

Collected works of Friedrich Schiller

The Robbers A Tragedy

SCHILLER'S PREFACE

AS PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE ROBBERS PUBLISHED IN 1781

Now first translated into English.

This play is to be regarded merely as a dramatic narrative in which, for the purpose of tracing out the innermost workings of the soul, advantage has been taken of the dramatic method, without otherwise conforming to the stringent rules of theatrical composition, or seeking the dubious advantage of stage adaptation. It must be admitted as somewhat inconsistent that three very remarkable people, whose acts are dependent on perhaps a thousand contingencies, should be completely developed within three hours, considering that it would scarcely be possible, in the ordinary course of events, that three such remarkable people should, even in twenty-four hours, fully reveal their characters to the most

penetrating inquirer. A greater amount of incident is here crowded together than it was possible for me to confine within the narrow limits prescribed by Aristotle and Batteux.

It is, however, not so much the bulk of my play as its contents which banish it from the stage. Its scheme and economy require that several characters should appear who would offend the finer feelings of virtue and shock the delicacy of our manners. Every delineator of human character is placed in the same dilemma if he proposes to give a faithful picture of the world as it really is, and not an ideal phantasy, a mere creation of his own. It is the course of mortal things that the good should be shadowed by the bad, and virtue shine the brightest when contrasted with vice. Whoever proposes to discourage vice and to vindicate religion, morality, and social order against their enemies, must unveil crime in all its deformity, and place it before the eyes of men in its colossal magnitude; he must diligently explore its dark mazes, and make himself familiar with sentiments at the wickedness of which his soul revolts.

Vice is here exposed in its innermost workings. In Francis it resolves all the confused terrors of conscience into wild abstractions, destroys virtuous sentiments by dissecting them, and holds up the earnest voice of religion to mockery and scorn. He who has gone so far (*a distinction by no means enviable*) as to

quicken his understanding at the expense of his soul — to him the holiest things are no longer holy; to him God and man are alike indifferent, and both worlds are as nothing. Of such a monster I have endeavored to sketch a striking and lifelike portrait, to hold up to abhorrence all the machinery of his scheme of vice, and to test its strength by contrasting it with truth. How far my narrative is successful in accomplishing these objects the reader is left to judge. My conviction is that I have painted nature to the life.

Next to this man (*Francis*) stands another who would perhaps puzzle not a few of my readers. A mind for which the greatest crimes have only charms through the glory which attaches to them, the energy which their perpetration requires, and the dangers which attend them. A remarkable and important personage, abundantly endowed with the power of becoming either a Brutus or a Catiline, according as that power is directed. An unhappy conjunction of circumstances determines him to choose the latter for, his example, and it is only after a fearful straying that he is recalled to emulate the former. Erroneous notions of activity and power, an exuberance of strength which bursts through all the barriers of law, must of necessity conflict with the rules of social life. To these enthusiast dreams of greatness and efficiency it needed but a sarcastic bitterness against the unpoetic spirit of the age to complete the strange Don Quixote whom, in the

Robber Moor, we at once detest and love, admire and pity. It is, I hope, unnecessary to remark that I no more hold up this picture as a warning exclusively to robbers than the greatest Spanish satire was levelled exclusively at knight-errants.

It is nowadays so much the fashion to be witty at the expense of religion that a man will hardly pass for a genius if he does not allow his impious satire to run a tilt at its most sacred truths. The noble simplicity of holy writ must needs be abused and turned into ridicule at the daily assemblies of the so-called wits; for what is there so holy and serious that will not raise a laugh if a false sense be attached to it? Let me hope that I shall have rendered no inconsiderable service to the cause of true religion and morality in holding up these wanton misbelievers to the detestation of society, under the form of the most despicable robbers.

But still more. I have made these said immoral characters to stand out favorably in particular points, and even in some measure to compensate by qualities of the head for what they are deficient in those of the heart. Herein I have done no more than literally copy nature. Every man, even the most depraved, bears in some degree the impress of the Almighty's image, and perhaps the greatest villain is not farther removed from the most upright man than the petty offender; for the moral forces keep even pace with the powers of the mind, and the greater the capacity bestowed on man,

the greater and more enormous becomes his misapplication of it; the more responsible is he for his errors.

The "Adramelech" of Klopstock (*in his Messiah*) awakens in us a feeling in which admiration is blended with detestation. We follow Milton's Satan with shuddering wonder through the pathless realms of chaos. The Medea of the old dramatists is, in spite of all her crimes, a great and wondrous woman, and Shakespeare's Richard III. is sure to excite the admiration of the reader, much as he would hate the reality. If it is to be my task to portray men as they are, I must at the same time include their good qualities, of which even the most vicious are never totally destitute. If I would warn mankind against the tiger, I must not omit to describe his glossy, beautifully-marked skin, lest, owing to this omission, the ferocious animal should not be recognized till too late. Besides this, a man who is so utterly depraved as to be without a single redeeming point is no meet subject for art, and would disgust rather than excite the interest of the reader; who would turn over with impatience the pages which concern him. A noble soul can no more endure a succession of moral discords than the musical ear the grating of knives upon glass.

And for this reason I should have been ill-advised in attempting to bring my drama on the stage. A certain strength of mind is required both on the part of the poet

and the reader; in the former that he may not disguise vice, in the latter that he may not suffer brilliant qualities to beguile him into admiration of what is essentially detestable. Whether the author has fulfilled his duty he leaves others to judge, that his readers will perform theirs he by no means feels assured. The vulgar — among whom I would not be understood to mean merely the rabble — the vulgar I say (*between ourselves*) extend their influence far around, and unfortunately — set the fashion. Too shortsighted to reach my full meaning, too narrow-minded to comprehend the largeness of my views, too disingenuous to admit my moral aim — they will, I fear, almost frustrate my good intentions, and pretend to discover in my work an apology for the very vice which it has been my object to condemn, and will perhaps make the poor poet, to whom anything rather than justice is usually accorded, responsible for his simplicity.

Thus we have a *Da capo* of the old story of Democritus and the Abderitans, and our worthy Hippocrates would needs exhaust whole plantations of hellebore, were it proposed to remedy this mischief by a healing decoction.¹

¹ This alludes to the fable amusingly recorded by Wieland in his *Geschichte der Abderiten*. The Abderitans, who were a byword among the ancients for their extreme simplicity, are said to have

Let as many friends of truth as you will, instruct their fellow-citizens in the pulpit and on the stage, the vulgar will never cease to be vulgar, though the sun and moon may change their course, and "heaven and earth wax old as a garment." Perhaps, in order to please tender-hearted people, I might have been less true to nature; but if a certain beetle, of whom we have all heard, could extract filth even from pearls, if we have examples that fire has destroyed and water deluged, shall therefore pearls, fire, and water be condemned. In consequence of the remarkable catastrophe which ends my play, I may justly claim for it a place among books of morality, for crime meets at last with the punishment it deserves; the lost one enters again within the pale of the law, and virtue is triumphant. Whoever will but be

sent express for Hipocrates to cure their great townsman Democritus, whom they believed to be out of his senses, because his sayings were beyond their comprehension. Hippocrates, on conversing with Democritus, having at once discovered that the cause lay with themselves, assembled the senate and principal inhabitants in the market-place with the promise of instructing them in the cure of Democritus. He then banteringly advised them to import six shiploads of hellebore of the very best quality, and on its arrival to distribute it among the citizens, at least seven pounds per head, but to the senators double that quantity, as they were bound to have an extra supply of sense. By the time these worthies discovered that they had been laughed at, Hippocrates was out of their reach. The story in Wieland is infinitely more amusing than this short quotation from memory enables me to show. H. G. B.

courteous enough towards me to read my work through with a desire to understand it, from him I may expect — not that he will admire the poet, but that he will esteem the honest man.

SCHILLER.
EASTER FAIR, 1781.

**ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ROBBERS
AS COMMUNICATED BY SCHILLER TO
DALBERG IN 1781, AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE
BEEN USED AS A PROLOGUE.**

— This has never before been printed with any of the editions. -

The picture of a great, misguided soul, endowed with every gift of excellence; yet lost in spite of all its gifts! Unbridled passions and bad companionship corrupt his heart, urge him on from crime to crime, until at last he stands at the head of a band of murderers, heaps horror upon horror, and plunges from precipice to precipice into the lowest depths of despair. Great and majestic in misfortune, by misfortune reclaimed, and led back to the paths of virtue. Such a man shall you pity and hate, abhor yet love, in the Robber Moor. You will likewise see a juggling, fiendish knave unmasked and blown to atoms in his own mines; a fond, weak, and over-indulgent father; the

sorrows of too enthusiastic love, and the tortures of ungoverned passion. Here, too, you will witness, not without a shudder, the interior economy of vice; and from the stage be taught how all the tinsel of fortune fails to smother the inward worm; and how terror, anguish, remorse, and despair tread close on the footsteps of guilt. Let the spectator weep to-day at our exhibition, and tremble, and learn to bend his passions to the laws of religion and reason; let the youth behold with alarm the consequences of unbridled excess; nor let the man depart without imbibing the lesson that the invisible hand of Providence makes even villains the instruments of its designs and judgments, and can marvellously unravel the most intricate perplexities of fate.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The eight hundred copies of the first edition of my **ROBBERS** were exhausted before all the admirers of the piece were supplied. A second was therefore undertaken, which has been improved by greater care in printing, and by the omission of those equivocal sentences which were offensive to the more fastidious part of the public. Such an alteration, however, in the construction of the play as should satisfy all the wishes of my friends and critics has not been my object.

In this second edition the several songs have been

arranged for the pianoforte, which will enhance its value to the musical part of the public. I am indebted for this to an able composer,² who has performed his task in so masterly a manner that the hearer is not unlikely to forget the poet in the melody of the musician.

DR. SCHILLER.
STUTTGART, Jan. 5,
1782.

*“Quae medicamenta non sanant,
ferrum sanat; quae ferrum non sanat, ignis
sanat.”*

HIPPOCRATES.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAXIMILIAN, COUNT VON MOOR.

Charles, FRANCIS, his Sons.

Amelia VON EDELREICH, his Niece.

Spiegelberg, Schweitzer, Grimm, Razmann,
SCHUFTERLE,

**Roller, Kosinsky, SCHWARTZ, Libertines, afterwards
Banditti.**

Hermann, the natural son of a Nobleman.

² Alluding to his friend Zumsteege. — ED.

Daniel, an old Servant of Count von Moor.

PASTOR MOSER.

Father Dom INIC, a Monk.

BAND OF ROBBERS, SERVANTS, ETC.

The scene is laid in Germany. Period of action about two years.

ACT I

SCENE I

Franconia.

Apartment in the Castle of COUNT MOOR.

Francis, OLD MOOR.

Francis. But are you really well, father? You look so pale.

Old Moor. Quite well, my son — what have you to tell me?

Francis. The post is arrived — a letter from our correspondent at Leipsic.

Old M. (*eagerly*). Any tidings of my son Charles?

Francis. Hem! Hem! — Why, yes. But I fear — I know not — whether I dare — your health. — Are you really quite well, father?

Old M. As a fish in water.³ Does he write of my son? What means this anxiety about my health? You have asked me that question twice.

Francis. If you are unwell — or are the least apprehensive of being so — permit me to defer — I will speak to you at a fitter season. — (*Half aside.*) These are no tidings for a feeble frame.

Old M. Gracious Heavens? what am I doomed to hear?

Francis. First let me retire and shed a tear of compassion for my lost brother. Would that my lips might be forever sealed — for he is your son! Would that I could throw an eternal veil over his shame — for he is my brother! But to obey you is my first, though painful, duty — forgive me, therefore.

Old M. Oh, Charles! Charles! Didst thou but know what thorns thou plantest in thy father's bosom! That one gladdening report of thee would add ten years to my life! yes, bring back my youth! whilst now, alas, each fresh intelligence but hurries me a step nearer to the grave!

Francis. Is it so, old man, then farewell! for even this very day we might all have to tear our hair over

³ This is equivalent to our English saying “As sound as a roach.”

your coffin.⁴

Old M. Stay! There remains but one short step more — let him have his will! (*He sits down.*) The sins of the father shall be visited unto the third and fourth generation — let him fulfil the decree.

Francis (*takes the letter out of his pocket*). You know our correspondent! See! I would give a finger of my right hand might I pronounce him a liar — a base and slanderous liar! Compose yourself! Forgive me if I do not let you read the letter yourself. You cannot, must not, yet know all.

Old M. All, all, my son. You will but spare me crutches.⁵

Francis (*reads*). “Leipsic, May 1. Were I not bound by an inviolable promise to conceal nothing from you, not even the smallest particular, that I am able to collect, respecting your brother's career, never, my dearest friend, should my guiltless pen become an instrument of torture to you. I can gather from a hundred of your letters how tidings such as these must pierce your fraternal heart. It seems to me as though I saw thee, for the sake of this worthless, this detestable”

⁴ This idiom is very common in Germany, and is used to express affliction.

⁵ Du ersparst mir die Krucke; meaning that the contents of the letter can but shorten his declining years, and so spare him the necessity of crutches.

— (*OLD M. covers his face*). Oh! my father, I am only reading you the mildest passages — “this detestable man, shedding a thousand tears.” Alas! mine flowed — ay, gushed in torrents over these pitying cheeks. “I already picture to myself your aged pious father, pale as death.” Good Heavens! and so you are, before you have heard anything.

Old M. Go on! Go on!

Francis. “Pale as death, sinking down on his chair, and cursing the day when his ear was first greeted with the lisping cry of 'Father!' I have not yet been able to discover all, and of the little I do know I dare tell you only a part. Your brother now seems to have filled up the measure of his infamy. I, at least, can imagine nothing beyond what he has already accomplished; but possibly his genius may soar above my conceptions. After having contracted debts to the amount of forty thousand ducats,” — a good round sum for pocket-money, father—“and having dishonored the daughter of a rich banker, whose affianced lover, a gallant youth of rank, he mortally wounded in a duel, he yesterday, in the dead of night, took the desperate resolution of absconding from the arm of justice, with seven companions whom he had corrupted to his own vicious courses.” Father? for heaven's sake, father! How do you feel?

Old M. Enough. No more, my son, no more!

Francis. I will spare your feelings. “The injured

cry aloud for satisfaction. Warrants have been issued for his apprehension — a price is set on his head — the name of Moor” — No, these unhappy lips shall not be guilty of a father's murder (*he tears the letter*). Believe it not, my father, believe not a syllable.

Old M. (*weeps bitterly*). My name — my unsullied name!

Francis (*throws himself on his neck*). Infamous! most infamous Charles! Oh, had I not my forebodings, when, even as a boy, he would scamper after the girls, and ramble about over hill and common with ragamuffin boys and all the vilest rabble; when he shunned the very sight of a church as a malefactor shuns a gaol, and would throw the pence he had wrung from your bounty into the hat of the first beggar he met, whilst we at home were edifying ourselves with devout prayers and pious homilies? Had I not my misgivings when he gave himself up to reading the adventures of Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, and other benighted heathens, in preference to the history of the penitent Tobias? A hundred times over have I warned you — for my brotherly affection was ever kept in subjection to filial duty — that this forward youth would one day bring sorrow and disgrace on us all. Oh that he bore not the name of Moor! that my heart beat less warmly for him! This sinful affection, which I can not overcome, will one day rise up against me before the judgment-seat of heaven.

Old M. Oh! my prospects! my golden dreams!

Francis. Ay, well I knew it. Exactly what I always feared. That fiery spirit, you used to say, which is kindling in the boy, and renders him so susceptible to impressions of the beautiful and grand — the ingenuousness which reveals his whole soul in his eyes — the tenderness of feeling which melts him into weeping sympathy at every tale of sorrow — the manly courage which impels him to the summit of giant oaks, and urges him over fosse and palisade and foaming torrents — that youthful thirst of honor — that unconquerable resolution — all those resplendent virtues which in the father's darling gave such promise — would ripen into the warm and sincere friend — the excellent citizen — the hero — the great, the very great man! Now, mark the result, father; the fiery spirit has developed itself — expanded — and behold its precious fruits. Observe this ingenuousness — how nicely it has changed into effrontery; — this tenderness of soul — how it displays itself in dalliance with coquettes, in susceptibility to the blandishments of a courtesan! See this fiery genius, how in six short years it hath burnt out the oil of life, and reduced his body to a living skeleton; so that passing scoffers point at him with a sneer and exclaim — “*C'est l'amour qui a fait cela.*” Behold this bold, enterprising spirit — how it conceives and executes plans, compared to which the deeds of a Cartouche or a Howard sink into insignificance. And

presently, when these precious germs of excellence shall ripen into full maturity, what may not be expected from the full development of such a boyhood? Perhaps, father, you may yet live to see him at the head of some gallant band, which assembles in the silent sanctuary of the forest, and kindly relieves the weary traveller of his superfluous burden. Perhaps you may yet have the opportunity, before you go to your own tomb, of making a pilgrimage to the monument which he may erect for himself, somewhere between earth and heaven! Perhaps, — oh, father — father, look out for some other name, or the very peddlers and street boys who have seen the effigy of your worthy son exhibited in the market-place at Leipsic will point at you with the finger of scorn!

Old M. And thou, too, my Francis, thou too? Oh, my children, how unerringly your shafts are levelled at my heart.

Francis. You see that I too have a spirit; but my spirit bears the sting of a scorpion. And then it was “the dry commonplace, the cold, the wooden Francis,” and all the pretty little epithets which the contrast between us suggested to your fatherly affection, when he was sitting on your knee, or playfully patting your cheeks? “He would die, forsooth, within the boundaries of his own domain, moulder away, and soon be forgotten;” while the fame of this universal genius would spread from pole to pole! Ah! the cold, dull, wooden Francis

thanks thee, heaven, with uplifted hands, that he bears no resemblance to his brother.

Old M. Forgive me, my child! Reproach not thy unhappy father, whose fondest hopes have proved visionary. The merciful God who, through Charles, has sent these tears, will, through thee, my Francis, wipe them from my eyes!

Francis. Yes, father, we will wipe them from your eyes. Your Francis will devote — his life to prolong yours. (*Taking his hand with affected tenderness.*) Your life is the oracle which I will especially consult on every undertaking — the mirror in which I will contemplate everything. No duty so sacred but I am ready to violate it for the preservation of your precious days. You believe me?

Old M. Great are the duties which devolve on thee, my son — Heaven bless thee for what thou has been, and wilt be to me.

Francis. Now tell me frankly, father. Should you not be a happy man, were you not obliged to call this son your own?

Old M. In mercy, spare me! When the nurse first placed him in my arms, I held him up to Heaven and exclaimed, “Am I not truly blest?”

Francis. So you said then. Now, have you found it so? You may envy the meanest peasant on your estate in this, that he is not the father of such a son. So long as you call him yours you are wretched. Your misery will

grow with his years — it will lay you in your grave.

Old M. Oh! he has already reduced me to the decrepitude of fourscore.

Francis. Well, then — suppose you were to disown this son.

Old M. (*startled*). Francis! Francis! what hast thou said!

Francis. Is not your love for him the source of all your grief? Root out this love, and he concerns you no longer. But for this weak and reprehensible affection he would be dead to you; — as though he had never been born. It is not flesh and blood, it is the heart that makes us sons and fathers! Love him no more, and this monster ceases to be your son, though he were cut out of your flesh. He has till now been the apple of your eye; but if thine eye offend you, says Scripture, pluck it out. It is better to enter heaven with one eye than hell with two! “It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.” These are the words of the Bible!

Old M. Wouldst thou have me curse my son?

Francis. By no means, father. God forbid! But whom do you call your son? Him to whom you have given life, and who in return does his utmost to shorten yours.

Old M. Oh, it is all too true! it is a judgment upon me. The Lord has chosen him as his instrument.

Francis. See how filially your bosom child behaves. He destroys you by your own excess of paternal sympathy; murders you by means of the very love you bear him — has coiled round a father's heart to crush it. When you are laid beneath the turf he becomes lord of your possessions, and master of his own will. That barrier removed, and the torrent of his profligacy will rush on without control. Imagine yourself in his place. How often he must wish his father under ground — and how often, too, his brother — who so unmercifully impede the free course of his excesses. But call you this a requital of love? Is this filial gratitude for a father's tenderness? to sacrifice ten years of your life to the lewd pleasures of an hour? in one voluptuous moment to stake the honor of an ancestry which has stood unspotted through seven centuries? Do you call this a son? Answer? Do you call this your son?

Old M. An undutiful son! Alas! but still my child! my child!

Francis. A most amiable and precious child — whose constant study is to get rid of his father. Oh, that you could learn to see clearly! that the film might be removed from your eyes! But your indulgence must confirm him in his vices! your assistance tend to justify them. Doubtless you will avert the curse of Heaven from his head, but on your own, father — on yours — will it fall with twofold vengeance.

Old M. Just! most just! Mine, mine be all the

guilt!

Francis. How many thousands who have drained the voluptuous bowl of pleasure to the dregs have been reclaimed by suffering! And is not the bodily pain which follows every excess a manifest declaration of the divine will! And shall man dare to thwart this by an impious exercise of affection? Shall a father ruin forever the pledge committed to his charge? Consider, father, if you abandon him for a time to the pressure of want will not he be obliged to turn from his wickedness and repent? Otherwise, untaught even in the great school of adversity, he must remain a confirmed reprobate? And then — woe to the father who by a culpable tenderness bath frustrated the ordinances of a higher wisdom! Well, father?

Old M. I will write to him that I withdraw my protection.

Francis. That would be wise and prudent.

Old M. That he must never come into my sight again.

Francis. 'Twill have a most salutary effect.

Old M. (*tenderly*). Until he reforms.

Francis. Right, quite right. But suppose that he comes disguised in the hypocrite's mask, implores your compassion with tears, and wheedles from you a pardon, then quits you again on the morrow, and jests at your weakness in the arms of his harlot. No, my father! He will return of his own accord, when his conscience

awakens him to repentance.

Old M. I will write to him, on the spot, to that effect.

Francis. Stop, father, one word more. Your just indignation might prompt reproaches too severe, words which might break his heart — and then — do you not think that your deigning to write with your own hand might be construed into an act of forgiveness? It would be better, I think, that you should commit the task to me?

Old M. Do it, my son. Ah! it would, indeed, have broken my heart! Write to him that -

Francis (*quickly*). That's agreed, then?

Old M. Say that he has caused me a thousand bitter tears — a thousand sleepless nights — but, oh! do not drive my son to despair!

Francis. Had you not better retire to rest, father? This affects you too strongly.

Old M. Write to him that a father's heart — But I charge you, drive him not to despair.

[Exit in sadness.]

Francis (*looking after him with a chuckle*). Make thyself easy, old dotard! thou wilt never more press thy darling to thy bosom — there is a gulf between thee and him impassable as heaven is from hell. He was torn from thy arms before even thou couldst have dreamed it

possible to decree the separation. Why, what a sorry bungler should I be had I not skill enough to pluck a son from a father's heart; ay, though he were riveted there with hooks of steel! I have drawn around thee a magic circle of curses which he cannot overleap. Good speed to thee, Master Francis. Papa's darling is disposed of — the course is clear. I must carefully pick up all the scraps of paper, for how easily might my handwriting be recognized. (*He gathers the fragments of the letter.*) And grief will soon make an end of the old gentleman. And as for her — I must tear this Charles from her heart, though half her life come with him.

No small cause have I for being dissatisfied with Dame Nature, and, by my honor, I will have amends! Why did I not crawl the first from my mother's womb? why not the only one? why has she heaped on me this burden of deformity? on me especially? Just as if she had spawned me from her refuse.⁶ Why to me in particular this snub of the Laplander? these negro lips? these Hottentot eyes? On my word, the lady seems to have collected from all the race of mankind whatever was loathsome into a heap, and kneaded the mass into my particular person. Death and destruction! who empowered her to deny to me what she accorded to him? Could a man pay his court to her before he was

⁶ See Richard III., Act I, Sc. 1, line 17.

born? or offend her before he existed? Why went she to work in such a partial spirit?

No! no! I do her injustice — she bestowed inventive faculty, and set us naked and helpless on the shore of this great ocean, the world — let those swim who can — the heavy⁷ may sink. To me she gave naught else, and how to make the best use of my endowment is my present business. Men's natural rights are equal; claim is met by claim, effort by effort, and force by force — right is with the strongest — the limits of our power constitute our laws.

It is true there are certain organized conventions, which men have devised to keep up what is called the social compact. Honor! truly a very convenient coin, which those who know how to pass it may lay out with great advantage. ⁸ Conscience! oh yes, a useful scarecrow to frighten sparrows away from cherry-trees; it is something like a fairly written bill of exchange with which your bankrupt merchant staves off the evil day.

Well! these are all most admirable institutions for keeping fools in awe, and holding the mob underfoot, that the cunning may live the more at their ease. Rare

⁷ Heavy is used in a double meaning; the German word is plump, which Means lumpish clumsy awkward.

⁸ So Falstaff, Hen. IV., Pt. I., Act V., Sc. 1, "Honor is a mere scutcheon."

institutions, doubtless. They are something like the fences my boors plant so closely to keep out the hares — yes I' faith, not a hare can trespass on the enclosure, but my lord claps spurs to his hunter, and away he gallops over the teeming harvest!

Poor hare! thou playest but a sorry part in this world's drama, but your worshipful lords must needs have hares!⁹

Then courage, and onward, Francis. The man who fears nothing is as powerful as he who is feared by everybody. It is now the mode to wear buckles on your smallclothes, that you may loosen or tighten them at pleasure. I will be measured for a conscience after the newest fashion, one that will stretch handsomely as occasion may require. Am I to blame? It is the tailor's affair? I have heard a great deal of twaddle about the so-called ties of blood — enough to make a sober man beside himself. He is your brother, they say; which interpreted, means that he was manufactured in the same mould, and for that reason he must needs be sacred in your eyes! To what absurd conclusions must

⁹ This may help to illustrate a passage in Shakespeare which puzzles the commentators — “Cupid is a good hare-finder.” — *Much ADO*, Act I., Sc. 1. The hare, in Germany, is considered an emblem of abject submission and cowardice. The word may also be rendered “Simpleton,” “Sawney,” or any other of the numerous epithets which imply a soft condition.

this notion of a sympathy of souls, derived from the propinquity of bodies, inevitably tend? A common source of being is to produce community of sentiment; identity of matter, identity of impulse! Then again, — he is thy father! He gave thee life, thou art his flesh and blood — and therefore he must be sacred to thee! Again a most inconsequential deduction! I should like to know why he begot me;¹⁰ certainly not out of love for me — for I must first have existed!

Could he know me before I had being, or did he think of me during my begetting? or did he wish for me at the moment? Did he know what I should be? If so I would not advise him to acknowledge it or I should pay him off for his feat. Am I to be thankful to him that I am a man? As little as I should have had a right to blame him if he had made me a woman. Can I acknowledge an affection which is not based on any personal regard? Could personal regard be present before the existence of its object? In what, then, consists the sacredness of paternity? Is it in the act itself out of which existence arose? as though this were aught else than an animal process to appease animal desires. Or does it lie, perhaps, in the result of this act, which is nothing more after all than one of iron necessity, and which men would gladly dispense with, were it not at

¹⁰ The reader of Sterne will remember a very similar passage in the first chapter of *Tristram Shandy*.

the cost of flesh and blood? Do I then owe him thanks for his affection? Why, what is it but a piece of vanity, the besetting sin of the artist who admires his own works, however hideous they may be? Look you, this is the whole juggle, wrapped up in a mystic veil to work on our fears. And shall I, too, be fooled like an infant? Up then! and to thy work manfully. I will root up from my path whatever obstructs my progress towards becoming the master. Master I must be, that I may extort by force what I cannot win by affection.¹¹

[Exit.]

SCENE II

A Tavern on the Frontier of Saxony.

Charles Von Moor intent on a book;
Spiegelberg drinking at the table.

Charles Von M. (*lays the book aside*). I am disgusted with this age of puny scribblers when I read of great men in my Plutarch.

Spiegel. (*places a glass before him, and drinks*). Josephus is the book you should read.

Charles Von M. The glowing spark of

¹¹ This soliloquy in some parts resembles that of Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Shakespeare's Henry VI., Act V. Sc. 6.

Prometheus is burnt out, and now they substitute for it the flash of lycopodium,¹² a stage-fire which will not so much as light a pipe. The present generation may be compared to rats crawling about the club of Hercules.¹³ A French abbe lays it down that Alexander was a poltroon; a phthisicky professor, holding at every word a bottle of sal volatile to his nose, lectures on strength. Fellows who faint at the veriest trifle criticise the tactics of Hannibal; whimpering boys store themselves with phrases out of the slaughter at Canna; and blubber over the victories of Scipio, because they are obliged to construe them.

Spiegel. Spouted in true Alexandrian style.

Charles Von M. A brilliant reward for your sweat in the battle-field truly to have your existence perpetuated in gymnasiums, and your immortality laboriously dragged about in a schoolboy's satchel. A precious recompense for your lavished blood to be

¹² Lycopodium (*in German Barlappen-mehl*), vulgarly known as the Devil's Puff-ball or Witchmeal, is used on the stage, as well in England as on the continent, to produce flashes of fire. It is made of the pollen of common club moss, or wolf's claw (*Lycopodium clavatum*), the capsules of which contain a highly inflammable powder. Translators have uniformly failed in rendering this passage.

¹³ This simile brings to mind Shakespeare's: "We petty men Walk under his huge legs, and peep about." JULIUS CAESAR, Act I., Sc. 2.

wrapped round gingerbread by some Nuremberg chandler, or, if you have great luck, to be screwed upon stilts by a French playwright, and be made to move on wires! Ha, ha, ha!

Spiegel. (*drinks*). Read Josephus, I tell you.

Charles Von M. Fie! fie upon this weak, effeminate age, fit for nothing but to ponder over the deeds of former times, and torture the heroes of antiquity with commentaries, or mangle them in tragedies. The vigor of its loins is dried up, and the propagation of the human species has become dependent on potations of malt liquor.

Spiegel. Tea, brother! tea!

Charles Von M. They curb honest nature with absurd conventionalities; have scarcely the heart to charge a glass, because they are tasked to drink a health in it; fawn upon the lackey that he may put in a word for them with His Grace, and bully the unfortunate wight from whom they have nothing to fear. They worship any one for a dinner, and are just as ready to poison him should he chance to outbid them for a feather-bed at an auction. They damn the Sadducee who fails to come regularly to church, although their own devotion consists in reckoning up their usurious gains at the very altar. They cast themselves on their knees that they may have an opportunity of displaying their mantles, and hardly take their eyes off the parson from their anxiety to see how his wig is frizzled. They

swoon at the sight of a bleeding goose, yet clap their hands with joy when they see their rival driven bankrupt from the Exchange. Warmly as I pressed their hands, — “Only one more day.” In vain! To prison with the dog! Entreaties! Vows! Tears! (*stamping the ground*). Hell and the devil!

Spiegel. And all for a few thousand paltry ducats!

Charles Von M. No, I hate to think of it. Am I to squeeze my body into stays, and straight-lace my will in the trammels of law. What might have risen to an eagle's flight has been reduced to a snail's pace by law. Never yet has law formed a great man; 'tis liberty that breeds giants and heroes. Oh! that the spirit of Herman¹⁴ still glowed in his ashes! Set me at the head of an army of fellows like myself, and out of Germany shall spring a republic compared to which Rome and Sparta will be but as nunneries. (*Rises and flings his sword upon the table.*)

Spiegel. (*jumping up*). Bravo! Bravissimo! you are coming to the right key now. I have something for your ear, Moor, which has long been on my mind, and you are the very man for it — drink, brother, drink! What if we turned Jews and brought the kingdom of Jerusalem again on the tapis? But tell me is it not a

¹⁴ Herman is the German for Armin or Arminius, the celebrated deliverer of Germany from the Roman yoke. See Menzel's History, vol. i., p. 85, etc.

clever scheme? We send forth a manifesto to the four quarters of the world, and summon to Palestine all that do not eat Swineflesh. Then I prove by incontestable documents that Herod the Tetrarch was my direct ancestor, and so forth. There will be a victory, my fine fellow, when they return and are restored to their lands, and are able to rebuild Jerusalem. Then make a clean sweep of the Turks out of Asia while the iron is hot, hew cedars in Lebanon, build ships, and then the whole nation shall chaffer with old clothes and old lace throughout the world. Meanwhile -

Charles Von M. (*smiles and takes him by the hand*). Comrade! There must be an end now of our fooleries.

Spiegel. (*with surprise*). Fie! you are not going to play the prodigal son! — a fellow like you who with his sword has scratched more hieroglyphics on other men's faces than three quill-drivers could inscribe in their daybooks in a leap-year! Shall I tell you the story of the great dog funeral? Ha! I must just bring back your own picture to your mind; that will kindle fire in your veins, if nothing else has power to inspire you. Do you remember how the heads of the college caused your dog's leg to be shot off, and you, by way of revenge, proclaimed a fast through the whole town? They fumed and fretted at your edict. But you, without losing time, ordered all the meat to be bought up in Leipsic, so that in the course of eight hours there was not a bone left to

pick all over the place, and even fish began to rise in price. The magistrates and the town council vowed vengeance. But we students turned out lustily, seventeen hundred of us, with you at our head, and butchers and tailors and haberdashers at our backs, besides publicans, barbers, and rabble of all sorts, swearing that the town should be sacked if a single hair of a student's head was injured. And so the affair went off like the shooting at Hornberg,¹⁵ and they were obliged to be off with their tails between their legs. You sent for doctors — a whole posse of them — and offered three ducats to any one who would write a prescription for your dog. We were afraid the gentlemen would stand too much upon honor and refuse, and had already made up our minds to use force. But this was quite unnecessary; the doctors got to fisticuffs for the three ducats, and their competition brought down the price to three groats; in the course of an hour a dozen prescriptions were written, of which, of course, the poor beast very soon died.

Charles Von M. The vile rascals.

Spiegel. The funeral procession was arranged with all due pomp; odes for the dog were indited by the gross; and at night we all turned out, near a thousand of

¹⁵ The "shooting at Hornberg" is a proverbial expression in Germany for any expedition from which, through lack of courage, the parties retire without firing a shot.

us, a lantern in one hand and our rapier in the other, and so proceeded through the town, the bells chiming and ringing, till the dog was entombed. Then came a feed which lasted till broad daylight, when you sent your acknowledgments to the college dons for their kind sympathy, and ordered the meat to be sold at half-price. *Mort de ma vie*, if we had not as great a respect for you as a garrison for the conqueror of a fortress.

Charles Von M. And are you not ashamed to boast of these things? Have you not shame enough in you to blush even at the recollection of such pranks?

Spiegel. Come, come! You are no longer the same Moor. Do you remember how, a thousand times, bottle in hand, you made game of the miserly old governor, bidding him by all means rake and scrape together as much as he could, for that you would swill it all down your throat? Don't you remember, eh? — don't you remember?' O you good-for-nothing, miserable braggart! that was speaking like a man, and a gentleman, but -

Charles Von M. A curse on you for reminding me of it! A curse on myself for what I said! But it was done in the fumes of wine, and my heart knew not what my tongue uttered.

Spiegel. (*shakes his head*). No, no! that cannot be! Impossible, brother! You are not in earnest! Tell me! most sweet brother, is it not poverty which has brought you to this mood? Come! let me tell you a little

story of my youthful days. There was a ditch close to my house, eight feet wide at the least, which we boys were trying to leap over for a wager. But it was no go. Splash! there you lay sprawling, amidst hisses and roars of laughter, and a relentless shower of snowballs. By the side of my house a hunter's dog was lying chained, a savage beast, which would catch the girls by their petticoats with the quickness of lightning if they incautiously passed too near him. Now it was my greatest delight to tease this brute in every possible way; and it was enough to make one burst with laughing to see the beast fix his eyes on me with such fierceness that he seemed ready to tear me to pieces if he could but get at me. Well, what happened? Once, when I was amusing myself in this manner, I hit him such a bang in the ribs with a stone that in his fury he broke loose and ran right upon me. I tore away like lightning, but — devil take it! — that confounded ditch lay right in my way. What was to be done? The dog was close at my heels and quite furious; there was no time to deliberate. I took a spring and cleared the ditch. To that leap I was indebted for life and limb; the beast would have torn me to atoms.

Charles Von M. And to what does all this tend?

Spiegel. To this — that you may be taught that strength grows with the occasion. For which reason I never despair even when things are the worst. Courage grows with danger. Powers of resistance increase by

pressure. It is evident by the obstacles she strews in my path that fate must have designed me for a great man.

Charles Von M. (*angrily*). I am not aware of anything for which we still require courage, and have not already shown it.

Spiegel. Indeed! And so you mean to let your gifts go to waste? To bury your talent? Do you think your paltry achievements at Leipsic amount to the *ne plus ultra* of genius? Let us but once get to the great world — Paris and London! where you get your ears boxed if you salute a man as honest. It is a real jubilee to practise one's handicraft there on a grand scale. How you will stare! How you will open your eyes! to see signatures forged; dice loaded; locks picked, and strong boxes gutted; all that you shall learn of Spiegelberg! The rascal deserves to be hanged on the first gallows that would rather starve than manipulate with his fingers.

Charles Von M. (*in a fit of absence*). How now? I should not wonder if your proficiency went further still.

Spiegel. I begin to think you mistrust me. Only wait till I have grown warm at it; you shall see wonders; your little brain shall whirl clean round in your pericranium when my teeming wit is delivered. (*He rises excited.*) How it clears up within me! Great thoughts are dawning in on my soul! Gigantic plans are fermenting in my creative brain. Cursed lethargy

(*striking his forehead*), which has hitherto enchained my faculties, cramped and fettered my prospects! I awake; I feel what I am — and what I am to be!

Charles Von M. You are a fool! The wine is swaggering in your brain.

Spiegel. (*more excited*). Spiegelberg, they will say, art thou a magician, Spiegelberg? 'Tis a pity, the king will say, that thou wert not made a general, Spiegelberg, thou wouldst have thrust the Austrians through a buttonhole. Yes, I hear the doctors lamenting, 'tis a crying shame that he was not bred to medicine, he would have discovered the *elixir vitae*. Ay, and that he did not take to financiering, the Sullys will deplore in their cabinets, — he would have turned flints into louis-d'ors by his magic. And Spiegelberg will be the word from east to west; then down into the dirt with you, ye cowards, ye reptiles, while Spiegelberg soars with outspread wings to the temple of everlasting fame.

Charles Von M. A pleasant journey to you! I leave you to climb to the summit of glory on the pillars of infamy. In the shade of my ancestral groves, in the arms of my Amelia, a nobler joy awaits me. I have already, last week, written to my father to implore his forgiveness, and have not concealed the least circumstance from him; and where there is sincerity there is compassion and help. Let us take leave of each other, Moritz. After this day we shall meet no more. The post has arrived. My father's forgiveness must

already be within the walls of this town.

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM,
ROLLER, SCHUFTERLE, and RAZMAN.

Roller. Are you aware that they are on our track!

Grimm. That we are not for a moment safe from being taken?

Charles Von M. I don't wonder at it. It must be as it will! Have none of you seen Schwarz? Did he say anything about having a letter for me?

Roller. He has been long in search of you on some such errand, I suspect.

Charles Von M. Where is he? where, where? (*is about to rush off in haste*).

Roller. Stay! we have appointed him to come here. You tremble?

Charles Von M. I do not tremble. Why should I tremble? Comrades, this letter — rejoice with me! I am the happiest man under the sun; why should I tremble?

Enter SCHWARZ.

Charles Von M. (*rushes towards him*). Brother, brother! the letter, the letter!

Schweit. (*gives him a letter, which he opens hastily*). What's the matter? You have grown as pale as a whitewashed wall!

Charles Von M. My brother's hand!

Schweit. What the deuce is Spiegelberg about there?

Grimm. The fellow's mad. He jumps about as if he had St. Vitus' dance.

Schuf. His wits are gone a wool gathering! He's making verses, I'll be sworn!

Raz. Spiegelberg! Ho! Spiegelberg! The brute does not hear.

Grimm. (*shakes him*). Hallo! fellow! are you dreaming? or -

Spiegel. (*who has all this time been making gestures in a corner of the room, as if working out some great project, jumps up wildly*). Your money or your life! (*He catches SCHWEITZER by the throat, who very coolly flings him against the wall; Moor drops the letter and rushes out. A general sensation.*)

Roller. (*calling after him*). Moor! where are you going? What's the matter?

Grimm. What ails him? What has he been doing? He is as pale as death.

Schweit. He must have got strange news. Just let us see!

Roller. (*picks up the letter from the ground, and reads*). "Unfortunate brother!" — a pleasant beginning — "I have only briefly to inform you that you have nothing more to hope for. You may go, your father directs me to tell you, wherever your own vicious

propensities lead. Nor are you to entertain, he says, any hope of ever gaining pardon by weeping at his feet, unless you are prepared to fare upon bread and water in the lowest dungeon of his castle until your hair shall outgrow eagles' feathers, and your nails the talons of a vulture. These are his very words. He commands me to close the letter. Farewell forever! I pity you. "FRANCIS VON MOOR".

Schweit. A most amiable and loving brother, in good truth! And the scoundrel's name is Francis.

Spiegel. (*slinking forward*). Bread and water! Is that it? A temperate diet! But I have made a better provision for you. Did I not say that I should have to think for you all at last?

Schweit. What does the blockhead say! The jackass is going to think for us all!

Spiegel. Cowards, cripples, lame dogs are ye all if you have not courage enough to venture upon something great.

Roller. Well, of course, so we should be, you are right; but will your proposed scheme get us out of this devil of a scrape? eh?

Spiegel. (*with a proud laugh*). Poor thing! Get us out of this scrape? Ha, ha, ha! Get us out of the scrape! — and is that all your thimbleful of brain can reach? And with that you trot your mare back to the stable? Spiegelberg would have been a miserable bungler indeed if that were the extent of his aim.

Heroes, I tell you, barons, princes, gods, it will make of you.

Raz. That's pretty well for one bout, truly! But no doubt it is some neck-breaking piece of business; it will cost a head or so at the least.

Spiegel. It wants nothing but courage; as to the headwork, I take that entirely upon myself. Courage, I say, Schweitzer! Courage, Roller! Grimm! Razman! Schufferle! Courage!

Schweit. Courage! If that is all, I have courage enough to walk through hell barefoot.

Schuf T. And I courage enough to fight the very devil himself under the open gallows for the rescue of any poor sinner.

Spiegel. That's just what it should be! If ye have courage, let any one of you step forward and say he has still something to lose, and not everything to gain?

Schweit. Verily, I should have a good deal to lose, if I were to lose all that I have yet to win!

Raz. Yes, by Jove! and I much to win, if I could win all that I have not got to lose.

Schuf T. Were I to lose what I carry on my back on trust I should at any rate have nothing to lose on the morrow.

Spiegel. Very well then! (*He takes his place in the middle of them, and says in solemn adjuration*) — if but a drop of the heroic blood of the ancient Germans still flow in your veins — come! We will fix our abode

in the Bohemian forests, draw together a band of robbers, and — What are you gaping at? Has your slender stock of courage oozed out already?

Roller. You are not the first rogue by many that has defied the gallows; — and yet what other choice have we?

Spiegel. Choice? You have no choice. Do you want to lie rotting in the debtor's jail and beat hemp till you are bailed by the last trumpet? Would you toil with pick-axe and spade for a morsel of dry bread? or earn a pitiful alms by singing doleful ditties under people's windows? Or will you be sworn at the drumhead — and then comes the question, whether anybody would trust your hang-dog visages — and so under the splenetic humor of some despotic sergeant serve your time of purgatory in advance? Would you like to run the gauntlet to the beat of the drum? or be doomed to drag after you, like a galley-slave, the whole iron store of Vulcan? Behold your choice. You have before you the complete catalogue of all that you may choose from!

Roller. Spiegelberg is not altogether wrong! I, too, have been concocting plans, but they come much to the same thing. How would it be, thought I, were we to club our wits together, and dish up a pocketbook, or an almanac, or something of that sort, and write reviews at a penny a line, as is now the fashion?

Schuf T. The devil's in you! you are pretty nearly hitting on my own schemes. I have been thinking to

myself how would it answer were I to turn Methodist, and hold weekly prayer-meetings?

Grimm. Capital! and, if that fails, turn atheist! We might fall foul of the four Gospels, get our book burned by the hangman, and then it would sell at a prodigious rate.

Raz. Or we might take the field to cure a fashionable ailment. I know a quack doctor who has built himself a house with nothing but mercury, as the motto over his door implies.

Schweit. (*rises and holds out his hand to Spiegelberg*). Spiegelberg, thou art a great man! or else a blind hog has by chance found an acorn.

Schweit. Excellent schemes! Honorable professions! How great minds sympathize! All that seems wanting to complete the list is that we should turn pimps and bawds.

Spiegel. Pooh! Pooh! Nonsense. And what is to prevent our combining most of these occupations in one person? My plan will exalt you the most, and it holds out glory and immortality into the bargain. Remember, too, ye sorry varlets, and it is a matter worthy of consideration: one's fame hereafter — the sweet thought of immortality -

Roller. And that at the very head of the muster-roll of honorable names! You are a master of eloquence, Spiegelberg, when the question is how to convert an honest man into a scoundrel. But does any

one know what has become of Moor?

Spiegel. Honest, say you? Do you think you'll be less honest then than you are now? What do you call honest? To relieve rich misers of half of those cares which only scare golden sleep from their eyelids; to force hoarded coin into circulation; to restore the equalization of property; in one word, to bring back the golden age; to relieve Providence of many a burdensome pensioner, and so save it the trouble of sending war, pestilence, famine, and above all, doctors — that is what I call honesty, d'ye see; that's what I call being a worthy instrument in the hand of Providence, — and then, at every meal you eat, to have the sweet reflection: this is what thy own ingenuity, thy lion boldness, thy night watchings, have procured for thee — to command the respect both of great and small!

Roller. And at last to mount towards heaven in the living body, and in spite of wind and storm, in spite of the greedy maw of old father Time, to be hovering beneath the sun and moon and all the stars of the firmament, where even the unreasoning birds of heaven, attracted by noble instinct, chant their seraphic music, and angels with tails hold their most holy councils? Don't you see? And, while monarchs and potentates become a prey to moths and worms, to have the honor of receiving visits from the royal bird of Jove. Moritz, Moritz, Moritz! beware of the

three-legged beast.¹⁶

Spiegel. And does that fright thee, craven-heart? Has not many a universal genius, who might have reformed the world, rotted upon the gallows? And does not the renown of such a man live for hundreds and thousands of years, whereas many a king and elector would be passed over in history, were not historians obliged to give him a niche to complete the line of succession, or that the mention of him did not swell the volume a few octavo pages, for which he counts upon hard cash from the publisher. And when the wayfarer sees you swinging to and fro in the breeze he will mutter to himself, "That fellow's brains had no water in them, I'll warrant me," and then groan over the hardship of the times.

Schweit. (*slaps him on the shoulder*). Well said, Spiegelberg! Well said! Why the devil do we stand here hesitating?

Schweit. And suppose it is called disgrace — what then? Cannot one, in case of need, always carry a small powder about one, which quietly smooths the weary traveller's passage across the Styx, where no cock-crowing will disturb his rest? No, brother Moritz! Your scheme is good; so at least says my creed.

Schuf. Zounds! and mine too! Spiegelberg, I am your recruit.

¹⁶ The gallows, which in Germany is formed of three posts.

Raz. Like a second Orpheus, Spiegelberg, you have charmed to sleep that howling beast, conscience! Take me as I stand, I am yours entirely!

Grimm. *Si omnes consentiunt ego non dissentio* ;¹⁷ mind, without a comma. There is an auction going on in my head — methodists — quack doctors — reviewers — rogues; — the highest bidder has me. Here is my hand, Moritz!

Roller. And you too, Schweitzer? (*he gives his right hand to SPIEGELBERG*). Thus I consign my soul to the devil.

Spiegel. And your name to the stars! What does it signify where the soul goes to? If crowds of *avantcouriers* give notice of our descent that the devils may put on their holiday gear, wipe the accumulated soot of a thousand years from their eyelashes, and myriads of horned heads pop up from the smoking mouth of their sulphurous chimneys to welcome our arrival! 'Up, comrades! (*leaping up*). Up! What in the world is equal to this ecstasy of delight? Come along, comrades!

Roller. Gently, gently! Where are you going? Every beast must have a head, boys!

Spiegel. (*With bitterness*). What is that incubus preaching about? Was not the head already there before a single limb began to move? Follow me, comrades!

¹⁷ The joke is explained by placing a comma after non.

Roller. Gently, I say! even liberty must have its master. Rome and Sparta perished for want of a chief.

Spiegel. (*in a wheedling manner*). Yes, — stay — Roller is right. And he must have an enlightened head. Do you understand? A keen, politic head. Yes! when I think what you were only an hour ago, and what you are now, and that it is all owing to one happy thought. Yes, of course, you must have a chief, and you'll own that he who struck out this idea may claim to have an enlightened and politic head?

Roller. If one could hope, if one could dream, but I fear he will not consent.

Spiegel. Why not? Speak out boldly, friend! Difficult as it may be to steer a laboring vessel against wind and tide, oppressive as may be the weight of a crown, speak your thought without hesitation, Roller! Perhaps he may be prevailed upon after all!

Roller. And if he does not the whole vessel will be crazy enough. Without Moor we are a “body without a soul.”

Spiegel. (*turning angrily from him*). Dolt! blockhead!

(Enter CHARLES VON MOOR in violent agitation, stalking backwards and forwards, and speaking to himself.)

Charles Von M. Man — man! false, perfidious

crocodile-brood! Your eyes are all tears, but your hearts steel! Kisses on your lips, but daggers couched in your bosoms! Even lions and tigers nourish their young. Ravens feast their brood on carrion, and he — he Malice I have learned to bear; and I can smile when my fellest enemy drinks to me in my own heart's blood; but when kindred turn traitors, when a father's love becomes a fury's hate; oh, then, let manly resignation give place to raging fire! the gentle lamb become a tiger! and every nerve strain itself to vengeance and destruction!

Roller. Hark ye, Moor! What think ye of it? A robber's life is pleasanter, after all, than to lie rotting on bread and water in the lowest dungeon of the castle?

Charles Von M. Why was not this spirit implanted in a tiger which gluts its raging jaws with human flesh? Is this a father's tenderness? Is this love for love? Would I were a bear to rouse all the bears of the north against this murderous race! Repentance, and no pardon! Oh, that I could poison the ocean that men might drink death from every spring! Contrition, implicit reliance, and no pardon!

Roller. But listen, Moor, — listen to what I am telling you!

Charles Von M. 'Tis incredible! 'tis a dream — a delusion! Such earnest entreaty, such a vivid picture of misery and tearful penitence — a savage beast would have been melted to compassion! stones would have

wept, and yet he — it would be thought a malicious libel upon human nature were I to proclaim it — and yet, yet — oh, that I could sound the trumpet of rebellion through all creation, and lead air, and earth, and sea into battle array against this generation of hyenas!

Grimm. Hear me, only hear me! You are deaf with raving.

Charles Von M. Avaunt, avaunt! Is not thy name man? Art thou not born of woman? Out of my sight, thou thing with human visage! I loved him so unutterably! — never son so loved a father; I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for him (*foaming and stamping the ground*). Ha! where is he that will put a sword into my hand that I may strike this generation of vipers to the quick! Who will teach me how to reach their heart's core, to crush, to annihilate the whole race? Such a man shall be my friend, my angel, my god — him will I worship!

Roller. Such friends behold in us; be but advised!

Schweit. Come with us into the Bohemian forests! We will form a band of robbers there, and you (*MOOR stares at him*).

Schweit. You shall be our captain! you must be our captain!

Spiegel. (*throws himself into a chair in a rage*). Slaves and cowards!

Charles Von M. Who inspired thee with that

thought? Hark, fellow! (*grasping ROLLER tightly*) that human soul of thine did not produce it; who suggested it to thee? Yes, by the thousand arms of death! that's what we will, and what we must do! the thought's divine. He who conceived it deserves to be canonized. Robbers and murderers! As my soul lives, I am your captain!

All (*with tumultuous shouts*). Hurrah! long live our captain!

Spiegel. (*starting up, aside*). Till I give him his *coup de grace* !

Charles Von M. See, it falls like a film from my eyes! What a fool was I to think of returning to be caged? My soul's athirst for deeds, my spirit pants for freedom. Murderers, robbers! with these words I trample the law underfoot — mankind threw off humanity when I appealed to it. Away, then, with human sympathies and mercy! I no longer have a father, no longer affections; blood and death shall teach me to forget that anything was ever dear to me! Come! come! Oh, I will recreate myself with some most fearful vengeance; — 'tis resolved, I am your captain! and success to him who Shall spread fire and slaughter the widest and most savagely — I pledge myself He shall be right royally rewarded. Stand around me, all of you, and swear to me fealty and obedience unto death! Swear by this trusty right hand.

All (*place their hands in his*). We swear to thee

fealty and obedience unto death!

Charles Von M. And, by this same trusty right Hand, I here swear to you to remain your captain, true and faithful unto death! This arm shall make an instant corpse of him who doubts, or fears, or retreats. And may the same befall me from your hands if I betray my oath! Are you content?

[SPIEGELBERG runs up and down in a furious rage.]

All (*throwing up their hats*). We are content!

Charles Von M. Well, then, let us be gone! Fear neither death nor danger, for an unalterable destiny rules over us. Every man has his doom, be it to die on the soft pillow of down, or in the field of blood, or on the scaffold, or the wheel! One or the other of these must be our lot! [Exeunt.]

Spiegel. (*looking after them after a pause*). Your catalogue has a hole in it. You have omitted poison.

[Exit.]

SCENE III

MOOR'S Castle. — AMELIA'S
Chamber.

Francis, AMELIA.

Francis. Your face is averted from me, Amelia? Am I less worthy than he who is accursed of his father?

Amelia. Away! Oh! what a loving, compassionate father, who abandons his son a prey to wolves and monsters! In his own comfortable home he pampers himself with delicious wines and stretches his palsied limbs on down, while his noble son is starving. Shame upon you, inhuman wretches! Shame upon you, ye souls of dragons, ye blots on humanity! — his only son!

Francis. I thought he had two.

Amelia. Yes, he deserves to have such sons as you are. On his deathbed he will in vain stretch out his withered hands for his Charles, and recoil with a shudder when he feels the ice-cold hand of his Francis. Oh, it is sweet, deliciously sweet, to be cursed by such a father! Tell me, Francis, dear brotherly soul — tell me what must one do to be cursed by him?

Francis. You are raving, dearest; you are to be pitied.

Amelia. Oh! indeed. Do you pity your brother? No, monster, you hate him! I hope you hate me too.

Francis. I love you as dearly as I love myself,
Amelia!

Amelia. If you love me you will not refuse me
one little request.

Francis. None, none! if you ask no more than my
life.

Amelia. Oh, if that is the case! then one request,
which you will so easily, so readily grant. (*Loftily.*)
Hate me! I should perforce blush crimson if, whilst
thinking of Charles, it should for a moment enter my
mind that you do not hate me. You promise me this?
Now go, and leave me; I so love to be alone!

Francis. Lovely enthusiast! how greatly I admire
your gentle, affectionate heart. Here, here, Charles
reigned sole monarch, like a god within his temple; he
stood before thee waking, he filled your imagination
dreaming; the whole creation seemed to thee to centre
in Charles, and to reflect him alone; it gave thee no
other echo but of him.

Amelia (*with emotion*). Yes, verily, I own it.
Despite of you all, barbarians as you are, I will own it
before all the world. I love him!

Francis. Inhuman, cruel! So to requite a love like
this! To forget her -

Amelia (*starting*). What! forget me?

Francis. Did you not place a ring on his
finger? — a diamond ring, the pledge of your love? To
be sure how is it possible for youth to resist the

fascinations of a wanton? Who can blame him for it, since he had nothing else left to give away? and of course she repaid him with interest by her caresses and embraces.

Amelia (*with indignation*). My ring to a wanton?

Francis. Fie, fie! it is disgraceful. 'Twould not be much, however, if that were all. A ring, be it ever so costly, is, after all, a thing which one may always buy of a Jew. Perhaps the fashion of it did not please him, perhaps he exchanged it for one more beautiful.

Amelia (*with violence*). But my ring, I say, my ring?

Francis. Even yours, Amelia. Ha! such a brilliant, and on my finger; and from Amelia! Death itself should not have plucked it hence. It is not the costliness of the diamond, not the cunning of the pattern — it is love which constitutes its value. Is it not so, Amelia? Dearest child, you are weeping. Woe be to him who causes such precious drops to flow from those heavenly eyes; ah, and if you knew all, if you could but see him yourself, see him under that form?

Amelia. Monster! what do you mean? What form do you speak of?

Francis. Hush, hush, gentle soul, press me no further (*as if soliloquizing, yet aloud*). If it had only some veil, that horrid vice, under which it might shroud itself from the eye of the world! But there it is, glaring horribly through the sallow, leaden eye; proclaiming

itself in the sunken, deathlike look; ghastly protruding bones; the faltering, hollow voice; preaching audibly from the shattered, shaking skeleton; piercing to the most vital marrow of the bones, and sapping the manly strength of youth — faugh! the idea sickens me. Nose, eyes, ears shrink from it. You saw that miserable wretch, Amelia, in our hospital, who was heavily breathing out his spirit; modesty seemed to cast down her abashed eye as she passed him; you cried woe upon him. Recall that hideous image to your mind, and your Charles stands before you. His kisses are pestilence, his lips poison.

Amelia (*strikes him*). Shameless liar!

Francis. Does such a Charles inspire you with horror? Does the mere picture fill you with disgust? Go, then! gaze upon him yourself, your handsome, your angelic, your divine Charles! Go, drink his balmy breath, and revel in the ambrosial fumes which ascend from his throat! The very exhalations of his body will plunge you into that dark and deathlike dizziness which follows the smell of a bursting carcase, or the sight of a corpse-strewn battle-field. (*AMELIA turns away her face.*) What sensations of love! What rapture in those embraces! But is it not unjust to condemn a man because of his diseased exterior? Even in the most wretched lump of deformity a soul great and worthy of love may beam forth brightly like a pearl on a dunghill. (*With a malignant smile.*) Even from lips of corruption

love may —. To be sure if vice should undermine the very foundations of character, if with chastity virtue too should take her flight as the fragrance departs from the faded rose — if with the body the soul too should be tainted and corrupted.

Amelia (*rising joyfully*). Ha! Charles! now I recognize thee again! Thou art whole, whole! It was all a lie! Dost thou not know, miscreant, that it would be impossible for Charles to be the being you describe? (*FRANCIS remains standing for some time, lost in thought, then suddenly turns round to go away.*) Whither are you going in such haste? Are you flying from your own infamy?

Francis (*hiding his face*). Let me go, let me go! to give free vent to my tears! tyrannical father, thus to abandon the best of your sons to misery and disgrace on every side! Let me go, Amelia! I will throw myself at his feet, on my knees I will conjure him to transfer to me the curse that he has pronounced, to disinherit me, to hate me, my blood, my life, my all —.

Amelia (*falls on his neck*). Brother of my Charles! Dearest, most excellent Francis!

Francis. Oh, Amelia! how I love you for this unshaken constancy to my brother. Forgive me for venturing to subject your love to so severe a trial! How nobly you have realized my wishes! By those tears, those sighs, that divine indignation — and for me too, for me — our souls did so truly harmonize.

Amelia. Oh, no! that they never did!

Francis. Alas! they harmonized so truly that I always thought we must be twins. And were it not for that unfortunate difference in person, to be twin-like, which, it must be admitted, would be to the disadvantage of Charles, we should again and again be mistaken for each other. Thou art, I often said to myself, thou art the very Charles, his echo, his counterpart.

Amelia (*shakes her head*). No, no! by that chaste light of heaven! not an atom of him, not the least spark of his soul.

Francis. So entirely the same in our dispositions; the rose was his favorite flower, and what flower do I esteem above the rose? He loved music beyond expression; and ye are witnesses, ye stars! how often you have listened to me playing on the harpsichord in the dead silence of night, when all around lay buried in darkness and slumber; and how is it possible for you, Amelia, still to doubt? if our love meets in one perfection, and if it is the self-same love, how can its fruits degenerate? (*AMELIA looks at him with astonishment.*) It was a calm, serene evening, the last before his departure for Leipzig, when he took me with him to the bower where you so often sat together in dreams of love, — we were long speechless; at last he seized my hand, and said, in a low voice, and with tears in his eyes, “I am leaving Amelia; I know not, but I

have a sad presentiment that it is forever; forsake her not, brother; be her friend, her Charles — if Charles — should never — never return.” (*He throws himself down before her, and kisses her hand with fervor.*) Never, never, never will he return; and I stand pledged by a sacred oath to fulfil his behest!

Amelia (*starting back*). Traitor! Now thou art unmasked! In that very bower he conjured me, if he died, to admit no other love. Dost thou see how impious, how execrable —. Quit my sight!

Francis. You know me not, Amelia; you do not know me in the least!

Amelia. Oh, yes, I know you; from henceforth I know you; and you pretend to be like him? You mean to say that he wept for me in your presence? Yours? He would sooner have inscribed my name on the pillory? Begone — this instant!

Francis. You insult me.

Amelia. Go — I say. You have robbed me of a precious hour; may it be deducted from your life.

Francis. You hate me then!

Amelia. I despise you — away!

Francis (*stamping with fury*). Only wait! you shall learn to tremble before me! — To sacrifice me for a beggar!

[Exit in anger.]

Amelia. Go, thou base villain! Now, Charles, am I again thine own. Beggar, did he say! then is the world turned upside down, beggars are kings, and kings are beggars! I would not change the rags he wears for the imperial purple. The look with which he begs must, indeed, be a noble, a royal look, a look that withers into naught the glory, the pomp, the triumphs of the rich and great! Into the dust with thee, glittering baubles! (*She tears her pearls from her neck.*) Let the rich and the proud be condemned to bear the burden of gold, and silver, and jewels! Be they condemned to carouse at the tables of the voluptuous! To pamper their limbs on the downy couch of luxury! Charles! Charles! Thus am I worthy of thee!

[Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I

FRANCIS VON MOOR in his chamber
— in meditation.

Francis. It lasts too long—and the doctor even says is recovering — an old man's life is a very eternity! The course would be free and plain before me, but for this troublesome, tough lump of flesh, which, like the

infernal demon-hound in ghost stories, bars the way to my treasures.

Must, then, my projects bend to the iron yoke of a mechanical system? Is my soaring spirit to be chained down to the snail's pace of matter? To blow out a wick which is already flickering upon its last drop of oil — 'tis nothing more. And yet I would rather not do it myself, on account of what the world would say. I should not wish him to be killed, but merely disposed of. I should like to do what your clever physician does, only the reverse way — not stop Nature's course by running a bar across her path, but only help her to speed a little faster. Are we not able to prolong the conditions of life? Why, then, should we not also be able to shorten them? Philosophers and physiologists teach us how close is the sympathy between the emotions of the mind and the movements of the bodily machine. Convulsive sensations are always accompanied by a disturbance of the mechanical vibrations — passions injure the vital powers — an overburdened spirit bursts its shell. Well, then — what if one knew how to smooth this unbeaten path, for the easier entrance of death into the citadel of life? — to work the body's destruction through the mind — ha! an original device! — who can accomplish this? — a device without a parallel! Think upon it, Moor! That were an art worthy of thee for its inventor. Has not poisoning been raised almost to the rank of a regular science, and Nature compelled, by the

force of experiments, to define her limits, so that one may now calculate the heart's throbbings for years in advance, and say to the beating pulse, "So far, and no farther"? Why should not one try one's skill in this line?¹⁸

And how, then, must I, too, go to work to dissever that sweet and peaceful union of soul and body? What species of sensations should I seek to produce? Which would most fiercely assail the condition of life? Anger? — that ravenous wolf is too quickly satiated. Care? that worm gnaws far too slowly. Grief? — that viper creeps too lazily for me. Fear? — hope destroys its power. What! and are these the only executioners of man? is the armory of death so soon exhausted? (*In deep thought.*) How now! what! ho! I have it! (*Starting up.*) Terror! What is proof against terror? What powers have religion and reason under that giant's icy grasp! And yet — if he should withstand even this assault? If he should! Oh, then, come Anguish to my aid! and thou, gnawing Repentance! — furies of

¹⁸ A woman in Paris, by means of a regularly performed series of experiments, carried the art of poisoning to such perfection that she could predict almost to a certainty the day of death, however remote. Fie upon our physicians, who should blush to be outdone by a woman in their own province. Beckmann, in his article on secret poisoning, has given a particular account of this woman, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers. — See "History of Inventions," Standard Library Edition, vol. i, pp. 47–63.

hell, burrowing snakes who regorge your food, and feed upon your own excrements; ye that are forever destroying, and forever reproducing your poison! And thou, howling Remorse, that desolatest thine own habitation, and feedest upon thy mother. And come ye, too, gentle Graces, to my aid; even you, sweet smiling Memory, goddess of the past — and thou, with thy overflowing horn of plenty, blooming Futurity; show him in your mirror the joys of Paradise, while with fleeting foot you elude his eager grasp. Thus will I work my battery of death, stroke after stroke, upon his fragile body, until the troop of furies close upon him with Despair! Triumph! triumph! — the plan is complete — difficult and masterly beyond compare — sure — safe; for then (*with a sneer*) the dissecting knife can find no trace of wound or of corrosive poison.

(*Resolutely.*) Be it so! (*Enter HERMANN.*) Ha! *Deus ex machina* ! Hermann!

Hermann. At your service, gracious sir!

Francis (*shakes him by the hand*). You will not find it that of an ungrateful master.

Hermann. I have proofs of this.

Francis. And you shall have more soon — very soon, Hermann! — I have something to say to thee, Hermann.

Hermann. I am all attention.

Francis. I know thee — thou art a resolute fellow — a man of mettle. — To call thee smooth-tongued!

My father has greatly belied thee, Hermann.

Hermann. The devil take me if I forget it!

Francis. Spoken like a man! Vengeance becomes a manly heart! Thou art to my mind, Hermann. Take this purse, Hermann. It should be heavier were I master here.

Hermann. That is my unceasing wish, most gracious sir. I thank you.

Francis. Really, Hermann! dost thou wish that I were master? But my father has the marrow of a lion in his bones, and I am but a younger son.

Hermann. I wish you were the eldest son, and that your father were as marrowless as a girl sinking in a consumption.

Francis. Ha! how that elder son would recompense thee! How he would raise thee from this grovelling condition, so ill suited to thy spirit and noble birth, to be a light of the age! — Then shouldst thou be covered with gold from head to foot, and dash through the streets four in hand — verily thou shouldst! — But I am losing sight of what I meant to say. — Have you already forgotten the Lady Amelia, Hermann?

Hermann. A curse upon it! Why do you remind me of her?

Francis. My brother has filched her away from you.

Hermann. He shall rue it.

Francis. She gave you the sack. And, if I

remember right, he kicked you down stairs.

Hermann. For which I will kick him into hell.

Francis. He used to say, it was whispered abroad, that your father could never look upon you without smiting his breast and sighing, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Hermann (*wildly*). Thunder and lightning! No more of this!

Francis. He advised you to sell your patent of nobility by auction, and to get your stockings mended with the proceeds.

Hermann. By all the devils in hell, I'll scratch out his eyes with my own nails!

Francis. What? you are growing angry? What signifies your anger? What harm can you do him? What can a mouse like you do to such a lion? Your rage only makes his triumph the sweeter. You can do nothing more than gnash your teeth, and vent your rage upon a dry crust.

Hermann (*stamping*). I will grind him to powder!

Francis (*slapping his shoulder*). Fie, Hermann! You are a gentleman. You must not put up with the affront. You must not give up the lady, no, not for all the world, Hermann! By my soul, I would move heaven and earth were I in your place.

Hermann. I will not rest till I have him, and him, too, under ground.

Francis. Not so violent, Hermann! Come nearer — you shall have Amelia.

Hermann. That I must; despite the devil himself, I will have her.

Francis. You shall have her, I tell you; and that from my hand. Come closer, I say. — You don't know, perhaps, that Charles is as good as disinherited.

Hermann (*going closer to him*). Incredible! The first I have heard of it.

Francis. Be patient, and listen! Another time you shall hear more. — Yes, I tell you, as good as banished these eleven months. But the old man already begins to lament the hasty step, which, however, I flatter myself (*with a smile*) is not entirely his own. Amelia, too, is incessantly pursuing him with her tears and reproaches. Presently he will be having him searched for in every quarter of the world; and if he finds him — then it's all over with you, Hermann. You may perhaps have the honor of most obsequiously holding the coach-door while he alights with the lady to get married.

Hermann. I'll strangle him at the altar first.

Francis. His father will soon give up his estates to him, and live in retirement in his castle. Then the proud roysterer will have the reins in his own hands, and laugh his enemies to scorn; — and I, who wished to make a great man of you — a man of consequence — I myself, Hermann, shall have to make my humble obeisance at his threshold.

Hermann (*with fire*). No, as sure as my name is Hermann, that shall never be! If but the smallest spark of wit glimmer in this brain of mine, that shall never be!

Francis. Will you be able to prevent it? You, too, my good Hermann, will be made to feel his lash. He will spit in your face when he meets you in the streets; and woe be to you should you venture to shrug your shoulders or to make a wry mouth. Look, my friend! this is all that your lovesuit, your prospects, and your mighty plans amount to.

Hermann. Tell me, what am I to do?

Francis. Well, then, listen, Hermann! You see how I enter into your feelings, like a true friend. Go — disguise yourself, so that no one may recognize you; obtain audience of the old man; pretend to come straight from Bohemia, to have been at the battle of Prague along with my brother — to have seen him breathe his last on the field of battle!

Hermann. Will he believe me?

Francis. Ho! ho! let that be my care! Take this packet. There you will find your commission set forth at large; and documents, to boot, which shall convince the most incredulous. Only make haste to get away unobserved. Slip through the back gate into the yard, and then scale the garden wall. — The denouement of this tragicomedy you may leave to me!

Hermann. That, I suppose, will be, “Long live

our new baron, Francis von Moor!”

Francis (*patting his cheeks*). How cunning you are! By this means, you see, we attain all our aims at once and quickly. Amelia relinquishes all hope of him, — the old man reproaches himself for the death of his son, and — he sickens — a tottering edifice needs no earthquake to bring it down — he will not survive the intelligence — then am I his only son, — Amelia loses every support, and becomes the plaything of my will, and you may easily guess — in short, all will go as we wish — but you must not flinch from your word.

Hermann. What do you say? (*Exultingly.*) Sooner shall the ball turn back in its course, and bury itself in the entrails of the marksman. Depend upon me! Only let me to the work. Adieu!

Francis (*calling after him*). The harvest is thine, dear Hermann! (*Alone.*) When the ox has drawn the corn into the barn, he must put up with hay. A dairy maid for thee, and no Amelia!

SCENE II

Old Moor's Bedchamber.

Old Moor asleep in an arm-chair;

AMELIA.

Amelia (*approaching him on tip-toe*). Softly! Softly! He slumbers. (*She places herself before him.*)

How beautiful! how venerable! — venerable as the picture of a saint. No, I cannot be angry with thee, thou head with the silver locks; I cannot be angry with thee! Slumber on gently, wake up cheerfully — I alone will be the sufferer.

Old M. (*dreaming*). My son! my son! my son!

Amelia (*seizes his hand*). Hark! — hark! his son is in his dreams.

Old M. Are you there? Are you really there! Alas! how miserable you seem! Fix not on me that mournful look! I am wretched enough.

Amelia (*awakens him abruptly*). Look up, dear old man! 'Twas but a dream. Collect yourself!

Old M. (*half awake*). Was he not there? Did I not press his hands? Cruel Francis! wilt thou tear him even from my dreams?

Amelia (*aside*). Ha! mark that, Amelia!

Old M. (*rousing himself*). Where is he? Where? Where am I? You here, Amelia?

Amelia. How do you find yourself? You have had a refreshing slumber.

Old M. I was dreaming about my son. Why did I not dream on? Perhaps I might have obtained forgiveness from his lips.

Amelia. Angels bear no resentment — he forgives you. (*Seizes his hand sorrowfully.*) Father of my Charles! I, too, forgive you.

Old M. No, no, my child! That death-like

paleness of thy cheek is the father's condemnation. Poor girl! I have robbed thee of the happiness of thy youth. Oh, do not curse me!

Amelia (*affectionately kissing his hand*). I curse you?

Old M. Dost thou know this portrait, my daughter?

Amelia. Charles!

Old M. Such was he in his sixteenth year. But now, alas! how changed. Oh, it is raging within me. That gentleness is now indignation; that smile despair. It was his birthday, was it not, Amelia — in the jessamine bower — when you drew this picture of him? Oh, my daughter! How happy was I in your loves.

Amelia (*with her eye still riveted upon the picture*). No, no, it is not he! By Heaven, that is not Charles! Here (*pointing to her head and her heart*), here he is perfect; and how different. The feeble pencil avails not to express that heavenly spirit which reigned in his fiery eye. Away with it! This is a poor image, an ordinary man! I was a mere dauber.

Old M. That kind, that cheering look! Had that been at my bedside, I should have lived in the midst of death. Never, never should I have died!

Amelia. No, you would never, never have died. It would have been but a leap, as we leap from one thought to another and a better. That look would have lighted you across the tomb — that look would have

lifted you beyond the stars!

Old M. It is hard! it is sad! I am dying, and my son Charles is not here — I am borne to my tomb, and he weeps not over my grave. How sweet it is to be lulled into the sleep of death by a son's prayer — that is the true requiem.

Amelia (*with enthusiasm*). Yes, sweet it is, heavenly sweet, to be lulled into the sleep of death by the song of the beloved. Perhaps our dreams continue in the grave — a long, eternal, never-ending dream of Charles — till the trumpet of resurrection sounds — (*rising in ecstasy*) — and thenceforth and forever in his arms! (*A pause; she goes to the piano and plays.*)

Andromache.

Oh, Hector, wilt thou go for evermore,
When fierce Achilles, on the blood-stained shore,
Heaps countless victims o'er Patroclus' grave?
When then thy hapless orphan boy will rear,
Teach him to praise the gods and hurl the spear,
When thou art swallow'd up in Xanthus' wave?

Old M. A beautiful song, my daughter. You must play that to me before I die.

Amelia. It is the parting of Hector and Andromache. Charles and I used often to sing it together to the guitar. (*She continues.*)

Hector.

Beloved wife! stern duty calls to arms —
Go, fetch my lance! and cease those vain alarms!
On me is cast the destiny of Troy!
Astyanax, my child, the Gods will shield,
Should Hector fall upon the battle-field;
And in Elysium we shall meet with joy!

Enter DANIEL.

Daniel. There is a man without, who craves to be admitted to your presence, and says he brings tidings of importance.

Old M. To me there is but one thing in this world of importance; thou knowest it, Amelia. Perhaps it is some unfortunate creature who seeks assistance? He shall not go hence in sorrow.

Amelia. — If it is a beggar, let him come up quickly.

Old M. Amelia, Amelia! spare me!

Amelia (*continues to play and sing.*)

Andromache.

Thy martial tread no more will grace my hall —
Thine arms shall hang sad relics on the wall —
And Priam's race of godlike heroes fade!
Oh, thou wilt go where Phoebus sheds no light —
Where black Cocytus wails in endless night
Thy love will die in Lethe's gloomy shade.

Hector.

Though I in Lethe's darksome wave should sink,
And cease on other mortal ties to think,
Yet thy true love shall never be forgot!
Hark! on the walls I hear the battle roar —
Gird on my armor — and, oh, weep no more.
Thy Hector's love in Lethe dieth not!

(Enter FRANCIS, HERMANN in
disguise, DANIEL.)

Francis. Here is the man. He says that he brings terrible news. Can you bear the recital!

Old M. I know but one thing terrible to hear. Come hither, friend, and spare me not! Hand him a cup of wine!

Hermann (*in a feigned voice*). Most gracious Sir? Let not a poor man be visited with your displeasure, if against his will he lacerates your heart. I am a stranger in these parts, but I know you well; you are the father of Charles von Moor.

Old M. How know you that?

Hermann. I knew your son.

Amelia (*starting up*). He lives then? He lives! You know him? Where is he? Where? (*About to rush out.*)

Old M. What know you about my son?

Hermann. He was a student at the university of Leipzig. From thence he travelled about, I know not how far. He wandered all over Germany, and, as he told me himself, barefoot and bareheaded, begging his bread from door to door. After five months, the fatal war between Prussia and Austria broke out afresh, and as he had no hopes left in this world, the fame of Friedrich's victorious banner drew him to Bohemia. Permit me, said he to the great Schwerin, to die on the bed of heroes, for I have no longer a father! -

Old M. O! Amelia! Look not on me!

Hermann. They gave him a pair of colors. With the Prussians he flew on the wings of victory. We chanced to lie together, in the same tent. He talked much of his old father, and of happy days that were past — and of disappointed hopes — it brought the tears into our eyes.

Old M. (*buries his face in his pillow*). — No more! Oh, no more!

Hermann. A week after, the fierce battle of Prague was fought — I can assure you your son behaved like a brave soldier. He performed prodigies that day in sight of the whole army. Five regiments were successively cut down by his side, and still he kept his ground. Fiery shells fell right and left, and still your son kept his ground. A ball shattered his right hand: he seized the colors with his left, and still he kept his ground!

Amelia (*in transport*). Hector, Hector! do you hear? He kept his ground!

Hermann. On the evening of the battle I found him on the same spot. He had sunk down, amidst a shower of hissing balls: with his left hand he was staunching the blood that flowed from a fearful wound; his right he had buried in the earth. "Comrade!" cried he when he saw me, "there has been a report through the ranks that the general fell an hour ago —" "He is fallen," I replied, "and thou?" "Well, then," he cried, withdrawing his left hand from the wound, "let every brave soldier follow his general!" Soon after he breathed out his noble soul, to join his heroic leader.

Francis (*feigning to rush wildly on HERMANN*). May death seal thy accursed lips! Art thou come here to give the death-blow to our father? Father! Amelia! father!

Hermann. It was the last wish of my expiring comrade. "Take this sword," faltered he, with his dying breath, "deliver it to my aged father; his son's blood is upon it — he is avenged — let him rejoice. Tell him that his curse drove me into battle and into death; that I fell in despair." His last sigh was "Amelia."

Amelia (*like one aroused from lethargy*). His last sigh — Amelia!

Old M. (*screaming horribly, and tearing his hair*). My curse drove him into death! He fell in despair!

Francis (*pacing up and down the room*). Oh! what have you done, father? My Charles! my brother!

Hermann. Here is the sword; and here, too, is a picture which he drew from his breast at the same time. It is the very image of this young lady. "This for my brother Francis," he said; I know not what he meant by it.

Francis (*feigning astonishment*). For me? Amelia's picture? For me — Charles — Amelia? For me?

Amelia (*rushing violently upon HERMANN*). Thou venal, bribed impostor! (*Lays hold of him.*)

Hermann. I am no impostor, noble lady. See yourself if it is not your picture. It may be that you yourself gave it to him.

Francis. By heaven, Amelia! your picture! It is, indeed.

Amelia (*returns him the picture*) My picture, mine! Oh! heavens and earth!

Old M. (*screaming and tearing his face.*) Woe, woe! my curse drove him into death! He fell in despair!

Francis. And he thought of me in the last and parting hour — of me. Angelic soul! When the black banner of death already waved over him he thought of me!

Old M. (*stammering like an idiot.*) My curse drove him into death. In despair my son perished.

Hermann. This is more than I can bear!

Farewell, old gentleman! (*Aside to FRANCIS.*) How could you have the heart to do this?

[Exit in haste.]

Amelia (*rises and rushes after him*). Stay! stay! What were his last words?

Hermann (*calling back*). His last sigh was “Amelia.”

[Exit.]

Amelia. His last sigh was Amelia! No, thou art no impostor. It is too true — true — he is dead — dead! (*staggering to and fro till she sinks down*) — dead — Charles is dead!

Francis. What do I see? What is this line on the sword? — written with blood — Amelia!

Amelia. By him?

Francis. Do I see clearly, or am I dreaming? Behold, in characters of blood, “Francis, forsake not my Amelia.” And on the other side, “Amelia, all-powerful death has released thee from thy oath.” Now do you see — do you see? With hand stiffening in death he wrote it, with his warm life's blood he wrote it — wrote it on the solemn brink of eternity. His spirit lingered in his flight to unite Francis and Amelia.

Amelia. Gracious heaven! it is his own hand. He

never loved me.

[Rushes off]

Francis (*stamping the ground*). Confusion! her stubborn heart foils all my cunning!

Old Moor. Woe, woe! forsake me not, my daughter! Francis, Francis! give me back my son!

Francis. Who was it that cursed him? Who was it that drove his son into battle, and death, and despair? Oh, he was an angel, a jewel of heaven! A curse on his destroyers! A curse, a curse upon yourself!

Old Moor (*strikes his breast and forehead with his clenched fist*). He was an angel, a jewel of heaven! A curse, a curse, perdition, a curse on myself! I am the father who slew his noble son! He loved me even to death! To expiate my vengeance he rushed into battle and into death! Monster, monster that I am! (*He rages against himself.*)

Francis. He is gone. What avail these tardy lamentations? (*with a satanic sneer.*) It is easier to murder than to restore to life. You will never bring him back from his grave.

Old Moor. Never, never, never bring him back from the grave! Gone! lost for ever! And you it was that beguiled my heart to curse him. — you — you — Give me back my son!

Francis. Rouse not my fury, lest I forsake you

even in the hour of death!

Old Moor. Monster! inhuman monster! Restore my son to me. (*Starts from the chair and attempts to catch FRANCIS by the throat, who flings him back.*)

Francis. Feeble old dotard I would you dare? Die! despair!

[Exit.]

Old Moor. May the thunder of a thousand curses light upon thee! thou hast robbed me of my son. (*Throwing himself about in his chair full of despair.*) Alas! alas! to despair and yet not die. They fly, they forsake me in death; my guardian angels fly from me; all the saints withdraw from the hoary murderer. Oh, misery! will no one support this head, no one release this struggling soul? No son, no daughter, no friend, not one human being — will no one? Alone — forsaken. Woe, woe! To despair, yet not to die!

Enter AMELIA, her eyes red with weeping.

Old Moor. Amelia! messenger of heaven! Art thou come to release my soul?

Amelia (*in a gentle tone*). You have lost a noble son.

Old Moor. Murdered him, you mean. With the

weight of this impeachment I shall present myself before the judgment-seat of God.

Amelia. Not so, old man! Our heavenly Father has taken him to himself. We should have been too happy in this world. Above, above, beyond the stars, we shall meet again.

Old Moor. Meet again! Meet again! Oh! it will pierce my soul like a Sword — should I, a saint, meet him among the saints. In the midst of heaven the horrors of hell will strike through me! The remembrance of that deed will crush me in the presence of the Eternal: I have murdered my son!

Amelia. Oh, his smiles will chase away the bitter remembrance from your soul! Cheer up, dear father! I am quite cheerful. Has he not already sung the name of Amelia to listening angels on seraphic harps, and has not heaven's choir sweetly echoed it? Was not his last sigh, Amelia? And will not Amelia be his first accent of joy?

Old Moor. Heavenly consolation flows from your lips! He will smile upon me, you say? He will forgive me? You must stay with my beloved of my Charles, when I die.

Amelia. To die is to fly to his arms. Oh, how happy and enviable is your lot! Would that my bones were decayed! — that my hairs were gray! Woe upon the vigor of youth! Welcome, decrepid age, nearer to heaven and my Charles!

Enter FRANCIS.

Old Moor. Come near, my son! Forgive me if I spoke too harshly to you just now! I forgive you all. I wish to yield up my spirit in peace.

Francis. Have you done weeping for your son? For aught that I see you had but one.

Old Moor. Jacob had twelve sons, but for his Joseph he wept tears of blood.

Francis. Hum!

Old Moor. Bring the Bible, my daughter, and read to me the story of Jacob and Joseph! It always appeared to me so touching, even before I myself became a Jacob.

Amelia. What part shall I read to you? (*Takes the Bible and turns over the leaves.*)

Old Moor. Read to me the grief of the bereaved father, when he found his Joseph no more among his children; — when he sought him in vain amidst his eleven sons; — and his lamentation when he heard that he was taken from him forever.

Amelia (*reads*). “And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, 'This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.' (*Exit FRANCIS suddenly.*) And he knew it and said, 'It is my

son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.”

Old Moor (*falls back upon the pillow*). An evil beast hath devoured Joseph!

Amelia (*continues reading*). “And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and he said, 'For I will go down into the grave-”

Old Moor. Leave off! leave off. I feel very ill.

Amelia (*running towards him, lets fall the book*). Heaven help us! What is this?

Old Moor. It is death — darkness — is waving — before my eyes — I pray thee — send for the minister — that he may — give me — the Holy Communion. Where is — my son Francis?

Amelia. He is fled. God have mercy upon us!

Old Moor. Fled — fled from his father's deathbed? And is that all — all — of two children full of promise — thou hast given — thou hast — taken away — thy name be -

Amelia (*with a sudden cry*). Dead! both dead!

[Exit in despair.]

Enter FRANCIS, dancing with joy.

Francis. Dead, they cry, dead! Now am I master.

Through the whole castle it rings, dead! but stay, perchance he only sleeps? To be sure, yes, to be sure! that certainly is a sleep after which no “good-morrow” is ever said. Sleep and death are but twin-brothers. We will for once change their names! Excellent, welcome sleep! We will call thee death! (*He closes the eyes of OLD MOOR.*) Who now will come forward and dare to accuse me at the bar of justice, or tell me to my face, thou art a villain? Away, then, with this troublesome mask of humility and virtue! Now you shall see Francis as he is, and tremble! My father was overgentle in his demands, turned his domain into a family-circle, sat blandly smiling at the gate, and saluted his peasants as brethren and children. My brows shall lower upon you like thunderclouds; my lordly name shall hover over you like a threatening comet over the mountains; my forehead shall be your weather-glass! He would caress and fondle the child that lifted its stubborn head against him. But fondling and caressing is not my mode. I will drive the rowels of the spur into their flesh, and give the scourge a trial. Under my rule it shall be brought to pass that potatoes and small-beer shall be considered a holiday treat; and woe to him who meets my eye with the audacious front of health. Haggard want and crouching fear are my insignia; and in this livery I will clothe ye.

[Exit.]

SCENE III

THE BOHEMIAN WOODS.

SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, A Troop Of
ROBBERS.

Raz. Are you come? Is it really you? Oh, let me squeeze thee into a jelly, my dear heart's brother! Welcome to the Bohemian forests! Why, you are grown quite stout and jolly! You have brought us recruits in right earnest, a little army of them; you are the very prince of crimps.

Spiegel. Eh, brother? Eli? And proper fellows they are! You must confess the blessing of heaven is visibly upon me; I was a poor, hungry wretch, and had nothing but this staff when I went over the Jordan, and now there are eight-and-seventy of us, mostly ruined shopkeepers, rejected masters of arts, and law-clerks from the Swabian provinces. They are a rare set of fellows, brother, capital fellows, I promise you; they will steal you the very buttons off each other's trousers in perfect security, although in the teeth of a loaded musket,¹⁹ and they live in clover and enjoy a reputation for forty miles round, which is quite

¹⁹ The acting edition reads, "Hang your hat up in the sun, and I'll take you a wager it's gone the next minute, as clean out of sight as if the devil himself had walked off with it."

astonishing.

There is not a newspaper in which you will not find some little feat or other of that cunning fellow, Spiegelberg; I take in the papers for nothing else; they have described me from head to foot; you would think you saw me; they have not forgotten even my coat-buttons. But we lead them gloriously by the nose. The other day I went to the printing-office and pretended that I had seen the famous Spiegelberg, dictated to a penny-a-liner who was sitting there the exact image of a quack doctor in the town; the matter gets wind, the fellow is arrested, put to the rack, and in his anguish and stupidity he confesses the devil take me if he does not — confesses that he is Spiegelberg. Fire and fury! I was on the point of giving myself up to a magistrate rather than have my fair fame marred by such a poltroon; however, within three months he was hanged. I was obliged to stuff a right good pinch of snuff into my nose as some time afterwards I was passing the gibbet and saw the pseudo-Spiegelberg parading there in all his glory; and, while Spiegelberg's representative is dangling by the neck, the real Spiegelberg very quietly slips himself out of the noose, and makes jolly long noses behind the backs of these sagacious wiseacres of the law.

Raz. (*laughing*). You are still the same fellow you always were.

Spiegel. Ay, sure! body and soul. But I must tell

you a bit of fun, my boy, which I had the other day in the nunnery of St. Austin. We fell in with the convent just about sunset; and as I had not fired a single cartridge all day, — you know I hate the *diem perdidit* as I hate death itself, — I was determined to immortalize the night by some glorious exploit, even though it should cost the devil one of his ears! We kept quite quiet till late in the night. At last all is as still as a mouse — the lights are extinguished. We fancy the nuns must be comfortably tucked up. So I take brother Grimm along with me, and order the others to wait at the gate till they hear my whistle — I secure the watchman, take the keys from him, creep into the maid-servants' dormitory, take away all their clothes, and whisk the bundle out at the window. We go on from cell to cell, take away the clothes of one sister after another, and lastly those of the lady-abbess herself. Then I sound my whistle, and my fellows outside begin to storm and halloo as if doomsday was at hand, and away they rush with the devil's own uproar into the cells of the sisters! Ha, ha, ha! You should have seen the game — how the poor creatures were groping about in the dark for their petticoats, and how they took on when they found they were gone; and we, in the meantime, at 'em like very devils; and now, terrified and amazed, they wriggled under their bedclothes, or cowered together like cats behind the stoves. There was such shrieking and lamentation; and then the old

beldame of an abbess — you know, brother, there is nothing in the world I hate so much as a spider and an old woman — so you may just fancy that wrinkled old hag standing naked before me, conjuring me by her maiden modesty forsooth! Well, I was determined to make short work of it; either, said I, out with your plate and your convent jewels and all your shining dollars, or — my fellows knew what I meant. The end of it was I brought away more than a thousand dollars' worth out of the convent, to say nothing of the fun, which will tell its own story in due time.

Raz. (*stamping on the ground*). Hang it, that I should be absent on such an occasion.

Spiegel. Do you see? Now tell me, is not that life? 'Tis that which keeps one fresh and hale, and braces the body so that it swells hourly like an abbot's paunch; I don't know, but I think I must be endowed with some magnetic property, which attracts all the vagabonds on the face of the earth towards me like steel and iron.

Raz. A precious magnet, indeed. But I should like to know, I'll be hanged if I shouldn't, what witchcraft you use?

Spiegel. Witchcraft? No need of witchcraft. All it wants is a head — a certain practical capacity which, of course, is not taken in with every spoonful of barley meal; for you know I have always said that an honest man may be carved out of any willow stump, but to

make a rogue you must have brains; besides which it requires a national genius — a certain rascal-climate — so to speak.²⁰

Raz. Brother, I have heard Italy celebrated for its artists.

Spiegel. Yes, yes! Give the devil his due. Italy makes a very noble figure; and if Germany goes on as it has begun, and if the Bible gets fairly kicked out, of which there is every prospect, Germany, too, may in time arrive at something respectable; but I should tell you that climate does not, after all, do such a wonderful deal; genius thrives everywhere; and as for the rest, brother, a crab, you know, will never become a pineapple, not even in Paradise. But to pursue our subject, where did I leave off?

Raz. You were going to tell me about your stratagems.

Spiegel. Ah, yes! my stratagems. Well, when you get into a town, the first thing is to fish out from the beadles, watchmen, and turnkeys, who are their best

²⁰ In the first (*and suppressed*) edition was added, “Go to the Grisons, for instance; that is what I call the thief’s Athens.”

This obnoxious passage has been carefully expunged from all the subsequent editions. It gave mortal offence to the Grison magistrates, who made a formal complaint of the insult and caused Schiller to be severely rebuked by the Grand Duke. This incident forms one of the epochs in our author’s history.

customers, and for these, accordingly, you must look out; then ensconce yourself snugly in coffee-houses, brothels, and beer-shops, and observe who cry out most against the cheapness of the times, the reduced five per cents., and the increasing nuisance of police regulations; who rail the loudest against government, or decry physiognomical science, and such like? These are the right sort of fellows, brother. Their honesty is as loose as a hollow tooth; you have only to apply your pincers. Or a shorter and even better plan is to drop a full purse in the public highway, conceal yourself somewhere near, and mark who finds it. Presently after you come running up, search, proclaim your loss aloud, and ask him, as it were casually, "Have you perchance picked up a purse, sir?" If he says "Yes," why then the devil fails you. But if he denies it, with a "pardon me, sir, I remember, I am sorry, sir," (*he jumps up*), then, brother, you've done the trick. Extinguish your lantern, cunning Diogenes, you have found your match.

Raz. You are an accomplished practitioner.

Spiegel. My God! As if that had ever been doubted. Well, then, when you have got your man into the net, you must take great care to land him cleverly. You see, my son, the way I have managed is thus: as soon as I was on the scent I stuck to my candidate like a leech; I drank brotherhood with him, and, *nota bene*, you must always pay the score. That costs a pretty penny, it is true, but never mind that. You must go

further; introduce him to gaming-houses and brothels; entangle him in broils and rogueries till he becomes bankrupt in health and strength, in purse, conscience, and reputation; for I must tell you, by the way, that you will make nothing of it unless you ruin both body and soul. Believe me, brother, and I have experienced it more than fifty times in my extensive practice, that when the honest man is once ousted from his stronghold, the devil has it all his own way — the transition is then as easy as from a whore to a devotee. But hark! What bang was that?

Raz. It was thunder; go on.

Spiegel. Or, there is a yet shorter and still better way. You strip your man of all he has, even to his very shirt, and then he will come to you of his own accord; you won't teach me to suck eggs, brother; ask that copper-faced fellow there. My eyes, how neatly I got him into my meshes. I showed him forty ducats, which I promised to give him if he would bring me an impression in wax of his master's keys. Only think, the stupid brute not only does this, but actually brings me — I'll be hanged if he did not — the keys themselves; and then thinks to get the money. "Sirrah," said I, "are you aware that I am going to carry these keys straight to the lieutenant of police, and to bespeak a place for you on the gibbet?" By the powers! you should have seen how the simpleton opened his eyes, and began to shake from head to foot like a dripping poodle. "For

heaven's sake, sir, do but consider. I will — will —”
“What will you? Will you at once cut your stick and go to the devil with me?” “Oh, with all my heart, with great pleasure.” Ha! ha! ha! my fine fellow; toasted cheese is the thing to catch mice with; do have a good laugh at him, Razman; ha! ha! ha!

Raz. Yes, yes, I must confess. I shall inscribe that lesson in letters of gold upon the tablet of my brain. Satan must know his people right well to have chosen you for his factor.

Spiegel. Eh, brother? Eli? And if I help him to half a score of fellows he will, of course, let me off scot-free — publishers, you know, always give one copy in ten gratis to those who collect subscribers for them; why should the devil be more of a Jew? Razman, I smell powder.

Raz. Zounds! I smelt it long ago. You may depend upon it there has being something going forward hereabouts. Yes, yes! I can tell you, Spiegelberg, you will be welcome to our captain with your recruits; he, too, has got hold of some brave fellows.

Spiegel. But look at mine! at mine here, bah!

Raz. Well, well! they may be tolerably expert in the finger department, but, I tell you, the fame of our captain has tempted even some honorable men to join his staff.

Spiegel. So much the worse.

Raz. Without joking. And they are not ashamed to serve under such a leader. He does not commit murder as we do for the sake of plunder; and as to money, as soon as he had plenty of it at command, he did not seem to care a straw for it; and his third of the booty, which belongs to him of right, he gives away to orphans, or supports promising young men with it at college. But should he happen to get a country squire into his clutches who grinds down his peasants like cattle, or some gold-laced villain, who warps the law to his own purposes, and hoodwinks the eyes of justice with his gold, or any chap of that kidney; then, my boy, he is in his element, and rages like a very devil, as if every fibre in his body were a fury.

Spiegel. Humph!

Raz. The other day we were told at a tavern that a rich count from Ratisbon was about to pass through, who had gained the day in a suit worth a million of money by the craftiness of his lawyer. The captain was just sitting down to a game of backgammon. "How many of us are there?" said he to me, rising in haste. I saw him bite his nether lip, which he never does except when he is very determined. "Not more than five," I replied. "That's enough," he said; threw his score on the table, left the wine he had ordered untouched, and off we went. The whole time he did not utter a syllable, but walked aloof and alone, only asking us from time to time whether we heard anything, and now and then

desiring us to lay our ears to the ground. At last the count came in sight, his carriage heavily laden, the lawyer, seated by his side, an outrider in advance, and two horsemen riding behind. Then you should have seen the man. With a pistol in each hand he ran before us to the carriage, — and the voice with which he thundered, “Halt!” The coachman, who would not halt, was soon toppled from his box; the count fired out of the carriage and missed — the horseman fled. “Your money, rascal!” cried Moor, with his stentorian voice. The count lay like a bullock under the axe: “And are you the rogue who turns justice into a venal prostitute?” The lawyer shook till his teeth chattered again; and a dagger soon stuck in his body, like a stake in a vineyard. “I have done my part,” cried the captain, turning proudly away; “the plunder is your affair.” And with this he vanished into the forest.

Spiegel. Hum! hum! Brother, what I told you just now remains between ourselves; there is no occasion for his knowing it. You understand me?

Raz. Yes, yes, I understand!

Spiegel. You know the man! He has his own notions! You understand me?

Raz. Oh, I quite understand.

(Enter SCHWARZ at full speed).

Who's there? What is the matter? Any travellers

in the forest?

Schwarz. Quick, quick! Where are the others? Zounds! there you stand gossiping! Don't you know — do you know nothing of it? — that poor Roller -

Raz. What of him? What of him?

Schwarz. He's hanged, that's all, and four others with him -

Raz. Roller hanged? S'death! when? How do you know?

Schwarz. He has been in limbo more than three weeks, and we knew nothing of it. He was brought up for examination three several days, and still we heard nothing. They put him to the rack to make him tell where the captain was to be found — but the brave fellow would not slip. Yesterday he got his sentence, and this morning was dispatched express to the devil!

Raz. Confound it! Does the captain know?

Schwarz. He heard of it only yesterday. He foamed like a wild boar. You know that Roller was always an especial favorite; and then the rack! Ropes and scaling-ladders were conveyed to the prison, but in vain. Moor himself got access to him disguised as a Capuchin monk, and proposed to change clothes with him; but Roller absolutely refused; whereupon the captain swore an oath that made our very flesh creep. He vowed that he would light a funeral pile for him, such as had never yet graced the bier of royalty, one that should burn them all to cinders. I fear for the city.

He has long owed it a grudge for its intolerable bigotry; and you know, when he says, "I'll do it," the thing is as good as done.

Raz. That is true! I know the captain. If he had pledged his word to the devil to go to hell he never would pray again, though half a pater-noster would take him to heaven. Alas! poor Roller! — poor Roller!

Spiegel. *Memento mori* ! But it does not concern me. (*Hums a tune*).

Should I happen to pass the gallows stone,
I shall just take a sight with one eye,
And think to myself, you may dangle alone,
Who now, sir, 's the fool, you or I?

Raz. (*Jumping up*). Hark! a shot! (*Firing and noise is heard behind the scenes*).

Spiegel. Another!

Raz. And another! The captain!

(*Voices behind the scenes are heard singing*).

The Nurnbergers deem it the wisest plan,
Never to hang till they've caught their man.
Da capo.

Schweitzer and **Roller** (*behind the scenes*).

Holla, ho! Holla, ho!

Raz. Roller! by all the devils! Roller!

Schweitzer and **Roller** (*still behind the scenes*).

Razman! Schwarz! Spiegelberg! Razman!

Raz. Roller! Schweitzer! Thunder and lightning!

Fire and fury! (*They run towards him.*)

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR (*on horseback*), SCHWEITZER, ROLLER, GRIMM, SCHUFTERLE, and a troop of ROBBERS covered with dust and mud.

Charles (*leaping from his horse*) Liberty! Liberty! — Thou art on terra firma, Roller! Take my horse, Schweitzer, and wash him with wine. (*Throws himself on the ground.*) That was hot work!

Raz. (*to ROLLER*). Well, by the fires of Pluto! Art thou risen from the wheel?

Schwarz. Art thou his ghost? or am I a fool? or art thou really the man?

Roller (*still breathless*). The identical — alive — whole. — Where do you think I come from?

Schwarz. It would puzzle a witch to tell! The staff was already broken over you.

Roller. Ay, that it was, and more than that! I come straightway from the gallows. Only let me get my breath. Schweitzer will tell you all. Give me a glass of brandy! You there too, Spiegelberg! I thought we should have met again in another place. But give me a

glass of brandy! my bones are tumbling to pieces. Oh, my captain! Where is my captain?

Schwarz. Have patience, man, have patience. Just tell me — say — come, let's hear — how did you escape? In the name of wonder how came we to get you back again? My brain is bewildered. From the gallows, you say?

Roller (*swallows a flask of brandy*). Ah, that is capital! that warms the inside! Straight from the gallows, I tell you. You stand there amid stare as if that was impossible. I can assure you, I was not more than three paces from that blessed ladder, on which I was to mount to Abraham's bosom — so near, so very near, that I was sold, skin and all, to the dissecting-room! The fee-simple of my life was not worth a pinch of snuff. To the captain I am indebted for breath, and liberty, and life.

Schweitzer. It was a trick worth the telling. We had heard the day before, through our spies, that Roller was in the devil's own pickle; and unless the vault of heaven fell in suddenly he would, on the morrow — that is, to-day — go the way of all flesh. Up! says the captain, and follow me — what is not a friend worth? Whether we save him or not, we will at least light him up a funeral pile such as never yet honored royalty; one which shall burn them black and blue. The whole troop was summoned. We sent Roller a trusty messenger, who conveyed the notice to him in a little billet, which

he slipped into his porridge.

Roller. I had but small hope of success.

Schweitzer. We waited till the thoroughfares were clear. The whole town was out after the sight; equestrians, pedestrians, carriages, all pell-mell; the noise and the gibbet-psalm sounded far and wide. Now, says the captain, light up, light up! We all flew like darts; they set fire to the city in three-and-thirty places at once; threw burning firebrands on the powder-magazine, and into the churches and granaries. Morbleu! in less than a quarter of an hour a northeaster, which, like us, must have owed a grudge to the city, came seasonably to our aid, and helped to lift the flames up to the highest gables. Meanwhile we ran up and down the streets like furies, crying, fire! ho! fire! ho! in every direction. There was such howling — screaming-tumult — fire-bells tolling. And presently the powder-magazine blew up into the air with a crash as if the earth were rent in twain, heaven burst to shivers, and hell sunk ten thousand fathoms deeper.

Roller. Now my guards looked behind them — there lay the city, like Sodom and Gomorrah — the whole horizon was one mass of fire, brimstone, and smoke; and forty hills echoed and reflected the infernal prank far and wide. A panic seized them all — I take advantage of the moment, and, quick as lightning — my fetters had been taken off, so nearly was my time come — while my guards were looking away petrified,

like Lot's wife, I shot off — tore through the crowd — and away! After running some sixty paces I throw off my clothes, plunge into the river, and swim along under water till I think they have lost sight of me. My captain stood ready, with horses and clothes — and here I am. Moor! Moor! I only wish that you may soon get into just such another scrape that I may requite you in like manner.

Raz. A brutal wish, for which you deserve to be hanged. It was a glorious prank, though.

Roller. It was help in need; you cannot judge of it. You should have marched, like me, with a rope round your neck, travelling to your grave in the living body, and seen their horrid sacramental forms and hangman's ceremonies — and then, at every reluctant step, as the struggling feet were thrust forward, to see the infernal machine, on which I was to be elevated, glaring more and more hideously in the blaze of a noonday sun — and the hangman's rascallions watching for their prey — and the horrible psalm-singing — the cursed twang still rings in my ears — and the screeching hungry ravens, a whole flight of them, who were hovering over the half-rotten carcass of my predecessor. To see all this — ay, more, to have a foretaste of the blessedness which was in store for me! Brother, brother! And then, all of a sudden, the signal of deliverance. It was an explosion as if the vault of heaven were rent in twain. Hark ye, fellows! I tell you,

if a man were to leap out of a fiery furnace into a freezing lake he could not feel the contrast half so strongly as I did when I gained the opposite shore.

Spiegel. (*Laughs.*) Poor wretch! Well, you have got over it. (*Pledges him.*) Here's to a happy regeneration!

Roller (*flings away his glass.*) No, by all the treasures of Mammon, I should not like to go through it a second time. Death is something more than a harlequin's leap, and its terrors are even worse than death itself.

Spiegel. And the powder-magazine leaping into the air! Don't you see it now, Razman? That was the reason the air stunk so, for miles round, of brimstone, as if the whole wardrobe of Moloch was being aired under the open firmament. It was a master-stroke, captain! I envy you for it.

Schweitzer. If the town makes it a holiday-treat to see our comrade killed by a baited hog, why the devil should we scruple to sacrifice the city for the rescue of our comrade? And, by the way, our fellows had the extra treat of being able to plunder worse than the old emperor. Tell me, what have you sacked?

One of the Troop. I crept into St. Stephen's church during the hubbub, and tore the gold lace from the altarcloth. The patron saint, thought I to myself, can make gold lace out of packthread.

Schweitzer. 'Twas well done. What is the use of

such rubbish in a church? They offer it to the Creator, who despises such trumpery, while they leave his creatures to die of hunger. And you, Sprazeler — where did you throw your net?

A Second. I and Brizal broke into a merchant's store, and have brought stuffs enough with us to serve fifty men.

A Third. I have filched two gold watches and a dozen silver spoons.

Schweitzer. Well done, well done! And we have lighted them a bonfire that will take a fortnight to put out again. And, to get rid of the fire, they must ruin the city with water. Do you know, Schufterle, how many lives have been lost?

Schuf. Eighty-three, they say. The powder-magazine alone blew threescore to atoms.

Charles (*very seriously*). Roller, thou art dearly bought.

Schuf. Bah! bah! What of that? If they had but been men it would have been another matter — but they were babes in swaddling clothes, and shrivelled old nurses that kept the flies from them, and dried-up stove-squatters who could not crawl to the door — patients whining for the doctor, who, with his stately gravity, was marching to the sport. All that had the use of their legs had gone forth in the sight, and nothing remained at home but the dregs of the city.

Charles. Alas for the poor creatures! Sick people,

sayest thou, old men and infants?

Schuf. Ay, the devil go with them! And lying-in-women into the bargain; and women far gone with child, who were afraid of miscarrying under the gibbet; and young mothers, who thought the sight might do them a mischief, and mark the gallows upon the foreheads of their unborn babes — poor poets, without a shoe, because their only pair had been sent to the cobbler to mend — and other such vermin, not worth the trouble of mentioning. As I chanced to pass by a cottage I heard a great squalling inside. I looked in; and, when I came to examine, what do you think it was? Why, an infant — a plump and ruddy urchin — lying on the floor under a table which was just beginning to burn. Poor little wretch! said I, you will be cold there, and with that I threw it into the flames!

Charles. Indeed, Schufferle? Then may those flames burn in thy bosom to all eternity! Avaunt, monster! Never let me see thee again in my troop! What! Do you murmur? Do you hesitate? Who dares hesitate when I command? Away with him, I say! And there are others among you ripe for my vengeance. I know thee, Spiegelberg. But I will step in among you ere long, and hold a fearful muster-roll.

[Exeunt, trembling.]

Charles (*alone, walking up and down in great*

agitation). Hear them not, thou avenger in heaven! How can I avert it? Art thou to blame, great God, if thy engines, pestilence, and famine, and floods, overwhelm the just with the unjust? Who can stay the flame, which is kindled to destroy the hornet's nest, from extending to the blessed harvest? Oh! fie on the slaughter of women, and children, and the sick! How this deed weighs me down! It has poisoned my fairest achievements! There he stands, poor fool, abashed and disgraced in the sight of heaven; the boy that presumed to wield Jove's thunder, and overthrew pigmies when he should have crushed Titans. Go, go! 'tis not for thee, puny son of clay, to wield the avenging sword of sovereign justice! Thou didst fail at thy first essay. Here, then, I renounce the audacious scheme. I go to hide myself in some deep cleft of the earth, where no daylight will be witness of my shame. (*He is about to fly.*)

Enter a ROBBER hurriedly.

Robber. Look out, captain! There is mischief in the wind! Whole detachments of Bohemian cavalry are scouring the forests. That infernal bailiff must have betrayed us.

Enter more ROBBERS.

2D Robber. Captain! captain! they have tracked

us! Some thousands of them are forming a cordon round the middle forest.

Enter more ROBBERS again.

3D Robber. Woe, woe, woe! we are all taken, hanged drawn, and quartered. Thousands of hussars, dragoons, and chasseurs are mustering on the heights, and guard all the passes.

[Exit CHARLES VON MOOR.]

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHWARZ, SCHUFTERLE, SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, and the whole troop.

Schweitzer. Ha! Have we routed them out of their feather-beds at last? Come, be jolly, Roller! I have long wished to have a bout with those knights of the bread-basket. Where is the captain? Is the whole troop assembled? I hope we have powder enough?

Raz. Powder, I believe you; but we are only eighty in all and therefore scarcely one to twenty.

Schweitzer. So much the better! And though there were fifty against my great toe-nail — fellows who have waited till we lit the straw under their very seats. Brother, brother, there is nothing to fear. They sell their lives for tenpence; and are we not fighting for

our necks? We will pour into them like a deluge, and fire volleys upon their heads like crashes of thunder. But where the devil is the captain.

Spiegel. He forsakes us in this extremity. Is there no hope of escape?

Schweitzer. Escape?

Spiegel. Oh, that I had tarried in Jerusalem!

Schweitzer. I wish you were choked in a cesspool, you paltry coward! With defenceless nuns you are a mighty man; but at sight of a pair of fists a confirmed sneak! Now show your courage or you shall be sewn up alive in an ass's hide and baited to death with dogs.

Raz. The captain! the captain!

Enter CHARLES (*speaking slowly to himself*).

Charles. I have allowed them to be hemmed in on every side. Now they must fight with the energy of despair. (*Aloud.*) Now my boys! now for it! We must fight like wounded boars, or we are utterly lost!

Schweitzer. Ha! I'll rip them open with my tusks, till their entrails protrude by the yard! Lead on, captain! we will follow you into the very jaws of death.

Charles. Charge all your arms! You've plenty of powder, I hope?

Schweitzer (*with energy*). Powder? ay, enough to

blow the earth up to the moon.

Raz. Every one of us has five brace of pistols, ready loaded, and three carbines to boot.

Charles. Good! good! Now some of you must climb up the trees, or conceal yourselves in the thickets, and some fire upon them in ambush -

Schweitzer. That part will suit you, Spiegelberg.

Charles. The rest will follow me, and fall upon their flanks like furies.

Schweitzer. There will I be!

Charles. At the same time let every man make his whistle ring through the forest, and gallop about in every direction, so that our numbers may appear the more formidable. And let all the dogs be unchained, and set on upon their ranks, that they may be broken and dispersed and run in the way of our fire. We three, Roller, Schweitzer, and myself, will fight wherever the fray is hottest.

Schweitzer. Masterly! excellent! We will so bewilder them with balls that they shall not know whence the salutes are coming. I have more than once shot away a cherry from the mouth. Only let them come on (*SCHUFTERLE is pulling SCHWEITZER; the latter takes the captain aside, and entreats him in a low voice.*)

Charles. Silence!

Schweitzer. I entreat you -

Charles. Away! Let him have the benefit of his

disgrace; it has saved him. He shall not die on the same field with myself, my Schweitzer, and my Roller. Let him change his apparel, and I will say he is a traveller whom I have plundered. Make yourself easy, Schweitzer. Take my word for it he will be hanged yet.

Enter FATHER DOMINIC.

Father Dom. (*to himself, starts*). Is this the dragon's nest? With your leave, sirs! I am a servant of the church; and yonder are seventeen hundred men who guard every hair of my head.

Schweitzer. Bravo! bravo! Well spoken to keep his courage warm.

Charles. Silence, comrade! Will you tell us briefly, good father, what is your errand here?

Father Dom. I am delegated by the high justices, on whose sentence hangs life or death — ye thieves — ye incendiaries — ye villains — ye venomous generation of vipers, crawling about in the dark, and stinging in secret — ye refuse of humanity — brood of hell — food for ravens and worms — colonists for the gallows and the wheel -

Schweitzer. Dog! a truce with your foul tongue! or — (*He holds the butt-end of his gun before FATHER DOMINIC'S face.*)

Charles. Fie, fie, Schweitzer! You cut the thread

of his discourse. He has got his sermon so nicely by heart. Pray go on, Sir! “for the gallows and the wheel?”

Father Dom. And thou, their precious captain! — commander-in-chief of cut-purses! — king of sharpers! Grand Mogul of all the rogues under the sun! — great prototype of that first hellish ringleader who imbued a thousand legions of innocent angels with the flame of rebellion, and drew them down with him into the bottomless pit of damnation! The agonizing cries of bereaved mothers pursue thy footsteps! Thou drinkest blood like water! and thy murderous knife holds men cheaper than air-bubbles!

Charles. Very true — exceedingly true! Pray proceed, Sir!

Father Dom. What do you mean? Very true — exceedingly true! Is that an answer?

Charles. How, Sir? You were not prepared for that, it seems? Go on — by all means go on. What more were you going to say?

Father Dom. (*heated*). Abominable wretch! Avaunt! Does not the blood of a murdered count of the empire cling to thy accursed fingers? Hast thou not, with sacrilegious hands, dared to break into the Lord's sanctuary, and carry off the consecrated vessels of the *sanctissimum* ? Hast thou not flung firebrands into our godly city, and brought down the powder-magazine upon the heads of devout Christians? (*Clasps his hands*). Horrible, horrible wickedness! that stinketh in

the nostrils of Heaven, and provoketh the day of judgment to burst upon you suddenly! ripe for retribution — rushing headlong to the last trump!

Charles. Masterly guesses thus far! But now, sir, to the point! What is it that the right worshipful justices wish to convey to me through you?

Father Dom. What you are not worthy to receive. Look around you, incendiary! As far as your eye can reach you are environed by our horsemen — there is no chance of escape. As surely as cherries grow on these oaks, and peaches on these firs, so surely shall you turn your backs upon these oaks and these firs in safety.

Charles. Do you hear that, Schweitzer? But go on!

Father Dom. Hear, then, what mercy and forbearance justice shows towards such miscreants. If you instantly prostrate yourselves in submission and sue for mercy and forgiveness, then severity itself will relent to compassion, and justice be to thee an indulgent mother. She will shut one eye upon your horrible crimes, and be satisfied — only think! — to let you be broken on the wheel.

Schweitzer. Did you hear that, captain? Shall I throttle this well-trained shepherd's cur till the red blood spurts from every pore?

Roller. Captain! Fire and fury! Captain! How he bites his lip! Shall I topple this fellow upside down like

a ninepin?

Schweitzer. Mine, mine be the job! Let me kneel to you, captain; let me implore you! I beseech you to grant me the delight of pounding him to a jelly! (*FATHER DOMINIC screams.*)

Charles. Touch him not! Let no one lay a finger on him! — (*To FATHER DOMINIC, drawing his sword.*) Hark ye, sir father! Here stand nine-and-seventy men, of whom I am the captain, and not one of them has been taught to trot at a signal, or learned to dance to the music of artillery; while yonder stand seventeen hundred men grown gray under the musket. But now listen! Thus says Moor, the captain of incendiaries. It is true I have slain a count of the empire, burnt and plundered the church of St. Dominic, flung firebrands into your bigoted city, and brought down the powder-magazine upon the heads of devout Christians. But that is not all, — I have done more. (*He holds out his right hand.*) Do you observe these four costly rings, one on each finger? Go and report punctually to their worships, on whose sentence hangs life or death what you shall hear and see. This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister, whom I stretched at the feet of his prince, during the chase. He had fawned himself up from the lowest dregs, to be the first favorite; — the ruin of his neighbor was his ladder to greatness — orphans' tears helped him to mount it. This diamond I took from a lord treasurer, who sold offices

of honor and trust to the highest bidder, and drove the sorrowing patriot from his door. This opal I wear in honor of a priest of your cloth, whom I dispatched with my own hand, after he had publicly deplored in his pulpit the waning power of the Inquisition. I could tell you more stories about my rings, but that I repent the words I have already wasted upon you -

Father Dom. O Pharaoh! Pharaoh!

Charles. Do you hear it? Did you mark that sigh? Does he not stand there as if he were imploring fire from heaven to descend and destroy this troop of Korah? He pronounces judgment with a shrug of the shoulders, and eternal damnation with a Christian "Alas!" Is it possible for humanity to be so utterly blind? He who has the hundred eyes of Argus to spy out the faults of his brother — can he be so totally blind to his own? They thunder forth from their clouds about gentleness and forbearance, while they sacrifice human victims to the God of love as if he were the fiery Moloch. They preach the love of one's neighbor, while they drive the aged and blind with curses from their door. They rave against covetousness; yet for the sake of gold they have depopulated Peru, and yoked the natives, like cattle, to their chariots. They rack their brains in wonder to account for the creation of a Judas Iscariot, yet the best of them would betray the whole Trinity for ten shekels. Out upon you, Pharisees! ye falsifiers of truth! ye apes of Deity! You are not

ashamed to kneel before crucifixes and altars; you lacerate your backs with thongs, and mortify your flesh with fasting; and with these pitiful mummeries you think, fools as you are, to veil the eyes of Him whom, with the same breath, you address as the Omniscient, just as the great are the most bitterly mocked by those who flatter them while they pretend to hate flatterers. You boast of your honesty and your exemplary conduct; but the God who sees through your hearts would be wroth with Him that made you, were He not the same that had also created the monsters of the Nile. Away with him out of my sight!

Father Dom. That such a miscreant should be so proud!

Charles. That's not all. Now I will speak proudly. Go and tell the right worshipful justices — who set men's lives upon the cast of a die — I am not one of those thieves who conspire with sleep and midnight, and play the hero and the lordling on a scaling-ladder. What I have done I shall no doubt hereafter be doomed to read in the register of heaven; but with his miserable ministers of earth I will waste no more words. Tell your masters that my trade is retribution — vengeance my occupation! (*He turns his back upon him.*)

Father Dom. Then you despise mercy and forbearance? — Be it so, I have done with you. (*Turning to the troop.*) Now then, sirs, you shall hear what the high powers direct me to make known to

you! — If you will instantly deliver up to me this condemned malefactor, bound hand and foot, you shall receive a full pardon — your enormities shall be entirely blotted out, even from memory. The holy church will receive you, like lost sheep, with renewed love, into her maternal bosom, and the road to honorable employment shall be open to you all. (*With a triumphant smile.*) Now sir! how does your majesty relish this? Come on! bind him! and you are free!

Charles. Do you hear that? Do you hear it? What startles you? Why do you hesitate? They offer you freedom — you that are already their prisoners. They grant you your lives, and that is no idle pretence, for it is clear you are already condemned felons. They promise you honor and emolument; and, on the other hand, what can you hope for, even should you be victorious to-day, but disgrace, and curses, and persecution? They ensure you the pardon of Heaven; you that are actually damned. There is not a single hair on any of you that is not already bespoke in hell. Do you still hesitate? are you staggered? Is it so difficult, then, to choose between heaven and hell? — Do put in a word, father!

Father Dom. (*aside.*) Is the fellow crazy? (*Aloud.*) Perhaps you are afraid that this is a trap to catch you alive? — Read it yourselves! Here — is the general pardon fully signed. (*He hands a paper to SCHWEITZER.*) Can you still doubt?

Charles. Only see! only see! What more can you require? Signed with their own hands! It is mercy beyond all bounds! Or are you afraid of their breaking their word, because you have heard it said that no faith need be kept with traitors? Dismiss that fear! Policy alone would constrain them to keep their word, even though it should merely have been pledged to old Nick. Who hereafter would believe them? How could they trade with it a second time? I would take my oath upon it that they mean it sincerely. They know that I am the man who has goaded you on and incited you; they believe you innocent. They look upon your crimes as so many juvenile errors — exuberances of rashness. It is I alone they want. I must pay the penalty. Is it not so, father?

Father Dom. What devil incarnate is it that speaks out of him? Of course it is so — of course. The fellow turns my brain.

Charles. What! no answer yet? Do you think it possible to cut your way through yon phalanx? Only look round you! just look round! You surely do not reckon upon that; that were indeed a childish conceit — Or do you flatter yourselves that you will fall like heroes, because you saw that I rejoiced in the prospect of the fight? Oh, do not console yourself with the thought! You are not MOOR. You are miserable thieves! wretched tools of my great designs! despicable as the rope in the hand of the hangman! No! no!

Thieves do not fall like heroes. Life must be the hope of thieves, for something fearful has to follow. Thieves may well be allowed to quake at the fear of death. Hark! Do you hear their horns echoing through the forest? See there! how their glittering sabres threaten! What! are you still irresolute? are you mad? are you insane? It is unpardonable. Do you imagine I shall thank you for my life? I disdain your sacrifice!

Father Dom. (*in utter amazement*). I shall go mad! I must be gone! Was the like ever heard of?

Charles. Or are you afraid that I shall stab myself, and so by suicide put an end to the bargain, which only holds good if I am given up alive? No, comrades! that is a vain fear. Here, I fling away my dagger, and my pistols, and this phial of poison, which might have been a treasure to me. I am so wretched that I have lost the power even over my own life. What! still in suspense? Or do you think, perhaps, that I shall stand on my defence when you try to seize me? See here! I bind my right hand to this oak-branch; now I am quite defenceless, a child may overpower me. Who is the first to desert his captain in the hour of need?

Roller (*with wild energy*). And what though hell encircle us with ninefold coils! (*Brandishing his sword.*) Who is the coward that will betray his captain?

Schweitzer (*tears the pardon and flings the pieces into FATHER DOMINIC'S face*). Pardon be in our bullets! Away with thee, rascal! Tell your senate

that you could not find a single traitor in all Moor's camp. Huzza! Huzza! Save the captain!

All (*shouting*). Huzza! Save the captain! Save him! Save our noble captain!

Charles (*releasing his hand from the tree, joyfully*). Now we are free, comrades! I feel a host in this single arm! Death or liberty! At the least they shall not take a man of us alive!

[They sound the signal for attack; noise and tumult. Exeunt with drawn swords.]

ACT III

SCENE I

AMELIA in the garden, playing the guitar.

Bright as an angel from Walhalla's hall,
More beautiful than aught of earth was he!
Heaven-mild his look, as sunbeams when they fall,
Reflected from a calm cerulean sea.

His warm embrace — oh, ravishing delight!
With heart to heart the fiery pulses danced —
Our every sense wrap'd in ecstatic night —
Our souls in blissful harmony entranced.

His kisses — oh, what paradise of feeling!
E'en as two flames which round each other
twine —
Or flood of seraph harp-tones gently stealing
In one soft swell, away to realms divine!

They rushed, commingled, melted, soul in soul!
Lips glued to lips, with burning tremor bound!
Cold earth dissolved, and love without control
Absorbed all sense of worldly things around!

He's gone! — forever gone! Alas! in vain
My bleeding heart in bitter anguish sighs;
To me is left alone this world of pain,
And mortal life in hopeless sorrow dies.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Here again already, perverse enthusiast?
You stole away from the festive banquet, and marred
the mirthful pleasures of my guests.

Amelia. 'Tis pity, truly, to mar such innocent
pleasures! Shame on them! The funeral knell that tolled
over your father's grave must still be ringing in your
ears -

Francis. Wilt thou sorrow, then, forever? Let the
dead sleep in peace, and do thou make the living
happy! I come -

Amelia. And when do you go again?

Francis. Alas! Look not on me thus sorrowfully! You wound me, Amelia. I come to tell you -

Amelia. To tell me, I suppose, that Francis von Moor has become lord and master here.

Francis. Precisely so; that is the very subject on which I wish to communicate with you. Maximilian von Moor is gone to the tomb of his ancestors. I am master. But I wish — to be so in the fullest sense, Amelia. You know what you have been to our house always regarded as Moor's daughter, his love for you will survive even death itself; that, assuredly, you will never forget?

Amelia. Never, never! Who could be so unfeeling as to drown the memory of it in festive banqueting?

Francis. It is your duty to repay the love of the father to his sons; and Charles is dead. Ha! you are struck with amazement; dizzy with the thought! To be sure 'tis a flattering and an elating prospect which may well overpower the pride of a woman. Francis tramples under foot the hopes of the noblest and the richest, and offers his heart, his hand, and with them all his gold, his castles, and his forests to a poor, and, but for him, destitute orphan. Francis — the feared — voluntarily declares himself Amelia's slave!

Amelia. Why does not a thunderbolt cleave the impious tongue which utters the criminal proposal! Thou hast murdered my beloved Charles; and shall

Amelia, his betrothed, call thee husband? Thou?

Francis. Be not so violent, most gracious princess! It is true that Francis does not come before you like a whining Celadon — 'tis true he has not learned, like a lovesick swain of Arcadia, to sigh forth his amorous plaints to the echo of caves and rocks. Francis speaks — and, when not answered, commands!

Amelia. Commands? thou reptile! Command me? And what if I laughed your command to scorn?

Francis. That you will hardly do. There are means, too, which I know of, admirably adapted to humble the pride of a capricious, stubborn girl — cloisters and walls!

Amelia. Excellent! delightful! to be forever secure within cloisters and walls from thy basilisk look, and to have abundant leisure to think and dream of Charles. Welcome with your cloister! welcome your walls!

Francis. Ha! Is that it? Beware! Now you have taught me the art of tormenting you. The sight of me shall, like a fiery-haired fury, drive out of your head these eternal phantasies of Charles. Francis shall be the dread phantom ever lurking behind the image of your beloved, like the fiend-dog that guards the subterranean treasure. I will drag you to church by the hair, and sword in hand wring the nuptial vow from your soul. By main force will I ascend your virginal couch, and storm your haughty modesty with still greater

haughtiness.

Amelia (*gives him a slap in the face*). Then take that first by way of dowry!

Francis. Ha! I will be tenfold, and twice tenfold revenged for this! My wife! No, that honor you shall never enjoy. You shall be my mistress, my strumpet! The honest peasant's wife shall point her finger at you as she passes you in the street. Ay, gnash your teeth as fiercely as you please — scatter fire and destruction from your eyes — the fury of a woman piques my fancy — it makes you more beautiful, more tempting. Come, this resistance will garnish my triumph, and your struggles give zest to my embraces. Come, come to my chamber — I burn with desire. Come this instant. (*Attempts to drag her away*).

Amelia (*falls on his neck*). Forgive me, Francis! (*As he is about to clasp her in his arms, she suddenly draws the sword at his side, and hastily disengages herself*). Do you see now, miscreant, how I am able to deal with you? I am only a woman, but a woman enraged. Dare to approach, and this steel shall strike your lascivious heart to the core — the spirit of my uncle will guide my hand. Avaunt, this instant! (*She drives him away*).

Ah! how different I feel! Now I breathe again — I feel strong as the snorting steed, ferocious as the tigress when she springs upon the ruthless destroyer of her cubs. To a cloister, did he say? I thank thee for the

happy thought! Now has disappointed love found a place of refuge — the cloister — the Redeemer's bosom is the sanctuary of disappointed love. (*She is on the point going*).

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In the acting edition the following scene occurs between Herman and Francis, immediately before that with Amelia. As Schiller himself thought this among the happiest of his additions, and regretted that it was “entirely and very unfortunately overlooked in the first edition,” it seems desirable to introduce it here as well as the soliloquy immediately following, which has acquired some celebrity.

SCENE VIII

Enter HERMANN.

Francis. Ha! Welcome, my Euryalus! My prompt and trusty instrument!

Hermann (*abruptly and peevishly*). You sent for me, count — why?

Francis. That you might put the seal to your master-piece.

Hermann (*gruffly*). Indeed?

Francis. Give the picture its finishing touch.

Hermann. Poh! Poh!

Francis (*startled*). Shall I call the carriage? We'll

arrange the business during the drive?

Hermann (*scornfully*). No ceremony, sir, if you please. For any business we may have to arrange there is room enough between these four walls. At all events I'll just say a few words to you by way of preface, which may save your lungs some unnecessary exertion.

Francis (*reservedly*). Hum! And what may those words be?

Hermann (*with bitter irony*). "You shall have Amelia — and that from my hand —"

Francis (*with astonishment*). Hermann!

Hermann (*as before, with his back turned on FRANCIS*). "Amelia will become the plaything of my will — and you may easily guess the rest-in short all will go as we wish" (*Breaks into an indignant laugh, and then turns haughtily to FRANCIS.*) Now, Count von Moor, what have you to say to me?

Francis (*evasively*). To thee? Nothing. I had something to say to Hermann. -

Hermann. No evasion. Why was I sent for hither? Was it to be your dupe a second time! and to hold the ladder for a thief to mount? to sell my soul for a hangman s fee? What else did you want with me?

Francis (*as if recollecting*). Ha! It just occurs to me! We must not forget the main point. Did not my steward mention it to you? I wanted to talk to you about the dowry.

Hermann. This is mere mockery sir; or, if not

mockery, something worse. Moor, take care of yourself-beware how you kindle my fury, Moor. We are alone! And I have still an unsullied name to stake against yours! Trust not the devil, although he be of your own raising.

Francis (*with dignity*). Does this deportment become thee towards thy sovereign and gracious master? Tremble, slave!

Hermann (*ironically*). For fear of your displeasure, I suppose? What signifies your displeasure to a man who is at war with himself? Fie, Moor. I already abhor you as a villain; let me not despise you for a fool. I can open graves, and restore the dead to life! Which of us now is the slave?

Francis (*in a conciliating tone*). Come, my good friend, be discreet, and do not prove faithless.

Hermann. Pshaw! To expose a wretch like you is here the best discretion — to keep faith with you would be an utter want of sense. Faith? with whom? Faith with the prince of liars? Oh, I shudder at the thought of such faith. A very little timely faithlessness would have almost made a saint of me. But patience! patience! Revenge is cunning in resources.

Francis. Ah, by-the-by, I just remember. You lately lost a purse with a hundred louis in it, in this apartment. I had almost forgotten it. Here, my good friend! take back what belongs to you. (*Offers him a purse*).