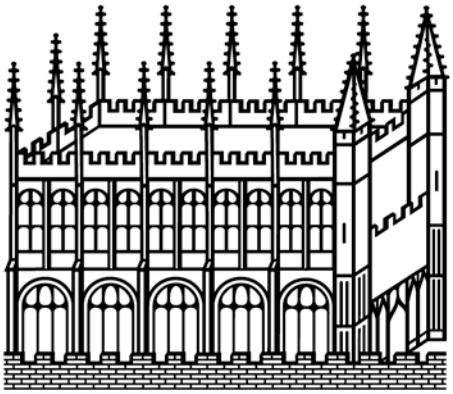

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My dear Mother

from her affectionate

& dutiful Daughter

The author

SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

VOL. I.

MRS. JAMESON'S WORKS.

1. WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA. 3 vols.

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SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY,

ILLUSTRATED

IN THE ACTED DRAMAS

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS AMELIA OF SAXONY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,
EXPLANATORY OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE AND MANNERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON,

AUTHOR OF VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD, CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN, WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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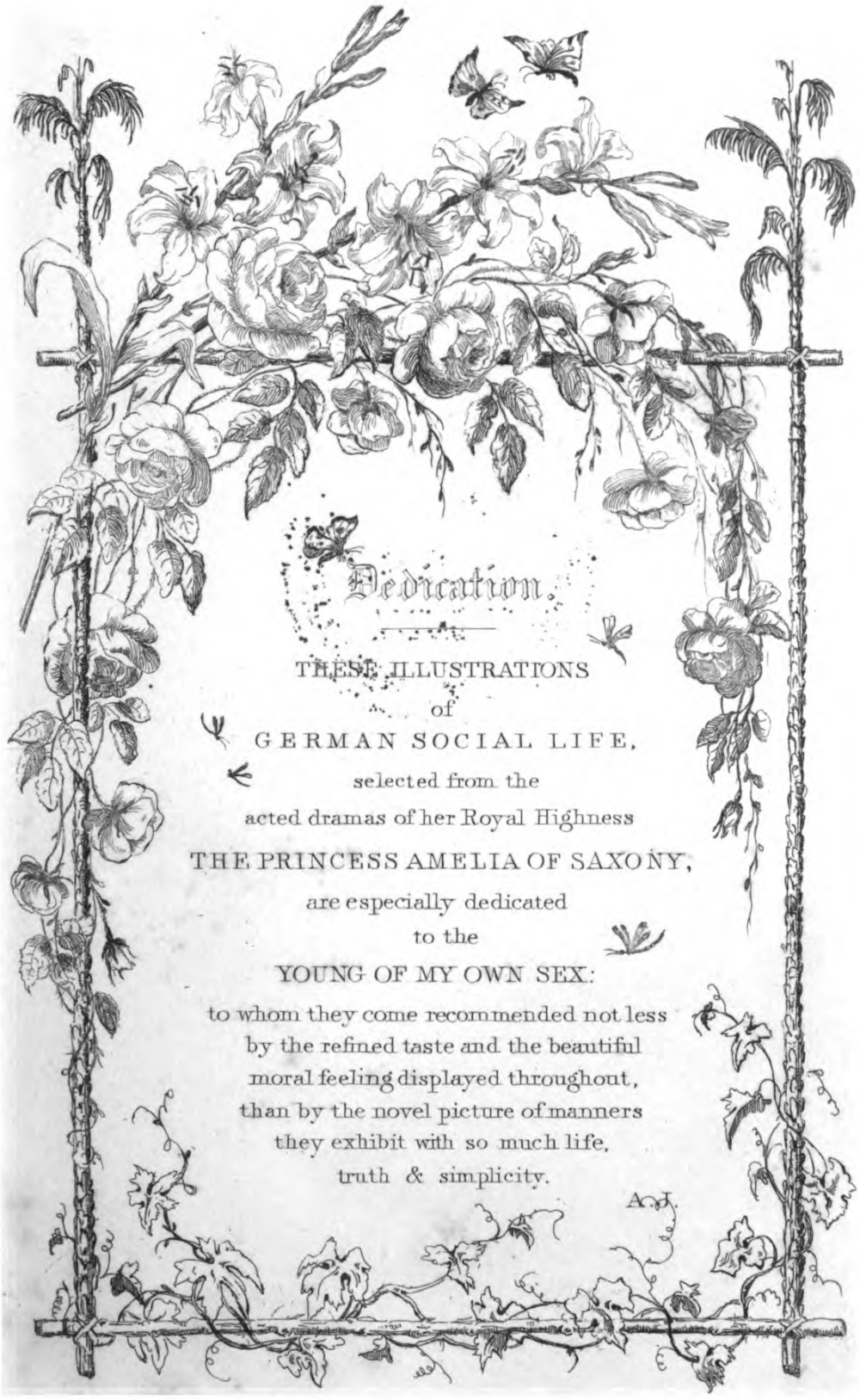

Dedication.

THESE ILLUSTRATIONS
of
GERMAN SOCIAL LIFE,
selected from the
acted dramas of her Royal Highness
THE PRINCESS AMELIA OF SAXONY,
are especially dedicated
to the
YOUNG OF MY OWN SEX:
to whom they come recommended not less
by the refined taste and the beautiful
moral feeling displayed throughout,
than by the novel picture of manners
they exhibit with so much life,
truth & simplicity.

A. J.

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AN INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE

CONCERNING THESE DRAMAS, THE PRINCESS AMELIA OF SAXONY, AND A VARIETY OF MATTERS THERETO APPERTAINING.

ALDA—MEDON.

MEDON.

No! I remain unconvinced. I still think that translation is not your *forte:* and if it were, I think there are many German works much more in harmony with the English taste, and—I speak it with all respect for your Princess Amelia—better worth translating than these Dramas, which I have not read, 'tis true; but, whatever

be their merit, you would not, I presume, rank them with the first-rate or classical literature of Germany?

ALDA.

Assuredly not.

MEDON.

Nor equal them with many works which have even very lately proceeded from the German press, which, if well translated, as I have heard you assert yourself, would make a rich addition to the mass of thought and information in this country?

ALDA.

No: but you must bear in mind the particular purpose I had in view. English readers, English travellers, even English critics, had been, in some degree, interested by the very slight and imperfect sketches of German life and literature scattered through my little books. Now it happened that, when these comedies came under my notice, I was just looking round for some vehicle through

which I might hope to convey a more detailed and finished picture of the actual state of society in a country which I have learned to love as my own. You will allow that we know little of it, and do not understand what we know, and still less sympathise with what we understand?

MEDON.

I allow it; but why not do what has been so often suggested to you—write a novel, and place the scene in Germany? You laugh!

ALDA.

Yes, I laugh at the idea of my writing a novel. I could not do it any more than I could paint a picture. A work of fiction, such as I conceive it ought to be, requires genius, a power of creating and combining, which I have not. "Let not the cobbler go beyond his last!" Leave me my own trade, to work with my own tools and materials, nor tempt me into a career, already crowded with brilliant names, where, not to work up to my own idea of excellence, were to

me the worst of failures. The study and appreciation of character, and motives, and feelings, for which you and others give me credit, would no more enable me to invent a good fiction, than my perception and passionate love of the great and beautiful in art would enable me to paint a fine picture.

MEDON.

I see; but since you *will* try your hand at translating, and with a particular purpose, why not translate some of the exquisite fictions and philosophical novels of the modern German school?—it presents a wide and fair field for choice both of authors and subjects.

ALDA.

It does so; many of these works have singular merit, and contain interesting matter for speculation in regard to the direction of the German mind in these days; but, besides that I would not take upon myself to propagate, through the medium of my own language, sentiments or

principles which I do not quite approve—views of the sanity of which I could not feel sure,—none of these works which fell in my way struck me by their aptitude for my purpose. For the style in which they are written our English taste is either not ripe, or, it may be, too ripe—shall I say—even to morbidity? or they do not reflect, in one graceful and comprehensive picture, the actual state of manners, and the nicer shades of national and individual character: and these were what I required.

MEDON.

You think these are best represented in the dramatic form? I doubt it. You exclude reflection, description, analysis: you give us surface merely—results, not causes.

ALDA.

Yet consider this: In the most celebrated of those narratives, biographies, autobiographies, be they fictitious or otherwise, which portray common life, are not the best portions—those

which convey the most direct and lively impression of the truth of character—thrown into the dialogue form, which is *good* just in proportion as it is *dramatic?*

MEDON.

And it is your deliberate opinion, that these dramas, as pictures of manners and portraits of character, are calculated to please the English taste?

ALDA.

I think—I *hope*—that, for many reasons besides their own merit, they will interest some English readers: that they will please the English taste generally, is more than doubtful. A few years ago—even five years ago—I would not have ventured to give this translation to the public.

MEDON.

For fear of the public? or for fear of critics—such as——

ALDA.

O never mind names! Even such critics as you allude to, have changed their tactics of late. The general tone of criticism in England is much elevated and enlarged, even within a very few years. There existed, there still exists, in some degree, one strong distinction between the spirit of German and the spirit of English criticism: the Germans have deep sympathy, honest appreciation for what is most opposite to their own national nature and habits of life, united with a singular degree of nationality and individuality of character. Their very independence, in this sense, is the cause of their indulgence and universal spirit. The English critics, on the contrary, were long infected with the exclusive spirit which, in its excess, we thought so ridiculous in the old French school. Whatever was foreign to our own mode of existence was misunderstood; whatever was not within the circle of our experience was worthless; whatever

was beyond the customary sphere of our observation and interests, trivial or even vulgar. Has not Werter's Charlotte cutting bread and butter served as a perpetual jest? But all this is passing away. This intolerant and exclusive spirit of criticism would now be contemned and disavowed by any newspaper reviewer. Nay, in another half century I should not wonder if Jean Paul became the fashion :—you shake your head?

MEDON.

Not to look forward *quite* so far, do you not foresee that if the personages of these dramas represent genuine Germans in act and speech——

ALDA.

They will be thought very *un*-English? Exactly so. It is because these dramas are so essentially German in spirit and in style, that I have translated them with such close fidelity to

the spirit, and such an almost literal adherence to the style. In this, as it appears to me, lies their true interest, their real value.

MEDON.

And, meantime, if it displease the English taste—— ?

ALDA.

I make it here not a question of taste, but of curiosity and information. The question, methinks, is not how should men and women behave and express themselves in England, but how is daily homely life arrayed in Germany? what appearance does it put on?—in what do their manner and modes of expression differ from ours? And when we have taken this in at one rapid glance, we may reflect on it at leisure —go deeper, and amuse ourselves with tracing to their source the differences and affinities in national manners. And we may also ask how it is, and why it is, that dramas so popular in Germany, so unaffected, so elegant, so refined, would be

insufferable, or at least ineffective, on the English stage?—a question not speedily nor easily answered!

MEDON.

You tell me that these productions are more remarkable for the delineation of character and manner than for effect and situation; but that which renders them unfit for our theatre may render them better worth perusal. It were difficult to make an English audience sit out, during four or five long acts, the gradual development of a character; we require on the stage the mere exhibition of passion and situation; how certain passions and certain situations act upon individual character and call it forth, is not the question. You will find, generally, in the most successful of our modern plays, a series of striking scenes, instead of a regular well-constructed plot, cohering in all its parts; and representations of passions, of which we may say that, like the winds, we know not whence they come, nor whither they go.

ALDA.

But this, as it seems to me, is not the fault of the public.

MEDON.

The fault, then, of our dramatists ?

ALDA.

Hardly theirs, for in the present state of things it appears to me that they are placed under the necessity of writing for certain actors —not for an audience, still less for a public. But, I beseech you, when you read these dramas, let it be without reference to actors or audiences —English tastes, or English manners. Take them as what they are. The Princess Amelia wrote them for the German stage—the German people —her own people : you must not try them by the present state of our English stage.

MEDON.

It is an experiment—a hazardous one.

ALDA.

I will abide the issue. Is it very, *very* unreasonable to hope that what has so charmed me in these comedies, their unexceptionable moral tone, their exceeding elegance and unexaggerated truth, their earnestness of purpose, that something, warm from the heart, beyond the flight of eloquence or the play of wit, will charm others too? And then I wished to give a sample of what has pleased a cultivated people through all grades of society from highest to lowest—even "in these most brisk and giddy-paced times," these days of operas, politics, and vaudevilles; and then—I had another motive.

MEDON.

No doubt you had — woman like!—two or three motives lying *perdus* behind the ostensible one.

ALDA.

None which I wish to conceal. The origin of these dramas is so remarkable, that had their

merit been less, I think I should still have been tempted to try the new vocation of translator, for the purpose of introducing them to the English public.

MEDON.

I allow it to be most remarkable, and will confess that it excited my attention and curiosity, before I knew anything of these plays or their writer but from report. Among the signs of the times, and they are many and various——

ALDA.

Taking now and then, and here and there, rather startling forms!

MEDON.

Not one of the least startling, nor the least hopeful and interesting to a speculative mind, is the appearance of these dramas in a continued series at the German theatres. The pretensions of princess royal, and of a professed and successful writer for the stage and for the peo-

ple, assuredly were never before combined in tale or history. There was indeed an Electress of Saxony who composed operas——*

ALDA.

Yes: the grandmother of my Princess Amelia, and a woman of real genius,—a born artist; but here are pretensions of quite a different order. Here is a princess of one of the proudest and most ancient of the sovereign houses of Europe, the sister of a reigning king, one hedged round from infancy by an almost impassable barrier of court etiquette, and in mind, manners, and appearance, a most feminine and unassuming creature, who suddenly steps forward in a department of literature the most arduous in itself, the farthest removed from her position in

* In alluding to the literary accomplishments of the reigning family, it should not be omitted that the present King of Saxony, brother of the Princess Amelia, published, when Crown Prince, a work on Botany and Mineralogy; and that the Princess's younger brother, Prince John, has translated Dante into German verse, of which the first part, containing the *Inferno*, appeared a few months since, and the second part is, I am informed, on the eve of publication, (1840).

society, and her sphere of observation and experience—the drama of actual common life:—grant that till now it is a thing unheard of?

MEDON.

Granted!—but grant also, that this princess-playwright may owe some part of her popularity to her very high rank—high enough to dazzle criticism into absolute blindness.

ALDA.

Possibly; but she had attained a high degree of popularity before her real name and rank were even surmised. What makes it all yet more *piquant*, is the fact, that at her own theatre, the court theatre of Dresden, her first drama was rejected, and never performed, till its success at Berlin and Hamburg had given it the stamp of public approbation,—so little was the real authorship suspected. And if you allow the origin of these plays to be at least remarkable, not less remarkable are the means by which the public favour has been won and kept. Without

the exhibition of romantic incident or tumultuous distress; with little of passion or poetry, without the usual witty surprises and disguises, without any appeal to the passing interests or topics of the day: merely by adhering to the truth of nature, to the affections and events of daily life, and clothing simple, genuine feeling in easy and elegant language, this extraordinary woman has achieved a great triumph for herself and her sex, and has really conferred a benefit on the community, by the moral lessons she has conveyed, the pure sympathies she has awakened through the enchanting vehicle of scenic illusion.

MEDON.

Do not forget that it is without any such enchanting scenic illusion you are now presenting these productions to the public;—on the contrary, in all the stiffness of a close translation: in short, be not too sanguine in behalf of your Princess.

ALDA.

I will not; yet must I respect her for the good she has done, and think it honour to be the means of making her farther known. In this kind of spiritual influence, however and wherever exercised, be it in a larger or a smaller circle, lies the true vocation, the undisputed empire, of the intellectual woman; not in any of those political powers and privileges which have been demanded for us by eloquent pens and "most sweet voices," but which every woman who has looked long upon life, and well considered her own nature, and the purposes for which she came into the world, would at once abjure, if offered.

MEDON.

Even though it were true ("and pity it were if true") that "the love of pleasure, and the love of sway," divided between them the whole female heart—the whole female world—still, methinks, the possession of any executive powers and

privileges would be poor enjoyment, most paltry empire, compared with that which, moving in meekness along your appointed path, you women are called to exercise—I will not say *over* the world, but in the world, and for the good of society.

ALDA.

I agree with you.

MEDON.

And yet you are supposed to be an advocate for the (so called) *emancipation of woman?*

ALDA.

It is a phrase which never escaped my pen, nor my lips—unless to ask its meaning; for it seems to bear a different signification wherever I have heard it in France, Germany, and England. Emancipation from what?—from the high duties to which we are born, or from the virtues on which the whole frame of social life may be said to rest, and in which alone there is hope of a better order of things? God forbid!—nay, he

has forbidden it by a law not to be gainsaid—stronger than all conventional laws—the law of Nature herself!

MEDON.

Still, though I dislike the phrase for the ridiculous use which has been made of it on all sides—I could wish to see the EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN from the despotism of opinion, and her mind and conduct under some higher guidance than the fear of censure and the fear of shame. Men—that is, shallow and thoughtless men—depend on this early inculcated *fear* as their best security for the subservience and the moral conduct of woman, and dread to see a loftier principle, a higher responsibility, substituted in its stead.

"*He* for God only— *she* for God in him,"

has been often quoted; it sounds fine; and for my own part, and speaking as a man, I should not object to the principle, if I could claim for my own sex absolute infallibility, though only so far as regards women: otherwise, that the

man, erring and responsible, should in any way stand between the woman and her responsibility as an immortal and rational being to the great God of both, seems to me a most profane assumption on the poet's part, though that poet were Milton. Another poet has been more just to you.

" Thrice happy she, that is so well assur'd
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Nor feared with worse of any chance to start ;
But, like a steady ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and bear her course aright.
Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the spite
Of grudging foes, nor favour seek of friends ;
But, in the stay of her own stedfast might,
Neither to one nor to the other bends.
Most happy she, that so assured doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best !*

ALDA.

Most happy—did he but know his bliss !

* Spenser.

MEDON.

You smile *significantly;* but rest assured, that more men than you are aware of, think on this point as you do—nay, are inclined to carry the principle much farther than you would venture to carry it.

ALDA.

And thereby do us much mischief. My good friend, I appeal from such advocacy, and from your two poets—from him who saw in us the subservient toy, and him who would have translated us into poetical divinities, to the gospel law: *that* has emancipated us religiously and morally speaking. Emancipation from such trammels and disabilities, be they legal or conventional, as are manifestly injurious—shutting us out from honourable redress where we are oppressed, and from the means of honest subsistence where we are destitute—we shall work out for ourselves in due time, or win it from public opinion. Meantime be it permitted to a wo-

man hopefully to anticipate, and gently to promote, such a consummation, without being subjected to imputations or insinuations, such as make the whole womanly nature shrink back in terror and disgust.

MEDON.

Surely—but meantime take care that you be not misunderstood. To confound together the social duties of the two sexes, is surely a most dangerous and a most absurd mistake—and this is the point at issue.

ALDA.

My astonishment is, that it could ever have been mooted: it never *had* been, were woman in her natural position.

MEDON.

And what do you call her *natural* position?

ALDA.

She is the helpmate of man. The squaw who

bears her husband's hunting tackle, and cooks his meal, is in her natural position, relatively to the state of society in which she lives. So was Madame Roland, when she acted as her husband's secretary, wrote for him, spoke for him, and died for him.

MEDON.

Then, whatever man may do, woman may do?

ALDA.

Can she?—but it is not a question—she cannot!—you cannot overcome organic differences. My profession of faith, since you call for it, may be summed up in few words. I believe that men and women were created *one* in species; equally rational beings with improvable faculties; equally responsible to God for the use or abuse of the faculties entrusted to them; equally free to choose the good, and refuse the evil; equally destined to an equal immortality.

MEDON.

All this I devoutly believe.

ALDA.

Well then, this being granted, I do not see that the divine gospel law under which we live makes any distinction in the amount of virtue, purity of heart and person, and self-control required in the two sexes. Do you admit this?

MEDON.

I must admit it: (*aside*) in theory!

ALDA.

Then, as a consequence, will you not admit that any merely conventional law which permits or creates inequality in this respect, must be productive of gross injustice and mutual depravation; and that if woman *could* resist it—she were right to do so?

MEDON.

If she could——

ALDA.

She *would*, believe me! But to proceed: this christian principle of the moral equality of the two sexes being fully recognised, then it appears to me that the ordering of domestic life is *our* sacred province, indissolubly linked with the privileges and pleasures as well as the pains and duties of maternity; that it is our vocation, in the real and in the figurative sense, to keep the fire burning pure and clear on the domestic hearth; and that the exclusive management of the executive affairs of the community at large belongs to men, as the natural result of their exemption from those duties and infirmities which the maternal organisation has entailed on the female half of the creation.

MEDON.

Your theory, like that of the writer of "Woman's Mission," supposes all women to be mothers, or to have a home—and this is not the fact.

ALDA.

That it is not the fact, is a consideration which would lead us to the source of many contradictions and disorders. But you have had my theory; the practical part of the question would lead us too far at present—another time—

MEDON.

When you please: meantime return we to your Princess. The salique law, I believe, prevails in the Saxon constitution,* and the Princess Amelia, the eldest daughter of her father's house, had she been the sole daughter of her father's house, could never have sat on the throne of her ancestors; but what a far higher and more extended empire is hers!

ALDA.

Yes—it is the enchanter's wand compared to the constable's staff.

* The law of succession in Saxony does not absolutely exclude a female sovereign, but no female can succeed as long as there is a male heir of either line (the Albertine or Ernestine) surviving.

MEDON.

But what upon earth put it into the head of a princess to write plays?

ALDA.

A question to be asked!

MEDON.

And not to be answered?

ALDA.

I am not sure that I can answer it satisfactorily, and mere conjecture were here impertinence. The few particulars I learned from her Royal Highness herself, and gathered from other trust-worthy sources, you shall have. To begin at the beginning;—the Princess Amelia, or, according to the veracious *Almanac de Gotha*, Amelia-Maria-Frederica-Augusta, Duchess and Princess of Saxony, was born in 1794. Her father Prince Maximilian, was the youngest of the three sons of the Elector Frederic Christian.

His eldest brother, Frederic-Augustus, elector, and, in 1806, king, ruled Saxony for sixty-four years, from 1763 to 1827. His fate and fortunes were so mingled with the history of Napoleon, and with all the great political vicissitudes springing out of the revolutionary war, that I presume you know a great deal more about him than I do—not pluming myself on the extent of my historical and chronological lore. He appears to have been in some respects an admirable prince, and remembered with gratitude for the improvements he made in the laws and finances of his country.

MEDON.

I have always admired Frederic Augustus for the stanch fidelity with which, having once allied himself with Napoleon, he adhered to him through good and evil fortune, almost to the last moment of his political existence—at least, until absolved from all bond of obligation by Napoleon himself after the battle of Leipzic.

ALDA.

He seems to have had a sound and a true heart within him, towards his people and towards his friends: to him, I believe, belongs the credit of having founded the present commercial prosperity of Saxony. His youngest brother, Prince Max, the father of our Princess Amelia, does not appear to have mingled much in politics, but to have been deeply attached to his brother, whose fortunes he shared and followed. He was described to me as a most amiable and accomplished man, and happy in his union with Caroline, Princess of Parma, with whom he lived a retired and domestic life, in the bosom of his family. His wife died in 1804, leaving several children. The Princess Amelia, then ten years old, was educated by her two aunts, the Queen Maria Amelia and the Princess Maria Theresa,* wife of her uncle Antony, both distinguished women. The etiquette of the court of Saxony was exceedingly minute and severe. The princesses were brought up in

* Daughter of the Emperor Leopold II.

strict seclusion. "Their foot," as the song says, "might never touch the ground;" and I have heard that one of them, when these punctilious disabilities were removed, made it her first request to be allowed to cross on foot the beautiful bridge over the Elbe on which she had looked daily from her palace window for twenty years of her life. Had the old order of things gone on in the old orderly way, I cannot conceive the possibility of a Saxon princess becoming a writer for the public stage: but the world-convulsion had begun before the birth of the Princess Amelia, and, by the time she was twelve years old, it had shaken to their very foundations the thrones, powers, and princedoms of Germany. Old grandeurs sat lamenting, and cut but a sorry figure, and old forms became as old rags.

MEDON.

And what is more, all the patching and bedizening they have had since, does not seem to have entirely restored them to public respect.

ALDA.

From this time till 1815, the Princess Amelia shared in all the vicissitudes of her family: saw her uncle-king twice exiled from his estates, and twice restored, a prisoner—and again on his throne; and during these chances, and changes and reverses, which occurred during the most momentous period of a woman's life, from the age of twelve to that of three-and-twenty, what Amelia of Saxony, with all her good and rare gifts of nature, her quick perceptions and quick sympathies, might be feeling and thinking and suffering and learning, we have no means of ascertaining; only the result is before us, and it is most remarkable. Would not any one have imagined that the tremendous drama played before her eyes, the sound of battle-thunder in her ears, would have given a high poetical turn to her mind—inspired gorgeous themes of tragedy, wondrous and pitiful?

> A kingdom for a stage—princes to act,
> And monarchs to behold the swelling scene?——

No such thing! Borne on the surface of that great wave which had wrecked and overwhelmed empires, she was floated, as it were, into quite another hemisphere—the new world of real and popular life; awakening far more curiosity, sympathy, and interest, than the game of war and ambition played by her equals around her. What opportunities were granted to study variety of scenes and variety of characters—"to grapple with real nature"—to extend on every side her sphere of observation, at an age when the fresh youthful mind was warm to every impression, were not then lost—were, on the contrary, put to most profitable use, though, perhaps, unconsciously. From their retreat at Prague, she returned with her family, in 1815, to inhabit the palace of her ancestors at Dresden—a very different being, I imagine, from what she would have been had she never left it; yet—no, I correct myself—not different in *being*, but different in *working*. The nature would have been there—the power; but would it ever have received the current stamp of authenticity, which only act

and performance could give it?—that is the point.

MEDON.

And a very doubtful point! If "many a gem of purest ray serene" lie hidden in dark unfathomable depths of poverty and misery, many a flower, born to diffuse fragrance and blessedness through God's world, droops faint, or runs rank in the confined atmosphere of a court, or in some similar hotbed, where light and heat (which are truth and love) are admitted by measure. It were to be wished that the two extremes of society could be a little more just to each other; while you shall hear the vulgar great wondering and speculating over genius and refinement in a Ploughman Poet and a Corn Law Rhymer, you shall see the vulgar little, incredulous of the human sympathies, the tender yearnings, the brilliant though often unemployed capacities of those lifted above their sordid wants and cares: yet are they all one brotherhood and sisterhood: ay, "one touch of nature makes the

whole world kin!" Many a genius rests mute and inglorious within a trophied vault as well as in a village churchyard, equally stifled and smothered up by impediments and obstructions infinite. I should adore your Princess Amelia, if it were only for giving us a proof of this great truth. How came this Princess, for example, to be the first of her sex who stepped forth from the recesses of her palace to be judged by her people at the common bar of public criticism? In others of her class, the same or some corresponding power may have existed; but where got she the courage to manifest it in a country still under the influence of the old system of etiquettes and usages? Would she have had this courage, think you, while her uncle Frederic Augustus lived?

ALDA.

If my impression of his character be just, he would never have permitted such an infraction of all royal rule of right, and she would never have disobeyed him. Her two brothers, the

present king and the accomplished and liberal-minded Prince John, have grown up under a different order of things: to their sister's literary efforts they have not only given their sanction, but their approving sympathy also. After the restoration of the royal family, the Princess Amelia accompanied her father, Prince Max, to Italy, one of her younger sisters, the Princess Maria, having married in 1817 the present Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, and another of her sisters, the Princess Louisa, having married his father, the late Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, in 1821; in 1819, her younger sister, Josepha, married Ferdinand VII. of Spain. It was said that Ferdinand had first offered his hand to the Princess Amelia, and that she declined it, as she has invariably rejected every proposal of the same kind. She paid a visit to her sister in Spain, in company with her father, in 1824, and remained there some months. She also visited France, but was never, I believe, in England. In 1827, her uncle, King Frederic Augustus, died, leaving a daughter only,

(the Princess Augusta,) and was succeeded by his brother Anthony, a good-natured but weak and superstitious old man, who had no children, and was exceedingly attached to the Princess Amelia. I have been told that the manner in which she used her influence over him endeared her not only to the court, but to the people. Then, in 1830, occurred the revolution which changed the government of Saxony from a despotism to a limited monarchy, with an upper and lower house of assembly: at the same time, Prince Max, the next heir, resigned his claims in favour of his son, Frederic, who took the reins of government with the title of Crown Prince and Co-regent of Saxony. King Anthony died in 1836. Good old Prince Max, whose health had long been failing, lived from this time in complete seclusion, and we hear no more of him till his death, which occurred about two years since.

These circumstances, already well known to you, I have thrown together briefly, and under one point of view, that you might form a picture

in your own mind of the relation in which Princess Amelia stood to the events and personages around her—the circle in which she moved, lived, and *worked*, silently, as it should seem, for a long while at least. To all appearance, she was passing her time much as usual, dividing her year between Dresden and the beautiful summer palace of Pillnitz on the banks of the Elbe; —when, in 1833, she sent her drama of "Lüge und Wahrheit," (Falsehood and Truth,) to the principal theatre (the *Hof-Theatre*) at Berlin, under the name of Amelia Heiter. Not the slightest suspicion seems to have been entertained of the real name and rank of the authoress, and it remained unnoticed till February 1834. On the birthday of the young Princess of Mecklenberg, (a daughter of the king of Prussia,) it was got up at the private theatre of the *Prinzessinnen-Pallast*, apparently because they had nothing else ready for the occasion; it pleased a royal and courtly audience, was immediately produced publicly at the Hof Theatre at Berlin with complete success, and soon after-

wards upon every stage in Germany. I have translated it, not because it is by any means one of the best of the Princess's plays, but being the first, and one of the most generally-popular, it shows what could excite so much attention at that time. It is very elegantly conceived and written, yet I am afraid that when you read it, you will say, as poor Marie Antoinette said of one of Florian's novels: " Il me semble que je mange de la soupe-au-lait !"

MEDON.

And is it possible that, without any striking novelty or merit, and the name of the authoress as yet unknown, its appearance formed an epoch in the history of the German stage ?—for, as I have heard, this was really the case.

ALDA.

There is exaggeration in this view of the matter, but some truth also. Not this first play, but the four or five dramas which succeeded each other rapidly within the space of two years, may

be said, from the effect they produced, to form a sort of epoch; and to understand this, it is necessary to go back to the period at which they first appeared. The German stage was then in a miserable state, overrun (like our own) with versions of Scribe and adaptations of French vaudevilles, French melodramatic horrors, imitated from Victor Hugo and Damas, and French operas of Auber, and nowhere so completely Frenchified as at Berlin.

MEDON.

As if the national drama of Germany was destined to sink again into the abyss from which it had but so lately emerged, and one short half century were to witness its rise, its transcendent grandeur, and its decay! It is curious, that at the time when France and England both possessed a national theatre and national dramatists, Germany should have had neither the one nor the other. I have read somewhere, that the first dramatic representations were solemn, bombastic translations, or rather caricatures of the French

tragedy of Louis the Fourteenth's time. When was it that the *Hanswurst*, the clown, or Vice of the old barbarous comedy, till then the indispensable accompaniment to all stage entertainments, was burned in effigy by a procession of poets and actors at Leipsig ?

ALDA.

Somewhere about 1760, at the very time when Garrick was playing Lear and Othello, and Ranger and Don Felix, to English audiences! there was a woman, Johanna Neuber, at this period manager and director of the best theatrical company in Germany, who assisted at this ceremony, in conjunction with Gottsched and Lessing, and had very considerable influence in introducing a higher tone and more natural taste into the dramatic exhibitions of her time; but, as yet, anything like a national drama did not exist; it began with Lessing, who first turned the attention of his countrymen from the stilted productions of the French school of tragedy to the great creations of Shakspeare.

MEDON.

And this despite old Frederic the Great and his ally Voltaire! If at this time Frederic could have put an extinguisher on Shakspeare, and *snuffed out* Goethe, he would. The very language of Germany, as a vehicle of literature, was then held in profoundest contempt.

ALDA.

An old lady who had lived in the court of Frederic the Great, told me that she well recollected being invited to a soirée given by Prince Henry of Prussia, who had been with infinite difficulty persuaded to allow a translation of Voltaire's Mahomet into German verse to be read aloud. The translation was by a young poet of the name of GOETHE, and she humorously imitated the contemptuous impatience of Prince Henry, and the air with which he took snuff and pronounced it "Not so very bad!" But our argument is not now the grand tragic and classical drama of Germany, her Goethes,

Schillers, &c.; but what is termed the *Bürgerliche*, or domestic drama, of which Lessing gave the first example, and which was carried to the highest degree of excellence by Schröder and Iffland. Those who would form a correct idea of the manners and habits of German social life, towards the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, should read the works of Iffland. They present a gallery of portraits from the life; and though now old-fashioned in point of costume and character, and voted *ennuyeux* to the highest degree, a few keep possession of the stage, and are occasionally given. These *Familien-Gemälde* (family pictures) became the rage; the facility and invention and popularity of Kotzebue assisted in keeping up the fashion, which degenerated into the most vapid washy sentiment, and infected at one time both the French and English stage. But this, too, wore itself out, and produced a reaction of a strange kind; the rage was then for Fate tragedies, (*Schicksal Tragödie*,) such as Grillparzer's *Ahnfrau*, and Müllner's *Schuld*, gloomy, ro-

mantic, supernatural, and unnatural. "Germany," as Carlyle says so quaintly, "had its fate-dramatists, just as we have our gingham-weavers and inkle-weavers." Nay, this fate-machinery descended even to homely life, and the stage exhibited millers' daughters, farmers' wives, and gamekeepers' sons, victims, like the race of Atreus, to a dark o'erruling destiny. As for the Bürgerliche comedy, it had almost ceased to exist: and instead of it the "Wienerstücke," (Vienna pieces,) for so the Germans call the romantic and grotesque allegories (admirable in their way) of Ferdinand Raimund, were played from one end of Germany to the other, alternately with operas, French vaudevilles, and "Ritterstücke," or chivalry pieces.

MEDON.

If such was the state of things when the Princess Amelia produced her first drama, no wonder that even *soupe-au-lait* was felt as some relief.

ALDA.

Writers who had been popular, even most deservedly popular, had, by adapting themselves to the taste of the public, lowered themselves in the opinion of the public—a natural consequence! I will just mention two or three writers for the people who were in possession of the German stage at the time when the Princess Amelia began her dramatic career. There was Raupach, one of the most prolific of playwrights, chiefly known, however, as a manufacturer of historical tragedies in a sort of wholesale fashion;* but also the author of some very popular comedies and farces, good in their way, and German, too, in spirit and character. Johanna von Weissenthurm of Vienna, formerly an actress, has been for many years a popular writer for the theatre. Her works fill twelve or four-

* Dr. Raupach has written the whole history of the Hohenstauffen Dynasty in a series of tragedies, filling eight volumes. His dramatic works altogether fill twenty-two volumes.

teen, volumes, and some of them are what we call stock-pieces—keeping possession of the public favour: they seem, however, rather remarkable for easy and elegant dialogue and lively plot, than for variety and discrimination of character. Another lady, Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, I found popular as a writer of *Effect-Stücke* (pieces of effect) for the people. She is not remarkable for her literary pretensions, nor for knowledge of character or originality of invention; but for knowledge of stage effect, and a power of seizing on the popular imagination, almost unrivalled. In this style was her drama of "Güttenberg," where she gave, in a series of tableaux, the life and fortunes of the famous inventor of printing. This drama, stuffed full of love, piety, and protestantism, had a great *run*, as it is called, in Germany. I saw it frequently, and if *ennuyée* to death by the piece itself, I was always interested by the interest it excited. I remember seeing it well performed at Dresden, where, I pray you to observe, the

theatre belongs to the court, and the court is Roman Catholic.

MEDON.

Yet Saxony is Protestant surely, though I do not exactly recollect what proportion the Roman Catholics bear to the Protestants in that country; I believe it is very small.

ALDA.

When I was last in Saxony, the census gave, in round numbers, a population of one million five hundred thousand Protestants, and fifty thousand Catholics. In truth, the present state of Saxony, with regard to church arrangements, must appear, especially at this time, almost incomprehensible, if not absolutely incredible to many well-meaning people of our own country. From the period when the Saxon princes were the distinguished proselytes and protectors of Luther, the electoral family professed the reformed faith until the reign of Augustus II. That profligate

monarch, as you may remember, turned Roman Catholic in order to obtain the crown of Poland; but it was so well understood to be a mere political expedient, that his Saxon subjects took it very quietly; and his eldest son was educated a Protestant, (for which our Queen Anne wrote the Elector a letter of compliments and thanks;) but the young prince returned from his tour in Italy a zealous Catholic, and the reigning family have ever since held the same faith.* This anomalous state of things has now lasted more than a century without the least jealousy, or any disturbance whatever, on account of religion, between the princes and the people. The royal family is Catholic; the court mostly Catholic; the government and ministry Protestant; the nation Protestant, and proud that their country was the birthplace of Luther, the cradle of the reformed faith; but not the less affectionately attached to their princes—nay, justly proud of them, as being distinguished by unblemished moral character,

* The three branches of the elder Saxon line, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe Coburg, and Saxe Meiningen, remain stanch Protestants.

liberal, enlightened patriotism, and general accomplishments, among the reigning houses of Europe. When I saw the play of Güttenberg at Dresden, old King Anthony was, of course, absent from his usual seat in the front of the royal box. He might have been, for aught I know, and for aught his subjects seemed to care, telling his beads in his Roman Catholic chapel, while the audience, open-mouthed, were listening to the most passionate appeals to their Protestant feelings, and the most exaggerated pictures of papal turpitude. Madame Birch-Pfeiffer has represented the German artisan and mechanic as a kind of religious martyr and missionary, as having invented printing solely as a means of propagating the scriptures among the poor and ignorant, consequently persecuted by hard-hearted priests, and protected by tender women. I do not clearly recollect either plot or catastrophe, but in the last scene Güttenberg comes forward to the very stage-lights, with a large Bible in his hand, and makes a speech, which, if delivered in a church instead of a profane theatre,

would have been called a sermon, and produced, I think, quite the same effect, if one might trust to the solemn, serious, and well-satisfied looks of the audience. Bauernfeld of Vienna (he will not thank me for naming him after the Birch-Pfeiffer) is a writer of light and elegant comedy, who takes a high rank in Germany. I have seen some charming pieces of his; but he, discouraged by the tracasseries of the Burg Theatre, and unable to give full scope to his real genius, seemed at this time to have resigned himself to write for the day, and for the powers that be. To give you an idea of the rank assigned to the Princess among the dramatic authors of the time, that is, about two years after the appearance of her first drama, I shall read you, in English, a sample of contemporary criticism. I know not the name of the writer, but he is evidently a man of talent, belonging, as I suppose from the general tenor of his book, to the ultra-liberals of Germany—a very radical, if not one of the *Junge-Deutschland;* and so far from being inclined to pay homage to the

authoress on account of her lofty rank, he does not even name her by her conventional title. Here is the passage. After deploring the state of the German stage, as given over to " a sick Melpomene and a melancholy Thalia," he proceeds to describe what the genuine familiar comedy ought to be, as a reflection of the prevailing tone of manners and of general civilisation, as well as a portraiture of individual character; in short, as the representation of man in a threefold point of view; as the sentient being; as the reasoning being; and as the civilised social being, having relation to other feeling, reasoning, social beings like himself;—he then goes on, " It is here that Bauernfeld, *Amelia of Saxony*, and Blum (of Berlin,) all three formed on the model of elegant French comedy, but all inspired by a true German spirit, have gathered their laurels. They are the only poets of the modern German stage who have represented character under this threefold point of view, and have given us genuine human beings, not mere theatrical machines. (*Coulissenwesen* is the German word.) These poets re-

semble each other in this particular *only*, and in all others stand distinctly contrasted. Amelia of Saxony has more invention, more heart and soul, than Bauernfeld and Blum: strange to say, she has so completely seized the very spirit of popular and familiar life, that every, even the slightest word, is fraught with significance, and has a beneficent influence on the mind and feelings. (*Wohlthätig auf die Seele wirkt.*) Blum has more genius than Bauernfeld; the latter is more of an artist;"—and so on.

MEDON.

This is all very well—and, confess it—very *German:* fancy one of our fashionable playwrights —*writers* — I beg their pardon!—sitting down to consider man in his threefold capacity, or any capacity whatever!—*passons par-là*—and go on, for heaven's sake! Methinks you are "drawing out the thread of your discourse finer than the staple of your argument." I am quite ready to believe in the popularity of your Princess without further evidence. I still have to learn how she

obtained it—what she has done—how she has done it.

ALDA.

Well then, to take things in order, we must go back to her first acted production—" Falsehood and Truth." She gave in the same year, 1834, her second, " Die Braut aus der Residenz," (the Bride from Town): the most comic of all her plays—pure, genuine, German humour—touching the heart, while it shook one's sides with laughter. The character of Jacob Wehringer, as a portrait from common life, is admirably and—considering the hand that drew it—*wonderfully* true. Her next was the " Verlobungs-Ring," (the Bridal Ring,) played at Berlin, early in the next year, 1835. This comedy belongs to the style called in Germany *Familien-Gemälde*, (Family Pictures,) and Conversation-pieces. A young girl is betrothed (*verlobt*) to an amiable and sensible man, her father's choice, but fancies herself in love with a sentimental cousin, who threatens to shoot himself for her sake, *et cetera*: the be-

trothed lover generously resigns his pretensions to the younger inamorato; and the discovery of the frivolity and unworthiness of the latter, and the return of Francisca's heart to her first affection, form the very slight plot of this very pretty little drama, which charms by the spirited truth of the characters, and the terseness and elegance of the dialogue.

Soon afterwards she gave Die Fürstenbraut, (the Princely Bride,) played for the first time at Dresden. I have translated this comedy in preference to others more generally popular, for reasons which shall be given in proper time and place.* It has not been frequently played in Germany, but I recollect Mr. Charles Kemble, whose judgment is worth something in these matters, mentioned it to me as one of the most exquisite things in its way that he had ever seen on the stage. In the same year she produced "Der Oheim," (the Uncle,) which many consider as her masterpiece, and which is unquestionably the most

* See the introductory Remarks to the Princely Bride. Vol. i. p. 151.

universally popular of all her dramas: it was performed for the first time at Berlin, Emile Devriént personating the principal character; and immediately afterwards on every stage, from one end of Germany to the other; everywhere it was received with the most cordial approbation; nay, a pamphlet appeared containing an elaborate critical analysis of its character and merits—(which said pamphlet I have never seen;) and it has also been performed in an Italian translation at Florence. What amused me particularly, and pleased me too, was the enthusiasm which the character of the Doctor excited among the women—the young women especially. I am afraid, that to young Englishwomen, the good Dr. Löwe, with his dried butterflies, his unfashionable coat, and the "grave of his Marie," would appear, as a lover, not so irresistible as irresistibly ridiculous. It may, however, remind you of what Segur said, truly enough, of the German women generally, that "they have more sagacity in discovering the qualities of the heart, than acuteness in discerning those of the head;" or, as I

should rather express it, they are more susceptible of impressions conveyed through the medium of sentiment and association, than easily affected by external advantages or disadvantages of person, dress, or manner, and much less under the influence of conventional caprice, or ridicule, than we are.

MEDON.

They are to be congratulated!

ALDA.

You say that with *such* a look, as if it might be taken in two senses, and cut both ways—but I will not so understand it: they *are* to be congratulated. Well, the rapidity with which these dramas succeeded each other, is not the least remarkable thing about them. People were still in all the enthusiasm excited by "Der Oheim," when she produced, early in 1836, one of her most finished dramas, "Der Landwirth," (The Farmer.) It was performed for the first time at Dresden, and Emile Devriént played the

beautiful part of Rudolph to admiration. In the public estimation, this play ranks next to "The Uncle," but as far as my individual taste is concerned, I should give it the preference over all. The simplicity yet originality of the plot, the spirit and grace of the dialogue, the humour of some of the situations, the finely imagined character of Rudolph, the impressive scene in which he burns the paper which contains the evidence of his birthright, struck me so much, that I forthwith translated it freely, and not without a view to the English stage,* for which some good judges pronounced it "too elegant;" others were of opinion that "we had no actor to whom the character of Rudolph could be entrusted." Of its pretensions you may judge yourself, as you will find it at the end of the second volume, under the title of "The Country Cousin."

At Weimar, very soon after, appeared the elegant comedy of "Der Zögling," literally "The

* This drama was in the hands of Mr. Macready during the months of April, May, June, 1839, and then politely returned, as he was about to give up the management of the theatre.

Pupil," which I have translated under the title of "The Young Ward," as more accurately expressing the meaning of the German word in this particular instance. I was at Weimar at the time, and had the pleasure of witnessing the complete success of this beautiful *tableau de société*. It was about this period, as I recollect, that the real authorship of these dramas began to be talked of: there was, indeed, one circumstance, rather interesting in itself, which rendered it difficult to keep up the *incognita* for any length of time. Most of these dramas, before they were given to the public, were performed in the private theatre of the country palace at Pillnitz. I met with several persons who had witnessed these representations, who informed me that the Princess Amelia was herself the original Countess in the "Pupil," and her brother, Prince John, so distinguished in the political history of his country, the original Rudolph of the "Country Cousin." At Berlin, in the same year, she gave "Das Fräulein vom Lande," (the Country Girl,) which I

never saw, but have been told it is a sort of pendant to the "Landwirth." "Der Unentschlossene" (the Irresolute Man) was performed at Dresden in the course of the same year. It is a piece of portrait painting, and written, I suspect, for Emile Devriént, whose artist-like impersonation must have assisted in giving it popularity. The nervous irresolution of the hero appears a physical as well as a moral defect, and the amusement it excites is mingled with pity. The plot of this play is slight, but it contains some admirable touches of naïveté and humour.

"Vetter Heinrich" (Cousin Henry) was played at Berlin in 1837. This drama belongs to the class of *Familien-Gemälde*, (Family Pictures,) and the story is simple enough. Agnes, the daughter of a rich manufacturer, is intended by her father to marry her "cousin Henry," the traveller, or *commis voyageur* of the firm. Meantime she visits the capital (die Residenz) with a foolish novel-reading old aunt, and there becomes acquainted with a gambling adventurer, with whom she fancies

herself very much in love, and consequently gets into all manner of scrapes, from which she is extricated by her true-hearted but unpolished cousin. The rough simplicity and generosity of "Vetter Heinrich," aided by a happy accident, put to rout the intrigues of the adventurer, and restore Agnes to her sober senses. There is considerable humour in this play, and the characters are very distinctly and firmly drawn.

In the same year she gave at Berlin "Der Pflegevater," (the Foster-father,) which I have not met with. "Der Majorâts-erbe" was the next: it was played at Berlin early in 1838. In Germany, where the law of primogenture is most strictly enforced, the heir to the title and estates of a noble family is the "Majorâts-erbe.* This drama I should like to have translated, as a picture of manners peculiarly German: but I had already exceeded the bounds to which, with a due regard to the patience of my readers, I had

* The "Majorât," in the German law, is not exactly the right of primogeniture, but a particular species of entail, of which I am not learned enough to give an exact explanation.

resolved to confine myself. The characters in this piece are well imagined: we have two young men of noble family, first cousins; but Count Edmond, as the representative of the family dignities, has lands, power, and immense wealth; Count Leo has no resource but poverty, celibacy, and the cross of Malta. The manner in which this difference of position acts on the characters of the two young relatives, whose natural gifts are not unequal, is well delineated. Edmond, brought up in luxury, and with a high opinion of his own consequence, is indolent, half educated, a victim of ennui, but with generous and noble qualities of head and heart, which only require to be roused to action. Leo, with faculties sharpened by poverty, feelings embittered by his false position, clever, satirical, and hypocritical, at once envies and despises his cousin, whom he flatters before his face, and ridicules behind his back. Count Edmond is engaged to marry a spirited, accomplished girl of his own rank in life, the Countess Bertha, who is at first thoroughly disgusted by

the self-sufficient airs and indolence of her affianced bridegroom; but as the action of the play proceeds, and by a thousand little delicate touches in conversation, the real character of the two cousins is gradually developed before her, she becomes first interested, then captivated, by Edmond's almost unconscious magnanimity, and employs the influence she gains over his heart, to rouse him to energy and usefulness.

MEDON.

This is like the character of Lord Glenthorn in Miss Edgeworth's "Ennui."

ALDA.

Not unlike; but whether imitated or not, it is very happily and delicately drawn. The helplessness, and the insolent pretensions of the elegant and not ungenerous egotist, are made interesting as well as laughable; a sort of pathos is mixed up with the ridicule, which proves how closely the writer had studied the nicer shades of character. The next drama from her fertile pen

was "Die Unbelesene," (*i. e.* "*the woman who has read no books.*") In this piece, as in many others, the story is merely the development of a particular *individuality*. The portrait is that of a young girl, designedly brought up in total ignorance both of the world and of books. She is surrounded by a group of selfish plotters, each carrying on some particular intrigue, of which she is the object or intended victim. Without any perception of her true position — without any suspicion of the treachery by which she is surrounded—without any counter-contrivance—she escapes them all by mere straightforward simplicity and integrity; nay, by the very ignorance in which she has been educated as a means of subjecting her, she, in a series of humorous scenes, puts the schemers, one after another, *en déroute*.

MEDON.

But this is Wycherly's "Country Girl" over again.

ALDA.

No, most unlike; for Sophie has neither wit, nor cunning, nor coquetry, to come in aid of her ignorance; it is the triumph of genuine truth and purity of heart instinctively putting aside the false and the evil, rather than resisting or overcoming them. This play reads well; but, unless supported by good acting, it is rather ineffective on the stage. I should imagine it was intended by the authoress as a pendant to her first piece, "Falsehood and Truth."

Since I left Germany, two others have appeared; but whether the Princess has exhausted her comic vein, or the public begin to weary of so many pieces in the same style, the success has not been brilliant, as far as I can learn.

MEDON.

Why, one may have too much of a good thing, and *soupe-au-lait* has had its day. Don't look so comically angry!

ALDA.

I am angry with myself for having suggested that ridiculous phrase—which is most unjust besides.

MEDON.

Then, fairly and honestly speaking—and editorial and other partiality set aside—what rank would you assign to these royal dramas in point of intrinsic and literary excellence? I will allow them to be on some accounts remarkable, but are they anything else?

ALDA.

Unquestionably they are; taken altogether, they bear a certain stamp of original power, the stamp of the individual mind which produced them. I regard the Princess Amelia as a woman of genius, and genius of no common kind. I have heard critics, in fully admitting this, regret that her genius had not thrown itself forth in forms less trivial, more durable, than the mere

reflex of certain aspects of society, in themselves transient. I do not share this regret: she has given much unreproved pleasure, earned much gratitude. Her dramas are of unequal merit, as literary works, but we may be assured that they are the productions of a clear-sighted, noble-minded, truth-loving woman: the best of them I could not read or see without a glow of admiration for, and sympathy with, the writer; the tone of feeling is throughout so healthy, the satire so good-humoured, the pictures of manner so true to the life. There is a total absence of poetical colouring in the structure and style of her plays, which, of course, places her out of all comparison with such a writer as our own Joanna Baillie.

> The moving accident is not her trade,
> To freeze the blood she hath no ready arts;

but a most keen and delicate perception of character, and, if not wit, humour—genuine German humour; a style exceedingly clear, elegant, vigorous, and in the highest degree dramatic—these

she has. Her dramas bear the same relation to the classical and romantic drama that the novels of Jane Austen bear to those of Walter Scott; and have, indeed, the same sort of merit—that of delicate and refined portraiture, rather than striking incident or romantic passion. When I am told that such dramas as those of the Princess Amelia, which have pleased a whole people, and that too a reflective and intelligent people, are too refined for our stage, that no process of adaptation could render them endurable to an English audience, I admit the truth — but I must also regret it.

MEDON.

And yet you would not place our theatres under such influences as those which direct the theatres of Germany, where almost every stage is attached to a little court, trembling at the slightest breach of *bienséance* and etiquette, and subjected to a *censure* ridiculous and vexatious beyond belief? You would not make our na-

tional stage a school for girls of fifteen—" all mirth and innocence—all milk and water ?"

ALDA.

Most assuredly not; for what then would become of the mightiest among us, who spoke out of the heart of man to man!—But why must mirth and innocence be necessarily milk and water?—why must our dramatic amusements appeal only to the coarser and more excitable perceptions of our nature? Is it not a common, oft-repeated observation, that delicate touches of nature and character, which are at once seized and appreciated by a French or a German *parterre*, are utterly thrown away upon the duller palate of an English public? and is not this want of refined discernment, of all susceptibility to the merely graceful and intellectual, referable to the nature of the entertainment placed before them?

MEDON.

O much-abused English public! You take it for

granted, then, that the reproach is true? When was there ever anything really excellent placed before the public, which was not understood and appreciated sooner or later? I could indeed wish to see less forbearance towards what is gross and common-place, and if not bad, at least most unsatisfactory: but I believe in the people's discernment of what is good, even while I lament their toleration of what is not good—no, not for man, woman, or child!

ALDA.

Do not think I have made these animadversions with any refereuce to the Princess Amelia, or that I claim for these elegant little dramas more than they are entitled to. I give them as what they are—as illustrations of a taste and a feeling in these matters, not English, nor subject to English rules of propriety and criticism, but German, and in harmony with the system of social life in that country. A royal lady, in this our nineteenth century, has stepped from her palace into the arena of literature—has

written very beautifully and successfully for her own sex and for her own people—has exchanged etiquettes for sympathies, and lip and knee homage for the fame which is "love disguised;" and shall we not hail the *Erscheinung?** As a princess, she may truly be said to have broken through a Chinese wall of prejudices; as a woman, considering the present state of feeling about literary women in Germany, she has set an example which may prove of incalculable advantage; as a writer, too, in the long-forgotten style of *Characterschilderungen*, (dramatic portrait painting,) she has opened new ground, and has already found imitators and emulators; for example, in those beautiful little pieces, *Die Geschwister*, (the Brother and Sister, not Goethe's drama of that name;) *Die Verirrungen*, (the Errors;) and in particular, *Die Isolirten*, (the people who stand alone in the world.) In this most elegant *tableau de société*, a number of persons are grouped together, all of whom, either from accident or character, are with-

* *Anglice*, an appearance, or phenomenon, generally of a bright and agreeable kind.

out any near social ties, (*i. e. isolated.*) There is a widowed, childless old Baroness; an unacknowledged daughter; a young man, an orphan, fighting his way unaided through the world; a wife, separated from a worthless husband; a prim, elderly *chanoinesse*, as hard as flint; a selfish, epicurean old bachelor, who has bribed his kindred to leave him alone; and a benevolent old bachelor who laments his loneliness. The ingenuity with which these isolated personages are placed in relation to each other,—the exquisite tact with which they are contrasted,—the delicate indications of hidden motives,—the conflict of petty vanities and petty interests, and deep feelings and vile passions, but just visible through the superficial veil of conventional elegance,—rendered this little thing a gem in its way.

MEDON.

But the *mis-en-scène* of such a piece must have required a style of acting of which we have no example?

ALDA.

Yes, the acting of *acting*, so to speak. This piece is attributed to a Prince Charles of Mecklenberg, who died two or three years ago, but how truly I know not; while I was in Germany it was yet unpublished, and confined to the theatrical *Répertoires*. The Princess Amelia has allowed some of her works to be collected into volumes and printed, (under the modest title of *Beiträge*, "Essays for the German Stage,") for the benefit of a charitable association of ladies at Dresden; the motive, as she told me herself, was to escape the imputed authorship of several things which were not really hers. It will, perhaps, be a satisfaction to you to know that I thought her deportment and personal appearance very much in harmony with the benign and womanly character of her works. She has a fine open brow, a clear, penetrating blue eye, and a mingled expression of benevolence and *finesse* lurking round her small mouth. Her manners are, for a Princess, not so much what you would call *gracious*, as simple

and cordial; altogether, she struck me as a very pleasing, lively, kind-hearted person. Such she *is:* you may now judge for yourself, in part at least, of what she has *done:* out of fifteen or sixteen dramas, I have given five, and these not, perhaps, the best I could have chosen, had my aim been merely to amuse. I think the two pieces already mentioned, *The Bride from Town* and *The Bridal Ring*, have more of comic spirit in them, but they are less decidedly national in their costume than those I have selected as suited to my particular purpose. My translation is, I am afraid, too close to do justice to the general beauty of style in these comedies; it is indeed faithful even to *literalness*, except where such extreme fidelity, by becoming ridiculous, would be false to the meaning and spirit of the original. I have even, that my picture might be complete in all its details, retained particular idioms and modes of expression wherever it was possible, and where impossible, have generally given them in the margin; and in the use of titles and conventional phrases, I have been guided by

my own taste, and my perception of nice shades of distinction, more easily felt than explained. I believe I have now said all I *can* say in the way of apology and prologue. Are you content?

MEDON.

I am content.

ALDA.

Then the curtain rises!

Here sit, and see!——
Minding things *true* by what their mockeries be!

HENRY V.

FALSEHOOD AND TRUTH.

[Lüge und Wahrheit.]

A PLAY.

IN FOUR ACTS.

REMARKS.

THE play of "Falsehood and Truth" was the first of the Princess Amelia's productions which was publicly represented. It was performed at the Royal Theatre of Berlin, in the spring of 1834, under the circumstances already detailed in the Introduction.

This drama, though written in the original with much spirit and elegance, strikes me as inferior in the interest of the story, in variety of incident, and conception of character, to many which succeeded; it proved, however, one of her most popular pieces, and is very frequently performed. The part of Juliana was originally played by Mademoiselle Hagen, the first actress in elegant comedy at Berlin: her exquisite impersonation of the part, and the success of the piece, made it a fashion for the best actresses to exert their powers in Juliana. Mrs. Butler tells us in her journal, that she has known actresses "who, in the performance of unvirtuous and unlovely characters, seemed anxious to impress the audience with the wide difference between their assumed and their real disposition, by acting as ill and looking as cross as they possibly could; which, she humorously adds, "could not but be a great satisfaction to any moral audience." This vulgar mis-

conception of the duty and aim of an artist I never saw in Germany, where the part of Juliana, in the hands of such performers as Mademoiselle Hagen and Mademoiselle Bauer, is always rendered as captivating as the most sparkling grace of demeanour and elegance of person and costume can make it, certainly in accordance with the conception and intention of the author, and, let me add, in accordance with the truth of nature. In reading the play, the character of Juliana is something next to hateful; her insolent airs and her almost gratuitous artifices come before us unsoftened and unredeemed by any of the graces of look and manner, which give such an effect to the beautiful impersonation I have seen on the stage. "So much the better," I hear some worthy people exclaim; as if the notion that vice must always look ugly, were not one of the most dangerous and absurd ever circulated. Others have regarded the union of generous and amiable qualities with that one revolting fault,—a total want of integrity, as inconsistent and unnatural. Now a character is not to be pronounced inconsistent which exhibits the combination of opposite and apparently contradictory qualities, for such in our intercourse with society meet us at every turn. Lately, in turning over "Boswell's Life of Johnson," I met with an account of a gentleman, who, at the time when the "Man of Feeling" first appeared, anonymously, represented himself as the author, took all the merit on himself, dined out day after day as "the man of feeling:" excited the "sensibilities" of tender-hearted young ladies, and accepted of attentions and friendships on the strength of his pretended authorship. The miserable and paltry falsehoods by which he must have sustained the deception, and the mean vanity which prompted it, fill us with disgust and indignation; yet the same man, a few years afterwards, perished in attempting to save a poor drowning boy, who was in no way connected with him.

To return to Juliana. I am afraid it must be admitted that the character is both natural and consistent, and I am afraid I must add, after a good deal of experience and observation, as regards my own sex, that a turn for intrigue, and a want of courageous

straightforward truth, are too frequent in women. Upon what conventional principle is it, that a lie is presumed to dishonour the man, and does not dishonour the woman?—whence that disposition to subterfuge and evasion—that inclination to prefer the devious path to a given object; to seem, rather than to be; and—where they do not, or *dare* not lie,—to arrange the truth so as to serve a purpose;—in short, all the petty artifices about trifles which have been a standing reproach against womankind from time immemorial? And whence that neglect of accuracy in the use of words—accuracy, one of the signs and safeguards of the spirit of truth? I scarcely ever hear a woman relate or describe anything accurately, though, from the quickness and discriminating delicacy of our perceptions, this ought to be a feminine characteristic. It arises from some most mistaken principles in the early education of women; the influence of the negative principle, the principle of fear, in which we are brought up, and made dissemblers on system. A really honest, simple-minded woman, seeking and speaking the truth for its own sake, is what I have very rarely met with; while women, whose whole existence seemed to me one lie, who lived and moved in a network of petty artifices, I have too often seen, and with more of shame and commiseration than any other feeling. I have sometimes thought that only a woman could ever sound the depths of a woman's dissimulation—only a woman could chase truth through the labyrinthine recesses of a woman's heart to that last recess where it hides itself, unspeakable, unspoken. Truth in one sense we certainly may boast: we are as true to our affections, our duties, our engagements, as men can be; but we are less sincere: we are perhaps afraid to be as sincere as we ought to be, and would be if we could. How often have I seen a woman who would die for the man she loved a thousand times over, cheat him ten times a day about straws!

At her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem!

This failing in our sex has been admirably treated by some writers in our own country, as in Miss Edgworth's "Manœuvring," in

her charming tale of "Helen;" in Mrs. Opie's "White Lies;" but to these and other excellent and well-intentioned works I have one general objection,—they do not appear to me to take sufficiently high ground. I speak it with deference, but the moral of these and similar works, including this play of the Princess Amelia, might be summed up in these words:—"Always speak the truth, because—it is extremely disagreeable and inconvenient to be found out in a lie." Now truth, like religion, should be a habit of the soul,—a state of being—the fountain from which our words and actions flow—not a thing of expediency. Think ye, mothers, that by instructing your daughters to avoid the palpable verbal lie, as a wicked or a dangerous thing, you teach her truth? You may by manifold whippings, and such like appliances, make your child afraid to tell a lie, but thus you will never implant the principle and habit of clear-thoughted, upright sincerity, in heart, in purpose, in deed, in word. Be true with your child; teach her to be true for truth's sake; give her courage and freedom, which, if they are the sure result, are as often the springs of truth: weakness, whether it arise from organisation or position, is seldom true. I could say much more on this subject; but in a work of this light nature, it would scarce be fitting to touch on the more elevated and sacred source of all truth—that holy law which has pronounced all untruth defilement. We dismiss Juliana in this play, with a hope that, as she has an excellent understanding, she will for the future prudently avoid the inconvenient habit of lying; but confidence is destroyed: who would trust her, except, indeed, the man who is over head and ears in love with her? and that because, as he says himself, "es ist nicht zu helfen,"—"he cannot help it." Meerfeld is capital, and essentially German in the bluntness and even rudeness of his plain dealing, and in the sentiment and magnanimity which lie beneath this crust. The part of Wiesel, when well played, produces much comic effect; the creeping, crawling, cat-like movements of this mean parasite, the bent body, the features fixed in an eternal grin of acquiescence and complacency, I have seen admirably given.

Frederica, with her embroidery and cookery-book, her kitchen cares, and her taste for Schiller and for poetry, her simplicity and her timidity, is very pretty and very *very* German. I am not sure that I should call her *true;* she is in a false position, which always implies some sacrifice to appearance, some discrepancy between the inner and the outward life, which cannot last long without more or less deterioration of the whole moral being.

The scene we may suppose at Leipsig, with which *locale* the manners represented, and the allusions scattered throughout the play, would suit perfectly.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

FREYMANN,	*A rich banker.*
JULIANA,	*His daughter.*
FREDERICA,	A *distant relation.*
FRANCIS WILLMAR.	
MEERFELD,	*A rich merchant of Hamburg.*
WIESEL.	
CHRISTINE,	*Frederica's old Nurse.*
JOHANN,	*Freymann's servant.*

FALSEHOOD AND TRUTH.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Room in Freymann's House.*

FREDERICA *seated at her work,* (*near a window,*) *afterwards* CHRISTINE.

FREDERICA.

At last I have all my accounts ready, and may sit down to my work again. It is unusually quiet here to-day, and I will take advantage of the leisure and the daylight. This must be finished in a week at farthest; and there is yet so much to be done, that I shall be obliged to borrow a night or two from sleep to get on with it.

CHRISTINE (*entering*).

Do I find you at last, my dear Frederica?* Do not be offended if I have ventured to follow you into the sitting-room. You know I never did such a thing in my life before; but you are never to be found in your own little room now.

FREDERICA.

This was washing week; and then I had to make trial of a new cook, and to hire her. I had to make up my accounts for the year, and to give them in; in short, from morning to night I have been unable to stir. But do not think I forgot you, for all that, Christine! You must pay your rent in a week; and I shall have the money for you, and something over besides. And now what have you to say?

CHRISTINE.

No, no, my dear child, I cannot allow it! No; your uncle is kind to you, and it were abusing his kindness if you were to trouble him on my account.

FREDERICA.

That I will never do. I know better what is due to you, my dear Christine. You shall never

* In this scene, and throughout the play, Christine, the old nurse, addresses her foster-child, Frederica, in the third person plural Sie, expressive of respect and consideration, while Frederica uses, in addressing her, the familiar Du, *thou*, which at once marks the relation in which they stand to each other.

be obliged to receive charity as long as I exist. This muslin dress, which I had to embroider six weeks ago, will be ready in a week; the Countess Solkonska has purchased it, and so I shall have the money that from my heart I offer you.

CHRISTINE.

Your poor dear soul! Household cares—the washing—the kitchen to superintend—accounts to keep—vexation to bear, and in hours of recreation—work, work! What good is it that your uncle has taken you into his house, and supports you, if you must now toil for me, as once you toiled for yourself? Alas, alas! 'tis time heaven took me to itself! I am good for nothing, but to destroy your rest.

FREDERICA.

Did you think of rest when I lay ill of the measles and the scarlet fever? Ah! I sometimes regret that I cannot repay you, as I could then, out of my own necessities—that I can but offer you no wwhat is to me superfluous.

CHRISTINE.

O do not talk so, or I must weep! I always said it, there is not such another heart in the wide world! but surely you will be rewarded; you will be happy, my Frederica—I am sure of it—O *so* happy!

FREDERICA.

Am I not so already?

CHRISTINE.

So you say; but I have taken it into my head that things might be better with you.

FREDERICA.

I desire nothing better.

CHRISTINE.

Well, then, I desire it for you. Why do you look at me with such surprise? You would not spend your whole life long in your present position—would you?

FREDERICA.

Why not?

CHRISTINE.

Because it will not do at all. True, your uncle maintains you at his cost; but, for all that, you are neither more nor less than his housekeeper.

FREDERICA.

If you only knew, Christine, what a satisfaction it is to my mind to be able to do him some little service in return for his goodness!

CHRISTINE.

And then your fine lady cousin, with her conceit and her caprices—I can hardly bear the sight of her. Does not she treat you as if you were

a sort of Cinderella—a mere simpleton? whereas she might thank heaven if she were but half so clever. To be sure, she can talk of balls, plays, fashions; but for all that concerns housekeeping, the very servants laugh at her whenever she speaks of such things.

FREDERICA (*smiling*).

She has accomplishments much more difficult to attain than the art of compounding a soup.

CHRISTINE.

Why, then, why can't she learn as well how to make a good soup, if it is so very easy?

FREDERICA.

My dear Christine, you don't understand:—my cousin is rich—she has never known the want of servants.

CHRISTINE.

Whoso requires the service of others is dependent, and whoso is dependent has no right to be proud.

FREDERICA.

Juliana is good-natured—that she really is. If she does not treat me with confidence and intimacy, if she looks on me as a silly child, it is my own fault. She stands before me so assured in herself, so much my superior, that I, with my foolish timidity, scarcely dare utter a word in her presence.

CHRISTINE.

Well, she will soon be married, I suppose, and then you will be rid of her. There is a young gentleman always about the house, a certain Herr Willmar. I hav'n't seen him, but people say——

FREDERICA (*quickly.*)

He! heaven bless you!—why, she cannot endure him; she treats him so ill sometimes that my very heart bleeds for him,—for Willmar is one of the best of men; poor, I believe indeed, but that only interests me the more, for I think the poor sympathise with each other. That he often comes to the house, I cannot deny. My uncle Freymann educated him, and spared nothing for his maintenance and his advancement in the world: perhaps he would do more for him, if my cousin did not hate him so. This groundless dislike to a man who has never offended her, is the only thing I cannot understand in my cousin, and for which I could sometimes be downright angry with her: somebody must have slandered him to her—but who? I have often, often thought about it till I was giddy, and still it is all a mystery to me.

CHRISTINE.

Ho, ho! you can be quite eloquent, I see, on the subject of this Herr Willmar.

FREDERICA.

I am, as you know, generally patient and acquiescent, but anything like injustice rouses my indignation—I cannot endure it.

CHRISTINE.

Has, then, Willmar complained to you of Mamsell Juliana's behaviour?

FREDERICA.

Do you think I am on such terms with *him?* He hardly sees me—I doubt whether he knows my name. It is plain, my good Christine, that you know no one in the house but the servants, who are indeed attached to me, and speak of me kindly, I dare say; but for others, I am nothing more than a living machine.

CHRISTINE.

I hear some one coming, and will be gone; we shall meet this afternoon or to-morrow morning in your own room; but here I would rather not be caught as your visiter. I will not have you ashamed of me.

FREDERICA.

Ashamed of you! my kind nurse, my earliest friend! Stay, Christine—

CHRISTINE.

'Tis your fine lady cousin—I will not meet her. [*She hurries out.*

FREDERICA.

I Willmar's confidante! I could hardly forbear laughing at my good simple Christine.

Enter JULIANA.*

JULIANA.

You here, Frederica! Who was it who left you just now?

FREDERICA.

Old Christine.

JULIANA.

Indeed! I thought it might have been—— but no matter! I am invited to tea this evening to Hofrath Weiler's.† I have refused his invitation so often that I must absolutely go this time, so I do not want my ticket for the theatre; here it is—you can take it, and use it if you like.

FREDERICA (*timidly*).

Perhaps you may have intended it for another?

JULIANA.

You goose! if I had, I should not have offered

* Although the two young ladies are cousins, the haughty Juliana addresses Frederica as Du, thou. Frederica, the poor dependant, uses the pronoun Sie.

† Hofrath is a title of distinction for which we have no equivalent; it signifies literally, "court-counsellor." It is sometimes merely honorary, involving no duties.

it to you; you have not seen many plays, I fancy?

FREDERICA.

One or two.

JULIANA.

It is the maid of Orleans to-night—Schiller's.

FREDERICA (*looking up with animation*).

Is it indeed?

JULIANA.

Did you ever hear the name before?

FRDERICA.

Schiller's? O surely.

JULIANA (*laughing*).

I don't mean the haberdasher Schiller, our neighbour; *he* didn't write the tragedy.

FREDERICA (*looking down*).

I know——

JULIANA.

You'll not understand much of it probably, but it will amuse you; there is a good deal of *spectacle* in it—soldiers—fighting—a grand procession—and, only think, a woman all dressed up in armour!

FREDERICA.

Yes, the Maid——

JULIANA.

Of Orleans. Do you know where Orleans is?

FREDERICA.

O yes.

JULIANA.

In Turkey, eh?

FREDERICA.

You laugh at me, cousin!

JULIANA.

O heaven forbid!—my good Frederica, one may fulfil one's duties in the world without knowing whereabouts Orleans is. Now I think of it, that disagreeable man, that Willmar, has been expecting news from his uncle, which are probably in this letter: (*taking out a letter:*) there, be so good as to give it to him if he should come this way. I am too glad to spare myself the necessity of exchanging a word with him.

FREDERICA.

Why are you so unkind to him?

JULIANA.

O he tires me—he provokes me—his face likes me not!—enough of him—I must give the tailor an audience,* and then——(*she goes to the door, and then turns back quickly*)—Frederica, don't forget the letter.

* It may sound strange to hear a young lady talk of giving the *tailor* (Schneider) an audience; but in many parts of Germany, in the north particularly, the ladies' gowns are made by men, as their riding-habits in this country.

FREDERICA.

Never fear me.

JULIANA (*goes and returns once more*).

And in case Willmar does not come, it must be sent to him—do you hear? [*She goes out.*

FREDERICA.

I will attend to it. Poor Willmar! he is disgracefully treated; he will keep away from the house altogether, I fear; and truly who could wonder if he did?

Enter WILLMAR.

WILLMAR (*aside, and looking round as he enters*).

She is not here.

FREDERICA (*in a low voice, and without rising*).

Herr Willmar.

WILLMAR.

Ah! good morning, Mamsell* Frederica; can you tell me where I shall find your cousin Juliana?

FREDERICA (*rising*).

She is engaged, and commissioned me to give you this letter.

* The title of Mamsell, i.e. Mademoiselle, by which Juliana and Frederica are addressed, shows them to be decidedly *bourgeoises*, (bürgerliche). Fraülein is the proper title of an unmarried lady of noble birth, but it is sometimes given in courtesy where it cannot be claimed as a right.

WILLMAR.

So—you are your cousin's confidante!

FREDERICA.

How her confidante?

WILLMAR.

You know the contents of this letter?

FREDERICA.

I only know it comes from your uncle.

WILLMAR.

From my uncle?

FREDERICA.

And my cousin says that you have been long expecting it.

WILLMAR (*walking aside as he opens the letter*).

Dissimulation — nothing but dissimulation! How it goes against my heart! whither has this lovely tyrant allured me? Thank heaven, which has taken pity on me at last, I am now provided for; I may hope this very day to throw this burthen of deceit from my conscience, and once more look my benefactor in the face like an honest man. [*He reads.*

FREDERICA (*aside, looking at him*).

The letter makes him sad.

WILLMAR.

Scruples and caution! not accept the invitation of Hofrath Weiler!—why should I not? Before evening comes, will she not be my af-

fianced bride? (*he reads in a low voice*), "My dearest Francis, I know you will again reproach me, and call me false—dissembling—but my dissembling is but the excess of my love. I know I am doing wrong—that I am practising falsehood and deceit, but I cannot repent; I even love my fault for the sake of the object, and shall that dear object be more severe upon me than myself?" How tender —how full of feeling! who could behold her, and read such a letter as this, and not acquit me!*—(*To Frederica.*) Do you think your cousin Juliana will be here again in the course of the morning?

FREDERICA.

I think she will.

WILLMAR.

Permit me to wait for her. (*He sits down and takes a book from the table*)—A new annual,† I see, with drawings and engravings.

FREDERICA.

It is my cousin's.

WILLMAR.

Have you read it?

* "Und mir dann den Stab brechen," is the German metaphor, derived from the custom of the judge breaking a staff when a criminal is sentenced to death.

† Taſchenbuch. The fashion of annuals, with which we have been inundated for the last ten or twelve years, came first from Germany, in the form of literary almanacks or Taſchenbücher.

FREDERICA.

O no! how should I find time to read such things?

WILLMAR.

I presume you are not very fond of reading?

FREDERICA.

Yes, but then it must be—— [*She stops.*

WILLMAR.

Well, what must it be?

FREDERICA.

I mean, it *ought* to be something more useful.

WILLMAR.

But now-a-days in literature the useful and the agreeable are blended; we have historical romances. Here, for instance, is the history of Mary Stuart arranged in the most delicious poetry.

FREDERICA.

It may be so, and yet——

WILLMAR.

Such a production has at once all the attraction of truth, and all the charm of fiction.

FREDERICA.

Of truth?—I do not quite agree with you.

WILLMAR.

How so?

FREDERICA.

I think truth can never be interwoven with fiction, without in some degree suffering from the contact.

WILLMAR (*with an expression of surprise*).

Perhaps you may be right there.

FREDERICA.

And therefore it is that these historical romances seem to me hardly fit reading for the unlearned; for were it not almost better not to be informed at all on such subjects, than to be imperfectly informed, or imbued with false impressions of real facts or persons?

WILLMAR (*aside*).

Really, the girl is worth talking to.

Enter JULIANA.

JULIANA.

I must take refuge here, it is so intolerably hot in my own room. Ha! you here, Herr Willmar! have you had your uncle's letter?

WILLMAR.

Mamsell Frederica had the goodness——

JULIANA.

And therefore, in return, *you* must have the goodness to accompany her to the theatre this evening.

WILLMAR.

To the theatre?

JULIANA.

Yes, I have given her my ticket;* she will find Madame Stoll in the box, to be sure; but it will not do to send her through the streets alone.

WILLMAR.

Certainly, by no means.

FREDERICA.

If—if it be inconvenient to Herr Willmar, I would rather give up the play.

JULIANA.

Herr Willmar must and will deem it a high honour to be your cavalier. I am curious to hear what you will have to tell us to-morrow of the Maid of Orleans. I expect we shall have you talking in blank verse.†

WILLMAR.

I shall be pleased to witness the first impression which such a masterpiece must make on Mamsell Frederica.

* In all the theatres throughout Germany you may have a subscription, either for the season or a definite number of performances, as at the Italian Opera here; and in the small towns, where every one is known, young ladies may be seen alone at the theatre without any impropriety. The beautiful little theatre at Weimar is in this respect like a family drawing-room.

† Literally "in Iambics."

JULIANA.

And you can explain to her what she does not understand of it.

WILLMAR.

That will hardly be necessary.

JULIANA.

Why, to be sure, Frederica has taken to reading lately: I caught her turning over the leaves of a huge quarto volume the other day. I thought of course she was studying the Magdeburgh cookery-book*—peeped over—and what do you think it was?—only guess—Rollin's Roman History!

WILLMAR.

In French?

JULIANA.

Yes; et je parie qu'elle ne sait pas le mot de Français.

[*Frederica, who has all this time kept her eyes fixed on her work in painful embarrassment, rises, and is going.*

JULIANA.

Where are you going?

FREDERICA.

I have things to attend to. [*She goes out.*

* The "Magdeburgh Kochbuch" is as famous in the north of Germany as Mrs. Glass or Mrs. Rundell among English housewives.

WILLMAR.

You have pained her.

JULIANA.

O Lord, no, she didn't understand me—but I'm glad she's gone; we may now, for the first time for a week past, speak without witnesses. What do you say to my letter, Willmar? the command to absent yourself from a party, where I intend to be, will seem hard to you, but I could not avoid it; I have remarked that here and there people have begun to suspect our mutual understanding, and it has therefore become necessary to go to work with double caution.

WILLMAR.

Caution! thank heaven we need no more caution.—I am at length happy—the happiest of men, my Juliana! I am appointed secretary to Prince Adolphus: I may now venture to appear before your father, openly ask your hand, and renounce all falsehood and dissimulation for ever.

JULIANA.

You are the prince's secretary?

WILLMAR.

I am; 'tis but an hour since the letter reached me; and only one who has suffered as I have suffered, can conceive the feelings of my heart at this moment.

JULIANA.

So! secretary to the prince! I wish you joy—but do you think my father will the more readily consent to our union?

WILLMAR.

And when you acknowledge that you love me? —O Juliana! your father is the best of men! nor will he condemn me, if that which I have obtained through his good help I now lay at his daughter's feet.

JULIANA.

And what have you obtained, pray? what is it you lay at his daughter's feet? — a poor two thousand dollars a year! enough to satisfy love; but will it satisfy a father's pride?

WILLMAR.

A father's pride? I know not—but a benefactor's?

JULIANA.

Do not be angry with me, Willmar; but I do wish you would not hurry.

WILLMAR.

By heavens! I can endure this no longer—my principles have given way too far before your system of concealment and deception. I was—yes, I *was* a man of honour—straightforward and open as day, when first you knew me, Juliana! I gazed on you with admiration, as we gaze on

the sun—on the moon in heaven—on all which we may admire unreproved, even because we regard it as unattainable. I never had dared to raise my eyes to you with a wish until—O think on it well!—you allowed me to hope—you stooped to me in kindness—I dared to confess my love, which till then I had concealed even from myself — and became your slave; but you have abused your power, Juliana! For your sake—for yours, I have become a dissembler, and have repaid my benefactor with ingratitude: yet fear not that I will reproach you with that which has, perhaps, led me to the summit of happiness. Only do not ask me to proceed one step farther in these crooked paths: since fate has, almost by a miracle, led me back to the path of honour, I were a despicable wretch if I did not at once accept the boon.

JULIANA.

Do I deserve this vehemence? This, then, is the reward I reap for having renounced so many conquests, and refused so many brilliant offers for your sake!

WILLMAR.

My heart, my soul, my existence are yours; but that which is far above all these — conscience —*that* no human being should place in the keeping of another.

JULIANA.

This is one of your tragedy fits;—but do what you will for me;—in the worst case, my father will only turn you out of his house, and for me there is always the convent:—for, Willmar; another's will I never be—never!

WILLMAR.

Juliana!—but be more composed! some one is coming.

Enter FREYMANN.

FREYMANN.

Good morning, Juliana! welcome, my dear Francis! I am come to surprise you with a delightful piece of news; I am as happy as a king to-day.

WILLMAR (*anxiously*).

And, trusting in your accustomed goodness, may I hope that the news I have for *you* will not be indifferent to you?

JULIANA (*carelessly*).

He came to tell you that he is secretary to Prince Adolphus.

FREYMANN.

Why, then, I will celebrate this day as one of the happiest of my life! two of my first objects attained at once—my two children provided for:

my son—for you are the son of my heart—in a good office! and my daughter married!

WILLMAR.

How!

FREYMANN (*to Juliana*).

My correspondent in Hamburg, the son of my old friend Meerfeld, proposed for you a month ago; I asked you then, without letting you guess my motive, if your heart were quite free; you told me it was, and your answer went by the next post to Hamburg. Meerfeld, who, like myself, never lets the grass grow under his feet,* threw himself into his carriage: he is young, handsome, rich—he has just alighted at the Golden Lion, and in five minutes he will be here. On Monday you shall be betrothed, and Monday week is your wedding-day.

JULIANA.

In a week, my dear father? Pardon me, but how are we even to know each other in a week?

FREYMANN.

To see each other a week is enough—to know each other a year too little—and then, who talks of lovers knowing each other? they always appear in masquerade, as they do at the Redoute.

* "Der mit der Zeit Rath hält" is the corresponding German idiom.

If the gentleman were to pine for half a century, and you to coquet and dress at him for another half century, think you, you would *know* each other a bit the better for it all? Both your heads would be addled at last by playing such a farce, and for so long—and that's all the good we should have of it.

JULIANA.

As the daughter of Freymann, the rich banker, I cannot be married as if I had come out of the orphan school; my wedding must be solemnized with becoming splendour, and preparations must be made accordingly.

FREYMANN.

Which are already looked to: I have been myself to Madame Girard, and have bespoke your wedding dress, all of French blonde, such as the queen herself might wear—cost two hundred dollars: in my room, on the sofa, lie a dozen India shawls, and thirty silks or more, all from Franke's warehouse;—go choose what you like. My head clerk has gone to the jeweller's, to see about your jewels: your Dorothy has gone to the fair to buy linen and laces, and John has been sent for the tailor, who will be here in a moment to take your measure. The whole household are on their legs for you. Your dowry lies ready in bank bills. So do not fear—nothing

shall be wanting, nothing forgotten; in a week you shall be Madame Meerfeld, and in a fortnight we shall all be on the road to Hamburg.

JULIANA.

And suppose I shouldn't like this Meerfeld?

FREYMANN.

Not like him! and pray why should you not like him?

JULIANA.

If my heart——

FREYMANN.

Your heart is free—didn't you tell me so yourself? and don't we know that a young girl's heart, when it is free, is ever just on the spring? let but a wooer appear with a good face and a ready tongue, and it's off like a shot at once. What do you think, eh, Francis?

WILLMAR.

I think the heart of your daughter far too precious to be yielded to the first who offers himself.

FREYMANN.

Early wooed, and early won,
Was never repented under the sun.*

Is she to wait, pr'ythee, till she's forty, and take the last who offers?

* Jung gefreit, hat niemand bereut, is the German proverb.

WILLMAR.

A young lady possessed of your daughter's beauty and understanding, and surrounded by a host of admirers—

JULIANA (*petulantly*).

Pray let us have no more of this, sir: I must be in a better humour than I am to-day, to endure your complimentary *fadeurs*.

FREYMANN.

Oh ho! Juliana, what objection have you to this day, of all days in the year? the third of June, a charming sunshiny day, and Saturday too: I like Saturday—it has always been my lucky day: fie! I know not how you look! I will not have those frowns when your bridegroom comes; they will not do at all, Juliana.

JULIANA.

I don't care, not I, how I look. I certainly shall put no restraint on my looks for the sake of this Meerfeld!

FREYMANN.

The idea of being married seems to have put you into a mighty ill humour.

JULIANA.

Only—if you would not be in such a hurry, my dear father!

FREYMANN.

But when I tell you that the dress is there,

and the shawls, and that the tailor is coming, and—eh, Juliana?—you havn't imposed on me now with that free heart of yours?

JULIANA.

What do you mean, papa?

FREYMANN.

Only this Lieutenant Kramer, who has been very assiduous in his attentions lately—

WILLMAR.

Ay, indeed?

FREYMANN.

We have never been to a party where we did not find him, and he has a wonderful knack at guessing our fancies and intentions in walking and driving, for we are sure to meet him every day.

WILLMAR.

I never heard your daughter speak of him.

FREYMANN.

No, she speaks *to* him.

JULIANA.

This is really affronting, papa; Lieutenant Kramer, they say, is almost an engaged man, and surely you cannot think——

FREYMANN.

Well, well, my dear girl, I will not think it possible; it were my death-blow if you should come to me at this time o' day with a love-tale.

A month ago, God knows, you might have taken whom you liked for me, rich or poor; it had been all the same, if he had been an honest man; but now, in such a case, I must appear in Meerfeld's eyes no better than a fool, a ninny.

WILLMAR (*aside*).

Wretch that I am! accursed dissimulation!

JULIANA.

Do not fret yourself into a fever, my dear father; if it be the decree of fate that Meerfeld is to be my lord and master, why, so it will be. (*Aside to Willmar*). Make yourself easy; I shall know how to get rid of him.

FREYMANN.

What are you saying there?

JULIANA.

That I think it would be hardly decorous for me to rejoice over the future, or to select my trousseau before I have even seen my intended bridegroom.

FREYMANN.

Why, that's true indeed—you are right. She's right there, Willmar. I only ask you not to look as if you were going to be hanged; and for my too great haste you must make allowances. You know I have been quick all my life:—while my partners were consulting about a speculation, I was already in the midst of it;

while rivals were ogling your mother, I had asked her to fix the day; before my doctor could write a prescription, I had already swallowed the remedy nearest at hand. I have to thank my promptitude for riches, happiness, perhaps life itself; and when death comes at last, I shall take just a hasty leave of you all, and get over the last hour as quickly as possible.

WILLMAR.

God grant it may yet be far distant!

FREYMANN.

I care not how distant—the farther off the better; but when it *does* come to the last, no lingering—that's all. But now to other matters. So you are secretary to Prince Adolphus?—a capital place—plenty to do—and profitable work too—twelve hundred dollars besides fees. Now the next thing you have to do is to get a pretty wife—o' my conscience I believe you have some such thought in your head already—eh?

WILLMAR.

Herr Freymann!

FREYMANN.

Well, why need you blush? if you are in love, say so at once—there's no need to be ashamed of it, for no doubt your choice is worthy of you—it could not be otherwise.

WILLMAR.

O my benefactor! my father!

FREYMANN.

I understand—such an exclamation is as good as a confession. Well, and so you *are* in love; —do I know her? who is it?

WILLMAR.

O that I dared to speak!

FREYMANN.

And what hinders you?

WILLMAR.

I fear lest my choice should displease you.

FREYMANN.

Why, is she not come of honest kin?

WILLMAR.

She is the daughter of one of the best of men.

FREYMANN.

Then I require no more; all young ladies are pretty, as a matter of course: and as for money, if she have no fortune, why I can give you a lift at first, and you must begin with economy.

WILLMAR.

Such condescension—such goodness—O! I were the basest of men if I longer concealed from you——

JULIANA (*in a low voice*).

Go on—and lose me for ever!

FREYMANN.

Go on—I am all ear.

WILLMAR.

What have I said? I am so confused—I hardly know what I mean.

FREYMANN.

So it seems indeed.

JULIANA.

Herr Willmar, pray be so good as to defer your tender confessions to another opportunity; for, as you must perceive, I have an infinity of things to say to my father.

WILLMAN.

Mamsell Juliana thinks that this is not a fit time for my explanation. I submit—but (*with emphasis*) for the last time. [*He goes out.*

FREYMANN.

What's the matter with him, do you know?

JULIANA.

I certainly shall not take the trouble of guessing his secrets.

FREYMANN.

Well, well—don't speak so scornfully of my good Francis; he is an industrious, worthy fellow.

JULIANA.

Why, he is not absolutely insufferable, but at this moment very much in my way, for I have a request to make.

FREYMANN.

Well, out with it.

JULIANA.

You will laugh at me, papa! A few minutes ago I wouldn't hear a word of this trousseau, and now I am really impatient just to see the shawls and the things.

FREYMANN.

Well, come with me to my room. You young girls are strange creatures, after all. Dress? O we despise it! A husband? Fie, don't mention such a thing! But let any one think to deprive you of one or the other, what weeping and wailing! Ay, I see it will be with Meerfeld as with the India shawls—come along. [*He goes out.*

JULIANA (*aside, and following*).

We'll contrive to keep the shawls, and yet send this Herr Meerfeld bootless home. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The same Apartment.*

FREDERICA (*entering*).

I could scarcely eat a morsel at dinner, and even with difficulty restrained my tears. My cousin thinks me no better than a fool; and in truth I do behave in her presence as if I had not common sense—and yet 'tis almost cruel to make such a poor timid creature the object of her wit in presence of a third party. What can Willmar think of me? I could see that after what Juliana said, he was ashamed to take me to the theatre. O! he may make himself easy—I shall not go now, whatever pleasure it might have been under different circumstances.

Enter WIESEL.

WIESEL.

Honoured young lady, may I entreat a word? I have just heard from the cook-maid of Brand, the jeweller, that Herr Freymann is in want of a set of jewels.

FREDERICA.

It may be so; I know nothing about it.

WIESEL.

Why doesn't Herr Freymann in such cases make use of me? I'm no jeweller—no shopkeeper; but if any one wants to make a purchase, the quickest, the cheapest — no matter what—I'm your man. Jewels! why, Lord bless you, who would ever think of going to a jeweller for jewels? Here I have something at my friend's service, and at half their value. (*He takes out a case of jewels*). There—look you there—and be wonder-struck! A certain lady—I may name her to *you*—the Baroness von Brauss, can't forbear giving grand entertainments: and so, like Queen Cleopatra, she has dissolved her pearls in her wine—ha, ha, ha! (*He opens the case.*) Are they not pearls of the purest water?—worth three hundred ducats between brothers, and she'll let them go for a hundred and fifty.

FREDERICA.

If you wish to speak to my uncle, I had better call him.

WIESEL.

One moment, Mamsell Frederica; you know I am not naturally inquisitive—not in the least; but this inquiry about jewels has excited my curiosity, for it agrees with other reports which have lately come to my ears.

FREDERICA.

What reports?

WIESEL.

They say Mamsell Juliana is a bride,* engaged to some Englishman, or Greek, or American, who put up at the Golden Lion this morning.

FREDERICA.

A correspondent of my uncle's, a certain Herr Meerfeld from Hamburg, was expected to dinner to-day, and we know not why he did not make his appearance.

WIESEL.

Do you know whether there is a match in hand between him and Mamsell Juliana?

* In Germany, the lady is a *bride* from the moment she is engaged or betrothed, (verlobt). On the subject of the "Verlobung," which is a peculiar characteristic of German social life and manners, I shall have to enlarge hereafter.

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FREDERICA.

I really cannot inform you.

WIESEL.

I will confess to you that, under the excuse of the jewels, I came here more particularly to have a peep at the stranger. I am known everywhere as an old friend of the family, and I shall be questioned on all sides.

FREDERICA.

Well, sir, if you know nothing, I suppose you need say nothing. [*She goes out.*

WIESEL.

Cunning little jade! she won't speak out. But I see it all; Mamsell Juliana is to be married; that will put the Collector Summer in a rage, and Lieutenant Kramer too. If I could but get at some particulars of the affair, it would keep Madame Flieder quiet.

Enter MEERFELD.

MEERFELD.

Have I the honour to see Herr Freymann?

WIESEL (*aside*).

The deuce! he's not of our town—a new face entirely. (*Aloud.*) Herr Freymann, did you say? No, I am not that gentleman, but his oldest and best friend; and so, if you have any business with him——

MEERFELD (*examining him*).

I merely came to pay him a visit.

WIESEL.

May I know your worshipful name?

MEERFELD.

The name doesn't signify.

WIESEL.

Why—yes—very true indeed—the name does not signify, as you say; but I can hardly announce you as Mr. Anonymous—he, he!

MEERFELD.

Then pray tell him, the gentleman he expected is here.

WIESEL.

The gentleman he expects is Herr Meerwald —no, Meerfeld, from Hamburg. And so you are Herr Meerfeld of Hamburg! You see I am informed of everything, and consequently you need not be under any restraint on my account, my dear sir.

MEERFELD.

Not in the least.

WIESEL.

I not only know who you are, but what you are come for.

MEERFELD.

Indeed!

WIESEL.

And upon my word you know what you are about, and no mistake! Mamsell Juliana is a most beautiful young lady, and her father's sole heiress.

MEERFELD.

Be so good as to tell me what *is* your office in this house? (*Aside.*) This fellow is insufferable!

WIESEL.

My office!—the highest—the noblest—the divinest—that of a friend!

MEERFELD.

Ay, indeed!

WIESEL.

A friend, though I say it, who has a heart for his friends' friends; and therefore begs to be allowed the honour of presenting himself as your worship's devoted friend the first time he has the felicity of meeting you in company.

MEERFELD.

Your most obedient.

WIESEL.

No compliments, pray: I hate them deadly.

MEERFELD.

Not worth while.

WIESEL.

You were expected to dinner to-day: how is it we had not the honour of seeing you?

MEERFELD.

I was not invited, that I know of.

WIESEL.

How?—what?—that was a terrible blunder! I know Herr Freymann intended it. I conjure you, my most worthy sir, to pardon the oversight. That's just the way with servants, when one trusts to them. Ay, I will certainly give it to them soundly for this!

MEERFELD.

Are you the master here, then?

WIESEL.

Pardon me; I am, on the contrary, every one's most humble servant.

MEERFELD.

So much the better; for otherwise I should have been obliged to intercede for the domestics, who are in all probability perfectly guiltless in the matter; they did not find me at home, for I have been running about your town for the last four hours.

WIESEL.

Ha! to be sure; that's quite another thing; in that case I have only to lament—

MEERFELD.

And to say no more about it.

WIESEL.

I see you are looking at the case in my hand:

perhaps you would like to know what it contains?

MEERFELD.

Not I.

WIESEL.

I was not to let any one see it; nevertheless, my very dear sir, if you were to request—to ask such a thing——

MEERFELD.

Which I do not.

WIESEL.

If you had the slightest wish——

MEERFELD.

Which I have not; my only wish at this moment is to speak to Herr Freymann.

WIESEL.

Lord bless me! why did not you say so at once? I fly to bring him. [*He goes out.*

MEERFELD.

If I am to make hereafter one of the family, this friend of the family must be off, for certainly I shall not include him in the bargain.

Enter FREYMANN *and* WIESEL.

WIESEL.

There he stands, the long-expected guest.

FREYMANN.

A thousand thousand welcomes, my dear Meer-

feld! I have been waiting your arrival really with a father's impatience. I am sorry you did not receive my invitation to dine with us to-day; but never mind, it does not signify now. I have given orders to have your trunks brought here immediately, and I trust you will make my house your own. Let me look at you. Excellent! capital! capital!—just what I had fancied you in my own mind. Here, Wiesel, be so good as to call my daughter here.

WIESEL.

With pleasure; (*aside*) for so I shall manage to be present at the first interview.

[*He goes out.*

MEERFELD.

This cordial reception makes me easy, my good Herr Freymann! it justifies all that my late father said of you, and I hope we shall soon come to a right understanding.

FREYMANN.

I hope so too; indeed I am so well convinced of it, that I shall not put you off with fair hopes only: we will have the betrothing next Monday.

MEERFELD.

Oh!

FREYMANN (*impatiently*).

Well?

MEERFELD.

I have not yet had the honour of waiting on the young lady.

FREYMANN.

Why, that's true; but she'll be here immediately. Wiesel, I suppose, is chattering by the way, which he might as well defer to another opportunity; for you must be introduced to Juliana at once, if the banns are to be published in church to-morrow.

MEERFELD.

To-morrow!—what can you be thinking of, my dear sir?

FREYMANN.

Why, to-morrow is Sunday: you wouldn't wait a whole week longer?

MEERFELD.

Why not? A week — a fortnight — nay, a month, with all my heart.

FREYMANN.

I don't like delays of any kind. Now we are alone, Meerfeld, listen to me. I will give my daughter eighty thousand dollars, which shall be laid down either in the four per cents. or bills at sight, as you please.

MEERFELD.

I think, my dear sir, it is rather too soon to discuss such matters.

FREYMANN.

Why so?

MEERFELD.

Because—I—I really don't know how I shall tell you.

FREYMANN.

Nay, out with it.

MEERFELD.

A union between your daughter and myself was the wish of my late dear father; and the excellent character I had heard everywhere of you, sir, induced me to acquiesce. I wrote to you therefore. I proposed for your daughter; but let me remind you, on the express condition, that, on a nearer acquaintance, our characters should be found to suit each other.

FREYMANN.

I don't remember a word of it.

MEERFELD.

Be so good as to refer to my letter.

FREYMANN.

Why, Lord bless you, I've burned it long ago! I never suffer old papers to accumulate in my desk; but what matter? I believe you on your word; but I cannot understand your scruples in the least. You please me, and consequently will please my daughter.

MEERFELD.

I am not sure of that.

FREYMANN.

But I am;—and my daughter will please *you*.

MEERFELD.

I am not sure of that either.

FREYMANN.

Sir!

MEERFELD.

Do not be offended. I have not yet seen the young lady.

FREYMANN.

What the plague is that Wiesel about? You are putting me quite out of conceit with the whole thing. I hardly know what I think or say.

MEERFELD.

Wiesel, then, is the name of the gentleman you have just sent in search of your daughter?

FREYMANN.

Yes, truly.

MEERFELD.

Excuse me, but is he a friend of yours?

FREYMANN.

A friend of mine! Lord forbid! What put that into your head? If such friends abounded in the land, we should be obliged to ask the commanding officer for a *cordon sanitaire* to

keep the whole brood at a distance. He's an intrusive, meddling gossip—a hungry parasite —that's all.

MEERFELD.

I'm glad to hear it.

FREYMANN.

Glad to hear what?

MEERFELD.

That he is not your friend, for he's an intolerable bore.

Enter JULIANA.

JULIANA.

Your pardon, my dear father, if I did not come to you immediately; but I was obliged to get rid of that Wiesel, who insisted on coming with me.

FREYMANN.

And you were right there, my dear child.

JULIANA (*in a low voice*).

Who is the stranger?

FREYMANN.

No stranger—a near and dear friend of our family—Herr Meerfeld.

JULIANA (*curtseying*).

Charmed to have the honour——

MEERFELD (*bowing*).

The honour is mine. (*Aside.*) A beautiful creature, faith!

FREYMANN.

Well, how do you like him? eh?— speak, girl.

JULIANA.

My dear father!——

FREYMANN (*to* MEERFELD).

And what do you think of her?

MEERFELD.

My dear sir!——

FREYMANN.

" My dear father," and " My dear sir,"—what do you mean by that?

JULIANA (*politely to* MEERFELD).

You have just arrived from Hamburg? I fear that, compared with your native city, our little town will seem very empty and dull.

MEERFELD.

I cannot deny it.

JULIANA.

We have only one brilliant epoch—that of the fair;* but on that occasion we may almost vie

* The increased rapidity and facility of communication and transport throughout Europe have lately diminished the importance of the periodical fairs in Germany, and the concourse of people who were wont to assemble on these occasions; still, in the smaller cities of Prussia and Saxony, and even at Dresden, Weimar, Naumberg, &c., the season is one of great bustle and brilliancy: the three principal fairs (Messe or Jahrmarkt) in Germany, are those of Frankfürt, Leipsig, and Brunswick.

with London or Paris. We have specimens of every nation congregated here, and lay both the old and the new world under contribution: 'tis a pity you were not here six weeks ago.

MEERFELD.

It is of no consequence; for I am not come here to see the many, but to learn to know a few.

JULIANA.

You will be horribly *ennuyé*.

MEERFELD.

O no! (*looking at her with a smile*) I shall *observe*.

JULIANA.

I doubt whether you will find anything worthy of observation.

MEERFELD.

Everything is worth observation.

JULIANA.

Indeed! then the honour of exciting your observation is no distinction?

MEERFELD.

None whatever, when such observation leads to nothing farther.

JULIANA (*pointedly*).

In that case, pray honour me with your observation. Are you musical, Herr Meerfeld?

MEERFELD.

I play a little on the violin.

JULIANA.

You love music ?

MEERFELD.

From my soul!

JULIANA.

To-morrow there will be a good concert at the Merchants' Hall. I shall not go, but my father will have great pleasure in introducing you.

MEERFELD.

If Herr Freymann will have the goodness— (*turning to him.*)

JULIANA (*aside*).

A most gallant suitor truly!

MEERFELD.

I have heard much of your concerts here.

JULIANA.

I am engaged to-morrow to Hofrath Thieler, to hear the reading of a new tragedy, by a poet of this town.

MEERFELD.

I must confess I do not envy you.

JULIANA.

I shall probably be *ennuyée* to death myself.

MEERFELD.

Then why go ?

JULIANA.

I should prefer the concert.

MEERFELD.

Then pray come to the concert: it would add to my gratification.

JULIANA.

I am afraid I cannot, in civility, decline the reading: the Hofrath is an intimate friend of our family. I have, however, the privilege of taking any one I like.

MEERFELD.

I must beg to be excused.

JULIANA (*with quickness*).

I mean acquaintances of course. (*Aside.*) The man is such a clown, he is quite diverting.

FREYMANN.

But, children, can you talk of nothing but concerts and tragedies? I see no end to it, if you are to go on in that fashion: perhaps I am in your way—shall I go?

MEERFELD.

If you would be so obliging!

FREYMANN.

Well, then, I'm gone; but for heaven's sake settle it all quickly: in a quarter of an hour I hope to see you in my study, my dear Meerfeld.

[*He goes out.*

JULIANA *and* MEERFELD.

MEERFELD (*aside*).

Now for it!

JULIANA (*aside*).

He is silent: it is not my part to speak first, I presume.

MEERFELD (*aside*).

There's something about this girl altogether singular—an air of decision—something, in short, which in any other would perhaps have repelled me; but it becomes her. The shortest way is the best: so have at her.* (*Aloud.*) Mamsell!

JULIANA.

Sir?

MEERFELD.

You know, doubtless, why I am here?

JULIANA.

How should I know?

MEERFELD.

Nay, no dissembling, to the point at once—I am come to—to—marry you!

JULIANA.

That is coming to the point indeed.

MEERFELD.

But you understand—not unless you like me!

* The German idiom is hardly translatable: "Ich falle mit der Thüre in's Haus!"

JULIANA.

Young ladies are scarce in Hamburg, I presume?

MEERFELD.

On the contrary, they abound there, as they do everywhere else; but I suppose I am phlegmatic; and then I am always engaged in important business: and so it has happened that I have not yet been in love regularly.

JULIANA.

Then I am the first woman you were ever in love with?

MEERFELD.

Pardon me, I did not say I was in love with *you;* if I had said so, you might with reason have been offended: it would have appeared as if I thought you could believe such a thing. No, (*smiling archly*) I am not *yet* in love with you!

JULIANA.

You have said so once already, sir!

MEERFELD.

Pray allow me to finish what I had to say: I am not yet in love with you, but I feel that I might easily be so, for you please me right well: and now tell me, do I please you?

JULIANA.

That is a most insidious question.

MEERFELD.

Not in the least, if you will speak frankly: neither shall I regard your answer as decisive for at present we can only speak of the general impression my appearance may have made on you.

JULIANA.

You take it for granted, then, that you have made an impression on me?

MEERFELD.

Do not trifle with me thus—I am not used to it, and I do not quite like it.

JULIANA.

You speak plainly enough, I must confess.

MEERFELD.

This sort of conversation is not at all in my way; I shall make no hand of it at all. Let us return to the main point, and as you will not tell me what you think of me, or perhaps do not deem it worth while to think about me at all, let me tell you what I am. You may trust to my description, for I know myself better than any one else knows me, having all my life long thought more than I spoke. I am serious, perhaps rather dull; inflexible in all that regards principle; not much accustomed to female society, and rather rough than courtly; incapable of flattery, and even of concealing my disgust when

I meet with anything unworthy. I feel both warmly and deeply, but I am not in the habit of expressing my feelings, and therefore often appear harsh and cold. I would sacrifice my life for a friend, but I cannot sit and sympathise with him when he has the toothache. In short, I should make a sorry lover, but perhaps a tolerable husband; for, with all my faults, I have a true and an honest heart: and my signature to my marriage contract were at least as sacred as to a bill of exchange. My own tastes would not lead me to take my wife much into fine society, but every pleasure that friendship and art could bestow I would endeavour to assemble round my home. I would keep the reins of domestic government in my own hands, but then I would have my wife for my sole confidant and prime minister. As I would never oppose but from conviction, so I would never yield but from conviction. In conclusion, I would not treat my wife as a divinity when young, even that I might honour her in age. Now I have done. As for my person, you see it is no great things, but neither is it one to scare children; and I am thirty-four next birthday—now speak!

JULIANA (*after a pause*).

Do you require the catalogue of my defects in return for yours!

MEERFELD.

O no—that were a poor price to ask for my sincerity: for I should not suppose you have many faults to confess. There are, however, one or two things I have remarked, which I could wish otherwise.

JULIANA (*ironically*).

Indeed! perhaps you will do me the favour to point them out?

MEERFELD.

You will not be offended with my frankness?

JULIANA.

On the contrary, I request it of you.

MEERFELD.

You are not sincere enough for me, and you have a good deal of vanity.

JULIANA.

A novel style of compliment truly!

MEERFELD.

I was not thinking of paying compliments.

JULIANA.

And can you think of marrying a woman o whom you entertain such an opinion?

MEERFELD.

Why not? I hope to see you changed in some things, if you ever become my wife.

JULIANA.

As I am now, so I shall ever be to the end of my life.

MEERFELD.

Forgive me, but I cannot believe it. Self-improvement should be the aim of all, and will be yours no doubt.

JULIANA.

When I see you bent on the same laudable purpose—perhaps.

MEERFELD.

I am so, on my honour: and therefore if it be the will of Providence that we should be united, I would beg of you to call my attention to my faults and deficiencies, as I should certainly take the liberty of pointing out yours. We should thus both be gainers.

Enter JOHANN.

JOHANN.

Sir, the servant of the Collector Wild is without, and begs to speak to you.

MEERFELD.

Ah, yes, I remember. (*To Juliana.*) With your permission we will resume our conversation half an hour hence.

JULIANA.

Certainly, I have still much to say to you.

[*Meerfeld bows, and goes out, followed by Johann.*

JULIANA.

A very strange man! I declare, for the first

time in my life, I felt almost intimidated; he is rough, unpolished, yet in such an original style, that I was quite thrown out of all my common-places. It was absolutely provoking to hear him say in such an indifferent tone that he was not in love with me: however, 'tis better as it is; it will be so much the easier to get rid of him.

Enter WILLMAR.

WILLMAR (*in a tone of irritation*).

So I find you alone at last?

JULIANA.

I have seen and talked to your rival; and have comfortable news for you.

WILLMAR.

Your father has already announced Meerfeld as your bridegroom to the whole household

JULIANA.

Herr Meerfeld will return bootless home to Hamburg in less than a week, for all that.

WILLMAR.

You will discover all to your father then?

JULIANA.

I! heaven forbid!

WILLMAR.

Or perhaps to Meerfeld himself?

JULIANA.

Still less.

WILLMAR.

Juliana! what do you mean to do?

JULIANA.

That is my secret; you are to know nothing about it. Be satisfied with the assurance that this stranger shall not be my husband, happen what may.

WILLMAR.

O possibly Lieutenant Kramer may have a better chance!

JULIANA.

What do you mean?

WILLMAR.

Your father let fall a few words this morning, which have given rise to some reflections.

JULIANA.

Is it possible you can doubt me, Willmar?

WILLMAR.

Why should I not doubt you?

JULIANA.

Willmar! you offend me!

WILLMAR.

I'm sorry——

JULIANA.

Methinks that a woman who has sacrificed such brilliant prospects for the sake of the man she prefers, deserves his confidence at least.

WILLMAR.

And does not that tender father, who never refused his daughter's slightest wish, deserve to hear the truth from her?

JULIANA.

Ungrateful! what am I to understand by this? For whose sake have I prevailed on myself to deceive my father?

WILLMAR.

For mine—perhaps——

JULIANA.

Perhaps?

WILLMAR.

Mistrust is the bitter fruit of falsehood. I love you, Juliana; I would give the universe to believe in you; but alas! your words have no longer power to convince me. I know how little a false assertion costs you, and more than once I have doubted whether love for me be really the motive of your conduct.

JULIANA.

I do not in the least comprehend you.

WILLMAR.

It seems to me, Juliana, that with true love, truth had been the breath of life. If you had really felt what you pretended to feel, you had not stooped to intrigue and deception—you had not been ashamed of your preference for a poor

but honest man—you would have thrown yourself at once into your father's arms, and he—O you heard what he said this morning—he would have united us, and we should now have been at the summit of our wishes, without guilt or reproach.

JULIANA (*struggling with her emotion*).

There is some difference between a hasty expression from his lips and his signature to a marriage contract. My father thought he might say this morning anything that came into his head, regarding me already as the bride of Meerfeld.

WILLMAR.

No—any one might have seen that he spoke from the heart; and that *you* could have heard him so unmoved, pained me to the soul.

JULIANA.

Willmar, you really assume a singular tone towards me; however, I must forgive you, for you are jealous, poor man!

WILLMAR.

Perhaps—a little;—but that is not what most occupies me at this moment.

JULIANA.

Then *what* is it?

WILLMAR.

O Juliana! I would rather, far rather, see you

false to me than to yourself! I would rather not dare to love you, than feel that I *could* not love you!—the peace, the happiness of my future life are in your hands. By my deep love for you, I do conjure you, grant me one request!

JULIANA.

You alarm me with your vehemence; but speak —what is it?

WILLMAR.

O let the falsehood uttered this morning be the last! Let our fate be what it may, we shall have courage, I trust, to bear it. Happiness unmerited is shame and disgrace; while no calamity undeserved can absolutely degrade us.

JULIANA.

What a gloomy moralist you have turned on a sudden!—really, any one to hear you would think that I was a cheat and a liar by profession;* and all this about one or two trifling white lies†—told for your sake too! And then, as regards the rest of my conduct, it was prudent, not false; and I defy Lieutenant Kramer to say I ever uttered a word which gave him reason to hope. I gave him no more encouragement

* Daß ich lebte und webte nur in Lug und Trug, is the peculiar German idiom.

† in German, Nothlügen.

than was absolutely necessary to put those who suspected our love on a wrong scent.

WILLMAR.

You *did* give him encouragement, then? Another victim of deceit and artifice?—O Juliana!

JULIANA.

Herr Willmar, I must say you use very harsh expressions; but I know why you are so inexorably stern—you love me no longer. There *was* a time when these little artifices showed only as proofs of my love, and when my wilfulness was but a charm in your eyes. That time is past, and now you exaggerate my faults merely to excuse your own inconstancy.

WILLMAR.

You can doubt me?

JULIANA.

To be sure—doubts are the fashion, it seems; allow me to have my doubts too.

WILLMAR.

You were my first, as you are my only love; I know not how I could endure to lose you. The change of which you accuse me is in my mind, not in my heart. I know the world better than I did, and have had occasion, as a man, to observe the lamentable result of errors which, when a mere youth, did not strike me; that turn

for trifling intrigue may in time become treachery and falsehood; and that mockery of every serious subject, heartless indifference. O Juliana! listen to the warning voice of a true friend; walk in the path I have resolved to take: let it lead where it will—the *end* is peace.

JULIANA (*trying to smile*).

Upon my word, your sentimentality becomes almost infectious.

WILLMAR.

You are touched; O do not strive against this better feeling! Promise me—give me your hand on it—that the lie of this morning shall be the last from your lips!

JULIANA (*withdrawing her hand*).

Lie! what an odious vulgar expression!

WILLMAR.

You would willingly laugh away the feeling I have awakened in your heart, but you shall not; your hand, Juliana!

JULIANA.

Well, then, there it is: to confess the truth, I hardly know myself how the knot is to be disentangled; but so let it be—no more fibs!

Enter FREYMANN, (*who stops short at the door, as Willmar seizes Juliana's offered hand, and presses it to his lips*).

WILLMAR.

You know not all you have done for me; now I have courage to face anything. I fly to your father—I will throw myself at his feet—acknowledge my error, and confess my love!

JULIANA (*uneasily*).

Willmar!

FREYMANN (*coming forward*).

Ha! what the plague, what's all this? Francis! can it be you? I took you for Meerfeld—the situation would certainly have become him better.

WILLMAR.

O hear me, Herr Freymann!

FREYMANN.

Not a word—I have heard too much already. Shame! I never could have believed it!—what, deceive your benefactor, your second father, and attempt an intrigue behind his back with his own daughter? Had you acted with integrity, I should have thought you not unworthy of being my son, but now I should disdain you as a common acquaintance. Hence! and if ever we meet again, let it be as if we had never seen or known each other!

JULIANA.

My dear father, you mistake.

FREYMANN.

And you—dissembler that you are—you would

have married Meerfeld! If you loved another, you ought to have spoken sooner. Mistake! why, did I not hear you talking of love?

JULIANA.

Herr Willmar—was only—only speaking to me of his love for—my cousin Frederica;—and I was merely promising him my support and interest.

FREYMANN (*taking breath*).

His love for Frederica! Francis loves Frederica! Now heaven be praised 'tis no worse;—but it was a horrible suspicion: I tremble yet in every limb.

WILLMAR.

Herr Freymann, think of me as you will—I must——

JULIANA (*in a low voice*).

Be silent—or see me married to Meerfeld in a week. (*To Freymann.*) He was afraid of confessing his love to you, because Frederica is your niece, and his parents are poor.

FREYMANN.

Do you think me a fool, young man? What could I wish better for my niece than such a husband as yourself? Why, I could dance for joy in my old age! One moment—I shall be back again instantly; don't stir—you shall have her, my boy—you shall have her! [*Hurries out.*

WILLMAR.

What is he going to do? I must follow.

JULIANA.

Stay where you are—I have tangled the knot, and I must loose it. All will yet be well—that sudden thought was help in our utmost need.

WILLMAR (*turning from her*).

The need was better than the help.

Enter FREYMANN, *leading* FREDERICA.

Come along, Frederica—here's strange news for you! I am going to send you away, Frederica—out of my house, girl!

FREDERICA.

Uncle!

FREYMANN.

Ay, here's the man who insists on carrying you off from us!—here's a lover, a husband for you, Frederica!

WILLMAR.

For heaven's sake, sir!

JULIANA.

My dear father, you are really too quick for us all: let me speak to Frederica—leave me alone with her; I'll question her.

FREYMANN.

Why alone, pray? I don't see the meaning or the use of it.—Frederica, my girl, Willmar loves

you—wishes to marry you—what do you say to it? there's the question put at once.

FREDERICA (*in the utmost confusion and astonishment.*)

Willmar! O no—impossible!

FREYMANN.

'Tis true, I tell you—he told me so himself: did you know nothing of his love till this moment?

FREDERICA.

I never had the slightest suspicion of it.

FREYMANN.

Bravo, my good Francis! right honest and honourable, and like you—to win the uncle before you wooed the niece;—right, that was the way in the good old times:—but what's the matter, Frederica? you look confounded.

FREDERICA.

It is *so* astonishing!

FREYMANN.

But not disagreeable—eh? come, come, I will not have my Francis rejected.

FREDERICA.

It is not come to that, dear uncle; give me, O give me time to think!

FREYMANN.

Tears—tears, Frederica!—that is at once the

most becoming, and the most intelligible of all answers; if you did not like him, the eyes would have been idle, but the tongue would have wagged fast enough. I will give you three thousand dollars for your portion, and your trousseau besides: come with me and choose yourself a couple of gowns. As Juliana will not give Meerfeld his answer* yet, to punish her, you shall have the first choice—come to my room: and you Madam Shilly-shally (*to Juliana*) must be content with what your cousin leaves.

[*Leads Frederica out.*

WILLMAR.

There—see what you have done!

JULIANA.

No harm, some good rather—for poor Frederica is in a fair way to have a couple of new gowns, which I am heartily glad of with all my heart.

WILLMAR.

You think, then, to heal the insulted feelings of an amiable girl with a fashionable gown?

JULIANA.

Nonsense, she's too childish—she has no feelings to be insulted.

* *Answer* does not render the beautiful expression for this and similar occasions—jawort, literally "*Yea-word.*"

WILLMAR.

You have hitherto held your cousin in such contemptuous dependence, that you can know nothing of her feelings.

JULIANA.

I know thus much, that I should not have allowed the jest to go so far, if I did not know her to be a mere nonentity.

WILLMAR.

Juliana, your opinion of your cousin will not prevent me from instantly undeceiving both her and your father.

JULIANA.

Take care what you do!

WILLMAR.

I have already told you that my obedience is at an end.

JULIANA.

You forget that I hold the power of vengeance in my own hands.

WILLMAR.

And you forget what you promised me half an hour ago.

JULIANA.

Willmar! you are absolutely metamorphosed!

WILLMAR.

And you, Juliana, appear in no favourable light, I assure you.

JULIANA.

I knew not how mightily interested you were about Frederica.

WILLMAR.

And I knew not that there was a female heart in the world capable of sporting so cruelly with innocence and poverty.

JULIANA.

I don't think the girl knows whether she has a heart or not.

WILLMAR.

That is not my business to inquire; and even if it were so, it would not release me from a duty which I—I regret I must say it—am resolved to fulfil in any case.

JULIANA.

What do you mean to do?

WILLMAR.

I will reveal everything.

JULIANA.

And if I renounce you?

WILLMAR.

You will renounce an honest heart—that's all.

JULIANA.

Willmar! do you desire to break with me—really?

WILLMAR.

Better so, than to attain happiness by such crooked means. [*Exit.*

JULIANA.

Contradictory, headstrong man that he is! there he goes—to risk the whole sum-total of our happiness upon one cast, and that out of mere obstinacy and sophistry. I must follow him, and prevent him from going to my father; if I can only hinder him from speaking to him for to-day—night brings good counsel*—perhaps he will think better of it to-morrow.

* This is a German proverb: Die nacht bringt Rath.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same Apartment.*

JULIANA *alone.*

I never closed my eyes all night;—'twas lucky that the prince sent for Willmar, and so all further talk was avoided: for, before he returned, I got Frederica off to the theatre: but what is delayed is not done,* and I must settle the business at once, or Willmar's abrupt honesty will bring me into a scrape. I don't understand his exaggerated ideas. It is possible that his proposal may have pleased Frederica: it is the first, I fancy, in her whole life; but that's no reason why she should be in love with him: and yet—I don't know how it is—I am ill at ease. My wits won't fail me at a pinch; but I am getting entangled in my own net; I can't deny it; and I am bound to ask myself if I have acted thus from actual ne-

* The German proverb is "Aufgeſchoben iſt nicht aufgehoben."

cessity? Willmar thinks not—Willmar let me know plainly enough that he thinks I have a turn for intrigue. The expression vexed me; I cannot easily forgive him for it; but at the same time, when I reflect on myself, I cannot but confess a certain pleasure in such harmless plotting: it amuses me to exercise my superior wit, and to get the better of inferior minds; and it is thus I have accustomed myself to this vile trick of fibbing, which is detestable after all, and which I *will* get the better of—will lay aside for ever—that is, as soon as I have got rid of this Meerfeld. I sent to tell him I wished to speak to him this morning, as I could not wait his return yesterday: he might have been here already. As the man confesses he does not love me, it is plainly my fortune which tempts him. It would be a good thing to hint that my father is threatened with bankruptcy—he will retreat of course, and as soon as he finds out the truth, I will declare that I only wished to try him, because I could never love any man who thought only of my dowry. This shall absolutely be the last deviation from truth I will allow myself: it is necessary, and can do no possible harm to any one.*

* This long soliloquy, in which Juliana is more sincere with herself than she ever is with others, and dramatic soliloquies in

Enter MEERFELD.

MEERFELD.

You inquired for me, Mamsell Juliana?—I am here at your service.

general, I have heard censured as unnatural, or at least so unusual as to be inadmissible, except on the plea of necessity, and as the only means by which we can be let into the mind of the speaker; however, the fact is, that soliloquy *is* natural, and not so unusual as many people suppose. Not only are children of all ages found talking to themselves, but grown-up persons, under the influence of any strong excitement, which for a time overpowers the self-command arising from inculcated habits of reserve and mistrust, fall into soliloquy. I have frequently seen the Chippewa Indians talking and gesticulating to themselves. In one of Goethe's novels, the catastrophe arises from a revelation made by the hero when unconsciously soliloquising: this was criticised as absolutely grotesque and unnatural. Goethe might have been trusted as one who knew all qualities with a learned spirit. The fact is, he drew from himself, and had, besides, another example of the same in a near relative. Goethe was in the habit of walking up and down his room, and talking audibly to himself, and was not pleased to be overheard or observed.

One evening—it was summer-time, and about sunset, when the streets are nearly deserted—I was walking up Portland Place, and before me walked a lady perfectly well dressed, and leading a little child of four or five years old; she was speaking audibly—in fact, soliloquising,—reproaching herself bitterly for some mistake committed, and settling a plan of operations, by which she would engage a brother to do something she required. She went through an imaginary conversation: "He will say So and so;—then I will say So and so," perfectly coherent, and well and even eloquently expressed.

JULIANA.

I thank you for your punctuality. Herr Meerfeld, will you pardon me for running away from you yesterday? I had an engagement to tea—was obliged to dress.

MEERFELD.

Make no ceremony with me. I trust we shall see enough of each other in the course of our lives, not to grudge a quarter of an hour one way or another.

JULIANA.

That is just the question.

MEERFELD.

Question!—why should it be a question? Look you, I feel nothing but kindness towards you:*—a more agreeable man you might easily find, but not a truer heart; and if, as I am assured, your affections are free, I cannot conceive why you should reject my hand.

JULIANA (*seriously*).

My doubts have nothing to do with the state of my heart.

* This phrase ill expresses the cordial German Ich bin Ihnen herzlich gut! ich würde sie den Händen tragen! But to translate more literally were to make honest Meerfeld say much more than he feels or means, which, however true to the literal sense, were false to the character.

MEERFELD.

If your understanding is to decide, I have no fears.

JULIANA.

It is an affair of conscience. Permit me to ask you one thing, Herr Meerfeld?

[*At this moment Wiesel opens a door softly, and looks in; but on seeing Meerfeld and Juliana, draws back; he remains, however, listening, unperceived by them, during the remainder of the scene, his head appearing from time to time through the half open door.*

When you proposed to me, you believed me a rich heiress—did you not?

MEERFELD.

True, I did.

JULIANA.

And this belief was the real cause of your proposal—was it not?

MEERFELD.

Partly, I confess it; for do you see, I cannot lie for the soul of me!

JULIANA.

You would not have chosen me, then, had I been poor?

MEERFELD.

Hardly, for in that case I had not been here.

JULIANA.

You have no objection to money, I see: you think a good fortune a good thing?

MEERFELD.

Why, money is not to be despised, as we in trade know full well; but on this point make yourself easy; I am not covetous, and regard riches as an instrument, not an object. I am not such a bad calculator, believe me, as to sacrifice my happiness or my inclinations for money. If you did not please me, I would not take you with all your fortune.

JULIANA (*smiling*).

I have the honour to please you, then?

MEERFELD.

You *do* please me.

JULIANA.

Yet you say you are not in love with me?

MEERFELD.

I suspect I am on the high road to it.

JULIANA.

Then it becomes my duty to tell you, ere the blow fall, that my father is on the eve of bankruptcy.

MEERFELD.

Bankruptcy!—impossible!—you jest!

JULIANA.

It is hardly a subject for jesting, Herr Meerfeld!

MEERFELD.

But, great Heaven!—what can have happened so suddenly?

JULIANA.

It has not happened suddenly: he had terrible losses some time ago, and then ensued the failure of a great house at Frankfort. He kept these circumstances secret, and hoped in time to recover them; but the splendid establishment he has been obliged to keep up for the sake of concealing his embarrassments has completely ruined him; and now things have gone so far, that he must close his accounts.

MEERFELD.

Are you certain of what you say?

JULIANA.

I have it from my father's lips.

MEERFELD (*walking up and down*).

It does not please me,—it does not please me at all!

JULIANA.

That I can easily believe.

MEERFELD.

That he should not think proper to divulge his embarrassed circumstances, I can understand—but to me!—surely he might have treated *me* fairly and honestly.

JULIANA.

Forgive him this reserve: you can conceive that his last dependence was on his rich son-in-law.

MEERFELD.

Worse and worse!

JULIANA.

It does not sound well, I confess.

MEERFELD (*after a pause*).

I thank you, Mamsell Juliana, for this communication; but I could almost wish you had not made it.

JULIANA.

Why so?

MEERFELD.

I must give up all thought of marrying you.

JULIANA.

Of course—I understand.

MEERFELD.

No—do not *mis*understand me, Juliana. I cannot endure it. Now that I have seen you—that your charms have touched my heart—it is not the loss of your fortune that would prevent my persisting in my suit—no; but your father has not treated me well—has not acted towards me as a man of honour, and therefore cannot be my father-in-law. I take my leave (*he kisses her hand with emotion*) with a sad heart—(*he goes*

towards the door, then returns, and kisses her hand once more)—farewell!

[*He hurries out—a pause—Juliana looks after him anxiously.*

JULIANA.

Well, I have accomplished my object. I ought to be satisfied, and am *not*—far from it. The man almost made me tremble, and I could have sunk with shame; and then that he should go and think unworthily of my father;—that error at least I will not leave him long.

[*As she is going, Wiesel creeps into the room with a sort of cat-like precaution.*

What brings you here, Herr Wiesel?

WIESEL (*bowing*).

Only come to pay my respectful compliments, and ask after your health; also to inquire if I can have the honour of waiting on Herr Freymann?

JULIANA (*going to the door*).

Johann!

Enter JOHANN.

Do you know where my father is?*

* In addressing the servant, Juliana uses the third person singular Er, only adopted towards inferiors and domestics, and not generally used even in this case.

JOHANN.

He is still in his dressing-room, and the door locked.

JULIANA.

In his dressing-room! and it is nearly nine o'clock!

JOHANN.

I brought him a letter from the post this morning at six o'clock, and since then no one has seen him: he has not even rung for breakfast.

JULIANA.

Knock at his door, and announce Herr Wiesel. (*Johann goes*). (*Aside.*) I am in a fit mood indeed to listen to his idle gossip. [*Exit.*

WIESEL.

Herr Freymann—bankrupt! I am in a cold perspiration all over. Bankrupt!—what a horrid word, and not good German either: another proof that all mischief comes from foreign parts. Herr Freymann (*sinking his voice*) bankrupt! Who in the wide world is to be trusted? Lucky for me that I am the first to know it. Listening in the doorway is no bad thing at times. I don't know why it should be thought wrong, for my part—it is only one's laudable anxiety after truth; and this time it will be, perhaps, the saving of my little income,* and of use to my

* Mein bischen Armuth,—literally, *my bit of poverty.*

friends beside; for, as soon as I have my own twenty thousand dollars safe, I will warn the Baroness Barnow, Fraülein von Werneck, and the old Landrath Sturm,* who I know have money in Freymann's hands.

Enter FREYMANN.

FREYMANN (*rather out of humour*).

You inquired for me, Herr Wiesel? If your visit has anything to do with business, I am at your service,—otherwise I must beg to be excused.

WIESEL (*fawningly*).

My most important business is to inquire after the health of my respected friend.

FREYMANN.

I'm quite well, thank you.

WIESEL.

My dear sir, are you sure of it? You have a frown on your brow—a certain twitch of your eyebrows, which does not please me.

FREYMANN.

Those who have their heads full of business cannot escape anxious moments; the idle and empty-headed can always go about with a smooth

* Landrath is a provincial office of some importance in Germany.

brow. And so, if you came here only to make notes on my physiognomy——

WIESEL.

Excuse me, I came to speak on another, but far less interesting affair.

FREYMANN.

Speak, then.

WIESEL.

About my poor twenty thousand dollars.

FREYMANN.

You have received your half year's interest?

WIESEL.

Yes, I believe for the last time.

FREYMANN.

How mean you?

WIESEL.

I wish to withdraw my capital.

FREYMANN.

So suddenly?

WIESEL.

I think of buying a little estate. You see, my very good Herr Freymann, these times make one uneasy: if one has a few dollars, one finds it safest to invest them in land, which at least stands fast—no one can run away with it.

FREYMANN.

I hear no talk of war: the last advices confirm the peace.

WIESEL.

That may be a feint, my dear sir. So just have the goodness to tell down my twenty thousand dollars: to any other banker such a sudden demand might be perplexing; but for you, twenty thousand dollars are, I know, a mere beggarly trifle.

FREYMANN.

Twenty thousand dollars at once!—even for me the sum is not quite insignificant.

WIESEL.

Why, it cannot ruin you?

FREYMANN.

No, no; but have you seriously made up your mind?

WIESEL.

To purchase land?—yes. I intend to live for the beauties of nature—quite rural: I shall set up a brewery.

FREYMANN.

Take time to reflect.

WIESEL.

Time to reflect! This is the first time I ever heard you give such advice to any one; but perhaps my request is particularly unseasonable?

FREYMANN.

I am ready to meet it, of course; but you are in no great hurry, I presume?

WIESEL.

Excuse me; in a most prodigious hurry.

FREYMANN.

Well, you shall have it immediately. (*Aside.*) I must not let the fool know that his demand could never have come at a worse time.

[*He goes out.*

WIESEL.

Ay, it's all true—he's bankrupt. I must warn my friends instantly. [*He goes out.*

SCENE II.—*Frederica's room; on one side there is a small bookcase, with several books; on the other a table with work and writing materials; near the window, glasses containing faded flowers.*

Enter WILLMAR.

WILLMAR.

She is not here; she must be at church still. I have a moment to collect myself: and truly it is no light matter to have to tell an amiable and respectable girl that one does not like her well enough to marry her. What can I say? I shall never know how to begin, nor what words to use: she was so agitated when her uncle spoke of my supposed love for her!—Poor Frederica! —I think perhaps she might love me, and truly,

if I tried to win her love; and to what am I about to sacrifice her?—to a blind passion, which, I feel it to-day more than ever, can never, never conduce to the happiness of my life: but neither is Frederica the wife for me, after all. Mere good-nature, without intelligence or education, would make a marriage of peace, but it would be the peace of the tomb. (*He looks round.*) I wonder what her occupations are when alone—(*he goes to the book-case*)—"The Roman History," History of Germany," Essays on Natural History," Geography," and a map beside it. She seems to have a turn for study, and serious study too;—but what's this? Schiller's "Wallenstein," and his "Maid of Orleans?" Indeed! the masterpieces of our literature are not unknown to her; she enjoys them here alone, and is modestly silent while Juliana amuses herself with jests on her ignorance. (*Opens a book.*) Passages marked with her pencil, I see. (*He replaces the book thoughtfully, and goes to the table and seats himself.*) Her embroidery, (*taking it up,*) how beautiful and delicate!—her account-book—(*opens it, then opens another*)—and this, "Extraits de l'Histoire Romaine." Ha! she not only reads, but she understands well what she reads, and writes French fluently. (*Rising.*) I know not which is most admirable, the studious industry

of this girl, who, while she faithfully discharges her duties, finds time to cultivate her mind, or the modest concealment of her own talents.

Enter CHRISTINE: *she has a bouquet of flowers in her hand: after looking at Willmar attentively, she smiles and curtsies.*

CHRISTINE.

I beg pardon, sir; I have the honour to see Herr Willmar, I believe?

WILLMAR.

How do you know my name?

CHRISTINE.

In Mamsell Frederica's own room what other young man could I expect to find but her bridegroom?

WILLMAR (*with a start*).

Her bridegroom!—(*Aside.*) So it is already all over the house.

CHRISTINE.

You do not mean to make a secret of it, sir? You are to be married in a week, Herr Freymann says. Do pray tell me how it has all been settled so quick.

WILLMAR.

It is—it was—but you seem to take an interest in Frederica.

CHRISTINE.

I was her nurse—I brought her up, God bless her! Ah, Herr Willmar, you are a happy man! you have won a treasure—a very jewel! I know Frederica's heart better than any one in the world, and I can tell you what she is—an angel! You see me, sir, a poor old woman, almost helpless, and yet I am always comfortably dressed, and never know cold or hunger; for Mamsell Frederica sometimes sits up all night to work for my support.

WILLMAR.

Has she not a kind uncle?

CHRISTINE.

O, but she will not have me receive alms from any one; so she says.

WILLMAR.

Excellent, noble creature!

CHRISTINE.

You didn't know *that* of her, did you? O how I have wept to be such a burthen to her! Often I wished that I could die, that she might be rid of me; but now it is all over. Heaven took pity on us, and has rewarded the dear child as I scarcely dared to hope. How I long to see her!—How happy she will be!—for I know how her heart was towards you—I saw it long ago.

WILLMAR.

Indeed!

CHRISTINE.

I don't think she was conscious of it herself, dear child! And so, sir, just imagine my astonishment, when I was at early prayers this morning, to hear the banns published.

WILLMAR.

What banns?

CHRISTINE.

Why yours and Mamsell Frederica's, to be sure. The old gentleman gave directions yesterday evening, as I learned afterwards.

WILLMAR (*aside*).

Just like him! fatal precipitancy!

CHRISTINE.

Well, I was all over hot and cold in a moment, and then I began to weep; so that everybody in church turned round to look at me.

WILLMAR (*aside*).

And yet who knows? it may be a hint from heaven.

CHRISTINE.

As soon as church was over, I ran home, and gathered all the flowers in my flower-pots, that I might decorate her little room here. I think I hear her.

[*She goes to the window, throws out the*

faded flowers, and begins to arrange the others in the empty glasses.

WILLMAR (*aside*).

She is coming—what can I say or do? I *must* have a moment to think.

[*He steps aide, so as to be concealed by the window curtain.*

Enter FREDERICA.

CHRISTINE (*meeting her*).

At last! my dear, sweet Frederica! I have heard strange news—wonderful things, my child! but how are you?—what do you say to it all?—you find here—(*she looks round*)—why, what has become of him?

FREDERICA.

Of whom?

CHRISTINE.

Your bridegroom, Herr Willmar.

FREDERICA.

Was *he* here?

CHRISTINE.

He was talking to me a minute ago—a strange man! He must have vanished just when I was putting the flowers in the glasses.

FREDERICA.

Do you know him, then?

CHRISTINE.

O he told me who he was, and we talked an immensity.*

FREDERICA.

And what did he say?

CHRISTINE.

O! a great deal—but I don't exactly remember what.

FREDERICA (*with a melancholy smile*).

You had all the talk to yourself, I suspect, my good Christine.

CHRISTINE.

O no, indeed!—he said—he said—just what he ought to say.

FREDERICA.

Did he look pleased, or the contrary?

CHRISTINE.

I dare say he might be a little vexed not to find you here, but he will come back directly; and meantime you will tell me everything. I am quite anxious to know how it all happened: when did Willmar declare his love for you?

FREDERICA.

He never declared his love—he never uttered one word of it to me.

* Wir sprachen ein Langes und Breites! is the German idiom.

CHRISTINE.

That is most unaccountable, and yet you are his bride.

FREDERICA.

His bride! O no! I do not yet consider myself as such.

CHRISTINE.

But, for heaven's sake, how is it?

FREDERICA.

My uncle called me yesterday into the drawing-room, where I found Willmar and Juliana. He told me that Willmar loved me, and had offered me his hand. I know not how I felt at the moment; the fright, and I believe the joy too, struck me speechless. I trembled, and burst into tears: my uncle understood my tears to signify consent—drew me into his own room—forced on me the most beautiful presents of dresses and ornaments. Meantime Prince Adolphus sent to command Willmar's attendance; and, half an hour before the usual hour, my cousin Juliana dragged me in a manner to the theatre, whence I did not return till very late. And that is all I can tell you of the matter.

CHRISTINE.

That is certainly quite a new style of match-making.

FREDERICA.

Alas, Christine! my good uncle, I fear, has again been in too great a hurry; he is so quick with everything: he loves Willmar, he feels kindly towards me; what he wished, he persuaded himself to believe, and on this supposition he has acted.

CHRISTINE.

And must I then lock up all my joy again?* It cannot be—the banns have already been published.

FREDERICA.

Yes, as I heard with terror.

CHRISTINE.

And why with terror?

FREDERICA.

Because, till now, I have been unobserved, unknown; I am now rendered an object of remark, only to be, at the same time, an object of ridicule,

CHRISTINE.

Ridicule!—if you are married to Herr Willmar! And, after all, he must marry you—he cannot go back.

FREDERICA.

And do you, Christine, think me base enough

* This is a Germanism—"Meine ſrende wieder in den Schrank ſpenen."

to accept his hand, unless assured of his love? and—(*in a melancholy tone*)—he does not love me.

CHRISTINE.

And why should he not love you, I should like to know?

FREDERICA.

As long as I never dreamed of such a thing, I was tranquil, and even happy; but all is changed now. One moment of hope that I might possess such a heart, has destroyed my peace for ever.

WILLMAR (*suddenly steps forward in uncontrollable emotion, and snatches her hand, which he presses to his lips.*

'Tis yours, and wholly yours—this erring heart! —generous, noble girl, I offer it to you—O deign to sanctify it, to heal its wounds!—And now to my benefactor, to thank him on my knees for the gem he has bestowed on me.

[*He rushes out; Frederica stands breathless, gazing on him, and then throws herself into Christine's arms.*

The curtain falls.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A Room in Freymann's House.*

FREDERICA *is discovered putting the room in order.*

Now all is ready: every thing goes on well with me to-day, because I am *so* happy! Good Willmar! I feel now how long I have loved him. He is secretary to the Prince—is well off in the world, and might have had his choice among the richest and fairest of our town—and he has chosen the poor Frederica! No, never will I forget it in my whole life, which shall be devoted henceforth to make him as happy as he deserves.

Enter JULIANA.

JULIANA.

Good morning, Frederica!—blushes! and sparkling triumph in your eyes! what's the matter?

FREDERICA (*suddenly abashed*).

I was not aware——

JULIANA.

Have you seen Willmar?

FREDERICA.

Yes, a few minutes ago.

JULIANA.

Soh! and did he say anything?

FREDERICA.

Only a few words.

JULIANA (*examining her*).

And you are satisfied, Frederica?

FREDERICA.

Surely—why not?

JULIANA.

You are a reasonable, good girl: but you shall be no loser by it;—I will provide for you; I will share my dowry with you, if need be, to get you a good husband——

FREDERICA.

Have I not, poor as I am, already found one?

JULIANA.

Found a husband! who—in the name of goodness?

FREDERICA.

The only man whom I would ever have accepted; the man whom I suspect you yourself have obtained for me. Am I not Willmar's bride?

JULIANA.

My dear Frederica, hear me: this affair with Willmar seems a little doubtful still; what did he say to you?—tell me plainly.

FREDERICA (*looking down*).

He told me that—that he loved me—that his heart was wholly mine.

JULIANA.

He told you that?

FREDERICA.

Why should he not?

JULIANA (*suppressing her vexation*).

To be sure he should—he ought to say no less, and I only wish that I could be sure there was no mistake in the case.

FREDERICA.

I could not misunderstand his words.

JULIANA.

Tell me, Frederica—do you really love Willmar?

FREDERICA.

I was not sure of it till to-day.

JULIANA.

And before yesterday you had never thought of him?

FREDERICA.

O yes, I thought of him constantly from the first moment I knew him—but I did not suppose —I dared not hope—I did not imagine——

[*She stops in confusion.*

JULIANA.

Well—'tis all very well—but you are wanted below; all the servants are calling after you.

FREDERICA (*approaches Juliana timidly*).

I found you here yesterday with Willmar when your father led me into the room;—if you had any share in bringing this about, be glad to know that you have secured the happiness of my life.

[*She presses Juliana's hand to her lips, and goes out.*

JULIANA.

What can all this mean?—is it possible that Willmar——? I must speak to him—I must have it cleared up:* ah heaven! he is here!

Enter WILLMAR (*who starts back on seeing her*).

JULIANA.

Pray come in, Herr Willmar—whom were you seeking?

* "Ich muß Licht haben,"—literally, "I must have light."

WILLMAR.

Your father—I found his door locked.

JULIANA.

And what do you want with my father?

WILLMAR.

I wished to thank him——

JULIANA (*ironically*).

For giving you Frederica, I suppose?

WILLMAR.

I feel the full value of the gift, believe me.

JULIANA.

Willmar, I am not pleased with you; a jest may be carried so far as to become too serious at last. You reproached me yesterday with the falsehood, inconsiderately uttered, on the spur of the moment, and accused me of cruelty to Frederica; do you make no scruple now to confirm this poor girl in her error—and in cold blood too?

WILLMAR.

What error? is it not in consequence of your own words, spoken in my name, and which I had not the courage to contradict, that Frederica is now my acknowledged bride? and assuredly I am not such a wretch as to abandon a woman under such circumstances.

JULIANA.

Willmar!

WILLMAR.

Your father has proclaimed to every one my supposed declaration, and the banns have been asked in church.

JULIANA.

And you are, like all your sex, faithless: you love Frederica, or have taken a sort of fancy to her, and are glad to find some excuse for ending a liaison of which you were tired—is it not so?

WILLMAR.

Juliana, it was hard, very hard, to tear my heart from you—and that self-inflicted wound is still bleeding, still aching; but do not accuse me of inconstancy: so completely had your charms entangled me, that even on this last occasion I might again—as before—have sacrificed duty to love: 'twas yourself alone gave me power to be free—by destroying the ideal excellence I had worshipped in my heart.

JULIANA.

And pray is Frederica now this fair ideal excellence?

WILLMAR.

I have learned to know Frederica—she is not the ignorant, silly creature you suppose her; and if she do not aim at dazzling the imagination,

she is not the less capable of forming the permanent happiness of a true-hearted man.

JULIANA.

In other words, she will make an excellent cook and housekeeper.

WILLMAR.

And a *friend*, Juliana—a friend, when the illusions of youth are over.

JULIANA.

Upon my word, Willmar, you grow quite prosaic: well, I wish you joy of your paradise of pantries and nurseries, in which I fancy I see the venerable couple—spectacles on nose—Ha! ha! ha! [*Forcing a laugh.*

WILLMAR.

Do not mock that humble happiness for which you may one day sigh in vain. Juliana, I once truly loved you; listen to the prayer of a friend, to whom your destiny can never be indifferent. You have beauty, talents—you are not ill-natured —O be but true, that I may still confess with pride that you were my heart's first love.

JUILANA (*struggling with her emotion*).

Quite unnecessary—I think it will be better in future to treat each other as if we were entire strangers. [*She bursts into tears.*

WILLMAR.

You weep!

JULIANA.

Yes—but—but not for you. I always cry when I'm angry, and you say such disagreeable things! Go, sir! leave me for heaven's sake—I choose to be alone.

Enter FREYMANN.

FREYMANN.

Are you there, Francis, and you, Juliana?—I am glad I find you both together: I wished to speak to you, children—but on no pleasant subject.

JULIANA.

What is it, papa?

FREYMANN.

Do you know or suspect anything already, my child?—you seem agitated.

JULIANA.

I know of nothing whatever.

FREYMANN.

Well, I will not keep you in suspense with a long preface—better to be knocked on the head than racked. I am on the eve of bankruptcy!

WILLMAR.

What do you say?

JULIANA.

Is it possible?

FREYMANN.

It is even so. I grieve for you, my Juliana, for who knows if Meerfeld will not now be off? I grieve for you, Francis, for I am no longer able to give a dower to Frederica: but most I grieve for myself, who, without any fault of my own, am doomed to dishonour and disgrace in my old age.

JULIANA.

Have you, then, suffered any serious loss?

FREYMANN.

Yes, I received this morning information of the failure of the house of Van der Werft in Amsterdam, in whose hands I had placed a considerable sum; but from this blow I might have recovered—it is not this which brings me to ruin.

JULIANA.

What, then, my dear father?

FREYMANN.

It is the report—I know not by what inconceivable means spread through the whole town—that I am threatened with bankruptcy—that my credit is gone, and all who have funds in my hands are drawing them at once, and without notice.

JULIANA.

Ah, what a dreadful thought comes across me!

FREYMANN.

Wiesel, it seems, was the first to give the alarm, and I immediately received letters from the Landrath Sturm, and the Baroness von Barnow, requiring their money. The Baroness writes in plain words that she can no longer entrust me with her property, having heard from Wiesel of the failure of a great house with which I am connected, and which Wiesel declares he had from your lips, Juliana.

JULIANA.

O heaven! O wretch that I am!

FREYMANN.

Nay, my child, do not tremble—do not be alarmed—I know it is impossible—I know you could not even have heard of this embarrassment.

JULIANA.

And yet—O my father!—spurn me from you—it is I—it is I who have brought you to ruin!

FREYMANN.

Girl!—you know not what you are saying: don't drive me distracted.

JULIANA (*starting up*).

Did you not say it was Wiesel who—O where were my senses?—did I not meet him just at the door when Meerfeld left me?—he, with his vile intrusive curiosity, must have overheard all!

FREYMANN.

Overheard!—whom, and what, in heaven's name?

JULIANA (*wringing her hands*).

O ask not! ask not! My poor father!—ruined, undone in his old age—branded with dishonour—and through me—through me, (*runs to the door*)—here Johann—Johann!

FREYMANN.

What are you about?

Enter JOHANN.

JOHANN.

Mamsell?

JULIANA.

Go instantly to Herr Meerfeld—tell him I request he will come down here immediately—this very moment.

JOHANN.

Herr Meerfeld is not in the house—he went out about half an hour ago, and has since sent for his portmanteau.

JULIANA.

So! and where has he ordered it to be sent to?

JOHANN.

His servant told me he had ordered it to be packed on his carriage; post-horses are ordered at the Golden Lion at eleven exactly, for his

master is obliged to return to Hamburg in all haste.

JULIANA (*commanding herself*).

Of course we know all about it—(*suddenly changing her tone*)—O no, no, no! I will never lie again—we know nothing—go—you may go! (*Johann goes out*). Meerfeld going, and with this unworthy opinion of my father!—I will not endure it: I must speak to him, or die. Willmar, if ever my father deserved your gratitude, fly to the inn, and bring Meerfeld to me this instant.

WILLMAR.

What can you have to say to a man who has forsaken you, only because fortune has forsaken you? Let him go; your father shall not suffer. I have now an income; what is mine is his: and at my leisure hours I can earn something by copying. My benefactor shall never know the want of any comfort during his life; and Frederica—she too will work hard. We will defer our marriage till——

FREYMANN.

Francis, you are a fine fellow; if I could ever accept assistance from any man's hand, I would from yours; but I shall not need it—my plans are already settled. I shall give up all I possess to my creditors, and try to get a place as steward

on some estate; which, with such an extensive connexion, can hardly fail me.

JULIANA (*struggling to speak*).

I am content with all—I *must* be—but I *will* see Meerfeld.

FREYMANN.

Not for the universe. I will not have you exchange one word with that man, or we shall fall out, Juliana, for the first time in our lives.

JULIANA.

You do not think I would ask him to assist you! I am not yet fallen so low as that. But this stranger shall not carry this degrading opinion of us back to his own home, nor be allowed to trample on my father's honour. Willmar, (*lowering her voice,*) you loved me once—bring me Meerfeld, or see me despair!

WILLMAR.

I *will* bring him. Whatever may be your reasons for wishing to speak to him, unworthy of your father you cannot be.

[*He goes out.*

FREYMANN (*following*).

Francis, stay—I command you.

JULIANA (*throwing herself at his feet*).

O my father! let him go; and you—hear the confession of all my guilt!

FREYMANN.

Don't distract me, child! *

JULIANA.

'Twas I told Meerfeld that you were on the eve of bankruptcy; and Wiesel must have overheard us.

FREYMANN.

Nonsense! how could you tell him what you did not know?

JULIANA.

I thought to lie, and knew not I spoke truth. I wished to try Meerfeld's love—O no, no! 'twas not that—I wished to get rid of him, because I loved Willmar.

FREYMANN.

Willmar! and you could thus fool your old father! And he—and I—what a cursed history! But, you foolish girl, if you loved Willmar, why did you not tell me so a month ago? I would have given you to him with all my heart.

JULIANA.

O, I see it now!—a fatal propensity for intrigue has led me into all this error. Love itself was only attractive under a veil of mystery; and thus have I lost the man of my choice, and re-

* Mache mir den Kopf nicht warm, "don't make my head hot."

duced the best of fathers to beggary and disgrace!

FREYMANN.

Juliana—I must needs say it—you have acted foolishly—and—and even wickedly.

JULIANA.

O never, never will I forgive myself!

FREYMANN.

Say no more—no more, child. Something must be done instantly, that Meerfeld may not regard me, for the rest of his life, as a mean, dishonourable liar.

Enter WIESEL (*bowing at every step*).

WIESEL.

Your most obedient, humble servant.

FREYMANN (*in a rage*).

There! We did not speak loud enough to be heard outside the door, Herr Wiesel; and that, I presume, is the reason you venture in.

WIESEL.

Beg pardon; I really don't comprehend.

JULIANA (*scornfully*).

Not for want of ears then.

WIESEL.

(*Aside.*) It's a proof there's no want of money when people are so uncivil! (*Aloud.*) My very

dear sir, my most particular friend, I should be sorry if my visit were troublesome—

FREYMANN.

It is so then.

WIESEL.

Indeed! and I'm come to reproach you too, my good friend.

FREYMANN.

Reproach!—me!

WIESEL.

Why, man,* what could you think of me? Did you really doubt my confidence in your honour, and the stability of your house? Why, if I had millions, I would willingly place them in your hands!—ay, millions—and sleep as sound as if they were under my own lock and key. (*Turning to Juliana.*) Only conceive, because I said something this morning about a bit of an estate that had taken my fancy, and because I happened to say, not referring to myself in the least, that in these times it wouldn't be unadvisable to make such a purchase, my old gentleman here takes offence,† and sends me back half an hour after, in bills and good notes, my poor twenty thousand dollars. Now, I only ask

* Mänchen! mänchen!

† Literally, "The old gentleman gets mustard in his nose."

you, Mamsell Juliana, if that's the way to treat an old friend of the family?

FREYMANN.

Sir, have you lost your senses, or I mine?

JULIANA.

Do you mean to say that my father has paid you?

WIESEL.

Your excellent and worthy bridegroom, Herr Meerfeld, brought me the sum in your father's name.

FREYMANN.

Meerfeld!

WIESEL (*taking bank notes out of a pocket-book*).

Yes, by your own wish; but I have brought my poor little property back to thrive under your good care and management.

FREYMANN (*putting them aside*).

What does all this mean?

WIESEL.

I hope my most excellent friend Herr Freymann will not make me miserable for the sake of a pitiful misunderstanding? Where in the world shall I find so safe a house, and five per cent. interest besides?

FREYMANN (*to Juliana*).

This would puzzle the devil himself.

JULIANA.

O, I begin to understand it all!

WIESEL.

You are angry, my worthy friend! O pray don't be angry! You see this has been a day of confusion, and every man mistook his neighbour. And—he, he, he!—it was just as if all your acquaintance had combined to put the stability of your house to the proof. For example, I am just come from the Landrath Sturm, who begs his respects to you, and earnestly requests you will not take any further notice of a certain letter he says he sent you this morning.

FREYMANN.

I must confess it surprised me not a little.

WIESEL.

O you know the Landrath—he's old and nervous—listens to anything people say; but I brought him to reason. Says I, "Herr Landrath, where upon earth could you place your money more safely than in the hands of our friend Freymann?—a man," said I, "who was able to lay down the Baroness Barnow's thirty thousand dollars at a moment's warning?"

FREYMANN.

So the baroness has had her money, has she?

WIESEL.

Your worthy son-in-law knows how to do business, and doesn't let the grass grow under his feet; and his promptitude has had an effect—such an effect, my dear sir, as you can hardly conceive. Why, the worthy Fraülein von Warneck was within a hair's breadth of placing her property in government securities; but, Lord bless you! she changed her mind in a twinkling, when she saw that Freymann's bank was as sure as the exchequer, and that it would be folly indeed to take three per cent. interest when she could get four.

FREYMANN.

I hope no capitalists will ever repent trusting me with their property; but, for the present, good morning, Herr Wiesel, for I have business.

WIESEL.

May I take the liberty just to leave my few dollars with you?

FREYMANN.

As you please—only go—pray.

WIESEL.

Will you not count the money?

FREYMANN.

I will lock it up in your presence;—(*he throws it into a drawer of his bureau, and gives the key to*

Wiesel;) here, take the key with you, and call on me this evening or to-morrow.

WIESEL.

Without fail; and in the mean time I have the honour to take my most respectful leave.

[*He goes out bowing.*

FREYMANN, JULIANA.

FREYMANN.

'Tis well he's gone; I was very near betraying myself to this idle fool. Did you understand one word of it all?

JULIANA.

O yes—I see it all plainly. Meerfeld!—yes, 'tis like him—excellent, honourable man! Meerfeld it is who has saved us!

FREYMANN.

Meerfeld who has abandoned us! who was hurrying back to Hamburg!

JULIANA.

O you do not know him—do not yet understand this singular being!—but I do. An explanation with him is more necessary than ever; he shall take back his benefits, or think of us as we deserve. Ha! they come!

Enter WILLMAR *with* MEERFELD.

WILLMAR.

Here he is!—I have redeemed my word.

MEERFELD.

Not without some difficulty, you will allow. It was my wish never to have entered these doors again; and only the express command of Juliana, communicated by Herr Willmar, could have induced me to alter my resolution.

FREYMANN.

You have paid my debts, man—have saved me from destruction, and would avoid me now as if I were the most worthless of men! Do you not know that we have no right to treat with scorn those whom we have loaded with benefits?

MEERFELD.

I would have avoided you, because the man who has treated me unfairly could never be my father-in-law; and I paid your engagements, that you might not suppose it was the mere loss of your property which had induced me to change my mind.

JULIANA.

Take back your favours, Herr Meerfeld, but respect my father! I alone am guilty.

MEERFELD.

You, Juliana!—you, who so honourably disclosed to me the real circumstances of your family?—you, for whose sake——

JULIANA.

Meerfeld, I resign all claim to your regard—

in truth no slight sacrifice in expiation of my fault. Know, that everything I told you this morning was mere invention, which a few hours later became, from unforeseen accidents, a melancholy truth.

FREYMANN.

Here is the fatal letter from Amsterdam—read it—observe the date: you will see I could not, by any possibility, have received it before this morning.

MEERFELD, (*holds the letter without reading it*).

You were my father's friend—I will trust your word; but — but what am I to think of *you*, Juliana?

JULIANA.

Even what you will. I will endure your contempt, now that my father is fully justified.

MEERFELD.

But contempt is just what I cannot feel towards you—for you please me. Shall I tell you? —be still now, and let me speak. You are young—young people have strange notions sometimes! and you are beautiful—and pretty women, we all know, have occasional caprices: you wanted to try me perhaps—you wanted to turn me off—who can tell what fancies may pass through the mind of a girl of eighteen! Let us forget the past, and do better for the future.

JULIANA.

So considerate towards me—and but a moment before so severe against my father!

MEERFELD.

Yes—for, look you—I was not in love with your father, and I *am* in love with you, as I begin to find out. Whether it be reasonable or unreasonable, I know not: it is so, and there is no help for it.

JULIANA.

O Meerfeld!

[*She turns away, and hides her face.*

MEERFELD (*gazes at her for a moment in silence*).

No, unreasonable it is not, for you have too good an understanding not to take warning from the past: and so, in your father's presence, I offer you my heart and my hand.

JULIANA.

Such an offer—at such a moment——

MEERFELD.

There could not be a better moment, methinks: give but your hand in token of consent, Juliana! Your father must then accept from his son-in-law what he disdains to receive from a stranger. So trust your future to me—you shall not repent it.

JULIANA.

Noble, excellent man!—here is my hand, (*with*

a glance at Willmar). I feel that in a husband I should require a guide—one too firm in character to be the sport of my caprices — one capable of inspiring at once both awe and love. I honour you, Meerfeld ! and my admiration for you must e'er long lead to love. Be the saviour of my father!—be my friend—my instructor !

Enter FREDERICA.

FREDERICA.

Herr Meerfeld's servant has begged me to inform his master that the post-horses are waiting.

MEERFELD.

They may go back to the stable, my dear young lady ; I remain here—the happiest of bridegrooms ! (*He kisses Juliana's hand.*)

FREDERICA.

May I wish you joy, Juliana ?

JULIANA (*embracing her*).

Frederica ! I have done you much wrong—much that you know, and much more you do not know. Forgive me, Frederica ! Here stands the man who will make you amends for all my injustice and unkindness—(*pointing to Willmar*).

WILLMAR.

Whose whole life shall be devoted to making you as happy as you deserve.

FREYMANN.

Well, then, after so many troubles and perplexities, all is as it should be. Victoria! and long life to reason, which has redeemed the follies of love! To-morrow we will have the betrothing, in a week the wedding, and in half a year, Herr Meerfeld, I will come to Hamburg and settle accounts with you. A-propos—Juliana, have you tried on any of the dresses? Why, bless my heart, all the people I had collected together are, I dare say, running different ways by this time. Excuse me if I leave you—I must go: I shall have time enough to give you all my blessing afterwards. [*Exit.*

FREDERICA (*to Juliana*).

May you be but as happy as I am!

WILLMAR (*kissing Juliana's hand*).

Continue in the path you have had the courage to take, and you will command the respect of every honourable mind.

[*He goes out with Frederica.*

JULIANA (*to Meerfeld, after a pause*).

You have spared me a terrible confession, Meerfeld; but at some future day you shall hear what, for the present, I willingly conceal: when my conduct has won your entire respect and confidence, then you shall know all; and I trust you will never repent the goodness which has

raised me from humiliation and despair to a capability of better things. You love truth, Meerfeld—let truth be the pledge of our union! O I have learned to-day that falsehood weaves the net in which the deceiver is sooner or later entangled, while truth stands fast amid all the storms of life!

THE END.

THE UNCLE.

(Der Oheim.)

A PLAY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

REMARKS.

THE Play of the UNCLE was performed for the first time at Berlin, in the autumn of 1835; where Emile Devrient, one of the greatest actors, not only of Germany, but of all Europe, played Dr. Löwe.* It was immediately afterwards produced at the Court theatre at Weimar; where Durand, an excellent actor, and a very amiable and accomplished man, performed the principal character with almost equal effect. The success of the comedy was complete in both capitals, and it has since appeared on every stage in Germany, and everywhere with applause. Of all the Princess Amelia's dramas the UNCLE has been perhaps the most frequently played, and has given the most general and unmingled pleasure: the causes of its success lie deep in the peculiar habits and sympathies of the German character; it is, in fact, the most essentially *German* of all these comedies, the one least likely to be understood in England. Some of those scenes which I remember to have been most effective on the stage, would not be comprehended by any English audience, would appear perhaps flat in effect and puerile in sentiment—perhaps provoke a smile, where feelings of a very opposite nature would be excited in Germany. We are in England almost as much the slaves of certain arbitrary associations

* Pronounced *Leuvé*.

as the French themselves, while the Germans are less subjected to the influence of conventional ridicule than any people among whom I have lived. To make an old bachelor, a physician, a recluse phiosopher, who feeds birds and dries butterflies, the serious hero and lover of the drama, is an idea which certainly would not have entered into the mind of any common playwright. Yet this original conception has been here most happily executed, without the slightest violation of nature or probability, as far as German manners and feelings are concerned. Dr. Löwe, with his personal negligence and his mental refinement, his child-like simplicity and moral grandeur, in the beautiful blending of homeliness, sentiment, humour, and pathos, is one of the happiest and most perfect delineations I have met with in the German modern drama. The fervent approval, the tearful sympathy, it never fails to excite, particularly among the young, and the high rank it has taken in the popular estimation, strike me as a very pleasing characteristic of the German public.

Anna, the young English heiress, has some *traits* which remind us of Miss Edgeworth's admirable character of Miss Broadhurst in the "Absentee"—with beauty and the softer graces of her sex superadded. Her self-dependence, her decision of purpose, her generous yet mistaken motives for marrying Julius, without being absolutely in love with him, and the going over of her heart to the Doctor, appear to me beautifully managed. Julius is just one of those whiskered, well-dressed, well-meaning, weak young men, so commonly to be met with, who are inclined to do right when they are not tempted to do wrong; and Anna is precisely the woman to be disgusted by the want of strength of mind and truth in her lover, the moment she has a perception of his real character. The part of Anna requires to be played with exquisite delicacy and grace, lest it verge, though ever so little, on prudery and harshness. It is most charmingly performed by Mademoiselle Bauer of Dresden, and Mademoiselle Lortzing of Weimar.

Madame Stürmer, the *malade imaginaire*, is a part which reads

ill, I am afraid,—at least in English ; but it acts well, and produces much comic effect.

In the second scene of the first act of this play, (page 149,) an allusion occurs which seems to require a more detailed and satisfactory explanation than can well be given in a marginal note. Madame Stürmer, lamenting her deceased husband, exclaims rather in the style of an Irish widow at her husband's wake—"Ach warum muſſte er sterben!" literally, *Ah why must he have died?*"—to which the satirical waiting-maid replies, *sotto voce*, "Um sich Eben scheidungs prozeſſ zu ersparen!" to spare himself the trial for a divorce ; a phrase which might easily, according to our English ideas on the subject, expose the lady to most undeserved imputations. The English law admits but one plea for divorce,—the infidelity of the wife. But in Saxony the legal pleas for divorce are several ; viz. 1. The proved infidelity of *either* party ; the wife, as in Scotland, being able on this plea to divorce her husband. 2. Bigamy on either side. 3. Desertion of home (bed and board) by either party. 4. Quasi-desertion ; that is, as I understand it, when the husband and wife have agreed to be separated for life without other cause than mutual aversion, disparity of temper or character, &c. ; and coercive measures have been tried, or apparently tried, without result. 5. An attempt made by either party on the life of the other. Lastly, any disgraceful crime subjecting one party to an imprisonment of not less than four years' duration, affords a legal plea for divorce to the other.

In cases of divorce on the plea of the husband's infidelity, he forfeits all claim whatever on the property of his wife. The care of the children is adjudged to the party who, upon evidence produced, appears most likely to give them a good education :—when very young, invariably to the mother, except where the guilt of infidelity rests with her. In no case can either parent be denied all access to the children, unless it be proved before a tribunal that the habitual course of life is so perverse as to endanger the moral well-being of the offspring : in that case, an order of prohibition is issued. The expense of the maintenance and education of the

children rests with the father; but should the mother be rich and the father poor, she also must contribute to their support, in proportion to her wealth.

Some years ago, before the late revolution in the Saxon government, divorce was more difficult than at present; while in Prussia it was less so. The law is at present almost on an equal footing in both countries, perhaps stricter in Prussia, where it has lately been altered, public morals having suffered greatly in consequence of the facility of divorce. Again, in Saxony, it was from consideration for the morals of the community that the law was relaxed: all which is worthy of reflection and investigation on deeper and higher grounds than mere superficial morality and expediency.

The expense of procuring a legal decree for divorce may be from twelve dollars (two pounds sterling) and upwards to a very large sum, according to the circumstances of the case.

The action of this drama we may suppose to take place at one of the small capitals* in the north of Germany, as Weimar, Cobourg, Stettin, Dessau, &c., where a young lady, rich, noble, and beautiful, might put on her bonnet and walk through the streets unattended, with perfect propriety.

* In German "*Residenzen*," as being the *residence* of the sovereign prince.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

JULIUS, BARON LÖWENBERG.	
DOCTOR LÖWE,	*His uncle.*
MADAME VON STÜRMER.	
ANNA,	*Her step-daughter.*
BARON RIEDLER.	
CATHARINE,	*A poor widow.*
MARTIN,	*The Doctor's servant.*
HENRIETTE,	*Madame Stürmer's maid.*
CHRISTIAN,	*Her footman.*
A NOTARY.	

THE UNCLE.

ACT I.

Scene the First.

A Street.

Enter Riedler *on one side, and* Henriette, *with a phial in her hand, on the other.*

RIEDLER.

Ha, Mamsell Henriette! whither away so fast?

HENRIETTE.

Whither—can you ask, sir? as if there was any way for me but from the house-door to the apothecary's shop!

RIEDLER.

Is your good lady fallen sick again, by way of a change?

HENRIETTE.

Oh, yesterday evening we had a terrible scene! She had an inflammation of the lungs, it seems; and because Dr. Richter wouldn't believe it, and refused to bleed her, she became downright mad, wished the doctor at the mischief, and herself in heaven; and, in short, went so far in the height of her fury, that the doctor ran off without his hat, and swore he would never enter the house again—a catastrophe which of a sudden changed my lady's inflammation into a bilious fever.

RIEDLER.

Bravo! admirable!—and how well you tell the story!

HENRIETTE.

Yes—I'm used to it—had always a knack at telling a story; and if I had not the comfort of relating the scenes that happen at home to half a dozen of my intimate acquaintance, I'm sure I don't think I could stay another hour in such a detested service.

RIEDLER.

And what said Miss Anna to all this ado?

HENRIETTE.

Why, Miss Anna had to play the harp to her

mamma from midnight till after one this morning, to quiet her nerves forsooth!

RIEDLER.

A very pleasant task!

HENRIETTE.

O that's nothing!—formerly, I remember that she had to play all night long; and all the physic that my lady takes, she must taste it first; and not long ago, when my lady had the toothache, they talked of pulling out one of Miss Anna's beautiful teeth, just that she might tell her mamma if it was really so very painful or not—ha, ha, ha!

RIEDLER (*laughing*).

That's awful.

HENRIETTE.

Ay, in truth; but so it always is, when one spoils people in that way. My young lady would bear it all, if it were ten times worse. Now, suppose a rich uncle had adopted me, and left me his sole heiress;—"My lady mamma," says I, "for your daughter I'm not good enough, it seems, and for your waiting-maid too good; you have your jointure, I have my dowry—the world is wide—your most obedient!" (*with a mock curtsey*).

RIEDLER.

Pity that Miss Anna has not so much sense as Mamsell Henriette!

HENRIETTE.

Sense! Lord knows you rich people have seldom much to boast of, and she hasn't a grain; for she can never conceive that with her foolish forbearance she causes us poor servants double trouble; and, in spite of all the pains I have taken, I have never been able to bring her to abuse the old lady yet.

RIEDLER.

That is really too bad.

HENRIETTE.

But, for all that, I want her to keep me in her service when she marries.

RIEDLER.

Is it possible she could think of discharging such a superlative attendant as Mamsell Henriette?—O no!

HENRIETTE.

This match with Baron Löwenberg will certainly take place, will it not?

RIEDLER.

I hope so.

HENRIETTE.

He is waiting for his mother's consent: but it cannot be refused—that is certain, isn't it?

RIEDLER.

Assuredly; and I even hope that to-day's

post will bring it—that is, supposing the mother to be a reasonable woman.

HENRIETTE.

Where does she live?

RIEDLER.

In Switzerland.

HENRIETTE.

In Switzerland! Oh I hope we shall go there after the wedding to pay her a visit. I once saw the Swiss Family at the play—(*sings*)—

"Who ever heard me complain?"

perhaps I may find a Jacob for myself.*

RIEDLER.

Of course you will: but here comes the Baron, and your lady will be asking for her medicine.

HENRIETTE.

O! she'll take another in the meantime.

[*She goes out.*

* Wer hörte wohl jemals mich klagen, "who ever heard me complain?"—one of the songs in a beautiful and popular opera composed by Weigl, now the imperial Kapell-meister at Vienna. Die Schweitzer Familie was produced once, and but once, I believe, in England by Sontag, when she sang the part of Emmeline for her benefit: it is also a favourite part of Mad. Schroeder-Devrient, and the one, I believe, in which she first appeared as a singer.

Enter JULIUS.

RIEDLER.

If there were such servants in every house, the secret police might save a good round sum.* Good morning, Löwenberg: how is it with you?

JULIUS.

Ill—ill.

RIEDLER.

Ill! the post is not come in then?

JULIUS.

Yes, it's come; but I wish one of those Swiss avalanches had stopped the road up, on its way.

RIEDLER.

You alarm me—have you had a letter from your mother?

JULIUS.

Yes—that's the very thing.

RIEDLER.

Why, surely against a marriage with the daughter of Baron Stürmer and Lady Temple, the sole heiress of her uncle the rich Lord Temple, she can have nothing to object?

JULIUS.

No, not exactly that—but hear what she writes—

* *i. e.* Because it would not be necessary to have hired spies in almost every family, as is the case at Vienna and Munich; and also, though the system is there less flagrant, in some of the northern capitals.

(*he reads*)—" My dear Son," and so forth—" with regard to your project of marrying this rich young Englishwoman, I have nothing against it, for my own part; but as in an affair of such importance I do not trust your inexperience, and not knowing, besides, how far your engagement with the Lindners may have gone, your excellent uncle must be the sole judge in this case; what he thinks right will have my approval; and his consent shall immediately be followed by mine."—Now what do you say to that?

RIEDLER.

That women were sent into the world for nothing else but to pull down what men have toiled to build up.

JULIUS.

Before I get my uncle's consent to a marriage with Anna, the stream shall flow backwards to its fountain.

RIEDLER.

Why, it seems he has dried flowers and empaled butterflies with old Lindner, and the girl Caroline has read Matthison's poems to him —and therefore he has set his heart on the match——

JULIUS.

And accordingly will never give his consent to any other.

RIEDLER.

You are too easily discouraged. Your uncle is an oddity—hard as a rock one day, and the next so soft, you may twine him round your finger.

JULIUS.

There you mistake him: he is not hard or soft, according to the day—but according to the matter in hand.

RIEDLER.

But it would be really a cursed bore if he were to ruin this marriage affair: what, after all, does he mean you to do in the world?

JULIUS.

He means the best, I believe—that I should become an active, useful member of society; that's what he means.

RIEDLER.

Active—useful—every journeyman labourer is that.

JULIUS.

And he esteems such labourers, Riedler. Don't take it ill—but really there are moments when I repent that I did not follow his advice from the beginning; I believe I had been better off for it. Now, indeed, all return is cut off—it is now too late.

RIEDLER.

Tell me what is it that disturbs you thus?

JULIUS.

Anna speaks just as my uncle does.

RIEDLER.

She's a prude and a pedant: if she hadn't so much money, I would really advise you to give her up.

JULIUS.

It is—I must needs say it—unpardonable, the way in which I have lately neglected my studies! —if I go on in this manner, I shall certainly forget everything I know.

RIEDLER.

Pooh!

JULIUS.

And besides, I have got horribly into debt.

RIEDLER.

A splendid appointment will make all right, and that you will have through the connexion I have obtained for you; and you shall not lose Anna's hand either. I will not lay my head to rest till I have gained it for you: and—— (*putting his hand to his forehead*)—I have just thought of a stroke of Genius! Anna is yours! and in a month from this we shall see your creditors scampering out of the way of your equipage.

JULIUS.

But hear me, Riedler—you don't mean to try your eloquence on my uncle? That were pains thrown away, and would probably only make the mischief worse.

RIEDLER.

Do you think me mad? Not a syllable shall he hear from me; he shall not even suspect that I have any hand in it, and yet I will weave such a net around him, that I will put it out of his power to refuse his consent—

JULIUS.

I do not comprehend—

RIEDLER.

Your uncle knows nothing of this new flame of yours?

JULIUS.

Assuredly not: I have never spoken of her, and he never listens to mere gossip.

RIEDLER.

Well, your uncle, in spite of this fancy of setting up for an old man at eight-and-thirty, is not absolutely insensible. Anna is beautiful, and somewhat tedious with her learning and her virtue—just the sort of thing to charm him—if he could see her without prejudice, and not as the beloved of his nephew; and that is just what we have to bring about.

JULIUS.

But even then we are still far from our object.

RIEDLER.

Not so far as you think.—Eh! if your uncle now, for example, should fall in love with her? —could he blame in his nephew an inclination in which he had got entangled himself?

JULIUS.

You know nothing about it. My uncle in love! I believe that for the last eighteen years, nothing of the feminine gender has interested him, except the wide-mouthed statue of Hope on the monument of his Marie.

RIEDLER.

That were precisely the jest—to make him faithless to his buried love, and so oblige him to forgive your infidelity to Caroline.

JULIUS.

I hope you do not mean to make my uncle ridiculous with this contrivance? I should not like that—nor would I suffer it.

RIEDLER.

Is love ridiculous?

JULIUS.

And besides, Anna will never consent to play a part in such a farce.

RIEDLER.

I do not intend to let her into our plan at all—

she does not know, does she, that Doctor Löwe is your uncle?

JULIUS (*confused*).

Why, the conversation never took that turn—never gave me an opportunity——

RIEDLER.

And then I had forbidden you to introduce yourself to these strangers at first as the son of a lately ennobled merchant.

JULIUS.

I cannot say it was *that* which prevented me——

RIEDLER.

Never mind what it was.—Well, I am going to Martini's to eat a hundred oysters—will you go?

JULIUS.

I have no time.

RIEDLER.

Ah, true—you must to your mistress; but let the heart be once satisfied, we shall have the appetite coming in for arrears. [*Exit.*

JULIUS.

Riedler is thoughtless, but he means well—and then he is not so *very* wrong in some respects: my uncle does not know what ambition is, and I should die a sort of moral death between him and Caroline.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the house of Madame Stürmer.

Enter MADAME STÜRMER, *leaning on* ANNA *and* HENRIETTE.

MADAME STÜRMER.

A little farther—there—set me down: do you not see how weak I am on my feet?

HENRIETTE.

A fly in September is stronger than your ladyship, truly.

MADAME STÜRMER.

And yet I do believe that Doctor Richter could see me in this condition, and have the audacity to prescribe me a ride for exercise. A man without a conscience is that Doctor Richter! let him go, but when I am dying, Henriette—then do me the kindness to send for him, and bring him here,—that before I depart this life I may have the satisfaction of hearing him confess how ill I am! Anna! you do not speak a word?

ANNA.

Will you not sit down, dear mother?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Mother! how often must I tell you that now you have grown so tall, and are well-nigh twenty, I don't choose to be called mother any longer? You have accustomed yourself to the word till it slips out before people; and there are some absurd enough, or short-sighted enough, to take you really for my own daughter.

ANNA.

And even in such a case would you be ashamed of me?

MADAME STÜRMER.

A grown-up daughter of twenty is no credit to a mother who has kept her good looks as I have done; and I think I show quite sufficient self-denial in keeping you with me. I might have sent you, after your father's death, to some boarding-school; but it was against my feelings.

HENRIETTE (*aside*).

And my interest.

ANNA.

Well, madam, you may be easy: I shall not be a burthen to you much longer.

MADAME STÜRMER.

That is just the question—I don't know that. You are to marry this young Löwenberg; but

he, as Baron Reidler assures me, intends to use all his influence to induce me to live in his house.

ANNA.

And in so far he proves his respect for *me*.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Certainly; but whether I shall yield to his request, depends entirely on your behaviour. I have been dreadfully neglected of late—dreadfully!

ANNA.

Will you not be pleased to sit down?

MADAME STÜRMER.

On the sofa. (*She sits.*) Yes, dreadfully neglected, as I was saying; but so it is always with a lonely widow. Ah, if your poor dear father could but see it all!

ANNA (*aside*).

And if he could, I trust he would be satisfied with his daughter.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Alas! why did he die?

HENRIETTE (*aside*).

To spare himself the trouble of a divorce, I fancy.

MADAME STÜRMER (*yawning*).

This young Löwenberg is a good sort of young man; I hope you will be happy with him.

ANNA.

I hope so too: for the motives of my attachment to him are sufficiently disinterested and honourable to lead to happiness. They are, compassion for an excellent but misguided young man; the wish to save him from that abyss, to the very brink of which his false friends have allured him; to be able to say in my heart, that the man of my choice owes all to me—all—that I have restored him to virtue, duty, and useful energy.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Every husband, Anna, is as a bit of rough clay, which it is the wife's part to model into something graceful and ornamental. But you wil have little trouble with yours; for I shall undertake to form him myself when I go to live with you. (*She yawns.*) Is Christian gone to Doctor Wilde?

HENRIETTE.

Yes, my lady, but he did not find him at home.

MADAME STÜRMER.

There!—such things happen to none but me. I did wish so urgently to see him at this very moment, for I feel that sleep coming over me —that waking sleep, you know———

HENRIETTE (*aside*).

Which lasts usually for six or seven hours together.

ANNA.

After a sleepless night, it is no wonder if you feel tired; lie down on the sofa, and we will leave you alone.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Alone, indeed! that I may sleep never to wake again? for what I feel, you may believe it or not, isn't weariness at all, but a horrid sort of stupor; when I close my eyes, such strange figures float before me!

HENRIETTE (*aside*).

A stranger figure before mine, when they are wide open.

MADAME STÜRMER (*lies down*).

Anna, sit by me; the cushion is too low; lay your arm under my head—so, so: and you, Henriette, go away; you have the bad habit of sighing every now and then, and that disturbs my rest.

HENRIETTE.

As your ladyship pleases. (*Aside.*) I shall know how to turn my sighs to good account for the future. [*Exit.*

MADAME STÜRMER.

Anna! what was I going to say? O yes!

when I go to live with you and your husband, my sleeping-room must look into the court-yard, and my sitting-room into the street. My maid's room must be next to my bed-room. I should like an ante-room also, if it could be managed—and a dressing-room—and a closet besides, where the dog might sleep;—and—and—Anna!—my thoughts wander—I think I must be delirious.

ANNA.

Only sleepy, dear madam.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Do you know that—lately—when we were at Domfeld's—I felt—Doctor Wilde must—(*her voice sinks in unintelligible murmurs, and at length she falls fast asleep.*)

ANNA.

She was my dear father's beloved wife: I will do my duty towards her as long as it rests with me.

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS.

Not a living soul in the ante-room—so you must pardon me.

ANNA.

Hush! hush! she sleeps. Come nearer, Julius, and sit down; I have been wishing for some time to speak to you alone.

JULIUS (*brings a chair, and seats himself near her*).

I will vow a temple to Morpheus for this favour.

ANNA.

Do not be in a hurry with such vows: who knows whether you will consider yourself so much bound to him, when I tell you that the subject of our conference will not be love, but something much more serious?

JULIUS.

Would you waste thus the few moments which fate allows us?

ANNA.

No—rather employ them wisely. But before I go on, Julius, have you any answer from your mother yet?

JULIUS (*confused*).

Not yet.

ANNA.

No matter; I flatter myself that I shall obtain her approbation: I have my mother's consent, and our union must take place shortly; a circumstance which obliges me to say, now and quickly, what is more fitly heard from the lips of the mistress than the wife. Julius, if you really do wish to make me happy, your mode of life must be in some things changed.

JULIUS.

How so?

ANNA.

You must, in the first place, employ yourself steadily: I know nothing more worthless than an idle man.

JULIUS.

I have finished my studies, and the place I hope to obtain——

ANNA.

Can only be deservedly obtained through hard work; and, undeserved, I could scarcely wish you to obtain it. Secondly, there are some friends from whom I wish you to break off, for never could I count them among mine.

JULIUS.

Is not Riedler——

ANNA.

He is a parasite, a flatterer, whom I endure for my mother's sake alone: and I presume it will not be difficult for you to find other society; for many of your expressions, your whole demeanour towards this man, prove to me that you have older, better friends, whom for him, and such as him, you have lately neglected. Julius, who was it who superintended your education?

JULIUS.

My uncle.

ANNA.

Have you had the misfortune to lose him?

JULIUS.

O no, he is still living; but he is——

ANNA.

He lives—and you have never yet mentioned him to me?

JULIUS (*greatly embarrassed*).

He is—how shall I express it?—a man of the last century—old-fashioned—but upright, that I must allow.

ANNA.

I should wish to make his acquaintance; does he reside in this town?

JULIUS.

No—that is—yes—but he receives no visiters whatever.

ANNA.

He will not surely refuse the bride of his nephew; when will you see him?

JULIUS.

I was thinking to-day—perhaps——

ANNA.

Very good—you will prepare him, then, to receive me.

Enter RIEDLER.

RIEDLER (*opening the door*).

May I come in?

ANNA.

Hush!

RIEDLER (*advancing*).

What do I see? our lady mother asleep, and Miss Anna's arm doing duty as a pillow? Never mind, I will release you from the task. (*Aside to Julius.*) But first, you must be off, for you are in my way here. I was just going to commence operations.

JULIUS (*aside*).

I fear some indiscretion.

RIEDLER (*aside*).

Fear nothing—nothing that can annoy or compromise you; you are out of the affair completely. But go—off with you. [*Julius takes his hat.*

ANNA.

Julius, where are you going?

JULIUS.

I told you of my intention to visit my uncle.

ANNA.

Then I will not detain you.

JULIUS (*aside to Riedler*).

I go—but remember, no imprudence.

[*He kisses Anna's hand, and goes out.*

RIEDLER (*looking after him*).

At last!

[*He follows him to the door, and shuts it after him with violence.*

ANNA.

How could you do such a thing?

MADAME STÜRMER (*waking with a loud shriek*).

Ah, an earthquake!

RIEDLER.

I am in despair to have broken your ladyship's repose; but at Martini's, where I went just now to eat a few oysters, I heard of your being alarmingly ill. I left my breakfast in the midst, hurried hither, and a sudden draught must have forced the door from my trembling hands.

MADAME STÜRMER.

You have so terrified me—I shall never recover it.

RIEDLER.

You look dreadfully ill.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Don't I? There, you hear that, Anna! You are the only one, Baron, who will believe me.

RIEDLER.

You have really *too* much fortitude—*too* much command over yourself: you never complain till your soul is just hovering on your lips; but, my

dear madam, if you do not take more care of yourself, the consequences will be terrible!

MADAME STÜRMER (*alarmed*).

You think so, really?

RIEDLER.

I hear you have parted with Doctor Richter?

MADAME STÜRMER.

The scene had nearly cost me my life. Anna, tell him all about it.

RIEDLER.

I know it already, and have only to congratulate you on the chance which has delivered you from the hands of an ignoramus. Didn't this Doctor Richter presume at times to hint at your age? as if your age could have the least influence on your health! You are yet in the prime of life, my dear madam; it is vexation and grief which have broken down your strength.

MADAME STÜRMER (*sighs*).

Vexation and grief—there, indeed, you are right.

RIEDLER.

Dr. Richter never understood your disorder—have nothing more to say to him; and yet, in your precarious state, you cannot remain without a physician.

MADAME STÜRMER.

I have sent for Doctor Wilde.

RIEDLER.

That will not do either,—he inclines, I hear, to the homœopathic system; no, my dear madam, if I may be permitted to advise, call in Doctor Löwe, and no other.

MADAME STÜRMER.

I have heard of Doctor Löwe—have not you, Anna?

ANNA.

I have heard him spoken of as the first physician in the place.

RIEDLER.

He is the man for you! Give his prescriptions but one trial—in a month you will be as strong and hearty as you were at four-and-twenty.

MADAME STÜRMER.

I know that this Dr. Löwe has completely set up the wife of General Seeberg, who is five years older than I am.

RIEDLER.

It appears to me that your speech to-day is somewhat impaired.

MADAME STÜRMER.

You think so?

RIEDLER.

That your breathing is somewhat short: you will admit *that?*

MADAME STÜRMER.

Alas! I have been accustomed lately almost to live without breathing.

RIEDLER.

It would be a pity if you were prevented from going to the party to-morrow.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Alas! I am accustomed to sacrifices of every kind; but medical aid I *must* have; Anna, if ever I deserved your gratitude, bring me Dr. Löwe!

RIEDLER.

With your permission, I will send Christian for him.

MADAME STÜRMER (*bitterly*).

That Christian has the misfortune never to find people at home: he is a fool—just such a one as would tell the doctor that his lady was slightly indisposed, and beg he would come at his leisure; but if it be too much trouble for the the young lady——

ANNA.

If you wish me to go to him myself——

MADAME STÜRMER.

No—not I. Send Christian: my life or death I well know to be indifferent.

ANNA.

Where shall I find this Doctor Löwe?

RIEDLER.

In Broad Street; but it is raining fast, I see.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Oh, don't be uneasy: I wouldn't for the world that the young lady should catch cold on my account: my poor life is worthless to every one. I really believe those around me will never be easy till I am dead in my coffin.

RIEDLER (*aside*).

Indeed I believe so too.

ANNA.

I am no spoiled child: I will take an umbrella.

RIEDLER.

Will you not allow me to go instead of the young lady?

MADAME STÜRMER.

You! poor dear man!—no, I will not suffer such a thing;—you, who had the rheumatism in your arm last winter! Do you hear, Anna—the kindness of Baron Riedler?

ANNA.

Pray be not uneasy: I shall not abuse his kindness. [*She hurries out.*

RIEDLER (*aside*).

Ay, let her go; the meeting will only be the more *piquant;* 'tis a capital joke!

MADAME STÜRMER (*calling after Anna*).

Anna!—don't forget to tell the doctor that I

have pains in my chest—violent pains and cramps, and that I am so weak I can scarcely stand on my feet, and with such a giddiness in my head that I cannot move across the room. Anna! (*jumping off the sofa*)—Anna!—do you hear, I say!

[*Runs out after Anna; Riedler follows her, laughing.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Room in the house of Doctor Löwe; books, papers, cases of dried insects, and other objects of natural history, lie scattered about on the tables.*

LÖWE.

These butterflys have been badly packed; the Menelaus has a wing torn, and the Ulysses has lost half a head. Have you got the ant-eggs for the birds?

MARTIN.

No; but I got some crumbs of bread and flies for them.

LÖWE.

I am not in spirits to-day, Martin.

MARTIN.

So I see, sir.

LÖWE.

I have just had a letter from my sister-in-law, which has vexed me.

MARTIN.

Indeed, sir?

LÖWE.

This boy—this Julius—you know how my heart clings to him: since the death of my Marie, I have loved nothing on earth so well, though, in good truth, I have but little comfort in him.

MARTIN.

Never mind him, sir: send him about his business.

LÖWE.

I can't—I can't do it; the young dissolve such ties lightly, for they can easily form new ones; but when we arrive at a certain age——

MARTIN.

Why, when we come to a certain age, I think as how it's time to think of ourselves first. What has the young gentleman been doing now?

LÖWE.

There is no occasion for you to know that.

MARTIN.

He seldom visits his uncle—*that* I know.

LÖWE.

Every Monday: and this is Monday.

MARTIN.

He never comes home at night—before morning.

LÖWE.

Because he's not sleepy, I suppose.

MARTIN.

Then he plays——

LÖWE.

So do I sometimes—chess.

MARTIN.

And he has debts.

LÖWE.

Hush! hush!—I know nothing of such things: I will hear nothing.

MARTIN.

Well, sir, you are right; it is rather dangerous for an uncle to ask after his nephew's debts; for there are discoveries to be made on such ground, for which one must pay dearly sometimes.

LÖWE (*walks up and down, then stops suddenly*).

Martin, how is the weather?

MARTIN.

Detestable, your honour.

LÖWE.

That is provoking: I must go again to that

child of poor Dame Starke which was seized with the cramp yesterday.

MARTIN.

Why, they live five stories high; such people get well of themselves.

LÖWE.

Those who live five stories high, Martin, are nearer to heaven than those on the first floor;* and then, besides, it is two days since I went to the churchyard.

MARTIN.

Mamsell Marie herself would not have gone out in such weather.

LÖWE.

In *any* weather she would have gone to visit my last resting-place.

MARTIN.

Let me order the carriage for your honour.

LÖWE.

No—no; the horses will get wet, and the coachman too.

MARTIN.

Troth, one would think your honour went out

* In Germany, as in France, many families inhabit the same houses, the upper stories being occupied by the poorer classes. Some of the houses are enormous: a friend of mine at Munich inhabited a suite of twenty-three rooms on one floor, all communicating with each other.

a riding, just for the diversion of the coachman and horses.

LÖWE.

Let me go on my own way—you have been used to it these twenty years; and hark ye, Martin, just attend to the weather, and tell me as soon as the rain is over.

MARTIN (*aside as he goes out*).

Now, there's all that learning's good for; it proves that it's better to be a doctor's coachman than the doctor himself. [*Exit.*

LÖWE (*after a pause*).

I believe I have taken the right method with Julius in leaving him free. Man acts best from his own free will, and virtue itself is burthensome when forced on us by authority. I depend on those principles which I instilled into him, and I have hopes he will come out of this giddy whirlpool of society—more experienced—and consequently more to be trusted; yet if he be so lost as to be capable of forgetting his first love, if he thus close against himself the entrance to that haven where he was to find shelter from the storms of life—why then—then——

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS.

I hope I do not disturb my good uncle!

LÖWE (*kindly*).

I expected you—for this is Monday, you know. Come here, and tell me how you have spent the last week.

JULIUS.

Why, not well—or rather ill enough: I have been engaged on all sides: *here* I was obliged to pay a necessary visit; *there* I could not get off joining a party; I have really scarce had time to think these last few days.

LÖWE.

Then you have done no work?

JULIUS.

Yes, from time to time—but very little, I must confess: besides, it was quite as necessary to gain friends, whose interest would forward my views, as to work at my desk all day.

LÖWE.

You have studied for the law, and have brought a good certificate from the university. I wish you now to apply what you have learned to the benefit of your fellow-citizens.

JULIUS.

And I wish to be something more than merely useful.

LÖWE.

I thought, till now, that to benefit others was the highest aim of life.

JULIUS.

To go through the usual *carrière* in the usual way is not, in my opinion, worth all the trouble and labour it costs. Nor should I consider myself repaid by what people are pleased to call "earning one's bread."

LÖWE.

Not if you could enjoy it with the consciousness of duty fulfilled?—not if you could share it with Caroline?

JULIUS.

What do you mean, my dear uncle?

LÖWE.

I mean, if you were once provided for, nothing could stand in the way of your engagement with Caroline.

JULIUS.

Of course—certainly.

LÖWE.

Why do you change colour?

JULIUS.

My dear uncle—I should like to enter the diplomatic line.

LÖWE.

Well?

JULIUS.

'Tis better paid.

LÖWE.

That's true.

JULIUS.

Caroline's fortune will be nothing to signify.

LÖWE.

Her father is not poor—and I am always at hand.

JULIUS.

And besides, to speak openly, Caroline and I grew up as children together, and when we first knew each other, we were much alike; but since then I have altered in many things, and grown —I may say it—wiser; she, on the contrary, is just the same as ever, and I scarcely think we should suit each other now.

LÖWE (*startled*).

Soh!

JULIUS.

If I should withdraw from this engagement, no one can accuse me of unfairness: I never proposed in form, and her father refused to bind himself beforehand by any promise.

LÖWE.

And did you never declare your attachment to her—talk of love to her?

JULIUS.

Talk of love to her! O yes;—but—but—also, by your leave, to others besides her.

LÖWE.

It sounds much more serious on her part; she has refused several offers for your sake.

JULIUS.

So young ladies always say, but I have not heard of *one* yet.

LÖWE.

Hear me, Julius: you have formed some other attachment—or is it ambition only has urged you to seek the hand of another? Your mother has written to me—I am informed of all: a young English woman, is it not?—put her out of your head, Julius, at once.

JULIUS.

Perhaps you would not speak thus, if you were to give yourself the trouble to know the young lady alluded to. Yes, uncle, if you will know the truth—I love another; fate offers me rank and riches, with the hand of an excellent, a charming woman, and I am not philosopher enough, I confess, to reject such good fortune, merely because, in earlier times, I read Gellert's Fables with Caroline, and danced with her at a village ball.

LÖWE.

And what would poor Caroline say, if she heard you speak in this manner?

JULIUS.

She? ah, my good uncle, I have reason to suspect that she has been beforehand with me in inconstancy; she has not persuaded her father to come to town for the last two months.

LÖWE.

Because her father is laid up with the gout.

JULIUS.

She writes seldom, too, and then only short letters.

LÖWE.

Ay, because she doesn't choose to waste paper and ink on such a thankless fellow. (*Sharply*) How do you call this new flame of yours?

JULIUS (*hesitating*).

Temple—she is the adopted daughter and heiress of Lord Temple.

LÖWE.

Julius, can't you put the whole thing out of your head at once? I lay any wager you only *fancy* you love this girl—eh?

JULIUS.

You would lose your wager.

LÖWE.

It is not possible! it can't be possible! A man can love but once in his life—as no one knows better than myself; and that you loved Caroline, I am convinced.

JULIUS.

Good uncle, the constancy which you would prescribe to others belongs only to yourself.

LÖWE.

I don't know much of the world, nor the world's ways, 'tis true;—but I know the human heart as well as any one. Julius, follow my advice—try to persuade yourself that your love for this—this—how do you call her?—Temple is her name, isn't it?—is nothing but a fever-fit, so to speak—a fever-dream, and nothing else; and in a short time you will confess that it *is* nothing more.

JULIUS (*after a pause of thought*).

What reply will you make to my mother's letter?

LÖWE.

I think I would rather send no reply for the present; when you have recovered your senses I will answer her, and right joyfully. You are out of humour, Julius: 'tis but natural! the patient is always worse after the first specific—particularly when it operates strongly;—that as a physician I know full well, and so I think it were against all reason to talk with you longer on a subject on which you know my opinion. I leave you to your own reflections, and will go

and write my journal. Good-bye,—we part friends: you are not angry, Julius?

JULIUS.

Dear uncle! (*kisses his hand.*)

LÖWE.

I desire nothing but your good—nothing but your good, believe me! [*Exit.*

JULIUS.

He'll never consent! and will probably set my mother against it besides. 'Twas well that I did not name Anna von Stürmer—for Riedler's plan no longer appears so absurd, on reflection.

Enter ANNA *hastily—an umbrella in her hand, her dress and bonnet disordered by the rain.*

JULIUS.

Do not my eyes deceive me? can it be you?—Anna! how came you hither?

ANNA.

Julius! I thought you were gone to your uncle;—does not Doctor Löwe live here?

JULIUS.

Doctor Löwe? surely!—what can you want with him?

ANNA.

My mother wishes to consult him.

JULIUS.

And you have ventured out in this horrible weather?

ANNA (*half smiling*).

O I have had some rueful mischances by the way! they directed me wrong in the first place—to a Doctor Löwe who lives at the other end of the street, and who is a doctor of law, it seems: I really believe he thought I was come to make my will. But I hope I am right at last, and that this is the doctor of medicine?

JULIUS.

You are in his house.

ANNA.

I did not know he was an acquaintance of yours; you must introduce me; I am almost ashamed to appear before him; the rain and storm must have made me a pretty figure—and (*looking round*) not a looking-glass in the room.

JULIUS.

A proof that it is inhabited by a philosopher.

ANNA.

Birds—books—butterflies—what a confusion!

JULIUS.

A bachelor's lodging.

ANNA.

He is, however, a good man—is he not?

JULIUS.

An excellent man—but eccentric; you must not be repelled by his exterior, nor expect compliments from him.

ANNA (*looking at her dress*).

I certainly cannot expect to be complimented on my appearance, at least.

JULIUS.

Yet, if you would take the trouble to penetrate his character—I think you would find it not unsuited to your own.

ANNA.

His character? It can signify little to me. I ask nothing from him, but that he will speak a few tranquillising words to my poor mother. Where shall I find him? pray let me see him immediately.

JULIUS.

I cannot, I fear, have the honour of accompanying you further, for I have spoken to him already, and he will never suffer the same person to disturb him twice—but (*calling*) here, Martin! Martin!

Enter MARTIN.

MARTIN.

My Lord Baron?

JULIUS.

Here is a lady who is inquiring for Doctor Löwe. I take my leave. (*Aside.*) Now fortune smile upon us! (*He goes out.*)

ANNA, MARTIN.

MARTIN (*looking at her from head to foot.*)

A lady, did he say? truly a pretty lady! (*Aloud.*) You want to speak to Dr. Löwe, child? you must wait a bit, for he's gone out a few minutes ago to see after some other poor body.

ANNA (*aside*).

What, in the name of heaven, must I look like?

MARTIN.

Are you sick?

ANNA.

No—it is not I—I was sent—

MARTIN.

O, a poor servant-wench, then? You must be tired—sit ye down. [*Gives her a chair.*

ANNA (*seating herself: aside*).

Really the scene begins to amuse me. What would the adorers of the rich heiress say, if they could see me here in the character of a *pauvre honteuse?*

MARTIN.

With your leave, my dear, I'll draw a chair too, and just do my best to amuse you with

my talk; for, in spite of your out-o'-the-way dress, you're a pretty girl enough, and it's a long time since I had a bit of chat with a pretty girl.

[*He draws his chair close to her.*

ANNA (*drawing back her chair a little*).

Have you been long in the doctor's service?

MARTIN.

Twenty years or so; we were young men together—ahem!

ANNA.

Are you satisfied with him?

MARTIN.

With him? ay, God wot, but with no one else in the world.

ANNA.

And why, may I ask?

MARTIN.

Because every one in the world has wronged him—ay, every one.

ANNA.

Your master?

MARTIN.

My master. Now, for instance, what would you say to a father, a rich merchant, who might have left his three children well off in the world, and as good as disinherited two of them, to buy an estate and a patent of nobility for the eldest?

ANNA.

Did your Doctor's father do so?

MARTIN.

Ay, did he, and my master would not have recourse to the law, as he was advised, against such crying injustice.

ANNA.

That pleases me rather.

MARTIN.

Well, it didn't please me at all: so, as he was to have nothing, they wanted to make a soldier of him. He didn't like that, and so they sent him to the university to study the law; and just then, d'ye see, he got acquainted with a young girl, one Mamsell Marie, a daughter of Hofrath Werner.

ANNA.

And he loved her?

MARTIN.

Ay, they were a lovely, loving pair; one heart, one soul between them. But my master's father and mother, *they* wouldn't hear of the match—for why? because the girl hadn't no money, and he must be sent off without taking leave of her.

ANNA (*drawing her chair nearer*).

Your master begins to interest me.

MARTIN.

But he wrote to her—ay, did he! and I carried the letters myself; but shortly after his departure, poor Mamsell Marie——(*Anna draws her chair nearer with an expression of increasing interest.*)—ah! she fell sick and died!

ANNA.

Poor, poor girl!

MARTIN.

For my part, I think she just died of heart-break and sorrow; but my master won't believe no such thing. He thinks she wasn't rightly treated in her last illness; and so, as he says, to spare others the grief he had suffered himself, he all of a sudden gave up the law, and took to studying physic.

ANNA.

You make me all impatience to see him!

MARTIN.

Wait a bit—wait a bit; you won't be in love with him when you do see him, for he dresses himself queerly. Well, and so, as I was saying, he betook himself to physic, but that didn't please his parents neither; and at first they took his allowance away from him. At last, however, they began to be proud of him, when all the learned professors were singing his praises. He

carried off the most brilliant testimonies from the university; in the city every body consulted Doctor Löwe; it was as if the blessing of Heaven was visibly on his doings;—for he saved his mother's life in a most dangerous sickness. And at last, when both parents were dead, he was able to dower his sister, and to pay the debts with which his eldest brother, the baron, had encumbered his estate. So ever since he has just lived quietly on, prescribing for poor and rich, and every day visiting the grave of Mamsell Marie; and so he might be very happy in his own way, if his nephew didn't plague him.

ANNA.

Your master has a nephew, then?

MARTIN.

Why, don't you know—the young Baron von Löwenberg——

ANNA.

Löwenberg!

MARTIN.

Why, you spoke to him—he was the smart young man that showed you in here. Now the family's ennobled, they have tacked another syllable to their name.*

* The humorous allusion here is untranslatable; "Seit die Familie geadelt ist, schleppt der Löwe den Berg hinter sich drein." Löwe signifies a lion—Berg is a mountain. Martin says,

ANNA.

Doctor Löwe the uncle of Julius!

[*A knocking at the door.*

MARTIN.

Who's a knocking there? Come in.

Enter CATHARINE.

CATHARINE (*pale and breathless*).

Is the Doctor at home?

MARTIN.

No, but I think he'll be in soon.

CATHARINE.

Directly?—for I can't wait. My son, my Philip, has taken the fever since yesterday, and I can't leave him alone.

MARTIN.

I'll tell the Doctor that you have been here.

CATHARINE.

Do so, and beg of him to come over to us as soon as he can—do you hear? I lay it on your soul.*

" since the family has been ennobled the mountain has been tacked on to the lion's tail."

* " Ich lege es Ihm auf die Seele!" this is an Irish as well as a German adjuration. Throughout this scene the supposed relation between the three speakers is marked by the form of address. Martin uses towards the two women the third person singular feminine, which places them on a level with himself. Catharine addresses him in the third person singular, but, in addressing Anna, she uses with feminine tact the respectful third person plural. Anna ad-

ANNA.

What has happened to you, my good woman? Your brow bleeds.

CATHARINE.

'Tis nothing, madam; I don't get over the paving stones as I used to do; and just at the corner of the street, trying to get out of the way of a carriage, I fell.

ANNA.

Sit down! (*She takes off Catharine's cap, and smoothes the hair back from her face.*) You are really much hurt—there is no time to lose. (*To Martin.*) A sponge—quick. (*She wipes Catharine's brow.*) If the Doctor would but come!

CATHARINE.

Let me go, pray, ma'am! with us poor folks such things cure of themselves. I *must* go home —indeed I must.

ANNA (*holding her*).

You must not go into the open air thus exposed; let me try what my small skill can do. (*To Martin.*) Can I have some sticking plaster?

dresses her in the second person plural, which is less familiar than the Du, and more respectful than the third person singular. These significant shades in the conversation could only be expressed in English by the insertion of a word, or slightly altering the turn of the phrase.

MARTIN.

Enough, at a pinch, for the giant Goliath himself.

ANNA.

Give it to me.

[*Martin gives her the sticking plaster, which she applies carefully to Catharine's wound.*

MARTIN (*aside*).

She has served in a surgeon's family, I'd swear.

Doctor Löwe appears at the door; seeing Anna busied in attendance on Catharine, he stops for a few moments, and then advances.

LÖWE.

Ho, ho! who is meddling with my office here?

MARTIN.

My master! the Doctor!

ANNA.

Doctor Löwe! (*aside.*) Good heavens! the man is not so very old!

LÖWE.

I've just heard of your exploits, Dame Catharine, as I came along, and am here in consequence. What put it in your head, at your age, to be running through the streets alone? Of

your son I heard from your landlord, the carpenter, and I was thinking of going over to him, though there's not the least danger at present. (*Looking at Anna.*) Who is that young woman?

ANNA (*aside*).

I have no courage to speak.

MARTIN.

I don't know: she has been here for the last quarter of an hour.

LÖWE.

You have been putting on the sticking-plaster —let me see—(*he examines Catharine's brow*)— good—very well indeed—couldn't have done it better myself; you let the wound bleed first?

ANNA.

Yes, Doctor.

LÖWE.

Why, you are quite a female surgeon.

ANNA.

I lived long in the country, and there necessity teaches such experience; the poor peasants so seldom know how to help themselves!

LÖWE.

So your assistance was required on all sides, and never refused in time of need, ha? You seem a very good sort of girl—what is your name?

ANNA (*faltering*).

Anna—I was sent here to request your attendance on a sick lady, Madame von Stürmer.

LÖWE.

Stürmer! not the same who was under Doctor Richter's care?

ANNA.

The same.

LÖWE.

She! why, she is half cracked, Doctor Richter says.

ANNA.

Perhaps a little capricious and self-willed; but do you pity only the diseased in body, and not those who are diseased in mind?

LÖWE.

What's the matter with her?

ANNA.

You will hear that from herself;—only have patience with her.

LÖWE.

Does she keep her bed?

ANNA.

O no! she receives company—goes out——

LÖWE.

And sends a young girl like you running through the streets in such weather as this? Ex-

cuse me, but this Madame Stürmer of yours displeases me sovereignly.

ANNA.

She is old ——

LÖWE.

So ought to have more sense. I did not observe till this moment in what condition you are—why, your clothes are quite wet—you shiver —you are in a fair way to pay for the caprices of your lady with an inflammation on the lungs. Martin, here, quick, a glass of Hungarian wine.

ANNA.

I thank you, Doctor, but indeed—I cannot now ——

LÖWE.

Or stay—a spoonful of my drops—better still; —(*he takes a phial from the table, and pours some drops into a spoon:*)—you must take it—absolutely. We doctors suffer no contradiction.

ANNA.

Well, then, to make you easy.—(*She takes it from him.*)

LÖWE.

And now make haste home—it has done raining.

ANNA.

Will you not go home with me?

LÖWE.

Excuse me, but I do not much like the idea of encountering your lady.

ANNA.

How shall I ever have the courage to appear before her without you? Good Doctor, have some compassion on me at least:—visit the old lady for my sake!

LÖWE (*looks at her stedfastly for a moment*).

For your sake? Yes!—but first I must go see my friend Catharine's son—(*he takes Catharine hastily by the hand*)—come, good mother!

ANNA.

Do not be long, pray!

LÖWE.

Don't fear me—(*goes to the door and returns*) —for your sake, remember, and only for your sake!

[*He goes out with Catharine, Martin opening the door. Anna looks after him with emotion, and then follows slowly.*

The curtain falls.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The house of Madame von Stürmer.*

MADAME VON STÜRMER, *seated*—BARON RIEDLER *with a newspaper in his hand.*

MADAME STÜRMER.

O leave off, I beseech you! what do I care for the Spaniards, the Belgians, or the Greeks? If all these foolish people were of my way of thinking, they would never trouble themselves with making revolutions.

RIEDLER.

Shall I then, to revive you, read you some of the fatal accidents? or the announcement of deaths in the paper?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Deaths! alas! I shall soon see my own there!

RIEDLER.

Here is a charade; would you like to guess it?

MADAME STÜRMER.

No.

RIEDLER.

What would you like to do?

MADAME STÜRMER.

To die!

RIEDLER.

Nay, in pity to your friends——

MADAME STÜRMER (*bursting into a rage*).

Can you conceive what that girl Anna is about, that she is not yet returned? 'Tis more than an hour since she went, and Doctor Löwe doesn't live out of the world, I presume. But I suppose she is exchanging compliments with her beaux, or chatting with her friends, or standing before the milliner's shop-window—or——

RIEDLER.

In such weather—raining and blowing!—that were a strange fancy!

MADAME STÜRMER.

What do you mean by rain?—it has not rained for the last half hour; and if I *do* send the girl out now and then in bad weather, I do it on

principle—to make her hardy—(*the clock strikes*)—there—it is striking eleven. I feel myself ill—I know not how—I shall die—I shall expire of exhaustion, if some restorative is not at hand! My good friend—my dear baron—the sun is coming out—you know where Doctor Löwe is to be found—would it be asking too much—to entreat you——

RIEDLER (*quickly*).

To go for the doctor myself?—(*with dignity*) I go, madam—I fly! Too much to ask? as if a dying saint had not a right to demand the twelve labours of Hercules. (*Aside.*) I would rather run barefoot from this to Rome than endure the *tête-à-tête* for another five minutes.

[*He hurries out.*

MADAME STÜRMER.

Now there's a man whose heart is in the right place! On the whole, one often finds in the stronger sex more sympathy for one's sufferings than in the tender sex, as they call us women. Tender, indeed!—tender in frame, and strong enough in spirit (*looking around her;*)—but haven't they left me alone—all alone? Who knows but I might fall into a swoon? Henriette, —(*she rings*)—Henriette!—(*rings again*)—Henriette!

Enter HENRIETTE.

HENRIETTE.

Your ladyship's commands?

MADAME STÜRMER.

You must stay here—stay by me. What do you think of Miss Anna's activity? I'll send her some of these days for Death—when I want him.

HENRIETTE.

My young lady has been at home this quarter of an hour; she is now changing her dress.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Ay, indeed?—assuredly, when the young lady is at her toilette, her sick mother may wait her leisure!

HENRIETTE.

She came home in a terrible state: there wasn't a dry thread upon her, and her bonnet is only fit to be thrown away.

MADAME STÜRMER.

It doesn't signify—it was worn out already: but where is Doctor Löwe?—where is he, I say?

HENRIETTE (*aside*).

I wish he would only come and give her a dose of ratsbane!

Enter ANNA.

MADAME STÜRMER.

So, at last!

ANNA.

Doctor Löwe, mamma, will be here immediately: he has only to visit a sick person.

MADAME STÜRMER.

So you have not brought him with you, then? Gone to a sick person, indeed!—and pray what am I?—am I in health?

ANNA.

He promised to make as much haste as possible.

MADAME STÜRMER.

There—it's easy to see that he will not come till evening, or perhaps not at all, and nobody's fault but yours!

[*Löwe appears at the door, but without entering.*

MADAME STÜRMER (*running on*).

Who would ever let a physician out of their hands, when they once had him? You should have held him fast by the arm, and dragged him to the house. I would have done so with a physician, if any one *I* loved had been ill; but there was the pretty dress spoiled: you must needs trick yourself out, trim up your hair, and what not—

LÖWE (*advancing*).

Ho! ho! ho!—my good lady—(*Aside.*) The devil's in the woman!

MADAME STÜRMER.

Who is the gentleman?

ANNA.

Even Doctor Löwe himself.

MADAME STÜRMER.

So!—Doctor Löwe, I am quite delighted.—Henriette, run quick into Broad Street after Baron Riedler, and tell him the doctor has come.

HENRIETTE (*aside*).

I shall do no such thing; a little exercise will do the fat gentleman all the good in the world.

[*She goes out.*

MADAME STÜRMER.

Poor Riedler!—(*to Anna*)—there's another of your blunders.

LÖWE.

Don't put yourself in such a heat; the girl—(*looking towards Anna, who is now elegantly dressed*)—the young lady, I mean, is not in fault. And so you are ill?

MADAME STÜRMER.

As you must perceive too well.

LÖWE.

So then—let me feel your pulse. (*Madame Stürmer gives him her hand.*)

Tolerable; and that your lungs are in perfectly good order I had proof as I entered. Where are you affected?

MADAME STÜRMER.

In my health.

LÖWE.

Take comfort, for that is the case with all patients. (*Aside.*) Crazy old woman! (*Aloud.*) Have you any appetite?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Never; but I eat sometimes without caring what; I find it necessary to restore that prostration of strength——

LÖWE.

I understand. Do you sleep?

MADAME STÜRMER.

I have a sort of nervous sleep, which I am obliged to obtain by artificial means.

LÖWE.

By the use of opium?

MADAME STÜRMER.

No, by music.

LÖWE.

Are you able from time to time to join in public amusements?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Alas! I force myself to go out, because solitude kills me.

LÖWE.

So, so; I now understand your disease perfectly.

MADAME STÜRMER.

How!—and yet I have not explained the particulars.

LÖWE.

There is no necessity: you are sick of a disease which we doctors call *otium morosum*, and I will write you a prescription immediately.

MADAME STÜRMER.

I shall never completely recover my health.

LÖWE.

Why not? True, you will require the extremest care during the rest of your life.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Ah—yes! I feel it too well. Anna, do you hear that?

LÖWE.

All agitation and emotion of every kind must be avoided.

MADAME STÜRMER.

There—you hear that?

ANNA (*half reproachfully*).

Doctor Löwe!——

LÖWE.

Let me alone. (*To Madame Stürmer.*) When I

say disturbance of mind, I do not mean all occasion for such—for that were impossible in this world—but I mean from all outward expression of it.

MADAME STÜRMER.

And what am I to do when people put me in a passion?

LÖWE.

Overcome it, madam, which will do you more good than if you had never been put out of temper at all.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Will you not order me something?

LÖWE.

Yes, some pills of my invention; but you must remember that they will turn to poison in your vitals, if, on any occasion whatever, you allow yourself to be agitated by anger after once you have swallowed them.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Anna, remember that! My dear Doctor, tell all my people, I conjure you.

LÖWE (*with ironical solemnity*).

They shall all hear it from me. (*Aside, as he goes to the writing-table.*) I am turning quack here, but 'tis all for that sweet girl's sake—(*he writes*).

ANNA (*aside, following him to the table*).

Doctor! I entreat!—

LÖWE.

Allow me, I beg. (*Aloud.*) Da panem, salem, et aquam—mundus vult decipi. (*To Anna.*) Be so good as to send that to the apothecary in the market-place: he knows me.

ANNA (*takes the prescription, and looks in Löwe's face, half laughing*).

Send *this* to the apothecary?

LÖWE (*with surprise*).

What! you smile!—you laugh at my prescription?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Christian! Christian!

Enter CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN.

Madam?

MADAME STÜRMER (*to Löwe*).

Give it to me, pray.

[*Löwe takes the prescription from Anna's hand, and gives it to Madame Stürmer, who reads it.*

MADAME STÜRMER.

Decipi—is not that a sort of root?

LÖWE.

Excuse me, it is not proper that patients should understand their doctor's prescriptions.

MADAME STÜRMER.

There is no musk in it?

LÖWE.

Not a particle, on my honour. (*He gives the prescription to the servant.*) To the apothecary in the market-place. [*Christian goes out.*

LÖWE (*to Madame Stürmer*).

And now, madam, to prepare for the operation of my medicine, lie down on your bed, and try to get a little of that nervous sleep you talked of.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Come, Anna.

LÖWE (*approaching Anna with great animation*).

So you are smiling still? young lady, as I am a true man, you understand Latin! is it not so?

ANNA (*in a whisper*).

Only for domestic use!

MADAME STÜRMER.

Come, Anna—don't you hear?

LÖWE.

You understand Latin—you will get on in the world! [*Madame Stürmer and Anna go out.*

LÖWE (*after a pause*).

I can hardly recover from my astonishment; there is not such another creature in the world,

as patient as she is intelligent—as learned as she is modest—and, with all these attractions, condemned to wait on this fool of a woman. I cannot believe that she is what I supposed her this morning; she must be a sort of companion—but what treatment for such a being! when I think of it, I could get into such a rage with that Madame Stürmer as I never felt against any one in my life before. She is my aversion, that woman—I cannot endure her. I know not what has come over me for the last hour or two; but 'tis clear that if the young Englishwoman whom Julius wishes to marry should resemble this girl—this Anna—I should not have the heart to condemn him. Perhaps, after all, it may be possible that a man *may* love twice in his life—every body says so, why should I alone be incredulous?

Enter RIEDLER.

RIEDLER.

Do I see right—you here, Doctor?

LÖWE.

Well, sir?

RIEDLER.

Do you know where I come from? even from your own lodging, where I went by command of

Madame von Stürmer to look for you. I must have passed you without seeing you, for otherwise I cannot conceive——

LÖWE.

Well, well, it's all right, Baron Riedler, and I am not sorry to have met you; you are a friend of my nephew, and must know something of his position. He is in love with a rich English girl, it seems—a Miss Temple—do you know the lady?

RIEDLER (*aside*).

Miss Temple—a master-stroke of Julius! (*Aloud.*) Know her?—O yes.

LÖWE.

And what do you think of her?

RIEDLER.

I?—that she's handsome, clever, amiable—but a little formal and tiresome, that's all—not quite to my own taste.

LÖWE (*aside*).

That gives me rather a good opinion of her.

RIEDLER (*aside*).

So I have caught him at the outset.

LÖWE (*aloud*).

She is apparently not in the great world?

RIEDLER.

She *might* be so if she liked, but she does not.

LÖWE.

That pleases me. And you think that my nephew is in love—what in my young days was called in love—really?

RIEDLER.

He loves her to distraction!

LÖWE.

Don't you think her rank and riches have had some share in kindling this said love?

RIEDLER.

Never suppose such a thing.

LÖWE (*aside*).

My poor Julius!—and yet (*with vexation*) who told him to go fluttering round pretty women?—he who had already made his choice;—in his position I don't see the necessity; if he had been a physician indeed—a physician has no choice in these matters—(*the sounds of a harp are heard from the apartment of Madame Stürmer*). What's that?

RIEDLER.

It must be Miss Anna playing on the harp.

LÖWE.

Anna? so!

RIEDLER.

She plays charmingly—but her talent is converted into a curse; for whenever the old lady

wishes to sleep, Miss Anna must play for her till she closes her eyes.

LÖWE.

At night too?

RIEDLER.

At night—and sometimes from night till morning.

LÖWE.

That's an abominable woman, that Madame Stürmer;—why does the young lady remain in her service?

RIEDLER.

Why, my dear sir, she is not in her service!

LÖWE.

No! why, what is she then?

RIEDLER.

Her step-daughter.

LÖWE.

Good heavens! and I took her at first for the waiting-maid!

RIEDLER.

Ay, it happens to others—she is wretchedly poor!

LÖWE.

Her poverty is no reason why she should allow herself to be so treated, for she possesses that which outweighs all gifts of fortune—talents and acquirements which will carry her through the world; stay, don't speak—

let me listen;—charming—delicious—on mine honour!

RIEDLER (*aside*).

I begin to think he is really half in love—that were admirable!

LÖWE.

How sweet! what expression! and such a one can dress wounds—and read Latin—(*the sounds grow fainter and fainter—and at last cease*)—so, now it is over!

RIEDLER.

The old lady is asleep, I presume.

LÖWE.

Pleasant dreams to her!

Enter ANNA.

ANNA.

You here still, my dear Doctor? Baron von Riedler too! what are your commands?

RIEDLER.

Mine? nothing in the world; having had the honour to introduce Doctor Löwe to you, I have nothing more to do here: he is a great man—a very great man. Now you have him, lady, hold him fast, I advise you,—hold him fast!

[*He goes out.*

LÖWE.

I ought to beg your pardon a thousand times, my good young lady, for the reception I gave

you this morning; I have just learned that you are the daughter of the house, and I mistook you for——for——

ANNA.

For the femme de chambre, did you not? You owe me certainly no apology on *that* account: but to make my mother's weakness a matter of jest——

LÖWE.

Jest! my dear young lady, I was never given to jesting in my life:—but it is plain, notwithstanding your medical skill, that you are not a regular physician yet, or you would know that such harmless tricks are among the privileges of our art. What are we to do when patients insist on taking physic, and yet are better without it?—must we poison them?

ANNA (*smiling*).

My mother is—I must confess——

LÖWE.

In better health than either you or I, and plays the invalid only to torment people. Believe me, my dear young lady, that in what I have done I was thinking chiefly of your advantage—for you appear to me to be suffering a martyrdom here.

ANNA.

My naturally gay spirits help me over much that is disagreeable—and, after all, are we not placed in the world to bear with each other?

LÖWE.

But your burthen chances to be somewhat of the heaviest: this woman will be the death of you, if you do not take care.

ANNA.

She was not always what you see her now.

LÖWE.

No? Then she had better have remained as she was!

ANNA.

The lapse of years—much suffering——really, Doctor, you seem to be prejudiced against her!

LÖWE.

She provokes me past endurance.*

ANNA.

The first impression is not pleasant, I allow; she is a little capricious and inconsistent—but she is not really ill-natured.

LÖWE.

Not far from it.

ANNA.

Pray have patience with her!

LÖWE.

I will try—for your sake I will try, but it will be difficult.

* Sie bringt mich in Harniſch, "she makes me put on armour," is the common German idiom—very expressive of their ancient warlike habits.

ANNA.

She was my father's beloved wife—was kind to me often when I was a child; I can never forget *that.*

LÖWE (*aside*).

What a heavenly disposition! (*Aloud.*) Nor do I wish that you should be ungrateful—but you must not continue to live with her—this, as a physician, I must forbid: I know you have the means of existence, independent of her.

ANNA.

I never will forsake her, that I have vowed, as long as I depend on myself.

LÖWE.

But should you marry, for example?

ANNA.

Then, of course, I must be directed by the wishes of my husband.

LÖWE.

Would you have any objection to marry?

ANNA.

Doctor Löwe!

LÖWE.

I mean, supposing that a suitable match were proposed to you?

ANNA (*aside*).

Where will this lead to?

LÖWE.

Young lady, I do not ask out of idle curiosity;

but you see — I think — perhaps I know a man—

ANNA (*aside*).

Julius must have told him all!

LÖWE.

A man who would esteem himself most happy, if you would venture to confide your future fate to him.

ANNA (*timidly*).

You may speak openly, my dear Doctor; I think I know whom you mean.

LÖWE.

Is it possible?—can it be?—and you would not be averse to accept his hand?

ANNA (*looking down*).

On the contrary——

LÖWE.

Do not speak hastily; and before you resolve, let me represent one or two things to you. In the first place, you are noble, and he is the son of an honest, but plebeian tradesman.

ANNA.

I know it already, and think it no obstacle.*

* Such a sentiment would hardly have been uttered thirty or forty years ago. A German girl in Anna's position would then have regarded such an obstacle as almost insurmountable. Intermarriages between the noble and the Bürgerliche classes have become since the French war—that general break up of old prejudices and old institutions—by no means so uncommon as they had been previously. It must not, however, be forgotten that Anna

LÖWE.

And, in the second place, could you endure patiently the habits of an old bachelor?

ANNA (*aside*).

I presume he wishes to reside with us.

LÖWE.

An old bachelor has always some peculiarities, which, however harmless in themselves, are likely to be disagreeable to a lady.

ANNA.

In a man whom she reveres, a woman willingly puts up with such trifles.

LÖWE (*joyfully*).

Indeed!—even a few twittering birds—even a cross old valet?

ANNA (*smiling*).

I think I could learn to love the birds, and even the old valet, for his sake.

LÖWE.

You are an angel! Well, then—what was I going to say?

Enter MARTIN *in haste.*

MARTIN.

Sir! Doctor!

is intended to represent an English girl; and the Germans entertain rather exaggerated ideas of the independent manners and notions of young Englishwomen.

LÖWE.

Now, what the devil brought you here?

MARTIN.

Now only guess whom I have just spoken to!

LÖWE.

I won't—I've something else in hand! Go home! go home!—d'ye hear?

MARTIN.

What's the matter now, sir? I thought you would have been glad to hear——

LÖWE.

Then you thought wrong.

MARTIN.

That your friend Kriegsrath Lindner is in town.*

LÖWE.

Lindner here?

MARTIN.

And Miss Caroline with him.

LÖWE.

Where are they lodged?

MARTIN.

At the Crown Inn: the Kriegsrath is most impatient to see your honour.

LÖWE (*aside*).

I must go, it seems, and look after both father

* Kriegsrath signifies properly *counsellor of war*—an official title for which we have no equivalent.

and daughter. Julius is right after all; and Caroline has forgotten him, as he has her. Heaven grant it be so! that I may make the boy happy without wounding my conscience.

ANNA.

I will not detain you, Doctor, if you have business.

LÖWE.

I have truly, and I think it will be better to get it off my hands before we resume our conversation.

ANNA.

Will you not visit my mother again to-day?

LÖWE.

Yes; but I hope it will please her to be asleep.

ANNA.

Au revoir, then! [*She curtsies, and goes out.*

LÖWE (*looks after her for a moment, then walks up and down, and, stopping suddenly, speaks in a resolute tone*).

Yes, I'll marry her!

[*Goes out, Martin following.*

The curtain falls.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Doctor's Apartment.*

MARTIN (*alone*).

I WISH I could find out now what in the name of wonder has possessed my master: he is quite transmogrified, as it were — quite rebellious! First he abuses me when I tell him of the colonel's arrival; then he sets off to him, humming a tune as he goes along through the streets; then, when he comes home, he locks himself up in his study, writes a letter, and gives it to Rosine to take, and not to me. I begin to be afeard it's not all right: suppose he were to get crazed in his old age—O Lord! O Lord!

Enter LÖWE.

LÖWE.

Martin, I have been talking to the Kriegsrath Lindner. I have spoken to Caroline, and I am happier than words can express!

MARTIN.

How so, your honour?

LÖWE.

Caroline—only think, Martin—she is betrothed!—'twas as if a millstone had fallen from my heart when I heard it.

MARTIN.

How so, your honour?

LÖWE.

Ah! I remember me you know nothing about it. (*Aside.*) Now I have the means of soothing Julius, if he should be vexed with his uncle's marriage; but he shall know nothing of his happiness yet—I will surprise him. (*Aloud.*) Martin, what I have just told you is between ourselves.

MARTIN.

Why, your honour has told me nothing yet!

LÖWE (*looking round*).

This room is in horrible disorder, Martin.

MARTIN.

It is just as it always is.

LÖWE.

Everything covered with dust.

MARTIN.

And yet it is swept every Easter and every Michaelmas.

LÖWE.

I'll have it swept every day ; people are coming in from time to time, and it's scandalous to see the dust flying int heir faces. (*Looking round again*)—what a household! the bookcases empty, the books lying about on tables and chairs——

MARTIN (*sulkily*).

I'm not to meddle with them.

LÖWE.

No, not you—certainly; I'll put them in their places myself.

MARTIN (*aside, shaking his head*).

He's a going to die!*

LÖWE.

Martin!

MARTIN.

Sir!

LÖWE.

This Madame von Stürmer, whom I have just

* It is a German, as well as an Irish and a Scotch superstition, that any sudden and unaccountable change in the manners and disposition is the certain prelude of death.

taken under my care, will give me a good deal of trouble.

MARTIN.

That's the lady that sent the pretty maid here this morning?

LÖWE.

The maid happens to be a young lady, and her daughter.

MARTIN.

A lady! and I treated her just as my equal!* but it's not my fault, however. If she's a lady, why doesn't she dress like one—more reasonable like?

LÖWE.

The dress makes the woman and the man too —eh, Martin? Ay, it's inconceivable what effect dress has, even on the most rational people. I think I might dress better myself.

MARTIN (*frightened*).

Pray, sir,—I hope you won't begin to think of such a thing!

LÖWE.

And why not?

MARTIN.

At your years!

* Martin remembers with consternation that he had used the wrong pronoun when addressing her: Ein Fräulein! und ich habe sie par "höre Sie" tractirt!

LÖWE.

Why, I am not such an old man, Martin.

MARTIN.

But we are no longer young, your honour.

LÖWE.

How?—*we!*—you talk as if we were nearly of the same age.

MARTIN.

Why, when I first attended on you at the university, we were both hearty young fellows.

LÖWE.

Ay, but I was eighteen, and you forty.

MARTIN.

Only nine-and-thirty, your honour.

LÖWE.

And I shall be eight-and-thirty in September.

MARTIN.

As your honour pleases.

LÖWE.

Martin, I shall go to that tailor who keeps all kinds of fashionable clothes ready made, and I'll choose myself a new coat.

MARTIN.

Then you'll look just like a wasp.

LÖWE.

No, no—no such thing: he has coats fit for rational people to wear.

MARTIN (*aside*).

If I could only conjure him out of this paroxysm! (*Aloud.*) Have you been to the churchyard to-day, sir?

LÖWE.

To the churchyard?—no.

MARTIN.

Then you'll go this evening?

LÖWE.

I don't think I will.

MARTIN.

The weather's cleared up, sir.

LÖWE.

Glad of it; but I feel as if—and yet what should hinder me? (*Aside.*) My good Marie! she too would rejoice if she knew how happy I am going to be. Shall I therefore forget *her?* O no, never!

MARTIN.

My dear master, either you are ill, or there is something on your mind that you can't get over.

LÖWE.

Why, there *is* something on my mind, Martin, if you will know it—something—but you must not laugh at me, Martin! What would you say if I——

MARTIN.

Well, sir?

LÖWE.

If now, for instance, I——

MARTIN.

If what?

LÖWE.

If—I—should——

MARTIN.

If you should?——

LÖWE.

If I—you see—if I should marry—a wife!——

MARTIN (*in terror*).

The Lord in heaven shield you!

LÖWE (*angrily*).

The Lord might shield me from worse, I think.

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS.

My dear uncle——

LÖWE.

What brings *you* here?

JULIUS.

Have you a few minutes to spare me?

LÖWE.

Now?—not the fraction of a minute.

JULIUS.

It concerns the happiness of my life.

LÖWE.

O so!—(*smiling playfully*)—I know now what you mean; but put it out of your head, Julius—it won't do, Julius; but, in the mean time, I'm glad you are come, Julius, that I may inform you of my intended marriage—(*speaking rapidly and resolutely, as if to hide his confusion*)—I'm going to marry the daughter of Madame von Stürmer: the contract will be signed to-morrow—the wedding will be this day week—I invite you to both—good morning! [*He hurries out.*

JULIUS (*looking after him with amazement*).

What is all this?

MARTIN (*crying*).

He's a going to be married!

JULIUS.

To the daughter of Madame Stürmer?

MARTIN.

How should I know?

JULIUS.

But how came such an idea into his head?

MARTIN.

That's just what I say. Hasn't he been for eighteen years living for Mamsell Marie that's dead? and now, all at once—O Lord!—some evil spirit has got hold on him! [*He goes out.*

JULIUS.

Kriegsrath Lindner and his daughter here!—

my uncle in love with Anna!—how shall I disentangle such a perplexed knot?

Enter BARON RIEDLER.

RIEDLER.

Have I found you at last? I have been running over half the town after you. Do you know that Lindner and his daughter are here?

JULIUS.

I know it, and came to make one more attack on my uncle's heart before he had seen his friend, but I must have come too late; for with more severity and decision than ever, he desired me to give up all hopes.

RIEDLER.

Would it not be possible to get Caroline on your side? she is just one of those sentimental young ladies who delight in making victims of themselves.

JULIUS.

I will see Caroline no more—her first glance would go through me like a poniard! I cannot recover the painful impression which I felt when I heard she was so near me. She loved me once, as I loved her, truly, and my conduct has not been what it ought towards her.

RIEDLER.

Is your uncle at home?

JULIUS.

No, he has gone out, heaven only knows where; his head is turned, it seems; for I must tell you that your plan has succeeded only too well—he has actually fallen in love with Anna, and wants to marry her.

RIEDLER.

Marry her! ha, ha, ha! that's worth any money! has he proposed yet?

JULIUS.

I know not, but I know he considers the affair so certain, that he has invited me to the signing of the contract to-morrow.

RIEDLER.

Stay—one moment; I have an idea—sublime, —even if it be not particularly new. To-morrow, does he say, he will have the contract signed?

JULIUS.

Have I not told you so already?

RIEDLER.

Well, then, to-morrow he shall sign your marriage contract with Anna. Did your uncle ever read Molière?

JULIUS.

Hardly, I should think.

RIEDLER.

Then we will play him a scene out of Molière: but first it will be necessary for me to obtain, through you, the name of the notary he intends to employ.

JULIUS.

That will not cost me much trouble.

RIEDLER.

Very good; as soon as I know it, I will go to the man, and either through cunning or bribery, according as I find him, I will get him to prepare your contract, and place it before your uncle for his signature, instead of his own.

JULIUS.

The plan is scarce practicable.

RIEDLER.

Leave that to me.

JULIUS.

No, no, it were a vile trick——

RIEDLER.

To one who, like you, sees the knife at his very throat, anything is allowable; besides, we shall probably do your uncle himself a service. He has refused his consent to your marriage, not from harshness, but a sort of exaggerated conscientiousness; and I think it will not be disagreeable to him when he finds he has done, in

perfect innocence and without knowing it, what he would have wished to do, had it not been against his principles.

JULIUS.

Ay, he will be enchanted, doubtless, particularly as he loves Anna himself!—

RIEDLER.

Why, as a sort of Cinderella, he might have been sure of her; but that the rich heiress of Lord Temple was never meant for him, I suppose he will readily allow himself.

JULIUS.

Riedler, give up the idea of it: if I were weak enough to consent to your scheme, Anna never would; she would spoil all.

RIEDLER.

Anna must be taken by surprise: she must know nothing of it till in the last moment, when she will have no alternative but to win or lose her lover for ever; and meantime it must be your care to prevent the Doctor and Anna from coming to any explanation.

JULIUS.

Riedler, you are leading me into a crooked path——

RIEDLER.

In which lies a pretty girl, with a million for her dowry. [*They go out.*

SCENE.—*The Apartment of Madame Stürmer.*

HENRIETTE (*alone*).

This Doctor is worth his weight in gold; since he has been in the house I don't hardly know my lady; she is absolutely grown tame and gentle.

Enter MADAME STÜRMER (*with a letter in her hand*).

MADAME STÜRMER (*in a soft voice*).

Here, Henriette, my dear, can you tell me where my daughter Anna is?

HENRIETTE.

I believe she is in her room, madam.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Tell her I beg she will have the goodness to come here for one moment.

HENRIETTE.

Immediately, my lady. (*Aside.*) I do think the Doctor has poisoned her, and that she's going to die. [*She goes out.*

MADAME STÜRMER.

'Tis incredible how well the Doctor's pills agree with me; I feel myself quite a changed being since I have taken them; but how I am

obliged to watch myself, and how careful I am to guard against all agitation! the moment I feel the most distant approach to it, I leave the room at once. I ought to have the Doctor always at my side; but I fear, if Anna rejects his hand, he will never enter my doors again. I must try to persuade her—I will employ all the gentlest means to move her. What is most strange, the Doctor himself does not seem to have a doubt of her consent. If she should—but no, that is impossible, for she had decided in favour of Baron Julius. I am in a most embarrassing position, but I will not lose courage, for hitherto I have always contrived to make people do exactly what I liked.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA.

You sent for me, dear madam—what are your commands?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Not *commands*, my dear child; my request rather. I have to talk to you of matters of importance; only conceive that Doctor Löwe has written me a letter!

ANNA.

Indeed!

MADAME STÜRMER.

And do you know what it is about?

ANNA.

I think I do.

MADAME STÜRMER.

You think you do? then, my dear angel, you have already agreed to his wishes?

ANNA.

I presume that cannot be unknown to you.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Not unknown! excuse me, but till this moment I never dreamt of such a thing; you have kept your intentions a secret from me.* Perhaps you feared that the change would be painful to me? But be easy, my child; your happiness is the sole object of my life.

ANNA.

I do not quite understand—of what change do you speak?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Cease this affectation, Anna! Doctor Löwe has formally asked your hand.

ANNA.

Certainly—for——

MADAME STÜRMER.

For whom but for himself?

ANNA (*in the utmost amazement*).

For himself? Impossible! you mistake!

* The German idiom is Du hast mit Deinen Planen hinter dem Berge gehalten, you kept behind the hill with your plans.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Why impossible? here is his letter—you can read it.

ANNA (*takes the letter hastily, and glances over it*).

Unfortunate mistake! I am undone!

MADAME STÜRMER.

Why do you frighten yourself so? I have no objection in the world.

ANNA (*in great agitation*).

I must have an explanation with him immediately—within this hour!

MADAME STÜRMER.

He wishes the contract to be signed to-morrow, and offers to settle on you all he has in the world.

ANNA.

O me! it breaks my heart! I was not prepared for this!

MADAME STÜRMER.

What is it that vexes you?

ANNA.

The thought that I must reject such a man.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Reject?—how can you think of such a thing as rejecting him?

ANNA.

Have I not, and with your own consent, given my word to Baron Julius?

MADAME STÜRMER.

O we will get rid of Baron Julius in some civil way.

ANNA.

Not for the world!

MADAME STÜRMER.

But if you like the Doctor, and you must like him, else you would never have allowed him to hope——

ANNA.

It never occurred to me to give him hope; he misunderstood me as completely as I mistook him.

MADAME STÜRMER.

Then I am lost! I am a dead woman!

ANNA.

Why so, dear mother?

MADAME STÜRMER.

Doctor Löwe will certainly forsake *me*, if you give him up.*

ANNA.

I should be sorry;—but no consideration of that kind can release me from the obligation of being true to the man to whom I am bound by a promise.

MADAME STÜRMER (*angrily*).

Anna! (*Commanding herself.*) Remember,

* „Wenn Du ihm einen Korb giebſt,"—the German phrase for rejecting a lover: I know not whence derived.

Anna, that the Doctor has forbidden me all agitation.

ANNA (*very calmly*).

Then let us quit the subject for the present.

MADAME STÜRMER (*gently*).

What do you find so charming in the Baron? A young man with a pair of whiskers—a gallant —just like all of them.

ANNA (*in the same quiet tone*).

To be sure—you are perfectly right.

MADAME STÜRMER.

And the Doctor, on the contrary, a man of mature age—a wise man—a learned man——

ANNA (*with animation*).

Say one of the worthiest of men!

MADAME STÜRMER.

Is he not? Anna! I do conjure you, take the Doctor. (*Clasping her hands.*)

ANNA.

I *cannot* promise such a thing.

MADAME STÜRMER (*vehemently*).

No? you won't?—well, then, do as you like; I lay my death at your door, and when I am dead you will feel what you have lost.——Ah, heaven and earth! here I am in an agitation, and the Doctor says that, if that happens, the pills will turn to poison. (*In a soft voice.*) Anna, Anna, forget what I have just said! I am no egotist: it is not for my own sake I speak, but for yours

only, my dearest child, to whom the very kindness I have shown you from infancy binds me indissolubly. Believe me, who am old in experience, though not in years, the Doctor only is worthy of you—accept the Doctor! (*Aside.*) As soon as I have digested these pills, I will try stronger measures—I will——

[*Goes out hastily.*

ANNA.

Accept the Doctor? O no, impossible! but 'tis indescribable how I feel.

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS.

My uncle will be here immediately; I was obliged to hurry in order to precede him. Do you know that he——

ANNA.

I know all, and I am as much astonished as pained: he has formally proposed to me through my mother.

JULIUS.

And what will you do?

ANNA.

That which you have too long delayed to do; explain to him honestly and openly the relation in which we stand to each other.

JULIUS.

That were to divide us for ever.

ANNA.

You do not know your uncle; he has the noblest, the kindest of hearts: and, after all, has he the power to dissolve our engagement, if your mother blesses it?

JULIUS.

I can only hope for the blessing of my mother in case my uncle gives his consent.

ANNA.

Do not doubt that he will——

JULIUS.

He has another match for me in view. Some years ago he settled that I should marry the daughter of one of his friends; and believe me that any endeavour to move him will be utterly fruitless. There is only one means left to obtain his consent.

ANNA.

And what means?

JULIUS.

For the present I must conceal it from you.

ANNA (*looking at him fixedly*).

Julius, that does not please me!

JULIUS.

Do not be uneasy, it is nothing wrong;—I believe I hear him coming already. Anna, if ever you loved me, now grant me one request.

ANNA.

What request?

JULIUS.

Do not at once refuse my uncle's hand.

ANNA.

Shall I deceive the good man?

JULIUS.

O no! but you women have always ways and means—Anna! if you now formally reject my uncle's hand, you are lost to me for ever.

ANNA (*in much agitation*).

I do not understand——

JULIUS.

Compose yourself! I hear him on the stairs. Do not forget my urgent prayer; the happiness of my life depends on your granting it—remember, Anna! [*He hurries out.*

ANNA (*after a pause*).

And even if his life and mine too depended on it, I cannot grant it. Truth at least does he deserve from me—that noble being who has honoured me by his choice, and to whom I have nothing else to give—nothing but the truth in return for all his love!

Enter LÖWE (*fashionably yet simply dressed*).

LÖWE.

I think it was my nephew who just slipped past me—was he here with you?

ANNA.

Yes, Herr Doctor. (*Aside.*) I lose all courage.

LÖWE (*smiling*).

What, the rogue! courting the good graces of his future aunt, that he may win over the uncle? But what is the matter, my dear young lady? you seem disturbed, and yet I presume that the letter I addressed to your mother could hardly have surprised you?

ANNA.

On the contrary, it surprised me in the highest degree.

LÖWE.

Because I wish to have the contract signed to-morrow? You see I have good reasons for that. Your lady mother—I mean no unkindness to her, but she is a singular person, and—I do not quite trust her; to-day I know I am in her good graces, and I believe she has received my proposals graciously—is it not so?—she is in good humour with us?

ANNA (*speaking with effort*).

She is.

LÖWE.

Now don't you see that in a week or a fortnight she might quarrel with me, and play us some shabby trick?

ANNA

You do not then feel a doubt about *my* consent?

LÖWE (*thunderstruck; after a pause*).

I know—I know I am not worthy of you; but, after what you said this morning—you remember when we spoke of a husband——

ANNA.

O let us forget that unfortunate conversation!

LÖWE.

Unfortunate! why—why unfortunate?

ANNA.

Because it will be to me, perhaps also to you, a source of lasting sorrow.

LÖWE (*mournfully*).

Sorrow!—no, not so; if you indeed repent of your kindness, I will retire at once, and without repining. I have endured life for these twenty years with my books and my birds—I can live on so—still——

ANNA (*with deep emotion*).

Löwe!

LÖWE.

Pray pardon me the liberty I have taken; I never should have presumed to think of you, had I not beheld the manner in which you are treated in this house; and I thought you might be happier as the wife of a man of honour, who was devoted to you, than under the despotism of a capricious eccentric stepmother.

ANNA (*aside, and turning from him*).

He knows not how he grieves me!

LÖWE.

You have no fortune——

ANNA (*turning to him in surprise*).

No fortune?

LÖWE.

You must not be displeased with Baron Riedler for telling me——

ANNA.

Riedler told you so?

LÖWE.

Poverty is no shame, dearest lady! and though I am not myself rich, I am well able to secure to you now and after my death, if not a large, at least a sufficient income.

ANNA.

Generous man! I care as little for riches as you do—and such a character, such a heart, would outweigh millions offered by another! I am prouder to be *your* choice than if a prince had asked my hand, and I should accept your offer at once, could I do it without wrong to another.

LÖWE.

Whom could my marriage offend?

ANNA (*with effort*).

Your nephew.

LÖWE.

My nephew!—ah, is that it? is he afraid of losing my fortune? Then let me tell you that he will not want it—for he is about to make a brilliant marriage with the rich English heiress, Miss Temple.

ANNA.

Temple! (*Aside.*) Most extraordinary this! (*Aloud.*) but they say you are against this match?

LÖWE.

True, I *was* against it, for I did not consider my nephew as a free man.

ANNA.

You had formed other plans for him?

LÖWE.

What plans? I never formed a plan in my life—matrimonial plans least of all; but you see the young man had fallen in love with a charming and amiable girl, and had paid her all the attentions of an accepted lover——

ANNA.

Is it possible?

LÖWE.

I was in some sort pledged for him in this affair—had, at his earnest request, gained over Caroline's father, and I knew that the girl had refused several good offers for his sake, trusting in his vows of eternal love. Judge now yourself what

was my alarm, my regret, when I heard, all at once, that he had made proposals to another!

ANNA.

If it be as you say, doubt not that he will return to his first love.

LÖWE.

That were now unnecessary. Caroline is here since yesterday—I have spoken to her—Julius is absolved from all ties, for it seems the lady has been, like himself, faithless, and is engaged to another.

ANNA.

May I ask who this Caroline is?

LÖWE.

The daughter of the Kriegsrath Lindner.

ANNA.

And where does she live?

LÖWE.

They are at the Crown Inn.

ANNA.

Did she seem cheerful when you saw her?

LÖWE.

No; on the contrary, rather disturbed—probably some feeling of shame, in my presence——

ANNA.

And she did not tell you to whom she was engaged?

LÖWE.

No—nor did I ask; but, my dear young lady, let me beg of you not to tell my nephew all this: to-morrow, at our betrothing, I will surprise him with my consent to his marriage—for to-morrow our contract will be celebrated—will it not?—say yes! (*taking her hand*).

ANNA.

Löwe, in one hour you shall have my answer in writing—till then, I entreat you, leave me to myself.

LÖWE.

Will you not allow me to see your mother?

ANNA.

I will make your excuses to my mother.

LÖWE.

You dismiss me, Anna, with a heavy heart.

ANNA.

My own is not light, believe me!

LÖWE.

Then I have the honour to take my leave.

[*He bows, and goes to the door.*

ANNA.

Doctor Löwe!

LÖWE (*returning quickly*).

Dearest lady!

ANNA (*with deep feeling*).

Whatever may be the issue of this, be assured

that I never esteemed a man so much—never shall esteem another—as I do you !

LÖWE (*almost in tears, which he restrains with difficulty*).

I—I have the honour—to take my leave.

[*He goes out.*

ANNA (*alone—a pause—she walks up and down in the greatest agitation—then stops*).

At the Crown Inn ! this daughter of Kriegsrath Lindner—I will see her—speak to her—try her heart: she will not reproach or repulse the stranger, when she learns what are the feelings which lead me to her—and will perhaps confide to me what she conceals from her father. (*Snatches up a bonnet which lies on the sofa.*) Heaven guard and guide me ! this step decides my future fate ! [*She goes out.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE—*The house of Madame Stürmer.*

JULIUS—HENRIETTE.

HENRIETTE.

What in the name of goodness is going on in the house? My Lord Baron, can *you* explain the riddle that has been puzzling me since yesterday? You are the intended bridegroom of our young lady—are you not?

JULIUS.

Well?

HENRIETTE.

'Tis too late to affect mystery– either *you* are the bridegroom, or your uncle!

JULIUS.

My uncle, do you say?

HENRIETTE.

The whole house talks of nothing else but this wedding: my lady has forgotten all her complaints, and we are expecting the notary here within an hour.

JULIUS (*smiling*).

I have nothing for it but resignation.

HENRIETTE.

But, my lord—my lord—you will not surely allow the old Doctor to carry off the young lady, and her million of dollars too?

JULIUS (*smiling*).

Why not? perhaps——!

HENRIETTE (*shaking her head*).

As for my young lady, I wouldn't answer for her, for she takes such extraordinary notions sometimes!

JULIUS.

I have only to obey her wishes in all things.

HENRIETTE.

Go—go, my lord; you are only making game of me!* [*She goes out.*

JULIUS.

She has then acceded to my request, and kept my uncle in error!—but what will she say when she knows by what means we are to cut this Gordian knot?—her feelings—her principles, her

* "Sie haben mich zum Beften," is the German idiom.

whole soul will revolt against Riedler's plan, and yet, as things are, it is the only means to attain our object. It may be, that when she is assured of this, love may work a miracle for me, and may effect what neither power nor persuasion could. She comes!—I tremble like a culprit before her.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA (*her manner is cold and reserved*).

Julius! what brings *you* here?

JULIUS.

I came to thank you for granting my request, and keeping up my good uncle's delusion, though the affair has certainly become more serious than I intended.

ANNA (*coldly*).

All that has happened might have been anticipated: you knew yesterday that your uncle had fixed to-day for the betrothing.

JULIUS.

The notary will be here in a few moments.

ANNA.

It is your own fault that things have gone so far.

JULIUS.

Anna, the next hour decides our fate——

ANNA.

I know it well.

JULIUS.

It must unite or divide us for ever!

ANNA.

Assuredly!

JULIUS.

Have you courage?——

ANNA.

Courage?—for what?

JULIUS.

To—to overcome all prejudice, and set aside—for a moment only—those principles which—O if you love me, Anna, it will be easy!—and even your conscience will suffer but slightly: love cannot always choose the straight path.

ANNA.

Julius, speak more plainly!

JULIUS.

My uncle was from the beginning opposed to my views; now that he is my rival, he will be so more than ever. Riedler—(*Anna turns away with a gesture of contempt*)—I swear to you that this is the very last time I will ever yield to his counsel—Riedler has gained over the notary, who is to draw out your marriage contract with my uncle.

ANNA.

Well?

JULIUS.

And has prevailed on him—instead——

ANNA.

Instead?——

JULIUS.

To prepare mine.

ANNA.

Say all—all you have to say at once!

JULIUS.

Anna, do not condemn me!

ANNA (*impatiently*).

To prepare yours?

JULIUS.

And to place it before my uncle for his signature, as if it were his own.

[*Anna stands silent.*

(*After a pause.*) Anna, if you know any other means of success, speak now!

ANNA.

Has Riedler your consent to this plan?

JULIUS (*shrinking from her look*).

He has; for I knew not how otherwise——

ANNA (*almost with scorn*).

So be it then!

JULIUS (*joyful, yet half doubtful*).

Then you *will* have the goodness?——

ANNA.

I will hear no more: do what you think justifiable.

[*She turns from him, folding her hands as one who had taken her resolution, and walks aside.*

Enter RIEDLER *and* LÖWE.

RIEDLER.

Here he is! here he is!—the happy bridegroom! just at the door,—the gates of the temple of Hymen, I met him coming up. (*Whispers Julius.*) Have you explained to her?

JULIUS (*whispering*).

She has consented to everything!

LÖWE (*to Anna*).

Your letter, my dear young lady, touched me almost to tears. I could hardly sleep all night for joy, and this morning had well-nigh forgotten to feed my birds. No, never shall you repent that you have deigned to accept the hand of a plain but honest man!—never—I swear it on this hand—(*he kisses her hand.*)

ANNA.

Dr. Löwe, I have read over the draft of the contract you sent to me.

LÖWE.

And are you satisfied? It is but little I can give you, dearest, but 'tis all I have in the world.

ANNA.

And you do not ask what dower I have to bring you?

LÖWE.

Your dower is your heart—your mind—your virtues!

ANNA (*smiling*).

That sounds very prettily; but I would fain not enter your house as a beggar. Even poverty has its pride; and since you have endowed me with all *your* wealth, you will allow me to secure to you in return all *I* possess, be it much or little.

LÖWE.

As you please; I will thankfully receive at your hands anything—no matter what—if that it makes you easier.

ANNA.

It does so, and I thank you. I have another request to make to you.

LÖWE.

Speak, and command me!

ANNA.

I wish that the nature of the contract should not be known, and that, after I have spoken a few words to the notary, you will consent to sign it unread.

JULIUS (*to Riedler*).

What do you say to that?

RIEDLER (*whispering*).

Rosine, in the Barbier de Seville, is nothing to her!

LÖWE.

I leave everything to you: settle the matter exactly as you like.

ANNA.

Well, then, I will go and dress;* and I beg you will let me know when the notary is here.

[*She goes out.*

LÖWE.

Charming, charming girl! Julius, I have yet to thank you for coming to-day—(*shakes hands with him warmly.*)

JULIUS.

My duty, uncle——

LÖWE.

I thank you too, Baron Riedler.

RIEDLER.

Don't mention it.

JULIUS (*to Riedler*).

I tremble at the thought of the discovery!

* At the ceremony of betrothing, when formally solemnized, the lady is always full dressed in bridal attire. For further particulars relative to this custom, the reader is referred to the following drama.

RIEDLER (*aside to him*).

Pah!—the game's your own.

JULIUS (*whispering*).

I pity my uncle.

RIEDLER (*whispering*).

Why would he be so obstinate, then?

LÖWE.

It appears, Baron Riedler, that you and my nephew have something to say to each other, and I have business here; will you have the goodness to leave me for a few minutes?

RIEDLER.

With all my heart. We will go into the garden till we are called. Come, Julius!

JULIUS (*going, turns back, and catches Löwe's hand with emotion.*)

Uncle—my dear uncle!

LÖWE (*shaking hands with him kindly*).

All's right—all's right—success to you, my dear boy!

JULIUS (*aside as he goes out*).

O no success—no blessing—will ever follow this day's work! [*He goes out with Riedler.*

LÖWE.

Martin! Martin!—now they are all gone, we can unpack the things, Martin!

MARTIN (*entering*).

Sir!

LÖWE.

Have you all the things here?

MARTIN (*in a cross tone*).

Ay, all lie in the anteroom.

LÖWE.

Come—quick—help me, or we shall not be ready.

[*He goes out, and returns carrying a stand with elegant hats and caps; Martin follows him with silks and rich stuffs; then Löwe goes out, and returns with a band-box, Martin with a veil and a shawl; Löwe at last brings in a casket of jewels: they arrange all the things on a table.*

LÖWE.

Take care not to spoil anything.

MARTIN.

Don't fear, sir.

LÖWE.

The stuffs on one side, the laces on the other, the jewels in the middle;—(*rubbing his hands with delight*)—pretty—very pretty!—though I say it!

MARTIN.

Cost a heap of money, I fancy.

LÖWE.

I care not.

MARTIN.

For the price of such a shawl, now—(*taking it up by the corner in his finger and thumb*)—you might have gone to Vienna, as you so wished.

LÖWE.

Is it not cheaper for me that I have lost even the wish to go?

MARTIN (*ready to cry*).

Ay, ay, you'll repent when once you're married.

LÖWE.

Repent?—yes—that I was not married long ago; but *then* I did not know Anna.

MARTIN.

Well, I think I'd sooner have her than some others.

LÖWE (*gaily*).

It signifies much what you think!

Enter the NOTARY.

NOTARY.

Good morning, Doctor?

LÖWE.

You here already, Herr Listner! May I beg your patience for a moment?

NOTARY.

I am so little in haste, that I was on the point of asking a few minutes' conversation alone with you, before we begin business.

LÖWE.

So! the draft of the deed which I sent to you is in your hands?

NOTARY.

Yes; and it was on that very subject—— (*he looks at Martin.*)

LÖWE.

Martin, go into the garden, and tell my nephew and Baron Riedler that the notary is here.

MARTIN.

Immediately, sir. [*He goes out.*

LÖWE.

We are alone: what have you to say to me?

NOTARY.

That what I hear on one side, and what I read on the other, I am unable to reconcile. According to the draft of the marriage contract which your servant brought me this morning, it appears as if you were contemplating a marriage yourself.

LÖWE.

And whom else should it be?

NOTARY.

With Anna von Stürmer?

LÖWE.

With Anna von Stürmer.

NOTARY.

And yesterday evening Baron Riedler told me——

LÖWE.

Baron Riedler had the goodness, as I had some patients to visit, to undertake to explain my intentions to you verbally.

NOTARY.

He desired me, in your name, to prepare a marriage contract for your nephew.

LÖWE.

For my nephew?—with whom?

NOTARY.

With the same Anna von Stürmer.

LÖWE.

That is a mistake; my nephew is on the point of marrying a rich English heiress—a Miss Temple.

NOTARY.

Temple?—just so. I did not know that the young lady went by the name of Temple; but the adopted daughter and heiress of Lord Temple, and this Anna von Stürmer, are the same person.

LÖWE.

Nonsense!—Anna von Stürmer has no fortune.

NOTARY.

She is heiress to a million of dollars.*

* About one hundred and forty-two thousand pounds English money. The princess was determined to make her rich English heiress rich enough to fulfil the German ideas of English opulence.

LÖWE.

And beloved by my nephew?

NOTARY.

So Baron Riedler tells me. Be on your guard, my dear Doctor; I much fear that some deception is intended against you; for, only an hour ago, Riedler sent to offer me, in the name of the Baron, two thousand dollars down, if I would manage to conclude the affair without any further explanation with you.

LÖWE (*restraining himself*).

And you?——

NOTARY.

I agreed to everything, from a fear lest they might meet among my brotherhood with one less conscientious than myself.

LÖWE (*with a burst of anguish*).

Julius! Julius! have I deserved this from you?

NOTARY.

Perhaps you opposed his marriage?

LÖWE.

Yes, I did—I could not in conscience do otherwise; but Heaven knows I suffered more than he did!

NOTARY.

Then 'tis probable that they intended by these means to cheat you out of your signature?

LÖWE.

But that could not have been without her knowledge: and *she!*—she *could* not—ah!—(*as if struck by a sudden and frightful idea*)—now Heaven have mercy on me!—fool that I was! Did she not make me promise to sign the contract without reading it? I thought then—O misery!—(*covers his face with his hands.*)

NOTARY.

Yon see I am in the right.

LÖWE.

How cruelly does every recollection confirm all! how circumstance on circumstance combined to draw the net closer round me! I was to grant from blind love what I had refused on principle. For *this* was her name concealed—for *this* she first appeared in the touching garb of poverty—for *this* was my compassion to be excited! O! my heart is like to break! When I believed I was honouring virtue, I was doing homage to the vilest coquetry! Julius!—Anna!—you have conquered; but 'tis a poor triumph: it was so easy to deceive me!

NOTARY (*compassionately*).

Compose yourself!

LÖWE (*after a pause*).

She looked all innocence and truth; and I met her with a faith as boundless! Not for her for-

tune's sake, but to endow her with all I had in the world, did I seek her hand—and she!—Ay, pity me!—from my childhood upwards have I loved my fellow-creatures, and thus—thus have they ever repaid me!

NOTARY.

Command yourself! reflect that 'tis in your power to punish their ingratitude.

LÖWE.

I will do so—I will have vengeance; but it shall be in my way—not theirs.

ANNA (*opens the door of her room, and speaks without advancing*).

Mr. Notary, will you take the trouble to come into my room? I wish to speak to you: with your leave, my dear Doctor!

LÖWE (*turning towards her, but without looking at her*).

I agree to all you wish—to ALL—observe. (*Aside to the Notary.*) Go in with her, and do whatever she desires, but without betraying that you know anything of her plans.

NOTARY (*to Löwe*).

I have brought, in case of need, copies of both contracts.

LÖWE.

When she reads mine, she will see, at least, that I had no selfish purpose.

ANNA (*appears again at the door*).

My dear Doctor, time presses!

LÖWE.

Do not fear: I will no longer detain the gentleman.

[*Anna and the Notary disappear into an inner room.*

LÖWE (*alone*).

'Twas then an empty vision, this last hope of my life! it has vanished, and with it the only good left to me—that peace for which I had struggled through eighteen solitary years!—Yet who bid me turn again to the magic book of my youthful dreams to conjure up long-buried hopes and wishes to life and light? O, I have deserved it all! but Julius!—but Anna!—not from *you* should this bitter lesson have come—O not from *you!* Had she but opened her heart to me yesterday! I told her then, I was ready to sacrifice my happiness to hers; but she was afraid that jealousy would have more power over me than love and honour. This vile opinion shall she retract; I will force her to say, "Löwe is good and true!" and then farewell for ever to her and to the world;—this—this shall be my only vengeance!

Enter MADAME STÜRMER.

MADAME STÜRMER.

I understand that the notary is here, and that you only wait for my daughter. Ah, my dear Doctor, I cannot tell you how delighted I am that my Anna has decided in your favour! and, between ourselves, I think the wonderful improvement in my health has done much to influence her. Your pills, Doctor, are a life elixir; guess only what I ate last night for supper?—truffel-pie! and slept admirably after it!

LÖWE.

Eat whatever you fancy—why not?

Enter JULIUS *and* RIEDLER.

JULIUS (*aside*).

Stick by me—I lose all courage.

RIEDLER (*to Löwe*).

You allow me the honour of witnessing your marriage contract?

LÖWE (*coldly*).

Yes! you will oblige me by honouring with your signature the contract which is to be witnessed to-day. Julius, you look sad; does my happiness afflict you, Julius?

JULIUS.

You cannot surely think so, my dear uncle?

LÖWE.

Why, do I not know that an uncle's marriage is seldom agreeable to his nephew? But be satisfied; this hour shall teach you how *your* uncle's heart stands towards you.

JULIUS (*with increasing emotion*).

Do not think me insensible of all your kindness, nor deem my heart in fault, if difference of principle—if circumstances—if passion enforced me——

RIEDLER (*pulling his arm*).

Silence, or you are ruined!

LÖWE (*holding out his hand to Julius*).

'Tis well, 'tis well, my son;* but what detains the young lady?

RIEDLER.

Here she comes, and the notary with her.

Enter ANNA (*elegantly dressed as a bride, and the notary with the contract in his hand*).

MADAME STÜRMER.

You have been a preposterous time about your toilette, child; the gentlemen have been waiting hours for you.

ANNA (*smiling*).

'Twas unwillingly I delayed the moment of

* *My son* is a term of endearment in German as in French.

my happiness, but I could not help it. Pray sit down. (*To the notary, who seats himself.*)

LÖWE (*aside*).

What innocence in every feature! forgotten she cannot be—nor hated—O no! but wept—as one dead!

NOTARY.

In accordance with the wishes of the bride and bridegroom, I omit the customary reading of the articles, and invite you, ladies and gentlemen, to proceed at once to the signing of the deed. (*He unfolds the contract*).

[*Anna approaches the table, and places her handkerchief over the deed, in such a manner that only the empty space for the signatures remains visible.*

MADAME STÜRMER.

With your leave——(*attempts to push away the handkerchief.*)

ANNA.

Pardon me, dear madam; even the bridegroom must not see the contents till all have signed.

LÖWE.

If these precautions are on my account, you might have spared them, young lady. I promised to sign my name without inquiry or explanation, and a man of honour keeps his word. (*He signs.*)

RIEDLER (*whispers Julius*).

Victoria!

ANNA (*she takes the pen from Löwe's hand*).

'Tis now my turn—with joyful and stedfast heart—there! (*She signs.*)

[*Löwe, who has been watching her with a momentary eagerness, turns away mournfully.*

ANNA (*to Madame Stürmer*).

You, madam!

MADAME STÜRMER.

How willingly! (*She signs, and Anna embraces her with emotion.*)

NOTARY.

Baron Löwenberg! Baron Riedler!

RIEDLER (*to Julius, who stands irresolute*).

For shame! do it at once.

[*Julius goes to the table, and signs with a trembling hand; then Riedler.*

RIEDLER (*aside*).

The game's our own!

ANNA.

Have all signed?

NOTARY.

All.

ANNA.

Then I will now request you to read the articles.

LÖWE.

Stop, sir! 'tis unnecessary! the contents of that paper are no secret to me; I know already what I have signed, and do not retract my word.

JULIUS.

Uncle!

LÖWE.

Julius—Anna—why use me thus? why endeavour to secure by mean contrivance what fate had already prepared for you? Everything had combined to crown your wishes. Caroline was engaged—my conscience was no longer opposed to your marriage; a few hours of patience, of submission, of forbearance, and your union had been blessed—you might have been happy with the feeling that you had deserved your happiness. Do not fear that I shall now refuse from wounded pride what I only refused on principle; there remains no obstacle to your marriage; but the fairest flowers in your nuptial garland are withered—faith and good-will! God grant they may yet bloom again for you, and that your children may prove more kind to you than you have proved to me!

JULIUS.

If you knew, uncle!—if you only knew——

LÖWE.

No more—the thing is done. (*With a melancholy smile.*) Julius, you have debts, which you must

not ask your wife to pay for you on her wedding-day—that will never do, Julius! I must now tell you that I have always been your sole creditor, (*taking a paper from his pocket-book,*) and you must accept your release from all such obligations as my wedding-gift to you.

[*Tears the paper, and gives it to him.*

JULIUS.

O, if my repentance—my gratitude!—

LÖWE.

Let me hear that you become a worthy man—so am I best repaid! let me *hear* it—I repeat—for I will never *see* you more, nor *her!* I will go back to my solitude, live for my poor patients, and if my heart should ever again sigh for human sympathy, I will go to the grave of my Marie—the one—the only being who ever truly loved me! [*He turns to go.*

ANNA.

Löwe—stay!—and O forgive me if till now I have been silent; but I could not deny myself the unspeakable delight of seeing such a character as yours displayed in all its goodness, all its greatness! You are the noblest, the best of men. Happy the woman who shall call you hers!—Thrice happy myself that I am she!

LÖWE.

You, Anna!

ANNA (*takes the contract from the table*).

This contract, which you signed unread, unites us for ever—and do you think I will give you up? —Never—O never!

NOTARY (*rising*).

I have the honour to wish you joy, Doctor Löwe!—the heiress of Lord Temple—her hand—her fortune—none can henceforth dispute with you.

RIEDLER.

I fall from the clouds! (*To the Notary.*) Sir, did you not give me your word?——

NOTARY.

To draw out a marriage contract for the Baron Julius? I have done so—here it is—see if you can find any one to sign it for you.

[*He goes out—Riedler follows him with reproaches.*

JULIUS.

Anna!

ANNA.

You do not expect that I should excuse myself to *you*, Julius? I am released from my promise to you—for you offered me a heart which you had no longer a right to bestow. What your uncle has just said must not heal your conscience. I have seen Caroline, and found means to draw her noble secret from her. She is no bride, and, should you forsake her, will never marry. Only

that she might be no obstacle to your happiness, did she venture on this, the first falsehood of her life.

JULIUS.

Is it possible? Caroline!

ANNA.

Return to her—for even if I might love you still, I *could* not: my heart, as my hand, belongs to one only—to the man whom on earth I most revere! [*She gives her hand to Löwe.*

LÖWE.

What do you say? do I hear aright,—and dare I believe it? *I* so loved? O, I do not, I do not deserve it, Marie!—'tis you have prayed for me!*

[*He stands with folded hands, and eyes upraised to heaven. Anna and Julius embrace him on either side; and Madame Stürmer contemplates the group with pleasure.*

The Curtain falls.

* This does not render the beautiful "Das haſt du mir erbeten!" To obtain by prayers is expressed by the single word "erbeten" for which we have no equivalent.

END OF VOL. I.

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