Help!

Hands off! Touch an Intendant!

Gab. Do not think
I'll honour you so much as save your throat
From the Ravenstone¹ by choking you myself.

Iden. I thank you for the respite: but there are
Those who have greater need of it than me. 180

Ulr. Unriddle this vile wrangling, or—

Gab. At once, then,
The Baron has been robbed, and upon me
This worthy personage has deigned to fix
His kind suspicions—me! whom he ne'er saw
Till yester evening.

Iden. Wouldst have me suspect
My own acquaintances? You have to learn
That I keep better company.

Gab. You shall
Keep the best shortly, and the last for all men,
The worms! You hound of malice!

[GABOR seizes on him.]

Ulr. (interfering). Nay, no violence:
He's old, unarmed—be temperate, Gabor!

Gab. (letting go IDENSTEIN). True: 190

¹ The Ravenstone, "Rabenstein," is the stone gibbet of Germany, and so called from the ravens perching on it.

I am a fool to lose myself because
Fools deem me knave: it is their homage.

Ulr. (to IDENSTEIN). How
Fare you?

Iden. Help!

Ulr. I have helped you.

Iden. Kill him! then,
I'll say so.

Gab. I am calm—live on!

Iden. That's more
Than you shall do, if there be judge or judgment
In Germany. The Baron shall decide!

Gab. Does he abet you in your accusation?

Iden. Does he not?

Gab. Then next time let him go sink
Ere I go hang for snatching him from
drowning.

But here he comes!

Enter STRALENHEIM.

Gab. (goes up to him). My noble Lord, I'm
here! 200

Stral. Well, Sir!

Gab. Have you aught with me?

Stral. What should I
Have with you?

Gab. You know best, if yesterday's
Flood has not washed away your memory;
But that's a trifle. I stand here accused,
In phrases not equivocal, by yon
Intendant, of the pillage of your person
Or chamber:—is the charge your own or his?

Stral. I accuse no man.

Gab. Then you acquit me, Baron?

Stral. I know not whom to accuse, or to
acquit,
Or scarcely to suspect.

Gab. But you at least 210
Should know whom *not* to suspect. I am
insulted—

Oppressed here by these menials, and I look
To you for remedy—teach them their duty!
To look for thieves at home were part of it,
If duly taught; but, in one word, if I
Have an accuser, let it be a man
Worthy to be so of a man like me
I am your equal.

Stral. You!

Gab. Aye, Sir; and, for
Aught that you know, superior; but proceed—
I do not ask for hints, and surmises, 220
And circumstance, and proof: I know enough
Of what I have done for you, and what you
owe me,

To have at least waited your payment rather

Than paid myself, had I been eager of
Your gold. I also know, that were I even
The villain I am deemed, the service rendered
So recently would not permit you to
Pursue me to the death, except through shame,
Such as would leave your scutcheon but a blank.
But this is nothing: I demand of you 230
Justice upon your unjust servants, and
From your own lips a disavowal of
All sanction of their insolence: thus much
You owe to the unknown, who asks no more,
And never thought to have asked so much.

Stral. This tone
May be of innocence.

Gab. 'Sdeath! who dare doubt it,
Except such villains as ne'er had it?

Stral. You
Are hot, Sir.

Gab. Must I turn an icicle
Before the breath of menials, and their master?

Stral. Ulric! you know this man; I found
him in 240
Your company.

Gab. We found *you* in the Oder;
Would we had left you there!

Stral. I give you thanks, Sir.

Gab. I've earned them; but might have
earned more from others,
Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.

Stral. Ulric! you know this man?

Gab. No more than you do
If he avouches not my honour.

Ulr. I
Can vouch your courage, and, as far as my
Own brief connection led me, honour.

Stral. Then
I'm satisfied.

Gab. (ironically). Right easily, methinks.
What is the spell in his asseveration 250
More than in mine?

Stral. I merely said that *I*
Was satisfied—not that you are absolved.

Gab. Again! Am I accused or no?

Stral. Go to!
You wax too insolent. If circumstance
And general suspicion be against you,
Is the fault mine? Is't not enough that I
Decline all question of your guilt or innocence?

Gab. My Lord, my Lord, this is mere
cozenage,
A vile equivocation; you well know
Your doubts are certainties to all around
you— 260
Your looks a voice—your frowns a sentence;
you

Are practising your power on me—because
You have it; but beware! you know not whom
You strive to tread on.

Stral. Threat'st thou?

Gab. Not so much
As you accuse. You hint the basest injury,
And I retort it with an open warning.

Stral. As you have said, 'tis true I owe
you something,
For which you seem disposed to pay yourself.

Gab. Not with your gold.

Stral. With bootless insolence.

[*To his Attendants and IDENSTEIN.*
You need not further to molest this man, 270
But let him go his way. Ulric, good morrow!

[*Exit STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and
Attendants.*

Gab. (following). I'll after him and—

Ulr. (stopping him). Not a step.

Gab. Who shall
Oppose me?

Ulr. Your own reason, with a moment's
Thought.

Gab. Must I bear this?

Ulr. Pshaw! we all must bear
The arrogance of something higher than
Ourselves—the highest cannot temper Satan,
Nor the lowest his vicegerents upon earth.
I've seen you brave the elements, and bear
Things which had made this silkworm¹ cast
his skin—

And shrink you from a few sharp sneers and
words? 280

Gab. Must I bear to be deemed a thief?
If 'twere

A bandit of the woods, I could have borne
it—

There's something daring in it:—but to steal
The moneys of a slumbering man!—

Ulr. It seems, then,
You are *not* guilty.

Gab. Do I hear aright?
You too!

Ulr. I merely asked a simple question.

Gab. If the judge asked me, I would
answer "No"—

To you I answer *thus.* [*He draws.*

Ulr. (drawing). With all my heart!

Jos. Without there! Ho! help! help!—
Oh, God! here's murder!

[*Exit JOSEPHINE, shrieking.*

¹ [Compare *Marino Faliero*, act ii. sc. 2, line
115—
"These swoln silkworms masters."
Silkworm ("mal bigatto") is an Italianism.]

GABOR and ULRIC fight. GABOR is disarmed just as STRALENHEIM, JOSEPHINE, IDENSTEIN, etc., re-enter.

Jos. Oh! glorious Heaven! He's safe!

Stral. (to JOSEPHINE). Who's safe!

Jos. My—

Ulr. (interrupting her with a stern look, and turning afterwards to STRALENHEIM). Both! 290

Here's no great harm done.

Stral. What hath caused all this?

Ulr. You, Baron, I believe; but as the effect

Is harmless, let it not disturb you.—Gabor! There is your sword; and when you bare it next,

Let it not be against your friends.

ULRIC pronounces the last words slowly and emphatically in a low voice to GABOR.

Gab. I thank you
Less for my life than for your counsel.

Stral. These

Brawls must end here.

Gab. (taking his sword). They shall.
You've wronged me, Ulric,

More with your unkind thoughts than sword:
I would

The last were in my bosom rather than
The first in yours. I could have borne yon
noble's 300

Absurd insinuations—ignorance
And dull suspicion are a part of his
Entail will last him longer than his lands—
But I may fit *him* yet:—you have vanquished
me.

I was the fool of passion to conceive
That I could cope with you, whom I had
seen

Already proved by greater perils than
Rest in this arm. We may meet by and by,
However—but in friendship.

[Exit GABOR.

Stral. I will brook
No more! This outrage following upon his
insults, 310

Perhaps his guilt, has cancelled all the little
I owed him heretofore for the so-vaunted
Aid which he added to your abler succour.
Ulric, you are not hurt?—

Ulr. Not even by a scratch.

Stral. (to IDENSTEIN). Intendant! take
your measures to secure

Yon fellow: I revoke my former lenity.
He shall be sent to Frankfort with an escort,
The instant that the waters have abated.

Iden. Secure him! He hath got his sword
again—

And seems to know the use on't; tis his
trade, 320

Belike;—I'm a civilian.

Stral. Fool! are not
Yon score of vassals dogging at your heels
Enough to seize a dozen such? Hence!
after him!

Ulr. Baron, I do beseech you!

Stral. I must be

Obeeyed. No words!

Iden. Well, if it must be so—
March, vassals! I'm your leader, and will
bring

The rear up: a wise general never should
Expose his precious life—on which all rests.
I like that article of war.

[Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendants.

Stral. Come hither,
Ulric; what does that woman here? Oh!
now 330

I recognise her, 'tis the stranger's wife
Whom they name "Werner."

Ulr. 'Tis his name.

Stral. Indeed!
Is not your husband visible, fair dame?—

Jos. Who seeks him?

Stral. No one—for the present: but
I fain would parley, Ulric, with yourself
Alone.

Ulr. I will retire with you.

Jos. Not so:
You are the latest stranger, and command
All places here.

(Aside to ULRIC, as she goes out.) O Ulric!
have a care—

Remember what depends on a rash word!

Ulr. (to JOSEPHINE). Fear not!—
[Exit JOSEPHINE.

Stral. Ulric, I think that I may trust
you; 340
You saved my life—and acts like these beget
Unbounded confidence.

Ulr. Say on.

Stral. Mysterious
And long-engendered circumstances (not
To be now fully entered on) have made
This man obnoxious—perhaps fatal to me.

Ulr. Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?

Stral. No—this "Werner"—
With the false name and habit.

Ulr. How can this be?

He is the poorest of the poor—and yellow
Sickness sits cavered in his hollow eye:
The man is helpless.

Stral. He is—'tis no matter ;— 350
But if he be the man I deem (and that
He is so, all around us here—and much
That is not here—confirm my apprehension)
He must be made secure ere twelve hours
further.

Ulr. And what have I to do with this?

Stral. I have sent
To Frankfort, to the Governor, my friend,
(I have the authority to do so by
An order of the house of Brandenburg),
For a fit escort—but this curséd flood
Bars all access, and may do for some
hours. 360

Ulr. It is abating.

Stral. That is well.

Ulr. But how
Am I concerned?

Stral. As one who did so much
For me, you cannot be indifferent to
That which is of more import to me than
The life you rescued.—Keep your eye on *him*!
The man avoids me, knows that I now know
him.—

Watch him!—as you would watch the wild
boar when

He makes against you in the hunter's gap—
Like him he must be speared.

Ulr. Why so?

Stral. He stands
Between me and a brave inheritance! 370
Oh! could you see it! But you shall.

Ulr. I hope so.

Stral. It is the richest of the rich Bohemia,
Unscathed by scorching war. It lies so near
The strongest city, Prague, that fire and
sword

Have skimmed it lightly: so that now,
besides

Its own exuberance, it bears double value
Confronted with whole realms far and near
Made deserts.

Ulr. You describe it faithfully.

Stral. Aye—could you see it, you would
say so—but,

As I have said, you shall.

Ulr. I accept the omen. 380

Stral. Then claim a recompense from it
and me,
Such as *both* may make worthy your accept-
ance

And services to me and mine for ever.

Ulr. And this sole, sick, and miserable
wretch—

This way-worn stranger—stands between you
and

This Paradise?—(As Adam did between
The devil and his)—[*Aside*].

Stral. He doth.

Ulr. Hath he no right?

Stral. Right! none. A disinherited prodigal,
Who for these twenty years disgraced his
lineage 389

In all his acts—but chiefly by his marriage,
And living amidst commerce - fetching
burghers,

And dabbling merchants, in a mart of Jews.

Ulr. He has a wife, then?

Stral. You'd be sorry to
Call such your mother. You have seen the
woman

He *calls* his wife.

Ulr. Is she not so?

Stral. No more
Than he's your father:—an Italian girl,
The daughter of a banished man, who lives
On love and poverty with this same Werner.

Ulr. They are childless, then?

Stral. There is or was a bastard,
Whom the old man—the grandsire (as old age
Is ever doting) took to warm his bosom, 401
As it went chilly downward to the grave:
But the imp stands not in my path—he has
fled,

No one knows whither; and if he had not,
His claims alone were too contemptible
To stand.—Why do you smile?

Ulr. At your vain fears:

A poor man almost in his grasp—a child
Of doubtful birth—can startle a grandee!

Stral. All's to be feared, where all is to be
gained.

Ulr. True; and aught done to save or to
obtain it. 410

Stral. You have harped the very string next
to my heart.

I may depend upon you?

Ulr. 'Twere too late

To doubt it.

Stral. Let no foolish pity shake

Your bosom (for the appearance of the man
Is pitiful)—he is a wretch, as likely
To have robbed me as the fellow more sus-
pected,

Except that circumstance is less against him;
He being lodged far off, and in a chamber
Without approach to mine; and, to say truth,
I think too well of blood allied to mine, 420

To deem he would descend to such an act:
Besides, he was a soldier, and a brave one
Once—though too rash.

Ulr. And they, my Lord, we know
By our experience, never plunder till
They knock the brains out first—which makes
them heirs,
Not thieves. The dead, who feel nought, can
lose nothing,
Nore'er berobbed: their spoils are a bequest—
No more.

Stral. Go to! you are a wag. But say
I may be sure you'll keep an eye on this man,
And let me know his slightest movement to-
wards
Concealment or escape. 43^o

Ulr. You may be sure
You yourself could not watch him more than I
Will be his sentinel.

Stral. By this you make me
Yours, and for ever.

Ulr. Such is my intention. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the same Palace, from
whence the secret Passage leads.*

Enter WERNER and GABOR.

Gab. Sir, I have told my tale: if it so please
you
To give me refuge for a few hours, well—
If not, I'll try my fortune elsewhere.

Wer. How
Can I, so wretched, give to Misery
A shelter?—wanting such myself as much
As e'er the hunted deer a covert—

Gab. Or
The wounded lion his cool cave. Methinks
You rather look like one would turn at bay,
And rip the hunter's entrails.

Wer. Ah!

Gab. I care not
If it be so, being much disposed to do 10
The same myself. But will you shelter me?
I am oppressed like you—and poor like you—
Disgraced—

Wer. (abruptly). Who told you that I was
disgraced?

Gab. No one; nor did I say *you* were so:
with
Your poverty my likeness ended; but
I said *I* was so—and would add, with truth,
As undeservedly as *you*.

Wer. Again!
As *I*?

Gab. Or any other honest man.
What the devil would you have? You don't
believe me
Guilty of this base theft

Wer. No, no—I cannot. 20
Gab. Why that's my heart of honour! you
young gallant—

Your miserly Intendant and dense noble—
All—all suspected me; and why? because
I am the worst clothed, and least named
amongst them;

Although, were Momus'¹ lattice in your breasts,
My soul might brook to open it more widely
Than theirs: but thus it is—you poor and
helpless—

Both still more than myself.

Wer. How know you that?

Gab. You're right: I ask for shelter at the
hand

Which I call helpless; if you now deny it, 30
I were well paid. But you, who seem to have
proved

The wholesome bitterness of life, know well,
By sympathy, that all the outspread gold
Of the New World the Spaniard boasts about
Could never tempt the man who knows its
worth,

Weighed at its proper value in the balance,
Save in such guise (and there I grant its power,
Because I feel it,) as may leave no nightmare
Upon his heart o' nights.

Wer. What do you mean?

Gab. Just what I say; I thought my speech
was plain: 40

You are no thief—nor I—and, as true men,
Should aid each other.

Wer. It is a damned world, Sir.

Gab. So is the nearest of the two next, as
The priests say (and no doubt they should
know best),

Therefore I'll stick by this—as being loth
To suffer martyrdom, at least with such
An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.
It is but a night's lodging which I crave;
To-morrow I will try the waters, as 49
The dove did—trusting that they have abated.

Wer. Abated? Is there hope of that?

Gab. There was
At noontide.

Wer. Then we may be safe.

Gab. Are *you*
In peril?

Wer. Poverty is ever so.

¹ ["Momus is the god of cruel mockery. He is said to have found fault with the man formed by Hephæstus, because a little door had not been left in his breast, so as to enable his fellows to look into his secret thoughts." (See Lucian's *Hermotimus*, cap. xx.)]

Gab. That I know by long practice. Will
you not

Promise to make mine less?

Wer. Your poverty?

Gab. No—you don't look a leech for that
disorder;

I meant my peril only: you've a roof,
And I have none; I merely seek a covert.

Wer. Rightly; for how should such a
wretch as I

Have gold?

Gab. Scarce honestly, to say the truth on't,
Although I almost wish you had the Baron's. 61

Wer. Dare you insinuate?

Gab. What?

Wer. Are you aware
To whom you speak?

Gab. No; and I am not used
Greatly to care. (*A noise heard without.*)

But hark! they come!

Wer. Who come?

Gab. The Intendant and his man-hounds
after me:

I'd face them—but it were in vain to expect
Justice at hands like theirs. Where shall I go?
But show me any place. I do assure you,
If there be faith in man, I am most guiltless:
Think if it were your own case!

Wer. (*aside*). Oh, just God! 70
Thy hell is not hereafter! Am I dust still?

Gab. I see you're moved; and it shows well
in you:

I may live to requite it.

Wer. Are you not

A spy of Stralenheim's?

Gab. Not I! and if
I were, what is there to spy in you?

Although, I recollect, his frequent question
About you and your spouse might lead to some
Suspicion; but you best know—what—and
why.

I am his deadliest foe.

Wer. You?

Gab. After such

A treatment for the service which in part 80
I rendered him, I am his enemy:

If you are not his friend you will assist me.

Wer. I will.

Gab. But how?

Wer. (*showing the panel*). There is a secret
spring:

Remember, I discovered it by chance,
And used it but for safety.

Gab. Open it,
And I will use it for the same.

Wer.

I found it,

As I have said: it leads through winding walls,
(So thick as to bear paths within their ribs,
Yet lose no jot of strength or stateliness,)

And hollow cells, and obscure niches, to 90
I know not whither; you must not advance:
Give me your word.

Gab. It is unnecessary:

How should I make my way in darkness
through

A Gothic labyrinth of unknown windings?

Wer. Yes, but who knows to what place it
may lead?

I know not—(mark you!)—but who knows it
might not

Lead even into the chamber of your foe?

So strangely were contrived these galleries

By our Teutonic fathers in old days,

When man built less against the elements 100
Than his next neighbour. You must not

advance

Beyond the two first windings; if you do

(Albeit I never passed them,) I'll not answer

For what you may be led to.

Gab.

But I will.

A thousand thanks!

Wer. You'll find the spring more obvious
On the other side; and, when you would
return,

It yields to the least touch.

Gab.

I'll in—farewell!

[GABOR goes in by the secret panel.]

Wer. (*solus*). What have I done? Alas!
what had I done

Before to make this fearful? Let it be

Still some atonement that I save the man, 110

Whose sacrifice had saved perhaps my own—

They come! to seek elsewhere what is before
them!

Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.

Iden. Is he not here? He must have
vanished then

Through the dim Gothic glass, by pious aid

Of pictured saints upon the red and yellow

Casements, through which the sunset streams
like sunrise

On long pearl-coloured beards and crimson
crosses,

And gilded crosiers, and crossed arms, and
cowls,

And helms, and twisted armour, and long
swords,

All the fantastic furniture of windows 120

Dim with brave knights and holy hermits
whose

Likeness and fame alike rest in some panes
Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims
As frail as any other life or glory.
He 's gone, however.

Wer. Whom do you seek?

Iden. A villain.

Wer. Why need you come so far, then?

Iden. In the search
Of him who robbed the Baron.

Wer. Are you sure
You have divined the man?

Iden. As sure as you
Stand there: but where 's he gone?

Wer. Who?

Iden. He we sought.

Wer. You see he is not here.

Iden. And yet we traced him 130
Up to this hall. Are you accomplices?
Or deal you in the black art?

Wer. I deal plainly,
To many men the blackest.

Iden. It may be
I have a question or two for yourself
Hereafter; but we must continue now
Our search for t'other.

Wer. You had best begin
Your inquisition now: I may not be
So patient always.

Iden. I should like to know,
In good sooth, if you really are the man
That Stralenheim 's in quest of.

Wer. Insolent! 140
Said you not that he was not here?

Iden. Yes, one;
But there 's another whom he tracks more
keenly,

And soon, it may be, with authority
Both paramount to his and mine. But come!
Bustle, my boys! we are at fault.

[Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendants.

Wer. In what
A maze hath my dim destiny involved me!
And one base sin hath done me less ill than
The leaving undone one far greater. Down,
Thou busy devil, rising in my heart! 149
Thou art too late! I'll nought to do with blood.

Enter ULRIC.

Ulr. I sought you, father.

Wer. Is't not dangerous?

Ulr. No; Stralenheim is ignorant of all
Or any of the ties between us: more—
He sends me here a spy upon your actions,
Deeming me wholly his.

Wer. I cannot think it:
'Tis but a snare he winds about us both,
To swoop the sire and son at once.

Ulr. I cannot
Pause in each petty fear, and stumble at
The doubts that rise like briars in our path,
But must break through them, as an unarmed
carle 160
Would, though with naked limbs, were the
wolf rustling

In the same thicket where he hewed for bread.
Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so:
We'll overfly or rend them.

Wer. Show me *how*?

Ulr. Can you not guess?

Wer. I cannot.

Ulr. That is strange.
Came the thought ne'er into your mind
last night?

Wer. I understand you not.

Ulr. Then we shall never
More understand each other. But to change
The topic—

Wer. You mean to *pursue* it, as
'Tis of our safety.

Ulr. Right; I stand corrected. 170
I see the subject now more clearly, and
Our general situation in its bearings.
The waters are abating; a few hours
Will bring his summoned myrmidons from
Frankfort,

When you will be a prisoner, perhaps worse,
And I an outcast, bastardised by practice
Of this same Baron to make way for him.

Wer. And now your remedy! I thought
to escape

By means of this accurséd gold; but now
I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on
it. 180

Methinks it wears upon its face my guilt
For motto, not the mintage of the state;
And, for the sovereign's head, my own begirt
With hissing snakes, which curl around my
temples,

And cry to all beholders, Lo! a villain!

Ulr. You must not use it, at least now;
but take

This ring. [He gives WERNER a jewel.

Wer. A gem! It was my father's!

Ulr. And

As such is now your own. With this you
must

Bribe the Intendant for his old *calèche*
And horses to pursue your route at sun-
rise, 190

Together with my mother.

Wer. And leave you,
So lately found, in peril too?

Ulr. Fear nothing!
The only fear were if we fled together,
For that would make our ties beyond all
doubt.

The waters only lie in flood between
This burgh and Frankfort; so far 's in our
favour,

The route on to Bohemia, though encumbered,
Is not impassable; and when you gain
A few hours' start, the difficulties will be
The same to your pursuers. Once beyond
The frontier, and you're safe.

Wer. My noble boy! 201

Ulr. Hush! hush! no transports: we'll
indulge in them

In Castle Siegendorf! Display no gold:
Show Idenstein the gem (I know the man,
And have looked through him): it will
answer thus

A double purpose. Stralenheim lost *gold*—
No jewel: therefore it could *not* be his;
And then the man who was possesser of this
Can hardly be suspected of abstracting
The Baron's coin, when he could thus
convert 210

This ring to more than Stralenheim has lost
By his last night's slumber. Be not over
timid

In your address, nor yet too arrogant,
And Idenstein will serve you.

Wer. I will follow
In all things your direction.

Ulr. I would have
Spared you the trouble; but had I appeared
To take an interest in you, and still more
By dabbling with a jewel in your favour,
All had been known at once.

Wer. My guardian angel!
This overpays the past. But how wilt
thou 220

Fare in our absence?
Ulr. Stralenheim knows nothing
Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.
I will but wait a day or two with him
To lull all doubts, and then rejoin my father.

Wer. To part no more!

Ulr. I know not that; but at
The least we'll meet again once more.

Wer. My boy!
My friend! my only child, and sole preserver!
Oh, do not hate me!

Ulr. Hate my father!

Wer.

Aye,
My father hated me. Why not my son?

Ulr. Your father knew you not as I do.

Wer. Scorpions 230
Are in thy words! Thou know me? in this
guise

Thou canst not know me, I am not myself;
Yet (hate me not) I will be soon.

Ulr. I'll wait!

In the mean time be sure that all a son
Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

Wer. I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel
Further—that you despise me.

Ulr. Wherefore should I?

Wer. Must I repeat my humiliation?

Ulr. No!

I have fathomed it and you. But let us talk
Of this no more. Or, if it must be ever, 240

Not *now*. Your error has redoubled all
The present difficulties of our house
At secret war with that of Stralenheim:
All we have now to think of is to baffle
HIM. I have shown *one* way.

Wer. The only one,
And I embrace it, as I did my son,
Who showed *himself* and father's *safety* in
One day.

Ulr. You *shall* be safe; let that suffice.
Would Stralenheim's appearance in Bohemia
Disturb your right, or mine, if once we
were 250

Admitted to our lands?

Wer. Assuredly,
Situate as we are now; although the first
Possessor might, as usual, prove the
strongest—
Especially the next in blood.

Ulr. *Blood!* 'tis
A word of many meanings; in the veins,
And out of them, it is a different thing—
And so it should be, when the same in blood
(As it is called) are aliens to each other,
Like Theban brethren:¹ when the part is
bad,

A few spilt ounces purify the rest. 260

Wer. I do not apprehend you.

Ulr. That may be—
And should, perhaps—and yet—but get ye
ready;

You and my mother must away to-night.
Here comes the Intendant: sound him with
the gem;

'Twill sink into his venal soul like lead

¹ [Eteocles and Polynices, see the *Septem c.*
Thebas of Æschylus.]

Into the deep, and bring up slime and mud,
And ooze, too, from the bottom, as the lead
doth
With its greased understratum;¹ but no less
Will serve to warn our vessels through these
shoals.

The freight is rich, so heave the line in
time! 270

Farewell! I scarce have time, but yet your
hand,

My father!—

Wer. Let me embrace thee!

Ulr. We may be

Observed: subdue your nature to the hour!
Keep off from me as from your foe!

Wer. Accursed

Be he who is the stifling cause which smothers
The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts;
At such an hour too!

Ulr. Yes, curse—it will ease you!
Here is the Intendant.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Master Idenstein,

How fare you in your purpose? Have you
caught

The rogue?

Iden. No, faith!

Ulr. Well, there are plenty more: 280
You may have better luck another chase.
Where is the Baron?

Iden. Gone back to his chamber:
And now I think on't, asking after you
With nobly-born impatience.

Ulr. Your great men
Must be answered on the instant, as the bound
Of the stung steed replies unto the spur:
'Tis well they have horses, too; for if they
had not,

I fear that men must draw their chariots, as
They say kings did Sesostris.

Iden. Who was he?

Ulr. An old Bohemian—an imperial gipsy.

Iden. A gipsy or Bohemian, 'tis the same, 291
For they pass by both names. And was he one?

Ulr. I've heard so; but I must take leave.
Intendant,

Your servant!—Werner (*to WERNER slightly*),
if that be your name,

Yours. [*Exit ULRIC.*

¹ [A cavity at the lower end of the lead attached to a sounding-line is partially filled with an *arming* (tallow), to which the bottom, especially if it be sand, shells, or fine gravel, adheres.—Knights's *American Mechanical Dictionary*, 1877, art. "Sounding-Apparatus."]

Iden. A well-spoken, pretty-faced young
man!

And prettily behaved! He knows his station,
You see, Sir: how he gave to each his due
Precedence!

Wer. I perceived it, and applaud
His just discernment and your own.

Iden. That's well—
That's very well. You also know your
place, too; 300

And yet I don't know that *I* know your place.

Wer. (*showing the ring*). Would this assist
your knowledge?

Iden. How!—What!—Eh!
A jewel!

Wer. 'Tis your own on one condition.

Iden. Mine!—Name it!

Wer. That hereafter you permit me
At thrice its value to redeem it: 'tis
A family ring.

Iden. A family!—*yours!*—a gem!
I'm breathless!

Wer. You must also furnish me,
An hour ere daybreak, with all means to quit
This place.

Iden. But is it real? Let me look on it:
Diamond, by all that's glorious!

Wer. Come, I'll trust you: 310
You have guessed, no doubt, that I was born
above

My present seeming.

Iden. I can't say I did,
Though this looks like it: this is the true
breeding

Of gentle blood!

Wer. I have important reasons
For wishing to continue privily
My journey hence.

Iden. So then *you are* the man
Whom Stralenheim's in quest of?

Wer. I am not;
But being taken for him might conduct

So much embarrassment to me just now,
And to the Baron's self hereafter—'tis 320
To spare both that I would avoid all bustle.

Iden. Be you the man or no, 'tis not my
business;

Besides, I never could obtain the half
From this proud, niggardly noble, who
would raise

The country for some missing bits of coin,
And never offer a precise reward—
But *this!*—another look!

Wer. Gaze on it freely;
At day-dawn it is yours.

Iden. Oh, thou sweet sparkler!
 Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
 Thou touch-stone of Philosophy herself! 330
 Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar of
 The soul! the true magnetic Pole to which
 All hearts point duly north, like trembling
 needles!
 Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which, sitting
 High on the Monarch's Diadem, attractest
 More worship than the majesty who sweats
 Beneath the crown which makes his head
 ache, like
 Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre!
 Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, already
 A little king, a lucky alchemist!— 340
 A wise magician, who has bound the devil
 Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,
 Werner, or what else?

Wer. Call me Werner still;
 You may yet know me by a loftier title.

Iden. I do believe in thee! thou art the
 spirit
 Of whom I long have dreamed in a low garb.—
 But come, I'll serve thee; thou shalt be as free
 As air, despite the waters; let us hence:
 I'll show thee I am honest—(oh, thou jewel!)
 Thou shalt be furnished, Werner, with such
 means 350
 Of flight, that if thou wert a snail, not birds
 Should overtake thee.—Let me gaze again!
 I have a foster-brother in the mart
 Of Hamburg skilled in precious stones. How
 many
 Carats may it weigh?—Come, Werner, I will
 wing thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—STRALENHEIM'S Chamber.

STRALENHEIM and FRITZ.

Fritz. All 's ready, my good Lord!

Stral. I am not sleepy,
 And yet I must to bed: I fain would say
 To rest, but something heavy on my spirit,
 Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,
 Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
 Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor
 yet
 Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself
 'Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between man
 And man, and everlasting mist:—I will
 Unto my pillow.

Fritz. May you rest there well! 10

Stral. I feel, and fear, I shall.

Fritz. And wherefore fear?

Stral. I know not why, and therefore do
 fear more,

Because an undescribable——but 'tis
 All folly. Were the locks as I desired
 Changed, to-day, of this chamber? for last
 night's
 Adventure makes it needful.

Fritz. Certainly,
 According to your order, and beneath
 The inspection of myself and the young Saxon
 Who saved your life. I think they call him
 "Ulric."

Stral. You *think!* you supercilious slave!
 what right 20
 Have you to *tax your* memory, which should be
 Quick, proud, and happy to retain the *name*
 Of him who saved your master, as a litany
 Whose daily repetition marks your duty?—
 Get hence; "*You think,*" indeed! you, who
 stood still

Howling and dripping on the bank, whilst I
 Lay dying, and the stranger dashed aside
 The roaring torrent, and restored me to
 Thank him — and despise you. "*You*
think!" and scarce

Can recollect his name! I will not waste 30
 More words on you. Call me betimes.

Fritz. Good-night!
 I trust to-morrow will restore your Lordship
 To renovated strength and temper.

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*The secret Passage.*

Gab. (solus). Four—

Five—six hours have I counted, like the guard
 Of outposts, on the never-merry clock,
 That hollow tongue of time, which, even when
 It sounds for joy, takes something from en-
 joyment

With every clang. 'Tis a perpetual knell,
 Though for a marriage-feast it rings: each
 stroke

Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note
 Of Love deep-buried, without resurrection,
 In the grave of Possession; while the knoll 10
 Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
 To triple time in the son's ear.

I'm cold—
 I'm dark;—I've blown my fingers—numbered
 o'er
 And o'er my steps—and knocked my head
 against

Some fifty buttresses—and roused the rats
 And bats in general insurrection, till
 Their curséd pattering feet and whirling wings
 Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.
 A light! It is at distance (if I can

Measure in darkness distance): but it
blinks. 20

As through a crevice or a key-hole, in
The inhibited direction: I must on,
Nevertheless, from curiosity.

A distant lamp-light is an incident
In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it
lead me

To nothing that may tempt me! Else—
Heaven aid me

To obtain or to escape it! Shining still!
Were it the star of Lucifer himself,
Or he himself girt with its beams, I could
Contain no longer. Softly: mighty well! 30
That corner's turned—so—ah! no;—right!
it draws

Nearer. Here is a darksome angle—so,
That's weathered.—Let me pause.—Suppose
it leads

Into some greater danger than that which
I have escaped—no matter, 'tis a new one;
And novel perils, like fresh mistresses,
Wear more magnetic aspects:—I will on,
And be it where it may—I have my dagger
Which may protect me at a pinch.—Burn
still,

Thou little light! Thou art my *ignis fatuus* 40
My stationary Will-o'-the-wisp!—So! so!
He hears my invocation, and fails not.

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Garden.*

Enter WERNER.

Wer. I could not sleep—and now the
hour's at hand!

All's ready. Idenstein has kept his word;
And stationed in the outskirts of the town,
Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle
Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars begin
To pale in heaven; and for the last time I
Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never,
never

Shall I forget them. Here I came most poor,
But not dishonoured: and I leave them with
A stain,—if not upon my name, yet in 10
My heart!—a never-dying canker-worm,
Which all the coming splendour of the lands,
And rights, and sovereignty of Siegendorf
Can scarcely lull a moment. I must find
Some means of restitution, which would ease
My soul in part: but how, without dis-
covery?—

It must be done, however; and I'll pause
Upon the method the first hour of safety.

The madness of my misery led to this
Base infamy; repentance must retrieve it: 20
I will have nought of Stralenheim's upon
My spirit, though he would grasp all of mine;
Lands, freedom, life,—and yet he sleeps as
soundly

Perhaps, as infancy, with gorgeous curtains
Spread for his canopy, o'er silken pillows,
Such as when—Hark! what noise is that?
Again!

The branches shake; and some loose stones
have fallen

From yonder terrace.

[*ULRIC leaps down from the terrace.*

Ulric! ever welcome!

Thrice welcome now! this filial—

Ulr. Stop! before

We approach, tell me—

Wer. Why look you so?

Ulr. Do I 30

Behold my father, or—

Wer. What?

Ulr. An assassin?

Wer. Insane or insolent!

Ulr. Reply, Sir, as

You prize your life, or mine!

Wer. To what must I

Answer?

Ulr. Are you or are you not the assassin
Of Stralenheim?

Wer. I never was as yet
The murderer of any man. What mean you?

Ulr. Did not you *this* night (as the night
before)

Retrace the secret passage? Did you not
Again revisit Stralenheim's chamber? and—

[*ULRIC pauses.*

Wer. Proceed.

Ulr. *Died* he not by your hand?

Wer. Great God! 40

Ulr. You are innocent, then! my father's
innocent!

Embrace me! Yes,—your tone—your look
—yes, yes,—

Yet *say* so.

Wer. If I e'er, in heart or mind,
Conceived deliberately such a thought,
But rather strove to trample back to hell
Such thoughts—if e'er they glared a moment
through

The irritation of my oppressed spirit—
May Heaven be shut for ever from my hopes,
As from mine eyes!

Ulr. But Stralenheim is dead.

Wer. 'Tis horrible? 'tis hideous, as 'tis
hateful!—

But what have I to do with this?

Ulr. No bolt
Is forced; no violence can be detected,
Save on his body. Part of his own household
Have been alarmed; but as the Intendant is
Absent, I took upon myself the care
Of mustering the police. His chamber has,
Past doubt, been entered secretly. Excuse me,
If nature——

Wer. Oh, my boy! what unknown woes
Of dark fatality, like clouds, are gathering
Above our house!

Ulr. My father! I acquit you! 60
But will the world do so? will even the Judge,
If——but you must away this instant.

Wer. No!
I'll face it. Who shall dare suspect me?

Ulr. Yet
You had *no* guests—*no* visitors—*no* life
Breathing around you, save my mother's?

Wer. Ah!
The Hungarian?

Ulr. He is gone! he disappeared
Ere sunset.

Wer. No; I hid him in that very
Concealed and fatal gallery.

Ulr. There I'll find him.
[ULRIC is going.]

Wer. It is too late: he had left the palace
ere

I quitted it. I found the secret panel 70
Open, and the doors which lead from that hall
Which masks it: I but thought he had
snatched the silent

And favourable moment to escape
The myrmidons of Idenstein, who were
Dogging him yester-even.

Ulr. You reclosed
The panel?

Wer. Yes; and not without reproach
(And inner trembling for the avoided peril)
At his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus
His shelterer's asylum to the risk
Of a discovery.

Ulr. You are sure you closed it? 80

Wer. Certain.

Ulr. That's well; but had been better, if
You ne'er had turned it to a den for——

[He pauses.]

Wer. Thieves!
Thou wouldst say: I must bear it, and
deserve it;

But not——

Ulr. No, father; do not speak of this:
This is no hour to think of petty crimes,

But to prevent the consequence of great ones.
Why would you shelter this man?

Wer. Could I shun it?
A man pursued by my chief foe; disgraced
For my own crime: a victim to *my* safety,
Imploring a few hours' concealment from go
The very wretch who was the cause he needed
Such refuge. Had he been a wolf, I could not
Have in such circumstances thrust him forth.

Ulr. And like the wolf he hath repaid you.
But

It is too late to ponder thus:—you must
Set out ere dawn. I will remain here to
Trace the murderer, if 'tis possible.

Wer. But this my sudden flight will give
the Moloch

Suspicion: two new victims in the lieu
Of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian, 100
Who seems the culprit, and——

Ulr. Who *seems*? Who else
Can be so?

Wer. Not *I*, though just now you doubted—
You, my *son*!—doubted——

Ulr. And do you doubt of him
The fugitive?

Wer. Boy! since I fell into
The abyss of crime (though not of *such* crime), I,
Having seen the innocent oppressed for me,
May doubt even of the guilty's guilt. Your heart
Is free, and quick with virtuous wrath to accuse
Appearances; and views a criminal
In Innocence's shadow, it may be, 110
Because 'tis dusky.

Ulr. And if I do so,
What will mankind, who know you not, or knew
But to oppress? You must not stand the hazard.
Away!—I'll make all easy. Idenstein
Will for his own sake, and his jewel's, hold
His peace—he also is a partner in
Your flight—moreover——

Wer. Fly! and leave my name
Linked with the Hungarian's, or, preferred
as poorest,
To bear the brand of bloodshed?

Ulr. Pshaw! leave any thing
Except our father's sovereignty and castles, 120
For which you have so long panted, and in vain!
What *name*? You have *no name*, since that
you bear
Is feigned.

Wer. Most true: but still I would not have it
Engraved in crimson in men's memories,
Though in this most obscure abode of men——
Besides, the search——

Ulr. I will provide against

Aught that can touch you. No one knows
you here

As heir of Siegendorf: if Idenstein
Suspects, 'tis *but suspicion*, and he is 129

A fool: his folly shall have such employment,
Too, that the unknown Werner shall give way
To nearer thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er
Laws reached this village) are all in abeyance
With the late general war of thirty years,
Or crushed, or rising slowly from the dust,
To which the march of armies trampled them.
Stralenheim, although noble, is unheeded
Here, save as *such*—without lands, influence,
Save what hath perished with him. Few pro-
long 139

A week beyond their funeral rites their sway
O'er men, unless by relatives, whose interest
Is roused: such is not here the case; he died
Alone, unknown,—a solitary grave,
Obscure as his deserts, without a scutcheon,
Is all he'll have, or wants. If I discover
The assassin, 'twill be well—if not, believe me,
None else; though all the full-fed train of
menials

May howl above his ashes (as they did
Around him in his danger on the Oder),
Will no more stir a finger *now* than *then*. 150
Hence! hence! I must not hear your answer.
—Look!

The stars are almost faded, and the grey
Begins to grizzle the black hair of night.
You shall not answer:—Pardon me that I
Am peremptory: 'tis your son that speaks,
Your long-lost, late-found son.—Let 's call
my mother!

Softly and swiftly step, and leave the rest
To me: I'll answer for the event as far
As regards *you*, and that is the chief point,
As my first duty, which shall be observed. 160
We'll meet in Castle Siegendorf—once more
Our banners shall be glorious! Think of that
Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me,
Whose youth may better battle with them—
Hence!

And may your age be happy!—I will kiss
My mother once more, then Heaven's speed
be with you!

Wer. This counsel 's safe—but is it honour-
able?

Ulr. To save a father is a child's chief
honour. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Hall in the Castle of
Siegendorf, near Prague.*

Enter ERIC and HENRICK, Retainers of the
Count.

Eric. So, better times are come at last; to
these

Old walls new masters and high wassail—both
A long desideratum.

Hen. Yes, for *masters*,
It might be unto those who long for novelty,
Though made by a new grave: but, as for
wassail,

Methinks the old Count Siegendorf maintained
His feudal hospitality as high
As e'er another Prince of the empire.

Eric. Why
For the mere cup and trencher, we no doubt
Fared passing well; but as for merriment 10
And sport, without which salt and sauces
season

The cheer but scantily, our sizings were
Even of the narrowest.

Hen. The old Count loved not
The roar of revel; are you sure that *this* does?

Eric. As yet he hath been courteous as he's
bounteous,
And we all love him.

Hen. His reign is as yet
Hardly a year o'erpast its honeymoon,
And the first year of sovereigns is bridal:
Anon, we shall perceive his real sway
And moods of mind.

Eric. Pray Heaven he keep the present! 20
Then his brave son, Count Ulr.—there 's a
knight!

Pity the wars are o'er!

Hen. Why so?

Eric. Look on him!
And answer that yourself.

Hen. He 's very youthful,
And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

Eric. That 's not a faithful vassal's likeness.

Hen. But
Perhaps a true one.

Eric. Pity, as I said,
The wars are over: in the hall, who like
Count Ulr. for a well-supported pride,
Which awes, but yet offends not? in the field,
Who like him with his spear in hand, when
gnashing

30
His tusks, and ripping up, from right to left,
The howling hounds, the boar makes for the
thicket?

Who backs a horse, or bears a hawk, or wears
A sword like him? Whose plume nods
knightlier?

Hen. No one's, I grant you. Do not fear,
if war

Be long in coming, he is of that kind
Will make it for himself, if he hath not
Already done as much.

Eric. What do you mean?

Hen. You can't deny his train of followers
(But few our native fellow-vassals born 40
On the domain) are such a sort of knaves
As— [Pauses.

Eric. What?

Hen. The war (you love so much) leaves
living.
Like other parents, she spoils her worst
children.

Eric. Nonsense! they are all brave iron-
visaged fellows,
Such as old Tilly loved.

Hen. And who loved Tilly?
Ask that at Magdebourg¹ or, for that matter,
Wallenstein either;—they are gone to—

Eric. Rest!
But what beyond 'tis not ours to pronounce.

Hen. I wish they had left us something of
their rest:

The country (nominally now at peace) 50
Is over-run with—God knows who: they fly
By night, and disappear with sunrise; but
Leave us no less desolation, nay, even more,
Than the most open warfare.

Eric. But Count Ulric—
What has all this to do with him?

Hen. With him!
He—might prevent it. As you say, he's fond
Of war, why makes he it not on those
marauders?

Eric. You'd better ask himself.

Hen. I would as soon
Ask the lion why he laps not milk.

Eric. And here he comes!

Hen. The devil! you'll hold
your tongue? 60

¹ [At the siege of Magdeburg, May 19, 1631, "soldiers and citizens, with their wives, boys and girls, old and young, were all mercilessly butchered." "The city was set fire to at more than twelve points, and, except the cathedral and about fifty houses, sank into soot and ashes. It was not Tilly and his men, but Magdeburg's own people, who kindled the city to a conflagration." — *History of the Thirty Years' War*, by Anton Gindeley, 1885, ii. 65, 66.]

Eric. Why do you turn so pale?

Hen. 'Tis nothing—but
Be silent.

Eric. I will, upon what you have said.

Hen. I assure you I meant nothing,—a
mere sport
Of words, no more; besides, had it been
otherwise,

He is to espouse the gentle Baroness
Ida of Stralenheim, the late Baron's heiress;
And she, no doubt, will soften whatsoever
Of fierceness the late long intestine wars
Have given all natures, and most unto those
Who were born in them, and bred up upon
The knees of Homicide; sprinkled, as it were,
With blood even at their baptism. Prithee,
peace 72

Of all that I have said!

Enter ULRIC and RODOLPH.

Good morrow, Count.

Ulr. Good morrow, worthy Henrick. Eric,
is

All ready for the chase?

Eric. The dogs are ordered
Down to the forest, and the vassals out
To beat the bushes, and the day looks
promising.

Shall I call forth your Excellency's suite?
What courser will you please to mount?

Ulr. The dun,
Walstein.

Eric. I fear he scarcely has recovered 80
The toils of Monday: 'twas a noble chase:
You speared *four* with your own hand.

Ulr. True, good Eric;
I had forgotten—let it be the grey, then,
Old Ziska: he has not been out this fortnight.

Eric. He shall be straight caparisoned.
How many

Of your immediate retainers shall
Escort you?

Ulr. I leave that to Weilburgh, our
Master of the horse. [Exit ERIC.

Rodolph!

Rod. My Lord!

Ulr. The news
Is awkward from the—

[RODOLPH points to HENRICK.
How now, Henrick? why

Loiter you here?

Hen. For your commands, my Lord.

Ulr. Go to my father, and present my duty,
And learn if he would aught with me before
I mount. [Exit HENRICK.

Rodolph, our friends have had a check
Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and
'Tis rumoured that the column sent against
them

Is to be strengthened. I must join them soon.

Rod. Best wait for further and more sure
advices.

Ulr. I mean it—and indeed it could not well
Have fallen out at a time more opposite
To all my plans.

Rod. It will be difficult 100
To excuse your absence to the Count your
father.

Ulr. Yes, but the unsettled state of our
domain

In high Silesia will permit and cover
My journey. In the mean time, when we are
Engaged in the chase, draw off the eighty men
Whom Wolffe leads—keep the forests on
your route :

You know it well?

Rod. As well as on that night
When we——

Ulr. We will not speak of that until
We can repeat the same with like success :
And when you have joined, give Rosenberg
this letter. [*Gives a letter.*

Add further, that I have sent this slight addi-
tion 111

To our force with you and Wolffe, as herald of
My coming, though I could but spare them ill
At this time, as my father loves to keep
Full numbers of retainers round the castle,
Until this marriage, and its feasts and fooleries,
Are rung out with its peal of nuptial nonsense.

Rod. I thought you loved the lady Ida?

Ulr. Why,
I do so—but it follows not from that
I would bind in my youth and glorious years,
So brief and burning, with a lady's zone, 121
Although 'twere that of Venus:—but I love her,
As woman should be loved—fairly and solely.

Rod. And constantly?

Ulr. I think so; for I love
Nought else.—But I have not the time to
pause

Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great
things

We have to do ere long. Speed! speed!
good Rodolph!

Rod. On my return, however, I shall find
The Baroness Ida lost in Countess Siegen-
dorf?

Ulr. Perhaps: my father wishes it, and,
sooth, 130

'Tis no bad policy: this union with
The last bud of the rival branch at once
Unites the future and destroys the past.

Rod. Adieu.

Ulr. Yet hold—we had better keep
together

Until the chase begins; then draw thou off,
And do as I have said.

Rod. I will. But to
Return—'twas a most kind act in the count
Your father to send up to Konigsberg
For this fair orphan of the Baron, and
To hail her as his daughter.

Ulr. Wondrous kind! 140
Especially as little kindness till
Then grew between them.

Rod. The late Baron died
Of a fever, did he not?

Ulr. How should I know?

Rod. I have heard it whispered there was
something strange
About his death—and even the place of it
Is scarcely known.

Ulr. Some obscure village on
The Saxon or Silesian frontier.

Rod. He
Has left no testament—no farewell words?

Ulr. I am neither confessor nor notary,
So cannot say.

Rod. Ah! here's the lady Ida. 150

Enter IDA STRALENHEIM.

Ulr. You are early, my sweet cousin!

Ida. Not too early,
Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.
Why do you call me "*Cousin*"?

Ulr. (*smiling*). Are we not so?

Ida. Yes, but I do not like the name; me-
thinks

It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon
Our pedigree, and only weighed our blood.

Ulr. (*startling*). Blood!

Ida. Why does yours start from your
cheeks?

Ulr. Aye! doth it?

Ida. It doth—but no! it rushes like a
torrent

Even to your brow again.

Ulr. (*recovering himself*). And if it fled,
It only was because your presence sent it 160
Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet
Cousin!

Ida. "*Cousin*" again.

Ulr. Nay, then, I'll call you sister.

Ida. I like that name still worse.—Would we had ne'er been aught of kindred!

Ulr. (*gloomily*). Would we never had!

Ida. Oh, heavens! and can you wish that?

Ulr. Dearest *Ida*! Did I not echo your own wish?

Ida. Yes, *Ulric*, but then I wished it not with such a glance, and scarce knew what I said; but let me be sister, or cousin, what you will, so that I still to you am something.

Ulr. You shall be 170
All—all—

Ida. And you to me are so already; but I can wait.

Ulr. Dear *Ida*!

Ida. Call me *Ida*, your *Ida*, for I would be yours, none else's—indeed I have none else left, since my poor father— [*She pauses.*]

Ulr. You have mine—you have me.

Ida. Dear *Ulric*, how I wish my father could but view my happiness, which wants but this!

Ulr. Indeed!

Ida. You would have loved him, he you; for the brave ever love each other: his manner was a little cold, his spirit 179 proud (as is birth's prerogative); but under this grave exterior — Would you had known each other!

Had such as you been near him on his journey, he had not died without a friend to soothe his last and lonely moments.

Ulr. Who says that?

Ida. What?

Ulr. That he died alone.

Ida. The general rumour, and disappearance of his servants, who have ne'er returned: that fever was most deadly which swept them all away.

Ulr. If they were near him, he could not die neglected or alone. 189

Ida. Alas! what is a menial to a death-bed, when the dim eye rolls vainly round for what it loves?—They say he died of a fever.

Ulr. Say!

It was so.

Ida. I sometimes dream otherwise.

Ulr. All dreams are false.

Ida. And yet I see him as I see you.

Ulr. Where?

Ida. In sleep—I see him lie pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised knife beside him.

Ulr. But you do not see his face?

Ida. (*looking at him*). No! Oh, my God! do you?

Ulr. Why do you ask?

Ida. Because you look as if you saw a murderer!

Ulr. (*agitatedly*). *Ida*, this is mere childishness; your weakness 200 infects me, to my shame: but as all feelings of yours are common to me, it affects me. Prithee, sweet child, change—

Ida. Child, indeed! I have full fifteen summers! [*A bugle sounds.*]

Rod. Hark, my Lord, the bugle!

Ida. (*peevishly to RODOLPH*). Why need you tell him that? Can he not hear it without your echo?

Rod. Pardon me, fair Baroness!

Ida. I will not pardon you, unless you earn it by aiding me in my dissuasion of Count *Ulric* from the chase to-day.

Rod. You will not, lady, need aid of mine.

Ulr. I must not now 210 forego it.

Ida. But you shall!

Ulr. Shall!

Ida. Yes, or be no true knight.—Come, dear *Ulric*! yield to me

In this, for this one day: the day looks heavy, and you are turned so pale and ill.

Ulr. You jest.

Ida. Indeed I do not:—ask of *Rodolph*.

Rod. Truly my Lord, within this quarter of an hour you have changed more than e'er I saw you change in years.

Ulr. 'Tis nothing; but if 'twere, the air would soon restore me. I'm the true cameleon, 219

And live but on the atmosphere; your feasts in castle halls, and social banquets, nurse not my spirit—I'm a forester and breather of the steep mountain-tops, where I love all the eagle loves.

Ida. Except his prey, I hope.

Ulr. Sweet *Ida*, wish me a fair chase, and I will bring you six boars' heads for trophies home.

Ida. And will you not stay, then? You shall not go!

Come! I will sing to you.

Ulr. Ida, you scarcely
Will make a soldier's wife.

Ida. I do not wish
To be so; for I trust these wars are over, 230
And you will live in peace on your domains.

Enter WERNER as COUNT SIEGENDORF.

Ulr. My father, I salute you, and it grieves
me

With such brief greeting.—You have heard
our bugle;

The vassals wait.

Sieg. So let them.—You forget
To-morrow is the appointed festival
In Prague¹ for peace restored. You are apt
to follow

The chase with such an ardour as will scarce
Permit you to return to-day, or if
Returned, too much fatigued to join to-morrow
The nobles in our marshalled ranks.

Ulr. You, Count, 240
Will well supply the place of both—I am not
A lover of these pageantries.

Sieg. No, Ulric;
It were not well that you alone of all
Our young nobility—

Ida. And far the noblest
In aspect and demeanour.

Sieg. (to IDA). True, dear child,
Though somewhat frankly said for a fair
damsel.—

But, Ulric, recollect too our position,
So lately reinstated in our honours.

Believe me, 'twould be marked in any house,
But most in *ours*, that ONE should be found
wanting 250

At such a time and place. Besides, the Heaven
Which gave us back our own, in the same
moment

It spread its peace o'er all, hath double claims
On us for thanksgiving: first, for our country;
And next, that we are here to share its blessings.

Ulr. (aside). Devout, too! Well, Sir, I
obey at once. (*Then aloud to a servant.*)
Ludwig, dismiss the train without!

[*Exit LUDWIG.*]

Ida. And so
You yield, at once, to him what I for hours
Might supplicate in vain.

Sieg. (smiling). You are not jealous
Of me, I trust, my pretty rebel! who 260
Would sanction disobedience against all
Except thyself? But fear not; thou shalt rule
him

Hereafter with a fonder sway and firmer.

Ida. But I should like to govern *now*.

Sieg. You shall,
Your *harp*, which by the way awaits you with
The Countess in her chamber. She complains
That you are a sad truant to your music:
She attends you.

Ida. Then good morrow, my kind kinsmen!
Ulric, you'll come and hear me?

Ulr. By and by.

Ida. Be sure I'll sound it better than your
bugles; 270

Then pray you be as punctual to its notes:
I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

Ulr. And why not
Old Tilly's?

Ida. Not that monster's! I should think
My harp-strings rang with groans, and not
with music,

Could aught of *his* sound on it:—but come
quickly;

Your mother will be eager to receive you.

[*Exit IDA.*]

Sieg. Ulric, I wish to speak with you alone.

Ulr. My time's your vassal.—

(*Aside to RODOLPH.*) Rodolph, hence! and
do

As I directed: and by his best speed
And readiest means let Rosenberg reply. 280

Rod. Count Siegendorf, command you
ought? I am bound

Upon a journey past the frontier.

Sieg. (starts). Ah!—

Where? on *what* frontier?

Rod. The Silesian, on
My way—(*Aside to ULRIC.*)—*Where* shall
I say?

Ulr. (aside to RODOLPH). To Hamburgh.
(*Aside to himself.*) That

Word will, I think, put a firm padlock on
His further inquisition.

Rod. Count, to Hamburgh.

Sieg. (agitated). Hamburgh! No, I have
nought to do there, nor

Am aught connected with that city. Then
God speed you!

Rod. Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!

[*Exit RODOLPH.*]

Sieg. Ulric, this man, who has just
departed, is 290

¹ [The Treaty of Prague was signed May 30, 1635.]

One of those strange companions whom I fain
Would reason with you on.

Ulr. My Lord, he is
Noble by birth, of one of the first houses
In Saxony.

Sieg. I talk not of his birth,
But of his bearing. Men speak lightly of him.

Ulr. So they will do of most men. Even
the monarch
Is not fenced from his chamberlain's slander, or
The sneer of the last courtier whom he has
made

Great and ungrateful.

Sieg. If I must be plain,
The world speaks more than lightly of this
Rodolph: 300

They say he is leagued with the "black
bands" who still
Ravage the frontier.

Ulr. And will you believe
The world?

Sieg. In this case—yes.

Ulr. In any case,
I thought you knew it better than to take
An accusation for a sentence.

Sieg. Son!
I understand you: you refer to—but
My destiny has so involved about me
Her spider web, that I can only flutter
Like the poor fly, but break it not. Take
heed,

Ulric; you have seen to what the passions
led me: 310

Twenty long years of misery and famine
Quenched them not—twenty thousand more,
perchance,

Hereafter (or even here in *moments* which
Might date for years, did Anguish make the
dial),

May not obliterate or expiate
The madness and dishonour of an instant.
Ulric, be warned by a father!—I was not
By mine, and you behold me!

Ulr. I behold
The prosperous and beloved Siegendorf,
Lord of a Prince's appanage, and honoured 320
By those he rules and those he ranks with.

Sieg. Ah!
Why wilt thou call me prosperous, while I fear
For thee? Beloved, when thou lovest me not!
All hearts but one may beat in kindness for
me—

But if my son's is cold!—

Ulr. Who dare say that?

Sieg. None else but I, who see it—*feel* it—
keener

Than would your adversary, who dared say so,
Your sabre in his heart! But mine survives
The wound.

Ulr. You err. My nature is not given
To outward fondling: how should it be so, 330
After twelve years' divorcement from my
parents?

Sieg. And did not *I* too pass those twelve
torn years
In a like absence? But 'tis vain to urge you—
Nature was never called back by remon-
strance.

Let's change the theme. I wish you to
consider

That these young violent nobles of high name,
But dark deeds (aye, the darkest, if all Rumour
Reports be true), with whom thou consortest,
Will lead thee—

Ulr. (*impatently*). I'll be led by no man.

Sieg. Nor

Be leader of such, I would hope: at once 340
To wean thee from the perils of thy youth
And haughty spirit, I have thought it well
That thou shouldst wed the lady Ida—more
As thou appear'st to love her.

Ulr. I have said
I will obey your orders, were they to
Unite with Hecate—can a son say more?

Sieg. He says too much in saying this.
It is not

The nature of thine age, nor of thy blood,
Nor of thy temperament, to talk so coolly,
Or act so carelessly, in that which is 350
The bloom or blight of all men's happiness,
(For Glory's pillow is but restless, if
Love lay not down his cheek there): some
strong bias,

Some master fiend is in thy service, to
Misrule the mortal who believes him slave,
And makes his every thought subservient; else
Thou'dst say at once—"I love young Ida, and
Will wed her;" or, "I love her not, and all
The powers on earth shall never make
me."—So

Would *I* have answered.

Ulr. Sir, *you* wed for love. 360

Sieg. I did, and it has been my only refuge
In many miseries.

Ulr. Which miseries
Had never been but for this love-match.

Sieg. Still
Against your age and nature! Who at twenty
E'er answered thus till now?

Ulr. Did you not warn me
Against your own example?

Sieg. Boyish sophist!
In a word, do you love, or love not, Ida?
Ulr. What matters it, if I am ready to
Obey you in espousing her?
Sieg. As far
As you feel, nothing—but all life for her. 370
She's young—all-beautiful—adores you—is
Endowed with qualities to give happiness,
Such as rounds common life into a dream
Of something which your poets cannot paint,
And (if it were not wisdom to love virtue),
For which Philosophy might barter Wisdom;
And giving so much happiness, deserves
A little in return. I would not have her
Break her heart with a man who has none to
break!
Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose 380
Deserted by the bird she thought a nightin-
gale,
According to the Orient tale. She is——
Ulr. The daughter of dead Stralenheim,
your foe:
I'll wed her, ne'ertheless; though, to say truth,
Just now I am not violently transported
In favour of such unions.
Sieg. But she loves you.
Ulr. And I love her, and therefore would
think *twice*.
Sieg. Alas! Love never did so.
Ulr. Then 'tis time
He should begin, and take the bandage from
His eyes, and look before he leaps; till
now 390
He hath ta'en a jump i' the dark.
Sieg. But you consent?
Ulr. I did, and do.
Sieg. Then fix the day.
Ulr. 'Tis usual,
And, certes, courteous, to leave that to the
lady.
Sieg. I will engage for *her*.
Ulr. So will not I
For any woman: and as what I fix,
I fain would see unshaken, when she gives
Her answer, I'll give mine.
Sieg. But 'tis your office
To woo.
Ulr. Count, 'tis a marriage of your making,
So be it of your wooing; but to please you,
I will now pay my duty to my mother, 400
With whom, you know, the lady Ida is.—
What would you have? You have forbid my
stirring
For manly sports beyond the castle walls,
And I obey; you bid me turn a chamberer,

To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-
needles,
And list to songs and tunes, and watch for
smiles,
And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
The eyes of feminine, as though they were
The stars receding early to our wish
Upon the dawn of a world-winning battle—
What can a son or man do more? 411
[*Exit* ULRIC.
Sieg. (*solus*). Too much!—
Too much of duty, and too little love!
He pays me in the coin he owes me not:
For such hath been my wayward fate, I
could not
Fulfil a parent's duties by his side
Till now; but love he owes me, for my
thoughts
Ne'er left him, nor my eyes longed without
tears
To see my child again,—and now I have
found him!
But how! obedient, but with coldness; duteous
In my sight, but with carelessness; mys-
terious— 420
Abstracted—distant—much given to long
absence,
And where—none know—in league with the
most riotous
Of our young nobles; though, to do him
justice,
He never stoops down to their vulgar
pleasures;
Yet there's some tie between them which I
can not
Unravel. They look up to him—consult
him—
Throng round him as a leader: but with me
He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it
After—what! doth my father's curse descend
Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian
near 430
To shed more blood? or—Oh! if it should be!
Spirit of Stralenheim, dost thou walk these
walls
To wither him and his—who, though they
slew not,
Unlatched the door of Death for thee? 'Twas
not
Our fault, nor is our sin: thou wert our foe,
And yet I spared thee when my own destruction
Slept with thee, to awake with thine awakening!
And only took—Accurséd gold! thou liest
Like poison in my hands; I dare not use
thee,

Nor part from thee; thou camest in such a
 guise, 440
 Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all hands
 Like mine. Yet I have done, to atone for thee,
 Thou villainous gold! and thy dead master's
 doom,
 Though he died not by me or mine, as much
 As if he were my brother! I have ta'en
 His orphan Ida—cherished her as one
 Who will be mine.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. The Abbot, if it please
 Your Excellency, whom you sent for, waits
 Upon you. [Exit ATTENDANT.]

Enter the PRIOR ALBERT.

Prior. Peace be with these walls, and all
 Within them!

Sieg. Welcome, welcome, holy father!
 And may thy prayer be heard!—all men have
 need 451

Of such, and I—

Prior. Have the first claim to all
 The prayers of our community. Our convent,
 Erected by your ancestors, is still
 Protected by their children.

Sieg. Yes, good father;
 Continue daily orisons for us
 In these dim days of heresies and blood,
 Though the schismatic Swede, Gustavus, is
 Gone home.

Prior. To the endless home of unbelievers,
 Where there is everlasting wail and woe, 460
 Gnashing of teeth, and tears of blood, and fire
 Eternal and the worm which dieth not!

Sieg. True, father: and to avert those
 pangs from one,
 Who, though of our most faultless holy
 Church,
 Yet died without its last and dearest offices,
 Which smooth the soul through purgatorial
 pains,
 I have to offer humbly this donation
 In masses for his spirit.

[SIEGENDORF offers the gold which he had
 taken from STRALENHEIM.]

Prior. Count, if I
 Receive it, 'tis because I know too well
 Refusal would offend you. Be assured 470
 The largess shall be only dealt in alms,
 And every mass no less sung for the dead.
 Our House needs no donations, thanks to
 yours,

Which has of old endowed it; but from you
 And yours in all meet things 'tis fit we obey.
 For whom shall mass be said?

Sieg. (faltering). For—for—the dead.

Prior. His name?

Sieg. 'Tis from a soul, and not a name,
 I would avert perdition.

Prior. I meant not
 To pry into your secret. We will pray
 For one unknown, the same as for the
 proudest. 480

Sieg. Secret! I have none: but, father, he
 who's gone

Might have one; or, in short, he did bequeath—
 No, not bequeath—but I bestow this sum
 For pious purposes.

Prior. A proper deed
 In the behalf of our departed friends.

Sieg. But he who's gone was not my friend,
 but foe,

The deadliest and the stanchest.

Prior. Better still!
 To employ our means to obtain Heaven for
 the souls

Of our dead enemies is worthy those
 Who can forgive them living.

Sieg. But I did not 490
 Forgive this man. I loathed him to the last,
 As he did me. I do not love him now,
 But—

Prior. Best of all! for this is pure religion!
 You fain would rescue him you hate from hell—
 An evangelical compassion—with
 Your own gold too!

Sieg. Father, 'tis not my gold.

Prior. Whose, then? You said it was no
 legacy.

Sieg. No matter whose—of this be sure,
 that he

Who owned it never more will need it, save
 In that which it may purchase from your
 altars: 500

'Tis yours, or theirs.

Prior. Is there no blood upon it?

Sieg. No; but there's worse than blood—
 eternal shame!

Prior. Did he who owned it die in his bed?

Sieg. Alas!
 He did.

Prior. Son! you relapse into revenge,
 If you regret your enemy's bloodless death.

Sieg. His death was fathomlessly deep in
 blood.

Prior. You said he died in his bed, not
 battle.

Sieg. He
Died, I scarce know—but—he was stabbed
i' the dark,
And now you have it—perished on his pillow
By a cut-throat!—Aye!—you may look upon
me! 510
I am *not* the man. I'll meet your eye on
that point,
As I can one day God's.

Prior. Nor did he die
By means, or men, or instrument of yours?
Sieg. No! by the God who sees and strikes!
Prior. Nor know you
Who slew him?

Sieg. I could only guess at *one*,
And he to me a stranger, unconnected,
As unemployed. Except by one day's know-
ledge,
I never saw the man who was suspected.

Prior. Then you are free from guilt.
Sieg. (*eagerly*). Oh! *am* I?—say!
Prior. You have said so, and know best.
Sieg. Father! I have spoken
The truth, and nought but truth, if *not* the
whole; 521

Yet say I am *not* guilty! for the blood
Of this man weighs on me as if I shed it,
Though, by the Power who abhorreth human
blood,
I did not!—nay, once spared it, when I might
And *could*—aye, perhaps, *should* (if our self-
safety

Be e'er excusable in such defences
Against the attacks of over-potent foes):
But pray for him, for me, and all my house;
For, as I said, though I be innocent, 530
I know not why, a like remorse is on me,
As if he had fallen by me or mine. Pray for
me,

Father! I have prayed myself in vain.
Prior. I will.
Be comforted! You are innocent, and should
Be calm as innocence.

Sieg. But calmness is not
Always the attribute of innocence.
I feel it is not.

Prior. But it will be so,
When the mind gathers up its truth within it.
Remember the great festival to-morrow,
In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,
As well as your brave son; and smooth your
aspect, 541

Nor in the general orison of thanks
For bloodshed stopt, let blood you shed not rise,
A cloud, upon your thoughts. This were to be

Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget
Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilty.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A large and magnificent Gothic
Hall in the Castle of SIEGENDORF, decor-
ated with Trophies, Banners, and Arms
of that Family.*

Enter ARNHEIM and MEISTER, attendants of
COUNT SIEGENDORF.

Arn. Be quick! the Count will soon return:
the ladies

Already are at the portal. Have you sent
The messengers in search of him he seeks for?

Meis. I have, in all directions, over Prague
As far as the man's dress and figure could
By your description track him. The devil take
These revels and processions! All the pleasure
(If such there be) must fall to the spectators,—
I'm sure none doth to us who make the show.

Arn. Go to! my Lady Countess comes.
Meis. I'd rather to

Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade,
Than follow in the train of a great man,
In these dull pageantries.

Arn. Begone! and rail
Within. [Exeunt.]

Enter the COUNTESS JOSEPHINE SIEGENDORF
and IDA STRALENHEIM.

Jos. Well, Heaven be praised! the show is
over.

Ida. How can you say so? Never have I
dreamt

O'fought so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,
The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,
The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy
faces,

The coursers, and the incense, and the sun
Streaming through the stained windows, even
the *tombs*, 20

Which looked so calm, and the celestial hymns,
Which seemed as if they rather came from
Heaven

Than mounted there—the bursting organ's
peal

Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder;
The white robes and the lifted eyes; the world
At peace! and all at peace with one another!
Oh, my sweet mother!

[*Embracing* JOSEPHINE.
Jos. My beloved child!

For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.

Ida. Oh!
I am so already. Feel how my heart beats!

Jos. It does, my love; and never may it throb
With aught more bitter.

Ida. Never shall it do so! 31
How should it? What should make us
grieve? I hate
To hear of sorrow: how can we be sad,
Who love each other so entirely? You,
The Count, and Ulric, and your daughter
Ida.

Jos. Poor child!

Ida. Do you pity me?

Jos. No: I but envy,
And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense
Of the universal vice, if one vice be
More general than another.

Ida. I'll not hear
A word against a world which still contains 40
You and my Ulric. Did you ever see
Aught like him? How he towered amongst
them all!
How all eyes followed him! The flowers fell
faster—
Rained from each lattice at his feet, methought,
Than before all the rest; and where he trod
I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er
Will wither.

Jos. You will spoil him, little flatterer,
If he should hear you.

Ida. But he never will.
I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

Jos. Why so? he loves you well.

Ida. But I can never 50
Shape my thoughts of him into words to him:
Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

Jos. How so?

Ida. A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes
suddenly,
Yet he says nothing.

Jos. It is nothing: all men,
Especially in these dark troublous times,
Have much to think of.

Ida. But I cannot think
Of aught save him.

Jos. Yet there are other men,
In the world's eye, as goodly. There 's for
instance,
The young Count Waldorf, who scarce once
withdrew
His eyes from yours to-day.

Ida. I did not see him, 60
But Ulric. Did you not see at the moment
When all knelt, and I wept? and yet, me-
thought,

Through my fast tears, though they were
thick and warm,
I saw him smiling on me.

Jos. I could not
See aught save Heaven, to which my eyes
were raised,
Together with the people's.

Ida. I thought too
Of Heaven, although I looked on Ulric.

Jos. Come,
Let us retire! they will be here anon,
Expectant of the banquet. We will lay
Aside these nodding plumes and dragging
trains. 70

Ida. And, above all, these stiff and heavy
jewels,
Which make my head and heart ache, as
both throb
Beneath their glitter o'er my brow and zone.
Dear mother, I am with you.

Enter COUNT SIEGENDORF, *in full dress,*
from the solemnity, and LUDWIG.

Sieg. Is he not found?

Lud. Strict search is making every where;
and if
The man be in Prague, be sure he will be
found.

Sieg. Where 's Ulric?

Lud. He rode round the other way
With some young nobles; but he left them
soon;

And, if I err not, not a minute since
I heard his Excellency, with his train, 80
Gallop o'er the west drawbridge.

Enter ULRIC, *splendidly dressed.*

Sieg. (to LUDWIG). See they cease not
Their quest of him I have described.

[*Exit* LUDWIG.

Oh, Ulric!

How have I longed for thee!

Ulr. Your wish is granted—
Behold me!

Sieg. I have seen the murderer.

Ulr. Whom? Where?

Sieg. The Hungarian, who slew
Stralenheim.

Ulr. You dream.

Sieg. I live! and as I live, I saw him—
Heard him! he dared to utter even my name.

Ulr. What name?

Sieg. Werner! 'twas mine.

Ulr. It must be so
No more: forget it.

Sieg. Never! never! all
My destinies were woven in that name: 90
It will not be engraved upon my tomb,
But it may lead me there.

Ulr. To the point—the Hungarian?

Sieg. Listen!—The church was thronged:
the hymn was raised;—
“*Te Deum*” pealed from nations rather than
From choirs, in one great cry of “God be
praised”

For one day’s peace, after thrice ten dread
years,

Each bloodier than the former: I arose,
With all the nobles, and as I looked down
Along the lines of lifted faces,—from 99
Our bannered and escutcheoned gallery, I
Saw, like a flash of lightning (for I saw
A moment and no more), what struck me
sightless

To all else—the Hungarian’s face! I grew
Sick; and when I recovered from the mist
Which curled about my senses, and again
Looked down, I saw him not. The thanks-
giving

Was over, and we marched back in procession.

Ulr. Continue.

Sieg. When we reached the Muldau’s bridge,
The joyous crowd above, the numberless
Barks manned with revellers in their best
garbs, 110

Which shot along the glancing tide below,
The decorated street, the long array,
The clashing music, and the thundering
Of far artillery, which seemed to bid
A long and loud farewell to its great doings,
The standards o’er me, and the tramplings
round,

The roar of rushing thousands,—all—all could
not

Chase this man from my mind, although my
senses

No longer held him palpable.

Ulr. You saw him

No more, then?

Sieg. I looked, as a dying soldier 120
Looks at a draught of water, for this man;
But still I saw him not; but in his stead—

Ulr. What in his stead?

Sieg. My eye for ever fell
Upon your dancing crest; the loftiest.
As on the loftiest and the loveliest head,
It rose the highest of the stream of plumes,
Which overflowed the glittering streets of
Prague.

Ulr. What’s this to the Hungarian?

Sieg. Much! for I
Had almost then forgot him in my son; 129
When just as the artillery ceased, and paused
The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu
Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice,
Distinct and keener far upon my ear
Than the late cannon’s volume, this word—
“*Werner!*”

Ulr. Uttered by—

Sieg. HIM! I turned—and saw—and fell.

Ulr. And wherefore? Were you seen?

Sieg. The officious care
Of those around me dragged me from the spot,
Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause:
You, too, were too remote in the procession
(The old nobles being divided from their
children) 140

To aid me.

Ulr. But I’ll aid you now.

Sieg. In what?

Ulr. In searching for this man, or—
When he’s found,
What shall we do with him?

Sieg. I know not that.

Ulr. Then wherefore seek?

Sieg. Because I cannot rest
Till he is found. His fate, and Stralenheim’s,
And ours, seem intertwined! nor can be
Unravelled, till—

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. A stranger to wait on
Your Excellency.

Sieg. Who?

Atten. He gave no name.

Sieg. Admit him, ne’ertheless.

[*The ATTENDANT introduces GABOR, and
afterwards exit.*

Ah!

Gab. ’Tis then Werner!

Sieg. (haughtily). The same you knew, Sir,
by that name; and *you!* 150

Gab. (looking round). I recognise you both:
father and son,
It seems. Count, I have heard that you, or
yours,

Have lately been in search of me: I am here.

Sieg. I have sought you, and have found
you: you are charged
(Your own heart may inform you why) with
such

A crime as—

[*He pauses.*

Gab. Give it utterance, and then
I’ll meet the consequences.