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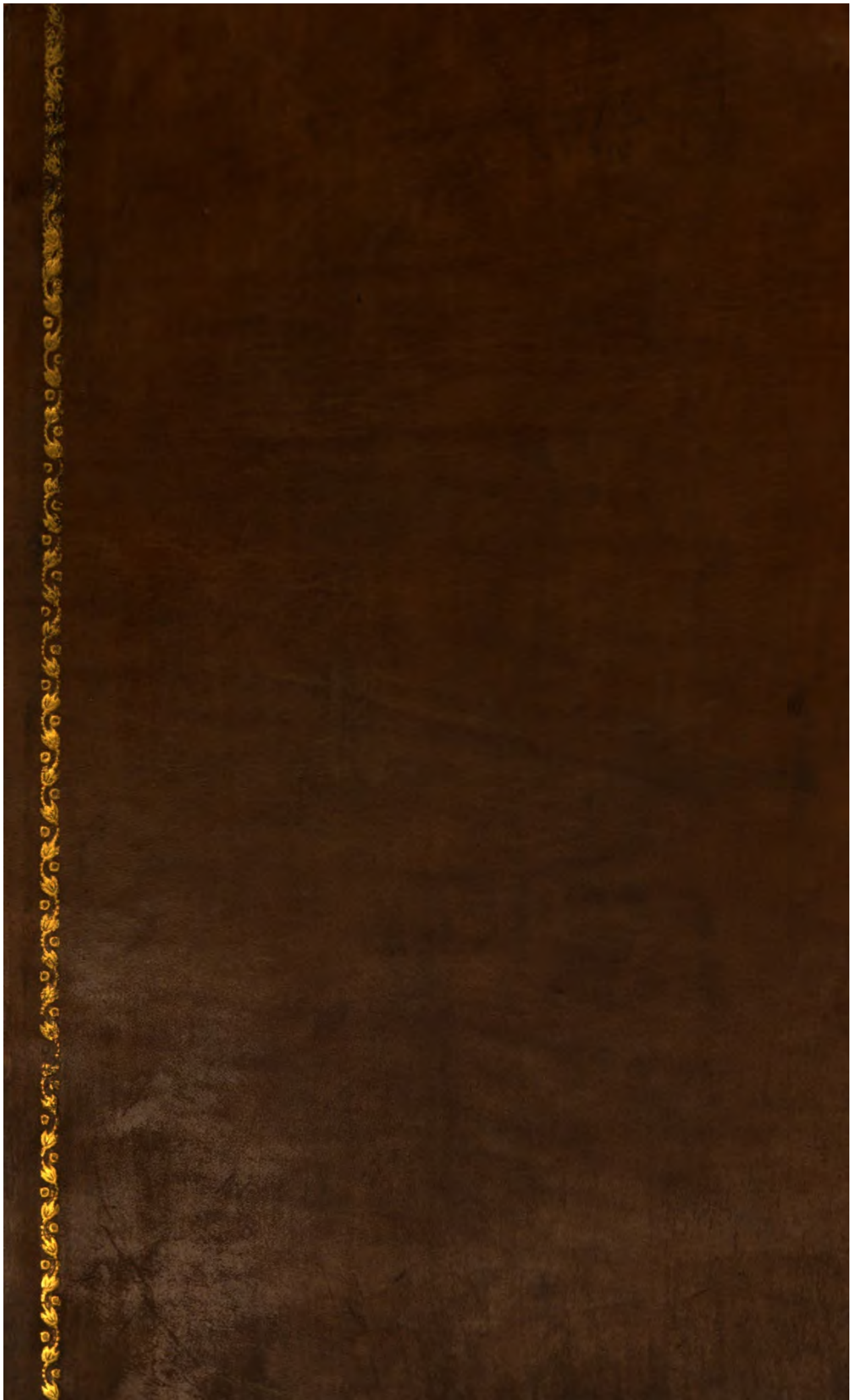
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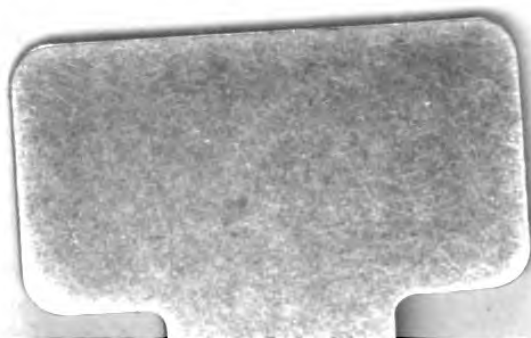
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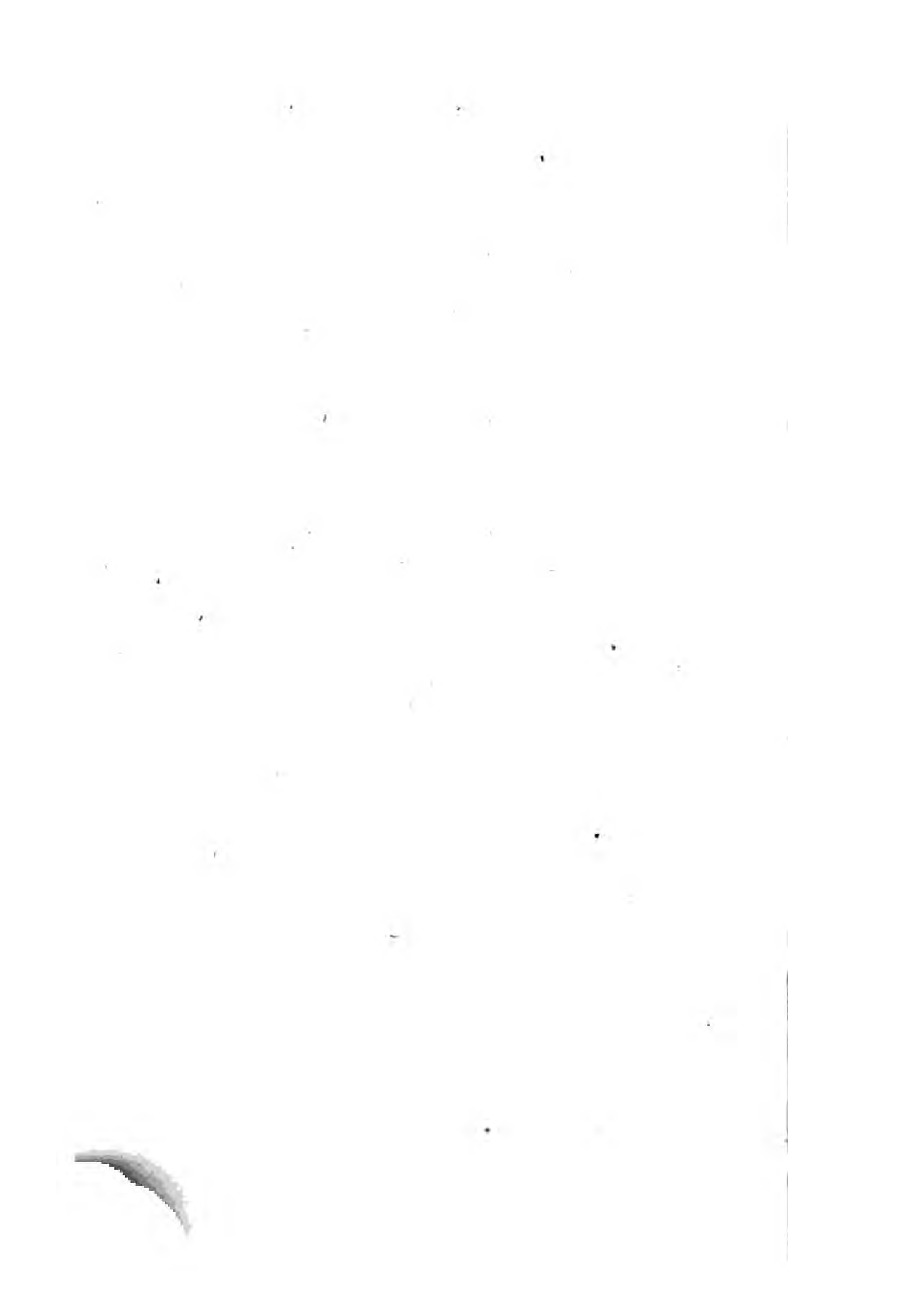


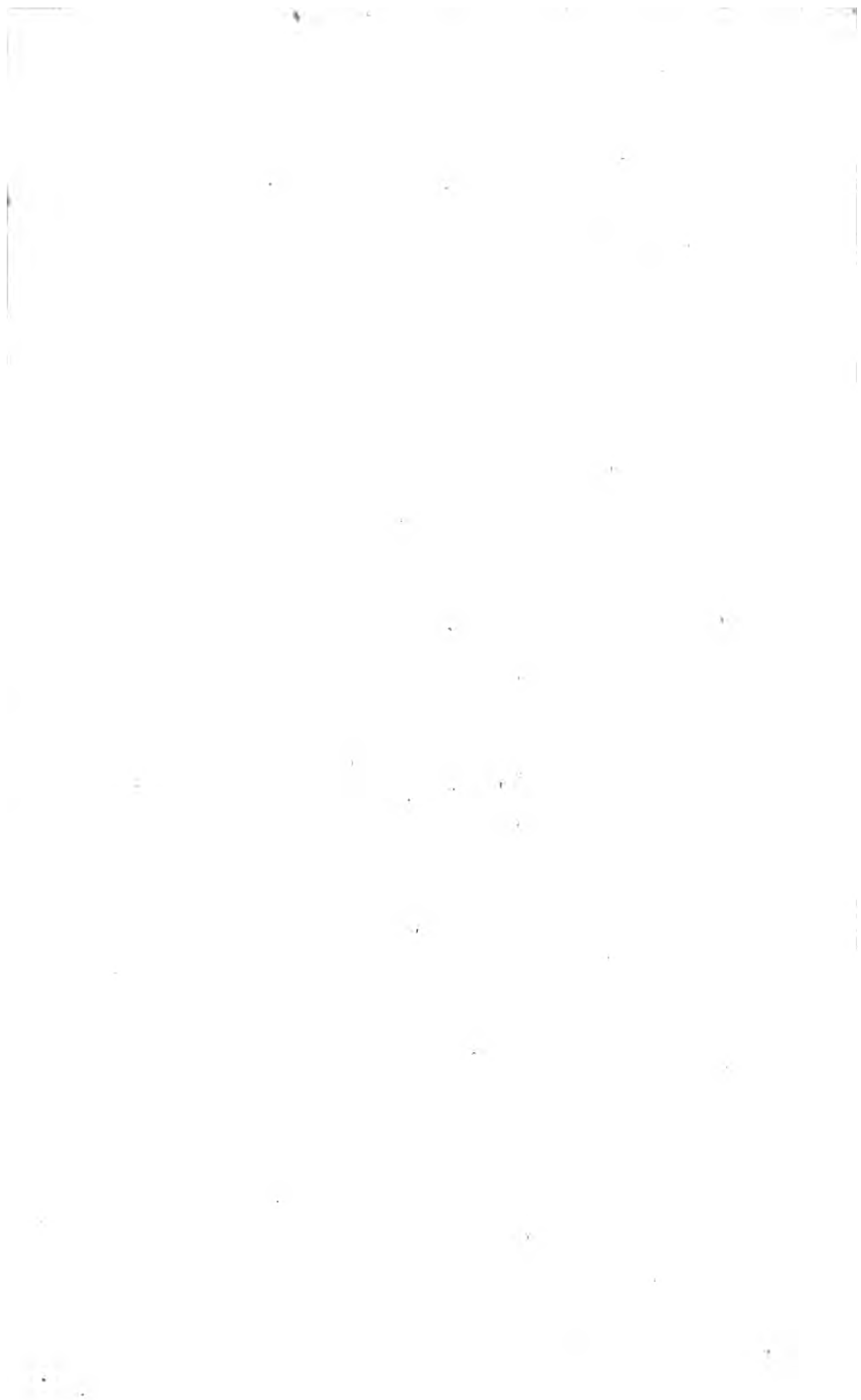
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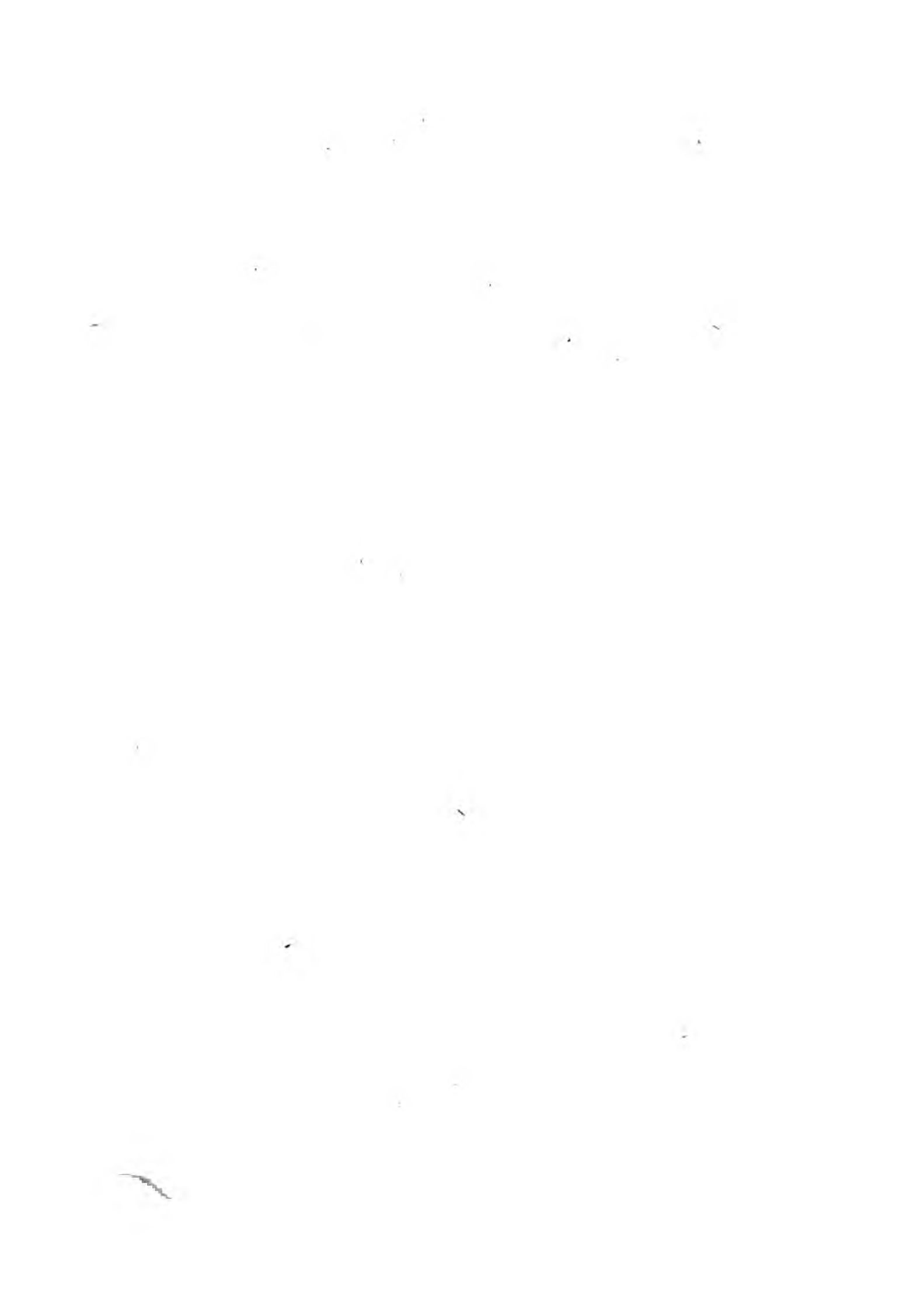
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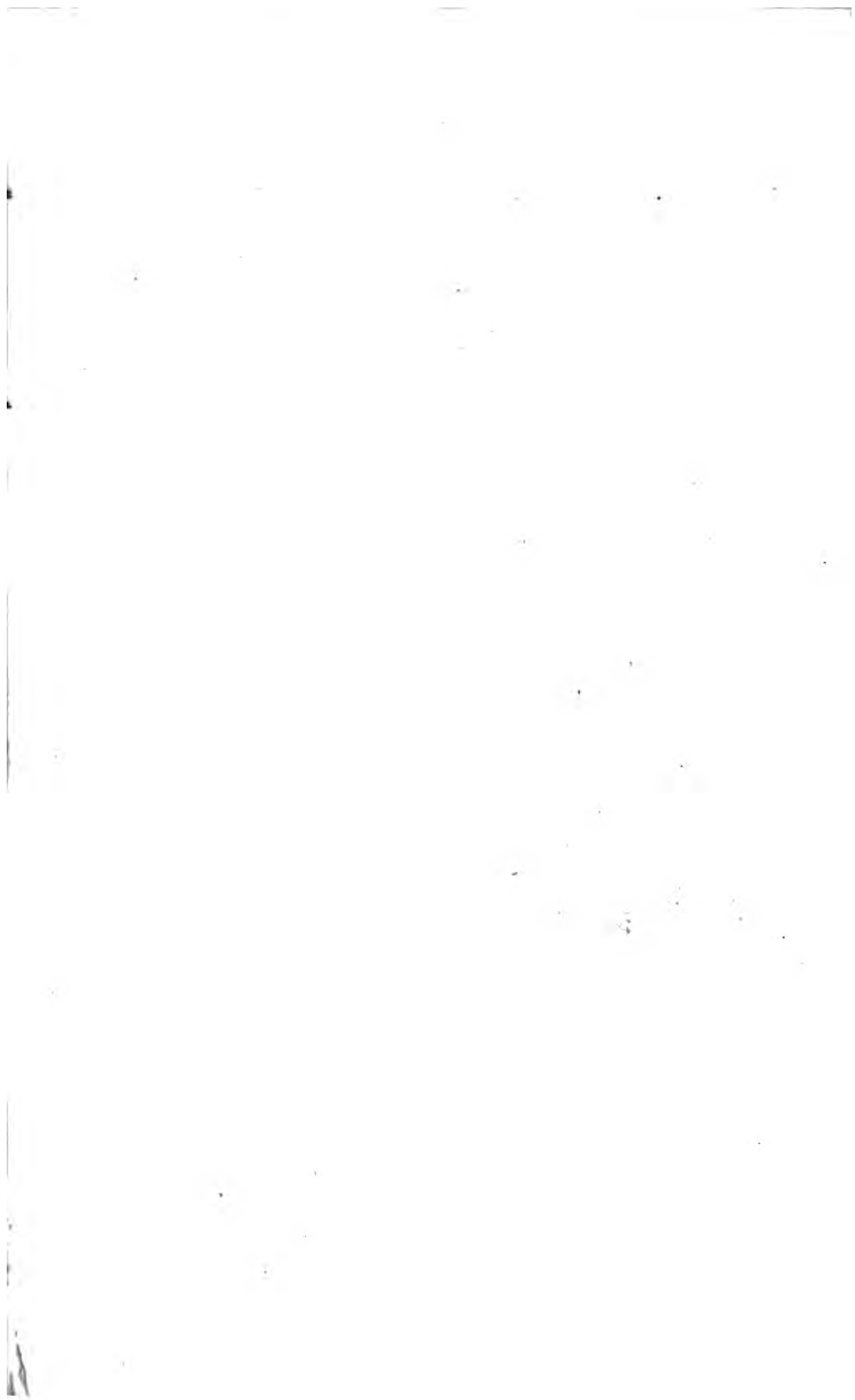














Thurston del.

Heath. R.A. sculp.

Adelaide of Wulfingen!
Act last. Scene last.

Published Jan^y 31st by T. Agnew & Sons, Poultry

THE
German Theatre,

Translated by

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Esq.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Containing

OTTO OF WITTLESBACH.

DAGOBERT.

ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN.

◆
FOURTH EDITION.

London :

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1811.



T. Hood and Co. Printers, St. John's Square, London.

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH;

OR, THE

CHOLERIC COUNT.



A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.



FROM

B A B O.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PHILIP OF SUABIA, *Emperor of Germany.*
LEWIS, *Duke of Bavaria.*
OTTO OF WITTELSBACH, *Count Palatine of Bavaria.*
HENRY, } *Brothers of Otto.*
EGBERT, }
ARTENBERG, } *Courtiers.*
WALDBURG, }
CALHEIM, *a Bavarian Count.*
WENZEL, *a Bohemian Count.*
WALLRICH, *an Imperial Herald.*
SIR FREDERICK OF REUSS.
WOLF, *Otto's Armour-Bearer.*
WILIBALD, } *Otto's Children.*
EDGAR, }
CONRAD, *and another Inhabitant of Aicha.*
STEWARD, *to Reuss.*
TWO CITIZENS *of Munich.*

WOMEN.

LUDMILLA, *Duchess of Bavaria.*
CUNIGUNDA, } *Daughters of the Emperor.*
BEATRICE, }

Knights, Warriors, Guards, Courtiers, &c.

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH;

OR, THE

CHOLERIC COUNT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A gallery in the palace at BRAUNAW.

Enter HENRY and WOLF, on opposite sides.

Hen. WELCOME, Wolf! what bring'st thou?

Wolf. Fraternal greeting from the Count Palatine to Henry, Count of Andechs.

Hen. Whence art thou come?

Wolf. From Wittelsbach.

Hen. Where is my brother?

Wolf. On his way hither.

Hen. Indeed! How long have you been in Bavaria?

Wolf. We arrived last night from the Emperor's court at our castle. By heavens, my Lord, you will scarcely believe me, when I tell you we were only a week in riding from Aix to Wittelsbach. Hills and woods flew so rapidly past us, that we could scarcely see them.

Hen. Why in such haste?

Wolf. My Lord, I'll tell you as much as I know of the matter. Hearing nothing from my master on

the road but "more speed, Wolf, more speed," I once ventured to ask a question, my Lord. "Sir," said I, "why in such haste?"—"At Braunaw," answered he, "I'll have my beard shorn that I may please the women." I perceived that he meant "Wolf, hold your tongue, and attend to your horse!"—so I asked no more questions.

Hen. To please the women at Braunaw! Hem!

Wolf. But, my Lord, what means all this bustle in the castle?

Hen. Knowest thou not that our Duke is to be married to-day?

Wolf. Married! Not I. To whom?

Hen. To the widow of Count Albrecht, of Bogen.

Wolf. What? Well I shall now be surprised at nothing in the world. Why, she is a Bohemian.

Hen. She is young and handsome.

Wolf.—(*Shakes his head.*)—Hem! Hem! I must see her. Farewell, my Lord.

Hen. Whither art thou going?

Wolf. Into the saloon to see the bride.

Hen. Thou wilt not be admitted.

Wolf. How! Not admitted!

Hen. None but a Knight dare enter the Duke's apartments unbidden.

Wolf. What! May not a Bavarian greet his Prince?

Hen. Stay here, Wolf. The procession will pass through this gallery to the church, and thou wilt have a better view of it.

Enter Two CITIZENS of Munich.

First Cit. God be with you, noble Count!

Hen. Thanks, my friends; whence come you?

First Cit. We come from Munich to make an appeal in behalf of the citizens to our Duke.

Hen. How goes it in Munich?

First Cit. Thank Heaven, well. Since Albrecht of Bogen's followers and the Bohemians have ceased to molest us, we find good employment and subsistence. Would the whole empire were in as peaceful a state!

Wolf. It soon will be, good neighbour.

Sec. Cit. Ha! Wolf! Welcome home! Do you bring good news? Is the Count Palatine here too?

Wolf. He will soon be here.

Sec. Cit.—(*To the other.*)—Otto is coming. He will certainly assist us.

Hen. Wolf, they approach. I must accompany the Duke to church. Should Otto arrive in the mean time, tell him his brother Henry rejoices in the hope of seeing him.

The procession appears. Fifty guards pass through the gallery, followed by many Knights and Nobles magnificently clothed. In the midst of them walks the Duke, supported by Egbert and another Peer. Henry joins them. After the Duke, walks the Duchess, supported by two ladies of rank and followed by others. These are succeeded by more Knights and Nobles, and fifty guards close the procession.

Duke.—(*As he passes.*)—Is not that Wolf, the Squire of the Count Palatine?

Wolf.—(*Goes to him.*)—Your Highness is right.

Duke.—(*Stops.*)—What art thou doing here without thy master?

Wolf. He sent me to prepare for his reception.

Duch. Why do they not proceed?—(*The ladies tell her that the Duke is in conversation with Wolf.*)

Duke. My cousin Otto is coming to see me, then! I rejoice to hear it. But why did he send you? My palace is always ready for his reception. Farewell, Wolf.

[*Proceeds.*]

dearest!—more speed! Wolf, more speed!
 and ventured to ask a question, my Lord
 said, "What is such haste?"—"At the
 command of the Duke, I have my beard shorn this
 morn'g for the women." I perceived that
 "the Duke's overhaste, and attend to you
 —I will answer questions."

He: To please the women at Braunau?
 Wolf: My Lord, what means all this
 haste?

He: Knowest thou not that our Duke
 is married?

Wolf: Married! Not I. To whom?

He: To the widow of Count Albrecht, of
 the Tyrol.

Wolf: What! Well I shall now be sur-
 prised in the world. Why, she is a Bohemian.

He: She is young and handsome.

Wolf: (aside, in loud) —Hem! Hem!

He: (aside) —Hem! My Lord.

Wolf: Whither art thou going?

He: To the solemn to see the bride.

Wolf: Thou wilt not be admitted.

He: How! Not admitted!

Wolf: None but a Knight dare enter the
 church's vestibles.

He: What! May not a Bavarian go
 to church?

Wolf: Stay here, Wolf. The procession will
 pass through this gallery to the church, and thou
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Enter Two CITIZENS of Munich.

Cit. God be with you, noble Count!

Count: Thanks, my friends; whence come ye?

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Welcome home! Do you
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many Klopfers and ...
In the midst of them called
Egbert and another ...
After the Justice called in
two ladies of rank ...
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Duch.—(*As she passes.*)—His presence was not exactly necessary.

Manent WOLF, and the TWO CITIZENS.

Wolf. Why did you not make your appeal?

First Cit. We saw that the Duchess did not like to be detained.

Sec. Cit. She seemed angry because the Duke spoke to you.

First Cit. Well, we have lost nothing by the delay, for the Count Palatine arrives, our petition is as good as when granted. He will never suffer a Bavarian to be aggrieved.—(*Trumpets are heard at a distance.*)

Wolf. Hark! Now they are in the church.

First Cit. Don't you think the Duchess handsome?

Sec. Cit. Yes, very handsome.

Wolf. True. In the whole procession, which seemed calculated for a display of magnificence and beauty, there was certainly nothing which could be compared with her person, but that she was offended when the Duke spoke to me—Hem! A Duchess of Bavarian blood would not have been so.

First Cit. Well, well! She, perhaps, did not mean it amiss. But, what news do you bring from the Emperor's court?

Wolf. None but good. Strasburg, Erfort and Aix are ours. Well may I say *ours*, for our Otto did most towards the conquest of them. Without him the Emperor Philip would but have been an arm without a sword, or a sword without an arm.

First Cit. How it delights me to hear such tidings! Yes, the race of Wittelsbach is the glory of Bavaria. Long may it continue so!

Wolf. Thanks, countrymen! Don't doubt it.

First Cit. The Emperor will surely reward the Count Palatine most royally.

Wolf. He will. Don't you know how?

First Cit. No.

Wolf. He will reward him with the hand of one of his daughters.

Sec. Cit. What say you?

Wolf. That Otto of Wittelsbach will soon be the Emperor's son-in-law.

First Cit. Heavens! How happy you make us! Come, Wolf, come with us, and let us drink to your brave master's health.

Wolf. I thank you, good men, but I must await his arrival here. I never in my life had it in my power to blame him for any thing, except that he is apt to forget his horse has no wings, and may at last be tired. But hark! 'Tis he. No one rides thus but Otto.

Enter OTTO.

First and Sec. Cit. Hail to the noble Count Palatine! Welcome, welcome to your native land!

Otto. Many thanks to you, dear Bavarians! Ha! Were not thou one of my followers, when I fought against Albrecht of Bogen?

Sec. Cit. I was, my Lord.

Otto. Why, you told me you meant to settle in Munich.

Sec. Cit. And did so, too, my Lord. We two are deputed by the Citizens to make an appeal to our gracious Duke.—(To *First Cit.*)—Speak.

First Cit. My Lord, the city of Munich has received a command from the Emperor, which infringes on its rights.

Otto. The Emperor infringes on your rights, do you say? He is not apt to do that.

First Cit. It is his command that we should pay an annual tribute of sixty-five silver marks, on account of the advantages we derive from the salt

trade. This has never been done in the memory of man, and we therefore come to beg that our Duke would be graciously pleased to state it as a grievance in the imperial courts.

Otto. If it be not customary and just, you shall not pay the sixty-five marks.

First Cit. It is not customary and just.

Otto. Then you shall pay nothing.

First Cit. We will tell the citizens that we must not pay the tribute.

Otto. Do so, and greet them in my name.

First Cit. We return you thanks, my noble Lord. Heaven bless you and your children, that we may always know where to apply for protection!

Otto. Farewell, my countrymen. At Wittelsbach I would regale you, but here——

First Cit. Oh, to have seen you is a greater treat than any banquet. God preserve you, noble Count!
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Wolf. I delivered your greeting to the Count of Andechs, and every thing is ready for your reception at the palace.

Otto. Knew my brother I was coming?

Wolf. No. I thought he seemed surprised at it.

Otto. Where is he?

Wolf. In the church. Had you come a moment sooner you would have seen the handsome couple and the nobles of the land pass through this gallery. The sight would have been worth the trouble, I assure you, Sir.

Otto. Think'st thou so, Wolf? No—we ought to have been more speedy—we ought to have been here a week ago.

Wolf. Merciful Heavens! We must have ridden on the wind, then. But why sooner? You are arrived in time for the celebration of the marriage.

Otto. That is exactly what I did not wish. Half

my possessions would I give, had I not come to the celebration of this marriage. Wolf, hold yourself ever in readiness, as if we were at an inn.

Wolf. I will, my Lord. Dare I speak as I think?

Otto. On your life in no other way.

Wolf. Why, then, I think we seem to be at an inn, where the same attention is not paid as heretofore. When you used to come hither, old and young, great and small, ran to greet you; but to-day not even a dog, belonging to the Duke, makes his appearance.

Otto. So much the better, Wolf. The Duke's dogs are idle dogs. They are fed to do nothing. (*Trumpets are again heard.*)

Wolf. I believe they are coming from church. Yes, see!

The procession returns in the same order as it went.

The Duke, Henry, and Egbert, step out to welcome Otto. The procession stops. Wolf goes.

Duke. You are welcome, dear kinsman. I rejoice that you favour me with your presence on this festive day.

Hen. and Egb. Welcome, brother Otto, welcome!

Otto. I am the man to scent a feast at the distance of a hundred miles. I am glad you had so much confidence in my nose, as to think any intelligence or invitation needless.—(*The Duke starts.*)—Dare I venture to greet your lady in my dusty armour?—(*She just enters with her train.*)—Duchess, my best wishes for your welfare announce me as your humble servant.

Duch. I thank you, my Lord.

Duke. Come with us, Otto.

Otto. Pardon me. I will not, by my rude appearance, darken the splendour of the day. I shall attend you in your cabinet.

Duke. Well, as you please.—(To an attendant.)—Are the Count's rooms ready for his reception?—(The attendant shrugs his shoulders.)—Look after them instantly. Well, kinsman, I expect you.—(They proceed.)

Manent OTTO and HENRY.

Otto. Henry!—Oh that I could compress my whole thoughts into one word, and declare what is passing in this boiling breast! Tell me—what think you of this union?—Brother, shrug not your shoulders thus instead of answering, nor look around as if some one were listening to us. Speak boldly—boldly as a man.

Hen. I wish the Duke had not done this.

Otto. Now by all that is good and holy, had I been here, it should not have been done. But I was the last, who was acquainted with it. Lewis's union was the tale of all the Emperor's court, ere I had learnt it. Is it thus that I am treated?

Hen. How! Did you receive no notice—no invitation?

Otto. I tell you, no. I should perhaps have been still in ignorance, had not the emperor assured me such was the case. He—he himself sent me to my kinsman's wedding.

Hen. I understand it not.

Otto. But when I tell you that not long ago I asked the Emperor to bestow his youngest daughter on my kinsman, Lewis, and was not refused—understand you, now, what all this means?

Hen. By Heaven, if this be as you say—

Otto. It is, it is. The Emperor sent me hither. Could he have any intention than to prevent this act of folly? He did not say thus much, but had I been, at that moment, capable of forming any other idea, it appeared as strongly in his tone, in his every

look, as it is at this moment graven in my heart. By my faith, had any evil spirit wished to torment me with a dreadful dream, the most crafty of all demons must he have been, if he had succeeded in filling my brain with such fancies. Oh! Heaven grant my anger may not make me as talkative as a court-sycophant!—Had any one told me that the firmament would fall upon us, I would have answered: “Let it fall;” but never can I tamely bear to hear that Bavaria’s Duke, while professing to be our Emperor’s friend, has married a cousin of Bohemian Ottocar, who clings as closely to the Duke of Brunswick as the iron to a horse’s hoof.

Hen. Brother, many things have lately happened, which have led me to suppose that our Emperor not only approves of this connection, but has even promoted it. Ludmilla may, perhaps, have reconciled her uncle Ottocar to the Emperor.

Otto. Ludmilla reconciled her uncle! She, who so much rejoiced at the anticipated desolation of Bavaria! ’Twas she alone who encouraged Albrecht to form an alliance with Bohemia, in order to exterminate us all.

Hen. I may be wrong, but my conjecture is not without foundation.

Otto. Explain, then, what you know.

Hen. Not here, my brother. Retire with me to some place, where we can converse without interruption.

Otto. To converse without interruption I will go with you; but not as if I wished to creep into a corner, and in a smothered voice give vent to the sensations of my soul. My words are bold and loud; for I have not a thought which I am not ready to avow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DUCHESS and WENZEL.

Duch. Kinsman, I assure you his hatred and friendship cannot be so indifferent to me, and I know he hates me. His arrival has, doubtless, quite another cause than that which he declares. He is not the man, who would forsake the Emperor's court for nothing, or for mere politeness. My husband has just informed me that he seemed highly incensed at not having had any notice of our marriage. I am sure he will suppose me to be the cause of this, and policy dictated it; for had he gained earlier notice of our intentions, all my hopes would have been destroyed.

Wen. True, but why need you now be afraid of him? Your Lord's affections and your own privileges place you beyond his power.

Duch. What I am, I am become through affection, and no power is more wavering than that which depends upon the humours of a husband. My Lewis is young, and I am not so vain as to build upon the continuance of his passion.—There are men, who, without fair words and smooth discourse, obtain a safe command over another's inclination: Of these Otto is one. The fame of his exploits gives him consequence throughout the empire, and, I have often observed that my husband feels a reverence towards him, mingled with fear. All this makes me uneasy,—I therefore wish you, cousin, to sound his opinions, and, if it be possible, to convert his hatred into friendship, or, at least, into indifference.

Wen. Be assured I will leave no means untried to gratify your wishes. I will lull to repose my hatred towards this haughty man, and devote my mind entirely to your service.

Duch. Enough! You shall find me not ungrateful.—My husband comes.—More of this anon.

[*Exit Wenzel.*]

Enter DUKE.

Duke. My love, how can you so long deprive me of your company? You know my heart thinks every moment lost, which is not spent with you. Why is your countenance less bright than heretofore? What lies so heavy on your heart as to disturb you on this happy day.

Duch. My husband! My Lewis! What bliss is there in those words?—But let me not declare the trifling cause of my uneasiness, lest your affection should find some fancied consequence in a mere trifle.

Duke. It must be as my dearest thinks it—Yet let me know it.—Unbounded confidence is the most sacred duty of affection. Conceal not from me, I beseech you, one emotion of your mind.

Duch. Oh, why is human nature allowed no perfect bliss? Even the happiest state is embittered by the thought of its doubtful continuance. Lewis, I had but one wish,—(*Takes his hand.*)—this!—It is gratified—completely gratified—(*Embracing him.*)—but—

Duke. Speak, my life, oh speak!

Duch. I am disturbed by the sentiments of your kinsman—the Count Palatine. He hates me.

Duke. You! the emblem of beauty and affection! Then must his blood be gall, and his heart the repository of baseness.

Duch. I am certain that he hates me. He considers me the cause of all the misery inflicted on Bavaria by Count Albrecht. To my charge he in his own mind lays all the devastations occasioned by the

incursions of your Bohemian neighbour.—Must not this distress me?

Duke. Be at ease, my love. When he becomes acquainted with your noble mind, repentance for his error will be a sufficient punishment.

Duch. Believe me, an animosity so rooted is not so easily removed. To be convinced that I am innocent, it is necessary he should see with an unbiassed eye. An object which is hateful through habit, appears ugly on every side.

Duke. Otto is really not malicious.

Duch. I am silent.—*(She sighs.)*

Duke. Dearest, this mournful look pierces my very soul. Tell me, what can I do to relieve you? I'll speak to Otto. His heart is open, and his sentiments are on his lips. I shall soon learn whether there is any foundation for your uneasiness. Rely on me.

Duch. I was just applying to Count Wenzel on this subject when you entered. I desired him to vindicate me to your cousin Otto.

Duke. Vindicate! That need not be done by my wife. It is only the criminal, who needs defence. Who are you, and who am I? I own I should be glad that my kinsman Otto approved of my choice; but to your perfections, and to no other motive, will I be obliged for his approbation. Were such my wish, I need but tell him that through you the Emperor obtains the friendship of Ottocar: and, from that moment, he would be your first of friends.

Duch. I should be happy if he knew it.

Duke. He shall—and be ashamed of having, for a moment, mistaken you. But one doubt distresses me.

Duch. What is it, my dear Lord?

Duke. Whether my cousin knows that the Emperor is about to bestow one of his daughters on Duke Ottocar.

Duch. That Wenzel shall try to discover. But see, the Count Palatine approaches.

Enter OTTO.

Duke. Welcome, once more, good kinsman.

Otto. The Emperor commends him to you, and wishes you all happiness. He likewise commanded me to state that he relies upon your sending the usual supply of vassals, and supporting him with your alliance, as hitherto.

Duke. I hope you assured the Emperor of my zeal in his service.

Otto. I did.—(*Looks scornfully at the Duch.*)

Duch.—(*Aside.*)—Ha! Disdain! Count, if you perceived that I was present, I beg you likewise to observe that I withdraw. [*Exit.*

Duke. Kinsman, what has my wife done, that you survey her with a look as bold as if she were a base and wanton wench?

Otto. What have your ancestors and subjects done, that you should make this woman your wife?

Duke. Who can produce a charge against her virtue? I challenge any one to make the attempt. She deserves to be Bavaria's duchess. I know you are, in general, not unreasonable. Your sentiments are candid. Tell me frankly why you are exasperated against my wife?

Otto. Can I like the serpent who stung my brother or my son? Still bleed the wounds inflicted on my native country by Bohemia's arms.

Duke. How is my wife to blame for this?

Otto. She it was, who sharpened the steel and urged to war.

Duke. No, on my word, she never encouraged slaughter. Many a tear did she shed for the misfortunes which her late husband's fury brought upon Bavaria.

Otto. It may be so. Enough is it for me that she is our Emperor's foe, being the friend of his most deadly foe.

Duke. This seems to you so certain that you ground your hatred on it. Kinsman, I do not in any thing chuse to excite your reproaches. I loved you ever—love you still. Many would ridicule my conduct, if they knew that I demeaned myself so far as to defend my consort to a man, who is not my master, or my father.

Otto. Why do you this, Duke?

Duke. Because I do not wish to think you unjust.

Otto. I love my native land, my race, and Philip.

Duke. So do I.

Otto. And yet you form a connection, which binds you to Bohemia's Duke, and to the Emperor's avowed rival, Brunswick's Otto. Our native land, our race's fame and Philip's rights are torn from your heart.

Duke. Then would it bleed. No, this alliance binds the Bohemian Duke to our side.

Otto. To yours, and drags you to his Otto.

Duke. Why talk of Otto. Ottocar is Philip's friend.

Otto. The Emperor Philip's friend?

Duke. Knew you not that?

Otto. Not I—nor do I yet know it. Ottocar, Duke of Bohemia, and ally to Brunswick's Otto, Philip's friend?

Duke. This was the dowry of my wife. I required her cousin's friendship towards the Emperor.

Otto. And did she promise it?

Duke. She promised and procured it. Long since did Ottocar acknowledge Philip as the lawful Emperor, and enter into alliance with him. This, of course, you know, but that my consort was the author of the reconciliation, you seem to have been ingorant.

Otto. For Heaven's sake, be serious.

Duke. You seem astonished. Surely Ottocar's alliance with Philip is not unknown to you?

Otto. You banter me.

Duke. By my soul I do not. They are friends—friends through the interference of my wife.

Otto. Indeed!—Ha! I comprehend this. Where there is no danger Otto is not wanted. Now, by Heavens this is not right. To deceive *me!*

Duke. Who has deceived you?

Otto. I hope, no one—but at a distance it wears a villanous appearance.

Duke. Of what are you talking?

Otto. Think!—Not to say a word to me!—Not one word!—Philip not to say one word to Otto!

Duke. To you, the worthiest of his confidence! I thought the whole affair was as well known to you as to me. The negociation between Ottocar and Philip has been on foot three months.

Otto. Three months! It is not longer since I asked the Emperor to bestow on you his younger daughter.

Duke. What answered he?

Otto. Smiling, he told me it perhaps might happen. I now for the first time comprehend his *might*. God of Heaven! What is this? I beseech you apologize in my behalf to your fair consort. If poor Otto's friendship be of any value to her, assure her she possesses it.

Duke. I am happy to see you convinced that she is worthy of it.

Otto. And now, farewell till we meet again. God be with you!

Duke. Will you away so soon?

Otto. I feel as if my guardian angel beckoned me away. God be with you!

Duke. After the repast.

Otto. Oh, I can neither eat nor drink. Farewell.

Enter WENZEL.

Duke. See! Here comes Duke Ottocar's ambassador and kinsman, Count Wenzel.

Wen. I reckon this day the happiest of my life, as I am allowed in person to greet the valiant Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach.

Otto. Without ceremony, I beg. How fares Count Wenzel?

Duke. Have you seen each other before?

Wen. Never in my life; but Otto's fame is as public as the light of day. When in foreign countries Germany is mentioned, Otto of Wittelsbach is always quoted among the first of its heroes.

Otto. Why all this! We have seen each other before.

Duke. As I said, Otto, after the repast. [*Exit.*

Wen. What you say is strange. I know not that I ever saw you till to-day.

Otto. Still more strange is it that you require an explanation of a circumstance so trifling. Who commanded the Bohemians, in the last battle against us?

Wen. When you conquered us? 'Twas I, but I saw you not.

Otto. It was broad day, and, by the Almighty, none of my enemies can ever say I did not shew myself.

Wen. I saw the army, but was not idle or cool enough to distinguish any one. My defeat alone convinced me that Otto fought against us.

Otto. Remind me not of that conquest, for it did me little credit. There was a coward among your first warriors.

Wen. Do you know him?

Otto. Blue was his armour, and a black plume waved on his helmet. He stalked across the field

more haughty than courageous, but when the attack commenced, he vanished. I at length espied him at a distance from the throng, and ran towards him—but he fled. “Hold,” cried I, “blue knight, break a lance with me.” The blue coward fled.

Wen.—(*Aside.*)—Damnation!—(*Aloud.*)—Well, Count Palatine, you know such men are to be found in every army. 'Tis enough that you subdued us.—Who would have thought that instead of meeting in the field, we should encounter each other here?

Otto. True. The world is full of changes.

Wen. I shall now lose no more battles against you, but may hope soon to conquer with you.

Otto. I only beg you will not bring the blue knight with you. Our Bavarians know him.

Wen.—(*Alarmed.*)—Know him!

Otto. Enough of this. Have you been long here?

Wen. My kinsman Ottocar deputed me to announce his alliance with the Emperor to Duke Lewis. In truth, no order could have been more welcome to me. All my trouble is thereby rewarded.

Otto. What trouble?

Wen. To obtain a victory is often not so difficult as to graft friendship on the tree of discord.—The Emperor knows who gained him Ottocar's alliance.

Otto. Who?

Wen. Your kinsman's wife and I.

Otto. And dare you vouch for the continuance of these sentiments.

Wen. That, Count Palatine, is at present the grand object. I daily expect orders to proceed to the Emperor's court, where I shall tie the band of amity into a knot, which mortal hands can never loose.

Otto. That were a master-piece of policy.

Wen. Yet is it easily comprehended. Philip has two daughters.

Otto. Methinks your ideas make strange transitions. From the knot which no mortal hand can loose to Philip's daughter!

Wen. Not so, Count Palatine. I just wanted to shew you the end of the thread, which is to form this knot. You hold the highest place in the confidence and favour of the Emperor. Doubtless, therefore, you have been some time absent from his court, as you seem ignorant of what I mean. To be brief, the Emperor's eldest daughter, Cuni-gunda, is to be married to Ottocar.

Otto.—(*Starts and looks at him.*)—Is to be?

Wen. You are right. *Is*, I might have said; for nothing is wanting but the benediction of the priest. The treaty is concluded.

Otto. Ha! Ha!—Is this another piece of your policy?

Wen. Ask the Emperor, or believe me on my word. I was present.

Otto. By my word yours is false.

Wen. Count Palatine!

Otto. Pshaw! Thus should you have looked at me, when I called: "Blue knight, break a lance with me."

Wen. Death and destruction?

Otto. Enraged! Well be it as you please.—Ha! Ha! Ottocar's wife! Pray tell me the tale again before your fury chokes you.

Wen. May my soul be damned if this insult shall be unrevenged.

Otto. Why talk of insult and revenge? I advise you not to use such words—Your heat has made me cool enough to perceive that your tale of Ottocar's alliance was a mere joke. Now, Count Wenzel, if in your conscience you think I have said too much, I crave your pardon. My brain was teeming with ideas which would not let me relish any joke.

Wen. I never joked with you, Count Palatine, and never will. Why am I thus insulted on account of things which concern not either of us? Why is my word disputed? It galls your haughty soul, perhaps, that Philip should bestow his daughter, or Ottocar accept her, without your consent.

Otto. Now, by the powers of heaven, this blue knight has wounded me so deeply that I feel it through my very marrow.—I must away.—'Tis incredible—Philip—Oh, 'tis most false—but I must away.—Blue knight, take my advice. Leave your sword at home, and go with your tongue into the field. If your aim be always as good as it has been just now, your female armour can never fail to vanquish hardy manhood. [Exit.

Wen. Have I then really hit the mark, without intending it?—Yes, yes. Ere long, when all my nerves are strung, trust me thou shalt feel the blue knight's lance. If I tamely submit to such an insult, may I—

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. Well, Count! he just now left you.

Wen. Oh, mention it not, I beseech you.—Heavens and earth! Such an insult!

Duch. How!

Wen. It is more infamous than you can fancy.

Duch. What said he? Speak.

Wen. No. Let me be silent, I entreat.

Duch. If you intend me to remain your friend, speak.

Wen. I must, then—but let me, at least, think of words to shroud his diabolical ideas.—No, by Heaven, I cannot. You will be incensed at me, for being able to utter such an abominable falsehood.

Duch. Be it what it may, I will know it.

Wen. “She is a mere lascivious strumpet, who

has tickled my kinsman's appetite with loose caresses, or, perhaps, with love-inspiring potions."

Duch. I!

Wen. Yes. The villian!

Duch. Villain, indeed! His ruin is resolved.

Wen. At the same time, he—

Duch. Enough! My heart will break.

Wen. And should I not think of vengeance?

Duch. Yes. Vengeance! Vengeance!

Wen. Come into your chamber. There we will consider—

Duch. Consider! Oh, were I a man like you—did I but wear a sword like you—

Wen. You are right. I will pursue him, and demand satisfaction.—But may I rely on your protection?

Duch. All the blame shall rest on me.

Wen. 'Tis well.—I only request, that, till my return, you will not mention the subject to the Duke.

Duch. What have I done to the wretch, that he should thus load me with infamy? Had he plunged a poniard into my heart, Heaven knows, I could have forgiven him.—But this insult! Oh my kinsman, avenge my wrongs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, the Gates of the Castle.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. I have heard that a diadem will sometimes harden the heart and turn the brain. Oh! How sorry should I be were I obliged to bellow in the ear of Philip:—"Thou hast not kept thy promise."—Shame would choke me, could any man address me thus. Still can I hear him say to me: "Thou shalt have Cunigunda;" and now he wants to sell her to Bohemia's Duke. Ottocar offers wavering

friendship—Otto of Wittelsbach has paid with blood. Why do I tarry here? Wolf, where art thou?—Beatrice may make a good housewife too—perhaps more suitable to me. But why this secrecy?

Enter WOLF.

Wolf, where are the horses;

Wolf. There they stand, ready.

Hen.—(At a distance.)—Brother Otto!

Otto. Who calls?

Wolf. Your brothers are approaching. I'll go to the horses, and wait your coming. [Exit.]

Enter HENRY and EGBERT.

Hen. Brother whither go you?

Otto. Can you, at the distance of *eighty miles, see whether some villany be not plotting, which concerns you?

Egb. No. Why so?

Otto. Therefore I must away. Heaven be with you!

Hen. What is your purpose!

Otto. As soon as I know it I will dispatch a messenger to you. As yet I know nothing, except that I must away. Farewell, brothers. Happy is it for you, that you can thus spend your days in the bosom of our native land.

Hen. Remain with us in Bavaria. Leave the Emperor's court.

Otto. My duty and my word oblige me to dwell there, among a crowd of servile parasites. There the courtier smiles and prays, while villany is busy in his mind—kisses and greets his brother-courtier, while malice rankles in his heart.

* One of these is equal to five or six English miles.

Egb. You have fulfilled your promise. Stay with us. Methinks some mighty deed awaits you.

Otto. Think'st thou so?—Then shall the mighty deed find Otto ready.—Remember me in your prayers, good Egbert.—Henry, you will merit my thanks by going to Wittelsbach, and looking after my two boys. I shall take the nearest road to court. On my arrival, I found Wilibald not well.

Hen. Will you not soon bestow a mother on them?

Otto. Ha!—No more! I must away. Greet the Duke in my name, and assure the Duchess of my regard.—Farewell, Egbert!—Farewell, Henry! Heaven grant we may meet again at this place—or rather at Wittelsbach; for there I always feel as if the spirits of our princely ancestors dwelt in each gallery and room, where formerly they stood projecting mighty deeds, or happy in the conscious recollection of having achieved them. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene, an Apartment in the Emperor's Palace at Aix.

Enter CUNIGUNDA and BEATRICE. They stop and seem to be listening.

Cun. Hark! The heavy portals turn upon their massy hinges.—How I tremble!—Artenberg is conducting the messenger to my father. Oh! I dread the tidings which he brings.

Bea. Alas! No doubt you soon will be the wife of Ottocar,—then you must leave this castle.

Cun. Oh dearest Beatrice!

Bea. When I am left, how sad and dreary will every thing appear! Instead of enjoying a sister's society, I shall wander quite alone through the vaulted corridors, which echo with the din of arms. Oh! let me go with you to Bohemia.

Cun. Dearest sister, might I but be allowed to wander through these vaulted corridors, how happy should I be. But who can tell what fate awaits me? I do not know the man to whom I am to be united. Even my father, who has destined me to be his wife, has never seen him. He is, perhaps, rude as the manners of his native land.

Bea. On that account I will go with you: I will share your joys and sorrows.

Cun. If my father would consent, most willingly.

Bea. Ask him. I hope he will.

Cun. He is of late become so gloomy and morose, that I scarcely have courage to address him. Often have I endeavoured to discover whence his discontent arises, but in vain. The Duke of Brunswick cannot now make any claim to the imperial crown, for Ottocar, his principal ally, has joined my father. Almost all Germany is on Philip's side, and victory seems bound to his banners.

Bea. Alas! my Cunigunda! Would we were in our native Suabia! There our father was always affectionate, and kind to us. But since the imperial diadem—

Cun. Some one approaches.

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Are you here, children? Come hither! Give me a kiss.

Cun. It is long since you allowed us such a happiness.

Phi.—(To Beatrice.)—Why do you gaze upon me thus, as if it were a rarity to see me?

Bea. This gracious look, this kindness toward us——

Phi. Is somewhat unusual, you would say. Why, yes. Anxiety disturbs my mind, and overspreads my countenance. Fortune has never rightly smiled upon me, but to-day she did it in a dream.—(To Beatrice.)—Be cheerful too, my Beatrice. You shall be made happy soon. Now, leave us. I have something to impart in private to your sister.

[*Exit* Beatrice.]

Cunigunda, Duke Ottocar is eager to possess his bride. This makes me truly happy, for I always thought he might alter his intentions. His messenger has rid me of this fear, and we will hasten your departure. What now?

Cun. My father, this unexpected news——

Phi. Unexpected it may be, but not unwished. I recollect, indeed, that once, when I made mention of this union, you evinced some opposition to it; but that will probably not be the case again, for I said a few words to you at that time——

Cun. My father, I know my duty.

Phil. You are wise, my Cunigunda—therefore I love you. Now listen to me. You will soon become the wife of a Prince who was my enemy. It has cost me much trouble to bring him over to my interest, and your hand was at last fixed upon to be the pledge of reconciliation. When you are in his land, let not the husband drive the father from your recollection. Observe every thing that passes, and give me notice of it. I will send some cool experienced man to assist you in every case with his advice, and maintain our communication. Beware of

disclosing this to your husband : if you love yourself or me, be not cajoled by Ottocar's caresses.

Cun. I cannot do this, my father.

Phi. How ?

Cun. Is Ottocar still your foe, that you would even send a spy into his bedchamber ?

Phi. This foolish language I expected not from Cunigunda—but more on this subject anon. Meanwhile, devote your whole attention to your dress and ornaments, that you may appear before your husband in all the splendour of an Emperor's daughter. Spare no expense—your father will not grudge it—But ere I go, I have some pleasing tidings for you. Ottocar informs me, by his messenger, that my rival, Brunswick's Otto, will soon send an ambassador hither—and for what purpose, think you ?

Cun. To sue for peace, perhaps, or a temporary cessation of hostilities.

Phi. To sue for Beatrice in marriage.

Cun. My sister !

Phi. Her dowry is to be my friendship, and on this condition he renounces all his claims to the imperial crown.

Cun. Oh, Heavens !

Phi. Do you weep ? I comprehend you not to-day.

Cun. Be not angry, gracious father. I was distressed at the difference between my situation and my sister's. She remains in Germany, and has a German husband, while I am sent away, far from every one dear to me. Transplant a twig from any country to a wild and foreign soil—then see how soon it droops : No dew refreshes it, no sun-beam animates its growth—it droops and dies.

Phi. Peace !

Enter ARTENBERG.

Art. A knight is arrived from the Duke of Brun-

wick, and humbly craves a private audience with your Majesty.

Phi. Conduct him hither—(*Exit Artenberg.*)—
Ottocar, you see, is a noble friend. With him the deed follows the word. Go my child, I love you, but be wise. Go. [*Exit Cunigunda.*]

Enter ARTENBERG and REUSS.

Art. Sir Frederick of Reuss, ambassador from Otto, Duke of Brunswick.

Phi. Speak, Sir Frederick.

Reu. Otto, the Holy Roman Emperor, sends greeting—

Phi. How! What? No more! Wert thou commanded to address me thus?

Reu. I beseech you—

Phi. Not another word! Our German empire is not a double-headed monster. A healthy well formed body has but one head. Otto of Brunswick would have been a profitable member; but as he now dares to act he may be compared to an excrescence, which deforms the whole, and which must be cut away. By my faith I could not have believed such arrogance. He assumes to himself the highest of all dignities, to which he has no further claim than by his youthful indiscretion, and the instigation of a few rebellious princes, who hope by discord to evade the punishment of their transgressions. Such are his dependants and counsellors. Do men like these form an imperial court? Would it not be better for him, were he to promote the welfare of our empire, and acquire the state's respect, than thus to draw upon himself a recompense, which he has not deserved? I thought he was reflecting upon this, and kept my forces back, because I would not willingly stain German swords with German blood; but now, as his rank pride increases, as his insulting

arrogance resounds even in my own imperial residence—now, I will proceed as rigid justice dictates. Yet thou shalt see how well inclined I am to tread the path of kindness. Count Artenberg, I vest you with full power to hear him in my name; but at the first syllable which encroaches on my dignity, break off the conference, and give him safe conduct from our court without delay. [Exit.]

Reu. Give me safe conduct, then, that I may leave your court without delay.

Art. Would you do this ere you have fulfilled your Prince's mandate?

Reu. I am old, and know the customs between Prince and Prince. I have often been employed in embassies, but never was I treated thus—even like an offensive letter, which one tramples on, or tears. Give me safe conduct from your court.

Art. I pray you moderate your anger. Your business is perhaps of such a nature as to pacify the Emperor.

Reu. My business may be stated in a few words. Otto would willingly resign his claims, his just, well-founded claims to the imperial crown, on one condition. "Peace and concord," says he, "are better than dignity and power. The empire shall perceive that I deserve to be its head, because on its account I forfeit all my title to the dignity."

Art. That is noble. What is the condition which you mentioned?

Reu. The hand of Philip's younger daughter. To none but his father-in-law will Otto yield.

Art. I will instantly state this to the Emperor.

Reu. Do so. Tell me, dwells the Count Palatine Otto of Wittlesbach in the palace?

Art. He is in Bavaria.

Reu. No. He entered the city with me but an hour ago.

Art. How! Is he here?

Reu. He overtook me near Cologne, and from that place we came together. He has had an infamous adventure on the journey. Have you heard no account of it?

Art. None.

Reu. Soon after he left Braunaw, he was attacked by a troop of armed horsemen; while defending himself against the villains, he espied a knight, who from a distance viewed the battle. Otto, conceiving him to be the instigator, rushed toward him, and with a single blow dispatched the coward. He deserved not such a noble death. It was Count Wenzel, Ottocar's kinsman and ambassador to Lewis. The titled scoundrel was the foe of every upright man, and hence we see the demon envy rages sometimes even in the blood of princes.

Art. This is a strange adventure. You did not tell Count Otto what was the nature of your embassy?

Reu. My embassy is a secret. I bear a seal upon my lips.

Art. 'Tis well. If I thought you would not treat a well-meant caution with contempt——

Reu. You must have a bad opinion of me, if you think I——

Art. Heaven forbid! But one may sometimes create suspicion with the best intention, especially when every circumstance cannot be explained.

Reu. Tell me but what it is, and I will make a proper use of it.

Art. Do not have much concern with the Count Palatine, if you wish to obtain the Emperor's good opinion.

Reu.—(*Starts back with astonishment, but recovers.*)
—I thank you.

[*Exit Artenberg.*
How! Can Philip of Suabia cease to regard Otto of Wittelsbach? Thou envious courtier! What would'st thou be without thy master? What thy

master without Otto? I will maintain and engrave it in my mind by repetition, that the traitor is not so dangerous to a monarch as the fawning courtier. The one merely aims at his life, while the other darkens his fame, can make him the abhorrence of mankind, and will do it, if he can thereby forward any project.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Well, fellow-traveller, how tastes the air at the imperial court?

Reu. It smells a little of subtlety, against which an honest man must be upon his guard.

Otto. Ay, a crafty old fox has his hole not far off. Do you scent him? Have you seen the Emperor?

Reu. I have.

Otto. Looks he like a man or a woman?

Reu. Like a man.

Otto. 'Tis well?

Enter CUNIGUNDA.

Cun. The Count Palatine returned! Welcome, my Lord!

Otto. I am like a shalm-piper, who wanders from one wedding to another. My cousin's nuptials are over, and having heard of yours, I am come hither to amuse you with a tune.

Cun. You are ever jocular and cheerful. Tell me something of Suabia and Bavaria, our dear native countries.

Otto. There dwell men who keep their promises. But I have not seen much of them since I saw you; for I have travelled like a cloud upon the wind. My great desire to hail you bride spurred me, and I my steed.

Enter ARTENBERG.

Art. Sir Frederick of Reuss, the Emperor desires to see you.—Ha! Welcome, Count Palatine!

Otto. Heaven be with you, Artenberg!

Art. You have travelled rapidly.

Otto. But have not kept pace with my wishes.—Hear me. I have been provoked as I came hither. A man was standing on the road, and at his side two dogs. One was a faithful watchful mastiff; the other was a dog of foreign breed. The man had a sop of bread, which he held to the good mastiff, as if it were intended for him, and at the same time waved his empty hand. The faithful mastiff flew where his master pointed, thinking that something had been cast thither, and that by bringing it he should be still more entitled to a reward. Meanwhile, the man bestowed the sop upon the dog of foreign breed.—I assure you this is not a fable. I witnessed it myself, and, as I told you, I was much provoked.

Reu. I should not like to be on friendly terms with such a man.

Art.—(*Aside.*)—How childish!—Come. The Emperor expects you. [*Exeunt* *Art. and Reu.*]

Otto. Well! what think you of it?

Cun. I pity the poor animal.

Otto. Heaven bless you for it! A blessing suits you well, who are so shortly to be married.

Cun. Let us not talk of that.

Otto. Oh yes! I beseech you, let us have a little conversation on this subject. It is my dearest entertainment, and you were formerly so kind as to pay some attention to my artless words. Do you remember my visits with my father, while you dwelt in Suabia? I used to bear you to my father, in my arms—and you gave him a kiss—and me one.

Cun. I was then but very young.

Otto. Is it then really true? Are you betrothed to Ottocar?

Cun.—(*Sorrowfully.*)—Yes.

Otto. Indeed!—Now, by Heaven, the more I think of this, the more am I incensed. Is this acting like a man?—I will not say like a prince; for a good man, who is not a prince, acts far more nobly than a prince, who is not a man.

Cun. To what do you refer?

Otto. With permission, gracious lady, when do your nuptials take place?

Cun. Alas! very soon.

Otto. Alas! How! Are you dissatisfied?

Cun.—(*Looks at him in suspence for some time.*)—Noble, friendly Otto, will you not deride a poor girl's confidence?

Otto. Forbid it heaven!

Cun. I must unbosom my distress to some compassionate friend; for though my burden will not be lighter because another knows how much I bear, yet may he strengthen me by kind persuasion. Tell me—is it not dreadful that I am compelled to leave my native land, and live with a foreign Prince, who may, perhaps, consider me as the mere scourge of his existence?—(*Weeps.*)—Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?

Otto. Thou sweet celestial being!—Nay, do not weep.—“Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?”—A noble declaration! By the God of Heaven, a noble declaration.—Now, hear me. I will return your confidence. Have you patience to listen to me?

Cun. Proceed, I pray you.

Otto. You know I always was your father's friend.

Cun. You were indeed. The whole world knows it. At the peril of your life you paved his way to the imperial throne.

Otto. That is nothing. I was his friend before he thought of the imperial throne. While he was but the Duke of Suabia, he once said to me—it is, perhaps, three years ago:—“Otto, I am much indebted to you. Were I possessed of large domains, you should perceive that you have not lavished your friendship on an ingrate.”—This was the answer I returned: “Philip, dukedoms and principalities cannot repay my friendship. Affection can alone requite affection.”

Cun. That was noble, Otto—truly noble.

Cun. Hear what your father further said. “And now, Otto, let me give you some proof of my sincerity. My Cunigunda will make any man happy. You are a widower.” He then gave me his hand, and added: “Remain, my friend, and you may be my son.” Was not that noble, too?

Cun. My father——

Otto. Said those very words,—and solemn words they were. They inflamed my courage, and inspired me with delightful hope.

Cun. And now——

Otto. I see that I was led by a mere *ignis fatuus* into a morass. I will not ask you what you think, for one of two duties must suppress your speech—truth, or filial affection. But what your father thinks I much should like to know—Blue knight, thou wert not a liar, though thou wert a villain.—Tell me—should you have been sorry, had your father kept his promise?

Cun. No.

Otto. No! Heaven bless the artless heart, which dictated this no!—Well, I am a man, and must not whimper like a child.—I will suppose your father made a mistake in the name. Beatrice is a good girl, too.

Cun. My sister

Otto. See! There she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Bea. Welcome, Count Palatine! You must have ridden fast indeed. You scarcely can have seen Bavaria.

Otto. I staid there just long enough to observe that matrimony is a blessing. While at Wittelsbach I found that my two sons wanted a mother. I myself should like again to see a fire upon my hearth. You knew my boys some time ago,—they are much grown since then. One is thus high—the other thus. They promise to be heroes, I assure you.

Bea. They are their father's children.

Otto. And she who is willing to become their mother, never will repent it. Do you believe this?

Bea. I do, indeed. Were I a mother, I should not wish for better children.

Otto. But a better man for their father?

Bea. A better than you! You certainly deserve the best of wives.

Otto. Beware, lovely Beatrice, lest I take you at your word—Now will I to your father. Should your ears tingle, think of me.—God be with you.
[*Exit.*]

Bea. What means the Count Palatine? His looks were so significant.—

Cun. I fear some difference will take place between our father and the Count.—Sister, three years ago, my father promised Otto that one of us should be his wife.

Bea. One of us!

Cun. So he says. It cannot be my lot, for Otto-car has sent a messenger to urge my speedy departure. You, too, will lose him, for the Duke of Brunswick has signified his wish to marry you. My father told me this, himself, and seemed most highly gratified.

Bea. Heavens! How dreadful, to bestow our hands on men we never saw!

Cun. Dreadful indeed!

Bea. But will the Count Palatine so easily release my father from his promise? I do not think it.

Cun. Say, rather, sister, that you do not hope it.

Bea. Well, if it were left to you to chuse a husband from the men you know, whom would you chuse?

Cun. Otto of Wittelsbach.—But, dearest sister, let us converse no longer on this subject. The daughters of a humble knight are happier far than we are. They may consult their hearts, while in us such conduct is a crime. Come! Let us walk into the garden, and relieve our minds.

Bea. Yes, and talk of that happiness, which we never shall enjoy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, the Emperor's Audience-chamber.

PHILIP, REUSS, and ARTENBERG, are discovered.

Phi. So Heaven be with you, good Sir Frederick! When my daughter shall become Duke Otto's bride, expect a valuable present from me.

Reu. I thank your Majesty.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Be not offended at my intrusion. My eagerness to see you, would not allow me to tarry in the anti-chamber.

Phi. Welcome, Count Palatine!—(*To Reuss.*)—Once more, assure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship, and farewell.

Reu. Heaven protect your Majesty!

[*Exeunt Reu. and Art.*

Otto. Have I lost my senses? "Assure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship." Tell me, I beseech you, whether I am deaf.

Phi. No, Count. You exactly repeat what I said.

Otto. Peace is concluded, then, between you and Brunswick's Otto?

Phi. Peace and friendship.

Otto. I wish you joy. But it would have been as well, if you had given me notice of this union. I might have saved a great expense in preparations for the next campaign.

Phi. How could I? Otto's first messenger arrived to-day—how fare the Duke and Duchess of Bavaria?

Otto. Lewis sends greeting to the Emperor Philip. He is an active young man. He has founded an hospital at Munich for the relief of his infirm subjects, and done other things which will promote the welfare of his principality.

Phi. These are the good effects of peace. I too will now devote my mind to them.

Otto. And I, my Liege. I will convert my armour into culinary vessels. This helmet will make a goodly pipkin—but hold! I had forgotten there were all these holes in it. Well, well! My head has been pieced—why not my helmet? My household will, no doubt, be well conducted, for your Majesty has most bounteously provided towards it.

Phi. I!

Otto. Yes, you. If I must remind you of it, you must allow Otto of Wittelsbach to converse with Philip of Suabia. Will you do that?

Phi. Yes.

Otto. Enough! You no longer need my aid. Your throne is firm—your enemies are fallen. My sons now claim the attention of their father. They are a bond, by which I have engaged to give the

world two men. To perform this duty I will retire to Wittelsbach, but not without a companion. Since my eighteenth year I have been accustomed to this wandering restless life, and must have some one, whose society will make me relish home. You promised I should marry Cunigunda. Give me her.

Phi. Are you serious?

Otto. In truth your question is the first joke, which has entered my mind. Shall I call your jester?

Phi. Well, Otto! I cannot give you Cunigunda.

Otto. Why not?

Phi. She is betrothed to Ottocar.

Otto. And is that right? Why not fulfil your promise? Have I deviated from mine? Have I not ever been your friend?

Phi. Yes, but all the conquests you have gained for me are not so conducive to the general welfare, as this union of my daughter with Duke Ottocar. You, who have so often risked your life for me, cannot think my happiness and a whole empire's peace too dearly bought by such a trifling sacrifice.

Otto. I am not a sighing love-sick swain. Though it hurts me, I will be silent, and reckon it among the wounds, which time and medicine have healed. But why was all this done unknown to me? He, who can reconcile this secrecy with any good intention, must be indeed a master of the black art.—I hate smooth glossy speech. Good honest sentiments require no ornament. It is base metal only to which we strive by art to give the semblance of gold—the sterling gold we leave with its own colour.—No more of this, I beg no more! I'll try to erase it from my memory.

Phi. My friend! My noble Otto! I cannot reward you, but be assured I will be grateful.

Otto. 'Tis well. Refuse not, then, what I so much desire. I ask not for reward or proof of gratitude, but beg it as a pledge of your esteem and friendship.

Phi. What is your wish?

Otto. To be your son-in-law. Your promise justifies my wish. Give me your younger daughter.

Phi. How!—You are too late, my dearest Otto. Her hand is promised to the Duke of Brunswick, that his friendship may be firmly rooted.

Otto. Now, by the God of Heaven I would not feel as you feel now, if I could thereby gain a saint's preferment. Oh, integrity, behold thy recompence.—Philip, trace back the last ten years.

Phi. You have been my friend and I yours, as I still am. Ask of me any thing within the scope of possibility—(*Aside.*)—Where is Artenberg?

Otto. Why is it impossible to grant what I demand? I am a prince's son. Where is the German, who can say his race is nobler? Once more—trace back the last ten years.

Phi. It is too late. Nay, were my younger daughter disengaged, you could not marry her, for you have murdered a near relative of my son Otto-car.

Otto. True, true. I should have tamely suffered a villain to assassinate me, because that villain was—your kinsman.—Away with moderation and constraint! My heart and tongue can brook no fetters. For the sake of your own honour, I beseech you, keep your promise. I will strengthen your army with four thousand brave Bavarians. Despise not what I say. Act not thus towards me, but keep your promise.

Phi. You require impossibilities.

Otto. Keep your promise. I am a Bavarian,—a Count of Wittelsbach, and advise you not to treat me thus.

Phi. You go too far. I will not bear this.—(*Aside.*)—Where can Artenberg be?

Otto. Not bear it?—Where is Philip of Suabia, who a thousand times has pressed me to his heart—

a thousand times has called me his shield and his preserver? I will impeach him as a perjured man in presence of the Emperor, and should the Emperor support him, I will sue them both before the throne of Equity; where, if their consciences be not completely callous, I will, with a single word, or with a single look, drive all their blood into their cheeks.

Phi. Recollect yourself, Count Palatine—then come to me again.—(*Going.*)

Otto. Hold! Take this helmet. I make you a present of it.

Phi. What am I to do with it?

Otto. Hide an ungrateful heart with it!—You will not? Then thus I place it on my head again, and now—strike with your utmost force upon it.

Phi. Away with these flighty notions, Count, and listen to me.

Otto. You would not hurt me, Philip, for that requires the arm of a *man*. Your sword would glance down my helmet, leaving my head untouched—yet, Philip, you have rent my heart in twain.

Phi. Hear me, hear your friend!

Otto. Which of you is my friend? Duke Philip or the Emperor.

Phi. Both, or you had not dared to say thus much.

Otto. Not dared! What! Would you bind my tongue? By Heaven, as long as I can think, I'll speak my thoughts. Truth is not to be silenced by an Emperor—nor am I. My tongue is subject only to the Almighty.

Phi. Otto, methinks it would be better if you would accept a recompence from me.

Otto. What recompence?

Phi. You have heard of the Duke of Poland's daughter. You must—for fame has spread her rare accomplishments and beauty through the world, princes and nobles sue for her hand.

Otto. What do you mean? I know it! She is mentioned as the emblem of perfection! I have often wished to see this paragon.

Phi. Only to see her! But to see her, is to love her.—How glorious would it be, if Otto of Wittelsbach, the first of German princes in renown and glory, were to bear away this costly prize from all his rivals—and he may.

Otto.—(*Sarcastically.*)—You would promise me the Duke of Poland's daughter too?

Phi. I can and do. You know her father's neighbours are too turbulent; he scarcely can retain possession of his realms. My alliance would assist him much, and if you led his army, your very name would strike his foes with terror. If my proposal suit you, a letter from me shall procure for you a reception the most friendly at the Duke of Poland's court. I will request him to view you as myself, or as my son.

Otto. All this, Philip, does not justify your conduct towards me. It is not right; it is—*infamous*. Thus much, and no more. I will away to Poland. Give me a part of your army, that I may not go like a knight-errant.

Phi. Part of my army you shall have.

Otto. Prepare the letter to the Duke then, while I give orders for my departure. Forget not, I beg, to say what kind of man I am. Say that I have nothing of the fox in my nature, and that I hate deceit. Say, too, I am not a puppet to be danced by wives, even though an Emperor be the shew-man.—In short say I am a man, sprung from the Princes of Bavaria. [*Exit.*]

Phi. Thanks to my patience for having not forsaken me. A single word would have roused his fury to the utmost. I know his choleric temper.

Enter ARTENBERG.

Where have you been ?

Art. In the anti-chamber, my Liege.

Phi. Did you hear our conversation ?

Art. If it be a crime, your Majesty may punish me. I endeavoured to remove the centinels from the door, for the Count Palatine was so loud——

Phi. Ay, loud and turbulent.

Art. As usual.

Phi. And to my sorrow I must own he spoke like a man, who deeply felt that he was injured. I ought to have reflected sooner, for he deserves far better treatment. I am ashamed of my conduct towards him, for though my empire's welfare claimed my care, yet should my friend——

Art. The Emperor's dearest friend is his country.

Phi. And merits he not thanks, who saves this friend from ruin ?

Art. Surely. Does not Count Otto lose all claim to gratitude, when he demands that for himself which can alone preserve the empire?—Did you accuse him of Count Wenzel's murder ?

Phi. I did, and am ashamed of having done it. We know that Wenzel fell upon him like a base assassin.

Art. I beseech your Majesty not to harbour any scruples on this subject. Could the Count Palatine have gained a peace like this by arms? Never. 'Tis true, your army conquered under him, and he subdued your enemies, but was not your strength thereby diminished? Did not the whole empire bleed? In short, a longer war would have been an evil to all except Count Otto, who would have written his exploits on the tablet of futurity, with the blood of your subjects. He is galled that his ambition should be checked in the midst of his ca-

reer.—My zeal for your Majesty's security and welfare may perhaps lead me beyond the bounds of reverence, but even your anger is not so dreadful to me as the danger which now threatens you.

Phi. What danger?

Art. Can your Majesty imagine that Otto will tamely submit to treatment which he thinks the grossest insult?—You know his haughty temper, and remember his last words. “I am not a puppet to be danced by wires, even though an *Emperor* be the shew-man.”

Phi. Can these words have the meaning which you give them?

Art. Say rather, can they have any other? I saw him before your conference with the Duke of Brunswick's ambassador? Nay, he travelled hither in company with him. Could this be merely by accident? I trembled at the door, when your majesty promised—

Phi. You are right, Artenberg. Your fears are not unfounded. He spoke those words with a tone, which betrayed an inward thirst after vengeance. But what can I do? He expects the letter to the Duke of Poland.

Art. That letter is your only resource.

Phi. Resource! How so?

Art. Let it be couched in terms which will avert all danger.

Phi. Be more explicit.

Art. Request the Duke of Poland to receive Count Otto most graciously.

Phi. Well?

Art. But at the same time warn him not to trust the Count with any great command, and by no means to bestow his daughter on him till he has thoroughly tried his disposition.

Phi. And then I can request him to satisfy the

Count in some other way. Go, Artenberg, go prepare the letter, as you mention. [Exit Art.

My heart tells me that this conduct is not right, but policy commands it. Otto feels I have injured him, and it is dangerous to confide in an injured friend. His greatness, too, throws a shade upon my dignity. I must remove him from my court. The sight of him is irksome to me, for his every look seems to declare I am his debtor.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene, an Apartment in REUSS's Castle.

Enter STEWARD and WALLRICH.

Stew. But never mind that. Though Sir Frederick be from home, you and your horse shall not want accommodation till he arrives. We expect him every minute. If he come not soon, he will find two eyes closed for ever, which are dearer to him than his own, for our lady is dangerously ill. Sir Frederick is transacting some treaty between Otto of Brunswick and Philip of Suabia. I understand it relates to a peace.

Wal. Indeed!

Stew. Heaven grant a peace may take place! The empire has suffered more than enough by this contention for the crown. When the bear and the wolf dispute about the sheep,—who fares worst? The sheep. I should like to know which of the two

will give way, for one of them must. (*A cry of "Welcome! Welcome home!" is heard without.*)

Enter REUSS.

Welcome home, sir knight. This stranger wishes to see you, before he proceeds on his journey.

Wal.—(*Presents his hand to Reuss.*)—Heaven bless Sir Frederick of Reuss! My name is Hans Wallrich. I am an imperial herald, and bring you tidings of your son from Palestine.

Reu. My George! Is he well! Is he an honour to his country?

Wal. That is he, noble knight—an honour to his country and his father.

Reu. My blessing be upon him! You have brought reviving news for my sick wife.—(*To the Steward.*)—Go and enquire whether she be asleep.
[*Exit Steward.*]

I sincerely thank you for these happy tidings.

Wal. Your son, sir knight, is much beloved by all who know him, and his courage is proverbial.

Reu. Heaven protect him.

Re-enter STEWARD.

Stew. The attendant thinks my lady ought not to be waked. She has not slept so soundly since you left us.—(*A bell is heard.*)

Reu. See what that means.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Five or six horsemen are hastening hither.

Reu. Go, and enquire who they are, and if you know their names, admit them.

[*Exeunt Stew. and Serv.*]
Many a time have I stood at a window of my castle,

when a knight has been approaching, and always have I said: "Would it were my George, or at least some knight who brings me tidings of him!" Once more accept a father's thanks. You are most welcome.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Good day to you, Sir Frederick! Will you admit a pilgrim?

Reu. Scarcely can I credit what I see! Count Palatine, how did you stumble on my hut?

Otto. I am a kind of riding vagrant. I hurry headlong through my life, and shall not find a resting place till death has hurled me from my saddle.

Reu. I am truly glad to see you. I will first make some enquiries after my sick wife, and then return to pledge you in a smiling goblet. Count Otto, I leave you with Hans Wallrich, who has brought me tidings of my son from Palestine.

[*Exit.*

Otto. Come you straight from Palestine?

Wal. No. I have been two months in Poland.

Otto. How fares the Duke of Poland?

Wal. But ill, Count Palatine. The two Canutes of Sweden and Denmark harass him incessantly. Both sue for his daughter's hand, and each has exerted his utmost power to counteract his rival's wishes, till at length the Princess has discarded both, and now both have attacked the father, who cannot, without foreign aid, oppose them.

Otto. Foreign aid! Ha! But, tell me—is his daughter so beautiful as fame describes her?

Wal. Count Palatine, her charms and virtues baffle all description. What fame says of her is a mere nothing. Alas! her gentle soul is sinking under the pressure of her father's lamentable situation. Happy is the man, who can redeem him from

it, for on him has she resolved to bestow her hand and heart.

Otto. Ha! I rejoice to hear it. Who commands the Duke of Poland's army.

Wal. He himself. In courage and experience he is by no means wanting; but fortune ever flies his banner.

Enter REUSS, followed by a boy, bearing silver goblets, and a large flask of wine.

Reu. Boy, fill a goblet to the brim. Welcome to my house, Count Otto of Wittelsbach!—(*Drinks.*)
—Welcome, Hans Wallrich!—(*Drinks.*)

Otto. Heavens bless you and yours!—(*Drinks.*)

Wal. Heaven bless you and yours, sir knight!—(*Drinks.*)—(*The boy fills the goblets, leaves them and the flask, and goes.*)

Otto. Sir Frederick, I told you, while at Aix, what happened between Philip and myself.

Reu. Yes—that he broke his promise.

Otto. You are right. He can have no sufficient apology for forfeiting his word, but we will try to make the deed not quite so bad, by saying I have been wronged, in order to promote the welfare of the empire. This will sound like lawful coin, and every one will take it, because it is stamped with the image of the Emperor. Well! this worthy man has made me more satisfied with what has happened. I may, perhaps, succeed in relieving the Duke of Poland, and winning his fair daughter's hand and heart.

Wal. Success attend you, noble Count! The enterprize is worthy of you.

Reu. What is the Princess's name?

Wal. Helica.

Reu.—(*Takes a goblet.*)—Otto and Helica! Long life and happiness to both!—(*Drinks.*)

Wal. With all my heart.—(*Drinks.*)

Otto. Thanks, thanks, my friends. The Emperor has given me a letter, which will procure for me a reception the most friendly from the Duke of Poland.

Reu. Rely not on his recommendation. Has he not deceived you once?

Otto. He has; but Philip's sentiments are noble—they were, at least; and surely the imperial crown cannot have altered them. What a miserable shuttlecock were he, if his virtue depended on a spangle! I know a diadem does not exalt the wearer's sentiments, but why should it degrade them?—(*Takes a goblet.*)—To the health of the Emperor Philip!—(*Drinks.*)

Wal. I pledge you, Count Palatine.—(*Drinks.*)

Reu. To the health of Lewis, Duke of Bavaria!—(*Drinks.*)

Otto. That is not right, Sir Frederick. You ought to pay respect to him whose health I drank. What have you to urge against the Emperor.

Reu. When I was sent by Brunswick's Otto, he received me haughtily, and spoke with disrespect of his noble rival, whose birth and courage do not yield to his. Otto would not have done so, had I come from Philip. A German knight allows no emperor to treat him with contempt, for he is only emperor, because it is our will he should be so. This, Count Palatine, I never shall forget till some creditable act banishes it from my memory.

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. My noble Lord, the seal of the great letter you committed to my care at Aix has melted in my bosom. It is not my fault, but the fault of the warm weather.

Otto. Give me the letter. It is open.

Wolf. Or the reverse, if no one opens it. I have had many a letter in my hand, but the seal was not the only reason why I did not read them.

Reu. What else?

Wolf. I can't read.

Otto.—(*Opens the letter.*)—Sir Frederick, as you doubt the good intentions of the Emperor, read that letter.

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. Sir knight, a messenger is just arrived from Bamberg, who states that the Emperor Philip yesterday arrived there, and has appointed a tournament to-day.

Wal. I must be gone then, that I may resume my office as a herald. Farewell, Sir Frederick.

Reu. Farewell! once more I thank you.

Wal. Count Palatine, success be with you in your undertaking!

Otto. I thank you.

[*Exit. Wal.*

This is strange. When I left Aix, no one had heard that Philip meant to visit Bamberg. But read, Sir Frederick.

[*Exeunt Wolf and Stew.*

Reu.—(*Reads.*)—"Philip, by the Grace of God holy Roman Emperor sends greeting to the Duke of Poland. Whereas the Bavarian Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach has humbly petitioned his Imperial Majesty to introduce and recommend him to the Duke of Poland."—

Otto. How! Humbly petitioned! The Emperor did not read it thus.

Reu. Count Palatine, if any thing further should occur, which the Emperor did not read to you, I beg you to believe that every word is as I read it.

Otto. Enough! Proceed.

Reu. "And whereas the aforementioned Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach is a valiant warrior,

and has gained renown in various battles and sieges, his Imperial Majesty hereby requests the Duke of Poland to receive him kindly, and to use his valour and experience as may seem meet to his Royal Highness."

Otto. What?—But proceed, proceed.

Reu. "The Duke of Poland is, however, at the same time cautioned not to entrust any important command to the Count Palatine, and by no means to bestow on him the hand of his accomplished daughter."

Otto. Ha! Ha! Ha! Proceed.

Reu. Heavens!

Otto. Read on, read on, read on!

Reu. "Accomplished daughter, as the Count Palatine has a disposition much inclined to discord and rebellion.

Otto. Damnation!

Reu. "Yet it is adviseable that the Duke should not at first seem inimical to the wishes of the Count, but awhile encourage them. The Duke is likewise hereby desired not to disclose the contents of this letter, as he values the friendship of his imperial majesty.—Given at our court at Aix. "Philip."

Otto. Philip! Be Philip the triumphant cry in hell, when an ungrateful wretch is damned. Give me the letter. Oh, that I could write these words in fire upon the azure sky, that all mankind might read them, and the eternal curse of human nature brand the ingrate!—(*Putting the letter in his bosom.*)—I'll wear thee thus within my corselet, and my heart shall drink thy poison.

Reu. Your rage is just. This conduct is most infamous. Towards you, too! Such a man and such a Prince! By heaven, it calls aloud for vengeance.

Otto. Vengeance! Oh, every drop of blood now boiling in these veins would fire the frame of apathy.

But, what can I do more than take his life? To the honest man there are many greater misfortunes than death, but to the villain none—and what is death?

Reu. You may find other means of vengeance. Know you the Duke of Brunswick?

Otto. Would he have acted thus?

Reu. No, on my honour. Count Palatine, your forbearance has been hitherto astonishing. That Philip, after promising to you his eldest daughter, should betroth her and her sister without your concurrence; that without your concurrence he should make peace with foes, whom you alone have humbled, is treatment too contemptuous to be borne. What had Philip been without your aid? Did you not assist him with your kinsman's friendship, and Bavaria's strength? Have you not fought and bled for him? Your reward was glory and renown, and this reward excites his envy.

Otto. Ha! Now do I see the man in his true shape! Thou envious, double-tongued, ungrateful villain! Heavens and earth! When I think my undesigning nature has been thus abused, I could go mad. I have subdued my disposition, checked my pride and warmth, and taught myself to bear what, as I thought, was intended to promote my country's good. But now, thou wolfish monster,—now thou hast thyself cast off the sheep's skin, hast darted thy claws into my heart—into my honour.

Reu. Count Palatine, offer this injured heart to Brunswick's Otto. On my soul you will be more welcome far than Philip's daughter. The nuptials are not celebrated.

Otto. No more, Sir Frederick! You too mistake Bavarian Otto. Shall my vengeance rouse fell discord from her slumber, and expose the empire to new dangers? Heaven knows that when I helped to shed the blood of enemies, I thought not of myself or of renown, but the justice of the cause which

I defended. The empire has not injured me, but Philip. Friend, can you fit me with a suit of armour?

Reu. For what purpose?

Otto. I will away to Bamberg, and appal the ingrate. Lend me a suit of armour.

Reu. You may chuse one in my armoury. I would willingly accompany you, but my sick wife—

Otto. No more, I do beseech you. How far am I from Bamberg?

Reu. Four miles.

Otto. 'Tis well. Death and damnation! Am I thus rewarded? Otto inclined to discord and rebellion! Liar! Liar! Liar! I defy the world to prove me guilty of one ignoble thought. Come, give me a suit of armour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, an Apartment in the old Palace at Bamberg.

Enter PHILIP with his suite. He seats himself in a chair of state beneath a canopy. ARTENBERG, and other nobles of the court stand on each side.

Wald.—(*Approaches the Emperor.*)—The King of Bohemia's ambassadors await your majesty's command.

Phi. Conduct them hither.

Enter two Ambassadors.

I should have been happy had I seen King Ottocar at my court, but I find the situation of his country will not allow his absence, and must therefore content myself with the hope of embracing him as my son-in-law at some future period. My daughter Cunigunda is ready to depart with you, but you will, of course, remain at my court during the three days I have appointed for exercise in chivalry.—

With regard to the other object of your mission, I sympathize in King Ottocar's distresses at the death of his kinsman Count Wenzel; but it is not in my power to inflict any punishment on the perpetrator of the act, as the Duchess of Bavaria, who is as nearly related to your sovereign as the deceased, assures me, by letter, that Count Wenzel attacked Count Otto in an unwarrantable manner. You are now allowed to visit your future Queen. Waldburg, conduct them to my daughter Cunigunda.

[*Exeunt Wald. and Amb.*]

Enter HENRY and EGBERT.

Hen. My gracious Liege, we beg leave to congratulate you on your arrival in this country.

Egb. And our Duke unites with us in this congratulation.

Phi. I thank both him and you. You are welcome, and I hope you will break a lance at the tournament.—(*Rises.*)—When the spectators are assembled, let the signal be given, and I will appear. Artenberg, remain. [*Exeunt all but Philip and Art.*]
Oh, Artenberg, I never was so uneasy as I am today. Why comes not Ottocar in person for my daughter? The Duke of Brunswick, too, seems not to take any further notice of me, though in order to effect an interview with him I removed hither. This coldness on the part of both the Princes indicates——

Art. Excuse my interruption, but your Majesty may rest assured that the same police, which induced them to make overtures, will induce them also to retain your friendship.

Phi. Yes, as long as they perceive my forces are superior to their own; but should any of my princely defenders cease to support my interest,

they will be the first to turn their arms once more against me—and one of these princely warriors has forsaken me.

Art. How so, my Liege?

Phi. The Count Palatine has always been a bulwark to me. Oh, Artenberg, give me back the letter. Otto is my thought from morn to night. If I see a sword, a helmet, or any thing which wears a warlike appearance, I think of Otto. What has he done, that I should treat him thus? Why should I banish him without a cause? Every thing occurred to me except his crime.

Art. And I cannot discover his punishment. You have but sent him to earn renown in Poland, and if it be his pleasure, can he not return? Disappointment will abate his pride. My Liege, the tournament is open.

Phi. What can I do there? It will afford me no delight.

Art. But what will the knights think if you refuse to attend a tournament, appointed by yourself?

Enter WALDBURG.

Wald. My Liege, an unknown knight has just appeared before the lists, and requested of the judges a lance and a sword. Your heralds demanded his name, but he refused to answer their enquiry. To Wallrich only he opened his visor, who immediately assured the judges on his life and honour that the stranger was of noble origin. The lists were then opened, and arms delivered to him according to the cartel. Twice he rode round, greeted the assembled knights, and touched with his spear the imperial scutcheon.

Phi. My scutcheon! Does he not thereby mean to challenge me?

Art. Not so, my Liege. As the tournament was appointed for amusement by your Majesty, he means thereby to challenge all your knights.

Wald. So think the judges.

Phi. Enough! I am sorry I cannot be there, for I really am not well, and dare not venture into the open air. My presence will not now be so much missed, as the stranger will occupy the attention of the spectators. When the tournament is closed, conduct the knights hither that the prizes may be distributed. [*Exit Wald.*

The stranger bids defiance to my knights. Oh, that the Count Palatine were here to check his arrogance!

Art. Allow me to accept his challenge.

Phi. No, Artenberg, stay with me, for I have much need of you. I was in hopes that when I had provided for my daughters I should have been at ease, but alas, I am far more discontented than I was before. I have now nothing more to hope, and hope is to a man what a crutch is to a cripple. Artenberg, endeavour to gain the confidence of the Bohemian ambassadors. You may, perhaps, through them, become acquainted with the real sentiments of Ottocar. His near connexion with Bavarian Lewis is very suspicious. This Prince is now the most powerful in our empire. Should the Count Palatine have thought of being revenged——

Enter CUNIGUNDA and BEATRICE.

Both. My father!

Phi. What now? Why in this haste?

Cun. Waldburg informed us you were unable to attend the tournament, having been attacked by sudden indisposition.

Phi. Waldburg has been attacked by sudden folly. Do I look ill?

Cun. Dearest father, do not conceal any thing from us. Your looks indeed distress us.

Phi. Be at ease. I am well in spite of my looks—only rather—Well, Beatrice, how do you like the tournament?

Bea. Oh, my father, I wish you had been there. I never saw any thing like it.

Phi. How so?

Bea. An unknown adventurer bade defiance to our knights. He seemed to be a god, and broke a lance as easily as I can break a tulip's stalk. His sword seemed to shed fire at every stroke. All the knights fought bravely, but to him it seemed mere children's play.

Cun. I do not know whether even the Count Palatine would be a match for him.

Phi. I shall be glad to know him.

Cun. The judges must award the first prize to him; and when I present it, I will request him to declare his name. Will you allow this, my dear father?

Phi. Do so.—Methinks the knights approach. Can the tournament be closed so soon?

Bea. Oh yes! The stranger's valour shortened it.—(Philip stands before the chair of state under the canopy.—Cunigunda, Beatrice, and Artenberg near him.)

Enter WALDBURG.

Wald. My Liege, they come.

Enter WALLRICH and other imperial heralds, followed by four judges of the tilts. The prizes, which consist of a golden sword, helmet, spurs, coat of mail, and belt, are borne on cushions. The judges are followed by the knights and guests, among whom is OTTO.

Wal.—(*Approaches Philip.*)—Most gracious sovereign, the tournament appointed by your majesty for the manly exercise of your knights is closed according to the cartel.

Phi. My worthy knights and nobles, I return you thanks. Herald, perform your office.—(*The emperor seats himself.—Two judges of the tilts approach Cunigunda, with the golden helmet and sword. The one takes his place at her right, the other at her left hand. A herald approaches. Flourish of drums and trumpets.*)

Her. The first prize is awarded to the valiant unknown knight in silver armour.—(*Otto steps forward.*)—The judges having decreed that, in this day's tournament, you have excelled all your competitors, in breaking the lance, the gracious Princess Cunigunda will present to you the first reward of the lance.—(*Cunigunda takes the helmet from the cushion, and presents it to Otto.*)

Otto. Gracious Princess, I return you thanks.—(*The Emperor is alarmed at the sound of his voice.*)

Her. The judges have decreed that, in this day's tournament, you have likewise excelled all your competitors in the exercise of the sword, the gracious Princess will present to you the first reward of the sword.

Cun. Noble knight, if you have made no vow to remain concealed, I pray you let me know to whom I now present the first reward of the sword.

Art.—(*Approaches.*)—The Emperor joins in the request.

Otto. I obey.—(*Opens his visor, and casts his first look on Philip.*)

All. The Count Palatine! Otto!

Otto. Am I really the Count Palatine, Otto of Wittelsbach.—(*Philip turns pale, and tries in vain to suppress his alarm. A sudden tremor seizes him, and*

his daughters, who perceive it, run to him and embrace him.)

Cun. My father!

Bea. Oh, you are very ill.

Phi. Away!—(*Springs up, and goes towards the door, led by his daughters.*)

Art. and Wald. Make way! Make way!

[*Exeunt Phi. Cun. Bea. Art. and Wald.*]

Otto. Ay, run, run, thou dignified monster. Couldst thou hide thyself and all thy majesty within the compass of a nut-shell, I would find thee.

Wal. Count Otto, what is your opinion of this sudden attack?

Otto. A brize, perhaps, has stung the Emperor's brain. Tell the knights that nothing further will be done to-day.—(*Wallrich converses with the knights, &c. who, by degrees, depart in groups. Otto walks to and fro, till the apartment is quite empty.*)—Villany is not in his nature, or he would not have been thus affected. The rack of conscience forced confession from him. But, if a look could thus disorder him, what will a word effect—a word spoken with the warm sensation of injured integrity—I will verify what thou hast written, ingrate. I will fill thy mind with discord and rebellion, stir up its faculties against each other, and turn thy utmost fury on thyself, by brandishing before thy eyes the flaming sword of truth.

Enter HENRY, hastily.

Hen.—(*Draws out the letter.*)—Brother! Brother! This is infamous.

Otto. Infamous! most infamous! Oh that I had the voice of thunder! All the world should know how Otto has been injured and insulted. Give me the letter. 'Tis a talisman, which rouses my whole

being into fury. What am I doing here?—Farewell, brother.

Enter EGBERT.

Egb. Welcome, Otto! What is the matter? Your voice, as I approached, resounded dreadfully.

Otto. At another time!—Let me pass.

Egb. Otto! My brother! Stay, for Heaven's sake.—Wolf says you have been much insulted. Who can have dared?—

Otto. Philip of Suabia.

Egb. The Emperor!

Otto. Philip of Suabia.

Egb. Say the Emperor, brother.

Otto. Offer up your prayers for the Emperor,—I will, meanwhile converse with Philip of Suabia. Egbert, thou art a prophet. Dost thou recollect thy words, when I took leave of thee at Braunaw? “Otto, methinks some mighty deed awaits thee.”—Mighty the deed is not, but horrible.

Egb. What mean you, brother?

Otto. I have been deceived, imposed upon, insulted.

Hen. By the friend, for whom so often he has risked his life—by Philip.

Otto. My reward is calumny.

Egb. Calumny.

Otto. Foul calumny.

Hen. And contempt.

Otto. Read, brother.—(*Gives him the letter.*)—My nature made it easy to impose on me. I, like a fool, trusted a man, who once had broken his promise. How could I suspect deceit in him, for whom my disinterested friendship has already done so much, and was willing to do so much more? Even my claims upon his daughter, which were founded on a promise the most sacred, I renounced,

because his welfare was far nearer to my heart than was my own.

Egb.—(After having read the letter.)—Brother, this is an unheard of insult.

Otto. Does it not cry aloud for vengeance?

Hen. For blood.

Otto.—(Starts.)—Blood!

Egb. Heaven have mercy on thee, brother? Thou hast uttered a most dreadful word. Reflect—he is the Emperor, the sacred head of the holy Roman empire.

Hen. Go to mass Egbert, and pray for the—

Otto. He is the Emperor? Dost thou mean thereby to remind me of my duty and respect. All Germany bears witness to my unshaken loyalty and active zeal in the protection of the imperial diadem.—But, is this an action which becomes an Emperor? To impose upon and basely injure his most faithful friend—Otto of Wittelsbach—a Count Palatine!—Native Bavaria, I will bring no disgrace upon thy Princes.—Brothers, farewell. My injured heart demands redress. I go to place before the eyes of Philip his most ignominious conduct in its ugliest shape.

Hen. He will not regard your words.

Otto. Then will I appeal to the assembled Princes of the empire. My voice is of some consequence, and Germany never will allow her crown to be profaned by this deceitful, villanous, ungrateful man.

Hen. Brother, rely not upon that. Justice is not at all times proof against a bribe.

Otto. Well, then—my best resource is left, my honest staunch Bavarians. I know they love me, and will cheerfully repay each drop of blood, which I have shed for them. They wrested the imperial crown from Brunswick's Otto, and placed it on the head of perjured Philip.—How, if they were now to turn their arms against him?—Philip, thou hast

loosened the foundation of thy throne. Thou hast trodden on the lion, who has guarded thee, who so often has besmeared his mane with the blood of thy enemies. Fool! Fool! Fool! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene, the Emperor's Apartment.

Philip is discovered on a couch, and Artenberg sitting near him.

Phi. 'Tis well the surgeon thought it right to breathe a vein. It will now be generally believed that I was attacked by sudden indisposition. Do you think the guests observed I was alarmed at his appearance?

Art. It was evident to all that your majesty turned pale and trembled.—Your alarm seemed to augment the pride of the Count Palatine more than a victory. “I am the man, who can appal the Emperor with a single look.” Thus boasts he now.

Phi. Ha! Damnation! I will follow your advice, and oppose my dignity to his overbearing arrogance, which condescension but increases.—Go in search of him. Pry into his motive for returning, but be upon your guard, when you converse with him:—send Waldburg hither.—(*Exit Art.*)—Artenberg is right. I will no longer reply to his defiance with submission, to his pride with condescension—else will his haughty temper rise so high, that my Imperial dignity will lose its consequence.

Enter WALDBURG.

Come hither, Waldburg. We will proceed in our game.—(*Seats themselves to play at chess.*)—I like my situation. It was your turn.

Wald. That move relieves me.—There!

Phi. It does indeed.—What is the general opinion respecting the Count Palatine?—I move my bishop thus.

Wald. The general opinion seems that he has lost your Majesty's favour.

Phi. And the reason?

Wald. How!—You have made a rapid progress in the last five moves.—Who causes that confusion in the antichamber?

Enter OTTO, speaking to the centinels.

Otto. Do you think your halberds shall oppose my entrance?

Phi. Proceed, Waldburg.—(*The Emperor continues to play, but in great confusion, while Otto approaches the table, and silently surveys the board.*)

Wald. The game is mine. Your last move——

Otto. Yes, yes. Move your knight thus, and it is checkmate to the Emperor.—(*He does this, and overturns the piece.*)

Phi. What do you mean?

Otto. That you are mated.

Phi. No. I might have been relieved by——

Otto. Impossible, unless you threw your antagonist and chess-board out of the window. You would then have won the game in a most creditable way.

Phi. This is childish, Count Palatine.

Otto. You are mated both in body and soul.

Phi. Who called you? What do you want?

Otto. To inquire after your health. I hear you have been bled. Where is the blood? I will soon tell you what is your disorder.

Phi. I have a surgeon.

Otto. He is a fool. Your confessor should have opened a vein of your conscience.

Phi. Count Palatine, remember with whom you are conversing.

Otto. Let me exchange a few words with you in private. [Wald. is going.]

Phi. Waldburg, remain here. The Count Palatine and I have no secrets. What he has to say he may say in your presence, and let him at the same time not forget to whom he speaks.

Otto. Do you, then, know who *I* am? No.—Majesty no longer bears in mind the deeds of Otto.

Phi. Why do you not proceed to Poland?

Otto. Because that cold climate does not suit the warmth of my temperament.

Phi. Give me back my letter, then.

Otto. Your letter! No.

Phi. How! I insist upon it.

Otto. Here it is.—(*Holds it open before him.*)

Phi. Who dared to break my seal?

Otto. God—God himself.

Phi. The insult is insufferable.

Otto. Oh Patience, holy Patience, hold my heart-strings, lest they crack.

Phi. Count Palatine, do not forget yourself.

Otto. Happy were it for me, if I could forget who I am.

Phi. Give me my letter?

Otto. That I will not. Who are you? You say you are a man. I am one. Justice shall decide between us.—Philip, shall the duped friend, or injured Prince address you? But what is the term *friend* to you—It was your own advantage, not your heart, which taught you the word—Thou perjured Duke, I require not gratitude, but insult I will never brook. Prove that I ever was the cause of discord and rebellion. Prove that I was ever guilty of a crime against the empire or yourself. Prove this, I say, or write beneath this letter: "*The above is false.*"

Phi. Madman! This to thy Emperor!

Otto. Cursed be he, who reveres not his Em-

peror. But think you that you wear the sword of our great Charles to mortify the sacred dignity of Princes? Think you that a diadem can screen a shameful action? Think you that the Imperial sceptre is a talisman, which can lame by its enchantment the faculties of all mankind? Write, write, Philip! Recall this falsehood! That were better, than that I should to the assembled empire, charge you with a crime so base.

Phi. Peace, audacious wretch! I will arraign thee as the murderer of Wenzel and slanderer of Majesty. The last word of my favour is—*Fly!* Now, brave my indignation if thou darest, degenerate as thou art.—(*Exit with Waldburg into the adjoining room.*)

Otto.—(*Transported with fury, strikes his breast, and calls as the Emperor goes.*)—Duke Philip!—Why should the mastiff be content to bark?—(*Draws his sword, and rushes into the adjoining room.*)

Enter HENRY from the anti-chamber.

Hen. Brother! Where is he? I heard him speak with violence.—(*Goes to the door of the next room.*)—Great God of Heaven!

Enter OTTO, pale, trembling, and almost deprived of every faculty.

Otto. The Emp—eror's—(*Shews his bloody sword.*)

Hen.—Oh! Away! Away! Away!—(*Drags him away.*)

Wald.—(*Within.*)—Help! Help! Murder!—(*The centinels rush in with Artenberg.*)

Art. What now?

Wal. A surgeon! Haste! Thrice in the Emperor's breast, Count Otto—

Art. Quick! Quick! Pursue him.—I must send instant tidings to the Duke of Brunswick.—Pursue the murderer! Haste! [Exit.

Enter CUNIGUNDA and BEATRICE.

Both. Oh Heavens! My father.
(*The bustle and the cries increase on every side. All crowd into the adjoining room.*)

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scenc, an Apartment in the Castle of Wittelsbach.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Restore to me my peace of mind, Oh Wittelsbach. Thou didst witness the smiles of my brave father, when the nurse delivered me into his arms. Then should an earthquake have shattered these huge walls, and buried me beneath their ruins, that the worthy noble Berthold might not have been the father of a murderer—No, Wittelsbach. To me thou never canst restore my peace of mind. Sink, sink, and hide thy lofty turrets under the surface of the earth.

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Wil. God bless you, father!

Edg. God bless you, father!

Wil. Father, where does Frankfort lie?

Otto.—(*Points through the window.*)—Far beyond yon hills to the north.

Wil. Give me a horse, and a 'squire that I may go thither.

Otto. For what purpose?

Wil. Wolf says there are many Princes assembled there to determine something against you. I'll say to them: "Princes, don't do that, for my father is strong, and if you displease him, he will kill you. You know he killed the Emperor, who was stronger than you all, and if——"

Otto. Hold—Begone!

Wil. To Frankfort?

Otto. Take thy bow, and shoot as many sparrows as thou canst.

Wil. I don't like to kill a creature no bigger than my hand.

Edg. I shot a sparrow in the wing this morning, and when I took it in my hand, it reminded me of you, father, for it chirped: Philip! Philip!

Otto. Away from me!

Wil. Father, give me a larger bow, that I may kill a buck.

Otto. Thou art not strong enough.

Wil. Oh yes, I am. Let me try whether I can raise your sword.—(*Attempts to draw it.*)

Otto. Be quiet, boy.

Wil.—(*Examining the sword.*)—Father! Did you kill the Emperor with this sword?

Otto.—(*Stamps.*)—Quit my sight, this moment, both of you! [*Exeunt Wil. and Edg.*]

Oh conscience, conscience!—Even the simplicity of these two boys is a reproach, a scourge to me—When in riper years they find that I could leave them nothing but an empire's curse—Oh horrible! But I will rack my soul with thoughts like this, until it says to itself: "Thou hast endured enough."

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Oh, my Lord! How do I dread the sight of any one from Frankfort?

Otto. Wolf, what dost thou call this deed?

Wolf. Revenge.

Otto. Murder.—Wretched, wretched is he, who comes into this world with strength of mind and manly fire. Oh Nature, if it be thy wish to merit the title of a good mother, form no more beings with the soul or body of a man. Such are not meet for times like these—their lot can be but misery and ruin. If thou dost wish thy children's happiness, let their sinews be void of strength, their veins of warmth, their breast of feeling. Bestow upon them subtilty, a double tongue, and ever smiling countenance—then wilt thou form a proper creature for this hospital—the world—But hark! who comes?

Enter DUCHESS.

How, noble Duchess! Have you so little regard for your own dignity?

Duch. Do not, dear kinsman, be offended, that I thus surprise you; but I feel myself compelled to see you. Tell me, I beseech you—was Count Wenzel's death the cause of Philip's anger?

Otto. No. Philip availed himself of this pretext to give his conduct some appearance of justice, but in fact, it was my integrity which made me lose his favour. Thus it is, noble Princess. I bore the ungrateful perjured man upon my shoulders to the throne, and scarcely did he sit in state, ere he dismissed me from his side, that the world might think he had risen by his own exertions. Contempt for

my fidelity, and insult for my waste of blood!—Such, such was Otto's recompence.

Duch. Shameful ingratitude! Count Palatine, it has laid heavy on my soul that I was the instigation of Count Wenzel's attack upon you.

Otto. You!

Duch. He roused my indignation against you by reporting that you had defamed my character. I was fool enough to credit his reports, and required him to revenge my wrongs. My husband convinced me of my mistake when it was too late, but, Heaven be praised, that I am not the cause of the misfortunes, which have happened. Let me see your sons, dear kinsman. Where are they?

Otto. Wolf, bring them hither.—(*Exit Wolf.*)—Well, noble Duchess, may Bavaria hope—

Duch. You ask the question, probably, because I wish to see your children.—(*With a smile of satisfaction.*)—Well, if you suspect it, let me have your blessing.

Otto. You are doubly welcome. Otto can still rejoice. Accept my warmest wishes for your welfare—you are appointed by Heaven the mother of Bavaria's welfare.

Duch. Count Palatine, your disposition is truly noble and generous. How many a man would wish that I might never be a mother, if he were, like you, the heir to this proud dukedom.

Otto. Shame on the wretch, whose groveling soul could harbour such a thought!—See! There come my boys.

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Duch. Dear, lovely children!

Wil.—(*Gives her his hand.*)—Father, is this the mother you promised to bring us?

Edg.—(*The same.*)—I hope it is.

Otto. Boys, you remind me of every thing which tortures me. This is the Duchess, your kinsman's wife.

Wil. I wish she had been our mother.

Edg. So do I.

Duch. I thank you, sweet children.—(*Kisses them.*)—Count Palatine, I am going to receive my husband on his return from Frankfort, I have given orders for the erection of some tents upon the borders, where I mean to await his arrival. Will you allow me to take these children with me? You will oblige me by it, and in a few hours I will restore them to you.

Wil. and Edg. Oh, father, let us go.

Duch. Grant their petition, worthy Count.

Otto. Take them. I know they will be in good hands.

Duch. Farewell, then, and come soon to Braunaw.

Otto. To the christening. Angels guard our Duchess!

Wil. and Edg. Father, God be with you;

Otto. May he protect you, my children!

[*Exeunt Duch. and Boys.*]

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Count, your brother Henry is arrived.

Otto. Where is he?

Wolf. He galloped into the court a few minutes since, but would not see you till the Duchess was gone. He and his horse are covered with dust and sweat as if he had just left the field of battle.

Otto. Call him——

[*Henry rushes into Otto's arms*]

Hen. Oh my brother!

Otto. What now, Henry?

Hen. My poor, proscribed, and unfortunate brother!

Wolf. Proscribed! Oh, dreadful day!

Otto. Henry, is sentence passed upon me?

Hen. It is—a sentence the most horrible.

Otto. The imperial ban?

Hen. Alas!—Yes.

Otto.—(After a pause of resignation.)—I did not think that I was born to suffer this disgrace—what did they call my crime?

Hen. Regicide.

Otto. Well, the sentence is most just. My crime may be termed regicide on earth, but Heaven will not condemn me as a regicide. God knows, I only felt the insult of one man to another, and my fury told me that no judge should decide between man and man, but the sword.

Hen. And now?

Otto. Otto is fallen, like a broken lance. But no.—My manly courage never shall forsake me.

Hen. Manly courage brooks not injustice.

Otto. The Princes have passed sentence upon me according to the law, which considers the deed, the consequences, and the example. I have laboured to establish the dignity of that power, which now condemns me. Oh brother, wretched as I am, I still can feel some consolation, when I reflect to what a pitch our country may be raised by this spirit of justice, which refuses to be dazzled by the splendour of high birth. My disposition is well known. My motive for this deed is also known. Many will pity, none condemn me. I know that the Princes would rather have forgiven me, but it was not in their power. The safety of the German states demanded vengeance on me. Oh! 'Twas an unhallowed moment, when the sensation of man's natural freedom overpowered the duties of the friend, the citizen, and subject.—Judges, judges, your sentence is most just.

Hen. Is Otto's nature altered? Is Otto's spirit

quite subdued? Who made these men your judges? Have we ever said to any one of them: "Be thou our master?" Are we to bear the yoke which our fathers——

Otto. Hold, brother. We enjoy the rights and privileges which this general union of the German states bestows on every individual of the empire.

Hen. You enjoy them no longer. The states have robbed you of these rights and privileges.

Otto. No, Henry, I have robbed myself of them.

Hen. Brother, if you can satisfy yourself with such ideas it is well—but I cannot. What have I, and what has Egbert done, that we should be condemned?

Otto. You! You!

Hen. Condemned as accomplices in your crime.

Otto. Brother—you!

Hen. "Be the ban of the empire pronounced on Otto, Henry, and Egbert!"

Otto. Henry and Egbert! Damnation! I scarcely can believe it.

Hen. Scarcely could I, when muffled in the habit of a pilgrim, I stood among the spectators at Frankfort, and heard the herald thrice pronounce the ban upon me. The words regicide and traitor, with which Otto's name was branded, still were sounding in my ears, when like an unexpected thunderbolt, sentence was also passed on Henry and on Egbert.—(*Otto seems to breathe with difficulty, and his eyes roll horribly.*)—Oh my brother, would you had been there!

Otto. I am there! You condemned! Henry and Egbert condemned!—no drop of Philip's blood was shed by you, though yours was often shed for him. What is your crime?—Loyalty and zeal—Tremble, ye Princes, for Otto, though proscribed, is Otto still.—How did Lewis act?

Hen. The Duke remembered that his granfather was also yours.

Otto. How did he act, I say?

Hen. He defended you with fervour, but finding no one to support him, in your cause, he acquiesced in the sentence.

Otto. And on you?

Hen. He thought our guilt not proved, and therefore left the court.

Otto. Where is Egbert?

Hen. I know not. He is probably gone to our sister in Hungary.

Otto. Henry, Henry, thou hast stung me to the soul. The tribunal calls me regicide—my conscience calls me fratricide. By all the powers of Heaven, I cannot, will not bear it. By one murder Otto fell—by a thousand shall his brothers rise. Away! seek your friends, and bring them hither, I will be their leader, and, as I hope for mercy, you shall be restored to all the rights of which you are deprived.—

Hen. Why not restore yourself to all those rights?

Otto. That must not be. Go, Henry, and return as soon as possible.

Hen. When the centinel upon the castle-turrets shall hear the din of arms and neigh of horses, Henry of Andechs and his friends approach.—Farewell.

Otto. Farewell. I will prepare a feast for them. The castle of the proscribed Count shall once more ring with revelry. Away! [Exit,

Scene, a Tent in an open place near Aicha, and not far from Wittelsbach.

The DUCHESS, an ATTENDANT, WILIBALD, and EDGAR, are discovered in the Tent.

Wil. Have you no other house but this ?

Duch. Yes.

Edg. What are you doing here, then ?

Duch. I am waiting for your kinsman.

Wil. Where is he ?

Duch. He is now, I hope, on his way from Frankfort.

Wil. From Frankfort !

Duch. Yes. Why does this surprise you ?

Wil. I am glad he has been at Frankfort, for he will not let the other Princes injure my father.

Att. I believe, my lady, they are coming. The boy on the hill waves his flag. Shall I retire with the children ?

Edg. Why retire ? I have done nothing wrong.

Wil. I want to see my kinsman again.

Att. Pshaw ! Only for a joke.

Wil. Well, if it be a joke, I'll go with you, but I must shake hands with my kinsman.

[*Exeunt Att. Wil. and Edg.*]

Enter DUKE and REUSS.

Duke. I thank you for this proof of your affection, my Ludmilla.—This is Sir Frederick of Reuss, who is sent to me by the Duke of Brunswick.

Reu. Duke Otto craves your friendship, noble lady.

Duch. I thank him. You are welcome, good Sir Frederick.

Duke. My love, let us proceed to Braunaw.

Duch. How! Why in such haste? I have prepared refreshments for you.

Reu. What castle is that whose lofty turrets seem to touch the clouds?

Duke.—(*Casting a melancholy glance towards it.*)—Wittelsbach. My love, let us proceed to Braunaw.

Duch. What means this look of sorrow. Is Otto's fate decreed?

Reu. It is, and if you know the heart of the Count Palatine, you will lament his fate sincerely. The ban of the empire is denounced against him, and every dastard is permitted to assassinate him.

Duch. My dearest Lewis!

Duke. Oh, do not speak to me. My heart is quite oppressed.

Duch. Thou good, thou excellent man! Is such thy fate, who but to-day bestowed thy blessing on my hopes, although they crushed thy own?—(*Deeply affected.*)—Dreadful! Dreadful!

Reu. Noble Lady, how this tear becomes you!

Duke. Dear Ludmilla, do not thus indulge in unavailing sorrow.

Duch. How could the Princes condemn so brave, so good a man?

Duke. It was not the Princes, but the law of God and man, which condemned him. To pardon such a crime were to be guilty of another.

Duch. And has he no resource?

Duke. None.

Duch. Might not your influence---

Duke. My influence shall never lend protection to the guilty. Otto was ever dear to me, and is so still. I call God to witness that I would shed my blood to efface his crime, but were it in my power to pardon him, I would not thus disgrace Bavaria.

Duch. Protect him, and his children, all ye guardian powers.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Duke. What means this? Sir Frederick, I beseech you go to Wittelsbach. Tell the unfortunatc Count what has happened, and prevail upon him to fly without delay. Calheim and his troop must be already on their way to the castle. Greet him from me, and tell him I lament his fate.

Reu. Age and experience have steeled my breast, but this is more than I can bear. Once more I tell you, Duke, you have condemned a noble, valiant man. God bestowed on him a manly soul, and fiery temperament. Through these he became a hero, and---a criminal.

Enter DUCHESS and the CHILDREN.

Duch. Know ye these boys?

Wil. and Edg. Welcome, kinsman Lewis.

Duke. How came they hither?

Wil. The Duchess brought us from Wittelsbach.

Duke. They must away.

Duch. Do you know the way to Wittelsbach.

Both. Oh yes.

Duch. Return, then, to your father.

Edg. Alone?

Wil. For shame, brother. Why not alone?

Duch. Right, Wilibald. Alas! You are doomed to walk on a far more dangerous path without a guide.

Edg. But if we should lose our way—

Duch. Wretched outcasts! You cannot lose your way. You have no home—no hope—no father.

Wil. No father? Have the Princes at Frankfort taken him from us?—(*All are much affected.*)

Edg. Oh kinsman! You are our Duke. Force the Princes to let us have our father again.

Reu. Do not be alarmed, dear children. You have still a father.

Duke. Yes—that you have, by all the saints of Heaven. Let this kiss confirm it!—(*Kisses them.*)

Wil. Come, brother.—(*Takes Edgar's hand.*)—Let us run home to our father.

Duke. Hold!—Sir Frederick, take them with you. I give you no instructions, for you know my sentiments. I expect you at Braunaw in the evening.

Reu. I will be there! Till then farewell. Come, children.

Duch. Sir Frederick, bring them to Braunaw with you.

Reu. If it be possible, I will. Farewell, noble Lady.

Duch. God be with you all!

Wil. and Edg. Farewell! Farewell!

[*Exeunt Reu. and Boys.*]

Duke. Let us be gone, my love.

Duch. Oh!

Duke. Your distress doubles my own. Remember, dear Ludmilla, remember that the mildew blights the ripening fruit. Come I beseech you.

Duch. No resource for Otto?

Duke. None on earth.

Duch. Then be he wretched here, to be hereafter blessed. [*Exeunt.*]

Scence, an Apartment in the Castle of Wittelsbach.

Enter OTTO and WOLF.

Otto. Who are these men, and how many are there?

Wal. Eighty, my Lord. They are Bavarians, and there is not one among them, who has not fought with you. On hearing what had happened, they forsook their homes, and are come to offer you their

arms and hearts. They are resolved to wash away the ban with blood. Thus said Conrad in the name of all.

Otto. Conrad! Is he among them?—Open my cellar, Wolf, and give them every thing my castle can afford.—What noise is that?

Wolf. Your brother comes.

Enter HENRY.

Otto. So soon returned! Art thou a dove or raven?

Hen. A raven! All is lost. Misfortunes crowd upon us. Troops are already on their march against the proscribed Count of Wittelsbach.—They are led by Charles of Calheim.

Otto. Let them come. They shall feel that Otto still can wield a sword. Have you observed my friends assembled in the court? Go, Wolf, and see they are provided with every thing they want.

[*Exit Wolf.*

Hen. Prepare for your defence. Calheim is not far distant with his troops.

Otto. 'Tis well. The savory smoke of my chimney shall lure them so near that we may slay them with our lances from the walls.

Hen. Your force is small, brother. It consists of only eighty—

Otto. Men! Conrad of Aïcha is among them, and if his companions bear any resemblance to him, we shall not long be cooped within this cage. Then with my naked sword will I open the jaws of your judges, and compel them to swallow the sentence they have passed on you and Egbert.

Enter CONRAD, and some of his comrades.

Con. Into the field, Count Palatine! Lead us



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into the field. From the turret we discern some troops approaching.

Otto. Are you all Bavarians?

Con. To a man. There is not one among us, whom I should be ashamed to call my brother. "To battle" is the general cry of all.

Otto. Be not so hasty. We must know them, ere we march against them.

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Wil. Father, are you there?

Edg. They have not taken you away.

Otto. Thanks be to Heaven, I see my boys again. Ha! Who comes now? Sir Frederick of Reuss!

Enter REUSS.

Conrad, retire awhile with thy companions.

[*Exeunt Con. and Com.*]

Welcome a thousand times!

Reu. Duke Lewis greets you thus.—(*Gives him his hand.*)

Hen. Greets he thus the man, against whom he has denounced the empire's ban?—He slays his friend—then sends him balsam.

Reu. Think you that I would accept employment so absurd? Lewis's heart is noble.

Otto. It is. He would not condemn my brothers.

Hen. But he condemned you.

Reu. Count Henry, I can witness that he did it with reluctance the most painful. Honour and a kinsman's love contended in his bosom. He defended the Count Palatine with ardour.

Otto. Defended me! But why did he say nothing in favour of my brothers?—For them alone is my nature roused. The voice of conscience and of every duty is silenced in my bosom. Sooner will I

heap murder upon murder—sooner will I bear the name of monster and assassin through the world than any one shall dare to lay a hand on Henry or on Egbert.—Damnation! Is it their wish to crush at one blow all the race of noble Berthold? By my soul I swear that shall not be.

Hen.—(*Embraces him.*)—My brother!

Reu. Allow me to say a word upon this subject.—Count Palatine! When did you know a crime committed in a moment of passion effaced again by passion?—Why did neither of your brothers come to prove your innocence? They would not have been refused safe conduct to the court.

Hen. None of our race has ever stood before a tribunal.

Reu. None ever was before accused. Count of Andechs, you must yourself confess that appearances were much against you. You arrived at Bamberg on the very day that your unfortunate brother perpetrated the act, and you fled with him. I am the only one who can attest your innocence, and I am prepared to do it in the presence of the assembled Princes. Count of Andechs, I here give you my hand, and promise on the word and honour of a knight that if I live, you and your brother Egbert shall be released from the imperial ban.

Otto. Sir Frederick!

Reu. Count Palatine, you have witnessed what Frederick of Reuss has promised to the Count of Andechs.

Otto. You think there was no malice, no deception?

Reu. I assert and will maintain that there was none. Unwillingly the Princes passed the sentence, and in the eye of Lewis stood a tear. Even the late Emperor's faithful servants wept, and pitied you, for they had heard their master's dying words.

Otto. He cursed me, no doubt.

Reu. No. He cursed the day on which he in-

jured you. He lamented your hot temper, which had thus destroyed you both. "Woe be to him," cried he, "who caused the difference between us!" He pardoned you sincerely, called you his noble friend, invoked a blessing on you, and expired.

Otto.—(*In most violent agitation.*)—Wretch that I am!—The murderer of my friend!—Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip!

Hen. Dear brother, whence this sudden agitation?

Otto. Ah, now do I feel the real ban. The enraged Almighty Ruler has denounced his ban against my soul. A thousand demons are at once awoke within me. My friend murdered by myself—my Philip—my Emperor, whose heart had never harboured any bad intention of me! Oh, day of horror! I am no longer Otto.

Reu. Fool that I was to lend you the suit of armour, and suffer you to leave my castle unaccompanied. But what avail my complaints? Let us now think of means——

Otto. Raise the murdered Philip from his grave, or think no more of me. I will think of nothing but the noble Philip. Sir Frederick, to you I recommend my brothers. Upon your honour I rely for their acquittal. And now, oh, God, assist me, while I touch upon the most painful part of my distresses. Frederick, my children!

Reu. Lewis has sworn by all the saints of Heaven that he will be their father.

Otto.—(*After some reflection.*)—No. They will but remind him of their father. In the empire they cannot now remain. I will send them to a friend, who dwells in the woods of Arden.

Hen. I hear the shout of war.

Enter WOLF and CONRAD.

Wolf. My Lord, the castle is surrounded.

Con. Lead us out. Let us drive this Count of Calheim home again.

Reu. They are already come—alas, before I have fulfilled the Duke's command.

Otto. Conrad, dost thou speak in the name of thy comrades?

Con. Yes. My words are theirs.

Otto. Let some of the oldest among them come hither, that they may hear my sentiments. Call them, Wolf. [*Exit* Wolf.]

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Wil. Father! Father! There are many men come.

Edg. They want to catch you, father.—(*Otto looks at his sons for some time—then turns away in great affliction.*)

Enter WOLF and BAVARIANS.

Otto. Why are you come hither, thus in arms, my countrymen?

Con. The empire's ban is denounced against you. We are come to protect you.

Otto. Know you what it is to do this? By opposing the decree of the empire, you make yourself participators in my guilt. Surely your hair must bristle towards Heaven, when I avow my crime. Hear me. I am the murderer of the Emperor. If your natures be not roused by this, hear still more. He was my friend—he injured me I grant—but he was my Emperor—my friend. Will you protect me?

Con. and All. We will.

Otto. If any one among you had been injured by your Duke, and were to murder him, would you protect that man? You are silent. Right! Such conduct would be treason in its vilest shape. Regicide is parricide, for princes are the fathers of their

subjects.—Bayarians, will you protect me now? You are silent. Oh, return to your homes, I beseech you. I welcomed you at first, because I thought the conduct of the tribunal unjust towards my brothers, I find, however, it was not so. Innocence and truth will relieve them from the ban, but guilt hangs heavy upon me. No blind attachment should direct you. Justice alone should be your guide. Go home and pray for me.

Hen. Brother, whether so fast?

Otto. Follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, the Gates and Walls of Wittelsbach—Calheim and his Troops have surrounded the Castle.

Cal.—(*Strikes the gates with his lance.*)—Yield, yield, thou proscribed regicide. Give the signal.—(*Trumpets sound.*)—Otto of Wittelsbach, hear the command of Lewis, Duke of Bavaria.

[*Otto appears upon the walls.*]

Otto. What says my kinsman Lewis?

Cal. He commanded me to march against the murderer of our lawful Emperor, to take him prisoner, and raze his castle to the earth.

Otto. Are these the words of Lewis?

Cal. They are my words, and the meaning of Duke Lewis.

Otto. Thou prating hero!

Cal. Thou haughty regicide! Dost thou mean to skulk within thy castle?

Otto. No.—(*Calls.*)—Open the gates. Conrad, withdraw, and take thy comrades to their homes. I return my heartfelt thanks to thee and them for this mark of affection.—(*The gates are opened, and Conrad appears with the Bavarians*)

Cal. Hold! who are you, and why are you in arms?

Con. Bavarians—friends of Otto, Count Palatine of Wittelsbach. Make way, and let us pass.

Cal. Hold, I say! Why are you in arms?

Con. We intended to have stretched you, and and your followers in the dust, but Otto has commanded us to go in peace. Make way, or we must disobey him.—(*Begins to force a passage.*)

Cal. Ha! Here comes the regicide.

Enter OTTO, leading WILIBALD; and HENRY, leading EDGAR; followed by REUSS, WOLF, and Attendants.

Cal. Seize him instantly!—(*He approaches Otto, followed by some of the soldiers. Conrad and the Bavarians turn, and guard the Count Palatine with their lances.*)

Reu.—(*Draws his sword.*)—Dare not to lay a hand upon him, as you regard yourselves.

Hen.—(*Draws his sword.*)—My brother!

Cal. How now! Is it thus that you obey your Duke's commands? Ye base, perfidious, perjured crew!

Otto. Bavarians, I thank you for my life, on account of my children. To myself it is a hateful burden. I have not raised my sword to protect myself from justice. If there be one among you, who requires my blood to pacify the shade of Philip, let him step forth. Welcome is death to me from the hand of a man, who demands it from a motive so exalted, and to his protection I will bequeath my children. Frederick of Reuss, once more I charge you to remember my brothers and your promise. Bear my last greeting to my kinsman, Lewis, and recommend my brave defenders to his generous nature. Farewell, farewell, my brother—children, bid farewell to your countrymen and Wittelsbach.—(*Takes the eldest in his arms—Henry the other.*)

Wil. and Edg. Farewell, countrymen! Farewell, Wittelsbach!— (*The Bavarians return thanks by dropping their lances.*)

Otto. Thank them for your father.

Wil. and Edg. We thank you for our father.

Otto. And now let us begone. Come, my children! Another glance at my native castle—brother—friends—countrymen—and now away!— (*Takes his children, and goes, followed by Henry, Reuss, Wolf, &c.—Calheim and his troops enter the castle.*)

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene, the Ruins of Wittelsbach Castle. The country is covered with heaps of stone and rubbish. It is midnight.

Enter CONRAD, and another Inhabitant of Aicha—each with a lance and mattock.

Inh. Conrad, the stars have compassion on our shins, for if it were not so light, I should never find my way, well as I know every part of this country.

Con. Neighbour, is that Wittelsbach?

Inh. It was, neighbour.

Con. Alas! why is the abode of generosity and virtue abandoned to the night-crows? This was once the refuge of every one in distress! How many thousands, who entered Wittelsbach with heavy hearts, have returned blithe and contented. He, whose language was not understood within a hundred miles, found Otto ready to receive him. Oh, should some stranger wander hither, who, when

at home, has heard of Otto's hospitality, what will he feel, when he beholds these ruins?—"Why was the castle of the noble Count demolished?" he will ask; then, leaning on his spear, he will listen to the mournful tale, and with a sigh pursue his way.

Inh. Neighbour, it is midnight, let us not return as poor as we came.

Con. This spectacle subdues every wish for gold.

Inh. Shall I begin to search among the rubbish?

Con. Ay, for what I care.—(*Inh. goes to the back ground, and begins his search.*)—His pains will be fruitless; for the Counts of Wittelsbach were never wont to hoard their wealth.

Inh. Conrad!

Con. Have you found any thing!

Inh. Not yet. How silent and dreary it is all around!

Con. Amuse yourself by whistling or by singing, neighbour.

Inh. Hark!

Con. What now?

Inh. I heard a noise.

Con. A goblin in the neighbourhood, perhaps. When it comes so near as to be seen, call me. Have you discovered any thing yet?

Inh. No. We have bad luck, Conrad.

Con. I am not surprised at that.

Inh. Not surprised! Why, were not Otto's ancestors always accounted rich? Did they not give away their wealth by handfuls?

Con. That is the very reason why you find none.

Inh. Pshaw! They could not give it all away.

Con. Neighbour, let me advise you to give over your search. It is folly to seek gold in the abode of virtue.

Inh. Why, I came by your advice.

Con. True, and I own folly in having given you such advice. Neighbour, your wants distress me,

but time spent here is only lost. I should be thoroughly ashamed were any one to find us here, good as our intentions are. Every Bavarian ought to weep, when he beholds these ruins, for here dwelt the noblest of Bavaria's princes. I could talk to every stone which I behold, and weep.

Inh. I have so many sorrows of my own.—Hark! I heard something again.

Con. Pshaw!

Inh. I can distinguish footsteps.

Con. Footsteps! I would not be detected with this vile mattock. Let us conceal ourselves, and observe who passes.—(*Hide themselves in the ruins.*)

Enter OTTO, WOLF, WILIBALD, and EDGAR.

Otto. Once more the swallow flitters around its nest, and chirps with gratitude, then—then, farewell for ever!—(*Stops and surveys the ruins.*)—Oh, Wittelsbach! Wittelsbach!

Wolf. My Lord, why are you come hither? This doleful spectacle will but increase your misery. Follow my advice, my Lord, and quit this dreary spot.

Wil. Father, who has destroyed our castle?

Edg. We have no home now.

Otto. Peace, peace, my children. The grave-digger will ere long procure us an asylum. While we can bear the load of life, we will share the habitation of the stag. There we can patiently await the hour, at which the Almighty shall summon us away. Pray to him, children. Beseech him to bestow on you two feet instead of these two hands, that you may fly far from the haunts of men, and herd with the beasts of the forest. Poor luckless beings! The most wretched of mankind has still a name; but you, alas, have none! Oh! could I weep, I would baptize you with my tears, and call you *Outcasts of Wittelsbach*. See! Wittelsbach is no

more. Fallen are her lofty turrets, and the residence of princely warriors is become a nest for poisonous adders. And I—I am the accursed cause of all—I—the murderer of my Emperor—my friend.

Wolf. My Lord! My dearest Lord!

Wil. Don't say those bad words again father.

Otto. Ye spirits of my ancestors, if ye did ever leave the regions of eternal bliss when I have been projecting some exploit at the dead of night (and oft I thought I felt your influence) doubtless ye hover now above the ruins of your dwelling. Oh, deign to manifest—

Wolf. Silence, for Heaven's sake. Disturb not the repose of the dead.

Otto. Hark! Hark! They denounce their curses on the degenerate Otto.

Con.—(*From the ruins.*)—Hail to the noble Otto.

Otto. (*Starts.*)—What was that?

Wolf. Methought I heard a voice say, "Hail to the noble Otto!"

Otto. Some deception lurks here. I must dive into it. Give me my lance.

Wolf. Oh, stay, my Lord.

Wil. and *Edg.* Stay, stay, father.

Otto. My lance this instant!—(*Takes it, and goes among the ruins.*)—Whoever thou mayst be, repeat thy words.

Con.—(*From the place of his concealment.*)—Hail to the noble Otto!

Otto. Who art thou? answer me.

CONRAD and his Companion appear.

Con. Conrad of Aicha, your old servant! Once more hail to the noble Otto!

Inh. Hail to the noble Otto!

Otto. What are you doing here?

Con. We are come upon a very foolish errand, Count Palatine.

Otto. Folly will produce nothing but repentance. What is your errand?

Con. My Lord, I will confess what it is, though it is to my disgrace. My neighbour, here, has a father ninety years of age, who is sick, and stretched upon a bed of straw. He came to me, and begged my assistance. Money I had none, for I had spent my all in the late wars. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to me that my neighbour might, perhaps, find something of value buried in these ruins.

Otto. Have you succeeded?

Con. We were fools to fancy that we ever should.

Otto. Why so? Do you think there is nothing of value buried there? Do you remember, Conrad, that my grandfather, Otto, supported from his private coffers a whole army for Bavaria's defence? Do you remember that my father, Berthold, during the famine, eat at his own table crusts of bread steeped in water, that he might support thousands of his countrymen? Thinkest thou, they did not thereby hoard a treasure?

Con. What treasure?

Otto. The blessing of Bavaria upon Wittelsbach.

Con. and Inh. True! True!

Otto. But I have shaken off this blessing, and loaded myself with a curse. I was a good branch of the old tree, but I bore destructive fruit, and it was right to lop me off. May the tree remain! May posterity repose beneath the shade of it, and may no one ask—"Why was a branch of such a noble stem lopped off?" Lewis, thou hast condemned me. Lewis, thou hast my blessing.

Con. Say but one word, and you shall be restored to all your former dignity.

Otto. What word?

Con. War.

Wil. and *Edg.* War.

Otto.—(To the children.)—Ye thoughtless brats! Why do you echo such a word? Have I not shed the blood of him who ruled the empire? Shall I too spread ruin and destruction through the empire? Cursed be he who seeks his own revenge in civil wars. Oh, could I think that either of my children would hereafter cherish a thought destructive to the holy empire—at this moment would I dash his head against the ruins of my castle.

Wolf. My Lord, I pray you let us hence. The morning dawns.

Otto. Alas! Hitherto I journeyed by the light of day through town and country, but now—peace, peace! I will straight to the Holy Land. As for thee, take thy old father to the hospital at Munich, lately founded by the Duke.

Inh. No, my Lord—

Otto. Why not?

Inh. I would rather steal for his support. Would it not be an everlasting shame upon me, if I were to let the Prince maintain him when it is my duty?

Otto. Blessings on thee, good Bavarian! Wolf, hast thou any money left?

Wolf. Not more than you will absolutely want, my Lord.

Otto. True. I do want it. Give it hither.—There! Share that with Conrad.—(Gives it to the inhabitant of Aicha.)

Con. No, no, Count Palatine.

Otto. Conrad, I have not given thee this without a motive. Take these two boys, and be their protector for a few days, when I shall send a man from the woods of Arden for them

Wil. I'll stay with you, father.

Edg. So will I, father.

Otto. Have you a father? No. I deprived you of him, by trying to bestow on you a mother. Go, children. Go with this man. You know him?

Wil. and Edg. Yes, we know Conrad, but——

Otto. No more! Go with him. Conrad, take them away.

Edg. Why do you send us away?

Wil. Have we done any thing wrong?

Otto. Horror! Horror! Oh, spare me, Conrad.——But yet——another kiss—a father's kiss. Oh, God! How difficult it is to part with those we love—*for ever!* Farewell, my first-born—Wilibald!—Farewell, my Edgar! The guardian saints of Heaven protect you!——Conrad, it was lucky that I found thee here. Go—go—and greet my neighbours, the citizens of Aicha.

Con. Blessings on you, noble Count! Had you not entrusted such a treasure to me, I would have wandered with you to the world's end.

Wil. Father, we shall soon meet again.

Edg. Very soon, I hope.

Otto. My heart-strings will crack. Away! Away!—(*Exeunt Con. and Boys.*)—Yes, we shall meet again—and soon perhaps, for soon my hapless infants will no longer have a natural protector.—(*Seats himself on a stone.*)—I have often secretly valued myself upon that stedfast manly spirit which never would allow misfortune to depress it, but now—(*Covers his face.*)

Wolf.—(*Surveys him for a moment.*)—His eyes disdains to weep, although his heart is bleeding. This was Wittelsbach—and this was Otto.

Otto. Let us quit this spot.

Wolf. Ay, come, my Lord.

Otto. Wolf!

Wolf. What now, my——

Otto. How old art thou?

Wolf. Sixty-five years.

Otto. Go, then, to Braunaw. Tell the Duke thou wert his kinsman's armour-bearer. Lewis will support thee.

Wolf. Could you, then, discard me? May my soul want mercy, if I ever leave you! I can dress your wounds at least.

Otto. Come hither, then. Apply thy balsam to my heart, for that is sorely wounded.

Wolf. Alas! I cannot heal it.

Otto. Come, then. I will to the left, and wash my hands at sun-rise in the Danube.

Wolf. Have you not heard that Calheim still is in this neighbourhood?

Otto. Thou shalt be my surgeon, and my grave-digger—but not my guide.—Hold! wouldst thou be more ungrateful than the stork? Wouldst thou go without a farewell look towards Wittelsbach?

Wolf. Oh!

Otto. Habitation, name, and native land, farewell! —Bavaria!—My children!—Wittelsbach!—Philip!
—Oh, agony! [*Exeunt.*

Scene, a Wood near Oberndorf. The dawn of morning breaks through the heavy clouds.

Enter HENRY and EGBERT, disguised as Pilgrims.

Egb. Have I then journeyed thus far once more to embrace my brother Otto, and shall I not find him?

Hen. Find him we will, if even half consumed by worms. But no doubt he is wandering near Wittelsbach, till he has found some situation for his children.

Egb. Our sister in Hungary will be a good mother to them.

Hen. Let us then away to Wittelsbach. Lewis, I hear, is gone from Braunaw to Neuburg.

Egb. For what reason?

Hen. He expects to meet Otto of Brunswick there, whom he means to accompany to Aix. Otto will doubtless now be chosen Emperor. This is a happy circumstance for us, if the ambassador, Sir Frederick of Reuss, keep his promise.

Egb. But our poor brother——

Hen. When we are again restored to our dignities, we shall have power enough to gain his pardon. Come! let us seek him.

Egb. I hear a noise.

Hen. True. Let us conceal ourselves. I can distinguish some one in armour. [*They retire.*]

Enter CALHEIM, with his troops.

Cal. The intelligence may be relied upon. He will pass through this wood. This is the only bridge over the stream, and here I take my station. My duty commands me to be indefatigable in the pursuit, for it would be an eternal disgrace to Germany, were he to escape with life. Come! I will appoint to each his post at a distance from the public road. Such men as he avoid the paths which others tread. Come! [*Exit with his troops.*]

HENRY and EGBERT appear.

Hen. There did I skulk unarmed, while fury boiled within my breast. Calheim! Calheim! Thou monster!

Egb. Oh, brother, let us fly to find him.

Hen. Away towards Wittelsbach! I know the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter CALHEIM, with some followers.

Cal. We will, as I told you, guard this bridge. The spy, whom I employed, has never yet deceived me, and, according to his account, Otto intends to pass through Hungary to Jerusalem.—(*Aside.*)—True, my good friend, Artenberg. Were this man to remain alive, and find that thou wert the cause of the Emperor's conduct toward him, the consequences might be fatal to thee. But thou shalt not repent the confidence thou hast reposed in me. I hate this Otto, and will not leave the death of my old patron, Philip, unrevenged. As for his brothers, they may wander where they will. Let Otto fall, and Calheim's vengeance is complete.—(*Goes towards the bridge, where his followers have stretched themselves at their ease.*)

Enter OTTO and WOLF.

Wolf. I heard several voices distinctly both to the right and left. Oh, my Lord, beware lest thou fall into any snare laid for you by this Charles of Calheim.

Otto. Have we not thus far pursued our way unmolested? But now—I am weary. I must repose beneath these trees awhile.

Wolf. You weary, my Lord! Alas! you are indeed no longer Otto. But, for Heaven's sake, do not tarry here. I feel a chill through all my frame. Do not tarry here.

Otto. The place is well adapted to the sensations of my soul. The owl shrieks in yonder tree, and seems to summon restless spirits to their revels. The bat flits past us, and the vermin of the night already seems to claim us as its prey.

Wolf. I beseech you, let us proceed.

Cal. Holla!—Who goes there?

[*His followers spring up.*]

Wolf. Away! Away!

Otto. Holla, friend! Come nearer. Who appointed thee toll-gatherer at this bridge! I will pay nothing. Let me pass.

Cal. That voice, and that person, if the twilight deceive me not, betray you are——

Wolf. Draw, my Lord.

Otto. A man. If thou dost doubt it, come nearer that I may rub my beard across thine eyes, and wake thee.

Cal.—(*To his men.*)—'Tis he.

Wolf. Oh, my Lord! Away! Away! 'Tis Calheim, your enemy. Away!

Otto. Ha!—Calheim, I am Otto. Heaven reward thee for the trouble thou hast had! No battery could have razed my castle so completely. No mason's tool could have so perfectly disjointed it. Hast thou, then, changed thy trade? Art thou become a watchman—or what art thou?

Cal. I am the avenger of majesty and of the empire. Yield, regicide. No lances here defend thee, as at Wittelsbach.

Wolf. Fly, my Lord, fly.

Otto. Otto never fled from man. Though no Bavarian lances now defend me, still do I stand upon Bavarian soil. Firm as an oak I stand. Who will fell it?

Cal. I!—(*Stabs him from behind.*)

Wolf. Villain!—(*Attempts to draw his sword, but is disarmed.*)

Otto. That was a dastardly attack.—(*Falls.*)—Ye cowards!—Oh! Well aimed! Well aimed!

[*Wolf supports him.*]

Cal. I am satisfied with this revenge—be thou so with the punishment. A regicide deserves far more.

Otto. That is true,—therefore—I pardon thee.—
(*Falls.*)

Wolf. Oh do not fall, my Lord.

Otto. Yes, Wolf. Life ebbs a pace. Farewell,
my trusty servant!—Farewell, my children! and
Bavaria! [*Dies.*]

Wolf. Oh day of horror!—(*Tears his hair in
frantic agony. Some of Calheim's followers stand
near Otto, and survey him with a look of mingled
awe and sorrow.*)

*Enter HENRY and EGBERT, conducted by some of
CALHEIM'S men.*

Cal. Who are you?

Hen. What do I see? My brother? Oh, Otto!
Otto!

Egb. God of Heaven.—(*They fall at each side of
the body.*)

Wolf. Away! Rob me not of my office. I am
his surgeon and his grave-digger.

Hen. Who committed this dreadful act?

Cal. I, the avenger of majesty, and the empire,
the executor of the law, the punisher of treason—
Charles of Calheim!


(*Henry and Egbert kneel at each side of their
brother, Wolf at his head. The curtain slowly de-
scends.*)

THE END.




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DAGOBERT,
KING OF THE FRANKS.



A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS.



FROM
B A B O.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DAGOBERT, *lawful King of the Franks.*

CHILDEBERT, *Usurper of his Throne.*

GRIMBALD, *Father of Childebert, and Prime Minister of the Kingdom.*

CLOVIS, *a Knight related to Dagobert.*

GOMAR,

BRUNO,

RAGOND,

OSMAR,

CLODOMIR,

OFFICER.

HERALD.

} *Knights.*

WOMEN.

AELGUNDA, *Wife of Dagobert.*

ADA, *Daughter of Dagobert and Adalgunda.*

Knights—Soldiers—Populace, &c.

DAGOBERT,

KING OF THE FRANKS.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene, a Square, in which a great multitude is assembled. Dagobert, in the mean Habit of a Pilgrim, is sitting upon a Step at the Entrance of a House.

DAGOBERT *surveying the Multitude.*

Dag. How wonderful! Not a single eye is turned towards me.—Were I a trumpeter of some silly exhibition, instead of a poor man, thousands would look at me.—I know not one person in this crowd, and yet there are doubtless many, whom I formerly knew.—Can an interval of ten years make so great an alteration in the features?—How little, then, must I resemble King Dagobert, since distress and anguish have been my daily companions.—Alas! Must they be my companions in future too?

Trumpets announce a Herald's approach. The crowd turns to the quarter from which the sound is heard. —Enter a Herald, accompanied by Soldiers, of whom one bears the royal banner.

Herald. Childebert the Second, King of the Franks, announces to his people that he will this

day solemnize his marriage with the royal widow, Adelgunda. Be the day a day of joy! Long live the royal pair!

Some of the people. Long live King Childebert and Queen Adelgunda!—(*The Herald proceeds to another street—the crowd follows.*)

Dag. Damned be the worthless pair!

Gomar.—(*Approaches from the retiring crowd, and surveys Dag.*)—Dost thou not rejoice at thy monarch's nuptials?

Dag. I am a foreigner.

Gom. Whence art thou come?

Dag. From Rome.—I have been a miserable sinner, and for the sake of gain once entered into the service of the Saxon heathens. With them I burnt and plundered many a cloister—many a church—till Heaven at length taught me to repent. I journeyed to Ireland, in hopes that the pious bishop Wilfried would grant me absolution, but he sent me to Rome. I promised to deliver his greeting to some knights here, and for that purpose travel through this country on my return to Ireland.

Gom. To Ireland, sayst thou?

Dag. Yes.

Gom. To whom dost thou bring greeting, from the pious bishop Wilfried?

Dag. To Clovis and one Gomar.

Gom. Dost thou know them?

Dag. I know the former. He gave me a friendly welcome last night when I arrived. The other has only resided here five years—him I do not know.

Gom. I am he.

Dag. You!

Gom. Yes. I am Gomar.

Dag. That is possible. If it be true, expect me here.—I shall soon return.

Gom. Hold! Answer me a question. If thou dost answer it according to my wish, my house

and home shall be thine, and thou shalt want no comfort in thy declining years.—(*Looks suspiciously round.*)—Didst thou never hear that some time ago a monarch sat upon this throne, called Dagobert?

Dag. Undoubtedly, but—peace be to his soul—it must now be ten years since he died.

Gom. Didst thou hear nothing more of him in Ireland?

Dag. As I tell you, I heard that Dagobert was his name, and—

Gom. Not that he was alive?

Dag. How! Alive!

Gom. It is said that he lives with the pious Wilfried.

Dag. Indeed!—(*Aside.*)—Were this Gomar—but I dare not—

Gom. What mutterest thou respecting Gomar?

Dag. I wish much to see him, that I may be enabled to proceed on my journey.

Gom. By Heavens thou art the first who ever dared to doubt my name.

Dag. Pardon me, noble knight. I was not formerly suspicious, but many circumstances I have witnessed during my pilgrimage have made me so. It is said, too that many villanous transactions have taken place at this court. Be not incensed at the freedom of my speech. If we knew each other, I might address you in a very different manner.

Gom. Thou art a strange man.

Dag. Strange indeed in this ragged mantle.

Gom. Come with me to my house. I will give thee a hearty welcome.

Dag. I thank you, knight, but my way lies through that street. Farewell.

Gom. Stay. There comes Clovis. Thou wilt now hear who I am.

[*Dag. retires.*]

Enter CLOVIS.

Clo. Oh Gomar, have I at last found you? Instantly accompany me. I will with a single word breathe fire into your every vein.—(*Whispers in his ear.*)

Gom. God of Heaven! Arrived!—Peace, friend.—We are not alone.—(*Points to Dag.*)

Dag. Clovis, knowst thou thy guest?

Clo. Heavens! 'Tis he himself—my monarch.—How dare you—at such a time—in such a place—

Dag. Be at ease. Who will think of seeing the deceased Dagobert in this mean habit? Even the perfidy of my people, who could so soon forget me, is a security against all dangers. Who will interest himself about a beggar?—Even now, a herald was here, proclaiming the adulterous union. Oh, Clovis, his words apalled my soul like the curse of the Almighty.

Gom.—(*Who has been lost in astonishment, throws himself at Dagobert's feet.*)—Blest be the hour at which I am again allowed to see my King. Behold a faithful subject at your feet. In this bosom beats the heart of an honest Frank. Think not you are forgotten. Time and deception have clouded the recollection of you in the minds of your people; but in every heart is lodged the thought that Dagobert is the last branch of the royal family. This thought will excite every one to noble deeds.—Let us rouse the latent spark.

Dag. That will we, by the Almighty. Rise, Frank, and come into the arms of a Frank.—(*Embraces him.*)—And now, friends, what think you of Adelgunda?—The faithless wretch!

Clo. Tyranny, and the artifice of Grimbald have compelled her to take this step. Often have I heard

her bewail your death with floods of tears. Oh, if she knew you were alive---

Dag. To you my friends, as well as to her, my fate was unknown. You were ignorant how I fell into the traitor's snare, how my subjects were deceived as to my death, and how vilely I was treated. You knew not that I was dragged by hired slaves into the remote deserts of Ireland, where I was doomed to undergo misery and want. No. You thought me dead, yet still remained faithful to your sovereign and justice. But she——To-day we shall see whether virtue, or a shameful attachment to Childebert and regal pomp will guide her actions. Friends, I fear my wife is lost,---for a faithful wife would sooner throw herself into the arms of death than the arms of an usurper.---To-day I must see her---to-day I must be convinced.

Clo. Yet hazard not too much.

Dag. He, who has lost every thing but life, can hazard nothing---for death is a blessing to him.

Gom. But he who has friends, has not lost every thing.

Dag.---(*Buried in reflection.*)---Are a king's friends real friends?

Clo. How!

Gom.---(*Displeased.*)---I love the man who deserves it, whether he be king or slave.

Dag.---(*Still in deep meditation.*)---Yes---see her I must,---her and my Ada——this very day. Oh, if it be true, the tortures of the damned are ecstasy compared to mine.

Clo. My Liege!

Dag. Do you know me?

Gom. You are our King. We acknowledge no other.

Dag. Do not fancy that my senses are bewildered. No, my friends. I meant to ask whether you knew me in this habit.—Clovis, when I last night came to

your house, you did not know me—nor did you, Gomar, recognize me to-day. You thought me a poor foreign pilgrim.—'Tis well.—No one will discover who I am. Go home, or elsewhere, as your concerns may direct—but lay not your swords aside, nor sleep, for you might be suddenly awoke. In an hour go to the palace.—See, see! Some one comes hastily this way.

Gom. It is Clodomir.—Conceal yourself.

Clo. He has not perceived me. Withdraw with me.

Dag. I shall remain here.

Gom. Then are you lost. He is Grimbald's slave.

Dag. He cannot know me.

Clo. But he knows us to be disaffected men, as he terms it, and enemies to his master. The villain will become suspicious. Go, if you please. I will remain.—(*Both appear anxious and distressed.*)

Enter CLODOMIR.

Clod. Well, knights, why thus solitary?—Come to the nuptial banquet at the palace.—(*To Dag.*)—Who art thou?

Dag. A poor man, whom Heaven has allowed to penetrate into the secret mysteries of futurity.

Clod. A soothsayer,—a sort of prophet I suppose?

Dag. True—but not one of those, who are usually met with. My art has been acknowledged and admired in many countries.

Clod. Then you have been telling these knights a few truths, I suppose—and very unpleasant truths they must be, if I may judge by their looks.—You, Mr. Soothsayer, come with me to the palace. I'll make your fortune—but you must banish all serious

matter, and prophecy nothing but happiness. Come.
—(To Clo. and Gom.)—Will you go with us?

Clo. Clodomir, I shall not part with this stranger. I received him into my house, and hospitality demands that he should remain there.

Clod. Is he not safe in the palace?

Clo. He will be ridiculed.

Clod.—(To Dag.)—May we not joke with thee?

Dag. I am seriously inclined, but will accompany you. I may, perhaps, to-day afford some amusement to the courtiers.

Clod. There thou art right. Let the stars say what they will—but be merry, be merry—for no one wishes to be told that he will be sick to-morrow, or murdered the next day. If I were in thy place, I would prophecy that every one should have what he liked. Dost thou understand me? But no. This requires penetration—and that is more than a black beard and tattered cloak. It requires a keen look like mine into the human heart.—But I am wasting time—though I am very fond of talking on subjects where skill and address are necessary. I feel at home on these subjects, as every one in the palace will tell you. Go thither with me.—Clovis, I will be answerable for his safety.

Clo. That will I myself. Come with me.—(Takes Dagobert's hand, and attempts to lead him away.)

Clod. Clovis you are too forward.

Clo. Clovis can never be too forward, when addressing Clodimir.

Dag. Contend not, knights, respecting me. Noble Clovis, I thank you for your hospitality.—(To Clod.)—Come, lead me to the palace.

Clod. For ten years, Clovis, I have warned you to speak more temperately—yet you cannot.

[Exit with Dag.

(Clo. attempts to follow, but is detained by Gom.)

Gom. Did you observe with what eagerness he availed himself of an apology for being admitted into the palace? His eye seemed to prognosticate some mighty deed. It beamed with lustre indescribable.

Clo. Gomar, he shall mount the throne of his ancestors, if my body be the first step to it. Heaven knows that my intentions are pure, and that royal favour is not my object. But shall Franks be any longer ruled with a rod of iron? Oh, Gomar, posterity will not believe that a man of spirit existed among us.—

Gom. Come, Clovis. Let us announce to our friends the banished King's return.

Clo. Right—then observe his every step in the palace—defend him—and die for him.

Gom. Or protect him, and live for Ada.

Clo. Gomar, what mean you?

Gom. Do you no longer love her?

Clo. Friend, the question is a dagger to my heart.—Oh, Ada, Ada, thou art lost to me.

Gom. Lost! when you appear to have reached the goal of your wishes?

Clo. Lost, lost for ever.

Gom. Can Dagobert refuse to grant his friend and protector—

Clo. End not the question. Would not the world say that Clovis was interested in the restoration of Dagobert? No. Never shall private advantage influence me. What I do for Dagobert, my conscience and my honour command me to do for my King. No one can bestow upon me the hand of Ada, but Ada herself. Clovis cannot be a hireling, and accept a recompence for his actions. But enough. Let us begone. Our monarch's situation demands our instant attendance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene, an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter GRIMBALD and CHILDEBERT.

Gri. My son, I have, during ten years, looked forward to this day with fearful anxiety. Restless have been my nights—joyless my days. Even the splendour of your crown did not gratify my sight, because it was not firmly fixed upon your brow. Every discontented look filled my mind with alarm. I trembled when I thought of Dagobert, for well I know he has friends in the kingdom. Cursed be Clodomir, for having persuaded me to spare his life. But the hours of alarm are past. To-day joy returns to my bosom, for your union with Adalgunda secures to our race the succession to the throne.—My son, your gloomy look disappoints my expectation.

Chi. Oh, my father! joy comes not always when wished for. How if our good fortune were eventually to prove the reverse.

Gri. Think not thus—(*Mildly.*)—my King!

Chi. Of what avail is it that I am a King, while an imperious tyrant governs me.

Gri.—(*In a threatening tone.*)—Son!

Chi. I was speaking of my heart.

Gri. Oh that I had not implanted royal notions in your mind! You disgrace a diadem. I am the prop of your greatness, and my counsel supports you on the throne to which my exertions raised you. Without me you would be—but no more of

this. Go, visit Adelgunda, and beg her to fix an hour for the solemnization of your nuptials.

Chi. Allow me a few moments—let me reflect—

Gri. Reflect! This conduct is absurd.

Chi. Absurd, indeed, to be dazzled by the splendour of a crown, and barter my peace of mind for regal pomp. Be not angry, my father. Allow me for a moment to be really a King and to speak frankly. You told me that I should find happiness on the throne, whereas care has been my constant companion. I am the slave of a whole nation, and my smallest error is censured with severity by thousands. The world requires much of him, who steps forward from millions, and ventures on the government of millions.

Gri. Be you the King, and let the government rest with me.

Chi. And shall I for ever sacrifice my peace of mind—nay even be deprived of what most dignifies a King—the power of doing good?

Gri. Who deprives you of this?

Chi. In fact the power itself; for the oppressed sufferer is so far removed from the throne, that his complaints cannot reach the monarch's ear.

Gri. The meanest slave could not harbour notions more degraded. I have raised you so high that your shallow brain rocks. Fool that I was!

Enter CLODOMIR.

Clod. A trifling circumstance may be productive of essential benefit.

Gri. Why this remark?

Clod. You shall hear. It is evident how difficult it is to persuade the Queen that her union with King Childebert is proper. You know how she weeps, and talks of her dear Dagobert.

Chi. Is this all you have to say?

Clod. By no means, for what I have said is merely a prelude to what you shall now hear. I have remarked that all women have one weakness, and that is a sort of nervous susceptibility. An occurrence, to which a man would pay no attention, has often great effect upon a female mind. I see you are impatient. I now come to the point. About an hour ago, as I was coming towards the palace, I met with a soothsayer, whom I have brought with me—a learned man, I assure you. He told me every circumstance that had happened to me since I lived at court.—How if you were to introduce this man to the Queen, and make him the vehicle of your wishes?

Gri. Right, Clodomir. He must say that this union is the decree of Heaven.

Clod. Such was my idea.

Gri. That the welfare of the kingdom, as well as her own, demands it.

Clod. Certainly.

Chi. What a paltry artifice!

Gri. Thanks, Clodomir! Adalgunda's sorrow, whether real or assumed, will be thereby moderated. You must give the man proper instructions.

Clod. To make the matter more probable, some other person must consult this man in the presence of the queen. For instance, you, Grimbald. Consult him respecting yourself—

Gri. I—no—no—I don't wish that. King Childibert, will you not go to Adalgunda?

Chi. Of course I must.— [Exit.

Gri. Hear me, Clodomir. I am by no means satisfied with my son's conduct. His mind is not superior to common prejudices. His heart is soft as wax. A deed, which he condemns as infamous, appears to him, when exhibited in another light, worthy of imitation. Paint the phantom, which he

calls Virtue, in gloomy colours, and he will fly from it as if it were Vice. His affection for me has restrained him from many a silly action.

Clod. Very good qualities for a King, who is under your direction.

Gri. Clodomir, ask this soothsayer—but you must not suppose I pay any regard to such things, for that would be ridiculous—yet—perhaps—ask him if Dagobert be dead.—I must own this idea now and then—Clodomir, you were the cause of my sparing his life.

Clod. I own it, and am sorry for it. I was then weak, and a foolish sensation of pity had a place in my bosom.—But be at ease. Distance, and your firmly-seated power make it of little consequence whether he be dead or not.—What were you about to say of your son?

Gri. I fear that when Adalgunda becomes acquainted with his weaknesses——

Clod. At all events, then, my advice, if at one time bad, was at another good. Did I not advise you to place the crown on your own head?

Gri. True. I ought to have done so.

Clod. And is it now too late?

Gri. Had I a younger son, he should be a godlike King. I would instill into his mind my firm and lofty sentiments.

Clod. And Childebert?

Gri. Childebert!—How can Clodomir ask such a question? Clodomir should be the first to answer it, were the case at hand.

Clod. I only wished to see whether you had arrived so far in state-policy that even your own son——

Gri. Peace! Go and instruct the soothsayer.

Clod. Another word. You know my attachment to you, Grimbald. I have just had a dispute with Clovis respecting this soothsayer, in the course of

which he called me the cowardly slave of an infamous usurper.

Gri. Ha! That was aimed at me, and I will aim a deadly blow at him in return. Cursed be the love of the people—cursed be his hypocritical and calm demeanour, which counteracts all my attempts to destroy him. But the vengeance of Grimbald awaits him—he shall not escape it.

Clod. Shall I do what you desired?

Gri. Yes.—(*Exit Clod.*)—He shall not escape it, if even hell itself protect him. Not one friend or relation of Dagobert will I spare. The sight of any one of them is torture to me. How cheerful and delighted was I, when this morning dawned—yet now my mind is again oppressed. But why? What do I fear?—Damnation! I'll find repose even if I purchase it with streams of blood. [*Exit.*

Scene, the Queen's Anti-chamber. Enter DAGOBERT conducted by CLODOMIR.

Dag. Are these the Queen's apartments?

Clod. They are. The King is with her.

Dag. Ha! Childebert with her!

Clod. How can that concern thee? Now hear what it is necessary thou shouldst know. Thou hast, without doubt, been told that Childebert is about to marry Adalgunda.

Dag. Happy may they be! They are worthy of each other.

Clod. Adalgunda is, nevertheless, sad, and incessantly laments the loss of her husband. For ten years have we urged every real and spacious argument in favour of this union, but in vain. Yesterday we at length prevailed upon her to alter her resolution, though it is evident she does it more from despair than inclination. Thou shalt tell her

that this alliance is decreed by Heaven—that the welfare of the state requires it, and so forth. Thou knowest the influence which the declaration of a soothsayer has upon the mind of woman. Shouldst thou succeed so far as to allay her scruples and remove her sorrow, thou wilt have cause to recollect a monarch's gratitude throughout thy life.

Dag. It will not be difficult to dry her tears.

Clod. Think'st thou her sorrow is feigned?

Dag. Were it real, she never would have consented to become the wife of Childebert.

Clod. So thought I. Where is the woman, who after a lapse of ten years, needs consolation for the loss of her husband?

Dag. True.

Clod. And such a handsome monarch as Childebert, might console many a one before the death of her husband.

Dag. Ha! Ha! You are wise, I perceive.

Clod. And she had been married to Dagobert seven years when he died.

Dag. Died!

Clod.—(*Starts.*)—How! What mean'st thou?

Dag.—(*Aside.*)—I shall betray myself.

Clod. Is he, then, not dead?

Dag. Assuredly he is. Pardon me. I am always alarmed when I hear of death. I was many years absent from my native home. I was thought to be dead. My paternal inheritance was seized by others, and on my return, several people thought me a spectre, and died through alarm.

Clod. Man, there is something so dreadful in thy look——

Dag. You mock a poor pilgrim.

Clod. Thou art not a common soothsayer. Canst thou predict my future destiny?

Dag. The book of fate is open to me. Of thee nothing is written but "He was the confidential

adviser of Grimbald, and therefore the abettor of his deeds."

Clod.—(*Aside.*)—He almost alarms me. Canst thou not interpret this?

Dag. No. It is the will of the Almighty that Dagobert shall do the rest. Were I to interpret the words of fate, I must write them with thy heart's blood.

Clod.—(*Aside.*)—This man must be disposed of. Hear me.—The Queen will soon be here. Come with me, and station thyself at the door, till I send Bruno, who will introduce thee to her. Thou hast not forgotten my instructions?

Dag. Forgetfulness is not one of my faults. I will do every thing in my power.

Clod. Come, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ADELGUNDA and ADA.

Adel. Alas, my poor girl, the misfortunes of your mother destroy the pleasures which life would otherwise afford you. But try to be more cheerful. Look calmly into futurity, for you are free from my hard lot. Fate does not unite you to a man whom you abhor. Willingly my Ada, would I have concealed my sorrows in my own bosom, but the time is arrived when I must disclose them to you. While your noble father Dagobert was living, Grimbald already fixed his hopes upon the crown. My husband was young, and was too easily misled by Grimbald, whose counsel often caused rebellion. Old Clovis was your father's guardian angel. Often did he describe the treacherous conduct of the minister, but in vain. The villain had too firmly ingratiated himself, and when old Clovis fell in battle, he smiled with satisfaction, for he knew Grimbald had now no opponent—Dagobert no friend. All who were honest

were dismissed from court, and fawning sycophants supplied their places. When you were about six years of age, Dagobert permitted me to take you with me on a visit to my father. Scarcely had we passed one day with him, ere a messenger announced to me my husband's death. We instantly returned, and found Childebert on the throne. Oh, my Ada, a dreadful suspicion took root in my soul. Every night my sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams, and the pale form of Dagobert appeared to me, claiming revenge on Grimbald and Childebert.

Ada. Revenge?

Adel. Oh, Ada, you are not yet acquainted with the villany of which mankind is capable. Young Clovis was the last male branch of Dagobert's race. His claims to the crown were indisputable, yet Childebert still wears it. Clovis is hated and persecuted, and nothing but the love of a whole nation preserves his life. And now Ada, the usurper marries me, that I may protect him from your father's friends—from justice—from myself.

Ada. Will you bestow your hand for such a purpose?

Adel. My hand is all he requires—he shall have it, and then—but you are too young to comprehend the lofty project. Ada, thee will I behold upon the throne, and Clovis at thy side. The duty which I owe to the nation, and to the blood of Dagobert, compels me to take this step.—Clovis is a man of magnanimity and honour. He is worthy of my daughter and the crown.

Ada. Oh, my mother! you shall not sacrifice your happiness to promote mine.

Adel. Shall Grimbald's house rule over Franks? Shall Dagobert's descendants obey? Who comes there!

Enter BRUNO.

Bru. A man of most singular appearance requests an audience of your Majesty.

Adel. What does he want?

Bru. I found him at the door, and as far as I could judge, he was in conversation with himself; soon as he espied me, he requested I would introduce him to your Majesty.

Adel. Conduct him hither.

Ada. I dare say it is the stranger, who came to the palace a few hours since. He is a soothsayer.

Adel. We will hear what he has to say.

BRUNO introduces DAGOBERT, who enters slowly and with his face half concealed.

Dag. Heaven bless you, gracious Queen—and you, fair Princess!

Ada. How dreadful is the sound of his voice! Let him not proceed, dear mother.

Adel. Of what are you afraid? Be at ease. You are a soothsayer, I understand?

Dag. I am.—(*Aside.*)—The sight of her almost overpowers me.—(*Aloud.*)—My art has been acknowledged in many lands.

Adel. Do you know my future destiny?

Dag. Most perfectly. Let this knight withdraw.—(*Adel. gives a hint to Bru, who retires.*)—Shall I proceed?

Adel. Do so.

Dag. 'Tis well. Then hear me.—Lovely are all the horrors of nature—lovely is the pestilence which tears the hopeful youth from the arms of his old helpless father—lovely is death, when it overtakes the suckling on the cold bosom of its dead mother—lovely is the tempest which rages through the

ocean and swallows thousands—lovely are all the horrors of nature when compared to the heart of a woman, who has forsaken the path of virtue, and nourishes a sinful passion.

Ada. Oh! dearest mother, command him to be silent.

Adel. His raving concerns not us.—I desired you would disclose to me my destiny. Do so if you can, and speak mildly.

Dag. Require you mild and gentle terms of me? No, wife of Dagobert, my words shall be thunderbolts to thy soul. Thou didst once wear the semblance of innocence,—from thy lips proceeded the words of virtue—thou wert to thy Dagobert every thing—he every thing to thee. Thou didst vow to him eternal fidelity and love—and now art about to disgrace his memory by giving thy hand to an usurper—to the usurper who robbed thee of thy husband.

Adel. Hold! Robbed me of my husband!

Dag.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, I can refrain no longer.—(*Aloud.*)—Robbed thee of *me*, Adelgunda.

Adel. You!

Dag. Woman, this dagger can wound none but the guilty. If Adelgunda be innocent, let her approach.

Adel.—(*Approaches him.*)—I am innocent.

Dag.—(*Throws his hat away and opens his mantle.*)—Adelgunda!

Adel. Gracious Heavens! Oh! beloved shade, take me to thee.

Dag. Dost thou still love me?

Adel. For ever! For ever!—(*Sinks senseless into his arms.*)

CLODOMIR *rushes in.*

Clod. Wretch, I have heard all.

Dag. Then hast thou heard too much.—(*Stabs him.*)—Report to hell who I am.

Clod. Help! Oh!—(*Reels a few steps, falls and expires. Adelgunda sinks into the arms of Ada, who conducts her to a couch, and bathes her with tears.*)

Dag.—(*Kneels.*)—Just Judge of all mankind, thou knowest how free my bosom was from every murderous intention. The love of my people, of my wife, and of my child, have urged me to it. Grant me thy forgiveness, and guide me on the path, to which thy providence has led me.—Adelgunda, farewell—farewell, my Ada. Oh, I must press thee to my heart, should the traitors murder me in the act. What an hour of ecstasy and horror! Give thy mother this kiss. I must fly. Farewell.

Ada. Oh, if you be indeed my father, assist my mother.

Dag. I am thy father—but pray to Heaven for aid. I must fly. [*Exit.*]

Adel.—(*Slowly raises herself, espies him as he leaves the room, and starts back.*)—There! There!

Ada. Oh, my mother, hear me.

Adel. Ada!

Ada. Your Ada is here.

Adel. How horrible! how horrible! Where am I? Why does his shade pursue me with that threatening look? He drew his dagger against me.

Ada. Who, my mother, who?

Adel. A dreadful dream oppresses me. I saw thy father—he wanted to murder me.

Ada. Murder you! No, dear mother. He was kind towards you.

Adel. Kind! Did you see him too?

Ada. Surely I did. I saw him on his knees, praying to Heaven—

Adel. Praying!

Ada. Yes, and he then pressed me close to his beating heart, and gave me a kiss for you.

Adel. And left me without saying farewell—me—his Adelgunda!

Ada. He kissed you, and wept over you, as you lay senseless on the couch. But see, mother! There lies Clodomir, whom he killed.

Adel. Heavens! Who killed him?

Ada. The man—my father.

Adel. I was not deceived then? He lives—my Dagobert still lives. Protect him, guardian angels! But will he not, must he not, fall a victim to the tyrant.—(*Espies Grimbald.*)—Oh, God!

Enter GRIMBALD and BRUNO.

Gri. You start at my approach, Queen; what a weight of sorrow hangs upon your brow! Why thus waste in sighs and lamentations the best part of your life? Is there on earth any thing which has been denied you? Is not every one eager to anticipate your wishes?

Bru.—(*Espying Clodomir.*)—What do I see? Clodomir murdered!

Gri. Murdered! Clodomir! My friend! Who has been here? Haste, Bruno, try to discover the author of this bloody deed, and bring him hither instantly.—(*Exit Bruno.*)—Queen, this disordered look—pardon me, if my just indignation leads me too far—but on your gloomy brow I read—tell me, who murdered Clodomir?—You must know.

Adel. 'Twas I.

Gri. You! Know you the consequence? Who gave you power over his life? But how can I for a moment think the gentle Adelgunda capable of such a deed! Queen, I once more beseech you to confess who is the murderer.

Adel. He fell by the hand of his judge—who is thy judge also. [Exeunt *Adel. and Ada.*

Gri.—(Looking after her with an astonished mein.)—How can I solve these mysterious words? She was the murderer! 'Tis well. If it be true, she shall pay dearly for the loss which I sustain.—(Turns to *Clodomir.*)—Poor boy! Thou hadst raised thyself to my favour by a chain of crimes, and now—I did not wish to part with thee so soon, for thou wert certainly an useful slave. First should thy hand have dispatched *Clovis*, then mine had sent thee after him. But another instrument of vengeance may be found. Guards! Bear that body away.

Enter BRUNO.

Bru. The murderer of *Clodomir* is in your power.

Gri. You are mistaken. *Adelgunda* herself inflicted the deadly blow.

Bru. She! Impossible! I have secured the assassin, and he will soon be here.

Gri. Who is he?

Bru. The soothsayer, whom *Clodomir* himself brought to the palace. I introduced him to the Queen in this room by *Clodomir's* desire, and no one else had entered it. I found him with *Clovis*.

Gri. With *Clovis*!

Bru. Yes. I took some of the guards with me, who secured him. As soon as I accused him of the murder, he and *Clovis* turned pale, and both forgetting themselves, exclaimed: "We are lost." *Clovis* then attempted to deny the fact, but I declared that the Queen had accused the soothsayer.

Gri. 'Tis well. Did you secure *Clovis* also?

Bru. My orders did not extend so far.

Gri. Is this the effect of my reliance on you? Was not treachery manifest? Is it not evident that the soothsayer is an assassin hired by *Clovis*—and

that his dagger was directed against me—against the King? Bruno, as you value your life let Clovis be secured.

Bru. I hasten——

Gri. Hold! I have my reasons—you must bring Clovis hither by the most private way. Now go.—(*Exit Bruno.*)—It is evident that he intended the blow for me, and that this viper the Queen was privy to the plot. Thanks be to hell, for inspiring her with such an idea. Clodomir, thy death is of more service to me than was thy whole life. She shall not escape the lot my policy has fixed for her. To my son will I unite her—then may she weep till her sighs choke her. And thou, Clovis! We will see whether thou can'st escape me?

Enter DAGOBERT, guarded.

Gri. Ha! Art thou the murderer of Clodomir.

Dag. Punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain.

Gri. Who employed thee to do this?

Dag. God the avenger. His approbation is my reward.

Gri. Who art thou, wretch?

Dag. Who am I? Oh, wert thou free as angels from every other crime, my name would be thy condemnation.

Gri.—(*Aside.*)—This voice thrills through my veins. Does my coward heart deceive me? By Heaven, I'll dive into the mystery.—(*Approaches Dagobert.*)—Thou miserable hireling, who—(*Starts back unable to proceed.*)—Ha! Away with him! Confine him in the deepest dungeon. All your lives are aswerable for his safety.

Dag. Once more, Grimbald, I assure thee that punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain.

[*Exit guarded.*

Gri. Thee it shall soon overtake, by that hell which sent thee.-- (*Throws himself upon the couch.*)
—How could I be thus alarmed? That courage, which nothing could hitherto appal, at once forsook me. Is this the enjoyment of greatness so hardly earned—this the reward of daring enterprizes, sleepless nights, and years of anxious hope? But of what need I be afraid? He will die as a murderer, and all who have recognized him as his accomplices. Childebert must know nothing of this—But Clovis comes. I must collect myself.

Enter BRUNO and CLOVIS, with guards.

Bru. I have brought Clovis hither according to your command.

Gri. Knight, I must confess I never expected to find in you that base littleness of soul which is capable of treason and assassination. But you see the hand of God protects the King.

Clo. I wish not to converse with thee. I detest thee.

Gri. The consciousness of thy infamy binds thy tongue.

Clo. Peace, villain! Thy very looks declare thy infamy.

Gri. Audacious boy! Thou wishest by this defiance to shew thyself worthy of the death which awaits thee. But let us converse calmly. Who is this expert regicide? Perhaps his own inclination led him to make the attempt. Perhaps you, Clovis, are innocent.

Clo.—(*Attempts to snatch a sword from one of the guards.*)—I should be worthy of hell if I did not send thee thither.—Almighty God! Let thy thunder destroy this villain or me.

Gri. The sword of the executioner shall dispatch thee. Bruno, confine him in a strong dungeon of

the castle. Anon, you shall receive further orders from me.

Bru. Follow me.

[*Excunt Bruno, Clovis, and guards.*]

Gri. Now, Fortune, aid me in the execution of the work, which, by thy assistance, I have so happily begun.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene, a Saloon. Enter GOMAR, conducted by an old Soldier.

Gom. This, then, is Siegbert's saloon?

Sol. It is.

Gom. Let me not wait long, old man. Every moment of this day which is not actively employed, is criminally employed.

Sol. Heaven bless you, noble knight! But see, the Queen approaches. [Exit.

Enter ADELGUNDA.

Adel. It is so long since I beheld you, Gomar, that I scarcely recollect you. My eye is quite unused to the sight of worthy men. Welcome.— (*Presents her hand to him.*)—You live comfortably, I hope.

Gom. I live ever ready to sacrifice my existence for your welfare.

Adel. I thank you, faithful Gomar. You are not in your proper sphere. A camp was always more

agreeable to your feelings than a court. You live retired, no doubt?

Gom. I do, gracious Queen—retired, unregarded, —by many despised. Yet—(*with energy*)—would it not be a disgrace to my honour and sentiments if I lived otherwise in these times?

Adel. You are the man I expected Gomar would remain. The times have not altered you.

Gom. In truth, as little as I have altered the times. When I have resolved on a particular journey, I do not turn and abandon my purpose, because the cold north wind blows in my face.—But may I request to know without delay why you have sent for me?

Adel.—(*Fearfully.*)—Does any thing of importance call you away?

Gom. Gracious Lady, the most important in the world.

Adel. Oh, Gomar, and my petition—it concerns the life—oh!

Gom.—(*With ardour.*)—Yes, Queen, it concerns your life—the life of my Monarch and my friend—the welfare of a nation—my honour and my duty.

Adel. Gomar, you know, then—

Gom. All—that he is arrived—that treachery has obtained his imprisonment—that death awaits him.

Adel. How learnt you this?

Gom. I saw and conversed with him to-day, at the very time that the herald announced your nuptials through the city.

Adel. And did he hear the herald?

Gom. He did, and his firm mind sunk beneath the blow. It sounded to his ear like the curse of God upon the awful day of judgment. He instantly resolved to gain admittance into the palace, to see you, and cast a look into your heart. Providence directed his steps otherwise, and required his arm to punish that villain Clodomir.

Adel. No, Gomar! You do not know all. I too saw him. Clodomir surprised him in my arms, and he slew the villain that he might not be betrayed.

Gom. You saw him!

Adel. Oh, Gomar, I cannot describe to you how his look pierced to my soul. Joy and fear assailed my heart so violently that my senses fled.

Gom. But what will be the end of these preparations for the nuptial feast?

Adel.—(*Gives him a parchment.*)—Read that.—(*Gomar reads.*)—Oh God, thou didst inspire my soul with the thought—grant me strength to execute it, when the destined hour arrives.—(*Gomar has perused the parchment, and gazes at her with astonishment and admiration.*)—On what are you meditating?

Gom. Great woman! Heaven will not allow the guilty to triumph, but—(*Pointing to the parchment*)—your life is in evident danger.

Adel. Oh, let me fall if he be saved.

Gom. Can I be said to save a man, if, in order to guard him against poison, I plunge a poniard in his heart? No, Queen, I cannot allow this.

Adel. Where will you find assistance?

Gom.—(*Shewing his sword.*)—Here. There are many, who will be ready to support our cause. Before the nobles of the land will I describe your virtues and exalted resolution. I will speak to them as becomes the man, who is speaking for his King and native land.

Adel. Oh, may Heaven add strength to your words!

Gom. Doubt it not. But one thing more would I know ere I leave the palace.

Adel. What is it?

Gom. I must speak to my Monarch and to Clovis. Know you who guards the dungeon?

Adel. Alas, Gomar! I too have, for an hour, been devising means of gaining admittance to the dungeon. How if I were, in person, to request of Childibert an interview with Clovis. If I beg this as his first favour to his bride, he will not deny it, especially as he has no suspicion but that my husband is a stranger—and a murderer. I know that Bruno was commanded by Grimbald to conduct the two prisoners towards evening into one dungeon.

Gom. Into *one* dungeon. There, then, it is intended to execute them.

Adel. Oh, Gomar!

Gom. Believe me, Grimbald has recognized him.

Adel. No, dear Gomar, he cannot have recognized him, or he would act otherwise towards me.

Gom. Be that as it may, we must attempt his rescue immediately.

Adel. Hark! I thought I heard some one. Heavens! how much more had I to say! But I must withdraw. My friend, bear in mind the fate of your unfortunate Monarch. Be the protector of virtue, and animate your friends—oh, could my tears accompany your words—Gomar, tell them that I thus implore their aid.—(*Kneeling.*)—Let me—let me—noble Gomar—Behold a weeping wife—oh, save, save my husband, and to thee will I eternally acknowledge my obligations for happiness and life.

Gom.—(*Raising her.*)—Queen, you have filled my soul with anguish. Compose yourself. My zeal for your welfare and the welfare of my King cannot be inflamed. Am I not bound to exert every nerve by all that is most sacred to me?

Adel. Farewell, then, worthy man. May thy words be as irresistible, and thy deeds as successful as thy enterprize is great and noble. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Gom. Heaven be thanked for having sent us this angel in our distress!—(*Re-peruses the parchment.*)—

Ha! What must a man do in such a case.—(*Hears footsteps, and hastily conceals the parchment.*)

Enter BRUNO.

Bru. Ha! You really here, Gomar?

Gom. Yes, Bruno.

Bru. I thought I saw you in the court of the palace, and the sight was so extraordinary that I resolved to see whether it was true or not. I was looking for you——

Gom. And have found me here. Why, truly, Bruno, I myself scarcely know how I found my way hither. I believe ten years have elapsed since I was under this roof.

Bru. And for what reason are you come to-day. May I know it?

Gom. No.

Bru. Why?

Gom. Because you are a courtier.

Bru. Gomar, I know what this word implies, when you use it. I feel the reproach—but it is well that I have an opportunity of conversing with you. Why do you always treat me with mortifying contempt? I have often called at your house, but you had always instructed your servants not to admit me. This has hurt me. Why did you act thus towards me?

Gom. I was afraid that you might not agree with me as to the proper title of your King, in which case I should have set fire to my own house, which as much belongs to me as this palace—does *not* belong to your King.

Bru. I do not comprehend a word of this!

Gom. So much the better, for I said it a day too soon. But why say more! Farewell.

Bru. Gomar, you shall not leave me with hatred or contempt. Hear me; do you think I am a cour-

tier by choice? That am I not. You know that I was educated by your father. He adopted me as his child, and was to me more than a father.—(*Much affected.*)—Many a tear do I shed when I recollect his kindness. My happiness and hopes were buried with him. Forsaken and without help, necessity compelled me to enter into the service of the great.

Gom. Forsaken and without help!

Bru. What recourse was open to me?

Gom. Recourse!—Bruno, what was my father's name?

Bru. Gomar.

Gom. And what is mine?

Bru.—(*Starts.*)—Oh, I understand you. Generous man, how shall I thank you? Behold me at your feet.—(*Kneels.*)

Gom. Shame on that courtier's attitude! Degrade not human nature. Why did you form so wrong an opinion of me as to fancy that I inherited nothing from my father but his name and property? Why did you leave my house? Was it not your home? Did I not call you my brother?

Bru.—(*Rushes into his arms.*)—Thank Heaven, my heart once more beats against the bosom of a worthy man. I myself now feel better than I was. Farewell, splendid palace, thou grave of liberty, thou cradle of vice. Oh, Gomar, I beseech you, lead me away.

Gom. No, Bruno. You must remain here.

Bru. Remain!

Gom. The duty of a worthy man is to serve his native land and justice. Will you do this?

Bru. How humiliating is the question!

Gom. Stay where you are, then—and now tell me where Clovis and the stranger who killed Clodomir are?

Bru. Both in prison.

Gom. Can you conduct me to them?

Bru. Gomar!

Gom. Can you do this, I say?

Bru. Dare I if I can?

Gom. How!

Bru. I have sworn to be faithful and silent. Should I be worthy of your friendship, if I——

Gom. To whom did you swear fidelity?—To an infamous traitor.—Yes, Bruno—why shall I check the sentiments of my overflowing heart? Why, like a slave, close my lips, and confine my tumultuous thoughts within this prison? I tell thee, Bruno, thou hast combined with vice to oppose every thing great and noble under the sun. Thy oath is a crime. Among honest men oaths are unnecessary, and he who is not bound by an inward sensation of duty, will never be bound by a word. The villain, who required an oath of thee, thought thee a villain like himself, and if thou didst swear, thou—I am ashamed of finishing the sentence.

Bru. Did you come hither to insult me?

Gom. That I may not insult you, I will go.

Bru. Gomar—your virtues are surety that you require nothing of me which is wrong—I will conduct you to the prisoners.

Gom. When?

Bru. In two hours I shall bring them both into one dungeon.

Gom. I cannot come so soon. I do not know how long business may detain me with some friends.

Bru. You will find me ready at any time.

Gom. Enough! Farewell. I hear some one.

[*Exit.*

Bru. I fear the warmth of grateful friendship has led me too far. Every thing to-day appears to me dark and mysterious, as if some great event were about to happen. But what Gomar undertakes cannot——

Enter GRIMBALD.

Gri. Was nobody here just now?

Bru. Nobody.

Gri. Then it was a shadow which fled from the saloon.

Bru. I believe it was Gomar.

Gri. Gomar! What brought him hither? What said he?

Bru. He withdrew as I entered.

Gri. I am sorry I did not meet him. He is a worthy man.

Bru. He is indeed.

Gri. Did he not speak of Clovis?

Bru. To me he said nothing.

Gri. The King comes.—Go.—(*Exit Bru.*)—Oh, that I could shake the weight of twenty years from me! Matters should then wear a very different appearance.

Enter CHILDEBERT.

Have you signed the sentence?

Chi. I cannot. Does not my duty require that I should hear the accused before I condemn?

Gri. Is not the crime sufficiently glaring? Is not my accusation of sufficient consequence? Must I prove the treachery of Clovis by challenging him to combat?—Duty, I say you? Is it not duty, then, to obey your father, and to follow his wiser counsel?

Chi. Tell me—am I a mere shadow or a being? Are you the King, and do I bear the empty name? Judge then—decide—murder—on your soul rest the sentence, not on mine. Is Clovis not a Frank?—The privileges of every Frank—

Gri. Instruct me at another time, sage legislator

—at present, answer me—shall Clovis die with the soothsayer?

Chi. Punish the latter as he deserves—but Clovis is a Frank. He must be heard, and if he be guilty, he shall also suffer.—

Gri. Guilty! He is guilty of high treason.* Witnesses are ready to prove it. Of course, therefore, he has no further privilege as a Frank.

Chi. Oh, I beseech you, my father, do not distress me to-day, the day of my marriage.

Gri. Does Adalgunda abide by her determination?

Chi. She does.

Gri.—(*Aside.*)—She has not recognized him, then.—Or does she perhaps—

Chi. But supposing she had altered her intention—

Gri. I should not have been surprised, for circumstances are altered so materially that—but believe me the foundation of her conduct was artifice. She wished by opposition to enhance the value of the sacrifice. Be assured pride or self-love is the strongest passion of which a woman is susceptible. Adalgunda has been a Queen, and she will do any thing rather than cease to be a Queen. Yet if it be true that you have an utter aversion to this alliance, why, then—

Chi. What, then, my father?

Gri. If I have thought your union with Adalgunda absolutely necessary, it was because I wished your throne and life protected from the power of Clovis. In the scale of our fortune nothing was wanting—but the destruction of that man.

Chi. Who, nevertheless, is not a villain, if I know him.

* This was the only crime for which a Frank could be executed. Hence the scruples of Childebert.

Gri. You know him! how is that possible, when you do not know yourself. Your eye is dimmed by prejudice, and is misled by the varnish, which most men draw over their characters. Age and experience will teach you the truth of my doctrine. The heart of man is the abode of vice. Virtue is but the mask which covers it. You will, therefore, never be happy and secure but by possessing power—you will never be powerful but by knowing the weaknesses of mankind. Learn the art of dissimulation. It serves to conceal your own defects, and pry into those of others. Never appear what you are—you will thereby pay measure for measure. Feel that you are a King, and act as lord over all. Endeavour to bend the nobles beneath your sceptre—they, in return, will teach the lower ranks submission, and in this protect them; for, of course, you must feel that you never can be greater than when every one else is far beneath you. In short, that I may return to our former subject—when Clovis is no more, you may chuse a partner of your throne. I repeat that his blood was wanting in the scale of your fortune, and justice offers it.

Chi. Has he really deserved death?

Gri. Dost thou think thy father—?

Chi. You are the judge—consider that—you are the judge.

Gri. Enough! I shall bring the sentence to your private room for signature. [Exit.

Chi. I'll follow you—Oh, how do I abhor this eagerness to shed the blood of unfortunate fellow-creatures! Even now I tremble at the thought of signing the sentence.—Wretched, wretched is he who is obliged to condemn, while he himself has reason to dread the condemnation of an All-knowing Judge. [Going.

Enter BRUNO.

Bru. My Liege!

Chi. What want you, Bruno?

Bru. Ada sends me. She wishes to converse with you for a few moments.

Chi. Ada!—Enough! Tell her I shall return immediately.—(*As he goes.*)—Was she alone when she sent you?

Bru. She looked fearfully around—I thought as if afraid of being perceived by the Queen.

Chi. Was she melancholy?

Bru. She could scarcely refrain from tears.

Chi.—(*Aside.*)—What means this? Again as heretofore my heart beats at the mention of her name.—(*To Bru.*)—Tell her I shall soon be here.

[*Exit.*

Enter ADA.

Ada.—(*Trembling.*)—Where is he?

Bru. He will return in a few minutes. He did not expect you so immediately.

Ada. I thank you, Bruno. Let me await his return, alone.—(*Exit Bru.*)—Oh, God, who didst inspire me with these feelings, lend me thy aid. I will wrench the dagger from my mother's hand that vengeance may not overtake her.—Can such an act be wrong.—No. A voice within me declares it otherwise. Oh, Childebert, I feel that I could hazard far more. Much as this step costs me, I could to save thee—yet wretch that I am!—I may not declare what I feel—I may not hope.

Enter CHILDEBERT.

Chi. Ada already here! Is it in my power to serve you? Speak! Command.

Ada.—(*Confused, and for some time in vain attempting to speak.*)—Oh, Heavens!—(*Seats herself and hides her face.*)

Chi. What means this?—I own that I have ever thought your looks dejected, but never was the sorrow of your heart so evident as now. Tell me, I beseech you, the cause of your distress.—You are silent. Oh, recall the picture of our childhood, when friendship bound us to each other, when hand in hand we passed whole days in careless pleasures. Had Ada then a thought which was not known by Childebert—and now suspicious, reserved towards him?—Unhappy change!

Ada. Alas!—Childebert became a King—and I—I was doomed to weep—

Chi. And to hate me.

Ada.—(*Starts.*)—Hate you, Childebert!—Oh, pardon me—I was dreaming of our earlier years.

Chi.—(*Kneeling and with fervour.*)—Dream on, dream on, lovely Ada. Oh, am I the Childebert, whom formerly—

Ada. What mean you—*King?* Release me—let me go to my mother.

Chi. Pardon me. I forgot myself—forgot the curse of Heaven which rests upon me, and makes me in Ada's eyes detestable.—But Bruno told me that you wished to see me.

Ada.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, that I durst speak of my father!—(*Aloud.*)—My mother requests you will permit her to have a conversation with Clovis in his prison.

Chi.—(*Starts, and is thoughtful for a few moments.*)—The Queen's wishes are my laws. I will instruct an unknown but faithful man to be her guide.—(*Aside.*)—And that man shall be myself.

Ada. Will you allow me to accompany her?

Chi.—(*Embarrassed.*)—If.—(*Aside.*)—What means

this? Ada wishes to see Clovis.—Happy man—happy even at the brink of the grave?

Ada. Oh, Heavens! What say you?

Chi. I was—no—fear not, for—why are you thus alarmed?

Ada. Childebert, if I might ask another favour—

Chi. What?—Ask any thing—every thing—what I would most willingly grant is—my life.—Oh, speak!

Ada. Do not—do not solemnize your marriage with my mother—at least do not to-day—I conjure you by the joys and friendship of our earlier years—I cannot, dare not say more. [*Exit hastily.*]

Chi. Never, never, never!—Oh that I were but allowed to see through the gloom which on every side surrounds me! Can an innocent affection have crept into her bosom?—Oh why—(*Laying his hand on his heart.*)—Why do I flatter this poor fool with hopes? Would not Adelgunda long since extinguish every spark of affection for me which she might observe in her bosom? I'll speak to her—my heart shall speak to her, and sure I am her heart cannot be silent. What anguish had I spared, what happiness had been my lot, if—Oh, fool, fool that I was, to be dazzled by the arts and boundless ambition of my father?—I am now a victim incapable of breaking my chains but by plunging into an abyss of infamy.—Yes. Often have I thought that he who raises himself by artifice and villany must support himself by the same disgraceful means, or sink lower than the rank from which he rose.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, a subterraneous Dungeon. DAGOBERT is stretched on the Earth, and rests his Head upon a Stone.

Dag. In vain!—(*Rises.*)—The regal dreams which incessantly torment me, make me the most wretched of mankind. They banish every ray of consolation from my mind. To fall from a throne to a prison is hard—harder than from a throne to the grave.—Happy is he, who has never been exalted by Fate, for the greatest of all misfortunes is the recollection of former prosperity.—(*The door opens.*)—Welcome, whoever thou art. Doubtless thou art the messenger of death.

Enter CLOVIS, conducted by BRUNO.

whom do I see? Clovis!

Clo. At your Majesty's feet.

Dag.—(*Aside.*)—Inconsiderate man!

Bru. Majesty!

Dag. You see his senses are disordered.

Clo. That are they not. Fear shall not urge me to deny my sovereign.—(*Takes Bruno's hand.*)—Man, if thou hast entirely sold thyself to the usurper, I will with a single word speak damnation to thy soul. Behold before thee DAGOBERT, King of the Franks.

Bru. Damned be the man, who would not die for him.—But on this my shoulder rested the bier which held his remains. I well remember it was borne to the grave by eight knights. Every one

groaned beneath the burden, for we bore to the grave the happiness and glory of a whole nation.

Dag. A treacherous deception of Grimbold did ye bear, while Dagobert was doomed to wander an exile from his country.—I am the shadow of thy former King.—Come nearer, Bruno, son of Mirald.

Bru. True, true! I recognize the features of my benefactor.—(*Sinks on his knees.*)—With what ecstasy does the sight of my Monarch fill my heart!—But must I not be astonished at seeing you here? Must I not be alarmed when I know you so soon must die?

Dag. Friend, this attitude, is mockery to me! Rise and embrace the unfortunate Dagobert.

Clo. Bruno, if thou dost not feel proud of having embraced thy King, thou art not worthy that the sun should shine upon thee.

Bru. Proud I am, and ready to sacrifice my life in his service.—But a few hours are yours. Grimbold commanded me to bring you both hither. His terror and distrust made me certain some secret of consequence agitated him. He has accused you both as regicides, and orders are already given for your execution. The guard of the palace is doubled, and creatures devoted to him are stationed at the entrance of this prison. I fear the hour of Childebert's marriage will be your last.

Dag. Marriage! Marriage!

Bru. Did you not know that the nuptials of Childebert and Adalgunda were to be celebrated to-day?

Dag. Were—but now?

Bru. Adalgunda still thinks you dead. Your fate is unknown to her, for but half an hour since she spoke of this alliance, which she utterly abhors.

Dag. And yet submits to it?

Bru. Because she must.

Dag. Almost do I doubt thy honesty, for having

said that word. Who *must* do that, which he will not.

Clo. Perhaps some great design has caused this sudden resolution, for during the last ten years, sorrow has never left her cheek. She has lived in virtuous privacy.

Bru. Oh, she is truly virtuous.

Dag. Ay, my friends—had you seen how this virtuous wife to-day clasped me in her arms, pressed me to her heart, swore eternal affection, then sunk, intoxicated with delight at seeing me, senseless into my arms.

Clo. You grow pale.

Bru. How! Did she recognize you?

Dag.—(*With terrific fury.*)—She did.—(*Falls into the arms of Clovis.*)

Bru. Then all is lost. Oh, virtue, if thou dost serve as a mask to vice and infamy, how shall we know thee!--I hasten to Gomar. I know his loyalty, and am sure he meditates your rescue. On him rest all our hopes. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Your Majesty is too much agitated. Repose here awhile.--(*Places him on the stone.*)

Dag. Repose amid this tempest of the soul--- Tell me, Clovis---is there in hell a power which does not exercise its spite against me?

Clo. The hand of Fate lies heavy on you, but Heaven never bestowed on man a firmer mind. The path of life is to you full of precipices---it is a track made by misfortune herself. None but Dagobert could walk upon it.

Dag. Nor can I any longer. Oh, Clovis, I am betrayed by her---by her, whose happiness I would have purchased with my blood. Friend, grant me some little consolation if thou canst. The blow has reached my very heart.

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. I give you both notice to prepare for death in half an hour. From respect towards you, Clovis, the execution will take place in this dungeon. This is the King's command. [*Exit.*

Dag. Clovis---you tremble.

Clo. With fury. The King's command! At the nod of a traitor falls Dagobert, King of the Franks. ---Oh, that my tongue could describe what is passing in my breast! Heaven, earth, and even hell would tremble at my words.

Dag. Why so violent?

Clo. Did you not hear it is the King's command ---King Childebert's command---that you shall die?

Dag. I did, I did---but no more of that, Clovis. Nature herself has made us dread the sight of death. How, therefore, can we help it? I own, when our execution was just now announced, a tremor crept through my frame. Even a valiant man is alarmed when an unseen friend strikes him on the shoulder from behind. He turns and embraces him. Thus it was with me. Death is my friend.

Clo. But the King commands your death.---Who are you?---Who commands?---Who can---who dares command?

Dag. Clovis, disturb me not with reflections like these. The few remaining moments of my life are of consequence to my soul. I stand on the brink of eternity---but a few steps from the presence of the All-Just.---Oh, my soul, transport thyself thither.---
(*Kneels, and reclines his head upon the stone.*)

Clo. Oh, providence, how wonderful and inscrutable to the mind of man are the ways in which thou leadest us to our great last destiny.---Villany triumphs in the fall of the good.

Dag.---(*Looks towards Heaven and seems much agitated.*)---Oh, God!

Clo. What thus disturbs my Monarch?

Dag. But one recollection. I was thinking of my child, whom, in the blossom of her youth, I leave to the care of her perfidious mother.—Alas, Clovis—my Ada!—Could I but once more see her! What rapture should I feel were I to find her virtuous.

Clo. Oh, by Heavens, I'll pledge my honour and my soul for the virtue of your daughter. Believe me she is worthy of her noble father. If nature were dissatisfied and sorrowful at the imperfections of other human beings, she needed but to look at Ada, and such a master-piece would console her for the defects of her other works. Never did external charms promise more inborn goodness, and never did the mind accord with appearances more than the mind of Ada. All the virtues have fled from the persecution of vice to the heart, that their influence might be stronger under the protection of exalted innocence, and through the power of matchless beauty. Oh, Dagobert, were I Monarch of the world, my dominions would not be worth a wish—

Dag. Well, Clovis?—Why hesitate?—How thy cheek glows? Shall I conclude that thou hast spoken the sentiments of thy heart? Why are thine eyes cast upon the earth?

Clo. Gracious Monarch, on my knees I implore your pardon and compassion.—How could I command my heart to remain insensible at the sight of perfection?—Be not incensed at this avowal, for by sacred truth I swear it never should have proceeded from my lips, if—But why this gloomy look?—Oh, that my tongue had denied its office ere I spoke!

Dag. Clovis, Clovis, thou dost bind my soul again to earthly objects. The idea, which was once transporting, is now tormenting to me. What happy prospects cheered me, when in former days I beheld

the opening charms and growing virtues of my Ada. For thee, Clovis, for thee I destined her.

Clo. For me! Oh, inexpressible delight! I worthy of Ada! Death, thou canst not rob me of this blissful thought.

Enter ADELGUNDA and ADA, conducted by CHILDEBERT, disguised as a Centinel, who remains unobserved at the door.

Dag. Ha! See, see! They come to glory in our fall. Oh, shameless creatures!

Clo. Heavens! What means this?

Adel.—(*Goes hastily with Ada towards Dagobert.*)
—Beloved husband! He avoids me. Is contempt the reward of my affection? Is the wife, who has so long mourned your absence, spurned from you? Oh, impossible!—(*Following him.*)—My husband, my husband! Turn, turn, and come into my arms, that I may press you to my heart.

Dag. Woman, I wish not to know thee. Thou art sent by hell. Hence! Leave my soul in peace. Friend, what a dreadful hour! Help me to bear this trial.—(*Reclines on the stone and takes Clovis's hand.*)

Adel. Can I believe the testimony of my ears? My husband, Adelgunda speaks to you.

Dag.—(*With averted face, and looking at Clovis.*)
—Yes. Such was the name of the viper, which once twined its folds around my heart. Oh, she seemed the emblem of fidelity and virtue—deceived me for whole years with assumed affection, and imposed upon me by specious tenderness, while treachery inhabited her heart. She has now gained her end. To the husband whom she has betrayed and sold, dissimulation is no longer necessary.

Adel. Enough! I now will speak.

Dag. Be silent, and begone. Pollute not my last breath. Perfidious wretch, thou hast sold me to

Grimbald, and thyself to his son. Away from me! Inward torture will embitter the enjoyment of thy sin, and the expectation of future punishment will fill thy soul with horror. Away! Oh, that my prayers could save thy soul from the curse of the Eternal Judge!

Adel. Oh, God! Thou seest what I am doomed to endure. Why, why, my husband, do you allow your noble soul to be debased by anger founded on injustice? You are deaf to the vows of innocence and truth as the furious tiger to the cries of the helpless traveller. Oh, Ada, in vain do I try to convince him of my innocence. He will not hear me. Would that Gomar were here!

Ada. Father, you are cruel. Listen to me, I beseech you.

Dag. Ada, come nearer. Do you love me?

Ada.—(*Embracing his knees.*)—Oh, my father, be not so cruel towards my mother.

Dag. Cruel! She has betrayed me and herself. No more, no more! Again I ask—do you love me?

Ada. Heaven be my witness that I do. May it deny me mercy, if I ever harbour any thought respecting you which was not dictated by duty and affection.—But my poor mother——

Dag. Would you love the man, too, who would rescue your father?

Ada. I should love him and revere him as a saint.

Dag. Good child! And if this worthy man, by endeavouring to save me, were to fall with me—?

Ada. Oh, my father, then would compassion—but see—how distressed is my mother!

Dag. Yes, that is your mother, but this is the man, of whom I spoke.

Ada. Clovis! How shall I thank you, worthy man?

Clo. By thinking me—by thinking me worthy of King Dagobert's friendship. Even the death which

awaits me is a reward; for I know that I bear to the grave the favour of my sovereign.

Dag.—(*Looks at him with a smile—after a pause.*) Oh, Omnipresent God, graciously look down upon us.—Ada, give me your hand, and if your father be as dear to you as you have declared, swear to me by my blood, which will soon flow upon the place where you now stand, swear to me by your soul, and all your hopes of salvation, that you will fulfill my last wish.

Ada. Every thing, my father, any thing.

Dag. Swear, then.

Ada. I do swear. Alas, my poor mother!

Dag. Will you not listen to me?

Ada. I obey.

Dag. 'Tis well. Hear, then, my heart's last wish. I have lived to see that there is not a Frank deserving of my daughter's hand, except one upright faithful man. That only man is Clovis. Give him your hand, and in the presence of the All-seeing Judge, vow to be faithful to him for ever—vow never to become the wife of another, but to pass your days in holy retirement.

Ada. My father!

Dag. Ha! Thou dost withdraw thy trembling hand from mine.

Ada. Oh, my mother, my mother!

Dag. Ada, thy father is here.

Ada.—(*Falls at his feet.*)—Pardon—be not incensed—I obey.

Chi.—(*Who has hitherto stood unseen at the entrance of the prison, and by his mein has betrayed the various emotions produced by the above conversation, approaches.*)—Hold.

Dag. Who spoke that word?

Adel. Oh, we are betrayed.

Ada.—(*Sinking into her mother's arms.*)—Heavens! That voice—

Dag. Who art thou? Approach. If that monster, thy King, sent thee hither to listen, I will discover more to thee—I will discover what thy slavish tongue will not dare to repeat.

Chi.—(*Takes off his helmet.*)—'Tis I.

Clo. He himself!

Adel. He has imposed upon us.

Ada. Oh, my mother, hide me.

Dag. Clovis, you see they have combined with him to mock our wretchedness. Infamous, infamous!

Clo. Traitor, how canst thou thus boldly endure the look of Dagobert?

Chi.—(*To Dagobert.*)—I followed the Queen hither unperceived. Thanks to Heaven, which inspired me with the resolution. But I perceive this is not a proper time for the disclosure of my sentiments. I leave you. Queen!

Adel. Whither would you lead me? No. I am but a weak woman, despised and hated by my husband, but nothing shall again part us. Too long has treachery robbed me of him. I find him in a dungeon. Affection and duty bind me to the place where he is. No throne is so attractive to me as this prison. Go thou to thy palace, and glory in the possession of the crown, which thou hast stolen; but woe be on thy head, if thy power cannot annihilate hell, or thy treasures bribe thy conscience.

Dag. Friend, if these words proceeded from her heart.—

Enter GRIMBALD and SOLDIERS.

Gri.—(*Astonished at seeing the Queen*)—Ha!—Who has dared to enter this prison? Queen, who brought you hither?

Chi.—(*Comes forward.*)—I myself. Father, look there, and be astonished. The man, whom you mistook for an assassin is Dagobert.

Gri. Thou here too? Thou among those, who

have conspired against thyself and me! Weak fool, tremble. Dagobert! Where is he? Does that wretch assume his name? Admirably managed, truly! This Dagobert, then, has started from his grave to-day, in order to commit a crime, which every one knows must be punished with death. Let me look at him. In truth nature formed him for this deception. Such impostors have appeared in every age. But you, Adelgunda and Clovis, ought to be ashamed of endeavouring to conceal your treachery by so paltry an artifice.

Clo. Unparalleled effrontery! Oh, that this arm were free!

Dag. Friend, be great and noble. Confide in the justice of Heaven, and despise the villain, if you cannot pity him.

Gri. No more of this audacious imposition. King, I came hither to witness the execution of the sentence you have signed.—(*To the Soldiers.*)—Come nearer. Those are the criminals. Do your duty.

Adel.—(*To the Soldiers.*)—Hold, barbarians! On me fall your swords!

Ada.—(*To Grimbold.*)—Oh, be merciful!

Dag.—(*Steps forward with undaunted mein.*)—Here is Dagobert, your lawful King. Plunge your swords into my heart, and raise them stained with blood towards Heaven. There will I implore a pardon for you, and a blessing on my ungrateful subjects, though every drop of royal blood cry aloud for vengeance. No more delay! See you not that your tyrant is enraged? Here is my breast. Turn away, if you cannot bear the sight. I myself will guide the points of your swords. But spare my friend. He has not been betrayed and dethroned. Why must he die?

Clo. Great, noble Dagobert, think me not unworthy of falling at your side.

Gri. Damnation!—Men, obey my orders.

Adel. Oh, rather murder me.

Ada. Heavens!

Chi. Let no one dare to proceed. Back, soldiers.

Adel. Villain, whom dost thou wish to murder? Can regicide be wanting to fulfil the measure of thy crimes? No. Thou hast already committed more than can be atoned for by an eternity of punishment. And you, soldiers, who are you? Are you Franks? Can Franks sell themselves to a tyrant? Would you murder your lawful sovereign—Dagobert, whom you once revered—whom you have seen fighting and bleeding for his country? What has he done to you? Did he ever oppress you, or deprive you of your rights? Oh, if your noble fathers could behold you from their graves, the perfidy of their children would destroy their repose. Never, never did a Frank stain his sword with the blood of his monarch.—(*The Soldiers throw their swords away.*)

Gri.—(*Aside.*)—By Heaven this woman's whining rhetoric alarms their coward hearts. Adelgunda, I beg you will leave this place.

Adel. Sooner will I lose my life, and renounce my hatred against thee, traitor.

Gri. By all the powers of hell, this is too much. You have entered into a confederacy with this impostor, and your crime makes you subject to my orders. I command you to withdraw.—(*To the Soldiers.*)—Ye cowards, if your lives be dear to you—if you do not wish to be punished as confederates in this plot, drag her away.—(*The Soldiers again take their swords.*)—Queen, I beg you will not oblige me to use force. It would hurt me to deviate from the respect I feel towards you as the widow of my beloved friend and monarch. Go to the palace.

Adel. That thou may'st commit murder uninterrupted.

Gri. Be at ease on that account. An impostor

like this, who has attempted to deceive a whole nation, ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. The prisoners shall be publicly executed. Soldiers, attend the Queen to her apartment.

Adel.—(*Apart to Ada.*)—Let us hasten to save him. Gomar stays too long. Dagobert, may Heaven acknowledge thy virtues, though thou hast refused to acknowledge the fidelity of thy wife?—(*To Grimbold.*)—Tyrant, hear me. An impostor who has deceived a whole nation ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. Let this sentence be executed on whom it may—it is just, and believe me every thing which is just in the eyes of our Judge above—will be fulfilled.

[*Exeunt Adelgunda and Ada, attended by Soldiers.*

Gri.—(*Aside.*)—Ha! Now will she hasten to obtain assistance—but her intentions shall be frustrated.—(*To Childebert.*)—Her crimes make her unworthy of your hand. She must be tried by the council of bishops. She is a reptile which gnaws on the happiness of your Majesty and the peace of the empire. Leave this impostor to my care. My office makes me his judge.—(*Goes to Dagobert.*)—Wretch, curse the moment when thou wert persuaded by thy evil genius to direct thy steps hither. Thy doom is fixed. Come, King.

[*Exeunt Grimbold and Childebert.*

Dag. Go. Thou art unworthy of my indignation. Friend, what means this gloomy look? Why stand you thus stupified and speechless! Clovis, Clovis, what means this?

Clo. Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, dream of judges and of hell, ye fools.

Dag. Horrible! What say you, my son?

Clo. Son! Oh, torment! Did I not see her look with scorn at me—with tenderness at Childebert?

Dag. At Childebert!

Clo. Did you not perceive it? Well, as you

please. She did not look at Childebert. I am cured—and know you by what means? A grim infernal monster has devoured my heart. I have no longer any heart or blood. Clovis is no more.

Dag. How! Has Clovis no heart for his friend Dagobert?—(Clovis gazes at him, and is silent.)

Enter GOMAR and BRUNO.

Dag. Welcome, friends. Whom seek you?

Gom. Our King, and with him death.

Dag. 'Tis well. Death and Dagobert are nearly allied. Oh, rise. Be not ashamed of embracing me.

Clo. Gomar—no rescue—no revenge?

Gom. Die, friend, unless you would live among slaves. On my soul I would not save you were it in my power. The Franks are a degenerate race. The great spirit of our fathers is extinguished. It were idle folly to expect a noble act from a nation, which has submitted to the yoke of a tyrannical usurper. It is a disgrace—oh, that I am obliged to say so—it is a disgrace to be a Frank.

Dag. Speak not in such terms of my people, I beseech you. I love them still.

Gom. Then let me be silent.

Dag. No. Proceed.

Gom. I went in search of the noblest and bravest Franks whom I knew—the valiant Osmar, the stern Ragond, and their friends. To them I related your fortunes and return. They laughed at me, and treated me as if I were insane. I then produced this writing of the Queen, after perusing which, they stood gazing at each other in mute astonishment.

Dag. Let me see that writing.

Gom.—(Presents the parchment.)—The Queen some hours ago commanded me to lay it before the nobles of the realm.

Dag.—(*Reads.*)—“Ye faithful nobles, let your hearts be open to the tears and complaints of the forsaken Adelgunda. She implores your assistance in behalf of King Dagobert. The invisible servants of the All-just God have brought him from the deserts of Ireland, to which the faithless Grimbald banished him ten years ago. In the deepest dungeon of the castle he expects immediate death from the hands of the traitor. The valiant Clovis is a witness and sharer of his wretched fate. Till now he remains unknown to his foes, and is condemned to die for having stabbed the villain Clodomir. I myself will pave the way to his release. Childebert believes he will this day obtain my hand; but at the altar and in your presence will I plunge a poniard in his breast, that Heaven may see how sacred was the vow of constancy which I pledged to Dagobert.

“ADELGUNDA.”

(*Kisses her name.*)—Good angels, bear this kiss to her. Oh, faithful Adelgunda, forgive my suspicions. Friend, we have wronged her much. Deceived by appearances, I was deaf to her sincere protestations. Well, Gomar, what said they, when they had perused this?

Gom. Awhile they stood in silent wonder, till Osmar said—“Were Dagobert alive he would have disclosed it to his friends, or have come with a foreign army to oppose his enemies. Who can be sure that even the Queen herself is not deceived?”

Dag. The cowardly slave!

Gom. Conversation of this nature occupied some time, till Bruno came, dispatched by the Queen to apprise us of your immediate danger.

Dag. And when you left the assembly?

Gom. “Let us but see him,” said they, “and he shall find that he has friends.”

Dag. Enough! They shall see him. My soul

burns with eagerness.—(*Throws off his pilgrim's habit.*)—Friends, know you this armour? Why thus astonished?

Bru. Oh, what Frank does not know it?

Gom. You wore it when you vanquished Clotham.

Dag. Ay, and I wore it on the day that I was proclaimed King of the Franks. I wore it too when Grimbald's hirelings dragged me from my country. Wilfried clasped it with a blessing when I left Ireland. Friends, let us embrace each other—perhaps for the last time. Gomar, give me thy sword and thy hand. Clovis, take thou Bruno's sword and hand. Now follow me.

Gom. I understand you well. Take not my sword, but let me be your shield.

Dag. Friend, if I be doomed to fall, I'll fall as the defender of my faithful subjects, the last duty which, as a King, I wish to fulfil.

Clo. Oh, my Liege, let me on my knees, perhaps for the last time——

Gom. Do not despise my fidelity——

Bru. Nor my tears—(*All kneel.*)

Dag. My friends, my friends! Almighty God, if thou callest me to thee, protect these worthy men, that they may be the defenders of virtue, and their native land. What a sight!—(*Bends towards the earth.*)—In God we trust. Now come.

Bru. Alas, you face inevitable death. A hundred centinels guard this prison.

Clo. Let thousands guard it. The appearance of so good and great a King will inspire each man with reverential awe.

Dag. If slaves oppose us, be not afraid, for they have no courage—if valiant men, they must be noble, and will, therefore, be our friends. Follow me. I am still a King.

[*Takes Gomar's sword and exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene, a Saloon in the Palace. Enter GRIMBALD hastily, accompanied by Soldiers.

Gri. Well, men, do you thoroughly understand me?

Sol. We do.—(*They produce daggers.*)

Gri. Right. I rely on you. If you value your own fortunes, you will minutely follow my directions. After you have done the deed, mingle with the multitude. I pledge to you my word that you shall be rewarded beyond your expectations—and what risk do you run? See, there is my son, the King, with two thousand Franks, and I shall station myself in another part of the city with a thousand steady veterans. Unless an angel fight for them, in half an hour the accursed race shall be extinct. The woman, who has dared to oppose my power, shall give notice to hell of its approaching booty.—Take your stations. She comes.

Enter ADELGUNDA and ADA.

Adelgunda, you see the consequences of your rash conduct. Your life is in imminent danger. The people curse you, and require that you shall be sacrificed to their fury. How absurd was it by such conduct to make yourself unworthy a monarch's hand!

Adel. How has Heaven debased me by giving a Grimbold power to address me thus.

Gri. I should address you otherwise, were I to

speak as you deserve. The people say you bribed the guards that the escape of the traitor might make it more difficult to prove the falsehood of your infamous assertions. Indeed, by what other means could they escape?

Adel. They have escaped then?

Gri. No. Their hour is come. By Heaven, their death is as certain as their crime. Osmar, Ragond, Gomar, and about four hundred more have joined the pretender. They have taken refuge in the house of Clovis from the indignation of the populace—but look—there stands King Childebert with three thousand men, and two thousand more are ready to follow me against this impostor. You may remain here, and await the account of his death. I have appointed these men to protect you, since it is evident that the people thirst for your blood. Farewell.—(*To the Sol.*)—Keep a watchful eye upon both of them, and when you hear my command from a distance, act as I have directed.

Adel. Stay, stay, Grimbald. Hear me. Must all the insurgents die—all?

Gri. By Heaven they must and shall.

Adel. How weak am I, that I cannot execute so good a deed!—Grimbald, you are right. Every villain ought to perish.—(*Suddenly draws a dagger from her bosom.*)—Condemned of Heaven, die.

Ada.—(*Holds her arm.*)—Oh, my mother!—(*Adel. retreats and covers her face with both hands.*)

Gri. Ha! traitress! This was thy last attempt.—Did you see this, men? Woman, the avenger's hand is stretched forth to punish thee. I go to exterminate thy adherents. If thou wouldst curse—curse Heaven for having given thee being—if thou wouldst pray—pray to hell that it may swallow thee.—(*To the Sol.*)—Once more remember my commands. [*Exit.*]

Adel. No longer, then, does Heaven preside over

the human race. Triumphant villany has bound the Judge's arm. Why did my hand tremble? Why did my soul revolt at the idea of murder? Will Grimbald tremble too? Alas, no.—(To Ada.)—Who will ward the blow aimed at thy father?

Ada. Heaven will protect him.

Adel. Foolish girl! What cares Heaven for the fate of man? I too once hoped for its aid, but that hope I now no longer cherish. Oh, they will murder him, and thou, poor child, wilt lose at one blow a father and a mother.

Ada. Horrible! Dear mother, that very thought would kill me, did not hope animate my heart.

Adel. Do not deceive thyself, Ada. Rather expect the worst—then will the stroke be less severe.—Hark! What shout was that—what a tremor courses through my veins!—Oh, God, forgive me, if I have murmured against thy Providence. Yes—still do I feel consolation by relying on thy goodness.—Ha! See, the people are in motion.

Ada. Oh, my father, surely thou wilt not condemn the affection of thy daughter, if it be the means of thy deliverance.

Adel. See! There goes a small band of warriors. 'Tis he, 'tis he.—'Tis Dagobert, who leads them. How proudly does he march in the very armour which he wore upon the day of our marriage. Oh, how dreadfully his sword glitters in the air.—And see, Childebert approach him.

Ada. Heavens! Should he have imposed upon my unsuspecting heart—

Adel. Gracious God! May I believe my eyes? Childebert falls at his feet.

Ada. At his feet?—Oh!—(Swoons.)

Adel. Ada! Why this deadly paleness? Feels she so much for her father's foe? Can her heart—Ada, hear me. He sunk on his knee, as if he meant to entreat forgiveness.

Ada. Forgiveness! Oh, yes, he deserves to be forgiven. I too, my mother.—(*Kneels.*)—I too deserve to be forgiven. His heart is devoid of guilt. He swore by his affection for me that he would save my father.

Adel. Unhappy girl, couldst thou confide in a man sprung from the villain Grimbald?

Ada. I confide in Heaven, in human nature, and in love.

Adel. Oh, may thy innocence find mercy in the eyes of God. But fearful presages overpower my soul. Do I not hear the name of Dagobert? Yes, yes, it is the shout of victory. Oh, I must fly to meet him. To me—to his wife belongs his first.—(*As she is going, two of the soldiers detain her.*)

Sol. Hold!

Adel. Slaves dare you—(*A shout of victory! victory! is heard.*)

Sol. Now die.—(*A soldier stabs the Queen, and while two others are rushing towards the Princess Bruno enters and intercepts their passage.*)

Bru. Unparalleled villany!

Adel. Oh, Bruno—blood—blood.—(*Falls to the earth. The soldiers escape.*)

Bru. Help! Help!—(*Raises her.*)

Ada. Oh, my mother! Alas! Where shall I seek help?

Bru. Gracious Queen!

Adel. I thank thee, Bruno; my husband and I shall now be united in death.

Bru. No, no. Virtue is triumphant; Dagobert, King of the Franks, lives, beloved by his subjects.

Adel. Say'st thou so?—Oh, I no longer feel my wound. Conduct me to him.

Bru. Wait till we obtain some assistance.

Adel. From thy words I shall be best assisted. Tell me, tell me all.

Bru. The noble Dagobert, full of reliance on his

courage and the goodness of his cause, boldly left his prison, followed by Clovis, Gomar, and myself. At sight of him the centinels fled, like the damned when an angel appears to them. Thus we reached Osmar, at whose house our monarch's friends were assembled. Grimbald summoned his followers, and the people attached themselves to him and Childebert. He threatened to burn the house unless we would instantly surrender. Clovis incensed beyond all bounds rushed against him and—Grimbald fell. Our forces were four hundred men, who had to contend against as many thousands. Dagobert led us towards Childebert. Ere we approached him, several fell and exclaimed: 'Tis he—'Tis he—and now, Childebert himself sunk on his knee. "Franks," cried he to his followers, "acknowledge your King. There is Dagobert." Instantly the air was filled with a shout of "Long live King Dagobert!"

Adel. Oh, Bruno, how hast thou transported me! Come, come. I need no assistance. I feel no wound. Were death already creeping through every vein, it could not reach my heart, for ecstasy would bar its progress.

[*Exit supported by Bru. and Ada.*]

Scene, a spacious square. Dagobert, Gomar, Ragond, Osmar, and other knights are discovered, surrounded by the populace.

Dag. Yes, my friends and much loved subjects, thus did your monarch drag on a wretched existence, condemned at home, and despised abroad. But dreadful as was my fate, I knew no greater sorrow than when I thought of you—than when I reflected that you groaned beneath the yoke of tyranny, and had no protector of your honour, no defender of your rights. Oh, believe me, your fate

lay heavier on my heart than my own. I murmured not against the will of Providence. I prayed not that my miseries might have an end, but that my subjects might be happy. "Oh, God," said I, in many a bitter hour, "spare, spare my people, and let thy hand be stretched forth against me alone. If ever I found favour in thy sight, listen to my prayer, and bless my subjects whom I love more than myself." My sufferings are now at an end—and now too shall this same supplication be daily addressed to the dispenser of every blessing.

Gom. Oh, ye nations of the earth, be no longer proud of your kings, when they sell your blood to purchase laurels. The Franks alone are happy, governed by their father Dagobert.

All. Long live King Dagobert!

Enter CLOVIS.

Clo.—(*Kneeling.*)—Long live my King! May Heaven reward his virtues! Then must he be the happiest of mankind.

Dag.—(*Raising him.*)—Friend, where have you been?—You are much agitated—pale—in tears too.

Clo. I have witnessed a most dreadful scene. I was conducting the herald, who proclaimed through the city the restoration of King Dagobert, when I came to the place where I slew Grimbold. He was still stretched upon the earth, and his weeping son leaned over him. I stopped—for the youth's sorrow affected me deeply—when the mob rushed forward, tore the corpse piecemeal, scattered the mangled limbs, and with frantic fury raised their bloody hands. In vain did I call to them. Their phrenzy knew no bounds. Childebert sunk to the earth, raised his eyes towards Heaven, then rivetted them upon me. I took him in my arms—but he tore

himself from my grasp, and rushed towards the palace.

Dag. Horrible, horrible! Triumph not, oh villain, in the enjoyment of thy crimes. The delay of punishment doubles its severity. But where are my wife and child? Why must my eagerness to clasp them in my arms be so long ungratified?

Gom. I hasten to them.

Dag. Right, Gomar.—(*Exit Gom.*)—Alas, my friends, should such a happy day—Hope sweetened my late sufferings, and now fear embitters my happiness.—(*A cry of “Oh, she is dying, she is dying,” is heard.*)—What cry of horror is that? Who is dying?

Enter ADELGUNDA, supported by ADA and BRUNO, followed by GOMAR, and a crowd.

Alas! My Queen! My Adalgunda!

Adel. Dagobert!—(*Releases herself and rushes a few steps towards him, but sinks back into the arms of Gom. and Bru.*)

Ada. My father!—(*Flies into his arms.*)—Oh, my mother!

Bru. This was Grimbald's last act of cruelty.

Dag. Barbarian that he was! My wife, my Adalgunda! Is this the day that I so long have wished for?—Friends, friends, I feel I shall sink under this calamity. What is my being, but the sensation of agony? What tears have I shed at moments, when my sorrow was far less—yet now, I cannot weep.—Yet—Oh, God, I do not complain—but—the trial is severe.—(*Sinks into the arms of Clovis.*)

Clo. Oh, that I could plunge my sword into the murderer's heart again!

Gom. The Queen revives.

Adel. Dagobert!

Dag. My love!

Ada. Mother!

Adel. Blest am I, that my hand will grow cold while clasped by thine—that when I am dead, a tear will trickle from thy cheek upon mine.—Banish sorrow from thy breast—yet still remember me.—Dagobert, reward thy friends reward Childebert too. His heart is virtuous, for he loves the virtues of our daughter.—Make Ada happy—for she loves him—make her as happy as my father made me, when he united me to Dagobert.

Ada. Oh! my father, if my heart be culpable, let me know it by one angry look. Then will I fly, weep in retirement to the end of my life, and wash away my error with my tears.

Dag. Rise my daughter. Thy mother has said enough for thee—But—Clovis—

Clo. Heaven grant me strength!—My Liege,—you see that Ada's heart gives Childebert the strongest claim to her hand.—Accept him as your son. He is not unworthy of the honour. By the wishes of the Queen I conjure you to accept him, that the world may forget his first father.

Dag. Friend, thou art greater than thy King, for whom thou wouldst have died.—See! Her eye breaks, and death quivers on her lips.—(*Falls on Adalgunda's bosom.*)

Adel. Where is Ada?—Thy hand too—I feel—oh—Dagobert—Ada—fare—well.—(*Dies.*)

Dag. Oh, my Adalgunda!

Ada. Beloved mother!

Gom. What a dreadful hour!

Dag.—(*Remains some time with his arms round Adel. while Ada kneels at her side. He now resolutely walks forward.*)—'Tis done.—She has executed the hardest task of human nature.—Break not, my heart. Keep thy sorrows closely lodged, lest the air should dissipate them.—Come, my friends.

I want your presence on another occasion of material consequence.

Enter CHILDEBERT, in an humble dress, and unarmed, accompanied by two knights, one of whom bears a crown, the other a sceptre.

Chi. King of the Franks, dare a wretched out-cast address you?

Dag. My friend, Childebert, speak.

Chi. Hear me ye nobles of the realm, and ye, whom I dare not call my brethren, hear me. False ambition has misled me. It has dazzled my heart, but, believe me, not corrupted it. I was guiltless of your Monarch's banishment. Like you, I was deceived by assurances of his death. I was but sixteen years of age, when my father hailed me King. Flatterers and slaves surrounded me,—they directed my thoughts, my words, my actions, as their villany suggested. I wavered between virtue and vice, though never undecided in my choice—but when my inclination and conviction drew me towards virtue, and compulsion and the arts of those, who were acquainted with my weaknesses, led me again to the path of vice. The return and condemnation of Dagobert were unknown to me. As soon as I recognized him, my heart revered him.—You saw I was the first, who knelt and called him King.—I am not ashamed—of appearing before you—in this slavish habit—as a criminal. My father's crimes are punished, and—(*Sinks speechless into the arms of a soldier.*)

Dag. What is this?—Friend!—Childebert!

Chi. Oh, my Sovereign—I entreat one favour—let me go—I cannot bear this scene.—(*Pointing to the Queen and Ada.*)—Oh! How agonizing!

Dag. Friend, you have made ample amends for your late error by acting so nobly towards me.

Give me your hand in the presence of this assembly.

Chi. Oh, lead me away.---The consciousness of my error makes your kindness a most painful punishment---There noble blood bears testimony against my blood. Virtue teaches me to curse the deed, while nature compels me to mourn for the perpetrator of it. [Exit.

Dag. Daughter, follow him, console him, and if on such a day, a cheerful thought can find place in your mind, speak to him of the happiness, which awaits you both.---We will to the temple of that Deity, who ordained that we should live to see this awful day. I will return my crown into the hands of the Franks. Accumulated sorrows have made the burden too heavy for me. To-day I have drank the last drop of the cup of misery, which will embitter my remaining days. Yet will I be a father to my people. My counsels shall be united to the Monarch's power, and from this union, with Heaven's assistance, shall our native land find happiness and peace.

THE END.





ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN.

—
A TRAGEDY,
IN FOUR ACTS;

(EXEMPLIFYING THE BARBARITY WHICH PREVAILED DURING THE
THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

—
FROM
KOTZEBUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR HUGO OF WULFINGEN, *a Knight of the Holy Cross against the Saracens.*

SIR THEOBALD OF WULFINGEN, *a Knight of the Holy Cross against the Pomeranians and Vandals—Son of Sir Hugo.*

WILIBALD, } *Sons of Sir Theobald, six and seven years*
OTTOMAR, } *old.*

BERTRAM, *an old Boor.*

CYRILLUS, *an Abbot of the Premonstrantes.*

MISTIVOI, *Chief of a Heathen tribe.*

A MONK.

A CHILD.

WOMAN.

ADELAIDE, *Wife of Sir Theobald.*

Squires, Followers, &c. &c.

ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN.

ACT THE FIRST.

The Stage represents an open place in an Heathen Village. In the back-ground is an Idol overturned, and near it, on an eminence, a Cross erected. On both sides are the remains of Huts, some plundered and burning, others still smoking and half demolished

SIR THEOBALD OF WULFINGEN and his Squire are discovered making their way over the ruins.

Theobald.—(Returns his sword into the scabbard and throws himself breathless upon a hillock.)—ENOUGH! Enough of toils and carnage! Sound, my herald! Sound a retreat to yon merciless mob! I commanded you to fight, and ye have murdered. I pointed your swords against the breasts of men in arms, and ye have plunged them into the hearts of sucking babes—Oh, God, whose all-seeing eye has brooded with an awful gloom over the horrors of last night, here do I stand before the rising sun, the image of thy majesty:—Here do I stand, and, with self-acquitting conscience swear, that sacred to me have ever been the duties of my order. Blood has stained this sword, yet may every drop which has issued from the breast of a woman or a child, fall on

my soul in liquid fire! Ah! what distant cries of anguish strike my ear! The shrieks of women! the screams of infants! Away, Bevys! I too have a wife. I too have children. Away, Bevys! thunder to the cowards to cease the carnage of defenceless people: and let thy mace fell to the earth him who dares to disobey. *[Exit Squire.*

Oh! suffering Redeemer! There amidst the carcasses of the vanquished, have they fixed thy cross. The blood of the slain still trickles down the hill. True, 'tis but the blood of heathens, yet surely the blood of men. And can these smoking ruins be an acceptable sacrifice in thy sight! My heart expands. An irresistible voice calls aloud to me, "They were all thy brethren."

A Child, with tattered clothes and dishevelled hair, is running affrighted past.

Child. My mother! where's my mother?

Theobald.—*(Starts.)*—Boy! whom seekest thou?

Child.—*(Crying.)*—My mother! my mother!

Theobald. Heavens!

Child. Oh! they've killed my father and my little sister. My youngest brother lies yonder bleeding to death. Where's my mother! Where's my mother!

Theobald. Come to my arms, poor wretch!

Child. There stood our hut. All is gone. Oh! how it burns! Our little garden is covered with ashes. Where can I go? Mother! mother!—*(Runs away, and is still heard at a distance calling in a tone of distress for its mother.)*—

Theobald. How my whole frame shudders! How my bristling hair raises the helmet from my head! Boy! Boy! cease thy cries. Thou criest the courage from my heart. What is this courage? Boldness to encounter, or patience to endure! Perhaps both, and here both forsake me! Oh! what then

is courage, if a whining child can thus unnerve a hero's arm? My knees totter when I catch a fading eye, and the groans of the dying make a very woman of me. 'Tis well the battle is over. I could not fight now.

Re-enter SQUIRE.

Squire. All is silence. The streets are covered with carcasses of men, women, and children. The honour of the Almighty is avenged. The sanctuaries of the idols are demolished. The holy cross is seen on every side. But few heathens have escaped; some hundreds, with the chief of their tribe, are our prisoners. Our band returns in triumph, and laden with rich booty.

Theobald. Booty didst thou call it? Call it pillage—pillage which I do not wish to share.

Squire. Not far from the village, too, I found the Monk, who accompanied us upon our expedition. I could not but laugh at the good man. In the heat of battle he had climbed the highest oak, and was slyly peeping through the branches, till I told him that the danger was over, when he descended from his covert, and is following close at my heels.

Theobald. Fierce as a boy to blow the blaze, and fearful as a boy to skulk into a corner when it spreads around, has ever been their way. How strange are my sensations! An invisible hand tears away the cloud of artifice, and truth already dawns in the horizon. Would I were at home with the partner of my soul!

Enter MONK.

Monk. Praise be unto God! Hail noble Knight! The Lord was with your sword. Fallen are the proud heathens, and demolished their abominable

idols. My eye is moistened with a pious tear—a tear of heavenly joy, when I behold the emblem of the holy cross, erected by your valiant arm.

Theobald. Give me then your testimony that I have honourably fulfilled my vow. You well know how your abbot, by the pious zeal which flowed from his lips, by papal bulls, by absolution, and promises of blessings, persuaded me to this excursion. Give me your testimony, in his presence, that I have fulfilled the word of a knight.

Monk. That will I. I will relate to him what miracles of valour you performed in our holy cause before my eyes.

Theobald.—(In a tone of derision.)—Pardon me, good father! 'Twas beneath your eyes.

Monk. And he shall double your absolution, shall extend it to your children, and bless you through a thousand generations.

Theobald. 'Tis well. Then I shall be blest enough. Now, with the hand of a knight, take the irrevocable oath, that, as long as this arm can wield a sword or lance, it never shall again contend for the church, or for God, as you call it.

Monk. Sir Knight, Sir Knight, you forget yourself.

Theobald. I do not—little as I ever shall be able to forget the scenes of horror, which last night I witnessed. I hold you at your word. Did you not give your testimony that I had fulfilled my vow? Have not I, have not my ancestors yet done enough? Have you forgotten that, for three and twenty years, I have been fatherless?—that Hugo of Wulfingen went to the Holy Land, against the Saracens, and there, probably, found his grave?

Monk. A blessed martyr, if his blood flowed for the glory of God!

Theobald. Yet my tears, and the tears of my mother, flowed for him.

Monk. Pearls in the crown of the just.

Theobald. Fine words you have at command, good father.

Monk. The words of the church's servant, his testimony and his blessing bear the soul aloft, as upon the beams of light, to heavenly bliss. Shielded by them, no angel will obstruct your way. But if your choleric valour cannot brook empty words—'tis well, Sir Knight, to you belong *deeds*. Arise! Fight for the honour of our God! Is your arm already weary? Is your sword already gorged? Behold, all the tribes which dwell upon the coast, are lost in careless indolence, and where perchance one fugitive escaped your arm, he has poured dismay and terror into every trembling heart. Arise! Rally your followers! Away to fresh victories!

Theobald. Spare your lungs, good father; I abide by my oath. Of what avail can these base conquests be to God, to you, my country, or myself? God needs no champion. I could once have reckoned among my followers, many a valiant warrior to wield the sword or battle-axe. What are they now? Robbers, who spare neither age nor sex, and then cast lots for plunder.

Enter a follower of Sir THEOBALD.

Follower. Sir Knight, we are conducting to your presence the chief of the tribe, which we have conquered. Here is his banner.—(*Presents a long staff, on the point of which is affixed the image of a bear.*)—A proud and stubborn man.

Monk. Has he blasphemed?

Follower. Not so. He speaks but little, yet each word is a command. His impressive tone, his hoary locks, and his dignified mein, constrain the most stubborn to submission. He comes.

Enter MISTIVOI, guarded, and in chains.

Mistivoi. Whither will you lead me? Why do you drag me over the bodies of my brethren, and the smoking ruins of my former dwellings? Is it not alike to you where I die? Slay me. I'll go no further.

Guard. Bend thy knee before that cross.

Mistivoi. Never!

Monk. How! Darest thou insult our God?

Mistivoi. Never did I insult your God, nor should I, had I been your conqueror. Never did I bend my knee before your God, nor will I, though I am your slave.

Monk. Hear, Sir Knight! He attacks the honour of God. At the foot of the holy cross, let his blood, drop by drop——

Theobald. Reverend father, I heard no attack.—
(*Half aside.*)—Old man, I venerate thy pride.

Monk. Sir Knight, I command you in the name of God——

Mistivoi. Is this your knight? Is this he, who, like a dastard, falls, when it is dark, on a defenceless tribe? Is this your knight? Is this he, who only draws his sword to plunge it in the hearts of infants?

Theobald.—(*Grasping his sword.*)—Man! But thy chains protect thee.

Mistivoi. Why hesitate? 'Tis but one murder more. Or dost thou think it a less honourable deed to butcher an infirm old man, than a poor helpless babe?

Theobald. Rude man, thou dost mistake me.

Mistivoi. Oh! I know thee well. The groans of the dying too plainly told me who thou art. How they all stare at me! Some with scorn, others with compassion. Stare at me still, but with scorn,

not compassion.—Scorn I can return: compassion hurts me.

Theobald. Take off his chains, and leave us.—
(*Guards obey.*)

Mistivoi. I know not, Knight, is this benevolence? Have you thus rid me of my fetters, that I may die at liberty? Then, take my thanks. Or is it mockery? Wilt thou make me feel, that, even when free from chains, my arm can do no more. Then woe be on thy head! The first fire-brand, which I seize, shall hurl thee to destruction.

Theobald. I meant to dive into thy soul. I wished to converse coolly with thee. I wanted to find means to calm thy boiling blood. For this I took away thy chains.

Mistivoi. Coolly! Art thou mad? I had seven sons—they are all fallen. I had three daughters—thy villains have defiled and murdered them. I had a wife—a wife who, for forty years had shared my joys and sorrows—there she lies, weltering in her blood. Coolly! Coolly! I was chief of this tribe, revered and loved. Young and old assembled round me on festivals, and called me father. Even last night, I stood in the circle of my friends, and hailed the setting sun. To-day I stand alone—bereft of children—bereft of wife. Coolly! Coolly! I had a peaceful dwelling, fertile fields, and thriving flocks. My house is now a heap of ruins, my fields are all laid waste, my flocks are bleating for their shepherd.

Theobald.—(*Extremely agitated.*)—Hold!

Mistivoi.—(*After a pause, during which he observes him closely.*)—Young man! Thy outward fashion seems assumed; it is, perhaps, imposed. What had I done to thee? We had never seen each other. I had never injured thee. Why dost thou fall on me and mine, when we had lost our cares in sleep?

Hast thou too children? Hast thou too a heart?—
(*Theobald is abashed and silent.*)

Monk. We took arms by command of our God, to erect his holy cross among the heathen, to conduct the blind into the path of light, to convert wolves into lambs, and unite them to the flock of the Lord.

Mistivoi. Then should ye have approached our lonely huts, with the palm of peace in your hands, and the honey of persuasion on your lips. Then should you have preached the word of truth, and sent conviction to our hearts. Had you done this, perhaps we had willingly followed your instructions.

Monk. Dost thou not acknowledge, then, our God's omnipotence, and your idol's nothingness? Behold! There in the dust it lies! The holy cross is reared on high.

Mistivoi. Shallow boaster! Mortal hands have formed that image. Mortal hands have formed this cross. Mortal hands have levelled that with the earth, and planted this upon the hill. Why talk of *thy* God and of *our* God? We have but one God. And must the blood of hundreds then be shed, because one chuses a cross, another a lion's face, as the symbol of the Invisible?

Monk. Hear, Sir Knight! He blasphemes.

Theobald. Peace, Monk! Revere his age.

Monk. If thy heart pay less regard to God's honour than to his, 'tis well. Think then, at least, of all the dreadful ravages, which for a long train of years, have been committed on our lands, by these rude barbarians, ever since Henry the Lion, and Bernard of Ascania, were no more. Think of the poor christians, who have been forced by them to bear the galling yoke of slavery. Think of the wives and children whom they have made widows and orphans.

Mistivoi. 'Tis false. Never has my little tribe, since I have governed it, advanced beyond its peaceful limits. Never have my subjects gained subsistence by plundering their fellow-creatures. Never have christians languished in our dungeons. I myself possessed but one. He was old, and more my friend than slave. Nor did I either force or betray him hither. I bought him of my neighbours.

Monk. A christian! Merciful God! Where is he? Whither has this sheep strayed? Has he not heard the voice of the shepherd?

Theobald.—(*Who, throughout this scene, has appeared to have been deeply immersed in thought, now approaches the old man with exalted yet timorous mien, and offers his hand.*)—Can'st thou forgive me?

Mistivoi.—(*Throwing back his hand.*)—Never! Thou hast robbed me of all, and were I now to forgive thee, thou wouldst fill up the measure of thy cruelty—thou wouldst grant me life.

Theobald. But if I repaired all that I am able to repair, if I replaced thee in thy rights, collect thy scattered subjects round thee, release the prisoners, lay the bloody booty at thy feet, rebuild thy huts—

Mistivoi.—(*Raising his eyes towards Heaven.*)—Oh, my wife, my children!

Theobald.—(*Stands as if struck dumb. A solemn pause ensues. Then with warmth.*)—Oh, that the departed breath of life would obey my voice! Yet, thou, old man, whose silver locks inspire my soul with reverence unutterable, thou wert not merely a husband and a father; thou wert the head of a far larger family. On thy lips hung doctrines of wisdom and of peace. To thee thy tribe was indebted for ease and comfort; without thee it must have perished. Take back this staff, this ensign of thy dignity. Still make thy little people good and happy, and become a member of our church.

Mistivoi. Young man, in thy eye beams the good-

ness of thy heart. I understand thee. This was not thy cruelty.—(*With a glance towards the Monk.*)—Thou wert but the instrument.—(*Presenting his hand.*)—I forgive thee. The blood of the slain be not on thee nor on thy children. I take back the staff, drenched in the gore of my friends. I take it, to do good, while my weary foot still rests upon the brink of the yawning grave. But my faith I never will renounce. I am old. My days can be but few. Already is the potter kneading the clay, from which my urn is to be formed. In the faith of my fathers have I lived: in the faith of my fathers will I die

Monk. Hear, Sir Knight! He blasphemes.

Mistivoi. But to thee be full permission granted to send men into my territories, who may peaceably announce those doctrines, of which they affirm themselves possessed. To my people, too, be full permission granted, to adopt those doctrines. If they but fulfil their duty towards me and my brethren, I shall be silent.

Theobald. I am satisfied. But one condition more. Thou hast mentioned the purchase of a christian slave. My duty, as a knight, forbids me to leave him among heathens.

Mistivoi. I go in search of him. But ere I leave thee, stranger, give me thy name.

Theobald. Theobald of Wulfingen.

Mistivoi. And he with whom thou speakest is old Mistivoi, and as a proof that he no longer feels resentment, he divides this ring.—(*Draws a ring from his finger, breaks it, and gives half of it to Theobald.*)—Take this, and if ever thou again approach these dwellings, thou, or thy son, or thy grandson, let him send it to me. Then will I acknowledge the bond of hospitality now made between us, and receive him in my hut—when I again possess one.—(*After a pause of heartfelt sensibility.*)—Farewell!

Theobald.—(*Rushes into his arms.*)—Farewell! Be my friend.

Mistivoi. I am thy friend. The blessings of thy God and of mine be showered upon thee! Trust me, youth, such men as we shall meet again, whether before the throne of Jehovah, or in the blissful habitation of Radegast. [*Exit.*]

Theobald.—(*Leans mournfully against a tree.*)—Be not ashamed of such a tear. Let it flow unchecked. 'Tis a tear, that well becomes a knight.—What virtue, but may be found in this heathen? I took his all and he forgave me. Blush, christian, blush!

Monk. Sir Knight, be on your guard. A heathen's virtue is but mere hypocrisy.

Theobald.—(*Peevishly.*)—Pshaw! Mutter thy litanies, and count thy beads. Thou shalt not subdue my faith in human nature.

Monk. This is the language of the tempter. Son of the church, steel thy heart! Armour of the Lord, shrink not from thy faith! Have you then, Sir Knight, forgotten the oath, which you swore before our pious abbot, at the altar? Have you forgotten the solemn protestation, that you would exterminate this cursed race? And yet live many hundred prisoners. Yet lives the proud imperious Mistivoi.

Theobald. Yes, and shall live. I have fulfilled the dreadful vow; of this you have yourself given testimony. Not one more drop of guiltless blood shall now be shed.

Monk. Is this the language of a christian hero? Will you not rather restore their idols, and offer sacrifice to them, even at the foot of the holy cross?

Theobald. Beware of derision, reverend father. Do you wish the propagation of the gospel? Well!

This too is provided for. You heard the agreement made between Mistivoi and myself.

Monk. An agreement with a heathen! A bond between Christ and Belial! You promised to save all that could be saved. You promised to return the costly booty, which was destined for our pious abbot and the church.---Where then are all your mighty plans?---You would clothe our altar. You would melt the impious ornaments of all their idols into golden chalices, silver censers, images of saints.---

Theobald. I understand you, reverend father. The booty shall be valued, and the loss made good from my own property.

Monk. Sir Knight, I thank you in the church's name, but---

Theobald. No more, lest I repent, that the cross upon my mantle was received from the hands of your abbot. But yesterday, as I was arming for the expedition---but yesterday, my zeal began to cool, my resolution wavered.

Monk. To cool---and wavered! You see, Sir Knight, how busy Satan---

Theobald. Satan had nothing to do with it, good father.

Monk. How so, Sir Knight, how so? By what means---

Theobald. By what means! Why should I be ashamed of the confession? By the tears of my wife. My Adelaide gazed at me with such anxiety, followed me so mournfully through every passage, heaved such deep sighs from her bosom---and when the servant entered with my armour, she burst into a flood of tears---when I braced on my corselet, sorrow quite overwhelmed her---she threw her arms around my neck---

Monk. Sir Knight, can you be led away by the toying of a woman?

Theobald. No, good father. I know my Adelaide. 'Tis true I raised her from the humble cottage, to make her the companion of my life; but in her veins flows as noble blood as if her ancestors had been a race of heroes. Never has one thought, unworthy of her present rank, reminded me of what she was. How often, when I have been summoned to the field, has she, with her own hands, buckled on my harness, and with cheerful mien gone with me to the castle-gate! But yesterday, unaccountable presages seemed to labour in her breast. Her parting kiss was bathed in tears, and, with a heartfelt sorrow, she bade me to spare the unfortunate, but most to regard myself.

Monk. To spare! Truly she was mighty generous. Are not these the very heathens, who, some eight years ago, in one of their excursions, dragged her father into bondage?

Theobald. True, and Adelaide has mourned his loss, but not by renouncing her humanity. The mean sensation of revenge is foreign to her.

Enter a follower of SIR THEOBALD, with BERTRAM.

Follower. Sir Knight, this is the christian slave sent by Mistivoi.

Theobald. Come nearer. How long hast thou been a prisoner?

Bertram. Eight years. No—but five years. The three last, spent in Mistivoi's hut, have not been years of bondage.

Theobald. Tell me from what part of our country thou camest, that I may return thee to thy master.

Bertram. I am a boor in the demesnes of Wulfingen.—My master is Sir Hugo of Wulfingen.—

Theobald. Whose son now stands before thee.

Bertram. Then you must be Sir Theobald. Heaven bless you, noble Sir!

Theobald. Thy name?

Bertram. Bertram.

Theobald.—(*Starts.*)—Bertram! Heavens! Hadst thou a daughter?

Bertram.—(*Alarmed.*)—A daughter! No—Yes—

Theobald. Is Adelaide thy child?

Bertram.—(*Extremely agitated.*)—Adelaide! Yes—that is my daughter's name. Is she alive?

Theobald.—(*Clasps him in his arms.*)—Adelaide is my wife!

Bertram.—(*Thunderstruck.*)—Your wife!

Theobald. My good, my much-loved wife!

Bertram. God of Heaven! How is that possible?

Theobald. To virtue and to beauty all is possible. I, one day, found her at a well. 'Twas not long after the heathens had carried thee off. She was weeping. I asked her the reason of her grief. "I am an orphan," answered she. "Ere I could lisp, I lost my mother, and, but a few days since, the Vandals robbed me of my father." Her words, her tears, sunk deep into my heart. I went—and I returned. I saw her oft, yet never saw her enough. My uncle had fixed upon a lady of high birth to be my wife—but all in vain! Already was I bound in the soft chains of love. I laughed at ancestry, and led my Adelaide to the altar. Thanks be to Heaven, I never, for a moment, have repented such a choice! Come, old man, thou shalt be a witness of our happiness. Thou shalt see grandchildren.

Bertram.—(*Always alarmed.*)—Grandchildren!

Theobald. Two sweet lads, if I be not blinded by a father's fondness. But why dost thou thus tremble? Why dost thou thus wildly roll thy eyes around? Has the yoke of bondage made thy heart insensible of joy? Or how? Dost thou think thou shalt be less my father, because blind fate has made thy son-in-law a knight, and thee a boor? Fear it not. Thou art the father of my wife. I will revere

thee. My children will revere thee. Thou shalt pass the remainder of thy days in undisturbed tranquillity.

Bertram. I thank you, Sir Knight. Allow another question.

Theobald. Call me son.

Bertram. Is your father yet returned from Palestine?

Theobald. Alas! No. Why dost thou dash this wormwood in my cup of joy? For twenty years I have had no account of him. Doubtless he fell a sacrifice to the fury of the infidels, with many another knight, who went into the Holy Land. Thousand of tears have I shed for him, as a child, on the lap of my mother; as a youth, on the grave of my mother: and as a man, on the bosom of thy daughter.—Let us quit the subject. Be the rest of this day dedicated to joy. Heavens! What a full measure of delight awaits my Adelaide! How much was she deceived by all her frightful omens! I go to sound an immediate retreat. Hold thyself in readiness. In a few minutes we bend homeward.

[*Goes with the Monk.*]

Bertram. What have I heard?—Wretch that I am!—Shall I, then, be reconducted to my brethren, only to plunge an affectionate couple into irrecoverable misery? Has God prolonged my days, only to involve me in a contest the most horrible, between religion and humanity? With a single word, I crush four innocent fellow-creatures, drive them into wretchedness, and bring down the ban upon their heads.—No.—I *will* be silent. I'll tear my tongue from my mouth.—Adelaide! My dear good Adelaide!--Oh! Why was I not allowed to die here in peace?---(*The sound of a trumpet is heard at a distance.*)---The signal of retreat! But ere I go, another tear upon the neck of generous Mistivoi. Would it were the last that I am doomed to shed on earth!

[*Staggers over the ruins, leaning on his stick.*]

Scene, a room in the Castle of Wulfingen.

Enter CYRILLUS.

Cyrillus.---(*Looks around.*)---Not a mortal to be seen. For ever locked in her chamber, for ever kneeling to her crucifix, or among her maids, with loom and spindle, or instructing her two boys!---Is this virtue? or is it her humour? Perhaps both. Perhaps, too, neither. The title of noble lady has inflamed the daughter of a boor. She has somewhere heard of such a word as honour, a glittering toy, of which she shortly will be tired. Could I but arrive so far as to discover that the language of my eyes was no longer unintelligible, that when I gazed at her with melting tenderness, she no longer looked at me with such---how shall I express it---such stupidity, such apathy;---could I arrive so far as to see her eyes cast upon the earth, when in my presence, then my game were won. If the Knight allow me but sufficient time, if father Benjamin will but obey my orders, in kindling his breast with enthusiasm, in dragging him from one nation to another, from one contest to another; in holding Heaven before his eyes, whenever his zeal flags;---and if, in spite of all his intrepidity, some lucky heathen spear at last should reach his heart---Ha! what a golden opportunity! To console the mourning widow. To creep into her heart beneath the mask of pity!---But hold! Who comes? I was almost too loud.

WILIBALD and OTTOMAR hop into the room.

Wilibald. God bless you, father abbot.

Ottomar. God bless you.

Cyrillus. I thank you, children. Where is your mother?

Wilibald. I don't know.

Ottomar.—(*Consequentially.*)—But I do.

Cyrillus. Well, let us hear then, my little fellow.

Ottomar. But what will you give me, if I tell you?

Cyrillus. Are you so covetous? Will you do nothing unless paid for it?

Ottomar. O yes, to poor people. But my father says you are rich, and have more than you want.

Cyrillus. Does he say so? It seems, then, I must bribe you?

Wilibald. Bribe! Fie, brother!

Ottomar. How can I help it, if he calls it so?

Cyrillus. Look, Ottomar! what a pretty picture.

Ottomar.—(*Grasps eagerly at it.*)—Who is that man with a great key?

Cyrillus. St. Peter.

Ottomar. What can he do with that key?

Cyrillus. He can open the gates of Heaven. Now, tell me where your mother is.

Wilibald. You've taken a bribe. Now you must tell.

Ottomar. No. There, father abbot, take your picture back. My mother is gone to the village, to draw water from the well.

Cyrillus. She herself! Could she not send any of her servants? Are there not springs close to the castle gate? You must be lying, boy.

Ottomar. Do you know what I did lately, when great Bevys, my father's squire, told me I lied?

Cyrillus. Well?

Ottomar. I struck him on the face.

Cyrillus. And what did great Bevys do?

Ottomar. He ran to my father, and told him. But my father was not angry. [*Runs away.*]

Wilibald. And my father was right.

[*Runs after his brother.*]

Cyrillus. Like parents, like children!

Enter ADELAIDE, with two water pitchers.

Heaven bless you, noble lady!

Adelaide. And you, reverend abbot.

Cyrillus. It is, then, true? I thought that Ottonar had told me a falsehood.

Adelaide. That he dare not, even though in jest. What was it that you would not credit?

Cyrillus.—(*Pointing at the pitchers.*)—Your descent to the employment of a menial.

Adelaide. Does this surprise you, reverend abbot? You may, perhaps, mistake it for ostentation, since I have so many servants, and an industrious wife may be employed to better purpose, than in bringing water from the well. I will explain it. To you my birth is not a secret. Eight years are on this day elapsed, since I went down with these same pitchers to yonder well. My tears were mingled with the water; for, you may remember, at that time the Vandals had just robbed me of my father, the only prop of my poor helpless youth. Sir Theobald saw me, loved me, and made me the happiest of women. Shall I not celebrate this day? Long as I live, these pitchers shall retain their place among my bridal ornaments. Never do I fail, upon this day, as soon as I have finished my morning prayer, to visit yonder well. My reason tells me that it is to recollect my former lowliness. My heart tells me that it is to call to my remembrance the first words, the first looks, of my dear Theobald.

Cyrillus. This is commendable, noble lady. But beware lest your affection should become idolatry.

Adelaide. Oh, that my affection were capable of increase! Am I not indebted to him for every thing? Without him what had I been? A deserted orphan, turned out into the wide world, and exposed to every violence. The tears of sorrow flowed

into these pitchers, and for eight years I have shed none but tears of joy. Oh, that my affection were capable of increase! Oh, that this heart could love more fervently.

Cyrillus.—(*Aside.*)—Torture!

Adelaide.—(*Depressed.*)—For the first time, in all these happy years, he is absent on this day. But, he is fighting for our holy church, and therefore I submit. What think you, reverend father? May he soon return from this excursion?

Cyrillus. As it happens, noble lady. He swore to me that he would level to the earth the heathen villages which lay beyond the Elbe, and destroy the inhabitants with fire and sword. If he should find the wretches unprepared, he may with ease at once annihilate them. If not, the days may be prolonged to weeks.

Adelaide.—(*Raising her hands and eyes.*)—Protect him, God of battles! 'Tis thy holy name for which he fights. Cover him, ye angels, with your wings. Conduct him back victorious, to the bosom of his affectionate wife, to the arms of his children.

Cyrillus.—(*Aside.*)—Here am I again alone with her, and not a single syllable comes forth at my command.

WILIBALD runs into the room.

Wilibald. Mother! The guard upon the tower has blown his horn.

OTTOMAR appears.

Ottomar. Mother! What a many men on horseback! They make a dreadful dust.

Adelaide. Has not the centinel discovered who they are?

Wilibald. They're too far off.

Adelaide. Go then, children, climb upon the turrets, and when they are nearer, come to me again. [*The boys run away.*]

Cyrillus.—(*Somewhat afraid.*)—'Tis not—one would hope—any hostile surprise.

Adelaide. Oh, fear it not, reverend abbot. My husband has no quarrels with his neighbours. Perhaps they may be guests; then I am only sorry Sir Theobald is abroad. Perhaps, too, they may pass on the left to Ermersdorf.

Re-enter WILIBALD and OTTOMAR, with a shout of joy.

Both. Mother! Mother! My father's coming! My father's coming.

Adelaide. My Theobald!—(*Rushes out, followed by Wilibald and Ottomar.*)

Cyrillus.—(*As if thunderstruck.*)—Ten thousand devils!—Father Benjamin! Father Benjamin! This is unpardonable.

ACT THE SECOND.

The Stage represents a place in front of the Castle of Wulfingen. In the back-ground is a part of the Castle, surrounded by a moat, over which is a draw-bridge that falls when the curtain rises.

ADELAIDE, CYRILLUS, WILIBALD, and OTTOMAR,
pass swiftly from the castle gate, over the bridge.

Adelaide. Oh, that I may not be deceived!

Wilibald. No, mother, no! The guard on the tower knew my father's armour perfectly, and the white crest upon his helmet; and Father Benjamin was trotting behind him on the mule.

Cyrillus. I congratulate you, noble lady.

Adelaide. Reverend abbot, I thank you. Run children. Climb up the hill, and tell me when they approach.

Both.—(*Running up the hill.*)—Huzza! My father's coming! My father's coming!

Cyrillus.—(*Concealing his vexation beneath a smile.*)—What transport these children feel.

Adelaide. Oh! Mine is not more sedate. Willingly would I run with them over every stone, were it but becoming in a wife. And why should it not? Custom and Fashion are fell tyrants, and they impose their bondage even upon love and tenderness. Children, can you distinguish nothing?

Wilibald.—(*Holding his hand above his eyes.*)—The sun dazzles me.

Ottomar.—(*Raising himself upon his toes.*)—Ottomar's so little, mother.

Cyrellus.—(In a tone of derision.)—It would seem as if the Knight had but been paying a familiar visit.

Adelaide.—(Emphatically.)—He has, I cannot doubt it, done his duty, and that he has done it in so short a time, deserves your thanks as the author of the expedition, and mine as the expectant wife. Wilibald, can you see nothing?

Wilibald. Dust, dear mother, a great deal of dust, and amongst it something glitters like arms.

Cyrellus.—(In a tone of derision.)—If they raise as much dust on their return, as at their departure, 'tis a happy sign that no one can have lost his life in the excursion.

Adelaide. I know not, reverend abbot, what inference I am to draw from your remarks. Do you mean to attack the honour of Sir Theobald; or, why do you insult my ear with such discourse?

Cyrellus. Not so, noble lady——

Adelaide. Not so, reverend abbot. I am not disposed for any interruption to my joy. Wilibald, can you still discover nothing?

Wilibald.—(Claps his hands.)—Huzza, dear mother! It is my father! It is my father! I know his grey horse; and great Bevys is riding behind him, and Father Benjamin upon the mule.

Ottomar. I see them all, too, mother.

Adelaide. I thank thee, oh God, that thou hast listened to my fervent prayer, and thrown my dark presages to the winds!

Cyrellus. Presages, noble lady! Have you ever felt their influence?

Adelaide. Presages, or nervous terror—call the sensation what you will. With fearful heart I always have surveyed the steed, which was to bear my husband to the heat of battle. But never have I felt what yesterday oppressed me. Methought

a world was laid upon me! Methought a gulph divided me from my beloved Theobald! Heaven be praised! 'Twas but ideal. My imagination catches suck quick alarm.

Cyrillus. Be not so quick in your conclusions. Presages are the warnings of the Almighty. 'Tis true your husband now returns in health. For this we render thanks to God and to Saint Norbert. Yet is there nothing but life, for which you tremble? I know, full well, fair lady, that strict fidelity lies nearer to the heart of one, who loves like you. How if—(which Heaven forefend, but our tempter is ever on the watch)—how if Satan, in an enticing moon-light night, should have availed himself of some fair heathen, to ensnare the pious knight. I have seen these fiery dames. Lust is their idol. Modesty can find no sanctuary with them; and Sir Theobald, as they say, inherited warm blood from old Sir Hugo.

Adelaide.—(*Smiling.*)—Reverend abbot, if you would not mistake the jest, I should freely tell you, that you bear poison on your tongue.—But hark! I hear the sound of horses' hoofs already echo through the valley. Come, children! Quick to to meet your father!—(*Runs with Wilibald and Ottomar to the side where Theobald approaches.*)

Cyrillus.—(*Aside.*)—Damnation! She is armed on every side.

Enter SIR THEOBALD, the MONK, BERTRAM,
&c. &c.

Adelaide.—(*Throwing her arms round Theobald's neck.*)—My husband! So soon returned!

Theobald.—(*Rallying.*)—Not too soon, I hope?

Adelaide. Banterer! I could almost answer, yes.

Cyrillus.—(*Aside.*)—And I could almost burst with vexation.

Theobald. Never have I made so good an expedition!—Heaven bless you, reverend abbot!—I bring thee, Adelaide, a present, more valuable far than all thy jewels.

Adelaide. Yourself.

Theobald. Wouldst thou make me vain? I have long been thine. No. I restore to thee a stolen treasure, which has cost thee many a tear. May that and I for ever share thy love! Look around. Does thy heart guess nothing?

Adelaide.—(*Espies Bertram, who till now has been standing, full of terror, among the attendants, and flies into his arms.*)—My father!

Bertram.—(*Returns her embrace, but sorrow and confusion overspread his countenance.*)—My dear daughter!

Adelaide. Oh! This is more than all my warmest hopes. Almighty Providence! I have no words to thank thee. Grant me tears! Oh, grant me tears! And is it really you, whom I thus fold in my arms? Alas! I feared that you had long since sunk beneath the weight of age and grief. I cannot look at you enough. You are just the same, except that your hair is somewhat more grey. Oh, God! I have no words. My thanks are swimming in these tears. Dear father, I am married. These are my children. Come hither Wilibald and Ottomar. This is your grandfather. Embrace his knees and beg his blessings.—(*Wilibald and Ottomar kneel before Bertram.*)

Bertram.—(*Caressing them by turns, and raising them.*)—Rise! Rise!—If the blessing of an old man—who loves you as his children—can have any influence with the Almighty—I bless you.—God shield you from every misfortune—or give you strength to bear it!

Adelaide. How can misfortune enter into your

thoughts at such a happy hour? All my wishes are fulfilled.

Wilibald. Dear grandfather, kiss me.

Ottomar. And me too, dear grandfather.

Bertram. — (*Kissing them.*) — Sweet boys! — (*Mournfully.*) — Poor good children!

Theobald. Why this tone, honest Bertram? What is wanting to their happiness? Reverend abbot, such a scene as this might draw down angels from the throne of God.

Cyrillus. Fie, Sir Knight! To compare such earthly joys to the blissful contemplation of the Highest.

Theobald. Pardon a layman, to whom the enthusiasm of religion has not yet lent wings to soar into the third Heaven.

Cyrillus. Enthusiasm, do you call it? You heap levity on levity. But I pardon you, for the sake of that good work which you have done. Your return was very sudden. Doubtless you have rooted out the heathen tribes, overturned their altars, abolished their idols, and brought their gold and silver chalice for the service of the church.

Theobald. I have done all that I could: I have done more than I ought. My oath, as a knight, bound me, with fire and sword to exterminate the heathen idols, and erect the holy cross among them. Father Benjamin can testify I have fulfilled my oath.

Cyrillus. 'Tis well. But as the angel of the Lord assuredly was with your arms, why did you not proceed to all the neighbouring tribes, spreading destruction throughout the heathen territories?

Theobald. Because—hear it once for all, reverend abbot—because my sword shall never fall again on those, who never injured me. If they be sheep, which wander in the desert, let the right path be pointed out to them, but let them not be led to

slaughter. I, at least, have no desire to be the butcher.

Cyrillus. Knight!

Theobald. Abbot!

Cyrillus. Do you pretend to dictate to the church?

Theobald. Oh, no, reverend abbot! I know my duties, and fulfil them. But, will you not participate our joy? Look round, and read, in every eye, the wish to spend in pure tranquillity a day, which Heaven has so singularly marked.

Adelaide. What can be the matter, my dear father? You seem uneasy.

Bertram. I am not well.

Adelaide. Come in. You want rest? To-day, so many different sensations have crowded on each other——

Bertram. True! True!

Adelaide. Come, then. Lean on me, that I may take you to a quiet chamber.

Bertram. Not in this castle, my dear Adelaide. I am not used to live within huge walls and towers. Let me return to my old hut.

Adelaide. Your hut is in ruins, uninhabited, and exposed to every blast. Allow me the pleasure of attending on you.

Bertram.—(*With forced acknowledgment.*)—I must be left alone—or I shall die at your feet. I will have no other dwelling than my former hut.

Theobald. Your will is to your children a command. I will instantly dispatch my people to repair your hut, and provide it with every convenience. Meanwhile, use the best chamber in my castle, and let a chearful meal complete the pleasure of this day. Reverend abbot, is it your pleasure to follow us?

Cyrillus. When I have fulfilled the duties of my office.

Theobald. Till then, farewell! [*Exeunt Theobald, Bertram, Wilibald, Ottomar, &c.*]

Cyrillus.—(*Looking at the Monk, with extreme gravity.*)—Well, father?

Monk.—(*With great humility.*)—What does my worthy superior command?

Cyrillus. Yes! Pretend that you have executed all my plans, and justified my confidence in you.

Monk. My conscience acquits me.

Cyrillus. Indeed! Then I wish you joy of an easy conscience. You know not, I presume, how much I wished for time, how much I wished to plunge Sir Theobald from danger into danger, if possible to cause his death,—at least his absence for many weeks. You knew not that these were my only reasons for promoting the excursion?—Speak!—

Monk. How can I be ignorant that such were your intentions? Yet have I done every thing to prolong the expedition. I have not been content with empty words. I seized a sword, I plunged into the throng, and often was besmeared with hostile blood.

Cyrillus. Yes, forsooth! You have done so much, that nothing now remains for me to do, and I perhaps may wait in vain whole years, for such an opportunity. Will you not retire to rest after your numerous fatigues? You will scarcely recognize your cell—'tis so long since you forsook it. [*Exit.*

Monk. I must follow, and endeavour to appease him, by proving I have done my duty. [*Exit.*

Sir HUGO of Wulfingen, *in the habit of a pilgrim, appears upon the summit of the hill, which is opposite to the castle.*

Hugo. Ha! There it is! There is Wulfingen!—Hail, castle of my fathers! Hail, ye moss-grown towers! In blooming manhood I forsook you. In drooping age I now again behold you. I left these

gates, accompanied by a hundred valiant warriors. The swords of the Saracens have slain them, and I return alone.—(*Descends the hill, and, for a few moments, surveys the castle with great emotion.*)—All is as I left it. No stone is broken: no tree is fallen. I could almost fancy that the swallows' nests against the wall were still the same. There, in the shade of yonder towering oak, I, for the last time, pressed to my heart my weeping wife, and blessed the child, that hung upon my knee. There, beneath the roof of yonder straw-thatched cottage, I, for the last time, held the infant in my arms, the offspring of my crime, the source of my never-ceasing anguish. Alas! What a crowd of sensations, which have slept for three and twenty years, wake in this solemn moment! Great God of Heaven! I thank thee, that thy angel, through so many perils, has thus brought me to the habitation of my fathers, were it but to lay my sapless bones with theirs.—How my heart beats! even more than at the storm of Ptolemais. Each tree, each stone could I ask, is my wife, and is my son alive?—The windows of the castle are foresaken: the bridge is down: no reaper in the field. Here peace must reign, or the plague must have exhausted its fury.—Thou guardian angel of my latter days! Whisper to me whether joy awaits me in this castle: Or, shall I return again to Palestine, and seek some heap of earth where the poor pilgrim may repose in peace for ever?

WILIBALD and OTTOMAR come from the castle.

Ottomar. Come, brother! I'll shew you the nest, that I found yesterday.

Wilibald. Is it high? Must one climb?

Ottomar. No. It's only in a low bush.

Wilibald. Then I don't want to see it

Ottomar. Why not?

Wilibald. Where there is neither trouble nor danger, there can be no pleasure.

Hugo. Two sweet boys! My heart throbs.

Ottomar. Look, brother, at that man with a long beard. Let us go.

Wilibald. No. We'll speak to him.

Ottomar. I'm afraid.

Wilibald. Then go, and look for your nest.—(To Hugo.)—Who are you, old man?

Hugo. A pilgrim from Palestine.

Wilibald. From Palestine! Do you bring any news of my grandfather

Hugo. Your grandfather! Who is your grandfather?

Wilibald.—(With pride.)—The valiant Sir Hugo of Wulfingen. Have you ever heard of him?

Hugo.—(Scarcely able to contain himself.)—I believe I have.

Wilibald.—(Contemptuously.)—You believe you have! You have not heard of him, or you would not have forgotten it.

Hugo.—(Turning aside, and trembling with joy.) Oh, God! What a boy is this! And this is my blood! Compose thyself, old man. Thy hour is not yet come.

Ottomar.—(To his brother.)—What is he muttering to himself?

Wilibald. I believe he's thinking of some lie.

Hugo. Allow me to ask a question, my dear boy. Who is the knight that dwells in yonder castle?

Wilibald. Sir Theobald of Wulfingen, my father.

Ottomar.—(Raising his voice above Wilibald's.)—And my father too.

Hugo.—(Turning away, with the utmost possible energy.)—God of Heaven! I thank thee. One question more. You spoke of your grandfather,

who went to Palestine.—(*With tremulous utterance.*)

—Have you then still a—grandmother?

Wilibald. No. She has long been dead.

Hugo.—(*Trembles and slowly repeats the words.*)

—Has long been dead!—(*Aside, sorrowfully.*)—

Margaretta!—(*Endeavours to compose himself.*)—

Dear children, I am faint and weary. Dare I beg a crust of bread, and a cup of wine?

Both. Directly.—(*They are running to the castle.*)

Hugo. And if your father would allow me a night's lodging in the castle——

Wilibald. I'll ask my mother. My father's just returned from battle, and asleep. I daren't wake him. Ottomar, stay here till I come back.

Ottomar.—(*Running after him.*)—I won't stay alone with that long-bearded man.

[*Exeunt Wilibald and Ottomar.*]

Hugo. Oh, God! Have then the sufferings of three and twenty years at last appeased thee? Is it then true, that I shall yet find happiness? Hast thou, too, forgiven me, oh, Margaretta, my acknowledged wife? Didst thou not quit this world with a curse upon my head? Yes. I am unworthy of the bliss which now awaits me. Let me but have happy tidings of my Adelaide, and angels may envy my old age. What boys! Scarcely could I refrain from folding them in my arms. Of what race may their mother be? Early has she sown the seed of love and honour in their hearts. God reward her for it! Right glad I am, that no one here can recognize me. The hearts of my son and daughter-in-law will lie open to me. I shall try their kindness and their hospitality. I shall see whether Theobald still remembers his old father, whether he wishes his return, whether he will shed a tear for his death. What a scene, if all should happen as I wish! Let me only be upon my guard, lest a father's heart too soon betray itself.

Enter ADELAIDE, WILIBALD, and OTTOMAR.

The Boys. There he is, mother! There he is!—
(*They run to him with a cup of wine and crust of bread.*)

Hugo. Heaven reward you, noble lady! And you too, good children!

Adelaide. You are welcome, old man. If my boys have understood you properly, you are come direct from Palestine.

Hugo. Noble lady, it is true. I have passed through Greece, Bulgaria, and Hungary. For five long months I have contended against hunger, thirst, and all the hardships of this life. Oft has Heaven been my roof, and the cold earth my bed. Oft have I sought whole days, in vain, a spring where I might quench my thirst—a hut where I might beg a piece of bread.

Adelaide. What, at your age, could induce you to attempt so long a journey?

Hugo. My earnest wish to see my native country once again, to die where I was born, to have my eyes closed by the hand of my children.

Adelaide. Have you children too? Oh! How will they rejoice!

Hugo. So says a father's heart.

Adelaide. Each day of absence, when friends meet again, is a fresh drop in the cup of joy. Be thankful to Heaven, old man, for such bliss as yours is dealt with a sparing hand. My husband also had a father, who, more than twenty years ago, followed our Emperor to the Holy Land. There probably he perished. Have you, in your travels, never heard the name of Sir Hugo of Wulfingen?

Hugo. Sure have I, noble lady. Still more, I bear a message from him to his son.

Adelaide.—(With extreme eagerness.)—Indeed! Speak! Is he alive?

Hugo. He is.

Adelaide. And your message?—

Hugo. I can confide to none but Sir Theobald.

Adelaide. Enter then with me.

Hugo. Pardon me, noble lady. I have made a vow never to enter house or castle till the sun has set.

Adelaide. Run, then, children! Wake your father, and tell him instantly to come here.—(They obey.)—May I be a witness of your conversation?

Hugo. I request it.

Adelaide. At length our fervent prayer is heard. Oh, that we still may hope to sweeten his declining days!

Hugo. Pardon my curiosity, fair lady. It arises not from forwardness. Dare I ask from what race Sir Theobald chose his wife?

Adelaide.—(Somewhat confused.)—Dare I answer you from womankind?

Hugo. I do not understand you.

Adelaide. I mean, that if domestic virtues flourish but in one generation, I can have no pretensions to them. My ancestors possessed no castles: their names were never known in heraldry. But, if fidelity, piety, and virtue, have any claim upon a knight's affections, I will not change my heart for that of any noble lady.

Hugo.—(Somewhat struck.)—Then you are not of noble origin?

Adelaide. No, old man—yet not on that account ignoble. I am but the daughter of a boor. My father has no other title than—an honest man.

Hugo.—(Aside.)—Now, old fool! Again stumbling over childish prejudice! After being twenty years in search of wisdom, on the first, the happiest occasion reverting to thy nurse's whims!

Adelaide. My declaration seems to have surprised you. Perhaps you are acquainted with Sir Hugo's sentiments upon this subject. Will he think me unworthy to be called his daughter?

Hugo. Fear it not, noble lady. As far as I can answer for him, he is incapable of such injustice. At first it may have some effect, and cause a frown upon his forehead; for you know not how difficult it is to shake off the prejudices of our childhood. Proud, and assured of having trod them under foot, still they will often rise again. Yet sure I am, Sir Hugo's forehead will be clouded for one moment only; and when he sees and hears that you, by steadfast love deserve your husband's heart; that you fulfil, with diligent attention, the duties of a mother, he will not deny his blessing on the union.

Adelaide. Your consolation crowns my happiness. Yes, the purest tenderness once joined our hearts, and for eight years it never has been interrupted.

Hugo.—(*Almost forgetting himself.*)—Then may Heaven pour its choicest blessings on you!—(*Recollecting himself.*)—This I may freely beg in Hugo's name.

Adelaide.—(*With uplifted hands.*)—Oh, all ye host of Heaven! Conduct him to our arms, quick as our wishes. How happy will I make his latter days! With what care and tenderness will I watch over him! How will my prattlers hang upon his knees, play the dull hours away, and read his smallest wishes in his eyes!

Hugo.—(*Aside, deeply affected.*)—Oh, God! Dash from my lips this teeming cup of joy, lest in my intoxication I forget my gratitude to thee.

Adelaide. There comes my husband.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—Be steadfast, old man.

Enter SIR THEOBALD, WILIBALD, and OTTOMAR.

Theobald. Where is the pilgrim, who has named my father? Welcome with this hand! Thou art the messenger of God.

Hugo. Sir Knight, I greet you. The Lord be with you, and with your house.

Theobald. Thou hast known my father! Speak! My heart yearns to hear thy message.

Hugo. For more than twenty years, Hugo of Wulfingen has been my friend. I have fought at his side in Parthia, Media, Mesopotamia, and Persia. Oft, with fraternal care, we bound each others wounds, inflicted by the sabres of our enemies. Oft, with fraternal love, we shared the last dry crust, the last poor draught; until the wayward chance of war divided us. For when the Emperor Frederick died, he went towards Askelon, with English Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion. There was the battle between Saladin and us. Fierce and bloody was the contest. Many a valiant knight was left upon the field. Among the rest your father was supposed to have fallen, and I spent many tedious years in vain enquiries after him. At length, weary with toil, I, eight months since, resolved on my return to this my native land, when, unexpectedly, I found old Hugo among the Sultan's prisoners in Babylon.

Adelaide and Theobald. A prisoner!

Hugo. Thus it is, Sir Knight. He pines away in grievous thralldom. How was his visage altered! Scarcely could I recollect the features of my friend. His cheeks were sallow—his eyes sunk—his beard long and knotted. With tears he threw his arms and chains around my neck, lamenting that he saw no end to his miserable days. He showed me his bed: it was a stone—A potsherd filled with water was his drink—A little rice was all his meagre diet.

Theobald. O, my unhappy father?

Hugo. "Alas," said he, "dear Robert, thou see'st the base condition in which I languish, the chains that gall my hands and feet. But how my body is exhausted by the noon-tide heat, and labours to which I am not enured; how the blood gushes from my back upon my keeper's whip; how the cold dews, and the unwholesome damps of night, rob me of sleep, of health, and peace,—this, friend, thou dost not see."

Theobald. Hold, I beseech thee, hold! Each word is a dagger to my heart.—(*Adelaide weeps.*)

Hugo. "Thou," continued he, "thou happy man, art now returning to thy native country. May the Almighty be thy guide! But, shouldst thou pass my castle, commend me to my wife, if she be still alive, and my son Theobald. Paint to them all that my age is forced to suffer. Awake in their bosoms the feelings of a wife and son, that they may quickly gather all that Heaven has given them, and hasten to relieve from cruel bondage, a husband and a father. Meanwhile, farewell! I shall count the days of thy pilgrimage, and on this stone will I pray, during the long long nights, that angels may direct thee on thy way."

Theobald. Thanks, worthy old man, thanks for thus faithfully fulfilling his directions! Quick! What is his ransom?

Hugo.—(*Shrugging his shoulders.*)—Ten thousand gold bizantines.

Theobald. 'Tis much: 'Tis very much. But God will lend his assistance. We must sell our castle, my dear wife, we must convert every thing into money, and do the utmost we are able.

Adelaide. With all my heart, dear Theobald! This moment I will bring my jewels, golden clasps, and bracelets.

Wilibald. And you shall have my dollar too.

Ottomar.—(*Sorrowfully.*)—Have I nothing to give?

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—My heart will break.

Theobald.—(*Embracing Adelaide.*)—I thank thee, my good wife. I thank you, children. This moment binds my heart to you for ever.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—And mine too.

Theobald. We will retire to a cottage, and till the earth. Bread we shall never want, and instead of luxuries, let us feast on the delightful expectation, that we shall liberate my poor old father. I hasten to the abbot. He has long coveted my demesnes. When he knows my wants, he will pay but niggardly. It matters not, if he will only give us what we want directly.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—I can refrain no longer.

Theobald. Enter, old man, and refresh yourself with what my castle contains. My wife will let you want for nothing.—See! Here comes Bertram—let him be a partaker of our joyous hopes.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—True, 'tis Bertram. Oh that I durst but call to him: "Where is my daughter?"

Enter BERTRAM from the castle.

Bertram. You have left me quite alone.

Theobald. Come hither. Grieve and rejoice with us. This pilgrim brings an account of Sir Hugo, my father. He is a slave in Babylon. But this day I'll sell my castle and demesnes, cast all at the Sultan's feet, and conduct my father back in triumph.

Bertram.—(*Fixes his eyes distinctly on Hugo.*)—How is this? Sure I am not deceived!—Those features—

Hugo. Thou art not deceived. I am he.

Bertram.—(*Throws himself with a loud cry at Hugo's feet.*)—Sir Hugo!—My master!

(At these words all start, utter broken sounds of joy, astonishment, and admiration, and surround the old man. Theobald and Adelaide hang upon his neck, while Wilibald and Ottomar embrace his knees. The curtain falls.)

ACT THE THIRD.

A saloon in the castle. On the walls hang eight pictures, large as life, the ancestors of the race of Wulfingen.

Enter SIR HUGO, clad in armour, and BERTRAM.

Hugo. Here we are secure. Here we shall not be overheard by monks or women. Come nearer! Answer me! Read the question in my eyes.

Bertram.—*(With fearful hesitation.)*—You wish for information of your daughter?

Hugo. Tedious babbler! How can this climate make these men so cold? Speak! Speak! Be not so sparing of thy words.

Bertram. Ah!

Hugo. A sigh! I understand thee. She is dead. Another soul is gone, to denounce vengeance against me, at the throne of God.

Bertram. Would to God that she were dead!

Hugo. What say'st thou? Is she dishonoured?

Bertram. Sir Knight, prepare yourself for a recital—To you the world is not unknown.—You are well aware what chance—fate—Oh, God! My tongue denies its office, Your hair will bristle towards

Heaven, your blood congeal with horror in your veins.

Hugo. To whom dost thou say this? I have lived full sixty years. For five and thirty, I have been a Knight. Since I forsook the cradle I have been the sport of fortune, have learnt to distinguish truth from error. If she be not dishonoured, speak! I am prepared for all.

Bertram. For fifteen years, your daughter was educated as my own. She increased in stature, beauty, worth. She enchanted every youth, attended on my age, and managed, at my wife's decease, my little household. Never did any one suspect her to be other than the real daughter of old Bertram. My wife carried the secret with her to the grave. I alone was able to solve the mystery of her descent. I knew your sentiments, Sir Knight, I resolved never to withdraw the veil, which covered what was past; and, as she now had reached a proper age, I cast my eyes around, in search of some good lad, who would promote her happiness.

Hugo. Right, old man! Such was my wish.

Bertram. The inscrutable designs of Providence have willed it otherwise. Once, on a festival, in honour of our guardian Saint, the villagers proceeded early to the abbey, leaving behind them only the old people. I granted my daughter permission to accompany her friends, as I myself was unable to attend her. The neighbouring Vandals had waited for this moment, when all our strength was absent. They fell upon our village, where not more than fifty persons were left, plundered our dwellings, drove away our cattle, and took the old men prisoners, who had staid behind—among the rest, myself. Eight years passed away. I was a slave among the heathens: My daughter dead to me, and I to her. But this morning---(Oh! why

have I survived it?)---but this fatal morning, I was released from bondage by your son. I came, and found your daughter—in the arms of her brother.

Hugo.—(*Starts like a man, who suddenly espies a phantom, but has courage enough to run towards it, and unmask it. The muscles of his face for some moments, express an inward struggle, which, however, soon subsides. That serenity, which ever accompanies firmly-rooted principles, resumes its place in his countenance, and he returns to Bertram.*)—Well! Proceed.

Bertram.---(*Astonished.*)---Proceed! Pardon me, Sir Knight. Anguish has robbed you of your senses, or you have not understood me.

Hugo. Nor one, nor the other. I still am waiting for the dreadful story, which will cause my hair to bristle towards Heaven.

Bertram. Blessed virgin! Is not this dreadful enough? Your son, the husband of your daughter ---your grandsons sprung from incest---your family subjected to the church's ban!---

Hugo. Is Adelaide faithless? Is my son a robber? Are my grandsons villains?

Bertram. Oh no, no! There lies all the misery. They love each other with such sincere affection, and yet must part for ever. They have children too, who resemble angels, and these little innocents they must resign to scorn and infamy.

Hugo. Must! And who shall force them?

Bertram. Heavens! Can you ask, Sir Knight? Are you a christian, and would suffer this abomination?

Hugo. Why not? Old man, thy scruples I can pardon. Papal superstition has instilled them, ignorance of the world has nursed them, and custom given them gigantic strength.---But, let us view, a little closer, the shadow which so much startles thee. What mischief can ensue from this connexion? Two hearts attached by a double tie, what

increase can their love, their happiness admit? A mother by a brother, are not the children still more precious? Are not the parents still more amiable?

Bertram. All true, Sir Knight. But——

Hugo. Hold! The picture is not half complete. I have but painted them within the castle: Let us now look without. Can a good father and a tender husband be a bad neighbour? Can he covet his neighbour's property, who, with *this* wife, and *these* children, thinks himself far richer than a prince?

Bertram. Just and true, Sir Knight. But the sin——

Hugo. Sin! Whom does it affect? Not *me*. Perhaps *thee*. Be easy, old man. This phantom too I dare be sworn I can dissolve. Yet, there are higher duties, thou wilt say, than I have mentioned, duties towards God.——

Bertram. Alas! There it rests——

Hugo. Hold again! Will he pray less fervently? And mark! His prayer is not the urgent and insatiable coveting of riches and of honours. 'Tis gratitude, which streams from a contented heart. Will he fight less bravely for his country and the church, than the vagabond, whose courage is not fired by any thought on wife and child? Will he with less piety receive the holy sacrament, when he beholds the companion of his life devoutly kneeling by his side? Will the pangs of conscience, in his last hour, assail him, because, true to the impulse of nature, he has given to his native land two useful citizens, to the world two honest men, to Heaven two angels? No! No! No! With joyful assurance will he appear, accompanied with his wife and children, before the throne of the Almighty, receive his sentence without trembling, and join his voice to the Hallelujahs of the blessed.——

Bertram. But God's absolute commandment that we should not——

Hugo. I know what thou wouldst say. God's first commandment was the happiness of us, his creatures. This commandment is as old as the creation. It extends to every nation, every religion. What God, through the mouth of Moses, established for the welfare of a single state, what perhaps, may really promote the welfare of every state, must, at least, be subject to exceptions, and never was a case more worthy of exception.—Here then, old man, give me thy hand with confidence, and let this secret be concealed for ever. Still let Adelaide be Bertram's daughter. Rejoice with me at the happiness of our children. Rejoice with me, and be silent.

Bertram. As God may have mercy on me in my dying hour, I cannot, Sir Knight, I cannot. That inward consciousness of an avenging God rises in opposition to your arguments. You have addressed my senses: They are weak. Address my heart, and I will listen to you.

Hugo. Thy heart! Shall I paint the misery, which thou bring'st upon us all? Shall I describe the horrible distresses of my children, and my grandchildren—the despair of thy old master? Shall I—(unwillingly I do it)—shall I remind thee of the many kindnesses, which I poured first on thy old parents, and since on thee?

Bertram.—(*Falling and embracing his knees.*)—Oh, no, dear Sir! To you I am obliged for all. 'Tis written in my heart. But pay more reverence to God than man. Sacrifice the temporal rather than risk the eternal. Oh! could you feel the pangs of hell, which rage within me, you would have compassion on me. Oh, that I could erase the tale of horror from my recollection! At least, let me shake the burden from my heart at the confession chair. Our reverend abbot—

Hugo.—(*With grim ferocity.*)—Peace! Listen to

me, for the last time. If the misery of my children, the distresses of their boys, the despair of thy benefactor, can have no effect upon thee, hear this solemn oath, which, on the word and honour of a knight, I pledge in the ear of the Almighty. If, with a single look, a syllable, or sign, thou darest to hint at this our secret, with my own hand I'll plunge my sword into thy heart.

Bertram. Do with your servant as may be your will. My last breath shall bless you. But my troubled conscience orders me, in terms more dreadful than your oath, to ensure the salvation of my soul. As yet your children may do penance for their sin, and through temporal misery ascend to spiritual bliss. But tell me, what can I answer, when your son appears before the dread tribunal of the Judge, and thus accuses me? "This man was privy to it. He concealed the impious secret. He robbed me of the only means by which my soul could have been rescued from damnation."

Hugo. Hear me, Bertram. Wilt thou be easy, if my son, when told of all, should think as I do?

Bertram.—(*Scrupulously.*)—Then—perhaps—I might——

Hugo. Go then, and send him hither.

Bertram. How! Would you——

Hugo. I will myself disclose the secret to him; but, at first without a witness. Be thou at hand, and wait till called.

Bertram.—(*As he leaves the saloon.*)—Oh, all ye saints! Have pity on a poor old man, bending beneath the weight of conscience! [Goes.]

Hugo. Such are the cursed fruits of superstition! But what must I expect in this approaching hour? Theobald must be tried, ere I venture the discovery. Should he be so weak as to prefer the dogmas of a monk to the everlasting law of nature—should his head and heart too be swayed by bigotry, let my

tongue be silent, and let Bertram die. 'Tis better that one, already on the brink of the grave, should be a victim to his blindness, than that my whole race should fall a sacrifice to prejudice, and sink for ever.

Enter SIR THEOBALD.

Theobald. You have sent for me, my father.

Hugo. My son, come nearer. We are alone. I have much to ask of thee, and much to say to thee. I left thee a boy, occupied in climbing among the wood, and stripping the hazel of its nuts. Thou art now become a man, and thy amusement is to break a lance in combat. Hast thou acquired fame at any tournament?

Theobald. Twice, my father. At Worms and Regensburg. Both times in presence of our Emperor.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Hast thou ever been engaged in honourable quarrels, and settled them as well becomes a knight?

Theobald. Thrice for my friends, and for myself but once.

Hugo. Why that once, and against whom?

Theobald. Against Conrad of Rudolsheim. His servants had been guilty of disorders in a neighbouring village, had seized a woman and destroyed a house, and he refused reparation.

Hugo. When didst thou make a peace with him?

Theobald. When he was conquered.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Hast thou never lost thy shield?

Theobald. Never, my father.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Hast thou any wounds?

Theobald. Five.

Hugo. All on thy breast?

Theobald.— (*Rather hurt.*)—All, my father.—

(*With exalted heat.*)—In the abbey of Ermersdorf hangs a hostile banner. I placed it there.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Who instructed thee in arms?

Theobald. My uncle.

Hugo. Who conferred knighthood on thee?

Theobald. Duke Henry, the Lion, of Brunswick.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Thus far 'tis all right well. Embrace me.

Theobald.—(*Embracing him.*)—And now, my father—

Hugo. Hold! Our account is not yet settled. How long is it since thy mother died?

Theobald. Nine years. She expired in my arms, and was buried with the bones of our fathers.

Hugo.—(*Turning away.*)—Margaretta!—(*To Theobald.*)—Did she die calmly?

Theobald. Calmly and full of hope. She died as she had lived. She blessed yourself and me.—(*Extremely moved.*)—Oh, my father! Will you open all my wounds afresh?

Hugo. 'Tis well. Who gave thee instructions in religion?

Theobald. Father Bernard, a monk of the Premonstrantes.

Hugo. This is not well. Which of thy duties is to thee most sacred?

Theobald. My father, I have not considered this. To me they are all sacred.

Hugo. Right, my son, but not all of equal weight. Duty towards God is the first duty—next honour—then love—and then the church.—Or, makest thou no distinction between God and the church?

Theobald. The church is in the place of God.

Hugo. But is not always the mouth of God.—Hear me, my son. Receive and ponder my discourse. After sixty years of cool experience, a father now addresses his only, his beloved son, whose happiness will ever be his warmest wish.

To-day, or to-morrow, I may be gone With a lie upon my tongue I durst not look into eternity.— Hear me, ye spirits of my ancestors! You I summon, as witnesses of the truth. Strike me with icy numbness, and spit sharp venom on me, if this last branch receive destructive doctrines from me:— (*Kneels down.*)—and Thou, Eternal Being, whom I worship, take from me the bitterness of this hour, and let it overtake me on my death-bed! Praise be unto thee that I have found him an intrepid knight: but let me find him likewise resolutely steadfast—with a heart equal to his courage.—Let me find him iron towards prejudice—wax towards love and honour.

Theobald. Your discourse, dear father——

Hugo. My son, more than three hundred years are passed away, since Hans of Wulfingen built this castle. He was the first of all our race, whose own valour girded on his loins the sword of knighthood. Our Emperor Conrad first dubbed him in the year nine hundred and twelve, upon the very field where he had shed his blood, in fighting for his native country against Hungary. He married Wulfhild of Sickingen, and from love towards her, he called this castle Wulfingen. He was slain in a quarrel for an image of St. Paul, which his attendants had secretly suffered to be stolen. This, his son, — (*Pointing to the second picture.*)—Egbert of Wulfingen, was accused of having murdered one Count Baldwin. The sacred tribunal, before which he was tried obliged him to attest his innocence by the sword. He was slain; but his last breath affirmed the accusation to be false and villanous.— (*Pointing to the third picture.*)—His son, Maximilian of Wulfingen asserted, at some jovial banquet, that the image of the Virgin Mary, which worked miracles at Emmerick, was a pious fraud. He was, in consequence, secretly assassinated by the instigation of

the monks.—(*Pointing to the fourth picture.*)—His son, Henry of Wulfingen, not profiting by the example of his father, dared to utter some unmeaning words against the Pope's authority, was subjected to the ban, and forsaken by his friends, died broken-hearted.—(*Pointing to the fifth picture.*)—His son, Albert of Wulfingen, fearful and weak, from the example of his fathers, and the education of a monk, gave half his fortune to the cloisters, endowed the church with many of his best demesnes, died with a relique in his hand, and was almost canonized.—(*Pointing to the sixth picture.*)—His son, Herman of Wulfingen, went on an excursion to convert the heathens to our christian faith. His heart betrayed him. He became attached to a fair heathen, and was compelled to leave her, because she continued faithful to the idolatry of her forefathers. He married Maria of Simmern, who bore one son, but ill supplied to him the place of the good heathen. He arrived at a discontented old age, and died.—(*Pointing to the seventh picture.*)—My grandfather, Otto of Wulfingen, from some long smothered resentment, was assaulted by three villains of the house of Leiningen, as he was returning, somewhat weary, from the chace. They slew him, and took refuge in a Benedictine cloister, where, for a sum of money, they were pardoned in the name of God, and not a mortal dared to bring an accusation.—(*Pointing to the eighth picture.*)—My father, Francis of Wulfingen, wishing to revenge his father's death, and enraged in a just cause, struck a lay-brother of the Benedictines, was subjected to the ban, excommunicated, and died in misery. Well can I recollect the grief of my poor mother! But of that no more. I myself, my son, I myself have completed the number of unhappy beings, whom superstition has plunged into destruction. I am not ashamed to tell thee, that, for one moment, I have been a villain—

and what man is without such moments? One only wicked deed has been to me the source of endless agony. Thy mother was a good woman, though beauty was not her inheritance. She loved me, while I was but her friend. It was not in my power to press her with ardour to my bosom. For her I seldom felt desire, and often avoided her embraces. Whether she were ever conscious of what passed within me, I am ignorant. She herself—(God reward her for it!) she herself never uttered one harsh word to me, never received me with a frown, and *forced* from me my whole respect. But this was all.—My love—(*Stammers.*)—I must disclose it as a warning to my son—my love was oft bestowed on prostitutes, and every woman but my wife inflamed my passions. Once, on a parching summer's day, I met a lovely creature in the field. Her name was Rosamond. She was an orphan. She had nothing left in this wide world, except her honour—and of that I robbed her.—Thou start'st! Thou shudder'st! Right my son! Let this moment never be erased from thy remembrance. Heaven is my witness I had ever been an upright man—except in this one instance. Dost thou see the tear that starts into my eye? Of these I have shed millions, yet each still scalds my soul as if it were the first. The poor creature bore a girl in secret, and expired. I entrusted the unhappy fruit of my transgression to an honest boor, whose wife had lately been delivered of a dead child. He swore eternal secrecy, and reared the forsaken being as his own daughter.—My peace of mind was gone. In motion, or on my pillow, the pallid image of my Rosamond was floating in my sight. In motion, or on my pillow, her dying groans assailed my ear. To regain tranquillity, I vowed an expedition to the Holy Land against the Saracens, forsook my wife,

my child, and country, to follow our Emperor Frederick the Redbeard, and in the name of God to murder men, who never had offended me. Oft as I plunged my sword into the vitals of a Saracen, I fancied that his blood would cleanse me from my sin. In vain! I writhed myself in anguish on the holy tomb. In vain! I imposed severe penance on myself, and went through many a weary pilgrimage. In vain! Nor scourge, nor absolution, could avail to cure the viperous sting of conscience. At length, I was dangerously wounded in a skirmish, and taken prisoner by the Sultan of Babylon. There, for twenty years, I languished in the fetters of the infidels, till at last, with other Knights, I was ransomed by the Emperor of the Greeks. Weary of a delusive world, full of anxious wishes to behold my family and home, I took a pilgrim's staff, and am, this day, returned.---I find my wife no more, and my daughter---(*Keenly riveting his eye upon his son*)---in the arms of her brother.

Theobald.—(*Petrified with horror.*)—Thunder of Heaven!—(*After a pause, during which he is agitated by the full force of this discovery.*)—Oh, my wife! My children!

Hugo.—(*Closely surveying him, aside.*)—'Tis well.—Speak, my son! What wilt thou do?

Theobald. Take my life, or let me have my Adelaide.

Hugo. Impossible! Thou know'st the prohibition of the Almighty.

Theobald. Then let the Almighty punish me. Why did he suffer me to feel affection for her? I cannot lose her.

Hugo. Dost thou not tremble at the rigour of our church?

Theobald. I laugh at its rigour and its ban. He that robs me of my wife, can plunge me in no deeper misery.

Hugo. Thou must renounce her. I command it.

Theobald. I cannot, my father.

Hugo. My curse be upon thee!

Theobald. I cannot, my father.

Hugo. The curse of thy mother be upon thee, from her grave!

Theobald. And if every stone should curse me, every gust of wind should breathe damnation on me, it matters not.—I cannot.—She is my all.—And my children—

Hugo. 'Tis well. 'Tis right well. Embrace me, my son.

Theobald.—(*Astonished.*)—How, my father!

Hugo. Heaven be praised! Thou hast fulfilled my every hope. Be at ease. I wished to prove thy sentiments. Adelaide is thy sister, but therefore is not less thy wife. Were such a marriage, in such circumstances, sinful before God, he would have planted natural abhorrence in the hearts of both. What is wholesome to society at large, is not always a law for a solitary instance. Be of good courage then, my son, trust in God, love thy wife, endeavour to make thy children honest, and deserve the blessing, which, in this hour, from the fulness of my heart, I bestow upon thee.

Theobald. Heavens! My father! My dear, good father! You awake me to new life. You restore to me my senses. Alas! They were almost gone for ever.

Hugo. Yet must Adelaide suspect nothing of all this. A woman's nerves would be too weak for such a shock. In a woman's soul superstition is too deeply rooted. She would for ever think herself the vilest sinner, and by pious penitence embitter her own days, as well as thine and mine. Let her be, as heretofore, the daughter of old Bertram, and, except ourselves and him, let no one ever dive into the secret. Where is he, that he may enter into this our bond, and chain his oath to ours? Come nearer, Bertram. [*Opens the door.*]

this abomination. No lightning has been launched upon the castle. No hail has spread destruction through the lands of Wulfingen. The husband, who is brother, the wife, sister, the fruits of incest—all are alive, awake each morning to some new delight, adore with cheerful mien their great Creator, and as yet no mark of Heaven's displeasure has fallen on them. God had a mark for fratricide: why not too for incest? Audacious wretch! Darest thou accuse the long-suffering of thy Maker? Darest thou search into his secret ways? Sinner! Has not the Almighty given thee speech, perhaps that thou may'st be the instrument to end this abomination? And wouldst thou be silent? Think on thy last moment, when thou shalt sigh for consolation, when the holy priest shall demand account of all thy sins, and ere thou may'st be able to repeat it, some evil spirit gripes thy throat—when thou shalt long for the sacrament, and receive it but to everlasting damnation—when thou shalt depart with all thy sins upon thy head, and be dragged by demons to the dread tribunal of the Almighty.—Avaunt compassion, and avaunt all fear of man! I must save my soul! I must save my soul! The weight of rocks is thrown upon me! The unfathomable gulph is gaping at my feet!—(*Sinks upon his knees.*)—Holy Virgin, pray for me.

CYRILLUS enters the Saloon.

Cyrillus. The Lord be with thee, pious Bertram.

Bertram. You are sent by the Lord, reverend father.

Cyrillus. What ails thee? Thy eyes roll horribly, as if some heavy sin weighed down thy conscience.

Bertram. Alas! the tempter has tormented me.

Cyrillus. Then throw thyself into the bosom of the church, and thou shalt be at ease. What thus afflicts thy soul?

Bertram. Reverend Sir, you are right, learned, and pious. Do a work of charity, and rid me of my scruples. You know that I lived eight years among the heathens. Many an abomination was I forced to suffer. Many a sin was I obliged to witness. And, if ever I mentioned the Almighty's vengeance, they laughed at me, and said that reason contradicted me.

Cyrillus. Reason without faith is as a board at sea, or an anchor upon land.

Bertram. Among them resided a young couple united by sympathy and love, encircled with sweet children. Peace dwelt beneath their roof, unsullied virtue in their hearts, and yet this couple—(Would you have believed it, reverend abbot?)—were brother and sister.

Cyrillus.—(*Strikes a cross.*)—Oh, God! How long-suffering art thou, that the torrents of thy clouds, and Sodom's liquid sulphur have not yet consumed every dwelling of abomination! And thou, old man, darest to ascribe virtues to such people—sinners, who wantonly transgress the most sacred commandments of our God? who, like the sons and daughters of men in the times of our forefather Noah, daily provoke the Lord to vengeance? Dost thou not know that these seeming virtues are the wiles of the deceiver? I see—(and my heart bleeds) I see that the heathen has corrupted thee. Haste! Haste! Flee for refuge beneath the wings of the mother church! Chasten thy body by fasting and mortification! *Ave Maria, ora pro nobis!*

Bertram.—(*Very much agitated.*)—Then, you think, right learned Sir, that if a true-believing christian—by chance—without knowing it—should have married his sister, such a marriage ought not to be valid.

Cyrillus. Holy Norbert! Thou offendest my ear

by such a question. Incest! Scarcely dares my tongue pronounce the word.

Bertram. Forgive me, reverend abbot, if I wish to dive into the bottom of this matter. Now, if for many years an union, like this, had been to the surrounding country an example of hopeful and well educated children——

Cyrillus. Hold! I shudder. Woe, woe be on the offspring of incestuous intercourse! Or, think'st thou then, that sin is less a sin, because the dreadful consequences are not visible to short-sighted mortals? Think'st thou that a thief is less a thief, because he revels in apparent peace upon the profits of his spoil? Who is able to fathom the long-suffering of God? Who is able to unveil his wise designs, if his arm be slow in launching the avenging bolt?

Bertram. Oh, reverend Sir! Answer me but another question. What must he do, who is privy to a sin like this?

Cyrillus. Go, and deliver up the guilty to offended justice, lest, at the latter day, he be condemned together with them.

Bertram. But if they be his benefactors——

Cyrillus. Who is his first benefactor? God. Who has the first, most sacred claim upon his duty? God.

Bertram. But if he be bound to keep this secret by an oath——

Cyrillus. Woe be upon him, who has, in the delirium of his sins, been led away by such an oath! Has not the church alone the power to bind and to absolve? To break his oath would be the first step towards repentance.

Bertram.—(*Beyond himself, kneels down.*)—Oh, reverend abbot! Hear the confession of a miserable sinner.

Cyrillus.—(*Observing him attentively.*)—No, Ber-

tram.—This place is not proper for the dispensations of our holy office.

Bertram. Hear me, for God's sake, reverend Sir! You have wounded me in my most tender part! You have pierced my conscience! You have poured glowing fire through all my frame! For God's sake hear me! Alas! If—oh, if at this moment the angel of death should seize me, and I should be called to render up my spirit, laden with this weight of sin, without confession and absolution—Oh! have compassion on me, reverend Abbot! You are a servant of the Almighty, and one may, at any time, converse with the Almighty.

Cyrillus. Proceed, then.

Bertram. 'Tis now some twenty years ago, that, early in the morning, Sir Hugo walked into my hut. But a few hours before, my wife had been delivered of a dead child. "Bertram," said he, as he threw back his cloak, and shewed a new-born infant, "I know thee to be honest, and I place confidence in thy honesty. Behold this girl. She is the fruit of an unhallowed hour, when I forgot the faith, which I had sworn for ever to my wife. Her mother is no more. The child is helpless. Take care of it. Let it be reared as thy own daughter. Here is money for the purpose."

Cyrillus. Just Heaven! The scales fall from my eyes. This child—

Bertram. Is Adelaide.

Cyrillus. The wife of her brother.

Bertram. And mother of two boys.

Cyrillus. Wretch! And thou didst not hinder—

Bertram. Reverend Abbot, you forget I was a prisoner.

Cyrillus.—(*Checking himself.*)—Is Adelaide acquainted with this dreadful story?

Bertram. She believes me to be her father.

Cyrillus. Holy Virgin! Holy Norbert! What a discovery!—(*Aside.*)—Excellent! This may answer.

Bertram. What think you first of doing, reverend Sir?

Cyrillus.—(*With feigned humility.*)—I am a weak mortal, like thyself. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged. I hasten to the temple of the Lord, to watch, this night, at the steps of the altar, and chasten myself with fasting and mortification. Perhaps, God may be pleased to favour his servant with a revelation of his will.

Bertram. I beg then, reverend Sir, that you would grant me absolution.

Cyrillus. Appear at the confession chair to-morrow after matins, and I will then impose some penance on thee, that thou may'st, with a pure heart, receive the holy sacrament.

Bertram. Willingly, oh, how willingly would I wound my back with the sharpest scourges,—would I kneel till the flesh was worn from my knees,—would I fast until my body was a skeleton,—if I thereby could rescue the unhappy pair from everlasting damnation! [*Exit.*]

Cyrillus. Joy! Joy! the day is won. The period of silence now is at an end. I laugh at her rigid looks. I laugh at her unshaken fidelity. Shall I, like a fool, any longer stammer forth these distant hints? No. With open front will I declare my passion. Some degree of courage always will be felt, when addressing one who is not totally devoid of guilt.—Welcome, old Bertram, welcome! Hail to thy devout simplicity! It brings me nearer to the goal of my desires, than love, though armed with cunning. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, the same Saloon as in the third Act.

Enter CYRILLUS and ADELAIDE.

Cyrellus. At last, noble Lady, you have understood my signal.

Adelaide.—(*Rather hurt.*)—Your signal, reverend Abbot?—You must be disposed to jest. A pious priest, an honest wife, and a signal! How can these agree? Secrets I have none, even at the confession chair.

Cyrellus. Emblem of virtue! You misunderstand me. Methought that to us both the time seemed long, and therefore was my signal. The knights are sitting with full goblets, and relating tales of chivalry and war. My garb ordains sobriety in me. My ear is more accustomed to the psalter. You too are out of place when seated at these revels. The horrid descriptions of stabbing, and of hewing, of murder and of fire, must hurt your tender heart. Can you then think me wrong, if, for the sake of milder conversation, I have drawn you hither?

Adelaide. Did you observe how my two boys, with open mouths, hung on Sir Hugo's words? Did you observe how my spindle even sometimes fell upon my lap, when he recounted, in such admirable terms, his feats among the Saracens? I attend with rapture to such dangerous exploits, when related by an humble knight. I feel a pleasure in the pain.—I hold my breath, and listen to his every syllable. Nay, more than once, I started from my seat with

a loud shriek, when my heated imagination saw the faulchion sweep within a hand's breadth of his head.

Cyrillus. Like a child, when listening to its nurse's tales.

Adelaide. And as happy as that child.

Cyrillus. Such stories serve but to inflame the fancy, and to cause bad dreams.

Adelaide. A bad dream is pleasant too, for the sake of waking.

Cyrillus. Fair Lady, you are fond of contradiction.

Adelaide. I hope my husband is not of the same opinion.

Cyrillus. Your husband! Every third word must be your husband. Do you live, then, for him alone?

Adelaide. I should think so, reverend Abbot.

Cyrillus. And, on his account, renounce all sociable virtues?

Adelaide. That were wrong. Nor does he require it. But where can I find opportunity to exercise them? Since the last tournament at Regensburg, I have not left our castle. Here no one ever visits us, except our stern old uncle, who prefers the pictures in this room, to all the conversation of a simple woman.

Cyrillus. Then to my visits you pay no regard?

Adelaide. Your visits, reverend Abbot! Why, yes. Have I ever been uncivil to you? And even if I were, your office teaches you to bear with the failings of your flock.

Cyrillus. Yet not to hold my peace, but by good advice endeavour to amend them. Your conduct to me borders on disdain—(*With a look of tenderness*)—and I have not deserved it from you.

Adelaide. Nor was I conscious of it. The reverence which your office must exact——

Cyrillus. Is of little value to the heart.

Adelaide. Have you a heart too? I thought it

was your duty to renounce it, when you received the tonsure.

Cyrellus. My duty! True. Yet it will often rebel against my inclination. All these oaths and ceremonies are but a farce to catch the multitude. The church is not so cruel to her children. To be an example to the world, we must *appear* to be poor, chaste, and obedient. But to require that, in private too, this oath should be inviolable, were to magnify the monk to an angel.

Adelaide.—(*Seriously.*)—You teach a doctrine which I never heard before.

Cyrellus. Noble Lady, understand me right. I mean to say, the virtue of a mortal must be reckoned in proportion to his strength. I myself can solemnly swear, that, since I wore this sacred garb, I never have departed from my duty.—(*With increasing tenderness.*)—But there are master-pieces of creation, to which all vows, and all religion are in vain opposed; where the eye forgets itself, the tongue becomes a liar in its prayer, and the heart enters on its rights.

Adelaide.—(*With cold solemnity.*)—Reverend Abbot, let us return to the knights.

Cyrellus. No, noble Lady. That I must not suffer. My looks must long have been no riddle to you. Long have I been unable to conceal my trouble and confusion. Your image follows me to the mass, to the confession chair, and to the altar.—(*Seizing her hand.*)—Fair Lady, I love you.

Adelaide.—(*With the full sensation of that dignity which is ever the constant companion of virtue.*)—What have I done, Sir, that has inspired you with the audacity to make so infamous a declaration? Have I ever been forgetful of my duty? Have I ever borne the semblance of a painted harlot? Have my eyes ever wandered round me? Has any unguarded word ever betrayed an unchaste heart? And you dare

to avow your love to me—dare, in the presence of God, surrounded by the spirits of my husband's ancestors, to attack that nuptial duty which I vowed in *your hands!*

Cyrillus. Be not enraged, fair Lady——

Adelaide. Enraged! No. I despise you, and hasten to Sir Theobald, that I may complain of the indignity, which has so daringly been offered to the companion of his bed.

Cyrillus.—(*Hindering her attempts to go.*)—Hold, Adelaide! As yet my eye is beaming with affection. You know how nearly a rejected passion is allied to hatred and revenge. Beware!

Adelaide. Leave me, sinner! Thou art a dishonour to thy habit, and cover'st villany with the venerable mantle of religion.

Cyrillus.—(*Holding her fast.*)—With a single epithet I can annihilate thee.

Adelaide. Where can slander find an epithet able to annihilate virtue?

Cyrillus. *Incestuous!*

Adelaide. You have lost your senses.

Cyrillus. Thou art thy brother's wife.

Adelaide. You have lost your senses.

Cyrillus. Never were they clearer. Thou need'st but ask old Bertram. Thou need'st but ask thy (what shall I call him?) father-in-law. At once wife and sister—at once aunt and mother. A goodly family, in truth!—

Adelaide. Forget not, Sir, that you must render full account of what you now declare.

Cyrillus. Account! Why not? Do you suppose that there is any want of proofs? One word may suffice. You are the offspring of a happy hour, in which Sir Hugo revelled on the charms of some poor wench. Bertram was but your foster-father. The heathens carried him away, and you became your brother's wife.

Adelaide. This is too much. Remember that I am a wife and mother; that you are plunging a soul into despair. Retract your dreadful declaration, or produce some testimony of its truth.

Cyrillus. Are you not satisfied with the confession of old Bertram, which he, tormented by his conscience, has entrusted to my ear?

Adelaide. Heavens! It is not—cannot be.

Cyrillus. 'Tis even thus, fair Lady. Yet need you feel no fear, while I remain your friend. Collect yourself. All may yet be well.—Away with that rigid look! Learn to know and esteem my heart. You can no longer be Sir Theobald's wife. I must report what has happened to the holy chair at Rome, but you well know, that all depends upon the mode in which I report it. I will contrive, that instead of being punished, you shall be fixed in the neighbouring nunnery at Siegmar, for your life. This nunnery, my beauteous Adelaide, is, by a subterraneous road, connected with my abbey. The abbess is my friend. You shall want nothing, and your affectionate Cyrillus will esteem himself a happy man, in sweetening your solitary hours.

Adelaide. Scum of infamy! Hence, thou infernal hypocrite! Revere my misery. Revere the sufferings of virtue! Thou never shalt degrade me to a deed unworthy of that title.

Cyrillus. Exasperate me not. Remember that your fate rests in my hands.

Adelaide. Say, in the hands of God.

Cyrillus. Do you still resist my love? Are you determined to drag me by compulsion to a vengeance the most horrible?

Adelaide. Begone, villain! Obey the devil whom thou servest.

Cyrillus. Enough! As you are deaf to the voice of a friend, hearken to the priest of God. In the name of the Crucified, I pronounce damnation on

you! In the name of the church, I pronounce its ban upon you! Cursed be Theobald, and his incestuous wife! Cursed be their children and their children's children! Let no true believer have compassion on their hunger and their thirst! Let fire and water be denied them through the whole Roman empire! Let him be defiled who dares to touch them! Let this castle, the seat of rank abomination, be demolished, and not one stone left upon another! Let the armour of the Knight be broken at his feet! Let him and the partner of his infamy be chained together to a pile of wood, and vomit forth their sinful souls amidst the flames, to the glory of God's commandments! Then, headstrong being, when the fire shall have reached thy hair, and when the smoke already chokes thy utterance, then call in vain for succour and relief to the despised Cyrillus. With the smile of satisfied revenge I'll listen to thee, and withdraw the glowing coals, to feast upon thy lengthened sufferings.

[*Exit.*

Adelaide. Heavens! What is the meaning of all this?—My joints totter.—My head swims. I cannot yet conceive the horrors of my situation. I fancy all a dream, and look around me for some kind soul, who can relieve me from it. But in vain! Which ever way I look—or here—or there—despair is standing with a ghastly grin. Bertram's dubious conduct now too plainly verifies the dire assertion.—Oh! From the summit of happiness and peace, thus, in a moment, plunged into the bottomless abyss of desolation! Nor I alone.—My husband—Children!—Heavens! My children!—Is there then no possibility of saving them? Will not *one* sacrifice atone for all to God and to the church?—I am ready.—I'll fly into the desarts—waste my life in dreary solitude—mourn in distant cloisters—mercy only, mercy on Theobald, and his guiltless

children! On me alone fall the vengeance of the Lord! Against me alone, who, forgetful of myself, dared to exchange the lowly cottage for the grandeur of the castle, be the arm of the Lord stretched out—not against him, that generous youth, who, in the fulness of affection, led a poor orphan to his bridal chamber, and now finds the grave of his repose in the arms of his sister!—Away! Away, Adelaide, through night and darkness! Haste! Fly till thy wounded feet no longer can support thee! Away to deserts!—Bury thyself within some holy convent, that he may never hear thy name again. Alas! 'Tis all in vain! This hypocrite, this monk, pronounced a curse upon my children, and my children's children. A mother's wretched fate will not alone content him. He will annihilate us all. Oh! To whom may I, without sin, confide my misery?—But soft! Who comes?—Away! Away into the garden! Every one, who dwells within this castle, is a companion of my guilt.—(*As she is going, she encounters Bertram, and sinks with a shriek to the earth.*)—

Bertram. Oh! The unhappy creature knows already.—(*Throws himself at her side, and endeavours to revive her.*)—My daughter! My dear daughter!

Adelaide.—(*Recovering.*)—Ah! Repeat that name! Give me life again!—Declare once more, I am your daughter.—(*Bertram silently raises her.*)---(*Seizes his hand hastily.*)---Come hither, father! It was false. Was it not? That monk is full of poison. Poisonous wicked lies! Were they not, my father?—(*Bertram is silent.*)—You do not answer. Perhaps you do not understand my words. He has dared to say that I am not your daughter---and I love you so tenderly!—(*Bertram attempts to speak, but cannot.*)—You want to speak. I understand you. 'Twas silly to torment myself for such a reason. Your Adelaide is but a child.—(*Bertram*

throws his arms round her neck, and sobs.)—With what affection do you share your daughter's grief! Who can now doubt that you are my father?—Peace! Peace! 'Twas but a phantom. 'Tis past, and I am well again.—(*Bertram turns away, raises his hands, and prays in silence.*)—He is praying, I ought not to disturb him. But my heart! My heart! It will burst from my bosom.—Dear father! Let me only hear one syllable. With one single syllable will I be content. I own that my alarm is folly, yet—think—your child is now before you.—(*Bertram sobs, and continues to pray.*)—Good Heavens! Is it, then, so difficult but once to call me daughter? While I was little, when, at any time, you held me on your knee, and I was playing with your beard, I've often heard you say: "Dear child, thou art my only joy." And now surely I cannot have offended you. Oh, quick!—Call me your daughter! Quick, my father! Think but if that were true, which the vile monk declared—your poor Adelaide—and the poor little children—(*Bertram remains in his former position, weeps bitterly, and is scarcely able to stand.*)—(*Raising her voice to the highest pitch of anguish.*)—Yet speak!—Father!—Father!—Oh, speak to me!—(*Shaking him.*)—Call me daughter! For God's sake, call me daughter!

Bertram.—(*Falling to the earth.*)—No. Thou art not my daughter.

Adelaide.—(*Wringing her hands in despair.*)—Oh, God! Oh, God! [*Rushes out.*]

Bertram.—(*Raises himself with difficulty.*)—The cup is empty to its last dregs. I'll follow her. Despair has hurried her away, and may perhaps lead her to the edge of some steep precipice, or to the river's brink. I'll follow her, and, if my search be vain, plunge after her. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir HUGO, Sir THEOBALD, and CYRILLUS.

Hugo.---(In a jocund humour.)---How, reverend Abbot, could you vanish thus, ere you had pledged a welcome to me, in a goblet, ornamented with my arms? You pious men are not, in general, averse to wine.

Cyrillus. Wine cheers the heart of man. My heart is bleeding, and is dead to every joy.

Hugo. Bleeding! What may have happened to it?

Cyrillus. The abominations of the world have wounded it.

Hugo. Oh! Think not of them. The world will neither go worse nor better than it did a thousand years since, and will another thousand hence. It turns round, and stumbles over good and bad. The bad we generally ourselves throw in its way.

Cyrillus. Sir Knight, detain me not. The bell has rung for vespers.

Hugo. No longer than is needful to present you with some gifts, which I collected for your abbey, when in Palestine.---A thorn twig from the crown of Christ, green and unwithered; a splinter of the holy cross, on which a drop of blood has fallen, that no hand is able to wash off; and a piece of the garment, for which the soldiers cast lots. Enter, and receive these reliques from the hands of my son.

Cyrillus. Not from his, nor from your hands, Sir Knight.

Hugo. No!--Well---as you please. What has entered your head now?

Cyrillus. Have you patience to hear me?

Hugo. Yes, if you be not too tedious. For the wine sparkles in the cup.

Cyrillus. Stretched at midnight, sleepless in my

cell, I felt a strange oppression at my breast, and big drops stood upon my clay-cold brow.

Hugo. You had eaten too much before you went to bed.

Cyrillus. Scoffer! Know that I speak in the name of the Almighty. Already I had prepared to leave my couch, and enter on some penance, when suddenly a more than mortal light illuminated my cell. I lifted up my eyes, and lo, the angel of the Lord stood before me in snow-white raiment. His forehead was covered with a cloud. In his right hand he held a sword. Then I fell down on my face and prayed.

Hugo.---(*Smiling.*)---Well! What said the heavenly messenger?

Cyrillus.---(*Significantly.*)---He said: "Among thy flock are tainted sheep, and from the hand of the shepherd shall I require their souls in the last day."

Hugo. Was this all?

Cyrillus.---(*Still more significantly.*)---He said: "Sin has lifted up her head. The seed of destruction has taken root. The dark ages, which went before the flood, are come again."

Hugo. Well! Further!

Cyrillus.---(*Riveting his eyes upon him.*)---He said: "Men have transgressed the holy law of marriage. They are become the seducers of innocence, and have given their daughters to be wives unto their sons."---(*Hugo and Theobald are thunderstruck.*)---Now, Sir Knight! Why thus altered? Whither is your sportive scoffing humour fled? Will you hear more? He said: "Arise! arm thyself with the church's ban. Report this abomination to the sacred representative of Saint Peter, that he may snatch the incestuous wife from her brother's arms, that he may destroy all, which has been generated

in the lap of sin, that he may utterly extinguish this race, which is a shame unto the righteous, that he may give both the root and branches to the flames, and scatter the ashes to the four winds of Heaven." [Exit.

Hugo.---(After a pause.)---We are lost, my son. God has given us into the hands of a blood-thirsty monk.

Theobald. Heavens! How is it possible—

Hugo. How!—Bertram is perjured—that is evident. The appearance of the angel is a pious fraud.

Theobald. Then shall this sword be plunged into the hoary traitor's—

Hugo. Hold, my son! First rescue, then revenge.

Theobald. Alas! How is rescue possible? He is gone, to bellow forth our wretched story, poisoned with all his rancour, to the fanatic priests at Rome. Nothing now remains but to close the gates of our castle, and fight till its huge walls shall fall upon our heads.

Hugo. No, my son. That were only unavailing rashness. The Roman church will call on every Knight throughout the empire. All our neighbours, friends, relations, *must* direct their arms against us. What canst *thou* oppose to such a force?

Theobald. Resolution to die. Resolution with this hand to slay my wife and children, and then to bury myself beneath the ruins of our castle.

Hugo. 'Tis well. I rejoice to find thou art a man.—Be this our last resource.

Theobald. Our last and only resource. I hasten to make preparations, to provide ourselves with victuals, to repair our walls, collect my followers—

Hugo. Be not so rash, my son.—(Reflecting.)—Has fate, then, left no other means?

Theobald. None but ignominious flight.

Hugo. Ignominious! Why ignominious? Is a hero less courageous, if he forsake the uncertain

shelter of an oak, because the approaching lightning threatens to rend it from its base?

Theobald. Enough! let us fly. Let us turn our backs upon this castle, and, in some distant country, seek a hut large enough to hold a loving couple, and small enough to escape the eyes of our pursuers.—Heavens! What a thought darts across my mind!—Mistivoi! Honest old Mistivoi!—(*Draws out the half of the ring.*)—My father, this token of hospitality was given me by a heathen. Little did I imagine I so soon should use it.

Hugo. No, my son. Flight brings us no nearer to our purpose—*peace*. Flight is impossible, at least so long at least as Adelaide is unprepared. What pretence could'st thou urge for her following thee? To conceal the truth from her would be impossible, and to disclose it, highly dangerous. Thou know'st my thoughts upon this subject. She is a woman.

Theobald. True—but a woman far above her sex; noble and exalted in her sentiments, pious without superstition; stedfast, and resolute in danger. And do you reckon nothing on her love for me?

Hugo. All, my son. But thou know'st not how firmly prejudices, which have been instilled in childhood, are rooted in the soul of woman, and the more firmly, the less they are loosened by an acquaintance with the world. Hast thou not to-day confessed to me, thyself, that it was only the last bloody scene of desolation, which had proved to thee the cruelty and injustice of excursions for our church? No. I have hit upon another plan. Thou know'st, that, to defray the expences of my journey to the Holy Land, I had mortgaged Rappach and Simmern to the abbey. Let us find the abbot, and, as the price of secrecy, make him a full donation of these two villages. The avarice of a

priest will secure to us what zeal for God's honour never will tolerate.

Theobald. But how, if he refuse—

Hugo. 'Twill then be soon enough to think of other means. Come! Let us haste, ere, in the rage of blind fanaticism, he has roused, against us, the whole body of the church.—(*As he goes.*)—Fool that I was, to think that I could bribe a monk with reliques! As if they wanted help to make as many as they pleased!— [Exeunt.

The stage remains clear for a few minutes. ADELAIDE, with dishevelled hair, downcast head, and cheeks pale as death, slowly enters the saloon. A wild rolling of her eyes, and, at intervals, a faint contracted smile, betray the absence of her reason.

Adelaide. Still am I left alone.—Every living creature shuns me.—I was in the garden:—The birds flew from me:—Not a butterfly came near me:—Every flower I touched sunk shrivelled to the ground.—I looked towards Heaven:---The sun withdrew behind a cloud.---What is to become of me?---I am the most desolate wretch on earth.---Who will have pity on me?---(*Looking wildly at the pictures.*)---What men are these around me, with swords girt on their sides?---All stare at me, ---and yet the blades start not from their scabbards. ---(*Kneeling before the picture nearest to her.*)---Have compassion on me, thou, that lookest so sternly!---Rid the earth of a monster!---Or, if thou think thy sword too noble to be stained by my incestuous blood, lift up that foot, and, with its iron armour, tread on my neck, as on a poisonous worm. ---I ask in vain!---'Tis my doom to linger here, a prey to all the agonies of conscience.---If I could

but pray---if any one would but pray for me.----
 Where are my children?—(*Shuddering.*)—Children!
 Have I children?—Have I a husband?—I am not a mother.—I cannot be a mother.—What I have borne has been the brood of hell. Satan's grin was mingled with the first smile of my babes.—Guide them hither, great Avenger, that I may sprinkle these massy walls with their brains, collect their scattered limbs, consume their bones with fire, and give them to the hurricane, to sweep the dust aloft!—(*Sinks exhausted upon a seat.—A pause.*)---Where am I?---My eyes are dim.---Methinks it must be evening.---All is so still---so still!---No bird is singing.---Not a gnat is humming.---The sun sets.---To-morrow, perhaps, he will throw his earliest beams upon my grave, and kiss a tear from my dear brother's cheek.---Where will they dig my grave?---Beneath the lime-trees towards the East?---Oh, no!---Among the nettles, under the wall of our churchyard.---They will fix a small black cross upon it.---“The Lord have mercy on her soul!”---Yes.---Die---I will die---I, and my poor children. Without him I *cannot* live; with him I *must not* live.—God will judge us. He will cleanse their tainted souls for millions of years in purgatory, and, at last, receive the innocents among his angels.---The idea dawns.---To die!---No evil spirit has inspired that thought.---(*Kneels.*)---Holy mother of God! Behold, a sinner kneels before thee in the dust! Mercifully deign to look upon me, and if the dark design of death, which broods within my soul, be not the delusion of my own brain, or the instigation of the tempter, oh, vouchsafe some miracle to me, thy handmaid! Steel my breast, nerve my hand, and arm me with some instrument of murder, that I may discover thou art with me!

Enter WILIBALD and OTTOMAR.

Wilibald.---(*With a dagger in his hand.*)---Mother! Mother! Look at this dagger!--My grandfather took it from the Saracens.---See, how it glitters!

Adelaide.---(*Dreadfully alarmed.*)---I am heard.

Wilibald. Only look, mother, only look.

---(*Adelaide rises trembling, stares at Wilibald, walks slowly to him, as if intending to catch something by surprise, and snatches the dagger from his hand.*)---

---(*Affrighted.*)---Dear mother, it's sharp.

Adelaide. Is it so?---(*She looks wildly at the dagger, at the children, and then again at the dagger. By degrees her wildness softens into sorrow. She heaves deep sighs, and at length weeps.*)---

Ottomar.---(*Creeping to her and fawning.*)---Dear mother, what's the matter?

Wilibald. Are you ill, dear mother?

Adelaide. Ill, very ill---weak, very weak. Blessed mother of the Crucified, complete thy miracle! Oh, strengthen me!

Ottomar.---(*Pulls Wilibald sorrowfully.*)---Come, brother!

Wilibald. Come, and let us pray for my mother.

[*Going.*

Adelaide.---(*Hastily intercepting their way.*)---Whither would you go?---Back!---(*Drags them to the front of the stage.*)---Back, spawn of hell!---This arm is consecrated by the Lord.---Ah!---Ye shall not escape it. Immortal strength is given to this hand! Tremble! Your hour is come.

Ottomar.---(*Creeping behind Wilibald.*)---Oh, brother, what does she mean?

Wilibald. Dear mother, my father will be coming soon. Let us go to meet him.

Adelaide. Father, said'st thou?---Who is thy father?---Ha! Viper!---Must thou still recal it to my mind?---(*Lifts her arm.*)---Hold! Come hither, Wilibald.---Come hither, Ottomar.---Tell me---have you said your prayers to-day?

Both. O yes, dear mother.

Adelaide. What was your prayer?

Wilibald. That God would be merciful to us.

Adelaide.---(*Bursts into tears.*)---God be merciful to you!

Ottomar. You're crying, dear mother.

Adelaide. Answer me further. Have you, since you said your prayers, done nothing wrong?

Wilibald. I've done nothing wrong, I am sure, mother.

Ottomar.---(*Stammering.*)---I---I took a bird's egg from one of the village boys. I am very sorry for it.

Adelaide. Kneel down, and beg God's forgiveness.

Ottomar.---(*Kneels.*)---God will forgive me; for I'll give him all the first nest I find.

Adelaide.---(*In a tremor.*)---There!---'Tis done!---The moment is arrived.---Guide my arm, Oh God! Let me but reach the heart at once---that I may not see the struggles---that I may not hear the groans.---Away! Away! Quick!---(*She flies at Wilibald with the uplifted dagger, and sinks at his feet, deprived of strength. The dagger falls from her hand. She throws her arms round the children, presses them close to her heart, and weeps bitterly.*)

Both.---(*Hanging on her neck, and caressing her.*)
---Dear mother!

Adelaide. In vain does the stern sense of duty exact the murder of these sweet innocents. They are the fruit of infamy, an abomination both to God and man.— Look, ye inexorable judges, look at

this guiltless smiling face. If Satan be concealed behind this mask, no wonder he so easily seduces saints. This child has robbed another of an egg: this is the heaviest transgression, and he heartily repents it.

Ottomar. I do indeed, dear mother.

Adelaide. He has prayed too, this morning. His was not the prayer of a vile dissembling monk. It was that pure praise, which God has prepared for himself, from the mouths of infants. No.—In the eye of God you are forgiven—you, and your parents; for they knew not what they did. Come, children. Help your mother to seek consolation in your father's arms.—(*As she is going, she suddenly starts trembling back.*)—Woe be upon me! What am I about to do? Some infernal spirit is trying to delude me,—is trying to rob me of my last and only consolation—happiness hereafter. Till now I have been ignorant, and the mercy of my Judge will pardon me. But the next embrace must be eternal death.—In vain does the tempter whisper to me: “ ’Tis but fraternal love. A sister sure may clasp a brother to her heart.” Begone, ye lures to sin! I cannot command my heart. ’Tis the heart of a fond loving wife,—a sister's love is foreign to it.—God has passed his heaviest denunciation upon incest. Did not the Abbot say this? Did he not curse me and my children? Did not the Holy Virgin arm me by a miracle? Was it not the finger of the Highest, which pointed at the sacrifice, ordained to be offered to him, by my hands?—Oh, temporal and eternal welfare of my children, the most sacred of a mother's cares, what will become of you, if, in this hour, my strength forsake me?—Come nearer, my pretty ones. Tell me what you mean to do, should you ever become men?

Wilibald. I'll be a brave knight, like my father.

Ottomar. So will I, mother.

Wilibald. I'll fight with lances and swords.

Ottomar. So will I, mother.

Wilibald. I'll do good to the poor, protect widows and orphans, and rescue the oppressed; for my father says these are the duties of a knight.

Ottomar. I'll do all this too, mother.

Adelaide. Will you, indeed? Alas! No. You never can be knights. You are not born as knights.—No one will engage with you.—No one will draw his sword against you.—Your name will be erased from heraldry.—The badge will be torn from your helmets.—Your horses will be slain, your armour broken, and your shield trodden upon.—Overwhelmed with ignominy, you will fly the lists, and curse the breasts which gave you suck. You will take refuge in deserts and in forests, will turn your backs on the demesnes of your forefathers, and be pursued into every quarter by the church's ban.—The pious man will strike a cross when he espies you at a distance.—The dastardly assassin will, unpunished, plunge a dagger in your hearts, and give your carcasses for food to ravenous vultures.—No!—(*Seizes the dagger.*)—No! Rather shall you perish by a mother's hand.—Never shall any base poltroon be able to attack you! Never shall your name be marked with infamy! Never shall whispering slander tell your mother's crime! Ye shall not wander in the wilderness scratching the earth for food, suing to the clouds of Heaven for drink, cursing the Creator, and your own existence.—My soul was pure and undefiled when I conceived you. My soul is pure and undefiled in this sad hour.—Oh! God! Their spirits came from thee. Thou gavest them to me. Take them back, and hereafter let me find them at thy throne.—(*Almost beyond herself.*)—Why do you tremble, children?—

Why do you look at me so fearfully?—You will be happy.—You have prayed.—You have done nothing wrong.—Come hither, Wilibald!—Embrace me.—Embrace your mother once again.

Wilibald.—(*Embracing her.*)—Dear mother—

Adelaide.—(*Plunges the dagger into his back.*)

Farewell, beloved child! Farewell!

—(*Wilibald sinks, with a faint groan, at his mother's feet, writhes his body, and expires.*)—

Ottomar.—(*Shuddering.*)—Oh, my brother!

Adelaide.—(*Fixing her eye intently upon Wilibald.*)—There!—'Tis done!—But another struggle!—But one convulsion more!—Now he is dead—the spirit gone—its tenement momentary.—There soars the liberated soul.—Its chains are broken.—A more than mortal lustre folds it.—And see—an angel takes charge of him,—leads him with friendly guidance to the throne of God.—There he stands!—Sweet babe!—Why art thou there alone!—Where is thy brother?

Ottomar.—(*Who in the mean time has crept into a corner, kneels, and raises his little hands.*)—Dear mother, let me live.

Adelaide.—(*Violently startled.*)—Ha!—What sobs in the dark, there? Speak!—Answer me!

Ottomar.—(*In a tone of supplication.*)—It's little Ottomar.

Adelaide. Thou still here! And alone! Where is thy brother?

Ottomar. Oh! There he lies.

Adelaide. 'Tis false!—Dost thou not hear his call? Art thou deaf to thy brother's voice?

Ottomar. I hear nothing, dear mother.

Adelaide. Hark!—Again!—And now a third time!—Look up! He is smiling on us.—He beckons!—He calls!—Quick! Quick!—Follow him.

---(She stabs him in the breast several times.)---

Ottomar.---(Strikes the wound with both hands, and creeps towards her, on his knees.)---Oh, mother
---oh---poor---little---Ottomar---

Adelaide. Away, basilisk!----(Stabs him once more---he falls, and dies.)---Ha! That was well aimed!---That hit the vital part!---He moves no more!---Not one more sigh!---Triumph! Triumph! I have torn them from the claws of Satan.—There they hover, hand-in-hand. Their voice is hymns of praise, their raiment light.—Triumph! Triumph! I laugh at the church's ban, and at its threats.—The sacrifice is offered. God looked down well pleased.—(Throws the dagger from her.)—Away! Away to chapel!—Away to supplication and thanksgiving!—(Spies blood upon her hands.)—Hold!—This is blood.—Thus I dare not pass the thresholds of the temple.—Thus stained with blood, I dare not sprinkle myself with consecrated water, nor strike the token of the holy cross upon my bosom.—I will wash myself.—I will go down to the well, where my beloved waits.—(Stumbles against Wilibald.)—What is this?—Gently! Gently!—Hist!—The children are asleep.—Oh, that I may not have been too loud!—See! this poor boy must have some horrid dream.—His mouth seems contorted, as if he were in pain.—Poor child!—The gnats will not suffer him to sleep.—They have stung him till he bleeds.—Stop! Stop!—(Tears off her veil and covers Wilibald.)—There, little slumberer! Sleep in peace!—But what have I left for this!—Is not my veil large enough to cover both? Why do you lie at such a distance from each other, as if some storm had cast you hither?—Let me bring them close to each other.—Gently—softly—that they may not wake.—

(She carefully lifts up the body of Ottomar, lays it near that of his brother, kneels, covers both with the veil, and is busy in observing on every side that no aperture is left.)

Enter SIR HUGO and SIR THEOBALD.

Theobald. What art thou doing, Adelaide?

Adelaide. Hist! Hist! I have sung the boys to sleep.

—(She raises the veil, and discovers the bloody bodies.)—

Theobald. Jesus Maria!

—(He staggers backward to the nearest pillar, against which he leans, without strength. His whole frame quivers. His countenance is horribly convulsed. His eyes are rivetted upon the bodies, and he sheds not a tear.)—

Hugo. Heavens!—Too late!—Wretched being! What hast thou done?

Adelaide.—*(With the smile and air of insanity.)—*I sung a pretty hymn.—The Holy Virgin taught me—and, while I sung, the sweet boys dropped asleep.

Hugo. Alas! She raves!

Adelaide. Hist!—Speak lower, grey-beard.—I'll go into the garden.—I'll pluck flowers—violets, roses, pinks, and lilies.—I'll scatter them upon my cherubs---and when they wake with pleasant odours round them, they will reward their mother with a kiss for all her care.---Sit down here, old man.---Beware lest any breath of wind disturb the veil---or any gnat come near to sting them.---Hush!---In a moment I return——

[Runs away.

Hugo.---*(After a pause---looks at his son---then at the bodies---and then towards Heaven.)---*Almighty

240 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT IV.

God! Oh let this sacrifice to superstitious madness be the last, and receive these guiltless souls among thy holy host of angels!

---(He kneels, and kisses the children. The curtain falls.)---

END OF VOL. IV.



