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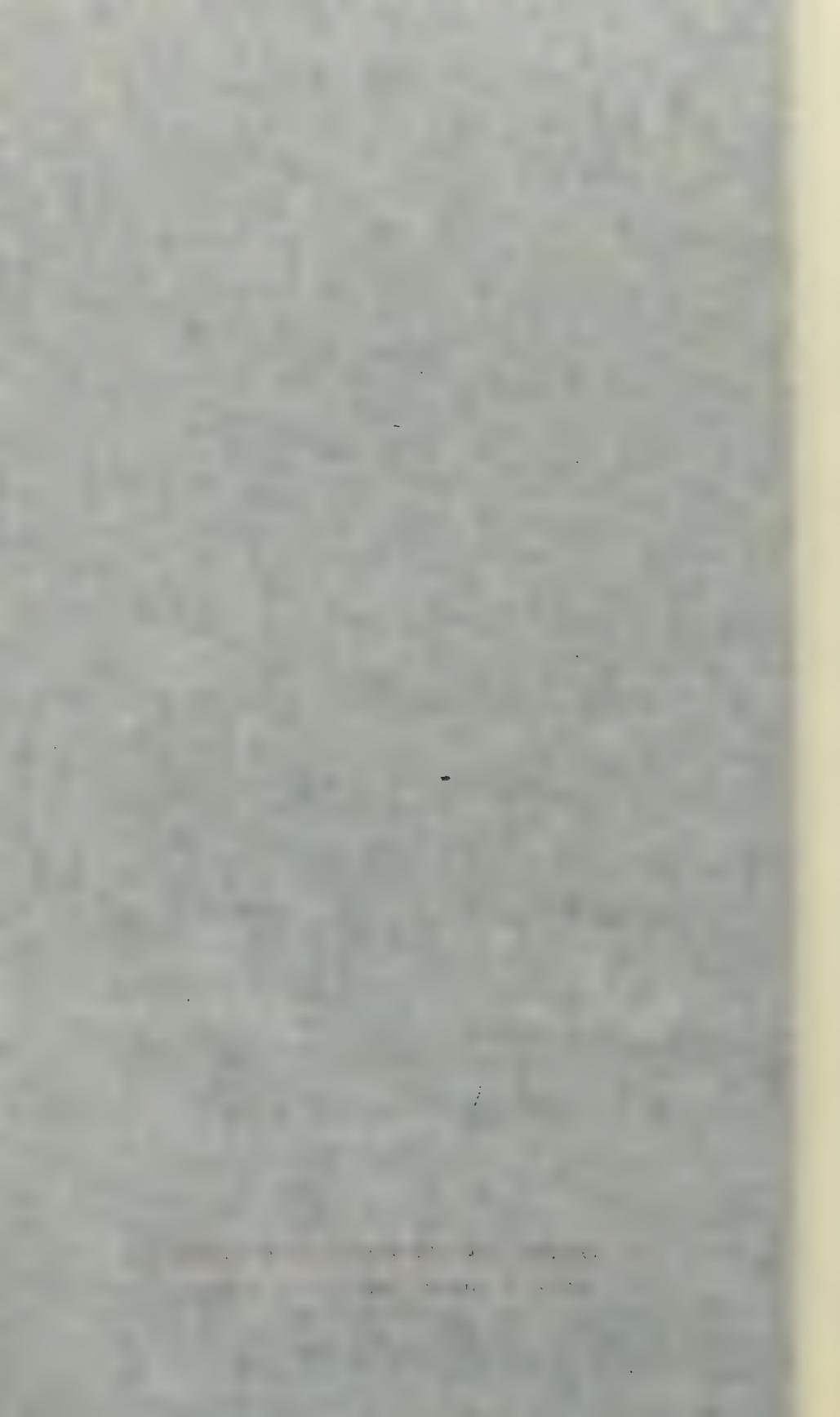
THE PICCOLOMINI  
THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN  
WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP







*The Generals of Wallenstein before the 'Banquet*  
Photogravure after the painting by A. Boppo



# "The Piccolomini"

"The Death of Wallenstein"

"Wallenstein's Camp"

BY

Friedrich Schiller

Translated by

Samuel Taylor Coleridge



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of which this is copy*

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## Preface

“WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP” possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the tragedies by a lively picture of laxity of discipline and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the “Robbers,” and the “Cabal and Love,” plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the dramas which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are historical dramas taken from a popular German history; that we must, therefore, judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or, by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar dramas in our own language. Few,

I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakespeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of "Wallenstein," not from "Lear" or "Othello," but from "Richard II.," or the three parts of "Henry VI." We scarcely expect rapidity in an historical drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the scene in the first act of the first play between Questenberg, Max., and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the scene of the setting sun in the "Robbers," I know of no part in Schiller's plays which equals the first scene of the fifth act of the concluding plays.<sup>1</sup> It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands connected with the original author by a certain law of subordination which makes it more decorous to point out excellences than defects; indeed, he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception

<sup>1</sup> In this edition, scene iii., act. v.

from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of compensation he subjects himself to imputations of vanity or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



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# The Piccolomini

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant-General.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

COUNT TERZKY, the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

ILLO, Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

ISOLANI, General of the Croats.

BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.

TIEFENBACH,  
DON MARADAS,  
GOETZ,  
KOLATTO, } Generals under Wallenstein.

NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aid-de-Camp to Terzky.

VON QUESTENBERG, the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.

BAPTISTA SENI, an Astrologer.

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.

THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.

THE COUNTESS TERZKY, Sister of the Duchess.

A CORNET.

COLONELS and GENERALS (several).

PAGES and ATTENDANTS belonging to Wallenstein.

ATTENDANTS and HOBOISTS belonging to Terzky.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR to Count Terzky.

VALET DE CHAMBRE of Count Piccolomini.

# The Piccolomini



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-house at Pilsen,  
decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.*

ILLO, *with* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI.

ILLO.

Ye have come too late — but ye are come! The distance,  
Count Isolani, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.  
At Donauwerth<sup>1</sup> it was reported to us,  
A Swedish caravan was on its way,  
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,  
Almost six hundred wagons. This my Croats  
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize! —  
We bring it hither —

<sup>1</sup> A town about twelve German miles northeast of Ulm.

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet  
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!

The very churches are full of soldiers.

[*Casts his eye round.*]

And in the council-house, too, I observe,  
You're settled quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers  
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the colonels here of thirty regiments.  
You'll find Count Terzky here, and Tiefenbach,  
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,  
The Piccolomini, both son and father —  
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting  
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only  
Gallas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Gallas.

ILLO (*hesitating*).

How so? Do you know —

ISOLANI (*interrupting him*).

Max. Piccolomini here? O bring me to him.  
I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago,  
We were engaged with Mansfeldt hard by Dessau),  
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,

Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,  
 And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,  
 Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.  
 The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear  
 He has made good the promise of his youth,  
 And the full hero now is finished in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts  
 The Duchess Friedland hither, and the princess <sup>1</sup>  
 From Cärnthen.<sup>2</sup> We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the duke call hither?  
 He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hm!

So much the better! I had framed my mind  
 To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,  
 Of marches and attacks, and batteries;  
 And lo! the duke provides, and something too  
 Of gentler sort and lovely, should be present  
 To feast our eyes.

ILLO (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to BUTLER, whom he leads a little on one side*).

And how came you to know  
 That the Count Gallas joins us not?

BUTLER.

Because

He importuned *me* to remain behind.

<sup>1</sup>The dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled princes and princesses.

<sup>2</sup>Carinthia.

ILLO (*with warmth*).

And you? You hold out firmly!

[*Grasping his hand with affection.*

Noble Butler!

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the duke  
Had laid so newly on me —

ILLO.

I had forgotten

A pleasant duty — major-general,  
I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of this regiment?  
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,  
The duke has given him the very same  
In which he first saw service, and since then  
Worked himself step by step, through each preferment,  
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives  
A precedent of hope, a spur of action  
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance  
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplexed and doubtful whether or no  
I dare accept this your congratulation.  
The emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend, seize it! The hand which in that post  
Placed you is strong enough to keep you there,  
Spite of the emperor and his ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it! —  
 If we would *all* of us consider it so!  
 The emperor gives us nothing; from the duke  
 Comes all — whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI (*to* ILLO).

My noble brother! did I tell you how  
 The duke will satisfy my creditors?  
 Will be himself my bankers for the future,  
 Make me once more a creditable man!  
 And this is now the third time, think of that!  
 This kingly-minded man has rescued me  
 From absolute ruin and restored my honour.

ILLO.

Oh that his power but kept pace with his wishes!  
 Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.  
 But at Vienna, brother! — here's the grievance, —  
 What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten  
 His arm, and where they can to clip his pinions.  
 Then these new dainty requisitions! these  
 Which this same Questenberg brings hither!

BUTLER.

Ay!

Those requisitions of the emperor —  
 I too have heard about them; but I hope  
 The duke will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first  
 From office!

BUTLER (*shocked and confused*).

Know you *aught* then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI (*at the same time with BUTLER, and in a hurrying voice*).

We should be ruined, every one of us!

ILLO.

Yonder I see *our worthy friend*<sup>1</sup> approaching  
With the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

BUTLER (*shaking his head significantly*).

I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO (*still in the distance*).

Ay! ah! more still! Still more new visitors!  
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,  
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

QUESTENBERG.

Let none approach a camp of Friedland's troops  
Who dares to think unworthily of war;  
E'en I myself had nigh forgot its evils  
When I surveyed that lofty soul of order,  
By which, while it destroys the world — itself  
Maintains the greatness which itself created.

<sup>1</sup> Spoken with a sneer.

OCTAVIO (*approaching nearer*).

Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother!

Even now am I arrived; it has been else my duty —

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler — trust me, I rejoice  
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man  
Whose worth and services I know and honour.  
See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes  
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery —

[*To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and  
ISOLANI at the same time to him.*]

These two the total sum — strength and despatch.

QUESTENBERG (*to OCTAVIO*).

And lo! betwixt them both, experienced prudence!

OCTAVIO (*presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER and  
ISOLANI*).

The Chamberlain and War-Commissioner Questenberg.  
The bearer of the emperor's behests,  
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,  
We honour in this noble visitor. [*Universal silence.*]

ILLO (*moving toward QUESTENBERG*).

'Tis not the first time, noble minister,  
You have shown our camp this honour.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood beside these colours.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember *where* that was ;  
 It was at Znäim<sup>1</sup> in Moravia, where  
 You did present yourself upon the part  
 Of the emperor to supplicate our duke  
 That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *supplicate* ? Nay, bold general !  
 So far extended neither my commission  
 (At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then — to *compel* him, if you choose.  
 I can remember me right well, Count Tilly  
 Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.  
 Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,  
 Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing  
 Onwards into the very heart of Austria.  
 At that time you and Werdenberg appeared  
 Before our general, storming him with prayers,  
 And menacing the emperor's displeasure,  
 Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI (*steps up to them*).

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,  
 Wherefore with your commission of to-day,  
 You were not all too willing to remember  
 Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolani ?  
 No contradiction sure exists between them.  
 It was the urgent business of that time

<sup>1</sup>A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the highroad from Vienna to Prague.

To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand ;  
And my commission of to-day instructs me  
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office ! After with our blood  
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,  
To be swept out of it is all our thanks,  
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer  
Only a change of evils, it must be  
Freed from the scourge alike of friend or foe.

ILLO.

What ? 'Twas a favourable year ; the boors  
Can answer fresh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,  
If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds —

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruined  
The emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh ! we are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, general! The one fill  
 With profitable industry the purse,  
 The others are well skilled to empty it.  
 The sword has made the emperor poor; the plough  
 Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see  
*[Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments  
 of QUESTENBERG.*  
 Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide  
 Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,  
 On whom the emperor heaps his gifts and graces,  
 To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians —  
 Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,  
 Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens  
 Driven from their house and home — who reap no  
 harvests  
 Save in the general calamity —  
 Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock  
 The desolation of their country — these,  
 Let these, and such as these, support the war,  
 The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet  
 So constantly beneath the emperor's table,

Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they  
Snap at it with dogs' hunger — they, forsooth,  
Would pare the soldier's bread and cross his reckoning!

## ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,  
How when I went to court seven years ago,  
To see about new horses for our regiment,  
How from one antechamber to another  
They dragged me on and left me by the hour  
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering  
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither  
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour  
That fell beneath their tables. And, at last,  
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!  
Straight I began to muster up my sins  
For absolution — but no such luck for me!  
*This* was the man, this Capuchin, with whom  
I was to treat concerning the army horses!  
And I was forced at last to quit the field,  
The business unaccomplished. Afterward  
The duke procured me in three days what I  
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

## QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to  
us!  
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

## ILLO.

War is violent trade; one cannot always  
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle  
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.  
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,  
With due deliberation had selected

The smallest out of four and twenty evils,  
 I' faith we should wait long —  
 "Dash! and through with it!" That's the better  
 watchword.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis' man's nature  
 To make the best of a bad thing once past.  
 A bitter and perplexed "what shall I do?"  
 Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true; the duke *does* spare us  
 The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the duke  
 Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;  
 But how the emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

*His* cares and feelings all ranks share alike,  
 Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts  
 As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve  
 His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (*with a sneer*).

Count! this comparison you make, not I.

ILLO.

Why, were we all the court supposes us  
 'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG (*gravely*).

You have taken liberty — it was not given you,  
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty  
To rein it in with the curbs.

ILLO.

Expect to find a restive steed in us.

QUESTENBERG.

A better rider may be found to rule it.

ILLO.

He only brooks the rider who has tamed him.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, tame him once, and then a child may lead him.

ILLO.

The child, we know, is found for him already.

QUESTENBERG.

Be duty, sir, your study, not a name.

BUTLER (*who has stood aside with PICCOLOMINI, but  
with visible interest in the conversation, advances*).

Sir president, the emperor has in Germany  
A splendid host assembled ; in this kingdom  
Full twenty thousand soldiers are cantoned,  
With sixteen thousand in Silesia ;  
Ten regiments are posted on the Weser,  
The Rhine, and Main ; in Swabia there are six,  
And in Bavaria twelve, to face the Swedes ;  
Without including in the account the garrisons  
Who on the frontiers hold the fortresses.

This vast and mighty host is all obedient  
 To Friedland's captains; and its brave commanders,  
 Bred in one school, and nurtured with one milk,  
 Are all excited by one heart and soul;  
 They are as strangers on the soil they tread,  
 The service is their only house and home.  
 No zeal inspires them for their country's cause,  
 For thousands like myself were born abroad;  
 Nor care they for the emperor, for one-half  
 Deserting other service fled to ours,  
 Indifferent what their banner, whether 'twere  
 The Double Eagle, Lily, or the Lion.  
 Yet one sole man can rein this fiery host  
 By equal rule, by equal love and fear;  
 Blending the many-nationed whole in one;  
 And like the lightning's fires securely led  
 Down the conducting rod, e'en thus his power  
 Rules all the mass, from guarded post to post,  
 From where the sentry hears the Baltic roar,  
 Or views the fertile vales of the Adige,  
 E'en to the body-guard, who holds his watch  
 Within the precincts of the imperial palace!

QUESTENBERG.

What's the short meaning of this long harangue?

BUTLER.

That the respect, the love, the confidence,  
 Which makes us willing subjects of Duke Friedland,  
 Are not to be transferred to the first comer  
 That Austria's court may please to send to us.  
 We have not yet so readily forgotten  
 How the command came into Friedland's hands.  
 Was it, forsooth, the emperor's majesty  
 That gave the army ready to his hand,  
 And only sought a leader for it? No.

The army then had no existence. He,  
 Friedland, it was who called it into being,  
 And gave it to his sovereign — but receiving  
 No army at his hand ; nor did the emperor  
 Give Wallenstein to us as general. No,  
 It was from Wallenstein we first received  
 The emperor as our master and our sovereign  
 And he, he only, binds us to our banners !

OCTAVIO (*interposing and addressing* QUESTENBERG).

My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing  
 That you are now in camp, and among warriors !  
 The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.  
 Could he act daringly, unless he dared  
 Talk even so ? One runs into the other.  
 The boldness of this worthy officer,

[*Pointing to* BUTLER.

Which now is but mistaken in its mark,  
 Preserved, when naught but boldness could preserve it,  
 To the emperor, his capital city, Prague,  
 In a most formidable mutiny  
 Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*  
 Hah ! here they come !

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them : this signal  
 Announces the arrival of the duchess.

OCTAVIO (*to* QUESTENBERG).

Then my son Max, too, has returned. 'Twas he  
 Fetched and attended them from Cärnthen hither.

ISOLANI (*to* ILLO).

Shall we not go in company to greet them ?

ILLO.

Well, let us go — Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[*To* OCTAVIO.

You'll not forget that yet ere noon we meet

The noble envoy at the general's palace.

[*Exeunt all but* QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

## SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.QUESTENBERG (*with signs of aversion and astonishment*).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!

What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!

And were this spirit universal —

OCTAVIO.

Hm!

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek, then, for a second host

To have the custody of this? That Illo

Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then

This Butler, too — he cannot even conceal

The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper — irritated pride;

'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.

I know a spell that will soon dispossess

The evil spirit in *him*.

QUESTENBERG (*walking up and down in evident disquiet*).

Friend, friend!

O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered  
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There  
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,  
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.  
We had not seen the war-chief, the commander,  
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,  
'Tis quite another thing.  
Here is no emperor more — the duke is emperor.  
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!  
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp  
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself  
Of what a perilous kind the office is,  
Which you deliver to me from the court.  
The least suspicion of the general  
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would  
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted  
This madman with the sword, and placed such power  
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,  
Flatly refuse to obey the imperial orders.  
Friend, he *can* do it, and what he can, he will.  
And then the impunity of his defiance —  
Oh! what a proclamation of our weakness!

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter  
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!  
And at the very point of time in which

We're arming for the war? That he has taken  
 These, the last pledges of his loyalty,  
 Away from out the emperor's dominions —  
 This is no doubtful token of the nearness  
 Of some eruption.

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing  
 Beneath this tempest, which collects itself  
 And threats us from all quarters? The enemy  
 Of the empire on our borders, now already  
 The master of the Danube, and still farther,  
 And farther still, extending every hour!  
 In our interior the alarum-bells  
 Of insurrection — peasantry in arms —  
 All orders discontented — and the army,  
 Just in the moment of our expectation  
 Of aidance from it — lo! this very army  
 Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,  
 Loosened, and rent asunder from the state  
 And from their sovereign, the blind instrument  
 Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon  
 Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon —  
 Men's words are even bolder than their deeds;  
 And many a resolute, who now appears  
 Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,  
 Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,  
 Let but a single honest man speak out  
 The true name of his crime! Remember, too,  
 We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.  
 Counts Altringer and Gallas have maintained  
 Their little army faithful to its duty,  
 And daily it becomes more numerous.

Nor can he take us by surprise ; you know  
 I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.  
 Whate'er he does is mine, even while 'tis doing —  
 No step so small, but instantly I hear it ;  
 Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis quite  
 Incomprehensible, that he detects not  
 The foe so near !

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,  
 That I, by lying arts, and complaisant  
 Hypocrisy, have sulked into his graces,  
 Or with the substance of smooth professions  
 Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No —  
 Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty  
 Which we all owe our country and our sovereign,  
 To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet  
 Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits !

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts  
 And links him both to me and to my son.  
 Comrades and friends we always were — long habit,  
 Adventurous deeds performed in company,  
 And all those many and various incidents  
 Which stores a soldier's memory with affections,  
 Had bound us long and early to each other —  
 Yet I can name the day, when all at once  
 His heart rose on me, and his confidence  
 Shot out into sudden growth. It was the morning

Before the memorable fight at Lützen.  
 Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,  
 To press him to accept another charger.  
 At a distance from the tents, beneath a tree,  
 I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him  
 And had related all my bodings to him,  
 Long time he stared upon me, like a man  
 Astounded: thereon fell upon my neck,  
 And manifested to me an emotion  
 That far outstripped the worth of that small service.  
 Since then his confidence has followed me  
 With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret?

OCTAVIO.

No!

QUESTENBERG.

What! and not warn him either, what bad hands  
 His lot has placed him in?

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce  
 Leave him in wardship to his innocence.  
 His young and open soul — dissimulation  
 Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance  
 Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,  
 The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,  
 That makes the duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (*anxiously*).

My honoured friend! most highly do I deem  
 Of Colonel Piccolomini — yet — if —  
 Reflect a little —

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.

Hush! There he comes!

## SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!

*[He embraces his father. As he turns around, he observes QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.]*

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor.

Attention, Max., an old friend merits — reverence  
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.MAX. (*drily*).Von Questenberg! — welcome — if you bring with you  
Aught good to our headquarters.QUESTENBERG (*seizing his hand*).

Nay, draw not

Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!

Not on my own account alone I seized it,

And nothing common will I say therewith.

*[Taking the hands of both.]*

Octavio — Max. Piccolomini!

O saviour names, and full of happy omen!

Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,

While two such stars, with blessed influences  
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh! Noble minister! You miss your part.  
You come not here to act a panegyric.  
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us —  
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO *to* MAX.

He comes from court, where people are not quite  
So well contented with the duke as here.

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him?  
That he alone determines for himself  
What he himself alone doth understand!  
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.  
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing  
That can be struck and hammered out to suit  
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance  
To every tune of every minister.  
It goes against his nature — he can't do it,  
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,  
And his, too, is the station of command.  
And well for us it is so! There exist  
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use  
Their intellects intelligently. Then  
Well for the whole, if there be found a man  
Who makes himself what nature destined him,  
The pause, the central point, to thousand thousands —  
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,  
Where all may press with joy and confidence —  
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if  
Another better suits the court — no other  
But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtless!

MAX.

What delight to observe  
How he incites and strengthens all around him,  
Infusing life and vigour. Every power  
Seems as it were redoubled by his presence :  
He draws forth every latent energy,  
Showing to each his own peculiar talent,  
Yet leaving all to be what nature made them,  
And watching only that they be naught else  
In the right place and time ; and he has skill  
To mould the powers of all to his own end.

QUESTENBERG.

But who denies his knowledge of mankind,  
And skill to use it ? Our complaint is this :—  
That in the master he forgets the servant,  
As if he claimed by birth his present honours.

MAX.

And does he not so ? Is he not endowed  
With every gift and power to carry out  
The high intents of nature, and to win  
A ruler's station by a ruler's talent ?

QUESTENBERG.

So then it seems to rest with him alone  
What is the worth of all mankind beside !

MAX.

Uncommon men require no common trust ;  
Give him but scope and he will set the bounds.

QUESTENBERG.

The proof is yet to come.

MAX.

Thus are ye ever.

Ye shrink from everything of depth, and think  
Yourselves are only safe while ye're in shallows.

OCTAVIO (*to* QUESTENBERG).

'Twere best to yield with a good grace, my friend ;  
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing*).

In their fear

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,  
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread  
him

More than the ills for which they called him up.  
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be  
Like things of every day. But in the field,  
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.  
The personal must command, the actual eye  
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks  
All that is great in nature, let it be  
Likewise his privilege to move and act  
In all the correspondences of greatness.  
The oracle within him, that which lives,  
He must invoke and question — not dead books,  
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! of those old narrow ordinances  
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights  
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind  
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.

For always formidable was the League  
 And partnership of free power with free will.  
 The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,  
 Is yet no devious path. Straight forward goes  
 The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path  
 Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies, and rapid;  
 Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it  
 reaches.

My son, the road the human being travels,  
 That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow  
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings,  
 Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,  
 Honouring the holy bounds of property!  
 And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

## QUESTENBERG.

Oh, hear your father, noble youth! hear him  
 Who is at once the hero and the man.

## OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!  
 A war of fifteen years  
 Hath been thy education and thy school.  
 Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists  
 An higher than the warrior's excellence.  
 In war itself war is no ultimate purpose;  
 The vast and sudden deeds of violence,  
 Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,  
 These are not they, my son, that generate  
 The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!  
 Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!  
 Builds his light town of canvas, and at once  
 The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily.  
 With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel  
 The motley market fills; the roads, the streams,  
 Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries,

But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,  
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.  
 Dreary, and solitary as a churchyard,  
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,  
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

Oh, let the emperor make peace, my father !  
 Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel  
 For the first violet<sup>1</sup> of the leafless spring,  
 Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed.

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee ? What so moves thee all at once ?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld ? I have beheld it.  
 From thence am I come hither : oh, that sight,  
 It glimmers still before me, like some landscape  
 Left in the distance, — some delicious landscape !  
 My road conducted me through countries where  
 The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father  
 My venerable father, life has charms  
 Which we have never experienced. We have been  
 But voyaging along its barren coasts,  
 Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,  
 That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,  
 House on the wild sea with wild usages,  
 Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays  
 Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.  
 Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals

<sup>1</sup> In the original, —

“ Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb' ich hin mit Freuden,  
 Fürs erste Veilchen, das der März uns bringt,  
 Das dürftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.”

Of fair and exquisite, oh, nothing, nothing,  
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*).

And so your journey has revealed this to you ?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,  
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,  
The painful toil which robbed me of my youth,  
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,  
A spirit uninformed, unornamented !  
For the camp's stir, and crowd, and ceaseless larum,  
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,  
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,  
Word of command, and exercise of arms —  
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this,  
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart !  
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not —  
This cannot be the sole felicity,  
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

Oh day, thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier  
Returns home into life; when he becomes  
A fellow man among his fellow men.  
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade  
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark !  
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home !  
The caps and helmet are all garlanded  
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.  
The city gates fly open of themselves,  
They need no longer the petard to tear them.

The ramparts are all filled with men and women,  
 With peaceful men and women, that send onwards  
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,  
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.  
 From all the towers rings out the merry peal,  
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.  
 O happy man, O fortunate ! for whom  
 The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,  
 The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (*apparently much affected*).

O that you should speak  
 Of such a distant, distant time, and not  
 Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him quick and vehement*).

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna !  
 I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.  
 Just now, as first I saw you standing here  
 (I'll own it to you freely), indignation  
 Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.  
 'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye !* — and the warrior,  
 It is the warrior that must force it from you.  
 Ye fret the general's life out, blacken him,  
 Hold him up as a rebel, and heaven knows  
 What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,  
 And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy ;  
 Which yet's the only way to peace : for if  
 War intermit not during war, *how* then  
 And *whence* can peace come ? Your own plagues fall  
     on you !  
 Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.  
 And here I make this vow, here pledge myself,  
 My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,  
 And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye  
 Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas! alas! and stands it so?

*[Then in pressing and impatient tones.*

What, friend! and do we let him go away

In this delusion — let him go away?

Not call him back immediately, not open

His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO *(recovering himself out of a deep study).*

He has now opened mine,

And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up

The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes

Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!

*[Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.*

QUESTENBERG.

What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To —

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him and correcting himself*).To the duke. Come, let us go — 'Tis done, 'tis  
done,

I see the net that is thrown over him.

Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not  
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore  
Did I keep it from him? You were in the right.  
I should have warned him. Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,  
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.OCTAVIO (*more collected*).Come! to the duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour  
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!  
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey![*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland. Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heavens.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Come — to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be here in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared — no orders — no instructions.

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet? There one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! that's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

SENI (*with gravity*).

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,  
*Nothing!* But yet in every earthly thing,  
 First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (*to the second*).

Say nothing to him, Nat. The duke himself must  
 let him have his own will.

SENI (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low  
 voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*).

Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.  
 Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,  
 The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven?  
 I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps  
 The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good? and why do you call five a holy  
 number?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man: for even as man  
 Is mingled up of good and evil, so  
 The five is the first number that's made up  
 Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT.

Ay, let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There! Out at the side-door.

*[They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table, near the duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.]*

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went, then, through Vienna, were presented  
To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the empress, too,  
And by both majesties were we admitted  
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,  
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither  
To the camp, in winter-time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that  
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them

You had determined on our daughter's marriage,  
And wished, ere you went into the field,  
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made ?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wished it may have fallen  
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you — what do *you* wish, Elizabeth ?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

Well, then, —

And in all else, of what kind and complexion  
Was your reception at the court ?

[*The DUCHESS casts her eyes on the ground, and  
remains silent.*]

Hide nothing from me. How were you received ?

DUCHESS.

O ! my dear lord, all is not what it was.  
A canker-worm, my lord, a canker-worm  
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay ! is it so ?

What, they were lax ? they failed of the old respect ?

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honours were omitted,  
 No outward courtesy ; but in the place  
 Of condescending, confidential kindness,  
 Familiar and endearing, there were given me  
 Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.  
 Ah ! and the tenderness which was put on,  
 It was the guise of pity, not of favour.  
 No ! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,  
 Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so —  
 Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes ; they have taken offence. My latest conduct  
 They railed at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had !

I have been long accustomed to defend you,  
 To heal and pacify distempered spirits.  
 No ; no one railed at you. They wrapp'd them up,  
 O Heaven ! in such oppressive, solemn silence !  
 Here is no every-day misunderstanding,  
 No transient pique, no cloud that passes over ;  
 Something most luckless, most unhealable,  
 Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary  
 Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,  
 And ever at departure to embrace me —

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it ?

DUCHESS (*wiping away her tears after a pause*).

She did embrace me,  
 But then first when I had already taken

My formal leave, and when the door already  
 Had closed upon me, then did she come out  
 In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,  
 And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish  
 Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (*seizes her hand soothingly*).

Nay, now collect yourself.  
 And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,  
 And of our other friends there ?

DUCHESS (*shaking her head*).

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

The ambassador from Spain, who once was wont  
 To plead so warmly for me ?

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent !

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward  
 Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it — were it, my dear lord, in that  
 Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,  
 But in the country let itself be heard  
 Aloud — in that which Father Lanormain  
 In sundry hints and —

WALLENSTEIN (*eagerly*).

Lanormain ! what said he ?

DUCHESS.

That you're accused of having daringly  
 O'erstepped the powers intrusted to you, charged  
 With traitorous contempt of the emperor  
 And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,  
 He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers —  
 That there's a storm collecting over you  
 Of far more fearful menace than the former one  
 Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.  
 And people talk, said he, of — Ah!

[*Stifling extreme emotion.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk —

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second — (*catches her voice and hesitates*).

WALLENSTEIN.

Second —

DUCHESS.

Most disgraceful

Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they ?

*[Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.*

O ! they force, they thrust me  
With violence, against my own will, onward !

DUCHESS (*presses near to him in entreaty*).

Oh ! if there yet be time, my husband ! if  
By giving way and by submission, this  
Can be averted — my dear lord, give way !  
Win down your proud heart to it ! Tell the heart,  
It is your sovereign lord, your emperor,  
Before whom you retreat. Oh ! let no longer  
Low trickling malice blacken your good meaning  
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up  
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,  
And drive before you into uttermost shame  
These slanderous liars ! Few firm friends have we —  
You know it ! The swift growth of our good fortune,  
It hath but set us up a mark for hatred.  
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour  
Stand not before us !

### SCENE III.

*Enter the Countess TERZKY, leading in her hand the  
Princess THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliants.*

COUNTESS THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, sister ! What, already upon business ?

*[Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.*

And business of no pleasing kind I see,  
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first

Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!  
This is thy daughter.

[THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me,  
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'Twas but a little child when you departed  
To raise up that great army for the emperor:  
And after, at the close of the campaign,  
When you returned home out of Pomerania,  
Your daughter was already in the convent,  
Wherein she has remained till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while  
We in the field here gave our cares and toils  
To make her great, and fight her a free way  
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature  
Within the peaceful, silent convent walls,  
Has done her part, and out of her free grace  
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child  
The god-like; and now leads her thus adorned  
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS (*to* THEKLA).

Thou wouldst not now have recognised thy father,  
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight  
years  
When last she saw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!  
 At the first glance! My father has not altered.  
 The form that stands before me falsifies  
 No feature of the image that hath lived  
 So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!

*[Then after a pause.*

I was indignant at my destiny,  
 That it denied me a man-child, to be  
 Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,  
 And re-illumine my soon-extinguished being  
 In a proud line of princes.  
 I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head,  
 So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I  
 Let fall the garland of a life of war,  
 Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,  
 Transmuted to a regal ornament,  
 Around these beauteous brows.

*[He clasps her in his arms as PICCOLOMINI enters.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT  
 TERZKY, the others remaining as before.*

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou  
 The morning star of my best joys!

MAX.

My general —

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the emperor who rewarded thee,  
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound  
The father to thee, Max. ! the fortunate father,  
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince !

You made no common hurry to transfer it.  
I come with shame : yea, not without a pang !  
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered  
The mother and the daughter to your arms,  
But there is brought to me from your equerry <sup>1</sup>  
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress  
So to remunerate me for my troubles —  
Yes, yes, remunerate me, — since a trouble  
It must be, a mere office, not a favour  
Which I leaped forward to receive, and which  
I came with grateful heart to thank you for.  
No ! 'twas not so intended, that my business  
Should be my highest best good fortune !

[TERZKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE,  
which he breaks open hurriedly.

<sup>1</sup> A reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* observes that, in these lines, Mr. Coleridge has misapprehended the meaning of the word "zug," a team, translating it as "anzug," a suit of clothes. The following version, as a substitute, I propose :

When from your stables there is brought to me  
A team of four most richly harnessed horses.

The term, however, is "jagd-zug," which may mean a "hunting equipage," or a "hunting stud ;" although Hilpert gives only "a team of four horses."

COUNTESS (*to MAX*).

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy  
 He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting  
 For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel  
 So tenderly — my brother it beseems  
 To show himself for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love:  
 For his munificent hands did ornament me  
 Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving  
 And making happy.

*[He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still  
 increasing warmth.]*

How my heart pours out  
 Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem  
 To utter all things in the dear name — Friedland.  
 While I shall live, so long will I remain  
 The captive of this name: in it shall bloom  
 My every fortune, every lovely hope.  
 Inextricably as in some magic ring  
 In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS (*who during this time has been anxiously  
 watching the DUKE, and remarks that he is lost  
 in thought over the letters*).

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself around quick, collects him-  
 self, and speaks with cheerfulness to the DUCHESS*).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,  
 Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,

Will now again administer your old office,  
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX. PICCOLOMINI *offers the DUCHESS his arm;*  
*the COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.*

TERZKY (*calling after him*).

Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*in deep thought, to himself*).

She has seen all things as they are — it is so,  
And squares completely with my other notices;  
They have determined finally in Vienna,  
Have given me my successor already;  
It is the King of Hungary, Ferdinand,  
The emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,  
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us  
They think themselves already fairly rid,  
And as we were deceased, the heir already  
Is entering on possession — Therefore — despatch!

[*As he turns around he observes TERZKY, and gives  
him a letter.*

Count Altringer will have himself excused,  
And Gallas too — I like not this!

TERZKY.

And if  
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,  
One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer

Is master of the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith  
Send some one to him, that he let not in  
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.  
— Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader  
In contraband negotiations, he  
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he  
From the Count Thur?

TERZKY.

The count communicates  
He has found out the Swedish chancellor  
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,  
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have  
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERZKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches;  
That you decoy the Swedes — to make fools of them;  
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,  
And at last make yourself a riddance of them  
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,  
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects  
That I shall yield him some fair German tract  
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last  
On our own soil and native territory  
May be no longer our own lords and masters!  
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,  
Off, off! away! *we* want no such neighbours.

TERZKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land —  
 It goes not from your portion. If you win  
 The game, what matters it to you who pays it ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off ! Thou understand'st not this.  
 Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled  
 My native land away, dismembered Germany,  
 Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order  
 To come with stealthy tread, and filch away  
 My own share of the plunder — Never ! never !  
 No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,  
 And least of all these Goths ! these hungry wolves !  
 Who send such envious, hot, and greedy glances  
 Toward the rich blessings of our German lands !  
 I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,  
 But not a single fish of all the draught  
 Shall they come in for.

TERZKY.

You will deal, however,  
 More fairly with the Saxons ? they lose patience  
 While you shift round and make so many curves.  
 Say, to what purpose all these masks ? Your friends  
 Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in  
 you.  
 There's Oxenstiern, there's Arnheim — neither knows  
 What he should think of your procrastinations,  
 And in the end I prove the liar ; all  
 Passes through me. I've not even your handwriting.

WALLENSTEIN.

I *never* give handwriting ; and thou knowest it.

TERZKY.

But how can it be *known* that you are in earnest,  
 If the act follows not upon the word ?  
 You must yourself acknowledge, that in all  
 Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy,  
 You might have done with safety all you have done,  
 Had you meant nothing further than to gull him  
 For the emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, during which he looks  
 narrowly on TERZKY*).

And from whence dost thou know  
 That I'm not gulling him for the emperor's service ?  
 Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you ?  
 Dost thou know me so well ? When made I thee  
 The intendant of my secret purposes ?  
 I am not conscious that I ever opened  
 My inmost thoughts to thee. The emperor, it is true,  
 Hath dealt with me amiss ; and if I would  
 I could repay him with usurious interest  
 For the evil he hath done me. It delights me  
 To know my power ; but whether I shall use it,  
 Of that I should have thought that thou couldst speak  
 No wiser than thy fellows.

TERZKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us.  
[*Enter* ILLO.

## SCENE VI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without ? Are they prepared ?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.  
They know about the emperor's requisition,  
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolani  
Declared himself ?

ILLO.

He's yours, both soul and body,  
Since you built up again his faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend ? Hast thou  
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodati ?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them ?

ILLO.

If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERZKY.

And yet  
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,  
The fox !



WALLENSTEIN (*shaking his head*).

All unconditional;  
No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.  
Does not Count Terzky give us a set banquet  
This evening?

TERZKY.

Yes; and all the generals  
Have been invited.

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Say, will you here fully  
Commission me to use my own discretion?  
I'll gain for you the generals' word of honour,  
Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!  
How you come by them that is your concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you in black on white,  
That all the leaders who are present here  
Give themselves up to you, without condition;  
Say, will you then — then will you show yourself  
In earnest, and with some decisive action  
Try your fortune.

WALLENSTEIN.

Get but the signatures!

ILLO.

Think what thou dost, thou canst not execute  
The emperor's orders, nor reduce thine army,  
Nor send the regiments to the Spaniards' aid,

Unless thou wouldst resign thy power for ever.  
 Think on the other hand — thou canst not spurn  
 The emperor's high commands and solemn orders,  
 No longer temporise, nor seek evasion,  
 Wouldst thou avoid a rupture with the court.  
 Resolve then! Wilt thou now by one bold act  
 Anticipate their ends, or, doubting still,  
 Await the extremity?

WALLENSTEIN.

There's time before  
 The extremity arrives.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour,  
 Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment  
 In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.  
 To make a great decision possible,  
 O! many things, all transient and all rapid,  
 Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met  
 May by that confluence be enforced to pause  
 Time long-enough for wisdom, though too short,  
 Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!  
 This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,  
 Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,  
 Their king-like leader! On your nod they wait.  
 The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune  
 Hath woven together in one potent web  
 Instinct with destiny, O! let them not  
 Unravel of themselves. If you permit  
 These chiefs to separate, so unanimous  
 Bring you them not a second time together.  
 'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,  
 And every individual's spirit waxes  
 In the great stream of multitudes. Behold  
 They are still here, here still! But soon the war  
 Bursts them once more asunder, and in small

Particular anxieties and interests  
 Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy  
 Of each man with the whole. He who to-day  
 Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,  
 Will become sober, seeing but himself.  
 Feel only his own weakness, and with speed  
 Will face about, and march on in the old  
 High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,  
 And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERZKY.

So you say always.  
 But when will it be time ?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,  
 Till the earthly hour escapes you. Oh, believe me,  
 In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.  
 Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,  
 This is your Venus ! and the sole malignant,  
 The only one that harmeth you is doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understandest. How oft  
 And many a time I've told thee Jupiter,  
 That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.  
 Thy visual power subdues no mysteries ;  
 Mole-eyed thou mayest but burrow in the earth,  
 Blind as the subterrestrial, who with wan

Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.  
 The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,  
 With serviceable cunning knit together,  
 The nearest with the nearest; and therein  
 I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er  
 Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,  
 And fashions in the depths — the spirit's ladder,  
 That from this gross and visible world of dust,  
 Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,  
 Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers  
 Move up and down on heavenly ministries —  
 The circles in the circles, that approach  
 The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit —  
 These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,  
 Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

*[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and  
 standing still, proceeds.]*

The heavenly constellations make not merely  
 The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely  
 Signify to the husbandman the seasons  
 Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,  
 That is the seed, too, of contingencies,  
 Strewed on the dark land of futurity  
 In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate  
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,  
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours,  
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,  
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving  
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.  
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile  
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say  
 What *I* shall do — only, give way I will not,  
 Depose me, too, they shall not. On these points  
 You may rely.

PAGE (*entering*).

My lords, the generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

TERZKY.

Shall all the chiefs be present ?

WALLENSTEIN.

'Twere needless. Both the Piccolomini,  
Maradas, Butler, Forgoetsch, Deodati,  
Karaffa, Isolani — these may come.

[TERZKY goes out with the PAGE.

WALLENSTEIN (*to ILLO*).

Hast thou taken heed that Questenberg was watched ?  
Had he no means of secret intercourse ?

ILLO.

I have watched him closely — and he spoke with none  
But with Octavio.

## SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO. — *To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him ; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood,  
'Tis true, the sum and import, Questenberg,  
Of your instructions. I have weighed them well,  
And formed my final, absolute resolve ;

Yet it seems fitting that the generals  
 Should hear the will of the emperor from your mouth.  
 May it please you then to open your commission  
 Before these noble chieftains ?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready  
 To obey you ; but will first entreat your highness,  
 And all these noble chieftains, to consider,  
 The imperial dignity and sovereign right  
 Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his majesty  
 The emperor to his courageous armies  
 Presented in the person of Duke Friedland  
 A most experienced and renowned commander,  
 He did it in glad hope and confidence  
 To give thereby to the fortune of the war  
 A rapid and auspicious change. The onset  
 Was favourable to his royal wishes.  
 Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,  
 The Swede's career of conquest checked ! These lands  
 Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland  
 From all the streams of Germany forced hither  
 The scattered armies of the enemy ;  
 Hither invoked as round one magic circle  
 The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern,  
 Yea, and the never-conquered king himself ;  
 Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,  
 The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

To the point, so please you.

QUESTENBERG.

A new spirit

At once proclaimed to us the new commander.  
No longer strove blind rage with rage more blind ;  
But in the enlightened field of skill was shown  
How fortitude can triumph over boldness,  
And scientific art outweary courage.  
In vain they tempt him to the fight, he only  
Entrenches him still deeper in his hold,  
As if to build an everlasting fortress.  
At length grown desperate, now, the king resolves  
To storm the camp and lead his wasted legions,  
Who daily fall by famine and by plague,  
To quicker deaths and hunger and disease.  
Through lines of barricades behind whose fence  
Death lurks within a thousand mouths of fire,  
He yet unconquered strives to storm his way.  
There was attack, and there resistance, such  
As mortal eye had never seen before ;  
Repulsed at last, the king withdrew his troops  
From this so murderous field, and not a foot  
Of ground was gained by all that fearful slaughter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Pray spare us these recitals from gazettes,  
Which we ourselves beheld with deepest horror.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left  
His fame — in Lützen's plains his life. But who  
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland  
After this day of triumph, this proud day,

Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,  
 And vanished from the theatre of war?  
 While the young Weimar hero<sup>1</sup> forced his way  
 Into Franconia, to the Danube, like  
 Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,  
 Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed  
 He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg  
 Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.  
 Then did Bavaria's well-deserving prince  
 Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;  
 The emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,  
 Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:  
 He superadds his own, and supplicates  
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command.  
 In vain his supplication! At this moment  
 The duke hears only his old hate and grudge,  
 Barters the general good to gratify  
 Private revenge — and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., to what period of the war alludes he?  
 My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means

When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!

But what had we to do *there*?

MAX.

To beat out  
 The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

<sup>1</sup> Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who succeeded Gustavus in command.

WALLENSTEIN.

True;

In that description which the minister gave,  
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[To QUESTENBERG.

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

We hoped upon the Oder to regain  
What on the Danube shamefully was lost.  
We looked for deeds of all-astounding grandeur  
Upon a theatre of war, on which  
A Friedland led in person to the field,  
And the famed rival of the great Gustavus  
Had but a Thurn and Arnheim to oppose him!  
Yet the encounter of their mighty hosts  
Served but to feast and entertain each other.  
Our country groaned beneath the woes of war,  
Yet naught but peace prevailed in Friedland's camp!

WALLENSTEIN.

Full many a bloody strife is fought in vain,  
Because its youthful general needs a victory.  
But 'tis the privilege of the old commander  
To spare the costs of fighting useless battles  
Merely to show that he knows how to conquer.  
It would have little helped my fame to boast  
Of conquest o'er an Arnheim; but far more  
Would my forbearance have availed my country,  
Had I succeeded to dissolve the alliance  
Existing 'twixt the Saxon and the Swede.

QUESTENBERG.

But you did not succeed, and so commenced  
The fearful strife anew. And here at length,  
Beside the river Oder did the duke

Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields  
 Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,  
 Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,  
 The righteousness of heaven to his avenger  
 Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up  
 Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch  
 And kindler of this war, Matthias Thurn.  
 But he had fallen into magnanimous hands,  
 Instead of punishment he found reward,  
 And with rich presents did the duke dismiss  
 The arch-foe of his emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughs*).

I know,  
 I know you had already in Vienna  
 Your windows and your balconies forestalled  
 To see him on the executioner's cart.  
 I might have lost the battle, lost it too  
 With infamy, and still retained your graces —  
 But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,  
 Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,  
 No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia  
 Was freed, and all things loudly called the duke  
 Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.  
 And he did put his troops in motion: slowly,  
 Quite at his ease, and by the longest road  
 He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever  
 He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,  
 Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably destitute  
 Of every necessary, every comfort,

The winter came. What thinks his majesty  
 His troops are made of? Aren't we men; subjected  
 Like other men to wet, and cold, and all  
 The circumstances of necessity?  
 Oh, miserable lot of the poor soldier!  
 Wherever he comes in all flee before him,  
 And when he goes away the general curse  
 Follows him on his route. All must be seized.  
 Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize  
 From every man he's every man's abhorrence.  
 Behold, here stand my generals. Karaffa!  
 Count Deodati! Butler! Tell this man  
 How long the soldier's pay is in the arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire  
 That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,  
 The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.<sup>1</sup>

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that  
 In which the duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself  
 Have spoilt the emperor by indulging him.

<sup>1</sup> The original is not translatable into English:

Und sein Sold  
 Muss dem *Soldaten* werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

And that for which he sold his services,  
 The soldier must receive, —

but a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

Nine years ago, during the Danish war,  
 I raised him up a force, a mighty force,  
 Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him  
 Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony  
 The fury goddess of the war marched on,  
 E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing  
 The terrors of his name. That was a time!  
 In the whole imperial realm no name like mine  
 Honoured with festival and celebration —  
 And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title  
 Of the third jewel in his crown!  
 But at the Diet, when the princes met  
 At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,  
 There 'twas laid open, there it was made known  
 Out of what money-bag I had paid the host,  
 And what were now my thanks, what had I now  
 That I, a faithful servant of the sovereign,  
 Had loaded on myself the people's curses,  
 And let the princes of the empire pay  
 The expenses of this war that aggrandises  
 The emperor alone. What thanks had I?  
 What? I was offered up to their complaint,  
 Dismissed, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your highness knows  
 What little freedom he possessed of action  
 In that disastrous Diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell!  
 I had that which could have procured him freedom.  
 No! since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me  
 To serve the emperor at the empire's cost,  
 I have been taught far other trains of thinking  
 Of the empire and the Diet of the empire.

From the emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,  
 But now I hold it as the empire's general, —  
 For the common weal, the universal interest,  
 And no more for that one man's aggrandisement!  
 But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

QUESTENBERG.

First, his imperial majesty hath willed  
 That without pretexts of delay the army  
 Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season?  
 And to what quarter wills the emperor  
 That we direct our course?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.  
 His majesty resolves, that Regensburg  
 Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,  
 That Lutheranism may be no longer preached  
 In that cathedral, nor heretical  
 Defilement desecrate the celebration  
 Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,  
 Can this be realised?

ILLO.

'Tis not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realised.

QUESTENBERG.

The emperor  
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys  
To advance towards Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! he advanced? And I, his general,  
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,  
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus  
With my authority? Is this the obedience  
Due to my office, which being thrown aside,  
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak:  
You be the judges, generals! What deserves  
That officer who, of his oath neglectful,  
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN (*raising his voice, as all but ILLO had  
remained silent and seemingly scrupulous*).

Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*after a long pause*).

According to the letter of the law,  
Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG *rises from his seat*, WALLENSTEIN  
*follows, all the rest rise.*

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.  
And if I show him favour, 'twill arise  
From the reverence that I owe my emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further — *here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions!  
And this the first, that to the diminution  
Of my authority no human being,  
Not even the emperor's self, should be entitled  
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.  
If I stand warranter of the *event*,  
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,  
Needs must I have full mastery in all  
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus  
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?  
This — that he was the monarch in his army!  
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,  
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.  
But to the point! The best is yet to come.  
Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal  
Begins his route at the approach of spring  
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army  
Through Germany into the Netherlands.

That he may march secure and unimpeded,  
'Tis the emperor's will you grant him a detachment  
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand! Eight regiments! Well,  
Right well concerted, Father Lanormain!  
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'tis as it should be!  
I see it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.  
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,  
The dictate of necessity!

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?  
What, my lord envoy? May I not be suffered  
To understand that folks are tired of seeing  
The sword's hilt in *my* grasp, and that your court  
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use  
The Spanish title, and drain off my forces,  
To lead into the empire a new army  
Unsubjected to my control? To throw me  
Plumply aside, — I am still too powerful for you  
To venture that. My stipulation runs,  
That all the imperial forces shall obey me  
Where'er the German is the native language.  
Of Spanish troops and of prince cardinals,  
That take their route as visitors, through the empire,  
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.  
No syllable! And so the politic court  
Steals in on tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;  
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,  
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow,  
And make short work with me.  
What need of all these crooked ways, lord envoy?

Straightforward, man! his compact with me pinches  
The emperor. He would that I moved off!  
Well! I will gratify him.

*[Here there commences an agitation among the generals, which increases continually.]*

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes;  
I see not yet by what means they will come at  
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain  
The recompense their services demand.  
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,  
And prior merit superannuates quickly.  
There serve here many foreigners in the army,  
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,  
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny  
After his pedigree or catechism.  
This will be otherwise i' the time to come.  
Well; me no longer it concerns. *[He seats himself.]*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!  
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation —  
The emperor is abused — it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!  
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up  
Will go to wreck — all go to instant wreck.  
What then? Another chieftain is soon found,  
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)  
Will flock from all sides to the emperor,  
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

*[During this speech, ISOLANI, TERZKY, ILLO, and MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.]*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them*).

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!  
 Let me conjure you, duke! Determine nothing,  
 Till we have met and represented to you  
 Our joint remonstrances! Nay, calmer! Friends!  
 I hope all may yet be set right again.

TERZKY.

Away! let us away! in the antechamber  
 Find we the others. [*They go.*]

BUTLER (*to QUESTENBERG*).

If good counsel gain  
 Due audience from your wisdom, my lord envoy,  
 You will be cautious how you show yourself  
 In public for some hours to come — or hardly  
 Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment  
[*Commotions heard from without.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel — Thou, Octavio!  
 Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.  
 Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[QUESTENBERG *is about to speak.*

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!  
 You have performed your duty. We know now  
 To separate the office from the man.

[*As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO,  
 GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in, several other generals following them.*]

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH (*at the same time*).

What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOLATTO (*at the same time*).

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*with stateliness, and pointing to ILLO*).

There! the field-marshal knows our will. [Exit.

[While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Small Chamber.*

ILLO and TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you  
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,  
Wherein we to the duke consign ourselves  
Collectively, to be and to remain  
*His*, both with life and limb, and not to spare  
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided,  
So doing we infringe no oath or duty  
We may be under to the emperor. Mark!  
This reservation we expressly make  
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.  
Now hear! this formula so framed and worded  
Will be presented to them for perusal  
Before the banquet. No one will find in it  
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!  
After the feast, when now the vapouring wine

Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let  
 A counterfeited paper, in the which  
 This one particular clause has been left out,  
 Go round for signatures.

TERZKY.

How! think you then  
 That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,  
 Which we have tricked them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then  
 Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave  
 Loud as they may against our treachery;  
 At court their signatures will be believed  
 Far more than their most holy affirmations.  
 Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely  
 Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERZKY.

Well, well, it shall content me: let but something  
 Be *done*, let only some decisive blow  
 Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance  
 How, or how far, we may thereby propel  
 The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade  
 The duke that they are his. Let him but act  
 In his determined mood, as if he had them,  
 And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,  
 He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERZKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,  
 That many a time when I have thought myself

Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me  
 Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.  
 He lends the enemy his ear, permits me  
 To write to them, to Arnheim ; to Sesina  
 Himself comes forward blank and undisguised ;  
 Talks with us by the hour about his plans,  
 And when I think I have him — off at once —  
 He has slipped from me, and appears as if  
 He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans ! I'll tell you, friend !  
 His soul is occupied with nothing else,  
 Even in his sleep — they are his thoughts, his dreams,  
 That day by day he questions for this purpose  
 The motions of the planets —

TERZKY.

Ah ! you know  
 This night, that is now coming, he with Seni  
 Shuts himself up in the astrological tower  
 To make joint observations — for I hear  
 It is to be a night of weight and crisis ;  
 And something great, and of long expectation,  
 Takes place in heaven.

ILLO.

O that it might take place  
 On earth ! The generals are full of zeal,  
 And would with ease be led to anything  
 Rather than lose their chief. Observe, too, that  
 We have at last a fair excuse before us  
 To form a close alliance 'gainst the court,  
 Yet innocent its title, bearing simply  
 That we support him only in command.

But in the ardour of pursuit thou knowest  
 Men soon forget the goal from which they started.  
 The object I've in view is that the prince  
 Shall either find them, or believe them ready  
 For every hazard. Opportunity  
 Will tempt him on. Be the great step once taken,  
 Which at Vienna's court can ne'er be pardoned,  
 The force of circumstances will lead him onward  
 The farther still and farther. 'Tis the choice  
 That makes him undecisive — come but need,  
 And all his powers and wisdom will come with it.

TERZKY.

'Tis this alone the enemy awaits  
 To change their chief and join their force with ours.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work  
 In this next day or two must thrive and grow  
 More than it has for years. And let but only  
 Things first turn up auspicious here below —  
 Mark what I say — the right stars, too, will show  
 themselves.  
 Come to the generals. All is in the glow,  
 And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERZKY.

Do you go thither, Illo? I must stay  
 And wait here for the Countess Terzky. Know  
 That we, too, are not idle. Break one string,  
 A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! yes!

I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.  
 What's in the wind?

TERZKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.

[Exit ILLO.]

## SCENE II.

*The COUNTESS steps out from a closet.*

COUNT and COUNTESS TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Well — is she coming? I can keep him back  
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be here instantly,  
You only send him.

TERZKY.

I am not quite certain,  
I must confess it, countess, whether or not  
We are earning the duke's thanks hereby. You know  
No ray has broke out from him on this point.  
You have o'erruled me, and yourself know best  
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

*[Talking to herself while she is advancing.]*

Here's no heed of full powers and commissions;  
My cloudy duke! we understand each other —  
And without words. What could I not unriddle,  
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,  
Why first he, and no other should be chosen  
To fetch her hither? This sham of betrothing her

To a bridegroom,<sup>1</sup> whom no one knows — No! no!  
 This may blind others! I see through thee, brother!  
 But it beseems thee not to draw a card  
 At such a game. Not yet! It all remains  
 Mutely delivered up to my finessing.  
 Well — thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Fried-  
 land,  
 In her who is thy sister.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The commanders! [*Exit.*]

TERZKY (*to the COUNTESS*).

Take care you heat his fancy and affections —  
 Possess him with a reverie, and send him  
 Absent and dreaming to the banquet; that  
 He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take care of your guests! Go, send him hither.

TERZKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS (*interrupting him*).

Go to your guests! Go —

ILLO (*comes back*).

Where art staying, Terzky?  
 The house is full, and all expecting you.

<sup>1</sup> In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called bride and bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterward.

TERZKY.

Instantly! instantly! [To the COUNTESS.  
 And let him not  
 Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion  
 In the old man —

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!  
 [Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.

## SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*peeping in on the stage slyly*).

Aunt Terzky! may I venture?  
 [*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks  
 around him with uneasiness.*  
 She's not here!

Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly  
 In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie  
 Concealed behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!  
 [*Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.*  
 You unkind lady! You refuse me this,  
 You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!  
 Since we've been here, so to constrain myself  
 With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances,  
 These, these are not my habits!

COUNTESS.

You have still  
 Many new habits to acquire, young friend!  
 But on this proof of your obedient temper  
 I must continue to insist; and only  
 On this condition can I play the agent  
 For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?  
 Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Into *my* hands you must place it  
 Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,  
 More zealously affected to your interest?  
 No soul on earth must know it — not your father;  
*He* must not, above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?  
 Here is no face on which I might centre  
 All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.  
 O lady! tell me, is all changed around me?  
 Or is it only I?

I find myself,  
 As among strangers! Not a trace is left  
 Of all my former wishes, former joys.  
 Where has it vanished to? There was a time  
 When even, methought, with such a world as this,  
 I was not discontented. Now how flat!

How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!  
 My comrades are intolerable to me.  
 My father — even to him I can say nothing.  
 My arms, my military duties — O!  
 They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!  
 I must entreat it of your condescension,  
 You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour  
 With one short glance or two this poor stale world,  
 Where even now much, and of much moment,  
 Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,  
 I can't but know is going forward round me.  
 I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,  
 In wild uncustomary movements. Well,  
 In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.  
 Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,  
 No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,  
 The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,  
 The pointless jest, the empty conversation,  
 Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air —  
 I could not breathe — I was constrained to fly,  
 To seek a silence out for my full heart;  
 And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.  
 No smiling, countess! In the church was I.  
 There is a cloister here "To the heaven's gate,"<sup>1</sup>  
 Thither I went, there found myself alone.  
 Over the altar hung a holy mother;

<sup>1</sup> I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original, — *Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Him- melspforte.*

A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend  
 That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,  
 How oft have I beheld that glorious form  
 In splendour, 'mid ecstatic worshippers ;  
 Yet, still it moved me not ! and now at once  
 Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity !  
 Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship  
 Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.  
 Only be manageable when that friendship  
 Points you the road to full accomplishment.

MAX.

But where abides she then ? Oh, golden time  
 Of travel, when each morning sun united  
 And but the coming night divided us ;  
 Then ran no sand, then struck no hour for us,  
 And time, in our excess of happiness,  
 Seemed on its course eternal to stand still.  
 Oh, he hath fallen from out his heaven of bliss  
 Who can descend to count the changing hours,  
 No clock strikes ever for the happy !

COUNTESS.

How long is it since you declared your passion ?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days ?

MAX.

'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here  
 And Nepomuck, where *you* had joined us, and —  
 That was the last relay of the whole journey ;  
 In a balcony we were standing mute,  
 And gazing out upon the dreary field :  
 Before us the dragoons were riding onward,  
 The safeguard which the duke had sent us — heavy ;  
 The inquietude of parting lay upon me,  
 And trembling ventured I at length these words :  
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that  
 To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.  
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,  
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,  
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,  
 Lost in the many — “ Speak with my Aunt Terzky ! ”  
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.  
 She faltered. I beheld a glowing red  
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground  
 Raised slowly up her eye met mine — no longer  
 Did I control myself.

[*The Princess THEKLA appears at the door, and  
 remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS,  
 but not by PICCOLOMINI.*

With instant boldness  
 I caught her in my arms, my lips touched hers ;  
 There was a rustling in the room close by ;  
 It parted us — 'Twas you. What since has happened  
 You know.

COUNTESS (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at THEKLA*).

And is it your excess of modesty  
 Or are you so incurious, that you do not  
 Ask me too of my secret ?

MAX.

Of *your* secret ?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes! When in the instant after you  
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there;  
What she in this first moment of the heart  
Taken with surprise —

MAX. (*with eagerness*).

Well?

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLO-  
MINI.

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

Spare yourself the trouble:  
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (*stepping backward*).

My princess!  
What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Terzky?

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.

Yes; and soon must go.  
Where have *you* stayed so long?

THEKLA.

Alas! my mother  
Wept so again! and I — I see her suffer,  
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.  
 To-day at noon I could not.  
 The dazzle of the jewels that played round you  
 Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me  
 With your eye only — and not with your heart ?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle  
 Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,  
 Beheld myself an alien in this circle,  
 O ! what an impulse felt I in that moment  
 To fall upon his neck, to call him *father* !  
 But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion,  
 It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,  
 That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,  
 They scared me too ! O wherefore, wherefore should he  
 At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban  
 Of excommunication round you, — wherefore  
 Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,  
 And cast upon the light and joyous heart  
 The mournful burden of his station ? Fitly  
 May love dare woo for love ; but such a splendour  
 Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush ! not a word more of this mummery ;  
 You see how soon the burden is thrown off.

[To the COUNTESS.]

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not ?  
 'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy !  
 He had quite another nature on the journey —

So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent. [To MAX.  
 It was my wish to see you always so,  
 And never otherwise!

MAX.

You find yourself  
 In your great father's arms, beloved lady!  
 All in a new world, which does homage to you,  
 And which, were't only by its novelty,  
 Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you  
 That many things delight me here: this camp,  
 This motley stage of warriors, which renews  
 So manifold the image of my fancy,  
 And binds to life, binds to reality,  
 What hitherto had but been present to me  
 As a sweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not so to me.  
 It makes a dream of my reality.  
 Upon some island in the ethereal heights  
 I've lived for these last days. This mass of men  
 Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge  
 That, reconducting to my former life,  
 Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life  
 Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart  
 The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,  
 Which, having once reviewed, I turn more joyous  
 Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*

In this short time that I've been present here.  
 What new unheard-of things have I not seen;

And yet they all must give place to the wond  
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (*recollecting*).

And what  
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted  
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA (*smiling*).

Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,  
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

The astrological tower! How happens it  
That this same sanctuary, whose access  
Is to all others so impracticable,  
Opens before you even at your approach?

THEKLA.

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face  
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services  
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

MAX.

That is the duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He questioned me on many points; for instance,  
When I was born, what month, and on what day,  
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wished  
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examined, shook his head  
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,  
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, princess, and what found you in this tower?  
My highest privilege has been to snatch  
A side-glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a strange  
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first  
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now  
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after  
The closing door, was gone; and all about me  
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows  
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven  
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me  
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand  
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;  
And in the tower no other light was there  
But from these stars, all seemed to come from them.  
"These are the planets," said that low old man,  
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause  
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,  
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,  
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.  
He opposite, the king with the red light,  
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars;  
And both these bring but little luck to man."  
But at his side a lovely lady stood,  
The star upon her head was soft and bright,  
Oh, that was Venus, the bright star of joy.  
And the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings  
Quite in the middle glittered silver bright.

A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;  
 And this was Jupiter, my father's star :  
 And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.

Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith  
 In the might of stars and angels. 'Tis not merely  
 The human being's pride that peoples space  
 With life and mystical predominance ;  
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of love  
 This visible nature, and this common world,  
 Is all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import  
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years  
 Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.  
 For fable is love's world, his home, his birthplace ;  
 Delightedly dwells he among fays and talismans,  
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes  
 Divinities, being himself divine.  
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
 The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
 That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms, and watery depths, all these have vanished  
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !  
 But still the heart doth need a language, still  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names  
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend,<sup>1</sup> and to the lover  
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
 Shoot influence down : and even at this day  
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair !

<sup>1</sup> No more of talk, where god or angel guest  
 With man, as with his friend familiar, used  
 To sit indulgent. —*Paradise Lost*, B. ix.

## THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,  
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,  
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.  
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,  
 That in immeasurable heights above us,  
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,  
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

## COUNTESS.

Not only roses  
 But thorns too hath the heaven, and well for you  
 Leave they your wreath of love inviolate:  
 What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,  
 The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

## MAX.

Soon will this gloomy empire reach its close.  
 Blest be the general's zeal: into the laurel  
 Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting  
 Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish  
 Will have remained for his great heart! Enough  
 Has he performed for glory, and can now  
 Live for himself and his. To his domains  
 Will he retire; he has a stately seat  
 Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,  
 And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly;  
 Even to the foot of the huge mountains here  
 Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:  
 His ruling passion to create the splendid  
 He can indulge without restraint; can give  
 A princely patronage to every art,  
 And to all worth a sovereign's protection.  
 Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses —

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,  
 Before you lay aside your arms, young friend !  
 A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,  
 That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

Oh, that the sword could win her !

COUNTESS.

What was that ?  
 Did you hear nothing ? Seemed as if I heard  
 Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in  
 a quick, low voice to PICCOLOMINI*).

Don't trust them ! They are false !

MAX.

Impossible !

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,  
 They had a purpose.

MAX.

Purpose ! but what purpose ?  
 And how can we be instrumental to it ?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you ; but yet believe me :  
 There's some design in this ; to make us happy,

To realise our union — trust me, love!  
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX.

But these Terzkys —  
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?  
Excellent creature! she deserves from us  
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,  
Doth rate you high before all others — but —  
But such a secret — she would never have  
The courage to conceal it from my father.  
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it  
A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret?  
I love not secrets. Mark what I will do.  
I'll throw me at your father's feet — let him  
Decide upon my fortunes! He is true,  
He wears no mask — he hates all crooked ways —  
He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA (*falls on his neck*).

That are you!

MAX.

You knew him only since this morn! but I  
Have lived ten years already in his presence;  
And who knows whether in this very moment  
He is not merely waiting for us both  
To own our loves in order to unite us?

You are silent !  
 You look at me with such a hopelessness !  
 What have you to object against your father ?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied —  
 He has no leisure time to think about  
 The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*  
 Follow me !

Let us not place too great a faith in men.  
 These Terzkys — we will still be grateful to them  
 For every kindness, but not trust them further  
 Than they deserve ; — and in all else rely  
 On our own hearts !

MAX.

O ! shall we e'er be happy ?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now ? Art thou not mine ?  
 Am I not thine ? There lives within my soul  
 A lofty courage — 'tis love gives it me !  
 I ought to be less open — ought to hide  
 My heart more from thee — so decorum dictates :  
 But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,  
 If in my mouth thou didst not find it ?  
 We now have met, then let us hold each other  
 Clasped in a lasting and a firm embrace.  
 Believe me this was more than their intent.  
 Then be our loves like some blest relic kept  
 Within the deep recesses of the heart.  
 From heaven alone the love has been bestowed,  
 To heaven alone our gratitude is due ;  
 It can work wonders for us still.



THEKLA.

Why needs he  
To go at all to that society?  
'Tis not his proper company. They may  
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them;  
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA (*with energy*).

Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning,  
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company —

COUNTESS.

What! have you lost your senses, niece?  
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to THEKLA*).

Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

[THEKLA turns away from him with a quick  
*motion.*

What say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA (*without looking at him*).

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry —

[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands  
silent a moment, then throws herself into  
his arms; he presses her fast to his  
heart.*

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come!  
Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way. Off!

[MAX. tears himself away out of her arms and goes. The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.

## SCENE VII.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,  
The damsel paces along the shore;  
The billows, they tumble with might, with might;  
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;  
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;  
The world it is empty, the heart will die,  
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:  
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!  
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day;  
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>I found it not in my power to translate this song with literal fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement, and have therefore added the original, with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (*spielt und singt*).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,  
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün;  
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,  
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,  
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:

## SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him  
 Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,  
 And so must be flung after him! For you,  
 Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought  
 It had been more beseeming to have shown yourself  
 More chary of your person.

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
 Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.  
 Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,  
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to  
 and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might,  
 with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discol-  
 oured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and  
 further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call  
 thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I  
 have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which my  
 friend, Charles Lamb, has favoured me, and which appears to me  
 to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads:

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,  
 The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan!  
 Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,  
 Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,  
 Her eye upward roving:

The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,  
 In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;  
 To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,  
 I have partaken of all earth's bliss,  
 Both living and loving.

THEKLA (*rising*).

And what mean you ?

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten  
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance  
That never once occurred to you.

THEKLA.

What then ?

COUNTESS.

That you're the daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well, and what farther ?

COUNTESS.

What ? a pretty question !

THEKLA.

He was born that which we have but become.  
He's of an ancient Lombard family,  
Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming ?

Talking in sleep ? An excellent jest, forsooth !  
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him  
To honour with his hand the richest heiress  
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 'twere well, though, not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him; Count Octavio  
Will interpose no difficulty —

COUNTESS.

His!

His father! His! But yours, niece, what of yours?

THEKLA.

Why, I begin to think you fear his father,  
So anxiously you hide it from the man!  
His father, his, I mean.

COUNTESS (*looks at her as scrutinising*).

Niece, you are false.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not  
Triumph too soon!

THEKLA (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her*).

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out  
His most important life in toils of war,  
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,  
Had banished slumbers from his tent, devoted  
His noble head to care, and for this only,  
To make a happier pair of you? At length  
To draw you from your convent, and conduct  
In easy triumph to your arms the man  
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,  
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me might yet  
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.  
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,  
Out of his fearful and enormous being,  
Will but prepare the joys of life for me —

COUNTESS.

Thou see'st it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes,  
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art: —  
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,  
For no espousals dost thou find the walls  
Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing;  
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or thinkest thou  
That all these thousands are here congregated  
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding!  
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,  
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance  
Lies the great destiny of all our house.  
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling;

Oh, thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof  
 Thou'rt the daughter of the mighty — his  
 Who where he moves creates the wonderful.  
 Not to herself the woman must belong,  
 Annexed and bound to alien destinies.  
 But she performs the best part, she the wisest,  
 Who can transmute the alien into self,  
 Meet and disarm necessity by choice;  
 And what must be, take freely to her heart,  
 And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent.  
 I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself  
 Only as his — his daughter — his, the mighty!  
 His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me  
 From the far distance, weakened in my soul  
 No other thought than this — I am appointed  
 To offer myself up in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it —  
 I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me him, to whom behoves it  
 That I should offer up myself. In gladness  
 Him will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shown him!  
 Thy heart, say rather — 'twas the heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Faith hath no voice but the heart's impulses.  
 I am all his! His present — his alone.

Is this new life, which lives in me? He hath  
A right to his own creature. What was I  
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou wouldst oppose thy father, then, should he  
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA *remains silent.* The COUNTESS *continues.*

Thou meanest to force him to thy liking? Child,  
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.  
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What! he has vanquished all impediment,  
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter  
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!  
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;  
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,  
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,  
I trust it ne'er shall come. His will is yet  
Unknown to me; 'tis possible his aims  
May have the same direction as thy wish.  
But this can never, never be his will,  
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,  
Shouldest e'er demean thee as a lovesick maiden  
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself  
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever  
Be destined to await him, yet with sacrifices  
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

## SCENE IX.

THEKLA (*who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections*).

I thank thee for the hint. It turns  
 My sad presentiment to certainty.  
 And it is so! Not one friend have we here,  
 Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!  
 Oh, she said rightly — no auspicious signs  
 Beam on this covenant of our affections.  
 This is no theatre where hope abides:  
 The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here,  
 And love himself, as he were armed in steel,  
 Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard.*]

There's a dark spirit walking in our house.  
 And swiftly will the destiny close on us.  
 It drove me hither from my calm asylum,  
 It mocks my soul with charming witchery,  
 It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,  
 I see it near, I see it nearer floating,  
 It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power —  
 And lo! the abyss — and thither am I moving —  
 I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*]

Oh, when a house is doomed in fire to perish,  
 Many and dark Heaven drives his clouds together,  
 Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,  
 Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,  
 And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,  
 Sling firebrands at the burning edifice.<sup>1</sup> [*Exit THEKLA.*]

<sup>1</sup> There are few who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy: and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude  
 Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*A large saloon lighted up with festal splendour ; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the stage, a table richly set out, at which eight generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERZKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other tables, at each of which six persons are placed. The middle door, which is standing open, gives to the prospect a fourth table with the same number of persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the stage is kept open for the pages and servants-in-waiting. All is in motion. The band of music belonging to TERZKY'S regiment march across the stage, and draw up around the tables. Before they are quite off from the front of the stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERZKY advances toward him with a paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a beaker, or service-cup.*

TERZKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here, brother, what we love ! Why, where hast been ?  
 Off to thy place — quick ! Terzky here has given  
 The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.  
 Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.  
 Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving  
 At yonder table ducal crowns in shares ;  
 There Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,  
 With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,  
 And all the great Bohemian feudalities.

Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up  
 For thee, who knows? off — to thy place! quick! march!

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (*call out from the second and  
 third tables*).

Count Piccolomini!

TERZKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant. Read  
 This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,  
 The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,  
 Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe  
 His individual signature.

MAX. (*reads*).

“*Ingratis servire nefas.*”

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,  
 And being interpreted, pray what may it mean?

TERZKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

“Inasmuch as our supreme commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves — likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise what-

soever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERZKY.

Now! are you willing to subscribe to this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honour  
Can do it, ay, must do it. Pen and ink here!

TERZKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI (*drawing MAX. along*).

Come, Max. [*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

## SCENE II.

TERZKY, NEUMANN.

TERZKY (*beckons to NEUMANN, who is waiting at the side-table and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage*).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.  
It may be changed for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it  
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye  
Would e'er discover other difference,

Save only the omission of that clause,  
According to your excellency's order.

TERZKY.

Right! lay it yonder and away with this —  
It has performed its business — to the fire with it.

[NEUMANN *lays the copy on the table, and steps  
back again to the side-table.*

SCENE III.

ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERZKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini?

TERZKY.

All right, I think. He has started no object.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about —  
He and his father. Have an eye on both.

TERZKY.

How looks it at your table: you forget not  
To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

Oh, quite cordial,  
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them,  
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already  
It is the talk, not merely to maintain  
The duke in station. "Since we're once for all  
Together and unanimous, why not,"

Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,  
 And make conditions with the emperor  
 There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, count,  
 Were it not for these said Piccolomini,  
 We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERZKY.

And Butler?

How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE IV.

*To them enter BUTLER from a second table.*

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves;  
 Field-marshal, I have understood you perfectly.  
 Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,  
     [*With an air of mystery.*]  
 You may depend upon me.

ILLO (*with vivacity*).

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me!  
 You understand me! My fidelity  
 The duke may put to any proof — I'm with him!  
 Tell him so! I'm the emperor's officer,  
 As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain  
 The emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,  
 As soon as it shall please him to become  
 His own lord.

TERZKY.

You would make a good exchange.  
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,  
Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER (*with a haughty look*).

I do not put up my fidelity  
To sale, Count Terzky! Half a year ago  
I would not have advised you to have made me  
An overture to that to which I now  
Offer myself of my own free accord.  
But that is past! and to the duke, field-marshal,  
I bring myself, together with my regiment.  
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,  
The example which I give will not remain  
Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,  
That the whole army looks to Colonel Butler  
As to a light that moves before them?

BUTLER.

Ay?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity  
Which for the length of forty years I held,  
If in my sixtieth year my good old name  
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.  
Start not at what I say, sir generals!  
My real motives — they concern not you.  
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect  
That this your game had crooked my judgment — or  
That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,  
Has driven the old man from the track of honour,  
Which he so long had trodden. Come, my friends!  
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,



BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,  
 To the determined, an auspicious moment.  
 The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Main,  
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,  
 That Mansfeldt, wanted but a longer life  
 To have marked out with his good sword a lordship  
 That should reward his courage. Who of these  
 Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing  
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERZKY.

That's spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian —  
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.  
 Come to the company!

TERZKY.

Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!  
 Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!  
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.  
 [*Exeunt, each to his table.*]

## SCENE V.

*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR, advancing with NEUMANN,  
 SERVANTS passing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine! Oh, if my old mistress, his lady  
 mother, could but see these wild goings on she would  
 turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer!

'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I will tell you, sir officer, it looks no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so? Well, well! much may be said on that head.

FIRST SERVANT (*comes*).

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this ain't the seventieth flask —

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*continuing his discourse to NEUMANN*).

They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink — (*to the SERVANTS*). What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER (*comes*).

The great service-cup is wanted, sir, that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William — there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The same! — a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*).

This will be something for the tale-bearers — this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it. Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold. And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on the first quarter, let me see. That proud amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman you see there on horseback is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege; for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter-royal which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph — a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermark has ruled over us that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar — and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter-royal the emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissiors.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country.

## MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though. There! carry it up!

## NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle, the imperial counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[RUNNER *takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

## MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Oh, let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday — from that unlucky day it all began, all the heartaches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurrah!

[*At the third and fourth tables.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard!  
Hurrah!

[*Music strikes up.*

## FIRST SERVANT.

Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT (*comes in running*).

Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

## THIRD SERVANT.

The Swedish chief commander!

FIRST SERVANT (*speaking at the same time*).

The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodati gave out the emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not! You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

[*To the RUNNER, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the MASTER OF THE CELLAR, standing between him and the RUNNER.*]

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way; 'tis a flask of Frontignac! Snapped it up at the third table. Canst go off with it?

RUNNER (*hides it in his pocket*).

All right!

[*Exit the SECOND SERVANT.*]

THIRD SERVANT (*aside to the FIRST*).

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quivoga. He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair. He is the man for speeches to make you stare with.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to NEUMANN*).

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidently with Esterhats?

NEUMANN.

Ay, he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas; a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*impatiently*).

Spaniard! Spaniard! I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows are little better than rogues.

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*Taking the flask out of the RUNNER'S pocket*).

My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[TERZKY *hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to the SERVANTS*).

The lieutenant-general stands up. Be on the watch. Now! They break up. Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the SERVANTS hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

## SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters, in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in anything that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.*

ISOLANI (*while the company is coming forward*).

Good-night, good-night, Kolatto! Good-night, lieutenant-general! I should rather say good-morning.

GOETZ (*to TIEFENBACH*).

Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals*).

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my lady countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her! Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (*aside to MARADAS*).

Do me the favour to talk to me — talk of what you will — or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance

at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*)

ISOLANI (*on the point of going*).

Lights! lights!

TERZKY (*advances with the paper to ISOLANI*).

Noble brother; two minutes longer! Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like — but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERZKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read. Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI *hands over the paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.*

TERZKY.

Nay, nay, first come, first served. There is no precedence here.

[OCTAVIO *runs over the paper with apparent indifference.* TERZKY *watches him at some distance.*

GOETZ (*to TERZKY*).

Noble count! with your permission — good-night.

TERZKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the SERVANTS.*) Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me — ain't able.

TERZKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (*sits down*).

Pardon me, nobles! This standing does not agree with me.

TERZKY.

Consult your own convenience, general.

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach — only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI (*pointing at his corpulence*).

Poor legs! how should they! Such an unmerciful load!

[OCTAVIO *subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to TERZKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers — ice and snow — no help for it. I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swedes make no nice inquiries about the season.

TERZKY (*observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively so that he can scarce direct his pen*).

Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother? Despatch it.

ISOLANI.

'The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well — I must bear it.

[TERZKY *gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

OCTAVIO (*advancing to BUTLER*).

You are not overfond of the orgies of Bacchus, colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO (*stepping nearer to him friendlily*).

Nor in mine neither, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much-honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation — that's my taste.

BUTLER.

And mine, too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the meantime returns to OCTAVIO. All this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*

OCTAVIO (*introducing* MARADAS *to* BUTLER).

Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. [BUTLER *bows*.

OCTAVIO (*continuing*).

You are a stranger here — 'twas but yesterday you arrived — you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place. I know at your age one loves to be snug and quiet. What if you move your lodgings? Come, be my visitor. (BUTLER *makes a low bow*.) Nay, without compliment! For a friend like you I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (*coldly*).

Your obliged humble servant, my lord lieutenant-general.

[*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene remain alone.*

OCTAVIO (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him*).

You were long absent from us, friend!

MAX.

I — urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent!

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (*advancing still nearer*).

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? Terzky knows it without asking.

MAX.

What does Terzky know?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (*who has been attending to them for some distance steps up*).

Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

TERZKY (*with the paper*).

Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

OCTAVIO.

All

TERZKY (*calling aloud*).

Ho! Who subscribes?

BUTLER (*to TERZKY*).

Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERZKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That's my mark!

ISOLANI.

He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (*presses on to MAX.*).

Come, general! let us go. It is late.

TERZKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (*pointing to MAX.*).

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[MAX. receives the paper from TERZKY, which he looks upon vacantly.

#### SCENE VII.

*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand a golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking; GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*

ILLO.

What do you want! Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (*goes up to OCTAVIO and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*).

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough

you never loved me — devil take me! and I never loved you! I am always even with people in that way! Let what's past be past — that is, you understand — forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I, but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain, and I'll strangle him! my dear friend!

TERZKY (*whispering to him*).

Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are!

ILLO (*aloud*).

What do you mean? There are none but friends here, are there? (*Looks around the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker amongst us, thank heaven!

TERZKY (*to BUTLER, eagerly*).

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER (*to ILLO*).

Field-marshal! a word with you. (*Leads to the side-board.*)

ILLO (*cordially*).

A thousand for one. Fill; fill it once more up to the brim. To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI (*to MAX. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*).

Slow and sure, my noble brother! Hast parsed it all yet? Some words yet to go through? Ha?

MAX. (*waking as from a dream*).

What am I to do ?

TERZKY, *and at the same time* ISOLANI.

Sign your name.

[OCTAVIO *directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.*

MAX. (*returns the paper*).

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business; to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERZKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake man, awake! Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What! Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and would be wiser than all of us together! Look there! thy father has signed; we have all signed.

TERZKY (*to* OCTAVIO).

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard*).

What's the dispute ?

TERZKY

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it — and so must you. You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo, good-night!

ILLO.

No! you come not off so! The duke shall learn who are his friends. [*All collect around ILLO and MAX.*]

MAX.

What my sentiments are toward the duke, the duke knows, every one knows — what need of this wild stuff?

ILLO.

This is the thanks the duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners. Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards — nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERZKY (*in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at ILLO'S words give a sudden start as preparing to resent them*).

It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI (*with a bitter laugh*).

Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso —

TERZKY (*interrupting him*).

He is stark mad — don't listen to him!

ILLO (*raising his voice to the highest pitch*).

Unless they can slip out by a proviso. What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper*).

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious — I must look closer at it.

TERZKY (*in a low voice to ILLO*).

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH (*to KOLATTO*).

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there stand other names mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause, concerning our duties to the emperor.

BUTLER (*to one of the commanders*).

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our general, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely, and overscrupulously.

ISOLANI (*to one of the generals*).

Did the duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERZKY (*to GOETZ*).

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles?

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so, — I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. (*having read the paper gives it back*).

Till to-morrow therefore!

ILLO (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself and presents the paper to MAX. with one hand, and his sword in the other*).

Subscribe — Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERZKY, BUTLER (*all together*).

Down with the sword!

MAX. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to*  
COUNT TERZKY).

Take him off to bed!

[MAX. *leaves the stage.* ILLO *cursing and raving*  
*is held back by some of the officers, and amidst*  
*a universal confusion the curtain drops.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Mansion. It is Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A VALET DE CHAMBRE with*  
*Lights.*

OCTAVIO.

— And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.  
What is the hour?

VALET.

'Tis on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undress.  
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit VALET.* OCTAVIO *paces, musing, across the*  
*chamber; MAX. PICCOLOMINI enters unob-*  
*served, and looks at his father for some mo-*  
*ments in silence.*

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows  
That odious business was no fault of mine.  
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature;

What thou hast sanctioned, should not, it might seem,  
 Have come amiss to me. But — tis my nature —  
 Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow  
 My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO (*goes up to him and embraces him*).

Follow it,  
 Oh, follow it still further, my best son!  
 To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully  
 Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so;  
 For after what has taken place this night,  
 There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*]

Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of  
 The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmless import,  
 Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hast thou refused  
 The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.

It was a serious business. I was absent —  
 The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.

Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini;  
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

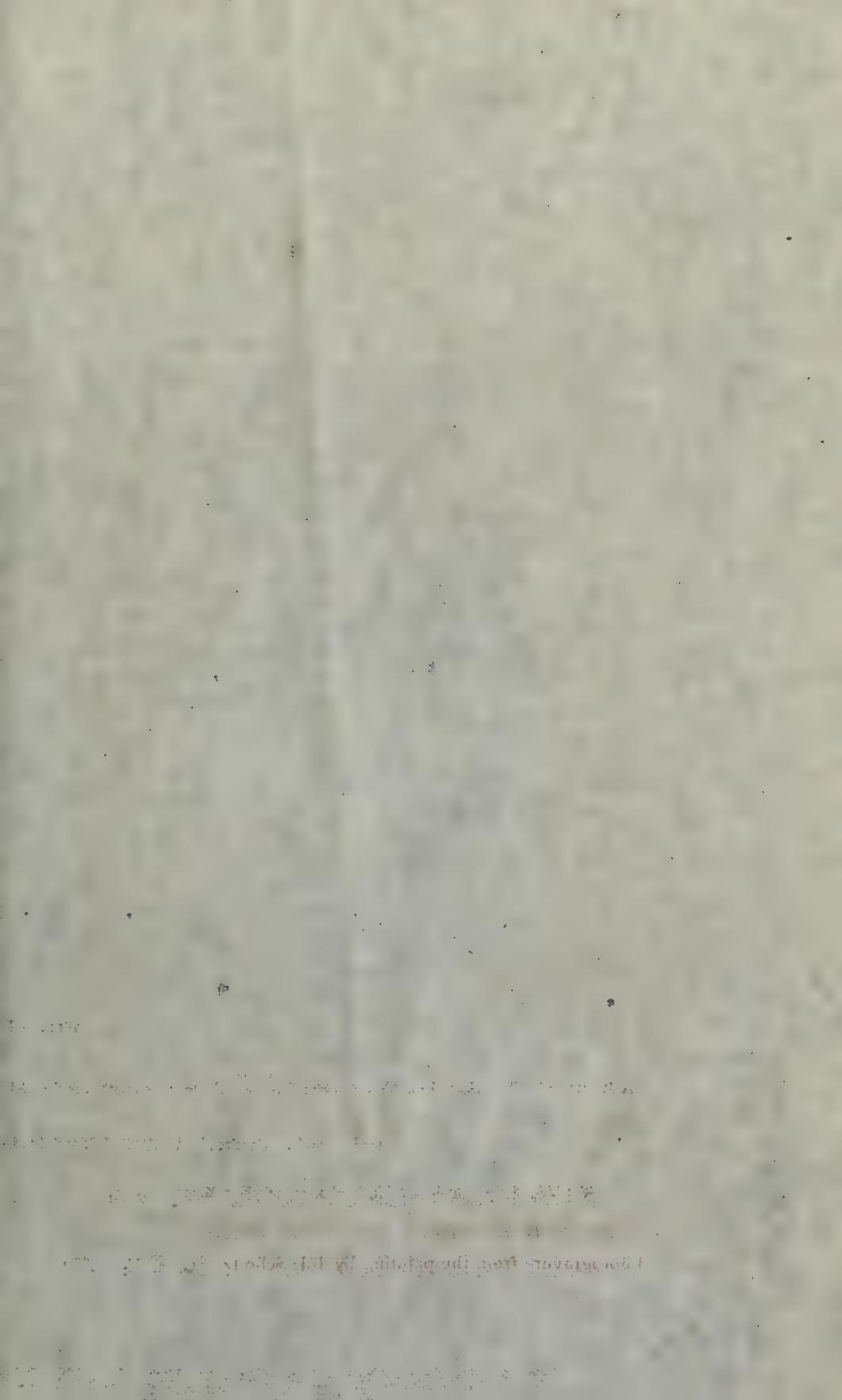
I will tell thee.  
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,  
The sanction of thy name to villany;  
Yes, with a single flourish of thy pen,  
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

MAX. (*rises*).

Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet  
Hast thou to hear from me, friend! Hast for years  
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.  
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out  
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:  
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.  
I dare no longer stand in silence — dare  
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,  
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.



*Banquet of Wallenstein's Generals at Pilsen*

Photogravure from the painting by Jul. Scholtz





MAX.

My father!

Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of thought!  
If your disclosures should appear to be  
Conjectures only — and almost I fear  
They will be nothing further — spare them!  
Am not in that collected mood at present,  
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,  
The more impatient cause have I, my son,  
To force it on thee. To the innocence  
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee  
With calm assurance — but I see the net  
Preparing — and it is thy heart itself  
Alarms me, for thine innocence — that secret

[*Fixing his eyes steadfastly on his son's face.*

Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

[*MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground embarrassed.*

OCTAVIO (*after a pause*).

Know, then, they are duping thee! — a most foul game  
With thee and with us all — nay, hear me calmly —  
The duke even now is playing. He assumes  
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;  
And in this moment makes he preparations  
That army from the emperor to steal,  
And carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

That low priest's legend I know well, but did not  
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,  
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,  
Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they supposed the duke;  
What, he can meditate? — the duke? — can dream  
That he can lure away full thirty thousand  
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,  
More than a thousand noblemen among them,  
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,  
And make them all unanimous to do  
A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,  
With such a front of infamy, the duke  
No way desires — what he requires of us  
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing  
He wishes but to give the empire peace.  
And so, because the emperor hates this peace,  
Therefore the duke — the duke will force him to it.  
All parts of the empire will he pacify,  
And for his trouble will retain in payment  
(What he has already in his gripe) — Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,  
That we — that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What would we think is not the question here,  
The affair speaks for itself — and clearest proofs!  
Hear me, my son — 'tis not unknown to thee,  
In what ill credit with the court we stand.

But little dost thou know, or guess what tricks,  
 What base intrigues, what lying artifices,  
 Have been employed — for this sole end — to sow  
 Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed —  
 Loosed all the bands that link the officer  
 To his liege emperor, all that bind the soldier  
 Affectionately to the citizen.  
 Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers  
 The state he's bound to guard. To such a height  
 'Tis swollen, that at this hour the emperor  
 Before his armies — his own armies — trembles;  
 Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears  
 The traitor's poniard, and is meditating  
 To hurry off and hide his tender offspring —  
 Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans — no,  
 From his own troops to hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know  
 That oft we tremble at an empty terror;  
 But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,  
 Of all the most unnatural and cruel,  
 Will burst out into flames, if instantly  
 We do not fly and stifle it. The generals  
 Are many of them long ago won over;  
 The subalterns are vacillating; whole  
 Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.  
 To foreigners our strongholds are intrusted;  
 To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole  
 Force of Silesia given up: to Terzky  
 Five regiments, foot and horse; to Isolani,  
 To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the duke  
Believes he has secured us, means to lure us  
Still further on by splendid promises.  
To me he portions forth the principedoms, Glatz  
And Sagan; and too plain I see the bait  
With which he doubts not but to catch thee.

MAX.

No! no!

I tell thee, no!

OCTAVIO.

Oh, open yet thine eyes!  
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called  
Hither to Pilsen? to avail himself  
Of our advice? Oh, when did Friedland ever  
Need our advice? Be calm, and listen to me.  
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and  
Decline we that, to be his hostages.  
Therefore doth noble Gallas stand aloof;  
Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,  
If higher duties had not held him fettered.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it — needs make none —  
That we're called hither for his sake — he owns it.  
He needs our aidance to maintain himself —  
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair  
That we, too, should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do?  
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.

Bethink thyself, what hast thou heard, what seen ?  
 The counterfeited paper, the omission  
 Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,  
 Does it not prove that they would bind us down  
 To nothing good ?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper  
 Appears to me no other than a trick  
 Of Illo's own device. These underhand  
 Traders in great men's interests ever use  
 To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.  
 They see the duke at variance with the court,  
 And fondly think to serve him, when they widen  
 The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,  
 The duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me  
 That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter  
 A faith so specious ; but I may not spare thee !  
 For this is not a time for tenderness.  
 Thou must take measures, speedy ones, must act.  
 I therefore will confess to thee that all  
 Which I've intrusted to thee now, that all  
 Which seems to thee so unbelievable,  
 That — yes, I will tell thee (*a pause*) MAX. ! I had it all  
 From his own mouth, from the duke's mouth I had it.

MAX (*in excessive agitation*).

No ! no ! never !

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me  
 What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered  
 By other means ; himself confided to me,  
 That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes ;

And, at the head of the united armies,  
Compel the emperor —

MAX.

He is passionate,  
The court has stung him ; he is sore all over  
With injuries and affronts ; and in a moment  
Of irritation, what if he, for once,  
Forgot himself ? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me :  
And having construed my astonishment  
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me  
His written evidences — showed me letters,  
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave  
Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be ! — cannot be ! cannot be !  
Dost thou not see, it cannot !  
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him  
Such horror, such deep loathing — that or he  
Had taken thee for his better genius, or  
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me.

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,  
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness ;  
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment  
Of my *whole* heart — that I have still kept sacred  
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And *thou* hast been  
So treacherous ? That looks not like my father !

I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me  
Evil of him ; much less can I *now* do it,  
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy  
Of thee, Octavio !

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause  
To entertain a scruple of my honour ?

MAX.

That he did not evinced his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible  
Still to preserve that infant purity  
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart,  
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch  
Against the wiles of wicked men : e'en virtue  
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes  
Soiled in the wrestle with iniquity.  
This is the curse of every evil deed  
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.  
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms ;

I but perform my orders ; the emperor  
 Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,  
 Far better were it, doubtless, if we all  
 Obeyed the heart at all times ; but so doing,  
 In this our present sojourn with bad men,  
 We must abandon many an honest object.  
 'Tis now our call to serve the emperor ;  
 By what means he can best be served — the heart  
 May whisper what it will — this is our call !

MAX.

It seems a thing appointed, that to-day  
 I should not comprehend, nor understand thee.  
 The duke, thou sayest, did honestly pour out  
 His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose :  
 And thou dishonestly hast cheated him  
 For a good purpose ! Silence, I entreat thee —  
 My friend, thou stealest not from me —  
 Let me not lose my father !

OCTAVIO (*suppressing resentment*).

As yet thou knowest not all, my son. I have  
 Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [*After a pause.*  
 Duke Friedland  
 Hath made his preparations. He relies  
 Upon the stars. He deems us unprovided,  
 And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.  
 Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already  
 The golden circle in his hand. He errs,  
 We, too, have been in action — he but grasps  
 His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious !

MAX.

Oh, nothing rash, my sire ! By all that's good,  
 Let me invoke thee — no precipitation !

OCTAVIO.

With light tread stole he on his evil way,  
 And light of tread hath vengeance stole on after him.  
 Unseen she stands already, dark behind him —  
 But one step more — he shudders in her grasp!  
 Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet  
 Thou knowest but his ostensible commission:  
 He brought with him a private one, my son!  
 And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO (*seizes the patent*).

Max.!

[*A pause.*]

— In this disclosure place I in thy hands  
 The empire's welfare and thy father's life.  
 Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:  
 A powerful tie of love, of veneration,  
 Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.  
 Thou nourishest the wish, — O let me still  
 Anticipate thy loitering confidence!  
 The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself  
 Yet closer to him —

MAX.

Father —

OCTAVIO.

Oh, my son!  
 I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I  
 Equally sure of thy collectedness?  
 Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,  
 To enter this man's presence, when that I  
 Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According  
 As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.  
 [OCTAVIO *takes a paper out of his escritoire and gives it to him.*

MAX.

What! how! a full imperial patent!

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. (*just glances on it*).

Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

OCTAVIO.

Even so

MAX. (*throws down the paper*).

Oh, this is too much! O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (*after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father*).

How! what! Thou! thou!

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King  
 Of Hungary may safely join the army,  
 Is the command assigned to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou,  
 Dost thou believe, that thou will tear it from him?  
 Oh, never hope it! Father! father! father!

An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.  
 This paper here!— this! and wilt thou enforce it?  
 The mighty in the middle of his host,  
 Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou  
 Disarm — degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all  
 of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.  
 In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty  
 Will cover with his shield the imperial house,  
 And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.  
 The emperor hath true servants still; and even  
 Here in the camp, there are enough brave men  
 Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.  
 The faithful have been warned — the dangerous  
 Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,  
 And then immediately —

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The emperor is no tyrant.  
 The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.  
 The duke hath yet his destiny in his power.  
 Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,  
 He will be silently displaced from office,  
 And make way to his emperor's royal son.  
 An honourable exile to his castles  
 Will be a benefaction to him rather  
 Than punishment. But the first open step —

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step,  
 Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,  
 Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were  
 Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps  
 Which he hath taken openly permit  
 A mild construction. It is my intention  
 To leave this paper wholly unenforced  
 Till some act is committed which convicts him  
 Of high treason, without doubt or plea,  
 And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.  
 After the counter-promise of this evening,  
 It cannot be but he must deem himself  
 Secure of the majority with us;  
 And of the army's general sentiment  
 He hath a pleasing proof in that petition,  
 Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.  
 Add this too — I have letters that the Rhinegrave  
 Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches  
 To the Bohemian forests. What this purports  
 Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,  
 This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action  
 Before thou hast convinced me — me myself.

OCTAVIO.

Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,  
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (*with enthusiasm*).

Thy judgment may mistake; my heart cannot.

[*Moderates his voice and manner.*]

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;  
But they expound not Friedland — I have faith:  
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,  
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,  
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!  
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.  
These smokes at once will kindle into flame —  
The edges of this black and stormy cloud  
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view  
The unapproachable glide out in splendour.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

## SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. *as before.* To them the VALET OF  
THE CHAMBER.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A despatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in :

And, hark you — let it not transpire.

[*Exit VALET: the CORNET steps in.*]

OCTAVIO.

Ha! cornet — is it you; and from Count Gallas?  
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The lieutenant-general  
Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you — Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina,

The old negotiator.

OCTAVIO (*eagerly*).

And you have him ?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand  
Found and secured him yester-morning early.  
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,  
And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the despatches —

CORNET.

The lieutenant-general  
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and  
The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tiding !  
That fellow is a precious casket to us,  
Enclosing weighty things. Was much found on him ?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Terzky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the duke's own hand ?

CORNET.

Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina ?

CORNET.

He was sorely frightened,  
When it was told him he must to Vienna;  
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,  
Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your lord? I heard  
That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past  
He's with my master, the lieutenant-general,  
At Frauenburg. Already have they sixty  
Small companies together, chosen men;  
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,  
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.  
And when must you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

[CORNET signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.

No one saw you — ha?

CORNET.

No living creature. Through the cloister wicket  
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.  
 I hold it probable that yet ere evening  
 I shall despatch you. The development  
 Of this affair approaches: ere the day,  
 That even now is dawning in the heaven,  
 Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot  
 That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[*Exit* CORNET.]

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well — and what now, son? All will soon be clear;  
 For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has  
 been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at  
 length starts as one resolved*).

I will procure me light a shorter way.  
 Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now? Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO (*alarmed*).

What —

MAX. (*returning*).

If thou hast believed that I shall act  
 A part in this thy play, thou hast  
 Miscalculated on me grievously.  
 My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,

False with heart — I may not, cannot be :  
 Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me —  
 As his friend trust me — and then lull my conscience  
 With such low pleas as these : “ I ask him not —  
 He did it all at his own hazard — and  
 My mouth has never lied to him.” No, no !  
 What a friend takes me for, that I must be.  
 I'll to the duke ; ere yet this day is ended  
 Will I demand of him that he do save  
 His good name from the world, and with one stride  
 Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.  
 He can, he will ! I still am his believer,  
 Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters  
 May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.  
 How far may not this Terzky have proceeded —  
 What may not he himself too have permitted  
 Himself to do, to snare the enemy,  
 The laws of war excusing ? Nothing, save  
 His own mouth shall convict him — nothing less !  
 And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt ?

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.

I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.  
 I calculated on a prudent son,  
 Who would have blessed the hand beneficent  
 That plucked him back from the abyss — and lo !  
 A fascinated being I discover,  
 Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,  
 Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.  
 Go, question him ! Be mad enough, I pray thee.  
 The purpose of thy father, of thy emperor,

Go, give it up free booty! Force me, drive me  
 To an open breach before the time. And now,  
 Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded  
 My secret purpose even to this hour,  
 And laid to sleep suspicion's piercing eyes,  
 Let me have lived to see that mine own son,  
 With frantic enterprise, annihilates  
 My toilsome labours and state policy.

MAX.

Ay — this state policy! Oh, how I curse it!  
 You will sometime, with your state policy,  
 Compel him to the measure: it may happen,  
 Because ye are determined that he is guilty,  
 Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,  
 You close up every outlet, hem him in  
 Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him —  
 Yes, ye, ye force him, in his desperation,  
 To set fire to his prison. Father! father!  
 That never can end well — it cannot — will not!  
 And let it be decided as it may,  
 I see with boding heart the near approach  
 Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.  
 For this great monarch-spirit, if he fall,  
 Will drag a world into the ruin with him.  
 And as a ship that midway on the ocean  
 Takes fire, at once, and with a thunder-burst  
 Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew  
 In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven!  
 So will he, falling, draw down in his fall  
 All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune,  
 Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,  
 That I must bear me on in my own way.  
 All must remain pure betwixt him and me;  
 And, ere the daylight dawns, it must be known  
 Which I must lose — my father or my friend.

*[During his exit the curtain drops.]*



The Death of Wallenstein

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.  
DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.  
THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.  
THE COUNTESS TERZKY, Sister of the Duchess.  
LADY NEUBRUNN.  
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant-General.  
MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.  
COUNT TERZKY, the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.  
ILLO, Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.  
ISOLANI, General of the Croats.  
BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.  
GORDON, Governor of Egra.  
MAJOR GERALDIN.  
CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.  
CAPTAIN MACDONALD.  
AN ADJUTANT.  
NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Terzky.  
COLONEL WRANGEL, Envoy from the Swedes.  
ROSENBERG, Master of Horse.  
SWEDISH CAPTAIN.  
SENI.  
BURGOMASTER of Egra.  
ANSPESSADE, of the Cuirassiers.  
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } Belonging to the Duke.  
A PAGE, }  
Cuirassiers, Dragoons, and Servants.

# The Death of Wallenstein

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*A room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments. Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of different colour on its head, stand in a semicircle in the background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye. The remainder of the scene and its disposition is given in the fourth scene of the second act. There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped and conceal them on occasions.*

*[In the fifth scene of this act it must be dropped; but in the seventh scene it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]*

**WALLENSTEIN** *at a black table, on which a speculum astrologicum is described with chalk. SENI is taking observations through a window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

All well — and now let it be ended, Seni. Come,  
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour;

We must give o'er the operation. Come,  
We know enough.

SENI.

Your highness must permit me  
Just to contemplate Venus. She is now rising:  
Like as a sun so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,  
And now shoots down her strongest influences.  
[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*  
Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,  
At length the mighty three corradiate;  
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter  
And Venus, take between them the malignant  
Slyly-malicious Mars, and thus compel  
Into my service that old mischief-founder:  
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever  
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,  
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,  
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing  
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects:  
Now they have conquered the old enemy,  
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI (*who has come down from the window*).

And in a corner-house, your highness — think of that!  
That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,  
The soft light with the vehement — so I love it.  
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,  
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no  
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,  
Innocuous, powerless, in *cadente Domo*.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by;  
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;  
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths  
Of the imagination dominates;  
And his are all things that eschew the light.  
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance,  
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,  
And the dark work, complete of preparation,  
He draws by force into the realm of light.  
Now must we hasten on to action, ere  
The scheme, and most auspicious posture  
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight,  
For the heaven's journey still, and adjourn not.  
[*There are knocks at the door.*  
There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERZKY (*from without*).

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay — 'tis Terzky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERZKY (*from without*).

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you;  
It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

[*While SENI opens the door for TERZKY, WALLEN-  
STEIN draws the curtain over the figures.*

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERZKY.

TERZKY (*enters*).

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.  
Gallas has given him up to the emperor.

[SENI *draws off the black table and exit.*

WALLENSTEIN (*to TERZKY*).

Who has been taken? Who is given up?

TERZKY.

The man who knows our secrets, who knows every  
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,  
Through whose hands all and everything has passed —

WALLENSTEIN (*drawing back*).

Nay, not Sesina? Say, no! I entreat thee.

TERZKY.

All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede  
He was plunged down upon by Gallas' agent,  
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.  
There must have been found on him my whole packet  
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstiern, to Arnheim:  
All this is in their hands: they have now an insight  
Into the whole — our measures and our motives.

## SCENE III.

*To them enters ILLO.*

ILLO (*to TERZKY*).

Has he heard it ?

TERZKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Thinkest thou still

To make thy peace with the emperor, to regain  
His confidence? E'en were it now thy wish  
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know  
What thou hast wished : then forwards thou must press ;  
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERZKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,  
Which show beyond all power of contradiction —

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my handwriting — no iota. Thee  
I punish, or thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believest,  
That what this man, and what thy sister's husband,  
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reckoning ?  
*His* word must pass for thy word with the Swede,  
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna ?

TERZKY.

In writing thou gavest nothing ; but bethink thee,  
How far thou venturedst by word of mouth

With this Sesina! And will he be silent?  
 If he can save himself by yielding up  
 Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible;  
 And since they now have evidence authentic  
 How far thou hast already gone, speak! tell us,  
 What art thou waiting for? Thou canst no longer  
 Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue  
 Thou'rt lost if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army

Lies my security. The army will not  
 Abandon me. Whatever they may know,  
 The power is mine, and they must gulp it down —  
 And if I give them caution for my fealty,  
 They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, duke, *is* thine now; for this moment  
 'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,  
 The quiet power of time. From open violence  
 The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee  
 To-day, to-morrow: but grant'st thou them a respite,  
 Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love  
 On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,  
 With wily theft will draw away from thee  
 One after the other —

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a cursed accident!

ILLO.

Oh! I will call it a most blessed one,  
 If it work on thee as it ought to do,  
 Hurry thee on to action — to decision.  
 The Swedish general?

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arrived! Know'st thou  
 What his commission is —

ILLO.

To thee alone  
 Will he intrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,  
 Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERZKY.

He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,  
 His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself  
 At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?  
 And if they put him to the torture, will he,  
 Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough —

WALLENSTEIN (*lost in thought*).

Their confidence is lost, irreparably!  
 And I may act which way I will, I shall  
 Be and remain for ever in their thought  
 A traitor to my country. How sincerely  
 Soever I return back to my duty,  
 It will no longer help me —

ILLO.

Ruin thee,  
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,  
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion —

WALLENSTEIN (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*).

What! I must realise it now in earnest,  
Because I toyed too freely with the thought!  
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!  
And must I — I must realise it now —  
Now, while I have the power, it must take place!

ILLO.

Now — now — ere they can ward and parry it!

WALLENSTEIN (*looking at the paper of signatures*).

I have the generals' word — a written promise!  
Max. Piccolomini stands not here — how's that?

TERZKY.

It was — he fancied —

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.  
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right; there needed no such thing.  
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders,  
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,  
And openly resist the imperial orders.  
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy  
To lead them over to the enemy  
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,  
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (*eagerly to TERZKY*).

Go, call him,  
He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay!

Stay but a little. It hath taken me  
All by surprise; it came too quick upon me;  
'Tis wholly novel that an accident,  
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,  
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,  
And after weigh it. [*Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.*]

## SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*).

Is it possible?  
Is't so? I can no longer what I would?  
No longer draw back at my liking? I  
Must do the deed, because I thought of it?  
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because  
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,

Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,  
 Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,  
 And only kept the road, the access open ?  
 By the great God of Heaven ! it was not  
 My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolved.  
 I but amused myself with thinking of it.  
 The free-will tempted me, the power to do  
 Or not to do it. Was it criminal  
 To make the fancy minister to hope,  
 To fill the air with pretty toys of air,  
 And clutch fantastic sceptres moving toward me ?  
 Was not the will kept free ? Beheld I not  
 The road of duty close beside me — but  
 One little step, and once more I was in it !  
 Where am I ? Whither have I been transported ?  
 No road, no track behind me, but a wall,  
 Impenetrable, insurmountable,  
 Rises obedient to the spells I muttered  
 And meant not — my own doings tower behind me.

*[Pauses and remains in deep thought.]*

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,  
 Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me ;  
 The equivocal demeanour of my life  
 Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.  
 And even my purest acts from purest motives  
 Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.  
 Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,  
 A godly outside I had sure reserved,  
 Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,  
 Been calm and chary of my utterance ;  
 But being conscious of the innocence  
 Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,  
 I gave way to my humours, to my passion :  
 Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.  
 Now every planless measure, chance event,  
 The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,  
 And all the May-games of a heart overflowing,

Will they connect, and weave them all together  
 Into one web of treason; all will be plan,  
 My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,  
 Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;  
 And out of all they'll fabricate a charge  
 So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.  
 I am caught in my own net, and only force,  
 Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.

[*Pauses again.*]

How else! since that the heart's unbiased instinct  
 Impelled me to the daring deed, which now  
 Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.  
 Stern is the on-look of necessity,  
 Not without shudder may a human hand  
 Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.  
 My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom;  
 Once suffered to escape from its safe corner  
 Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,  
 Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs  
 For ever to those sly malicious powers  
 Whom never art of man conciliated.

[*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then  
 pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again  
 into audible soliloquy.*]

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?  
 Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?  
 Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,  
 Power on an ancient, consecrated throne,  
 Strong in possession, founded in all custom;  
 Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots  
 Fixed to the people's pious nursery faith.  
 This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.  
 That feared I not. I brave each combatant,  
 Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,  
 Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage  
 In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible  
 The which I fear — a fearful enemy,

Which in the human heart opposes me,  
 By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.  
 Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,  
 Makes known its present being; that is not  
 The true, the perilously formidable.  
 O no! it is the common, the quite common,  
 The thing of an eternal yesterday.  
 Whatever was, and evermore returns,  
 Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!  
 For of the wholly common is man made,  
 And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them  
 Who lay irreverent hands upon his old  
 House furniture, the dear inheritance  
 From his forefathers! For time consecrates;  
 And what is gray with age becomes religion.  
 Be in possession, and thou hast the right,  
 And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[*To the PAGE, who here enters.*

The Swedish officer? Well, let him enter.

[*The PAGE exit, WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep  
 thought on the door.*

Yet, it is pure — as yet! — the crime has come  
 Not o'er this threshold yet — so slender is  
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

## SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (*after having fixed a searching look on  
 him*).

Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General  
 Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel  
 Who injured me materially at Stralsund,  
 And by his brave resistance was the cause  
 Of the opposition which that seaport made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element  
 With which you fought, my lord! and not my merit.  
 The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom:  
 The sea and land, it seemed were not to serve  
 One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN.

You plucked the admiral's hat from off my head.

WRANGEL.

I come to place a diadem thereon.

WALLENSTEIN *makes the motion for him to take a seat,  
 and seats himself*).

And where are your credentials?  
 Come you provided with full powers, sir general?

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve —

WALLENSTEIN *(having read the credentials)*.

An able letter! Ay — he is a prudent,  
 Intelligent master whom you serve, sir general!  
 The chancellor writes me that he but fulfils  
 His late departed sovereign's own idea  
 In helping me to the Bohemian crown.



WRANGEL.

I have here a duty merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor hath urged me to the uttermost :  
I can no longer honourably serve him.  
For my security, in self-defence,  
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go  
Who was not forced to it. *[After a pause.*  
What may have impelled  
Your princely highness in this wise to act  
Toward your sovereign lord and emperor,  
Beseems not us to expound or criticise.  
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,  
With his good sword and conscience. This concur-  
rence,  
This opportunity is in our favour,  
And all advantages in war are lawful.  
We take what offers without questioning ;  
And if all have its due and just proportions —

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?  
Or of my power? I pledged me to the chancellor,  
Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,  
That I would instantly go over to them  
With eighteen thousand of the emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,  
To be a second Attila, and Pyrrhus.  
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,

How some years past, beyond all human faith,  
 You called an army forth like a creation:  
 But yet —

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the chancellor thinks  
 It might yet be an easier thing from nothing  
 To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,  
 Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them —

WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks so? He judges like a Swede,  
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans  
 Fight for your Bible. You are interested  
 About the cause; and with your hearts you follow  
 Your banners. Among you whoe'er deserts  
 To the enemy hath broken covenant  
 With two lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

WRANGEL.

Great God in heaven! Have then the people here  
 No house and home, no fireside, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands:  
 The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,  
 And has good cause to love it — but this army  
 That calls itself the imperial, this that houses

Here in Bohemia, this has none — no country ;  
 This is an outcast of all foreign lands,  
 Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs  
 Nothing except the universal sun.  
 And this Bohemian land for which we fight  
 Loves not the master whom the chance of war,  
 Not its own choice or will, hath given to it.  
 Men murmur at the oppression of their conscience,  
 And power hath only awed but not appeased them.  
 A glowing and avenging memory lives  
 Of cruel deeds committed on these plains ;  
 How can the son forget that here his father  
 Was hunted by the bloodhound to the mass ?  
 A people thus oppressed must still be feared,  
 Whether they suffer or avenge their wrongs.

WRANGEL.

But then the nobles and the officers ?  
 Such a desertion, such a felony,  
 It is without example, my lord duke,  
 In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine —  
 Mine unconditionally — mine on all terms.  
 Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

*[He gives him the paper containing the written oath. WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.]*

So then ;

Now comprehend you ?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend who can !  
 My lord duke, I will let the mask drop — yes !

I've full powers for a final settlement.  
 The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here  
 With fifteen thousand men, and only waits  
 For orders to proceed and join your army.  
 These orders I give out immediately  
 We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the chancellor?

WRANGEL (*considerately*).

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede — my head  
 The warrant — and all might prove at last  
 Only false play —

WALLENSTEIN (*starting*).

Sir Swede!

WRANGEL (*calmly proceeding*).

Am therefore forced  
 To insist thereon, that he do formally,  
 Irrevocably break with the emperor,  
 Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief and open! What is the demand?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments  
 Attached to the emperor, that he seize on Prague,  
 And to the Swedes give up that city, with  
 The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed !

Prague ! — Egra's granted — but — but Prague.

'Twon't do.

I give you every security

Which you may ask of me in common reason —

But Prague — Bohemia — these, sir general,

I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.

But 'tis not the protection that is now

Our sole concern. We want security,

That we shall not expend our men and money

All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long

Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little ?

WRANGEL (*rising*).

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,

Must keep a sharp lookout. We have been called

Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire

From ruin — with our best blood have we sealed

The liberty of faith and gospel truth.

But now already is the benefaction

No longer felt, the load alone is felt.

Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,

As foreigners, intruders in the empire,

And would fain send us with some paltry sum  
 Of money, home again to our old forests.  
 No, no! my lord duke! it never was  
 For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,  
 That we did leave our king by the Great Stone.<sup>1</sup>  
 No, not for gold and silver have there bled  
 So many of our Swedish nobles — neither  
 Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,  
 Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens  
 Will we remain upon the soil, the which  
 Our monarch conquered for himself and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,  
 And the fair border land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquished,  
 Who knits together our new friendship then?  
 We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede  
 Ought not to have known it, that you carry on  
 Secret negotiations with the Saxons.  
 Who is our warranty that we are not  
 The sacrifices in those articles  
 Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN (*rises*).

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!  
 Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

<sup>1</sup> A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!  
Far lieber would I force about, and step  
Back to my emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits —

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;  
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

[WALLENSTEIN *is struck, and silenced.*

My lord duke, hear me — we believe that you  
At present do mean honourably by us.  
Since yesterday we're sure of that — and now  
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing  
Stands in the way of our full confidence.  
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The chancellor  
Contents himself with Alstadt; to your grace  
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.  
But Egra above all must open to us,  
Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and not you me?  
I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat that your consideration  
Occupy not too long a time. Already  
Has this negotiation, my lord duke!



WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,  
The doing evil to avoid an evil  
Cannot be good!

TERZKY.

Nay, but bethink you, duke.

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!  
Of these proud-hearted Swedes! — I could not bear it.

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?  
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

WALLENSTEIN.

How fared it with the brave and royal Bourbon  
Who sold himself unto his country's foes,  
And pierced the bosom of his fatherland?  
Curses were his reward, and men's abhorrence  
Avenged the unnatural and revolting deed.

ILLO.

Is that thy case?

WALLENSTEIN.

True faith, I tell thee,  
Must ever be the dearest friend of man:  
His nature prompts him to assert its rights.  
The enmity of sects, the rage of parties,  
Long-cherished envy, jealousy, unite;  
And all the struggling elements of evil  
Suspend their conflict, and together league  
In one alliance 'gainst their common foe —  
The savage beast that breaks into the fold,

Where men repose in confidence and peace.  
 For vain were man's own prudence to protect him.  
 'Tis only in the forehead nature plants  
 The watchful eye; the back, without defence,  
 Must find its shield in man's fidelity.

TERZKY.

Think not more meanly of thyself than do  
 Thy foes, who stretch their hands with joy to greet thee.  
 Less scrupulous far was the imperial Charles,  
 The powerful head of this illustrious house;  
 With open arms he gave the Bourbon welcome;  
 For still by policy the world is ruled.

SCENE VII.

*To these enter the COUNTESS TERZKY.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you? There is no business here  
 For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Terzky; bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you:  
 You know it is the weapon that destroys me.

I am routed, if a woman but attack me :  
I cannot traffic in the trade of words  
With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already  
Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN (*sarcastically*).

They have one,  
In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (*to the others*).

Ha ! what new scruple ?

TERZKY.

The duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He will not what he must !

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced  
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience  
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How ? then, when all  
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road  
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,  
Then hadst thou courage and resolve ; and now,  
Now that the dream is being realised,  
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,  
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now ?  
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony ;  
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking :

And with success comes pardon hand in hand,  
For all event is God's arbitrament.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (*hastily*).

— Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience:  
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us! I will hear him.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

Urgent for him, no doubt? but thou may'st wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be informed hereafter.  
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder  
Way of escape were possible — I still  
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

## COUNTESS.

Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way  
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.  
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away  
All thy past life; determine to commence  
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,  
As well as fame and fortune. To Vienna  
Hence — to the emperor — kneel before the throne;  
Take a full coffer with thee — say aloud,  
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;  
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

## ILLO.

For that too 'tis too late. They know too much;  
He would but bear his own head to the block.

## COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have no evidence  
To attain him legally, and they avoid  
The avowal of an arbitrary power.  
They'll let the duke resign without disturbance.  
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary  
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself  
Be understood, and then the duke retires.  
There will not want a formal declaration.  
The young king will administer the oath  
To the whole army; and so all returns  
To the old position. On some morrow morning  
The duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle  
Within his castles. He will hunt and build;  
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,  
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,  
And introduceth strictest ceremony  
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;  
Keeps open table with high cheer: in brief,  
Commenceth mighty king — in miniature.

And while he prudently demeans himself,  
 And gives himself no actual importance,  
 He will be let appear whate'er he likes :  
 And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear  
 A mighty prince to his last dying hour ?  
 Well now, what then ? Duke Friedland is as others,  
 A fire-new noble, whom the war hath raised  
 To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,  
 An overnight creation of court-favour,  
 Which, with an undistinguishable ease,  
 Makes baron or makes prince.

WALLENSTEIN (*in extreme agitation*).

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest ? I entreat thee ! Canst thou  
 Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,  
 So ignominiously to be dried up ?  
 Thy life, that arrogated such an height,  
 To end in such a nothing ! To be nothing,  
 When one was always nothing, is an evil  
 That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil ;  
 But to become a nothing, having been —

WALLENSTEIN (*starts up in violent agitation*).

Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,  
 Ye powers of aidance ! Show me such a way  
 As I am capable of going. I  
 Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler ;  
 I cannot warm by thinking ; cannot say  
 To the good luck that turns her back upon me  
 Magnanimously : " Go ; I need thee not."  
 Cease I to work, I am annihilated.  
 Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,

If so I may avoid the last extreme ;  
 But ere I sink down into nothingness,  
 Leave off so little, who began so great,  
 Ere that the world confuses me with those  
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,  
 This age and after ages<sup>1</sup> speak my name  
 With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemption  
 For each accursed deed.

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,  
 So against nature ? Help me to perceive it !  
 Oh, let not superstition's nightly goblins  
 Subdue thy clear, bright spirit ! Art thou bid  
 To murder ? with abhorred, accursed poniard,  
 To violate the breasts that nourish thee ?  
 That were against our nature, that might aptly  
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,  
 Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.  
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous ?  
 Thou art accused of treason — whether with  
 Or without justice is not now the question —  
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly  
 Of the power which thou possessest — Friedland !  
 Duke !  
 Tell me where lives that thing so meek and tame,  
 That doth not all his living faculties  
 Put forth in preservation of his life ?

<sup>1</sup> Could I have hazarded such a Germanism as the use of the word afterworld for posterity, "Es spreche Welt und *Nachwelt* meinen Namen" might have been rendered with more literal fidelity : Let world and afterworld speak out my name, etc.

<sup>2</sup> I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line,—

werth  
 Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufzuregen.

What deed so daring, which necessity  
And desperation will not sanctify ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me ;  
He loved me ; he esteemed me ; I was placed  
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time  
We like familiar friends, both at one table,  
Have banqueted together — he and I ;  
And the young kings themselves held me the basin  
Wherewith to wash me — and is't come to this ?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preservest thou each small favour,  
And hast no memory for contumelies ?  
Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg  
This man repaid thy faithful services ?  
All ranks and all conditions in the empire  
Thou hadst wronged to make him great, — hadst loaded  
on thee,  
On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.  
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,  
And why ? because thou hadst existed only  
For the emperor. To the emperor alone  
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him  
At Regensburg in the Diet — and he dropped thee !  
He let thee fall ! he let thee fall a victim  
To the Bavarian, to that insolent !  
Deposed, stripped bare of all thy dignity  
And power, amid the taunting of thy foe  
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.  
Say not, the restoration of thy honour  
Has made atonement for that first injustice.  
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee ;  
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,  
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,  
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted  
For this high office; and if I abuse it,  
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

## COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence! — they needed thee.  
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!  
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,  
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,  
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,  
And at the rudder places him, e'en though  
She had been forced to take him from the rabble —  
She, this necessity, it was that placed thee  
In this high office; it was she that gave thee  
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.  
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,  
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate  
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach  
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image  
Is found a hollow image and no more,  
Then falls the power into the mighty hands  
Of nature, of the spirit-giant born,  
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing  
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,  
And, like the emancipated force of fire,  
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,  
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

## WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am —  
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.  
I never held it worth my pains to hide  
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

## COUNTESS.

Nay rather — thou hast ever shown thyself  
 A formidable man, without restraint ;  
 Hast exercised the full prerogatives  
 Of thy impetuous nature, which had been  
 Once granted to thee. Therefore, duke, not thou,  
 Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,  
 But they are in the wrong, who, fearing thee,  
 Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.  
 For, by the laws of spirit, in the right  
 Is every individual character  
 That acts in strict consistence with itself :  
 Self-contradiction is the only wrong.  
 Wert thou another being, then, when thou  
 Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire,  
 And sword, and desolation, through the circles  
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,  
 Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,  
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,  
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,  
 All to extend thy Sultan's domination ?  
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb  
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.  
 But no, the emperor felt no touch of conscience ;  
 What served him pleased him, and without a murmur  
 He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.  
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it  
 For him, to-day is all at once become  
 Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed  
 Against him. O most flimsy superstition !

WALLENSTEIN (*rising*).

I never saw it in this light before,  
 'Tis even so. The emperor perpetrated  
 Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.  
 And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,

I owe to what were services to him,  
But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)  
The point can be no more of right and duty,  
Only of power and the opportunity.  
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder  
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing  
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,  
Seize with firm hand the reins ere thy opponent  
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest  
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes;  
It is already here, when thou must write  
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.  
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,  
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,  
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses  
Hast thou thy life long measured to no purpose?  
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?  
[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*  
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,  
Hast pictured on these walls and all around thee.  
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed  
These seven presiding lords of destiny —  
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?  
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,  
That even to thyself it doth avail  
Nothing, and has no influence over thee  
In the great moment of decision?

WALLENSTEIN (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passion; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the COUNTESS*).

Send Wrangel to me — I will instantly  
Despatch three couriers —

ILLO (*hurrying out*).

God in heaven be praised!

WALLENSTEIN.

It is his evil genius and mine.  
 Our evil genius! It chastises him  
 Through me, the instrument of his ambition;  
 And I expect no less, than that revenge  
 E'en now is whetting for my breast the poniard.  
 Who sows the serpent's teeth let him not hope  
 To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime  
 Has, in the moment of its perpetration,  
 Its own avenging angel — dark misgiving,  
 An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.  
 He can no longer trust me. Then no longer  
 Can I retreat — so come that which must come.  
 Still destiny preserves its due relations,  
 The heart within us is its absolute  
 Vicegerent.

[*To TERZKY.*

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel  
 To my state cabinet. Myself will speak to  
 The couriers. And despatch immediately  
 A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[*To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.*  
 No exultation! woman, triumph not!  
 For jealous are the powers of destiny,  
 Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,  
 Encroach upon their rights and privileges.  
 We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Scene as in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN (*coming forward in conversation*).

He sends me word from Linz that he lies sick;  
 But I have sure intelligence that he  
 Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Gallas.  
 Secure them both, and send them to me hither.  
 Remember, thou takest on thee the command  
 Of those same Spanish regiments, — constantly  
 Make preparation, and be never ready;  
 And if they urge thee to draw out against me,  
 Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.  
 I know that it is doing thee a service  
 To keep thee out of action in this business.  
 Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;  
 Steps of extremity are not thy province,  
 Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.  
 Thou wilt this time be of most service to me  
 By thy inertness. The meantime, if fortune  
 Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know  
 What is to do. [Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses:  
 Him here I keep with me — make short farewell —  
 Trust me, I think we all shall meet again  
 In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO (*to his son*).

I shall see you

Yet ere I go.

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him*).

My general!

WALLENSTEIN.

That I am no longer, if  
Thou stylest thyself the emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, general?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I  
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

[*He seats himself.*]

Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,  
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.  
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily  
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is  
To exercise the single apprehension  
Where the sums square in proof;  
But where it happens, that of two sure evils  
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly  
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,  
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,  
And blank necessity is grace and favour.

This is now present : do not look behind thee, —  
 It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards !  
 Think not ! judge not ! prepare thyself to act !  
 The court — it hath determined on my ruin,  
 Therefore I will be beforehand with them.  
 We'll join the Swedes — right gallant fellows are they,  
 And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting PICCOLOMINI'S answer.*  
 I have taken thee by surprise. Answer me not :  
 I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises, retires to the back of the stage. MAX.  
 remains for a long time motionless, in a  
 trance of excessive anguish. At his first  
 motion WALLENSTEIN returns, and places  
 himself before him.*

MAX.

My general, this day thou makest me  
 Of age to speak in my own right and person,  
 For till this day I have been spared the trouble  
 To find out my own road. Thee have I followed  
 With most implicit, unconditional faith,  
 Sure of the right path if I followed thee.  
 To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer  
 Me to myself, and forcest me to make  
 Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day ;  
 Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,  
 Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever  
 With undivided heart. It can remain  
 No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads  
 Start from each other. Duties strive with duties,  
 Thou must needs choose thy party in the war

Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him  
Who is thy emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name?  
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence,  
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.  
Is that a good war, which against the emperor  
Thou wapest with the emperor's own army?  
O God of heaven! what a change is this.  
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion  
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole  
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?  
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!  
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,  
The holy habit of obediency,  
Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?  
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me —  
It always was as a god looking upon me!  
Duke Wallenstein, its power has not departed;  
The senses still are in thy bonds, although  
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., hear me.

MAX.

Oh, do it not, I pray thee, do it not!  
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,  
Knows not of this unblest unlucky doing.  
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only  
Which hath polluted thee — and innocence,  
It will not let itself be driven away  
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,  
Thou canst not end in this. It would reduce  
All human creatures to disloyalty  
Against the nobleness of their own nature.

'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,  
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,  
And trusts itself to impotence alone,  
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me harshly, I expect it.  
Already have I said to my own self  
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids  
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?  
But here there is no choice. Yes, I must use  
Or suffer violence — so stands the case;  
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

Oh, that is never possible for thee!  
'Tis the last desperate resource of those  
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name,  
Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,  
Which, having staked and lost, they staked themselves  
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich  
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart  
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!  
But he who once hath acted infamy  
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (*grasps his hand*).

Calmly, Max.!

Much that is great and excellent will we  
Perform together yet. And if we only  
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon  
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.  
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,  
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.  
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,  
Not to the good. All that the powers divine

Send from above are universal blessings :  
 Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,  
 But never yet was man enriched by them :  
 In their eternal realm no property  
 Is to be struggled for — all there is general.  
 The jewel, the all-valued gold we win  
 From the deceiving powers, depraved in nature,  
 That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight.  
 Not without sacrifices are they rendered  
 Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth  
 That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

## MAX.

Whate'er is human to the human being  
 Do I allow — and to the vehement  
 And striving spirit readily I pardon  
 The excess of action ; but to thee, my general !  
 Above all others make I large concession.  
 For thou must move a world and be the master —  
 He kills thee who condemns thee to inaction.  
 So be it then ! maintain thee in thy post  
 By violence. Resist the emperor,  
 And if it must be force with force repel ;  
 I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.  
 But not — not to the traitor — yes ! the word  
 Is spoken out —  
 Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.  
 That is no mere excess ! that is no error  
 Of human nature — that is wholly different.  
 Oh, that is black, black as the pit of hell !

[WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation.*

Thou canst not hear it named, and wilt thou do it ?  
 O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,  
 I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna ;  
 I'll make thy peace for thee with the emperor.  
 He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He

Shall see thee, duke! with my unclouded eye,  
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Thou knowest not what has happened.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far,  
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,  
Then — fall! fall honourably, even as thou stoodest.  
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war!  
Thou canst with splendour do it — do it too  
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,  
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.  
My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing  
Thy words, one after another, are the mile-stones  
Left fast behind by my post couriers,  
Who bear the order on to Prague and Eger.

[MAX. *stands as convulsed, with a gesture and  
countenance expressing the most intense an-  
guish.*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.  
I cannot give assent to my own shame  
And ruin. Thou — no — thou canst not forsake me!  
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,  
With a firm step. What am I doing worse  
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,  
When he the legions led against his country,  
The which his country had delivered to him?  
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost.  
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.

I trace out something in me of this spirit.  
Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[MAX. *quits him abruptly.* WALLENSTEIN, *startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERZKY enters.*

## SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel ?

TERZKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry ?

TERZKY.

It is as if the earth had swallowed him.  
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.  
I wished some words with him — but he was gone.  
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,  
I half believe it was the devil himself ;  
A human creature could not so at once  
Have vanished.

ILLO (*enters*).

Is it true that thou wilt send

Octavio ?

TERZKY.

How, Octavio! Whither send him?

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenburg, and will lead hither  
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No!

Nay, heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should heaven forbid?

ILLO.

Him! — that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him  
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,  
Now in the very instant that decides us —

TERZKY.

Thou wilt not do this! No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, duke,  
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time,  
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has  
happened  
That I should lose my good opinion of him?

In complaisance to your whims, not my own,  
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.  
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him  
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERZKY.

Must it be he — he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;  
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore  
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian —  
Therefore is he well fitted for the business!

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not, nor sire nor son,  
Because that I esteem them, love them, visibly  
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,  
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,  
Thorns in your footpath. But your jealousies,  
In what affect they me or my concerns?  
Are they the worse to me because you hate them?  
Love or hate one another as you will,  
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;  
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always  
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happened with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him  
From Gallas —

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind,  
With thy deep-seeing eyes !

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake  
My faith for me ; my faith, which founds itself  
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,  
Then the whole science of the stars is false ;  
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,  
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge that this pledge is not false ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,  
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world  
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely  
The power of questioning his destiny :  
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night  
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,  
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,  
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.  
My whole life, past and future, in this moment  
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,  
And to the destiny of the next morning  
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,  
Did knit the most removed futurity.

Then said I also to myself, "So many  
 Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,  
 And as on some great number set their all  
 Upon thy single head, and only man  
 The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day  
 Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter  
 All these in many a several direction :  
 Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."  
 I yearned to know which one was faithfulest  
 Of all, this camp included. Great destiny,  
 Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,  
 Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first  
 To meet me with a token of his love :  
 And thinking this, I fell into a slumber,  
 Then midmost in the battle was I led  
 In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !  
 Then was my horse killed under me : I sank ;  
 And over me away, all unconcernedly,  
 Drove horse and rider — and thus trod to pieces  
 I lay, and panted like a dying man ;  
 Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm ;  
 It was Octavio's — I woke at once,  
 'Twas broad day, and Octavio stood before me.  
 "My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day  
 The dapple, as your wont ; but mount the horse  
 Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother !  
 In love to me. A strong dream warned me  
 so."  
 It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched  
 me  
 From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.  
 My cousin rode the dapple on that day,  
 And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (*significantly*).

There's no such thing as chance,  
 And what to us seems merest accident  
 Springs from the deepest source of destiny.  
 In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio  
 Is my good angel — and now no word more.  
[*He is retiring.*]

TERZKY.

This is my comfort — Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (*stops and turns himself around*).

Are ye not like the women, who for ever  
 Only recur to their first word, although  
 One had been talking reason by the hour!  
 Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds  
 Are not like ocean billows, blindly moved.  
 The inner world, his microcosmus, is  
 The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.  
 They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit —  
 No juggling chance can metamorphose them.  
 Have I the human kernel first examined?  
 Then I know, too, the future will and action. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Chamber in the residence of PICCOLOMINI: OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI (attired for travelling), an ADJUTANT.*

OCTAVIO.

Is the detachment here?

ADJUTANT.

It waits below.

OCTAVIO.

And are the soldiers trusty, adjutant?  
Say, from what regiment hast thou chosen them?

ADJUTANT.

From Tiefenbach's.

OCTAVIO.

That regiment is loyal,  
Keep them in silence in the inner court,  
Unseen by all, and when the signal peals  
Then close the doors, keep watch upon the house.  
And all ye meet be instantly arrested. [*Exit* ADJUTANT.  
I hope indeed I shall not need their service,  
So certain feel I of my well-laid plans;  
But when an empire's safety is at stake  
'Twere better too much caution than too little.

SCENE V.

*A chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S dwelling-house:* OCTAVIO  
PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering.*

ISOLANI.

Here am I — well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO (*with an air of mystery*).

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (*assuming the same air of mystery*).

Will it explode, ha? Is the duke about  
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place  
Full confidence — nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am  
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,  
And when it comes to action skulk away.  
The duke has acted toward me as a friend:  
God knows it is so; and I owe him all;  
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard,  
All think not as I think; and there are many  
Who still hold with the court — yes, and they say  
That these stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

Indeed! Pray name to me the chiefs that think so.

ISOLANI.

Plague upon them! all the Germans think so.  
Esterhazy, Kaunitz, Deodati, too,  
Insist upon obedience to the court.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice?

OCTAVIO.

That the emperor has yet such gallant servants,  
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.  
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid  
That I should jest! In very serious earnest,  
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause  
So strong.

ISOLANI.

The devil! — what! — why, what means this?  
Are you not, then — For what, then, am I here?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether  
You will be called the friend or enemy  
Of the emperor.

ISOLANI (*with an air of defiance*).

That declaration, friend,  
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed  
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, count,  
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (*stammering*).

Why, — why — what! this is the emperor's hand and  
seal [*Reads.*

“Whereas the officers collectively  
Throughout our army will obey the orders

Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini,  
As from ourselves." — Hem! — Yes! so! — Yes! yes!  
I — I give you joy, lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit to the order?

ISOLANI.

I —

But you have taken me so by surprise —  
Time for reflection one must have —

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! but then the case is —

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine  
To act a treason 'gainst your lord and sovereign,  
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason! My God! But who talks then of treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The prince-duke is a traitor —  
Means to lead over to the enemy  
The emperor's army. Now, count! brief and full —  
Say, will you break your oath to the emperor?  
Sell yourself to the enemy? Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I — I break my oath, d'ye say  
To his imperial majesty?  
Did I say so! When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet — not yet. This instant  
I wait to hear, count, whether you will say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself  
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning

Treason — why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service — but if he's a villain,  
Perdition seize him! All scores are rubbed off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you are so well disposed.  
This night break off in the utmost secrecy  
With all the light-armed troops — it must appear  
As came the order from the duke himself.  
At Frauenburg's the place of rendezvous;  
There will Count Gallas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done. But you'll remember me  
With the emperor — how well disposed you found me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit ISOLANI. A SERVANT enters.*

What, Colonel Butler! Show him up.

ISOLANI (*returning*).

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!  
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great  
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time  
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court  
Amidst my wine, — you know no harm was meant.

[*Exit.*

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.  
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us  
With all the others only but as much.

## SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, lieutenant-general.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO (*after both have seated themselves*).

You have not  
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday —  
Misunderstood them as mere empty forms.  
That wish proceeded from my heart — I was  
In earnest with you — for 'tis now a time  
In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.  
I never charge a man but with those acts  
To which his character deliberately  
Impels him; for alas! the violence  
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts  
The very best of us from the right track.  
You came through Frauenburg. Did the Count Gallas  
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on me.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely  
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.  
I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare  
Yourself the trouble — me the embarrassment  
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious — let us talk openly.  
 You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein  
 Meditates treason — I can tell you further,  
 He has committed treason ; but few hours  
 Have passed since he a covenant concluded  
 With the enemy. The messengers are now  
 Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.  
 To-morrow he intends to lead us over  
 To the enemy. But he deceives himself ;  
 For prudence wakes — the emperor has still  
 Many and faithful friends here, and they stand  
 In closest union, mighty though unseen.  
 This manifesto sentences the duke —  
 Recalls the obedience of the army from him,  
 And summons all the loyal, all the honest,  
 To join and recognise in me their leader.  
 Choose — will you share with us an honest cause ?  
 Or with the evil share an evil lot ?

BUTLER (*rises*).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve ?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler.  
 As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast  
 That rashly uttered word remains interred.  
 Recall it, Butler ! choose a better party ;  
 You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (*going*).

Any other  
Commands for me, lieutenant-general ?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs ; recall that word !

BUTLER.

Farewell !

OCTAVIO.

What ! Would you draw this good and gallant sword  
In such a cause ? Into a curse would you  
Transform the gratitude which you have earned  
By forty years' fidelity from Austria ?

BUTLER (*laughing with bitterness*).

Gratitude from the House of Austria ! [*He is going.*]

OCTAVIO (*permits him to go as far as the door, then  
calls after him*).

Butler !

BUTLER.

What wish you ?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the count ?

BUTLER.

Count ? what ?

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

The title that you wished, I mean.

BUTLER (*starts in sudden passion*).

Hell and damnation !

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

You petitioned for it —  
And your petition was repelled — was it so ?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.  
Draw !

OCTAVIO.

Nay ! your sword to its sheath ! and tell me calmly  
How all that happened. I will not refuse you  
Your satisfaction afterwards. Calmly, Butler !

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness  
For which I never can forgive myself,  
Lieutenant-general ! Yes ; I have ambition.  
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.  
It stung me to the quick that birth and title  
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.  
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,  
So in an evil hour I let myself  
Be tempted to that measure. It was folly !  
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.  
It might have been refused ; but wherefore barb  
And venom the refusal with contempt ?  
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn  
The gray-haired man, the faithful veteran ?  
Why to the baseness of his parentage  
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only  
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself ?  
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm  
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you  
The enemy who did you this ill service ?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will — a most low-hearted scoundrel!  
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard;  
Some young squire of some ancient family,  
In whose light I may stand; some envious knave,  
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me, did the duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impelled me to it, used his interest  
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay! are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I — but the contents were different.

[BUTLER *is suddenly struck.*

By chance I'm in possession of that letter —

Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[*He gives him the letter.*

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,

An infamous game have they been playing with you.

The duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?

Now, in this letter, talks he in contempt

Concerning you ; counsels the minister  
 To give sound chastisement to your conceit,  
 For so he calls it.

[BUTLER reads through the letter ; his knees tremble,  
*he seizes a chair and sinks down in it.*

You have no enemy, no persecutor ;  
 There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe  
 The insult you received to the duke only.  
 His aim is clear and palpable. He wished  
 To tear you from your emperor : he hoped  
 To gain from your revenge what he well knew  
 (What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)  
 He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.  
 A blind tool would he make you, in contempt  
 Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.  
 He has gained his point. Too well has he suc-  
 ceeded

In luring you away from that good path  
 On which you had been journeying forty years !

BUTLER (*his voice trembling*).

Can e'er the emperor's majesty forgive me ?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate  
 For that affront, and most unmerited grievance  
 Sustained by a deserving gallant veteran.  
 From his free impulse he confirms the present  
 Which the duke made you for a wicked purpose.  
 The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

[BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. *He labours inwardly with violent emotions ; tries to speak and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.*

OCTAVIO.

What wish you ? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose ? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it !

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew, from my hands — and  
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

Perjure myself to such a gracious sovereign ?

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick ! break off from the duke !

BUTLER.

Break off from him !

OCTAVIO.

What now ? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER (*no longer governing his emotion*).

Only break off from him ? He dies ! he dies !

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenburg, where now  
All who are loyal are assembling under

Counts Altringer and Gallas. Many others  
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty :  
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER (*strides up and down in excessive agitation,  
then steps up to OCTAVIO with resolved countenance*).

Count Piccolomini ! dare that man speak  
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth ?

OCTAVIO.

He who repents so deeply of it dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here upon my word of honour !

OCTAVIO.

What's your design ?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me  
What are you brooding ?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.

Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.

Ye may trust safely. By the living God,

Ye give him over, not to his good angel !

Farewell.

[*Exit* BUTLER.]

SERVANT (*enters with a billet*).

A stranger left it, and is gone.

The prince-duke's horses wait for you below.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

OCTAVIO (*reads*).

“Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolani.”  
— O that I had but left this town behind me.  
To split upon a rock so near the haven!  
Away! This is no longer a safe place  
For me! Where can my son be tarrying!

SCENE VII.

OCTAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. *enters almost in a state of derangement, from extreme agitation; his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.*

OCTAVIO (*advances to him*).

I am going off, my son.

[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked — it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO *drops his hand and starts back.*

Oh, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,  
 Ne'er had it come to this — all had stood otherwise.  
 He had not done that foul and horrible deed,  
 The virtuous had retained their influence over him:  
 He had not fallen into the snares of villains.  
 Wherefore so like a thief and thief's accomplice  
 Didst creep behind him lurking for thy prey!  
 Oh, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!  
 Thou misery-making demon, it is thou  
 That sinkest us in perdition. Simple truth,  
 Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!  
 Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!  
 Wallenstein has deceived me — oh, most foully!  
 But thou hast acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son,

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. (*rises and contemplates his father with looks  
 of suspicion*).

Was't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father,  
 Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,  
 With cold premeditated purpose? Thou —  
 Hadst thou the heart to wish to see him guilty  
 Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.  
 Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in heaven!

MAX.

Oh, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.  
 How comes suspicion here — in the free soul?  
 Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all  
 Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honoured.

No, no! not all! She — she yet lives for me,  
 And she is true, and open as the heavens!  
 Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,  
 Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:  
 The single holy spot is our love,  
 The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max. — we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,  
 The very last — no, never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself  
 The pang of necessary separation.  
 Come with me! Come, my son!  
 [*Attempts to take him with him.*]

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO (*more urgently*).

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max.! in the emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No emperor has power to prescribe  
 Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob me

Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,  
 Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed  
 Be done with cruelty? The unalterable  
 Shall I perform ignobly — steal away,  
 With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!  
 She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,  
 Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,  
 And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race  
 Have steely souls — but she is as an angel.  
 From the black deadly madness of despair  
 Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words  
 Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.  
 Oh, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.  
 The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO (*trembling and losing all self-command*).

Max. ! Max. ! if that most damned thing could be,  
 If thou — my son — my own blood — (dare I think  
 it?)

Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,  
 Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,  
 Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,  
 And in unnatural combat shall the steel  
 Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

Oh, hadst thou always better thought of men,  
 Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion,  
 Unholy, miserable doubt! To him

Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm  
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,  
Will it be always in thy power to follow it

MAX.

The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpowered — as little  
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max. ! I see thee never more again !

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenburg — the Pappenheimers  
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too ; Tsokana  
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.  
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,  
And will far rather fall in gallant contest  
Than leave their rightful leader and their honour.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life  
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son !

MAX.

Farewell !

OCTAVIO.

How ! not one look  
Of filial love ? No grasp of the hand at parting ?

It is a bloody war to which we are going,  
 And the event uncertain and in darkness.  
 So used we not to part — it was not so!  
 Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

[MAX. *falls into his arms, they hold each other for a long time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.*

(*The curtain drops.*)

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*A chamber in the house of the Duchess of Friedland.*

COUNTESS TERZKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two latter sit at the same table at work*).

COUNTESS (*watching them from the opposite side*).

So you have nothing to ask me — nothing?  
 I have been waiting for a word from you.  
 And could you then endure in all this time  
 Not once to speak his name?

[THEKLA *remaining silent the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.*

Why, how comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,  
 And other ways exist, besides through me?  
 Confess it to me, Thekla: have you seen him?

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him, either? Come, be open.

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May it please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.

[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE II.

*The* COUNTESS, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, princess, that he holds  
Himself so still, exactly at this time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at this time?

COUNTESS.

He now knows all.  
'Twere now the moment to declare himself

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.  
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart  
Is no more in nonage: for you love,  
And boldness dwells with love — that you have proved

Your nature moulds itself upon your father's  
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you  
Hear what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough : no further preface, I entreat you.  
At once, out with it ! Be it what it may,  
It is not possible that it should torture me  
More than this introduction. What have you  
To say to me ? Tell me the whole, and briefly !

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frightened —

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father  
A weighty service —

THEKLA.

Lies within my power.

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him  
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I ?

What need of me for that ? And is he not  
Already linked to him ?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore  
Should he not be so now — not be so always?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the emperor too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty  
And honour may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask  
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.  
Duty and honour!  
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.  
You should interpret them for him: his love  
Should be the sole definer of his honour.

THEKLA.

How?

COUNTESS.

The emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly  
In his retirement. From himself you heard,  
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;  
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity  
 His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,  
 If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then:—  
 Your father has fallen off from the emperor,  
 And is about to join the enemy  
 With the whole soldiery—

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on  
 The army after him. The Piccolomini  
 Possess the love and reverence of the troops;  
 They govern all opinions, and wherever  
 They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.  
 The son secures the father to our interests—  
 You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother! what a death-stroke  
 Awaits thee! No! she never will survive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that  
 Which is and must be. I do know your mother!  
 The far-off future weighs upon her heart  
 With torture of anxiety; but is it  
 Unalterably, actually present,  
 She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my foreboding bosom! Even now,  
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!  
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;  
I knew it well — no sooner had I entered,  
An heavy ominous presentiment  
Revealed to me that spirits of death were hovering  
Over my happy fortune. But why think I  
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!  
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,  
And for yourself the lover, all will yet  
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good! What good?  
Must we not part; part ne'er to meet again?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you! He cannot part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas, for his sore anguish! It will rend  
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,  
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken —  
Oh, do not doubt of that! A resolution:  
Does there remain one to be taken?

COUNTESS.

Hush!

Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.

How shall I bear to see her?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

*To them enter the* DUCHESS.

DUCHESS (*to the* COUNTESS).

Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,  
And passionately, too.

COUNTESS.

Nay, there was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am growing so timorous, every trifling noise  
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me  
The footstep of some messenger of evil.  
And you can tell me, sister, what the event is?  
Will he agree to do the emperor's pleasure,  
And send the horse regiments to the cardinal?  
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg  
With a favourable answer?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,  
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him,  
The accursed business of the Regensburg diet  
Will all be acted o'er again!

COUNTESS.

No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[THEKLA, *in extreme agitation, throws herself upon  
her mother, and enfolds her in her arms,  
weeping.*

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child!

Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother  
In the empress. Oh, that stern, unbending man!  
In this unhappy marriage what have I  
Not suffered, not endured? For even as if  
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire  
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,  
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,  
And ever to the brink of some abyss  
With dizzy headlong violence he bears me.  
Nay, do not weep, my child. Let not my sufferings  
Presignify unhappiness to thee,  
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.  
Their lives no second Friedland; thou, my child,  
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

Oh, let us supplicate him, dearest mother!  
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.  
Here every coming hour broods into life  
Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share  
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We, too,  
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.  
Still think I with delight of those first years,  
When he was making progress with glad effort,  
When his ambition was a genial fire,  
Not that consuming flame which now it is.  
The emperor loved him, trusted him; and all  
He undertook could not but be successful.  
But since that ill-starred day at Regensburg,  
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,  
A gloomy, uncompanionable spirit,  
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.  
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer  
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith  
To his old luck and individual power;  
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections  
All to those cloudy sciences which never  
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you,  
But surely this is not the conversation  
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.  
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him  
Find her in this condition?

DUCHESS.

Come, my child!  
Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father  
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here  
Is off; this hair must not hang so dishevelled.  
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform  
Thy gentle eye. Well, now — what was I saying?

Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini  
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister !

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS, with marks of great oppression of spirits*).

Aunt, you will excuse me ? [*Is going.*]

COUNTESS.

But, whither ? See, your father comes

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What, now ? Why is she going ?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS (*anxiously*).

What ails, then, my beloved child ?

[*Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavour to detain her. During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.*]

## SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp ?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague  
With tidings that this capital is ours.  
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops  
Assembled in this town make known the measure  
And its result together. In such cases  
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost  
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature  
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,  
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through  
The forms of homage to us ; and in Pilsen  
They shall swear fealty to us, because  
The example has been given them by Prague.  
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself ?

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,  
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence  
To every warning voice that makes itself  
Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,  
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit  
The voice of truth and inward revelation,

Scattering false oracles. And thus have I  
 To entreat forgiveness for that secretly.  
 I've wronged this honourable gallant man,  
 This Butler: for a feeling of the which  
 I am not master (fear I would not call it),  
 Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,  
 At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.  
 And this same man, against whom I am warned,  
 This honest man is he who reaches to me  
 The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not  
 That his example will win over to you  
 The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send  
 Isolani hither. Send him immediately.  
 He is under recent obligations to me:  
 With him will I commence the trial. Go. [*Exit* ILLO.]

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself around to the females*).

Lo, there's the mother with the darling daughter.  
 For once we'll have an interval of rest —  
 Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour  
 In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS, aside*).

Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,  
 For there is a good spirit on thy lips.  
 Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill;  
 She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,  
 Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice  
 Will drive away from me the evil demon  
 That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father  
 Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother

I —

DUCHESS.

Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer  
 Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I — I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA (*to the* COUNTESS).

O spare me — sing — now — in this sore anxiety  
 Of the overburdened soul — to sing to him  
 Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong  
 Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla! Humoursome!  
 What! shall thy father have expressed a wish  
 In vain?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God! how can I —

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

DUCHESS.

My child! Oh, is she ill —

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?

Say, is she often so?

COUNTESS.

Since then herself  
Has now betrayed it, I too must no long  
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.

She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him? Whom?

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini!  
Hast thou never noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?  
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest  
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it  
To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen another  
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her!

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her!

Is the boy mad?

COUNTESS.

Well — hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!  
Ay? The thought pleases me.  
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since  
Such and such constant favour you have shown him —

WALLENSTEIN.

He chooses finally to be my heir.  
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.

But must he therefore be my daughter's husband?  
Is it daughters only? Is it only children  
That we must show our favour by?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners —

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors —

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors! What?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law  
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high  
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,  
And jut out high above the common herd,  
Only to close the mighty part I play  
In life's great drama with a common kinsman?  
Have I for this — [*Stops suddenly, repressing himself.*

She is the only thing  
That will remain behind of me on earth;  
And I will see a crown around her head,  
Or die in the attempt to place it there.  
I hazard all — all! and for this alone,

To lift her into greatness —

Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking —

[*He recollects himself.*]

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,  
 Couple together in good peasant fashion  
 The pair that chance to suit each other's liking —  
 And I must do it now, even now, when I  
 Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine  
 My full accomplished work — no! she is the jewel,  
 Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,  
 And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me  
 For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband!

You're ever building, building to the clouds,  
 Still building higher, and still higher building,  
 And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis  
 Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the* COUNTESS).

Have you announced the place of residence  
 Which I have destined for her?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet,

'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Carinthia then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or seats?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure  
In the emperor's realms, beneath the emperor's  
Protection ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted  
No longer to hope that.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven !  
And have you brought it even to this !

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland  
You'll find protection.

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country ?  
What ? And you send us into Lutheran countries ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg ?  
The ally of Sweden, the emperor's enemy ?

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS (*casting a look of terror on the DUKE and the COUNTESS*).

Is it then true? It is. You are degraded:  
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven.

COUNTESS (*aside to the DUKE*).

Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot  
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

*To them enter COUNT TERZKY.*

COUNTESS.

Terzky!

What ails him? What an image of affright!  
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERZKY (*leading WALLENSTEIN aside*).

Is it thy command that all the Croats —

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

TERZKY.

We are betrayed.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERZKY.

They are off! This night  
The Jägers likewise — all the villages  
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani!

TERZKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

*Wh? (I?)*

TERZKY.

No? Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodati?  
They are vanished, both of them.

SCENE VI.

*To them enter* ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Terzky told thee?

TERZKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise

That Esterhazy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,  
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERZKY.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN (*winks at them*).

Hush!

COUNTESS (*who has been watching them anxiously from  
the distance and now advances to them*).

Terzky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

WALLENSTEIN (*scarcely suppressing his emotions*).  
Nothing! let us be gone!

TERZKY (*following him*).  
Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS (*holding him back*).  
Nothing? Do I not see that all the life-blood  
Has left your cheeks — look you not like a ghost?  
That even my brother but affects a calmness?

PAGE (*enters*).  
An aide-de-camp inquires for the Count Terzky.  
[TERZKY follows the PAGE.]

WALLENSTEIN.  
Go, hear his business. [To ILLO.  
This could not have happened  
So unsuspected without mutiny.  
Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.  
'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,  
And Terzky's grenadiers relieve him. [ILLO is going.  
Stop!  
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.  
Him I met:

He will be here himself immediately.  
Butler remains unshaken.

[*ILLO exit. WALLENSTEIN is following him.*]

COUNTESS.

Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!  
There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS (*clinging to him*).

Gracious Heaven! What is it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!  
We are in camp, and this is naught unusual;  
Here storm and sunshine follow one another  
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits  
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet  
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader;  
If I am to stay, go you. The complaints of women  
Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[*He is going: TERZKY returns.*]

TERZKY.

Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS*).

Sister, retire!

COUNTESS.

No — never!

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis my will.

TERZKY (*leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing her attention to the DUCHESS*).

Theresa !

DUCHESS.

Sister, come ! since he commands it.

### SCENE VII.

WALLESTEIN, TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the window*).

What now, then ?

TERZKY.

There are strange movements among all the troops,  
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,  
With gloomy silentness, the several corps  
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners ;  
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements ; only  
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof  
In their own quarters and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Does Piccolomini appear among them ?

TERZKY.

We are seeking him : he is nowhere to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did the aide-de-camp deliver to you ?

TERZKY.

My regiments had despatched him ; yet once more  
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait  
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.

But whence arose this larum in the camp?  
It should have been kept secret from the army  
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERZKY.

Oh, that thou hadst believed me! Yester-evening  
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,  
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.  
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more  
Of this suspicion — it is doting folly.

TERZKY.

Thou didst confide in Isolani too;  
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was but yesterday I rescued him  
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by;  
I never reckoned yet on gratitude.  
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?  
He follows still the god whom all his life  
He has worshipped at the gaming-table. With  
My fortune and my seeming destiny  
He made the bond and broke it, not with me.  
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed  
And with the which, well-pleased and confident,  
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it  
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,  
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light  
As the free bird from the hospitable twig  
Where it had nested he flies off from me:

No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.  
 Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived  
 Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.  
 Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life  
 Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,  
 Naught sinks into the bosom's silent death :  
 Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure  
 Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul  
 Warmeth the inner frame.

TERZKY.

Yet, would I rather  
 Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO.

ILLO (*who enters agitated with rage*).

Treason and mutiny !

TERZKY.

And what further now ?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders  
 To go off guard — mutinous villains !

TERZKY.

Well !

WALLENSTEIN.

What followed ?

ILLO.

They refused obedience to them.



With all the detail of the operation,  
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN *sinks down into a chair and covers  
his face.*

TERZKY.

Oh, hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.

*To them enter the* COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

This suspense,  
This horrid fear — I can no longer bear it.  
For heaven's sake tell me what has taken place?

ILLO.

The regiments are falling off from us.

TERZKY.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O my foreboding! [*Rushes out of the room.*

TERZKY.

Hadst thou but believed me!  
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The stars lie not; but we have here a work  
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.  
The science is still honest: this false heart

Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.  
 On a divine law divination rests ;  
 Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles  
 Out of her limits, there all science errs.  
 True I did not suspect ! Were it superstition  
 Never by such suspicion to have affronted  
 The human form, oh, may the time ne'er come  
 In which I shame me of the infirmity.  
 The wildest savage drinks not with the victim  
 Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.  
 This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed :  
 'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine ;  
 A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.  
 No shield received the assassin stroke ; thou plungest  
 Thy weapon on an unprotected breast —  
 Against such weapons I am but a child.

## SCENE X.

*To these enter BUTLER.*

TERZKY (*meeting him*).

Oh, look there, Butler ! Here we've still a friend !

WALLENSTEIN (*meets him with outspread arms and embraces him with warmth*).

Come to my heart, old comrade ! Not the sun  
 Looks out upon us more revivingly,  
 In the earliest month of spring,  
 Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.

My general ; I come —

WALLENSTEIN (*leaning on BUTLER'S shoulder*).

Knowest thou already  
That old man has betrayed me to the emperor.  
What sayest thou? Thirty years have we together  
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.  
We have slept in one camp-bed, drank from one glass,  
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on him,  
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder,  
And now in the very moment when, all love,  
All confidence, my bosom beat to his  
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife  
Slowly into my heart.

[*He hides his face on BUTLER'S breast.*]

BUTLER.

Forget the false one.  
What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remembered!  
Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,  
Still loved by destiny; for in the moment  
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite  
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.  
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not his loss  
Was that which struck the pang: Oh, no! his treason  
Is that which strikes the pang! No more of him!  
Dear to my heart, and honoured were they both,  
And the young man — yes — he did truly love me,  
He — he — has not deceived me. But enough,  
Enough of this — swift counsel now beseems us.  
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,  
I expect him every moment: and whatever  
He may bring with him we must take good care  
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick then!

Despatch some messenger you can rely on  
To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[ILLO *is going.*

BUTLER (*detaining him*).

My general, whom expect you then ?

WALLENSTEIN.

The courier  
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER (*hesitating*).

Hem !

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now ?

BUTLER.

You do not know it ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well ?

BUTLER.

From what that larum in the camp arose ?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what ?

BUTLER.

That courier —

WALLENSTEIN (*with eager expectation*).

Well ?

BUTLER.

Is already here.

TERZKY and ILLO (*at the same time*).

Already here ?

WALLENSTEIN.

My courier ?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I not know it ?

BUTLER.

The sentinels detain him

In custody.

ILLO (*stamping with his foot*).

Damnation !

BUTLER.

And his letter

Was broken open, and is circulated  
Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains ?

BUTLER.

Question me not !

TERZKY.

Illo ! alas for us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me — I can bear the worst.  
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUTLER.

Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments  
At Budweiss, Tabor, Braunau, Kōniggratz,  
At Brunn, and Znaym, have forsaken you,  
And taken the oaths of fealty anew  
To the emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Terzky,  
And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERZKY and ILLO *express alarm and fury.* WAL-  
LENSTEIN *remains firm and collected.*

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis decided!

'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure  
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream  
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!  
In the night only Friedland stars can beam.  
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears  
I drew the sword — 'twas with an inward strife,  
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife  
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!  
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; *the others follow him.*

## SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERZKY (*enters from a side room*).

I can endure no longer. No! [Looks around her.

Where are they!

No one is here. They leave me all alone,  
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.  
And I must wear the outward show of calmness  
Before my sister, and shut in within me  
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.  
It is not to be borne. If all should fail;  
If — if he must go over to the Swedes,

An empty-handed fugitive, and not  
 As an ally, a covenanted equal,  
 A proud commander with his army following,  
 If we must wander on from land to land,  
 Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness  
 An ignominious monument. But no!  
 That day I will not see! And could himself  
 Endure to sink so low, I would not bear  
 To see him so low sunken.

## SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA (*endeavouring to hold back the DUCHESS*).

Dear mother, do stay here!

DUCHESS.

No! Here is yet  
 Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.  
 Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her  
 Full of suspense and anguish roam about  
 From room to room? Art thou not full of terror?  
 And what import these silent nods and gestures  
 Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

THEKLA.

Nothing, dear mother!

Nothing:

DUCHESS (*to the COUNTESS*).

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner  
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.  
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;  
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,  
And exercise and previous discipline  
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!  
Sister, you are deluded. You believe  
The duke has been deposed — the duke is not  
Deposed — he is —

THEKLA (*going to the COUNTESS*).

What? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The duke is —

THEKLA (*throwing her arms around her mother*).

Oh, stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the duke; he is preparing  
To join the enemy; the army leave him,  
And all has failed.

### SCENE XIII.

*A spacious room in the Duke of Friedland's Palace.*

WALLENSTEIN (*in armour*).

Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I  
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.  
There I had nothing left me but myself;

But what one man can do you have now experience.  
 The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand  
 A leafless trunk. But in the sap within  
 Lives the creating power, and a new world  
 May sprout forth from it. Once already have I  
 Proved myself worth an army to you — I alone!  
 Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;  
 Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;  
 Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,  
 Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna  
 In his own palace did the emperor tremble.  
 Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude  
 Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,  
 Their helper in distress; the emperor's pride  
 Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.  
 'Twas I must rise, and with creative word  
 Assemble forces in the desolate camps.  
 I did it. Like a god of war my name  
 Went through the world. The drum was beat; and,  
 lo!

The plough, the workshop is forsaken, all  
 Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;  
 And as the wood-choir rich in melody  
 Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,  
 When first his throat swells with his magic song,  
 So did the warlike youth of Germany  
 Crowd in around the image of my eagle.  
 I feel myself the being that I was.  
 It is the soul that builds itself a body,  
 And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.  
 Lead then your thousands out to meet me — true!  
 They are accustomed under me to conquer,  
 But not against me. If the head and limbs  
 Separate from each other, 'twill be soon  
 Made manifest in which the soul abode.

[ILLO and TERZKY enter.

Courage, friends! courage! we are still unvanquished;

I feel my footing firm ; five regiments, Terzky,  
 Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops ;  
 And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.  
 I was not stronger when, nine years ago,  
 I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,  
 To conquer Germany for the emperor.

## SCENE XIV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERZKY.

(*To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERZKY aside, and  
 talks with him.*)

TERZKY.

What do they want ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now ?

TERZKY.

Ten cuirassiers  
 From Pappenheim request leave to address you  
 In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (*hastily to NEUMANN*).

Let them enter.

[*Exit NEUMANN.*

This  
 May end in something. Mark you. They are still  
 Doubtful, and may be won.

## SCENE XV.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO, *ten* CUIRASSIERS (*led by an ANSPESSADE,<sup>1</sup> march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again.*)

ANSPESSADE.

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the ANSPESSADE*).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Bruggen in Flanders:  
Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE.

'Twas even so, general!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

<sup>1</sup> Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

ANSPESSADE.

That which I asked for : the honour to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a second*).

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, general

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words.  
(*A pause.*) Who sends you ?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request according to the custom of service ?

ANSPESSADE.

Because we would first know whom we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (*giving the word of command*).

Shoulder your arms !

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*).

Thy name is Risbeck ; Cologne is thy birthplace.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel Dubald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, general.

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother, too: where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmutz, with the imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the ANSPESSADE*).

Now then — begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the emperor  
Commanding us —

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*).

Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company

Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the emperor  
 Commanding us, collectively, from thee  
 All duties of obedience to withdraw,  
 Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine ?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades

At Braunau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmutz, have  
 Obeyed already ; and the regiments here,  
 Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly  
 Did follow their example. But — but we  
 Do not believe that thou art an enemy  
 And traitor to thy country, hold it merely  
 For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story !  
*[With warmth.]*  
 Thyself shall tell us what thy purpose is,  
 For we have found thee still sincere and true :  
 No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt  
 The gallant general and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognise my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee :  
 Is it thy purpose merely to preserve  
 In thine own hands this military sceptre,  
 Which so becomes thee, which the emperor  
 Made over to thee by a covenant ?  
 Is it thy purpose merely to remain  
 Supreme commander of the Austrian armies ?

We will stand by thee, general! and guarantee  
 Thy honest rights against all opposition.  
 And should it chance that all the other regiments  
 Turn from thee, by ourselves we will stand forth  
 Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,  
 Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces  
 Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be  
 As the emperor's letter says, if it be true,  
 That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over  
 To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!  
 Then we too will forsake thee, and obey  
 That letter —

WALLENGSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no.

There needs no other answer.

WALLENGSTEIN.

Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;  
 Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:  
 And therefore have I always shown you honour  
 Above all others, suffered you to reason;  
 Have treated you as free men, and my orders  
 Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been  
 To us, my general! With thy confidence  
 Thou hast honoured us, and shown us grace and favour  
 Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest  
 We follow not the common herd. We will  
 Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word —

Thy word shall satisfy us that it is not  
 A treason which thou meditatest — that  
 Thou meanest not to lead the army over  
 To the enemy ; nor e'er betray thy country.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me are they betraying. The emperor  
 Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,  
 And I must fall, unless my gallant troops  
 Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.  
 And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast  
 The aim is taken, at this hoary head.  
 This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our  
 Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen!  
 For this we threw the naked breast against  
 The halbert, made for this the frozen earth  
 Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream  
 Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious;  
 With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt  
 Through all the turns and windings of his flight:  
 Yea, our whole life was but one restless march:  
 And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled  
 O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,  
 That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,  
 The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,  
 With faithful indefatigable arm  
 Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,  
 Behold! this boy of the emperor's bears away  
 The honours of the peace, an easy prize!  
 He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks  
 The olive-branch, the hard-earned ornament  
 Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet.

## ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it!  
 No one, but thou, who hast conducted it

With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.  
 Thou ledest us out to the bloody field  
 Of death; thou and no other shalt conduct us  
     home,  
 Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace —  
 Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil.

## WALLENSTEIN.

What! Think you then at length in late old age  
 To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.  
 Never, no never, will you see the end  
 Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,  
 This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,  
 Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I  
 Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.  
 For what cares Austria how long the war  
 Wears out the armies and lays waste the world!  
 She will but wax and grow amid the ruin  
 And still win new domains.

[*The CUIRASSIERS express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved — I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!  
 Oh, that my spirit might possess you now  
 Daring as once it led you to the battle!  
 Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,  
 Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!  
 But think not that you can accomplish it.  
 Your scanty number! to no purpose will you  
 Have sacrificed you for your general. [*Confidentially.*  
 No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;  
 The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us  
 Wear for a while the appearance of good-will,  
 And use them for your profit, till we both  
 Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,  
 And from our camp to the glad jubilant world  
 Lead peace forth with the garland on her head!

## ANSPESSADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou  
 Dost put on with the Swede! Thou'lt not betray  
 The emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?  
 This is the only thing which we desire  
 To learn from thee.

## WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?  
 I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,  
 And under Providence I trust right soon  
 To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.  
 My cares are only for the whole: I have  
 A heart — it bleeds within me for the miseries  
 And piteous groanings of my fellow Germans.  
 Ye are but common men, but yet ye think  
 With minds not common; ye appear to me  
 Worthy before all others, that I whisper thee  
 A little word or two in confidence!  
 See now! already for full fifteen years,  
 The war-torch has continued burning, yet  
 No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,  
 Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way  
 To the other; every hand's against the other.  
 Each one is party and no one a judge.  
 Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel  
 This tangle, ever tangling more and more?  
 It must be cut asunder.  
 I feel that I am the man of destiny,  
 And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

## SCENE XVI.

*To these enter BUTLER.*

BUTLER (*passionately*).

General! this is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right?

BUTLER.

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

But what?

BUTLER.

It is an open proclamation  
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, well — but what is it?

BUTLER.

Count Terzky's regiments tear the imperial eagle  
From off his banners, and instead of it  
Have reared aloft their arms.

ANSPESSADE (*abruptly to the CUIRASSIERS*).

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!  
[*To the CUIRASSIERS, who are retiring.*  
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;

Hark! I will punish it severely. Stop!  
 They do not hear. (*To ILLO.*) Go after them, assure  
 them,  
 And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[*ILLO hurries out.*

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!  
 You are my evil genius, wherefore must you  
 Announce it in their presence? It was all  
 In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen  
 With their improvident over-readiness —  
 A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.  
 The zeal of friends it is that razes me,  
 And not the hate of enemies.

#### SCENE XVII.

*To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the chamber ;  
 THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.*

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power —  
 They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done?

COUNTESS (*to TERZKY*).

Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERZKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the emperor's hands,  
The soldiery have taken their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!  
Count Max. is off too.

TERZKY.

Where can he be? He's  
Gone over to the emperor with his father.

[THEKLA *rushes out into the arms of her mother,*  
*hiding her face in her bosom.*

DUCHESS (*enfolding her in her arms*).

Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN (*aside to TERZKY*).

Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness  
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg,  
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us.  
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[*To ILLO, who returns.*

Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar?

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is  
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,  
Their colonel, they require: for they affirm,  
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;  
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,  
They will find means to free him with the sword.

[*All stand amazed.*

TERZKY.

What shall we make of this ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so ?

O my prophetic heart ! he is still here.  
He has not betrayed me — he could not betray me.  
I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be

Still here, then all goes well ; for I know what  
[*Embracing* THEKLA.

Will keep him here for ever.

TERZKY.

It can't be.

His father has betrayed us, is gone over  
To the emperor — the son could not have ventured  
To stay behind.

THEKLA (*her eye fixed on the door*).

There he is !

### SCENE XVIII.

*To these enter* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.

Yes, here he is ! I can endure no longer  
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk  
In ambush for a favourable moment :  
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[*Advancing to* THEKLA, *who has thrown herself  
into her mother's arms.*

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!  
 Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.  
 Let who will hear that we both love each other.  
 Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy  
 Is for the happy — misery, hopeless misery,  
 Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns  
 It dares act openly.

[*He observes the COUNTESS looking on THEKLA with expressions of triumph.*

No, lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come  
 To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever.  
 For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!  
 Thekla, I must — must leave thee! Yet thy hatred  
 Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me  
 One look of sympathy, only one look.  
 Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!  
 [Grasps her hand.

O God! I cannot leave this spot — I cannot!  
 Cannot let go this hand. O, tell me, Thekla!  
 That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced  
 That I cannot act otherwise.

[THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand  
 to her father. MAX. turns around to the  
 DUKE, whom he had not till then perceived.

Thou here? It was not thou whom here I sought.  
 I trusted never more to have beheld thee;  
 My business is with her alone. Here will I  
 Receive a full acquittal from this heart;  
 For any other I am no more concerned.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou that, fool-like, I shall let thee go,  
 And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?  
 Thy father is become a villain to me;  
 I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:  
 Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given

Into my power. Think not, that I will honour  
 That ancient love, which so remorselessly  
 He mangled. They are now passed by, those hours  
 Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance  
 Succeed — 'tis now their turn — I too can throw  
 All feelings of the man aside — can prove  
 Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX (*calmly*).

Thou wilt proceed with me as thou hast power.  
 Thou knowest I neither brave nor fear thy rage.  
 What has detained me here, that too thou knowest.

[*Taking THEKLA by the hand.*]

See, duke! All — all would I have owed to thee,  
 Would have received from thy paternal hand  
 The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou  
 Laid waste for ever — that concerns not thee.  
 Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust  
 Their happiness who most are thine. The God  
 Whom thou dost serve is no benignant deity.  
 Like as the blind, irreconcilable,  
 Fierce element, incapable of compact,  
 Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original, with a literal translation.

“ Weh denen, die auf Dich vertraun, an Dich  
 Die sichere Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,  
 Gelockt von deiner geistlichen Gestalt.  
 Schnell unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile  
 Gährts in dem tückischen Feuerschlunde, ladet  
 Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg  
 Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen  
 Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

“ Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's  
 Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,

## WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.  
 The adder! Oh, the charms of hell o'erpowered me!  
 He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul  
 Still to and fro he passed, suspected never.  
 On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven  
 Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I  
 In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been  
 To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,  
 War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,  
 I never could have done it. The emperor was  
 My austere master only, not my friend.

In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.  
 Oh, mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht! Mir sandte  
 Der Abgrund den verflecktesten der Geister,  
 Den Lügenkundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn  
 Als Freund an meiner Seite. Wer vermag  
 Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog  
 Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,  
 Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog  
 Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,  
 Ich hatte nimmer Ares gegen ihn,  
 Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,  
 Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,  
 Am Sternenhimmel," etc.

## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

"Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. Oh, the art of hell has deceived me! The abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil toward him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven," etc. We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller.



Till life returned ; and when thine eyes first opened,  
 I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have  
 Altered my feelings toward thee? Many thousands  
 Have I made rich, presented them with lands ;  
 Rewarded them with dignities and honours ;  
 Thee have I loved : my heart, my self, I gave  
 To thee ; they all were aliens : thou wert  
 Our child and inmate.<sup>1</sup> Max. ! Thou canst not leave  
 me ;  
 It cannot be ; I may not, will not think  
 That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

Oh, my God !

WALLENSTEIN.

I have  
 Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.  
 What holy bond is there of natural love,  
 What human tie that does not knit thee to me ?  
 I love thee, Max. ! What did thy father for thee,  
 Which I too have not done, to the height of duty ?  
 Go hence, forsake me, serve thy emperor ;  
 He will reward thee with a pretty chain  
 Of gold ; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee ;  
 For that the friend, the father of thy youth,  
 For that the holiest feeling of humanity,  
 Was nothing worth to thee.

<sup>1</sup>This a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original, —

“Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst  
 Das Kind des Hauses.”

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. *O  
 si sic omnia !*

MAX.

O God! how can I  
Do otherwise. Am I not forced to do it,  
My oath — my duty — my honour —

WALLENSTEIN.

How? Thy duty?  
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee  
What duties may'st thou have? If I am acting  
A criminal part toward the emperor,  
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong  
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?  
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,  
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?  
On me thou art planted, I am thy emperor;  
To obey me, to belong to me, this is  
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!  
And if the planet on the which thou livest  
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,  
It is not in thy choice, whether or no  
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward  
Together with his ring, and all his moons.  
With little guilt steppest thou into this contest;  
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,  
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee  
Than names and influences more removed;  
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,  
Affection and fidelity the subject's.  
Not every one doth it beseem to question  
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely  
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty: let  
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

## SCENE XIX.

*To these enter NEUMANN.*

WALLENSTEIN.

What now ?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,  
And are advancing now on foot, determined  
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free  
The count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN (*to TERZKY*).

Have the cannon planted.

I will receive them with chain-shot. [*Exit TERZKY.*  
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!  
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,  
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[*NEUMANN exit. ILLO steps to the window.*

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (*at the window*).

Hell and perdition !

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it ?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered,  
They level at this house the cannon —

MAX.

Madmen.

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

Merciful heaven !

MAX. (*to* WALLENSTEIN).

Let me go to them !

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step !

MAX. (*pointing to* THEKLA *and the* DUCHESS).

But their life ! Thine !

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bringest thou, Terzky ?

## SCENE XX.

*To these* TERZKY *returning.*

TERZKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.  
 Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.  
 They entreat permission to commence the attack ;  
 And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset  
 They could now charge the enemy in rear,  
 Into the city wedge them, and with ease  
 O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

Oh, come,

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery  
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;  
We are the greater number. Let us charge them  
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,  
And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,  
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?  
Shall the decision be delivered over  
To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?  
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.  
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,  
So let it burst then! [Turns to MAX.]

Well, how is it with thee?

Wilt thou attempt a heat with me? Away!  
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,  
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;  
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat  
under me,  
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,  
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity  
To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,

Can it have come to this? What! Cousin, cousin!  
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care  
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen  
True to the emperor; and this promise will I  
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty  
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,

Unless compelled ; for though an enemy,  
Thy head is holy to me still.

[*Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERZKY hurry  
to the window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that ?

TERZKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls ! Who ?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom ?

ILLO.

On Neumann,

Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN (*starting up*).

Ha ! Death and hell ! I will —

TERZKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy ?

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

No !

For God's sake, no !

ILLO.

Not yet, my general !

Oh, hold him ! hold him !

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me —

MAX.

Do it not ;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them  
Into a frenzy-fit — allow them time —

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loitered.  
They are emboldened to these outrages,  
Beholding not my face. They shall behold  
My countenance, shall hear my voice —  
Are they not my troops? Am I not their general,  
And their long-feared commander! Let me see,  
Whether indeed they do no longer know  
That countenance which was their sun in battle!  
From the balcony (mark!) I show myself  
To these rebellious forces, and at once  
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swollen current  
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERZKY, and BUTLER  
*follow.*

SCENE XXI.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX, and THEKLA.

COUNTESS (*to the* DUCHESS).

Let them but see him — there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (*who during the last scene has been standing at a distance, in a visible struggle of feelings, advances*).

This can I not endure.  
 With most determined soul did I come hither ;  
 My purposed action seemed unblamable  
 To my own conscience — and I must stand here.  
 Like one abhorred, a hard, inhuman being :  
 Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love !  
 Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,  
 Whom I with one word can make happy — O !  
 My heart revolts within me, and two voices  
 Make themselves audible within my bosom.  
 My soul's benighted ; I no longer can  
 Distinguish the right track. Oh, well and truly  
 Didst thou say, father, I relied too much  
 On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro —  
 I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What ! you know not ?  
 Does not your own heart tell you ? Oh ! then I  
 Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,  
 A frightful traitor to us — he has plotted  
 Against our general's life, has plunged us all  
 In misery — and you're his son ! 'Tis yours  
 To make the amends. Make you the son's fidelity  
 Outweigh the father's treason, that the name  
 Of Piccolomini be not a proverb  
 Of infamy, a common form of cursing  
 To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow !  
 It speaks no longer in my heart. We all  
 But utter what our passionate wishes dictate :  
 Oh, that an angel would descend from heaven,

And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,  
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of light.

[*His eyes glance on THEKLA.*

What other angel seek I? To this heart,  
To this unerring heart, will I submit it;  
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless  
The happy man alone, averted ever  
From the disquieted and guilty — canst thou  
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,  
And I am the duke's —

COUNTESS.

Think, niece —

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla:  
Speak what thou feelest.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.  
Thee, the beloved and the unerring God  
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?  
Not whether diadem of royalty  
Be to be won or not — that mightest thou think on.  
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet are at stake:  
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,  
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear  
My oath and duty to the emperor?  
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp  
The parricidal ball? For when the ball  
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,  
It is no longer a dead instrument!  
It lives, a spirit passes into it;

The avenging furies seize possession of it,  
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.

Oh! Max. —

MAX. (*interrupting her*).

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.  
I understand thee. To thy noble heart  
The hardest duty might appear the highest.  
The human, not the great part, would I act.  
Even from my childhood to this present hour,  
Think what the duke has done for me, how loved me,  
And think, too, how my father has repaid him.  
Oh, likewise the free lovely impulses  
Of hospitality, the pious friend's  
Faithful attachment, these, too, are a holy  
Religion to the heart; and heavily  
The shudderings of nature do avenge  
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.  
Lay all upon the balance, all — then speak,  
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

Oh, thy own  
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou  
Thy heart's first feeling —

COUNTESS.

Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,  
The which thy tender heart did not at first  
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,  
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.

Whate'er thou hast chosen, thou wouldst still have acted  
Nobly and worthy of thee — but repentance  
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I

Must leave thee, must part from thee!

THEKLA.

Being faithful

To thine own self, thou art faithful, too, to me :  
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.  
A bloody hatred will divide for ever  
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland ;  
But we belong not to our houses. Go !  
Quick ! quick ! and separate thy righteous cause  
From our unholy and unblessed one !  
The curse of heaven lies upon our head :  
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me  
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.  
Mourn not for me :  
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion.  
There is heard from behind the scene a loud,  
wild, long-continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus !  
accompanied by warlike instruments. MAX.  
and THEKLA remain without motion in each  
other's embraces.

## SCENE XXII.

*To the above enter TERZKY.*

COUNTESS (*meeting him*).

What meant that cry ? What was it ?

TERZKY.

All is lost!

COUNTESS.

What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERZKY.

'Twas all in vain.

DUCHESS.

They shouted *Vivat!*

TERZKY.

To the emperor.

COUNTESS.

The traitors!

TERZKY.

Nay! he was not permitted  
Even to address them. Soon as he began,  
With deafening noise of warlike instruments  
They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XXIII.

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and BUTLER.*

WALLENSTEIN (*as he enters*).

Terzky!

TERZKY.

My general!

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves  
In readiness to march; for we shall leave  
Pilsen ere evening.

[*Exit* TERZKY.]

Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my general.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor of Egra is your friend  
And countryman. Write him instantly  
By a post courier. He must be advised  
That we are with him early on the morrow.  
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my general!

WALLENSTEIN (*steps between MAX. and THEKLA, who have remained during this time in each other's arms*).

Part!

MAX.

O God!

[*CUIRASSIERS enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the background. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address MAX.*]

WALLENSTEIN (*to the CUIRASSIERS*).

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him  
No longer.

[*He turns away, and stands so that MAX. cannot pass by him nor approach the PRINCESS.*]

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live  
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,  
Leaving my all behind me. Oh, do not turn

Thine eyes away from me! Oh, once more show me  
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

[MAX. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled:  
he turns to the COUNTESS.

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[The COUNTESS turns away from him; he turns  
to the DUCHESS.

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply  
The time may come when you may prove to us  
A true friend, a good angel at the throne  
Of the emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not  
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no!  
Mine is a certain misery. Thanks to heaven!  
That offers me a means of ending it.

[The military music begins again. The stage fills  
more and more with armed men. MAX. sees  
BUTLER, and addresses him.

And you here, Colonel Butler — and will you  
Not follow me? Well, then, remain more faithful  
To your new lord than you have proved yourself  
To the emperor. Come, Butler! promise me.  
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be  
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.  
He is attainted, and his princely head  
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.  
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,  
And those whom here I see —

[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.

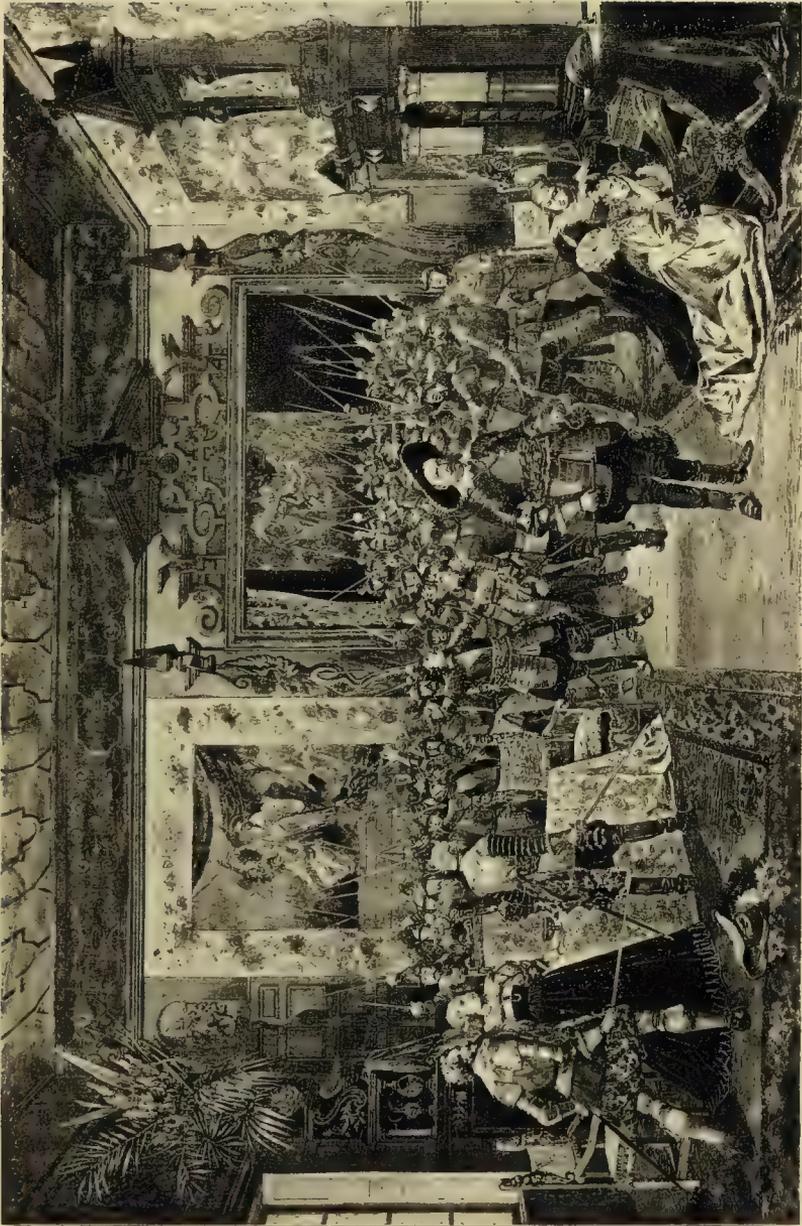
ILLO.

Go — seek for traitors  
In Gallas', in your father's quarters. Here



*“I dedicate your souls to vengeance”*

Photogravure from the painting by T. Everhardy





Is only one. Away! away! and free us  
From his detested sight! Away!

[MAX. attempts once more to approach THEKLA.  
WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX. stands  
irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the  
meantime the stage fills more and more; and  
the horns sound from below louder and louder,  
and each time after a shorter interval.

MAX.

Blow, blow! Oh, were it but the Swedish trumpets,  
And all the naked swords, which I see here,  
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?  
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,  
Ye drive me not to desperation. Do it not!  
Ye may repent it!

[*The stage is entirely filled with armed men.*

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down.  
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done  
To choose a man despairing for your leader;  
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,  
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!  
For your own ruin you have chosen me:  
Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.

[*He turns to the background; there ensues a  
sudden and violent movement among the  
CUIRASSIERS; they surround him, and carry  
him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN re-  
mains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her  
mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music  
becomes loud and overpowering, and passes  
into a complete war-march — the orchestra  
joins it — and continues during the interval  
between the third and fourth acts.*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*The BURGOMASTER'S house at Egra.*

BUTLER (*just arrived*).

Here then he is by his destiny conducted.  
Here, Friedland! and no further! From Bohemia  
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,  
And here upon the borders of Bohemia  
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,  
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.  
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,  
Against thy emperor and fellow citizens  
Thou meanest to wage the war. Friedland, beware —  
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee —  
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

## SCENE II.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?

How my heart sinks! The duke a fugitive traitor!  
His princely head attainted! Oh, my God!  
Tell me, general, I implore thee, tell me  
In full, of all these sad events at Pilsen.

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent you  
By a post-courier?

GORDON.

Yes: and in obedience to it  
Opened the stronghold to him without scruple,  
For an imperial letter orders me  
To follow your commands implicitly.  
But yet forgive me! when even now I saw  
The duke himself, my scruples recommenced.  
For truly, not like an attainted man,  
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;  
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,  
And calm, as in the days when all was right,  
Did he receive from me the accounts of office.  
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension.  
But sparing and with dignity the duke  
Weighed every syllable of approbation,  
As masters praise a servant who has done  
His duty and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely  
As I related in my letter. Friedland  
Has sold the army to the enemy,  
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.  
On this report the regiments all forsook him,  
The five excepted that belong to Terzky,  
And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.  
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,  
And every loyal subject is required  
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the emperor. Such a noble!  
Of such high talents! What is human greatness?  
I often said, this can't end happily.  
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power  
Are but a covered pitfall. The human being

May not be trusted to self-government.  
 The clear and written law, the deep-trod footmarks  
 Of ancient custom, are all necessary  
 To keep him in the road of faith and duty.  
 The authority intrusted to this man  
 Was unexampled and unnatural,  
 It placed him on a level with his emperor,  
 Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe is me!  
 I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem  
 Might none stand firm. Alas! dear general,  
 We in our lucky mediocrity  
 Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,  
 What dangerous wishes such a height may breed  
 In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments  
 Till he need sympathy; for at this present  
 He is still mighty, and still formidable.  
 The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,  
 And quickly will the junction be accomplished.  
 This must not be! The duke must never leave  
 This stronghold on free footing; for I have  
 Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,  
 And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day!  
 From his hand I received this dignity,  
 He did himself intrust this stronghold to me,  
 Which I am now required to make his dungeon.  
 We subalterns have no will of our own:  
 The free, the mighty man alone may listen  
 To the fair impulse of his human nature.  
 Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,  
 Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!



GORDON (*pauses, reflecting — then as in deep dejection*).

If it be so — if all be as you say —  
 If he've betrayed the emperor, his master,  
 Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver  
 The strongholds of the country to the enemy —  
 Yea, truly! — there is no redemption for him!  
 Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine  
 To be the instrument of his perdition;  
 For we were pages at the court of Bergau  
 At the same period; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so —

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then.  
 A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year  
 Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:  
 Yet even then he had a daring soul:  
 His frame of mind was serious and severe  
 Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects;  
 He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,  
 Communing with himself; yet I have known him  
 Transported on a sudden into utterance  
 Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour  
 His soul revealed itself, and he spake so  
 That we looked round perplexed upon each other,  
 Not knowing whether it were craziness,  
 Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high  
 From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep  
 And rose up free from injury? From this day  
 (It is reported) he betrayed clear marks  
 Of a distempered fancy.

GORDON.

He became

Doubtless more self-enwrapped and melancholy ;  
 He made himself a Catholic.<sup>1</sup> Marvellously  
 His marvellous preservation had transformed him.  
 Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted  
 And privileged being, and, as if he were  
 Incapable of dizziness or fall,  
 He ran along the unsteady rope of life.  
 But now our destinies drove us asunder ;  
 He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,  
 Was count, and prince, duke-regent, and dictator,  
 And now is all, all this too little for him ;  
 He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,  
 And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

### SCENE III.

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the  
 BURGOMASTER of Egra.*

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see  
 Ye bear the half-eagle in your city arms.  
 Why the half-eagle only ?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,  
 But for the last two hundred years has Egra

<sup>1</sup> It appears that the account of his conversion being caused by such a fall, and other stories of his juvenile character, are not well authenticated.

Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown ;  
 Therefore we bear the half-eagle, the other half  
 Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,  
 If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.  
 Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears  
 To no designing whispering court minions.  
 What may your imposts be ?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that  
 We totter under them. The garrison  
 Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,  
 There are some Protestants among you still ?

[*The BURGOMASTER hesitates.*

Yes, yes ; I know it. Many lie concealed  
 Within these walls. Confess now, you yourself —

[*Fixes his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER alarmed.*

Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.  
 Could my will have determined it they had  
 Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me —  
 Mass-book or Bible, 'tis all one to me.  
 Of that the world has had sufficient proof.  
 I built a church for the Reformed in Glogau  
 At my own instance. Hark ye, burgomaster !  
 What is your name ?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhalbel, may it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hark ye! But let it go no further, what I now  
Disclose to you in confidence.

*[Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER'S shoulder  
with a certain solemnity.]*

The times

Draw near to their fulfilment, burgomaster!  
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.  
Hark ye! But keep it to yourself! The end  
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy —  
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw  
The three moons that appeared at once in the heaven?

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two  
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,  
And only one, the middle moon, remained  
Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks! That all? I tell you that two empires  
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,  
And Lutherism alone remain.

*[Observing GORDON and BUTLER.]*

I' faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard  
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward:  
'Twas on our left hand. Did ye hear it here?

GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the south.

BUTLER.

It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.  
How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred  
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

GORDON.

Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither  
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too  
You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries  
I caused to be run up. They were needless;  
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, general!

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your emperor's service.  
I am content with you, lieutenant-colonel.

[To BUTLER.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim,  
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[*To* GORDON.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave  
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I  
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival  
Of letters to take leave of you, together  
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

*To these enter* COUNT TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Joy, general, joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be?

TERZKY.

There has been an engagement  
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TERZKY.

A countryman from Tirschenreut conveyed it.  
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!  
A troop of the imperialists from Tachau  
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;  
The cannonade continued full two hours;  
There were left dead upon the field a thousand  
Imperialists, together with their colonel;  
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came  
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,  
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.  
Count Gallas' force collects at Frauenburg,  
And have not the full complement. Is it possible  
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?  
It cannot be.

TERZKY.

We shall soon know the whole,  
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

*To these enter ILLO.*

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

A courier, duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERZKY (*eagerly*).

Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN (*at the same time*).

What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO.

From the Rhinegrave,  
And what he brings I can announce to you  
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;  
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini  
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;  
A murderous fight took place! o'erpowered by numbers,  
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,  
[WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale.*  
Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, in a low voice*).

Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN *is going, when* LADY NEUBRUNN *rushes into the room. Some servants follow her and run across the stage.*

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO *and* TERZKY (*at the same time*).

What now?

NEUBRUNN.

The princess!

WALLENSTEIN *and* TERZKY.

Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (*at the same time with them*).

She is dying!

[*Hurries off the stage, when* WALLENSTEIN *and* TERZKY *follow her.*

#### SCENE VI.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved —  
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate lady !

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo  
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,  
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five  
Close by us to protect the duke. We have  
Only my single regiment ; and the garrison  
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force  
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,  
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be feared.

BUTLER (*after a pause*).

Know, I am warranty for the event ;  
With my head have I pledged myself for his,

Must make my word good, cost it what it will,  
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,  
Why — death makes all things certain !

GORDON.

Butler! What?  
Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could —

BUTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And you can do the deed?

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.

You would assassinate him?

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

Your general!  
The sacred person of your general!

BUTLER.

My general he has been.

GORDON.

That 'tis only  
An "has been" washes out no villainy,  
And without judgment passed.

BUTLER.

The execution  
Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,  
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the emperor has passed judgment,  
And we but execute his will.

GORDON.

We should not  
Hurry to realise a bloody sentence.  
A word may be recalled, a life never can be.

BUTLER.

Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward  
To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses  
His colour at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle  
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner — do not kill him.

BUTLER.

Had not the emperor's army been defeated  
I might have done so. But 'tis now passed by.

GORDON.

Oh, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?

BUTLER.

His destiny, and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,  
I had fallen, defending the emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished!

GORDON.

Doing their duty — that adorns the man!  
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUTLER (*brings out a paper*).

Here is the manifesto which commands us  
To gain possession of his person. See —  
It is addressed to you as well as me.  
Are you content to take the consequences,  
If through our fault he escape to the enemy ?

GORDON.

I? Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.  
Come of it what may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

Oh, God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else  
Wherewith to execute the emperor's purpose?  
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,  
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what must be  
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart  
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity  
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo,  
And Terzky likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts  
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.  
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions

In his calm breast, and with officious villainy  
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they  
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his!  
We meant to have taken them alive this evening  
Amid the merrymaking of a feast,  
And keep them prisoners in the citadel,  
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant  
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

*To these enter ILLO and TERZKY.*

TERZKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come  
The Swedes — twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!  
Then straightwise for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!  
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe  
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,  
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;  
One has already done his bitter penance,  
The Piccolomini: be his the fate  
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure  
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long  
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house  
From a count's title to the name of prince;  
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BULTER.

'Twas pity, though! A youth of such heroic  
And gentle temperament! The duke himself,  
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point  
That never pleased me in our general —  
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.  
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!  
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,  
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

TERZKY.

Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business  
Is, who can fairly drink the other down —  
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.  
Come! we will keep a merry carnival —  
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses  
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,  
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword  
Shall have no rest till it is bathed to the hilt  
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame! what talk is this,  
My lord field-marshal? Wherefore foam you so  
Against your emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much  
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!  
How rapidly the wheel of fortune turns;  
The emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The emperor has soldiers, no commander,  
 For this King Ferdinand of Hungary  
 Is but a tyro. Gallas? He's no luck,  
 And was of old the ruiner of armies.  
 And then this viper, this Octavio,  
 Is excellent at stabbing in the back,  
 But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERZKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed ;  
 Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the duke !  
 And only under Wallenstein can Austria  
 Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The duke will soon assemble  
 A mighty army : all come crowding, streaming  
 To banners, dedicate by destiny  
 To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold  
 Old times come back again ! he will become  
 Once more the mighty lord which he has been.  
 How will the fools, who've now deserted him,  
 Look then ? I can't but laugh to think of them,  
 For lands will he present to all his friends,  
 And like a king and emperor reward  
 True services ; but we've the nearest claims.

[To GORDON.

You will not be forgotten, governor !  
 He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine  
 In higher station : your fidelity  
 Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,  
 And wish to climb no higher ; where great height is,  
 The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great  
 depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more business, for to-morrow  
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.  
 Come, Terzky, it is supper-time. What think you?  
 Nay, shall we have the town illuminated  
 In honour of the Swede? And who refuses  
 To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERZKY.

Nay! nay! not that, it will not please the duke —

ILLO.

What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare  
 Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.  
 Gordon! good night, and for the last time take  
 A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols  
 To make secure, the watchword may be altered.  
 At the stroke of ten deliver in the keys  
 To the duke himself, and then you've quit for ever  
 Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow  
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERZKY (*as he is going, to BUTLER*).

You come, though, to the castle?

BUTLER.

At the right time.  
 [*Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.*]

## SCENE VIII.

GORDON *and* BUTLER.GORDON (*looking after them*).

Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!  
They rush into the outspread net of murder  
In the blind drunkenness of victory;  
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,  
This overflowing and foolhardy villain,  
That would fain bathe himself in his emperor's blood.

BUTLER.

Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols,  
Take measures for the citadel's security;  
When they are within I close the castle gate  
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (*with earnest anxiety*).

Oh! haste not so!

Nay, stop; first tell me —

BUTLER.

You have heard already,  
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night  
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.  
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,  
I pray you promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set ;  
 A fateful evening doth descend upon us,  
 And brings on their long night ! Their evil stars  
 Deliver them unarmed into our hands,  
 And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes  
 The dagger at their hearts shall rouse them. Well,  
 The duke was ever a great calculator ;  
 His fellow men were figures on his chess-board  
 To move and station, as his game required.  
 Other men's honour, dignity, good name,  
 Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of,  
 Still calculating, calculating still ;  
 And yet at last his calculation proves  
 Erroneous ; the whole game is lost ; and lo !  
 His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

Oh, think not of his errors now ! remember  
 His greatness, his munificence ; think on all  
 The lovely features of his character,  
 On all the noble exploits of his life,  
 And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen,  
 Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.  
 I suffer not myself to feel compassion,  
 Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now.  
*[Grasping GORDON'S hand.]*
 Gordon ! 'tis not my hatred (I pretend not  
 To love the duke, and have no cause to love him).  
 Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me  
 To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.  
 Hostile occurrences of many events  
 Control and subjugate me to the office.

In vain the human being meditates  
 Free action. He is but the wire-worked<sup>1</sup> puppet  
 Of the blind Power, which out of its own choice,  
 Creates for him a dread necessity.  
 What too would it avail him if there were  
 A something pleading for him in my heart —  
 Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you,  
 Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.  
 Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous  
 Bedewed with blood — his blood? Believe it not!

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen  
 That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten  
 With such forced marches hitherwards? Fain would I  
 Have given him to the emperor's mercy. Gordon!  
 I do not wish his blood, — but I must ransom  
 The honour of my word, — it lies in pledge —  
 And he must die, or —

[*Passionately grasping GORDON'S hand.*

Listen, then, and know

I am dishonoured if the duke escape us.

GORDON.

Oh! to save such a man —

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth

A sacrifice. Come, friend! Be noble-minded!

<sup>1</sup> We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a statement in the mouth of any character. — T.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,  
Forms our true honour.

BUTLER (*with a cold and haughty air*).

He is a great lord,  
This duke, and I am of but mean importance.  
This is what you would say! Wherein concerns it  
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,  
Whether the man of low extraction keeps  
Or blemishes his honour —  
So that the man of princely rank be saved?  
We all do stamp our value on ourselves:  
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.  
There does not live on earth the man so stationed  
That I despise myself compared with him.  
Man is made great or little by his own will;  
Because I am true to mine therefore he dies!

GORDON.

I am endeavouring to move a rock.  
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.  
I cannot hinder you, but may some God  
Rescue him from you! [*Exit* GORDON.]

BUTLER<sup>1</sup> (*alone*).

I treasured my good name all my life long;  
The duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,  
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!  
He prizes above all his fealty;  
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;  
In opposition to his own soft heart  
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.

<sup>1</sup> This soliloquy, which, according to the former arrangement, constituted the whole of scene ix., and concluded the fourth act, is omitted in all the printed German editions. It seems probable that it existed in the original manuscript from which Mr. Coleridge translated. — ED.

Me in a weaker moment passion warped ;  
 I stand beside him, and must feel myself  
 The worst man of the two. What though the world  
 Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet  
 One man does know it, and can prove it, too —  
 High-minded Piccolomini !  
 There lives the man who can dishonour me !  
 This ignominy blood alone can cleanse !  
 Duke Friedland, thou or I. Into my own hands  
 Fortune delivers me. The dearest thing a man has is  
 himself.

## SCENE IX.

[*A Gothic and gloomy apartment at the DUCHESS FRIEDLAND'S. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLENSTEIN and the COUNTESS in conversation.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon ?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have  
 Foreboded some misfortune. The report  
 Of an engagement, in which had fallen  
 A colonel of the imperial army, frightened her.  
 I saw it instantly. She flew to meet  
 The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning  
 Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.  
 Too late we missed her, hastened after her ;  
 We found her lying in his arms, all pale,  
 And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow !  
 And she so unprepared ! Poor child ! how is it ?  
 [Turning to the DUCHESS.  
 Is she coming to herself ?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

She lives !

THEKLA (*looking around her*).

Where am I ?

WALLENSTEIN (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms*).

Come, cheerly, Thekla ! be my own brave girl !  
 See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in  
 Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (*standing up*).

Where is he ? Is he gone ?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter ?

THEKLA.

He — the man who uttered  
 That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

Oh, think not of it !

My Thekla !

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her sorrow leave to talk!  
Let her complain — mingle your tears with hers,  
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but  
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla  
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.  
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?  
It is gone by — I recollect myself.  
*[She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.]*  
Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.  
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No; never shall this messenger of evil  
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father —

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak.  
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.  
You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me,  
And grant me leave, that by myself I may  
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'Tis not advisable — assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my  
daughter?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;  
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes  
Only to spare me. I will not be spared —  
The worst is said already: I can hear  
Nothing of deeper anguish!

COUNTESS *and* DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpowered me by surprise,  
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence:  
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,  
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.  
I must replace myself in his esteem,  
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,  
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined  
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present —

THEKLA.

More pleasing to me if alone I saw him;  
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more  
Collectedly. 'Twere

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.  
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,  
Where of necessity the soul must be  
Its own support. A strong heart will rely  
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,  
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect  
The strength to rise superior to this blow.  
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated  
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [Going.

COUNTESS (*detaining him*).

Where art thou going? I heard Terzky say  
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence  
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection  
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

Oh, take us with you, brother.  
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude.

To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt  
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,  
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.  
Oh, leave us not behind you in a place  
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy  
And sick within me is my heart —  
These walls breath on me like a churchyard vault.  
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place  
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.  
Come, sister, join you your entreaty! Niece,  
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,  
Making it that which shields and shelters for me  
My best beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN (*returning*).

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me.

DUCHESS (*to THEKLA, who starts and shivers*).

There — pale as death! Child, 'tis impossible  
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy  
mother.



*Thekla and the Swedish Courier*

Photogravure from the painting by F. Schwalbe





THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS and COUNTESS.]

SCENE X.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN (*respectfully approaching her*).

Princess — I must entreat your gentle pardon —  
My inconsiderate rash speech. How could I —

THEKLA (*with dignity*).

You have beheld me in my agony.  
A most distressful accident occasioned  
You from a stranger to become at once  
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence,  
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.  
The horror which came o'er me interrupted  
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,  
Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill  
Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm, —  
I will be firm. Well — how began the engagement ?

## CAPTAIN.

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,  
 Intrenched but insecurely in our camp,  
 When toward evening rose a cloud of dust  
 From the wood thitherward ; our vanguard fled  
 Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.  
 Scarce had we mounted ere the Pappenheimers,  
 Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,  
 And leaped the trenches ; but their heedless courage  
 Had borne them onward far before the others —  
 The infantry were still at distance, only  
 The Pappenheimers followed daringly  
 Their daring leader —

[THEKLA *betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.*

Both in van and flanks  
 With our whole cavalry we now received them ;  
 Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot  
 Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.  
 They neither could advance, nor yet retreat ;  
 And as they stood on every side wedged in,  
 The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,  
 Inviting a surrender ; but their leader,  
 Young Piccolomini —

[THEKLA, *as giddy, grasps a chair.*  
 Known by his plume,

And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches ;  
 Himself leaped first : the regiment all plunged after.  
 His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,  
 Flung him with violence off, and over him  
 The horses, now no longer to be curbed, —

[THEKLA, *who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame and is falling. The LADY NEUBRUNN runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady —

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THEKLA.

'Tis over,

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild despair

Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw  
 Their leader perish; every thought of rescue  
 Was spurned; they fought like wounded tigers; their  
 Frantic resistance roused our soldiery;  
 A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest  
 Finished before their last man fell.

THEKLA (*faltering*).

And where —

Where is — you have not told me all.

CAPTAIN (*after a pause*).

This morning

We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth  
 Did bear him to interment; the whole army  
 Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;  
 The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,  
 In mark of honour by the Rhinegrave's self;  
 Nor tears were wanting, for there are among us  
 Many, who had themselves experienced  
 The greatness of his mind and gentle manners;  
 All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave  
 Would willingly have saved him; but himself  
 Made vain the attempt — 'tis said he wished to die.

NEUBRUNN (*to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance*).  
 Look up, my dearest lady —

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church  
 Are his remains deposited, until  
 We can receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.

What is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.

St. Catherine's.

THEKLA.

And how far is it thither?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreut  
 And Falkenburg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA.

Who

Is their commander?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seckendorf.

[THEKLA *steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*

THEKLA.

You have beheld me in my agony,  
 And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept  
[*Giving him the ring.*
 A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN (*confusedly*).

Princess —

[THEKLA *silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The captain lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.*

## SCENE XI.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA (*falls on LADY NEUBRUNN'S neck*).

Now gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection  
 Which thou hast ever promised — prove thyself  
 My own true friend and faithful fellow pilgrim.  
 This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.

Away! and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither! There is but one place in the world.  
 Thither, where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there?

THEKLA.

What do there?

That wouldst thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.  
There, that is all that still remains of him!  
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death —

THEKLA.

Is now the only place  
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!  
Come and make preparations; let us think  
Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage —

THEKLA.

That time is past —  
And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.  
Am I then hastening to the arms — O God!  
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless, feeble women ?

THEKLA.

We will take weapons : my arm shall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time ?

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night —

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed  
Under the hoofs of his war-horses ?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven!  
And then the many posts of the enemy !

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free  
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length —

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine  
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.

How can we pass the gates ?

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.

Go, do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recognised —

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,  
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horses for our flight ?

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord ?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady ! and your mother ?

THEKLA.

Oh ! my mother !

NEUBRUNN.

So much as she has suffered too already ;  
Your tender mother. Ah ! how ill prepared  
For this last anguish !

THEKLA.

Woe is me ! my mother ! [*Pauses.*

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think ! what you are doing !

THEKLA.

What can be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpose you to do ?

THEKLA.

There a divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted !  
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, such as he has found,  
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,  
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.  
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.  
Oh, hasten, make no further questioning !  
There is no rest for me till I have left  
These walls — they fall in on me — a dim power  
Drives me from hence — oh, mercy ! What a feeling !  
What pale and hollow forms are those ! They fill,

They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!  
 Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm,  
 They press on me; they chase me from these walls—  
 Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me so, lady, that no longer  
 I dare stay here myself. I go and call  
 Rosenberg instantly. [*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE XII.

THEKLA.

His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop  
 Of his true followers, who offered up  
 Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me  
 Of an ignoble loitering — they would not  
 Forsake their leader even in his death; they died for  
 him,  
 And shall I live?  
 For me too was that laurel garland twined  
 That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:  
 I throw it from me. Oh, my only hope!  
 To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds —  
 That is a lot of heroes upon earth! [*Exit* THEKLA.<sup>1</sup>  
 (*The curtain drops.*)

<sup>1</sup>The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six and twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play. — C.

## SCENE XIII.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN, *and* ROSENBERG.

NEUBRUNN.

He is here, lady, and he will procure them.

THEKLA.

Wilt thou provide us horses, Rosenberg?

ROSENBERG.

I will, my lady.

THEKLA.

And go with us as well?

ROSENBERG.

To the world's end, my lady.

THEKLA.

But consider,  
Thou never canst return unto the duke.

ROSENBERG.

I will remain with thee.

THEKLA.

I will reward thee,  
And will commend thee to another master.  
Canst thou unseen conduct us from the castle?

ROSENBERG.

I can.

THEKLA.

When can I go ?

ROSENBERG.

This very hour.

But whither would you, lady ?

THEKLA.

To — Tell him, Neubrunn.

NEUBRUNN.

To Neustadt.

ROSENBERG.

So ; I leave you to get ready. [Exit.

NEUBRUNN.

Oh, see, your mother comes.

THEKLA.

Indeed ! O Heaven !

SCENE XIV.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN, *the* DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

He's gone ! I find thee more composed, my child.

THEKLA.

I am so, mother ; let me only now  
Retire to rest, and Neubrunn here be with me.  
I want repose.

DUCHESS.

My Thekla, thou shalt have it.  
I leave thee now consoled, since I can calm  
Thy father's heart.

THEKLA.

Good night, beloved mother!  
[*Falling on her neck and embracing her with deep  
emotion.*]

DUCHESS.

Thou scarcely art composed e'en now, my daughter.  
Thou tremblest strongly, and I feel thy heart  
Beat audibly on mine.

THEKLA.

Sleep will appease  
Its beating: now good night, good night, dear mother.  
(*As she withdraws from her mother's arms the curtain  
falls.*)

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*Butler's Chamber*

BUTLER, and MAJOR GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes.  
For there must be no firing —  
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,  
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in  
And cry — "Who is loyal to the emperor?"  
I will overturn the table — while you attack

Illo and Terzky, and despatch them both.  
 The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,  
 That no intelligence of this proceeding  
 May make its way to the duke. Go instantly;  
 Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux  
 And the Macdonald?

GERALDIN.

They'll be here anon.

[*Exit* GERALDIN.]

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens  
 Declare for him — a dizzy drunken spirit  
 Possesses the whole town. They see in the duke  
 A prince of peace, a founder of new ages  
 And golden times. Arms, too, have been given out  
 By the town-council, and a hundred citizens  
 Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.  
 Despatch! then, be the word; for enemies  
 Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, *and* MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, general.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the watchword?

BUTLER.

Long live the emperor!

BOTH (*recoiling*).

How ?

BUTLER.

Live the house of Austria.

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland ?

MACDONALD.

Have we not marched to this place to protect him ?

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor and his country's enemy ?

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes ! in his name you administered  
Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So, then !

MACDONALD.

An altered case !

BUTLER (*to DEVEREUX*).

Thou wretched man,  
So easily leavest thou thy oath and colours ?

DEVEREUX.

The devil! I but followed your example;  
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

MACDONALD.

We've naught to do with thinking — that's your business.  
You are our general, and give out the orders;  
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER (*appeased*).

Good, then! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we — who bids most  
He has us.

MACDONALD.

'Tis e'en so!

BUTLER.

Well, for the present  
You must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

BUTLER.

Ay, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.

That is still better.

BUTLER.

Listen!

BOTH.

We attend.

BUTLER.

It is the emperor's will and ordinance  
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland  
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.

It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.

Alive or dead — these were the very words.

BUTLER.

And he shall be rewarded from the state  
In land and gold who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.

Ay! that sounds well. The words sound always well  
That travel hither from the court. Yes! yes!  
We know already what court-words import.  
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,  
Or an old charger, or a parchment-patent,  
And such like. The prince-duke pays better.

MACDONALD.

The duke's a splendid paymaster.

Yes,



BOTH.

Us!

BUTLER.

You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.

DEVEREUX (*after a pause*).

Choose you some other.

BUTLER.

What! art dastardly?

Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for —  
Thou conscientious of a sudden?

DEVEREUX.

Nay,

To assassinate our lord and general —

MACDONALD.

To whom we swore a soldier's oath —

BUTLER.

The oath

Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.

No, no! it is too bad!

MACDONALD.

Yes, by my soul!

It is too bad. One has a conscience too —

DEVEREUX.

If it were not our chieftain, who so long  
Has issued the commands, and claimed our duty —

BUTLER.

Is that the objection ?

DEVEREUX.

Were it my own father,  
And the emperor's service should demand it of me,  
It might be done perhaps — but we are soldiers,  
And to assassinate our chief commander,  
That is a sin, a foul abomination,  
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.

BUTLER.

I am your pope, and give you absolution.  
Determine quickly !

DEVEREUX.

'Twill not do.

MACDONALD.

'Twon't do.

BUTLER.

Well, off then ! and — send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX (*hesitates*).

The Pestalutz —

MACDONALD.

What may you want with him ?

BUTLER.

If you reject it, we can find enough —

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty  
As well as any other. What think you,  
Brother Macdonald ?



BUTLER.

With these you shall begin — you understand me ?

DEVEREUX.

How ? And must they too perish ?

BUTLER.

They the first.

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux ! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that ? Commission me —

BUTLER.

'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin ;  
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast  
Given at the castle — there we shall surprise them,  
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley  
Have that commission. Soon as that is finished —

DEVEREUX.

Hear, general ! It will be all one to you —  
Hark ye, let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'Twill be the lesser danger with the duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger ! The devil ! What do you think me, general,  
'Tis the duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee ?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell !  
 Thou knowest that I'm no milksop, general !  
 But 'tis not eight days since the duke did send me  
 Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat  
 Which I have on ! and then for him to see me  
 Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,  
 That eye of his looking upon this coat —  
 Why — why — the devil fetch me ! I'm no milksop !

BUTLER.

The duke presented thee this good warm coat,  
 And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience  
 To run him through the body in return.  
 A coat that is far better and far warmer  
 Did the emperor give to him, the prince's mantle.  
 How doth he thank the emperor ? With revolt  
 And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take  
 Such thankers ! I'll despatch him.

BUTLER.

And would'st quiet  
 Thy conscience, thou hast naught to do but simply  
 Pull off the coat ; so canst thou do the deed  
 With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right.  
 That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat —  
 So there's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there's another  
Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald ?

MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against him ?  
He is not to be wounded — he is —

BUTLER (*starting up*).

What !

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab, and flash ! Hard frozen,  
Secured and warranted by the black art !  
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Ingolstadt there was just such another :  
His whole skin was the same as steel ; at last  
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well ?

MACDONALD.

In the cloister here  
There's a Dominican, my countryman.  
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me  
In holy water, and say over them

One of his strongest blessings. That's *probatum*!  
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald!  
But now go and select from out the regiment  
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,  
And let them take the oaths to the emperor.  
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds  
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be  
To the house. I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,  
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place,  
I lead you through a back door that's defended  
By one man only. Me my rank and office  
Give access to the duke at every hour.  
I'll go before you — with one poniard-stroke  
Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.

And when we are there, by what means shall we gain  
The duke's bedchamber, without his alarming  
The servants of the court? for he has here  
A numerous company of followers.

BUTLER.

The attendants fill the right wing: he hates bustle  
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.



DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not  
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD and  
DEVEREUX through the other.*]

SCENE III.

*A saloon, terminated by a gallery, which extends far  
into the background.*

WALLENSTEIN *sitting at a table.* The SWEDISH CAP-  
TAIN *standing before him.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathise  
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me  
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,  
Which such a victory might well demand,  
Attribute it to no lack of good will,  
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,  
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow  
The citadel shall be surrendered to you  
On your arrival.

[*The SWEDISH CAPTAIN retires. WALLENSTEIN sits  
lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his  
head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS  
TERZKY enters, stands before him for awhile,  
unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees  
her and recollects himself.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is  
she?

COUNTESS.

My sister tells me she was more collected  
After her conversation with the Swede.  
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften,  
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee altered, too,  
My brother! After such a victory  
I had expected to have found in thee  
A cheerful spirit. Oh, remain thou firm!  
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,  
Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's  
Thy husband?

COUNTESS.

At a banquet — he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (*rises and strides across the saloon*).  
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, oh, let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (*moves to the window*).

There is a busy motion in the heaven,  
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,  
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle<sup>1</sup> of the moon,

<sup>1</sup> These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity :

Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.  
 No form of star is visible! That one  
 White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,  
 Is from Cassiopeia, and therein  
 Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now  
 The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*

COUNTESS (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand.*)

What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks

If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.  
 He is the star of my nativity,  
 And often marvellously hath his aspect  
 Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt see him again.

“Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung.  
 Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht  
 Der Wolken Zug, die *Mondessichel wankt*,  
 Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.”

The word “moon-sickle” reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word “falcated.” “The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*.”

The words “wanken” and “schweben” are not easily translated. The English words by which we attempt to render them are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So “der Wolken Zug”—the draft, the procession of clouds. The masses of the clouds sweep onward in swift *stream*.

WALLENSTEIN (*remains for awhile with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turning suddenly to the COUNTESS*).

See him again? Oh, never, never again!

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone — is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou, then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!  
 For him there is no longer any future;  
 His life is bright — bright without spot it was,  
 And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour  
 Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap,  
 Far off is he, above desire and fear;  
 No more submitted to the change and chance  
 Of the unsteady planets. Oh, 'tis well  
 With him! but who knows what the coming hour  
 Veiled in thick darkness brings us?

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest  
 Of Piccolomini. What was his death?  
 The courier had just left thee as I came.  
 [WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs  
 to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,  
 Let us look forward into sunny days,  
 Welcome with joyous heart the victory,  
 Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,

For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead ;  
To thee he died when first he parted from thee.

## WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down,<sup>1</sup> I know ;  
What pang is permanent with man ? From the highest,  
As from the vilest thing of every day,  
He learns to wean himself : for the strong hours  
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost  
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life,  
For oh, he stood beside me, like my youth,  
Transformed for me the real to a dream,  
Clothing the palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations of the dawn.  
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,  
The beautiful is vanished — and returns not.

## COUNTESS.

Oh, be not treacherous to thy own power.  
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify  
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,  
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the door*).

Who interrupts us now at this late hour ?  
It is the governor. He brings the keys  
Of the citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister !

<sup>1</sup> A very inadequate translation of the original :

“ Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,  
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch ! ”

## LITERALLY.

“ I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious :  
What does not man *grieve down* ? ”

COUNTESS.

Oh, 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee;  
A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear! Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking  
Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

Oh, my soul  
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings,  
And if I combat and repel them waking,  
They still crush down upon my heart in dreams.  
I saw thee, yesternight, with thy first wife  
Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favourable omen,  
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee  
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!  
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse  
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,  
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be  
Interred.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams  
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices,  
Yet I would not call them  
Voices of warning that announce to us  
Only the inevitable. As the sun,  
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image  
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.  
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death  
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale  
Of my own future destiny. The king  
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife  
Long ere Ravallac armed himself therewith.  
His quiet mind forsook him; the phantasma  
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth  
Into the open air; like funeral knells  
Sounded that coronation festival;  
And still with boding sense he heard the tread  
Of those feet that even then were seeking him  
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to thee  
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.

Be wholly tranquil.



GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music! and the castle  
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the castle  
To the Count Terzky and Field-Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honour of the victory — this tribe  
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[*Rings. The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER enters.*

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[*WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.*

So we are guarded from all enemies,

And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[*Fixing his eyes on GORDON.*

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care — what is that?

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here — give it.

[*He takes and looks at the chain.*

'Twas the first present of the emperor.  
 He hung it round me in the war of Friule,  
 He being then archduke ; and I have worn it  
 Till now from habit —  
 From superstition, if you will. Belike,  
 It was to be a talisman to me ;  
 And while I wore it on my neck in faith,  
 It was to chain to me all my life long  
 The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.  
 Well, be it so ! Henceforward a new fortune  
 Must spring up for me ; for the potency  
 Of this charm is dissolved.

[GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *retires with the vestments.* WALLENSTEIN *rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before GORDON in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me ! I  
 Behold myself once more at Burgau, where  
 We two were pages of the court together.  
 We oftentimes disputed : thy intention  
 Was ever good ; but thou wert wont to play  
 The moralist and preacher, and wouldst rail at me —  
 That I strove after things too high for me,  
 Giving my faith to bold, unlawful dreams,  
 And still extol to me the golden mean.  
 Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend  
 To thy own self. See, it has made thee early  
 A superannuated man, and (but  
 That my munificent stars will intervene)  
 Would let thee in some miserable corner  
 Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My prince !  
 With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,  
 And watches from the shore the lofty ship  
 Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already  
 In harbour, then, old man? Well! I am not.  
 The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;  
 My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.  
 Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;  
 And while we stand thus front to front almost,  
 I might presume to say, that the swift years  
 Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

*[He moves with long strides across the saloon, and  
 remains on the opposite side over against  
 GORDON.]*

Who now persists in calling fortune false?  
 To me she has proved faithful; with fond love  
 Took me from out the common ranks of men,  
 And, like a mother goddess, with strong arm  
 Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.  
 Nothing is common in my destiny,  
 Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares  
 Interpret then my life for me as 'twere  
 One of the undistinguishable many?  
 True, in this present moment I appear  
 Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.  
 The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;  
 The fountain of my fortune, which now stops,  
 Repressed and bound by some malicious star,  
 Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,  
 "Let the night come before we praise the day."  
 I would be slow from long-continued fortune  
 To gather hope: for hope is the companion  
 Given to the unfortunate by pitying heaven.  
 Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men,  
 For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*).

I hear the very Gordon that of old  
 Was wont to preach, now once more preaching;  
 I know well, that all sublunary things  
 Are still the vassals of vicissitude.  
 The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.  
 This long ago the ancient pagans knew:  
 And therefore of their own accord they offered  
 To themselves injuries, so to atone  
 The jealousy of their divinities:  
 And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.  
 [*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued  
 manner.*]

I too have sacrificed to him — for me  
 There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault  
 He fell! No joy from favourable fortune  
 Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.  
 The envy of my destiny is glutted:  
 Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning  
 Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

SCENE V.

*To these enter SENI.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni? and beside himself,  
 If one can trust his looks? What brings thee hither  
 At this late hour, Baptista?

SENI.

Terror, duke!

On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

SENI.

Flee ere the day break!  
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

WALLENSTEIN.

What now  
Is in thy thoughts?

SENI (*with louder voice*).

Trust not thy person to the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it, then?

SENI (*still more urgently*).

Oh, wait not the arrival of these Swedes!  
An evil near at hand is threatening thee  
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!  
Near, near at hand the network of perdition —  
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming! — fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.  
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;  
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee  
From false friends.

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends  
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.  
The warning should have come before! At present

I need no revelation from the stars  
To know that.

SENI.

Come and see ! trust thine own eyes.  
A fearful sign stands in the house of life —  
An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind  
The radiance of thy planet. Oh, be warned !  
Deliver not up thyself to these heathens,  
To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughing gently*).

The oracle rails that way ! Yes, yes ! Now  
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes  
Did never please thee — lay thyself to sleep,  
Baptista ! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (*who during the whole of this dialogue has  
shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns  
to WALLENSTEIN*).

My duke and general ! May I dare presume ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What if 'twere no mere creation  
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed  
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,  
And made that mouth its organ ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye're both feverish !  
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes ?  
They sought this junction with me — 'tis their interest.

GORDON (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*).

But what if the arrival of these Swedes —  
What if this were the very thing that winged  
The ruin that is flying to your temples ?

[*Flings himself at his feet.*]

There is yet time, my prince.

SENI.

Oh, hear him ! hear him !

GORDON (*rises*).

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,  
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.  
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.  
But this I say : he'll find his own destruction,  
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner  
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.  
He shall experience what a band of heroes,  
Inspired by an heroic leader,  
Is able to perform. And if indeed  
It be thy serious wish to make amend  
For that which thou hast done amiss, — this, this  
Will touch and reconcile the emperor,  
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy ;  
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,  
Will stand yet higher in his emperor's favour  
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion*).

Gordon — your zeal and fervour lead you far.  
Well, well — an old friend has a privilege.  
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never  
Can the emperor pardon me : and if he could,  
Yet I — I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.  
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,  
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,

My first death offering ; and had the heart  
 Spoken to me, as now it has done — Gordon,  
 It may be, I might have bethought myself.  
 It may be, too, I might not. Might or might not  
 Is now an idle question. All too seriously  
 Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon !  
 Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*  
 All dark and silent — at the castle too  
 All is now hushed. Light me, chamberlain !

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation and throws himself at the DUKE'S feet.*

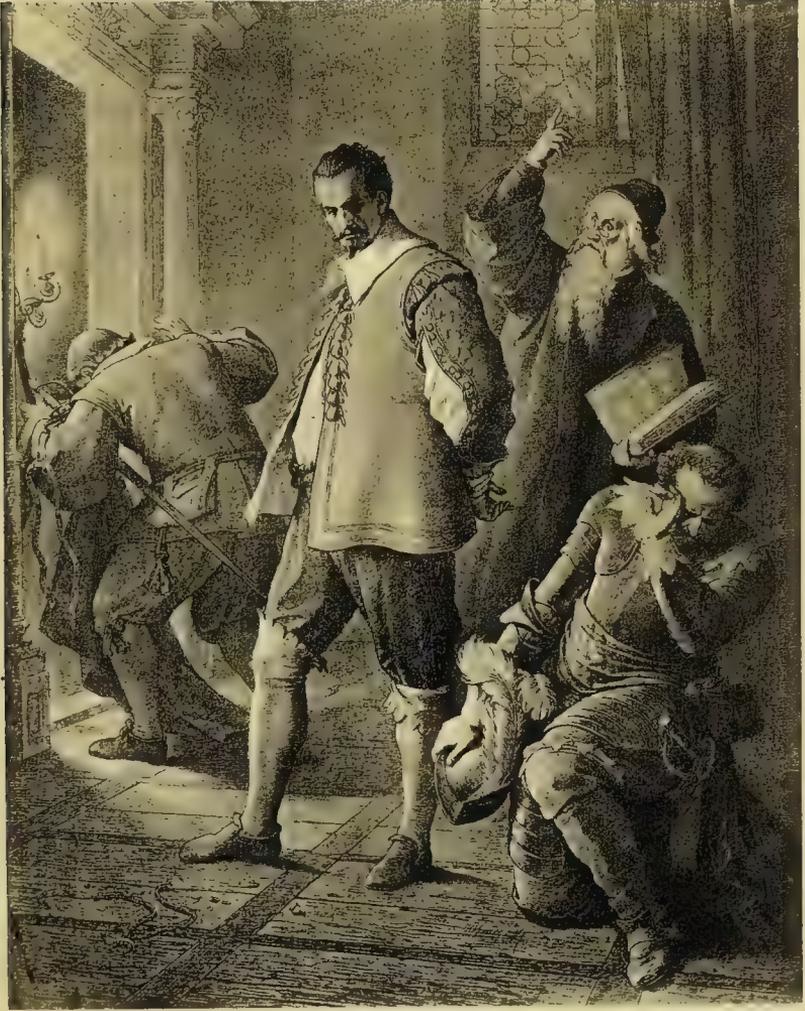
And thou too ! But I know why thou dost wish  
 My reconcilment with the emperor.  
 Poor man ! he hath a small estate in Carinthia,  
 And fears it will be forfeited because  
 He's in my service. Am I then so poor  
 That I no longer can indemnify  
 My servants ? Well ! to no one I employ  
 Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief  
 That fortune has fled from me, go ! forsake me.  
 This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,  
 And then go over to the emperor.  
 Gordon, good night ! I think to make a long  
 Sleep of it : for the struggle and the turmoil  
 Of this last day or two was great. May't please you !  
 Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN, the GROOM OF THE CHAMBER lighting him. SENI follows, GORDON remains on the darkened stage, following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the further end of the gallery : then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*



*“‘I think to make a long sleep of it.’”*

Photogravure from the painting by W. V. Kaulbach.





## SCENE VI.

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

BUTLER (*not yet come into view of the stage*).  
Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON (*starts up*).  
'Tis he! he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.  
The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.  
What shall I do? shall I attempt to save him?  
Shall I call up the house? alarm the guards?

BUTLER (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*).  
A light gleams hither from the corridor.  
It leads directly to the duke's bedchamber.

GORDON.  
But then I break my oath to the emperor;  
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,  
Do I not hereby call down on my head  
All the dread consequences?

BUTLER (*stepping forward*).  
Hark! Who speaks there?

GORDON.  
'Tis better, I resign it to the hands  
Of Providence. For what am I, that I

Should take upon myself so great a deed ?  
 I have not murdered him, if he be murdered ;  
 But all his rescue were my act and deed ;  
 Mine — and whatever be the consequences  
 I must sustain them.

BUTLER (*advances*).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler

BUTLER.

'Tis Gordon. What do you want here ?  
 Was it so late, then, when the duke dismissed you ?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf ?

BUTLER.

'Tis wounded.  
 That Illo fought as he were frantic, till  
 At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (*shuddering*).

Both dead ?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed ?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler !

BUTLER.

Is he ? speak.

GORDON.

He shall not perish! Not through you! The heaven  
Refuses your arm. See — 'tis wounded!

BUTLER.

There is no need of my arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty  
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER advances from the  
gallery with his finger on his mouth com-  
manding silence.*]

GORDON.

He sleeps! Oh, murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER.

No! he shall die awake. [*Is going.*]

GORDON.

His heart still cleaves  
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step  
Into the presence of his God!

BUTLER (*going*).

God's merciful!

GORDON (*holds him*).

Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER (*hurrying off*).

The next moment

May ruin all.

GORDON (*holds him still*).

One hour! —

BUTLER.

Unhold me! What  
Can that short respite profit him?

GORDON.

Oh, time  
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands  
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they  
Thought follows thought within the human soul.  
Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose,  
His heart may change its purpose — some new tidings  
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,  
May fall from heaven and rescue him. Oh, what  
May not one hour achieve!

BUTLER.

You but remind me  
How precious every minute is!  
[*He stamps on the floor.*]

#### SCENE VII.

*To these enter MACDONALD and DEVEREUX with the  
HALBERDIERS.*

GORDON (*throwing himself between him and them*).

No, monster!  
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.  
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

BUTLER (*forcing him out of the way*).

Weak-hearted dotard!  
[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*]

DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD.

Hark! The Swedish trumpets!  
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GORDON (*rushes out*).

Oh, God of mercy!

BUTLER (*calling after him*).

Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (*hurries in*).

Who dares make larum here? Hush! The duke  
sleeps.

DEVEREUX (*with loud, harsh voice*).

Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

Help!

Murder!

BUTLER.

Down with him!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (*run through the body by  
DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the gallery*).

Jesus Maria!

BUTLER.

Burst the doors open.

[*They rush over the body into the gallery — two  
doors are heard to crash one after the other.  
Voices, deadened by the distance — clash of  
arms — then all at once a profound silence.*]

## SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS TERZKY (*with a light*).

Her bedchamber is empty ; she herself  
 Is nowhere to be found ! The Neubrunn too,  
 Who watched by her, is missing. If she should  
 Be flown — but whither flown ? We must call up  
 Every soul in the house. How will the duke  
 Bear up against these worst bad tidings ? Oh,  
 If that my husband now were but returned  
 Home from the banquet ! Hark ! I wonder whether  
 The duke is still awake ! I thought I heard  
 Voices and tread of feet here ! I will go  
 And listen at the door. Hark ! what is that ?  
 'Tis hastening up the steps !

## SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON (*rushes in out of breath*).

'Tis a mistake !

'Tis not the Swedes ; ye must proceed no further —  
 Butler ! Oh, God ! where is he ?

[*Observing the COUNTESS.*  
 Countess ! Say —

COUNTESS.

You are come, then, from the castle ? Where's my  
 husband ?

GORDON (*in an agony of affright*).

Your husband ! Ask not ! To the duke —

COUNTESS.

Not till

You have discovered to me —

GORDON.

On this moment  
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the duke.  
While we are speaking — [*Calling loudly.*  
Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.

Why, he is at the castle with my husband.  
[*BUTLER comes from the gallery.*

GORDON.

'Twas a mistake. 'Tis not the Swedes — it is  
The imperialists' lieutenant-general  
Has sent me hither — will be here himself  
Instantly. You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes  
Too late. [*GORDON dashes himself against the wall.*

GORDON.

Oh, God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What, too late?  
Who will be here himself? Octavio  
In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the duke?  
[*She rushes to the gallery.*

## SCENE X.

*Servants run across the stage full of terror. The whole scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.*

SENI (*from the gallery*).

Oh, bloody, frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni?

PAGE (*from the gallery*).

Oh, piteous sight!

*[Other servants hasten in with torches.*

COUNTESS.

What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.

And do you ask?

Within the duke lies murdered — and your husband  
Assassinated at the castle.

*[The COUNTESS stands motionless.*

FEMALE SERVANT (*rushing across the stage*).

Help! help! the duchess!

BURGOMASTER (*enters*).

What mean these confused  
Loud cries that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.

Your house is cursed to all eternity.  
In your house doth the duke lie murdered!

BURGOMASTER (*rushing out*).

Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT (*carrying silver plate*).

That way! the lower

Passages are blocked up.

VOICE (*from behind the scene*).

Make room for the lieutenant-general!

[*At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*]

VOICE (*from behind the scene*).

Keep back the people! Guard the door!

## SCENE XI.

*To these enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the corridor with the HALBERDIERS. WALLENSTEIN'S dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

OCTAVIO (*entering abruptly*).

It must not be! It is not possible!  
Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[GORDON, *without answering, points with his hand to the body of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over the back of the stage.* OCTAVIO *looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*

DEVEREUX (*to BUTLER*).

Here is the golden fleece — the duke's sword —

MACDONALD.

Is it your order —

BUTLER (*pointing to OCTAVIO*).

Here stands he who now  
Hath the whole power to issue orders.

[DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain on the stage.*

OCTAVIO (*turning to BUTLER*).

Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?  
Oh, God of Justice!  
To Thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty  
Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your hand is pure. You have  
Availed yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Merciless man!  
Thus to abuse the orders of thy lord —  
And stain thy emperor's holy name with murder,  
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

BUTLER (*calmly*).

I've but fulfilled the emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.

Oh, curse of kings,  
Infusing a dread life into their words,  
And linking to the sudden, transient thought  
The unchanging, irrevocable deed.  
Was there necessity for such an eager  
Despatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful  
A time for mercy? Time is man's good angel.  
To leave no interval between the sentence,  
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem  
God only, the immutable!

BUTLER.

For what  
Rail you against me? What is my offence?  
The empire from a fearful enemy  
Have I delivered, and expect reward.  
The single difference betwixt you and me  
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;  
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand  
Astonished that blood is come up. I always  
Knew what I did, and therefore no result  
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.  
Have you aught else to order? for this instant  
I make my best speed to Vienna; place  
My bleeding sword before my emperor's throne,  
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying  
And punctual obedience may demand  
From a just judge. [*Exit* BUTLER.]

## SCENE XII.

*To these enter the COUNTESS TERZKY, pale and disordered.  
Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

OCTAVIO (*meeting her*).

Oh, Countess Terzky! These are the results  
Of luckless, unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits  
Of your contrivances. The duke is dead,  
My husband too is dead, the duchess struggles  
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared;  
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,  
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants  
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last  
Therein: I shut it up, and here deliver  
The keys.

OCTAVIO (*with a deep anguish*).

Oh, countess! my house, too, is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murdered? Who is next  
To be maltreated? Lo! the duke is dead.  
The emperor's vengeance may be pacified!  
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity  
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime —  
The evil destiny surprised my brother  
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!  
The emperor is appeased; the heavy fault

Hath heavily been expiated — nothing  
 Descended from the father to the daughter,  
 Except his glory and his services.  
 The empress honours your adversity,  
 Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you  
 Her motherly arms. Therefore no further fears.  
 Yield yourself up in hope and confidence  
 To the imperial grace !

COUNTESS (*with her eye raised to heaven*).

To the grace and mercy of a greater master  
 Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body  
 Of the duke have its place of final rest ?  
 In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found  
 At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein ;  
 And by her side, to whom he was indebted  
 For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished  
 He might sometime repose in death ! Oh, let him  
 Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's  
 Remains I ask the like grace. The emperor  
 Is now the proprietor of all our castles ;  
 This sure may well be granted us — one sepulchre  
 Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers !

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale !

COUNTESS (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks with  
 energy and dignity*).

You think

More worthily of me than to believe  
 I would survive the downfall of my house.  
 We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp  
 After a monarch's crown — the crown did fate  
 Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit  
 That to the crown belong ! We deem a

Courageous death more worthy of our free station  
Than a dishonoured life. I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.  
In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

GORDON.

Oh, house of death and horrors!

[*An OFFICER enters, and brings a letter with the great seal. GORDON steps forward and meets him.*

What is this!

It is the imperial seal.

[*He reads the address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[*OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

(*The curtain drops.*)

Wallenstein's Camp



## Preface

“THE Camp of Wallenstein,” by its vivid portraiture of the state of the general’s army, gives the best clue to the spell of his gigantic power. The blind belief entertained in the unfailing success of his arms, and in the supernatural agencies by which that success is secured to him; the unrestrained indulgence of every passion, and utter disregard of all law, save that of the camp; a hard oppression of the peasantry and plunder of the country, have all swollen the soldiery with an idea of interminable sway. But as we have translated the whole, we shall leave these reckless marauders to speak for themselves.

Of Schiller’s opinion concerning the “Camp,” as a necessary introduction to the tragedy, the following passage, taken from the prologue to the first representation, will give a just idea, and may also serve as a motto to the work :

“Not he it is, who on the tragic scene  
Will now appear — but in the fearless bands  
Whom his command alone could sway, and whom  
His spirit fired, you may his shadow see,  
Until the bashful Muse shall dare to bring  
Himself before you in a living form;  
For power it was that bore his heart astray.  
His ‘Camp,’ alone, elucidates his crime.”

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SERGEANT-MAJOR, } of a regiment of Terzky's carabineers.  
TRUMPETER, }  
ARTILLERYMAN.  
SHARPSHOOTERS.  
MOUNTED YAGERS, of Holk's corps.  
DRAGOONS, of Butler's regiment.  
ARQUEBUSIERS, of Tiefenbach's regiment.  
CUIRASSIER, of a Walloon regiment.  
CUIRASSIER, of a Lombard regiment.  
CROATS.  
HULANS.  
RECRUIT.  
CITIZEN.  
PEASANT.  
PEASANT BOY.  
CAPUCHIN.  
REGIMENTAL SCHOOLMASTER.  
SUTLER - WOMAN.  
SERVANT - GIRL.  
SOLDIER BOYS.  
MUSICIANS.

SCENE. — *The Camp before Pilsen in Bohemia.*

# Wallenstein's Camp

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## SCENE I.

*Sutlers' tents — in front, a Slop-shop. Soldiers of all colours and uniforms thronging about. Tables all filled. Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire. Sutler-woman serving out wine. Soldier-boys throwing dice on a drum-head. Singing heard from the tent.*

*Enter a Peasant and his Son.*

SON.

Father, I fear it will come to harm,  
So let us be off from this soldier swarm ;  
But boist'rous mates will ye find in the shoal —  
'Twere better to bolt while our skins are whole.

FATHER.

How now, boy! the fellows won't eat us, though  
They may be a little unruly or so.  
See, yonder, arriving a stranger train,  
Fresh comers are they from the Saal and Mayne ;  
Much booty they bring of the rarest sort —  
'Tis ours, if we cleverly drive our sport.  
A captain, who fell by his comrade's sword,  
This pair of sure dice to me transferred ;  
To-day I'll just give them a trial to see

If their knack's as good as it used to be.  
 You must play the part of a pitiful devil,  
 For these roaring rogues, who so loosely revel,  
 Are easily smoothed, and tricked, and flattered,  
 And, free as it came, their gold is scattered.  
 But we — since by bushels our all is taken,  
 By spoonfuls must ladle it back again;  
 And, if with their swords they slash so highly,  
 We must look sharp, boy, and do them slyly.

*[Singing and shouting in the tent.]*

Hark, how they shout! God help the day!  
 'Tis the peasant's hide for their sport must pay.  
 Eight months in our beds and stalls have they  
 Been swarming here, until far around  
 Not a bird or a beast is longer found,  
 And the peasant, to quiet his craving maw,  
 Has nothing now left but his bones to gnaw.  
 Ne'er were we crushed with a heavier hand,  
 When the Saxon was lording it o'er the land:  
 And these are the emperor's troops, they say!

SON.

From the kitchen a couple are coming this way,  
 Not much shall we make by such blades as they.

FATHER.

They're born Bohemian knaves — the two —  
 Belonging to Terzky's carabineers,  
 Who've lain in these quarters now for years;  
 The worst are they of the worthless crew.  
 Strutting, swaggering, proud and vain,  
 They seem to think they may well disdain  
 With the peasant a glass of his wine to drain.  
 But, soft — to the left o' the fire I see  
 Three riflemen, who from the Tyrol should be.  
 Emmerick, come, boy, to them will we.

Birds of this feather 'tis luck to find,  
 Whose trim's so spruce, and their purse well lined.  
*[They move toward the tent.]*

## SCENE II.

*The above. Sergeant-Major, Trumpeter, Hulan.*

TRUMPETER.

What would the boor? Out, rascal, away!

PEASANT.

Some victuals and drink, worthy masters, I pray,  
 For not a warm morsel we've tasted to-day.

TRUMPETER.

Ay, guzzle and guttle — 'tis always the way.

HULAN (*with a glass*).

Not broken your fast! there — drink, ye hound!  
*[He leads the peasant to the tent — the others come forward.]*

SERGEANT (*to the Trumpeter*).

Think ye they've done it without good ground?  
 Is it likely they double our pay to-day,  
 Merely that we may be jolly and gay?

TRUMPETER.

Why, the duchess arrives to-day, we know,  
 And her daughter too —

SERGEANT.

Tush! that's mere show —  
 'Tis the troops collected from other lands  
 Who here at Pilsen have joined our bands —  
 We must do the best we can t' allure 'em,  
 With plentiful rations, and thus secure 'em,  
 Where such abundant fare they find,  
 A closer league with us to bind.

TRUMPETER.

Yes! — there's something in the wind.

SERGEANT.

The generals and commanders too —

TRUMPETER.

A rather ominous sight, 'tis true.

SERGEANT.

Who're met together so thickly here —

TRUMPETER.

Have plenty of work on their hands, that's clear.

SERGEANT.

The whispering and sending to and fro —

TRUMPETER.

Ay! Ay!

SERGEANT.

The big-wig from Vienna, I trow,  
 Who since yesterday's seen to prowl about  
 In his golden chain of office there —  
 Something's at the bottom of this, I'll swear

TRUMPETER.

A bloodhound is he beyond a doubt,  
By whom the duke's to be hunted out.

SERGEANT.

Mark ye well, man! — they doubt us now,  
And they fear the duke's mysterious brow;  
He hath clomb too high for them, and fain  
Would they beat him down from his perch again.

TRUMPETER.

But we will hold him still on high —  
That all would think as you and I!

SERGEANT.

Our regiment, and the other four  
Which Terzky leads — the bravest corps  
Throughout the camp, are the general's own,  
And have been trained to the trade by himself alone.  
The officers hold their command of him,  
And are all his own, or for life or limb.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Croat with a necklace. Sharpshooter following  
him. The above.*

SHARPSHOOTER.

Croat, where stole you that necklace, say?  
Get rid of it, man — for thee 'tis unmeet:  
Come, take these pistols in change, I pray.

CROAT.

Nay, nay, Master Shooter, you're trying to cheat.

SHARPSHOOTER.

Then I'll give you this fine blue cap as well,  
 A lottery prize which just I've won:  
 Look at the cut of it — quite the swell!

CROAT (*twirling the necklace in the sun*).

But this is of pearls and of garnets bright,  
 See, how it plays in the sunny light!

SHARPSHOOTER (*taking the necklace*).

Well, I'll give you to boot, my own canteen —  
 I'm in love with this bauble's beautiful sheen.

[*Looks at it.*]

TRUMPETER.

See, now! — how cleanly the Croat is *done*:  
 Snacks! Master Shooter, and *mum's* the word.

CROAT (*having put on the cap*).

I think your cap is a smartish one.

SHARPSHOOTER (*winking to the Trumpeter*).

'Tis a regular swop, as these gents have heard.

## SCENE IV.

*The above. An Artilleryman.*ARTILLERYMAN (*to the Sergeant*).

How is this, I pray, brother carabineer?  
 Shall we longer stay here, our fingers warming,  
 While the foe in the field around is swarming?

SERGEANT.

Art thou, indeed, in such hasty fret?  
Why, the roads, as I think, are scarce passable yet.

ARTILLERYMAN.

For me they are not — I'm snug enough here —  
But a courier's come, our wits to waken  
With the precious news that Ratisbon's taken.

TRUMPETER.

Ha! then we soon shall have work in hand.

SERGEANT.

Indeed! to protect the Bavarian's land,  
Who hates the duke, as we understand,  
We won't put ourselves in a violent sweat.

ARTILLERYMAN.

Heyday! — you'll find you're a wiseacre yet.

## SCENE V.

*The above. Two Yagers. Afterward Sutler-woman,  
Soldier-boy, Schoolmaster, Servant-girl.*

FIRST YAGER.

See! See!

Here meet we a jovial company!

TRUMPETER.

Who can these greencoats be, I wonder,  
That strut so gay and sprucely yonder!

SERGEANT.

They're the Yagers of Holk — and the lace they wear,  
I'll be sworn, was ne'er purchased at Leipzig fair.

SUTLER - WOMAN (*bringing wine*).

Welcome, good sirs!

FIRST YAGER.

Zounds, how now!  
Gustel of Blasewitz here, I vow!

SUTLER - WOMAN.

The same in sooth — and you, I know,  
Are the lanky Peter of Itzeho:  
Who at Glückstadt once, in revelling night,  
With the wags of our regiment, put to flight  
All his father's shiners — then crowned the fun —

FIRST YAGER.

By changing his pen for a rifle-gun.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

We're old acquaintance, then, 'tis clear.

FIRST YAGER.

And to think we should meet in Bohemia here!

SUTLER - WOMAN.

Oh, here to-day — to-morrow yonder —  
As the rude war-broom, in restless trace,  
Scatters and sweeps us from place to place.  
Meanwhile I've been doomed far round to wander.

FIRST YAGER.

So one would think, by the look of your face.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

Up the country I've rambled to Temsewar,  
 Whither I went with the baggage-car,  
 When Mansfeld before us we chased away;  
 With the duke near Stralsund next we lay,  
 Where trade went all to pot, I may say.  
 I jogged with the succours to Mantua;  
 And back again came, under Feria:  
 Then, joining a Spanish regiment,  
 I took a short cut across to Ghent;  
 And now to Bohemia I'm come to get  
 Old scores paid off, that are standing yet,  
 If a helping hand by the duke be lent —  
 And yonder you see my sutler's tent.

FIRST YAGER.

Well, all things seem in a flourishing way,  
 But what have you done with the Scotchman, say,  
 Who once in the camp was your constant flame?

SUTLER - WOMAN.

A villain, who tricked me clean, that same.  
 He bolted, and took to himself whate'er  
 I'd managed to scrape together, or spare,  
 Leaving me naught but the urchin there.

SOLDIER - BOY (*springing forward*).

Mother, is it my papa you name?

FIRST YAGER.

Well, the emperor now must father this elf,  
 For the army must ever recruit itself.

SCHOOLMASTER.

Forth to the school, ye rogue — d'ye hear?

FIRST YAGER.

He, too, of a narrow room has fear.

SERVANT GIRL (*entering*).

Aunt, they'll be off.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

I come apace.

FIRST YAGER.

What gypsy is that with the roguish face?

SUTLER - WOMAN.

My sister's child from the south, is she.

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, a sweet little niece — I see.

SECOND YAGER (*holding the girl*).

Softly, my pretty one! stay with me.

GIRL.

The customers wait, sir, and I must go.

[*Disengages herself, and exit.*]

FIRST YAGER.

That maiden's a dainty morsel, I trow!  
 And her aunt — by heaven! I mind me well,  
 When the best of the regiment loved her so,  
 To blows for her beautiful face they fell.

What different folks one's doomed to know !  
 How time glows off with a ceaseless flow !  
 And what sights as yet we may live to see !

[*To the Sergeant and Trumpeier.*]

Your health, good sirs, may we be free,  
 A seat beside you here to take ?

SCENE VI.

*The Yagers, Sergeant, and Trumpeter.*

SERGEANT.

We thank ye — and room will gladly make.  
 To Bohemia welcome.

FIRST YAGER.

Snug enough here !  
 In the land of the foe our quarters were queer.

TRUMPETER.

You haven't the look on't — you're spruce to view.

SERGEANT.

Ay, faith, on the Saal, and in Meissen, too,  
 Your praises are heard from the lips of few.

SECOND YAGER.

Tush, man ! why, what the plague d'ye mean ?  
 The Croat had swept the fields so clean,  
 There was little or nothing for us to glean.

TRUMPETER.

Yet your pointed collar is clean and sightly,  
 And, then, your hose that sit so tightly !

Your linen so fine, with the hat and feather,  
Make a show of smartness altogether!

[*To Sergeant.*

That fortune should upon youngers shine —  
While nothing in your way comes, or mine.

SERGEANT.

But then we're the Friedlander's regiment  
And, thus, may honour and homage claim.

FIRST YAGER.

For us, now, that's no great compliment,  
We, also, bear the Friedlander's name.

SERGEANT.

True — you form part of the general mass.

FIRST YAGER.

And you, I suppose, are a separate class!  
The difference lies in the coats we wear,  
And I have no wish to change with you there!

SERGEANT.

Sir Yager, I can't but with pity melt,  
When I think how much among boors you've dwelt.  
The clever knack and the proper tone  
Are caught by the general's side alone.

FIRST YAGER.

Then the lesson is wofully thrown away, —  
How he hawks and spits, indeed, I may say  
You've copied and caught in the cleverest way;  
But his spirit, his genius — oh, these, I ween,  
On your guard parade are but seldom seen.

## SECOND YAGER.

Why, zounds! ask for us wherever you will,  
 Friedland's wild hunt is our title still!  
 Never shaming the name, all undaunted we go  
 Alike through the field of a friend or a foe;  
 Through the rising stalk, or the yellow corn,  
 Well know they the blast of Holk's Yager horn.  
 In the flash of an eye, we are far or near,  
 Swift as the deluge, or there or here —  
 As at midnight dark, when the flames outbreak  
 In the silent dwelling where none awake;  
 Vain is the hope in weapons or flight,  
 Nor order nor discipline thwart its might.  
 Then struggles the maid in our sinewy arms,  
 But war hath no pity, and scorns alarms.  
 Go, ask — I speak not with boastful tongue —  
 In Bayreuth, Westphalia, Voigtland, where'er  
 Our troops have traversed — go, ask them there —  
 Children and children's children long,  
 When hundreds and hundreds of years are o'er,  
 Of Holk will tell and his Yager corps.

## SERGEANT.

Why, hark! Must a soldier then be made  
 By driving this riotous, roaring trade!  
 'Tis drilling that makes him, skill and sense —  
 Perception — thought — intelligence.

## FIRST YAGER.

'Tis liberty makes him! Here's a fuss!  
 That I should such twaddle as this discuss.  
 Was it for this that I left the school?  
 That the scribbling desk, and the slavish rule,  
 And the narrow walls, that our spirits cramp,  
 Should be met with again in the midst of the camp?  
 No! Idle and heedless, I'll take my way,

Hunting for novelty every day ;  
 Trust to the moment with dauntless mind,  
 And give not a glance or before or behind.  
 For this to the emperor I sold my hide,  
 That no other care I might have to bide.  
 Through the foe's fierce firing bid me ride,  
 Through fathomless Rhine, in his roaring flow,  
 Where ev'ry third man to the devil may go,  
 At no bar will you find me boggling there ;  
 But, farther than this, 'tis my special prayer,  
 That I may not be bothered with aught like care.

SERGEANT.

If this be your wish, you needn't lack it,  
 'Tis granted to all with the soldier's jacket.

FIRST YAGER.

What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made  
 By that man-tormentor, Gustavus, the Swede,  
 Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said  
 At morning réveille and evening tattoo ;  
 And, whenever it chanced that we frisky grew,  
 A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read.

SERGEANT.

Ay, that was a man with the fear of God.

FIRST YAGER.

Girls he detested ; and what's rather odd,  
 If caught with a wench you in wedlock were tacked, —  
 I could stand it no longer, so off I packed.

SERGEANT.

Their discipline now has a trifle slacked.

## FIRST YAGER.

Well, next to the League I rode over; their men  
Were mustering in haste against Magdeburg then.  
Ha! that was another guess sort of a thing!  
In frolic and fun we'd a glorious swing;  
With gaming, and drinking, and girls at call,  
I' faith, sirs, our sport was by no means small.  
For Tilly knew how to command, that's plain;  
He held himself in but gave us the rein;  
And, long as he hadn't the bother of paying,  
"Live and let live!" was the general's saying.  
But fortune soon gave him the slip; and ne'er  
Since the day of that villainous Leipzig affair  
Would aught go aright. 'Twas of little avail  
That we tried, for our plans were sure to fail.  
If now we drew nigh and rapped at the door,  
No greeting awaited, 'twas opened no more;  
From place to place we went sneaking about,  
And found that their stock of respect was out;  
Then touched I the Saxon bounty, and thought  
Their service with fortune must needs be fraught.

## SERGEANT.

You joined them then just in the nick to share  
Bohemia's plunder?

## FIRST YAGER.

I'd small luck there.  
Strict discipline sternly ruled the day,  
Nor dared we a foeman's force display;  
They set us to guard the imperial forts,  
And plagued us all with the farce of the courts.  
War they waged as a jest 'twere thought —  
And but half a heart to the business brought,  
They would break with none; and thus 'twas plain  
Small honour among them could a soldier gain.

So heartily sick in the end grew I  
 That my mind was the desk again to try;  
 When suddenly, rattling near and far,  
 The Friedlander's drum was heard to war.

SERGEANT.

And how long here may you mean to stay?

FIRST YAGER.

You jest, man. So long as *he* bears the sway,  
 By my soul! not a thought of change have I;  
 Where better than here could the soldier lie?  
 Here the true fashion of war is found,  
 And the cut of power's on all things round;  
 While the spirit whereby the movement's given  
 Mightily stirs, like the winds of heaven,  
 The meanest trooper in all the throng,  
 With a hearty step shall I tramp along,  
 On a burgher's neck as undaunted tread  
 As our general does on the prince's head.  
 As 'twas in the times of old 'tis now,  
 The sword is the sceptre, and all must bow.  
 One crime alone can I understand,  
 And that's to oppose the word of command.  
 What's not forbidden to do make bold,  
 And none will ask you what creed you hold.  
 Of just two things in this world I wot,  
 What belongs to the army and what does not,  
 To the banner alone is my service brought.

SERGEANT.

Thus, Yager, I like thee — thou speakest, I vow,  
 With the tone of a Friedland trooper now.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis not as an office he holds command,  
Or a power received from the emperor's hand;  
For the emperor's service what should he care,  
What better for him does the emperor fare?  
With the mighty power he wields at will,  
Has ever he sheltered the land from ill?  
No; a soldier-kingdom he seeks to raise,  
And for this would set the world in a blaze,  
Daring to risk and to compass all —

TRUMPETER.

Hush — who shall such words as these let fall?

FIRST YAGER.

Whatever I think may be said by me,  
For the general tells us the word is free.

SERGEANT.

True — that he said so I fully agree,  
I was standing by. “The word is free —  
The deed is dumb — obedience blind!”  
His very words I can call to mind.

FIRST YAGER.

I know not if these were his words or no,  
But he said the thing, and 'tis even so.

SECOND YAGER.

Victory ne'er will his flag forsake,  
Though she's apt from others a turn to take:  
Old Tilly outlived his fame's decline,  
But under the banner of Wallenstein,  
There am I certain that victory's mine!

Fortune is spell-bound to him, and must yield;  
 Whoe'er under Friedland shall take the field  
 Is sure of a supernatural shield:  
 For, as all the world is aware full well,  
 The duke has a devil in hire from hell.

## SERGEANT.

In truth that he's charmed is past a doubt,  
 For we know how, at Lützen's bloody affair,  
 Where firing was thickest he still was there,  
 As coolly as might be, sirs, riding about.  
 The hat on his head was shot thro' and thro',  
 In coat and boots the bullets that flew  
 Left traces full clear to all men's view;  
 But none got so far as to scratch off his skin,  
 For the ointment of hell was too well rubbed in.

## FIRST YAGER.

What wonders so strange can you all see there?  
 An elk-skin jacket he happens to wear,  
 And through it the bullets can make no way.

## SERGEANT.

'Tis an ointment of witches' herbs, I say,  
 Kneaded and cooked by unholy spell.

## TRUMPETER.

No doubt 'tis the work of the powers of hell.

## SERGEANT.

That he reads in the stars we also hear,  
 Where the future he sees — distant or near —  
 But I know better the truth of the case:  
 A little gray man, at the dead of night,  
 Through bolted doors to him will pace —

The sentinels oft have hailed the sight,  
 And something great was sure to be nigh,  
 When this little graycoat had glided by.

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, he's sold himself to the devil,  
 Wherefore, my lads, let's feast and revel.

SCENE VII.

*The above. Recruit, Citizen, Dragoon.*

*The Recruit advances from the tent, wearing a tin cap  
 on his head, and carrying a wine-flask.*

RECRUIT.

To father and uncle pray make my bow,  
 And bid 'em good-bye — I'm a soldier now.

FIRST YAGER.

See, yonder they're bringing us something new.

CITIZEN.

Oh, Franz, remember, this day you'll rue.

RECRUIT (*sings*).

The drum and the fife,  
 War's rattling throng,  
 And a wandering life  
 The world along!  
 Swift steed — and a hand  
 To curb and command —  
 With a blade by the side,  
 We're off far and wide.  
 As jolly and free,

As the finch in its glee,  
 On thicket or tree,  
 Under heaven's wide hollow —  
 Hurrah! for the Friedlander's banner I'll follow!

SECOND YAGER.

Foregad! a jolly companion, though.  
 [*They salute him.*]

CITIZEN.

He comes of a good kin; now pray let him go.

FIRST YAGER.

And we weren't found in the streets you must know.

CITIZEN.

I tell you his wealth is a plentiful stock;  
 Just feel the fine stuff that he wears for a frock.

TRUMPETER.

The emperor's coat is the best he can wear.

CITIZEN.

To a cap manufactory he is the heir.

SECOND YAGER.

The will of a man is his fortune alone.

CITIZEN.

His grandmother's shop will soon be his own.

FIRST YAGER.

Pish! traffic in matches! who would do't?

CITIZEN.

A wine-shop his grandfather leaves, to boot,  
A cellar with twenty casks of wine.

TRUMPETER.

These with his comrades he'll surely share.

SECOND YAGER.

Hark ye, lad — be a camp-brother of mine.

CITIZEN.

A bride he leaves sitting, in tears, apart.

FIRST YAGER.

Good — that now's a proof of an iron heart.

CITIZEN.

His grandmother's sure to die with sorrow.

SECOND YAGER.

The better — for then he'll inherit to-morrow.

SERGEANT (*advances gravely, and lays his hand on the  
Recruit's tin cap*).

The matter no doubt you have duly weighed,  
And here a new man of yourself have made;  
With hanger and helm, sir, you now belong  
To a nobler and more distinguished throng.  
Thus, a loftier spirit 'twere well to uphold —

FIRST YAGER.

And, especially, never be sparing of gold.

## SERGEANT.

In Fortune's ship, with an onward gale,  
 My friend, you have made up your mind to sail.  
 The earth-ball is open before you — yet there  
 Naught's to be gained, but by those who dare.  
 Stupid and sluggish your citizen's found,  
 Like a dyer's dull jade, in his ceaseless round,  
 While the soldier can be whatever he will,  
 For war o'er the earth is the watchword still.  
 Just look now at me, and the coat I wear,  
 You see that the emperor's baton I bear —  
 And all good government, over the earth,  
 You must know from the baton alone has birth ;  
 For the sceptre that's swayed by the kingly hand  
 Is naught but a baton, we understand.  
 And he who has corporal's rank obtained,  
 Stands on the ladder where all's to be gained,  
 And you, like another, may mount to that height —

## FIRST YAGER.

Provided you can but read and write.

## SERGEANT.

Now, hark to an instance of this from me,  
 And one which I've lived myself to see :  
 There's Butler, the chief of dragoons, why he,  
 Whose rank was not higher a whit than mine,  
 Some thirty years since, at Cologne on Rhine,  
 Is a major-general now — because  
 He put himself forward and gained applause ;  
 Filling the world with his martial fame,  
 While slept my merits without a name.  
 And even the Friedlander's self — I've heard —  
 Our general and all-commanding lord,  
 Who now can do what he will at a word,

Had at first but a private squire's degree ;  
 In the goddess of war yet trusting free,  
 He reared the greatness which now you see,  
 And, after the emperor, next is he.  
 Who knows what more he may mean or get ?  
 (*Slyly.*) For all-day's evening isn't come yet.

## FIRST YAGER.

He was little at first, though now so great —  
 For at Altorf, in student's gown he played,  
 By your leave, the part of a roaring blade,  
 And rattled away at a queerish rate.  
 His fag he had well-nigh killed by a blow,  
 And their Nur'mberg worships swore he should go  
 To jail for his pains — if he liked it or no.  
 'Twas a new-built nest to be christened by him  
 Who first should be lodged. Well, what was his  
 whim ?

Why, he sent his dog forward to lead the way,  
 And they call the jail from the dog to this day.  
*That* was the game a brave fellow should play,  
 And of all the great deeds of the general, none  
 E'er tickled my fancy, like this one.

[*During this speech the Second Yager has begun  
 toying with the girl who has been in waiting.*

[ DRAGOON (*stepping between them*).

Comrade — give over this sport, I pray.

## SECOND YAGER.

Why, who the devil shall say me nay !

## DRAGOON.

I've only to tell you the girl's my own.

FIRST YAGER.

Such a morsel as this for himself alone! —  
 Dragoon, why say, art thou crazy grown?

SECOND YAGER.

In the camp to be keeping a wench for one!  
 No! the light of a pretty girl's face must fall,  
 Like the beams of the sun, to gladden us all.

[*Kisses her.*DRAGOON (*tears her away*).

I tell you again, that it sha'n't be done.

FIRST YAGER.

The pipers are coming, lads! now for fun!

SECOND YAGER (*to Dragoon*).

I sha'n't be far off, should you look for me.

SERGEANT.

Peace, my good fellows! — a kiss goes free.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter Miners, and play a waltz — at first slowly, and afterward quicker. The First Yager dances with the girl, the Sutler-woman with the Recruit. The girl springs away, and the Yager, pursuing her, seizes hold of a Capuchin Friar just entering.*

CAPUCHIN.

Hurrah! halloo! tol, lol, de rol, le!  
 The fun's at its height! I'll not be away!  
 Is't an army of Christians that join in such works?

Or are we all turned Anabaptists and Turks?  
 Is the Sabbath a day for this sport in the land,  
 As though the great God had the gout in his hand,  
 And thus couldn't smite in the midst of your band?  
 Say, is this a time for your revelling shouts,  
 For your banquetings, feasts, and holiday bouts?  
*Quid hic statis otiosi?* declare  
 Why, folding your arms, stand ye lazily there?  
 While the furies of war on the Danube now fare,  
 And Bavaria's bulwark is lying full low,  
 And Ratisbon's fast in the clutch of the foe.  
 Yet, the army lies here in Bohemia still,  
 And caring for naught, so their paunches they fill  
 Bottles far rather than battles you'll get,  
 And your bills than your broadswords more readily  
     wet;  
 With the wenches, I ween, is your dearest concern,  
 And you'd rather roast oxen than Oxenstiern.  
 In sackcloth and ashes while Christendom's grieving,  
 No thought has the soldier his guzzle of leaving.  
 'Tis a time of misery, groans, and tears!  
 Portentous the face of the heavens appears!  
 And forth from the clouds behold blood-red,  
 The Lord's war mantle is downward spread—  
 While the comet is thrust as a threatening rod,  
 From the window of heaven by the hand of God.  
 The world is but one vast house of woe,  
 The ark of the church stems a bloody flow.  
 The Holy Empire — God help the same! —  
 Has wretchedly sunk to a hollow name.  
 The Rhine's gay stream has a gory gleam,  
 The cloister's nests are robbed by roysters;  
 The church-lands now are changed to lurch-lands;  
 Abbacies, and all other holy foundations  
 Now are but robber-sees — rogues' habitations.  
 And thus is each once-blest German state,  
 Deep sunk in the gloom of the desolate!

Whence comes all this? Oh, that will I tell —  
 It comes of your doings, of sin, and of hell!  
 Of the horrible, heathenish lives ye lead,  
 Soldiers and officers, all of a breed.  
 For sin is the magnet, on every hand,  
 That draws your steel throughout the land!  
 As the onion causes the tear to flow,  
 So vice must ever be followed by woe —  
 The W duly succeeds the V,  
 This is the order of A, B, C.

*Ubi erit victoriae spes,*  
*Si offenditur Deus?* which says,  
 How, pray ye, shall victory e'er come to pass,  
 If thus you play truant from sermon and mass,  
 And do nothing but lazily loll o'er the glass?  
 The woman, we're told in the Testament,  
 Found the penny in search whereof she went.  
 Saul met with his father's asses again,  
 And Joseph his precious fraternal train,  
 But he, who 'mong soldiers shall hope to see  
 God's fear, or shame, or discipline — he  
 From his toil, beyond doubt, will baffled return,  
 Though a hundred lamps in the search he burn.  
 To the wilderness preacher, th' Evangelist says,  
 The soldiers, too, thronged to repent of their ways,  
 And had themselves christened in former days.  
*Quid faciemus nos?* they said:  
 Toward Abraham's bosom what path must we tread?  
*Et ait illis,* and, said he,  
*Neminem conculcatis;*  
 From bother and wrongs leave your neighbours free.  
*Neque calumniam faciatis;*  
 And deal nor in slander nor lies, d'ye see?  
*Contenti estote* — content ye, pray,  
*Stipendiis vestris* — with your pay —  
 And curse for ever each evil way.  
 There is a command — thou shalt not utter

The name of the Lord thy God in vain ;  
 But where is it men most blasphemies mutter ?  
 Why, here, in Duke Friedland's headquarters, 'tis  
     plain  
 If for every thunder and every blast,  
 Which blazing ye from your tongue-points cast,  
 The bells were but rung, in the country round,  
 Not a bellman, I ween, would there soon be found ;  
 And if for each and every unholy prayer  
 Which to vent from your jabbering jaws you dare,  
 From your noddles were plucked but the smallest  
     hair,  
 Ev'ry crop would be smoothed ere the sun went  
     down,  
 Though at morn 'twere as bushy as Absalom's crown.  
 Now, Joshua, methinks, was a soldier as well —  
 By the arm of King David the Philistine fell ;  
 But where do we find it written, I pray,  
 That they ever blasphemed in this villainous way ?  
 One would think ye need stretch your jaws no more,  
 To cry " God help us ! " than " Zounds ! " to roar.  
 But, by the liquor that's poured in the cask, we know  
 With what it will bubble and overflow.  
 Again, it is written — thou shalt not steal,  
 And this you follow, i' faith ! to the letter,  
 For open-faced robbery suits ye better.  
 The gripe of your vulture claws you fix  
 On all — and your wiles and rascally tricks  
 Make the gold unhid in our coffers now,  
 And the calf unsafe while yet in the cow —  
 Ye take both the egg and the hen, I vow.  
*Contenti estote* — the preacher said ;  
 Which means — be content with your army bread.  
 But how should the slaves not from duty swerve ?  
 The mischief begins with the lord they serve,  
 Just like the members so is the head.  
 I should like to know who can tell me his creed.

FIRST YAGER.

Sir priest, 'gainst ourselves rail on as you will —  
Of the general we warn you to breathe no ill.

CAPUCHIN.

*Ne custodias gregem meam !*  
An Ahab is he, and a Jerobeam,  
Who the people from faith's unerring way,  
To the worship of idols would turn astray.

TRUMPETER *and* RECRUIT.

Let us not hear that again, we pray.

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Bramarbas, whose iron tooth  
Would seize all the strongholds of earth forsooth !  
Did he not boast, with ungodly tongue,  
That Stralsund must needs to his grasp be wrung,  
Though to heaven itself with a chain 'twere strung ?

TRUMPETER.

Will none put a stop to his slanderous bawl ?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard he is ! — and a sorcerer Saul ! —  
Holofernes ! — a Jehu ! — denying, we know,  
Like St. Peter, his Master and Lord below ;  
And hence must he quail when the cock doth crow —

BOTH YAGERS.

Now, parson, prepare ; for thy doom is nigh.

CAPUCHIN.

A fox more cunning than Herod, I trow —

TRUMPETER *and both* YAGERS (*pressing against him*).  
Silence, again, — if thou wouldst not die!

CROATS (*interfering*).

Stick to it, father; we'll shield you, ne'er fear;  
The close of your preachment now let's hear.

CAPUCHIN (*still louder*).

A Nebuchadnezzar in towering pride!  
And a vile and heretic sinner beside!  
He calls himself rightly the stone of a wall;  
For, faith! he's a stumbling-stone to us all.  
And ne'er can the emperor have peace indeed,  
Till of Friedland himself the land is freed.

[*During the last passage, which he pronounces in an elevated voice, he has been gradually retreating, the Croats keeping the other soldiers off.*]

## SCENE IX.

*The above, without the Capuchin.*

FIRST YAGER (*to the Sergeant*).

But, tell us, what meant he about chanticleer;  
Whose crowing the general dares not hear?  
No doubt it was uttered in spite and scorn.

SERGEANT.

Listen — 'tis not so untrue as it appears;  
For Friedland was rather mysteriously born,  
And is 'specially troubled with ticklish ears;  
He can never suffer the mew of a cat;  
And when the cock crows he starts thereat.



SERGEANT.

Well, coz, what is it ?

SUTLER - WOMAN.

Why, what should it be ?  
But a peasant they've taken just now with me —  
A rogue with false dice, to favour his play.

TRUMPETER.

See ! they're bringing the boor and his son this way.

SCENE X.

*Soldiers, dragging in the Peasant, bound.*

FIRST YAGER.

He must hang !

SHARPSHOOTERS *and* DRAGOONS.

To the provost, come on !

SERGEANT.

'Tis the latest order that forth has gone.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

In an hour I hope to behold him swinging !

SERGEANT.

Bad work bad wages will needs be bringing.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*to the others*).

This comes of their desperation. We  
First ruin them out and out, d'ye see ;  
Which tempts them to steal, as it seems to me.

TRUMPETER.

How now! the rascal's cause would you plead?  
The cur! the devil is in you indeed!

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The boor is a man — as a body may say.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Trumpeter*).

Let 'em go! they're of Tiefenbach's corps, the railers,  
A glorious train of glovers and tailors!  
At Brieg, in garrison, long they lay;  
What should they know about camps, I pray?

## SCENE XI.

*The above. Cuirassiers.*

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace! what's amiss with the boor, may I crave?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

He has cheated at play, the cozening knave!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

But say, has he cheated *you*, man, of aught?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

Just cleaned me out — and not left me a groat.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And can you, who've the rank of a Friedland man,  
So shamefully cast yourself away,

As to try your luck with the boor at play?  
Let him run off, so that run he can.

[*The Peasant escapes, the others throng together.*]

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

He makes short work — is of resolute mood —  
And that with such fellows as these is good.  
Who is he? not of Bohemia, that's clear.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

He's a Walloon — and respect, I trow,  
Is due to the Pappenheim cuirassier!

FIRST DRAGOON (*joining*).

Young Piccolomini leads them now,  
Whom they chose as colonel, of their own free might,  
When Pappenheim fell in Lützen's fight.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Durst they, indeed, presume so far?

FIRST DRAGOON.

This regiment is something above the rest.  
It has ever been foremost throughout the war,  
And may manage its laws, as it pleases best;  
Besides, 'tis by Friedland himself caressed.

FIRST CUIRASSIER (*to the Second*).

Is't so in truth, man? Who averred it?

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

From the lips of the colonel himself I heard it.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The devil! we're not their dogs, I ween!

FIRST YAGER.

How now, what's wrong? You're swollen with spleen!

SECOND YAGER.

Is it anything, comrades, may us concern?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

'Tis what none need be wondrous glad to learn.

[*The Soldiers press round him.*]

To the Netherlands they would lend us now —

Cuirassiers, Yagers, and Shooters away,

Eight thousand in all must march, they say.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

What! What! again the old wandering way —

I got back from Flanders but yesterday!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*to the Dragoons*).

You of Butler's corps must tramp with the rest.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And we, the Walloons, must doubtless be gone.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

Why, of all our squadrons these are the best.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

To march where that Milanese fellow leads on.

## FIRST YAGER.

The infant ? that's queer enough in its way.

## SECOND YAGER.

The priest — then, egad ! there's the devil to pay.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Shall we then leave the Friedlander's train,  
Who so nobly his soldiers doth entertain —  
And drag to the field with this fellow from Spain!  
A niggard whom we in our souls disdain!  
That'll never go down — I'm off, I swear.

## TRUMPETER.

Why, what the devil should we do there ?  
We sold our blood to the emperor — ne'er  
For this Spanish red hat a drop we'll spare !

## SECOND YAGER.

On the Friedlander's word and credit alone  
We ranged ourselves in the trooper line,  
And, but for our love to Wallenstein,  
Ferdinand ne'er had our service known.

## FIRST DRAGOON.

Was it not Friedland that formed our force ?  
His fortune shall still be the star of our course.

## SERGEANT.

Silence, good comrades, to me give ear —  
Talking does little to help us here.  
Much farther in this I can see than you all,  
And a trap has been laid in which we're to fall.

## FIRST YAGER.

List to the order-book ! hush — be still !

## SERGEANT.

But first, Cousin Gustel, I pray thee fill  
A glass of Melneck, as my stomach's but weak :  
When I've tossed it off, my mind I'll speak.

## SUTLER - WOMAN.

Take it, good sergeant. I quake for fear —  
Think you that mischief is hidden here ?

## SERGEANT.

Look ye, my friends, 'tis fit and clear  
That each should consider what's most near.  
But as the general says, say I,  
One should always the whole of a case descry.  
We call ourselves all the Friedlander's troops ;  
The burgher, on whom we're billeted, stoops  
Our wants to supply, and cooks our soups.  
His ox, or his horse, the peasant must chain  
To our baggage-car, and may grumble in vain.  
Just let a lance-corp'ral, with seven good men,  
Tow'rd a village from far but come within ken,  
You're sure he'll be prince of the place, and may  
Cut what capers he will, with unquestioned sway.  
Why, zounds ! lads, they heartily hate us all —  
And would rather the devil should give them a call,  
Than our yellow collars. And why don't they fall  
On us fairly at once and get rid of our lumber ?  
They're more than our match in point of number,  
And carry the cudgel as we do the sword.  
Why can we laugh them to scorn ? By my word,  
Because we make up here a terrible horde.

## FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, in the mass lies the spell of our might,  
And the Friedlander judged the matter aright,  
When, some eight or nine years ago, he brought  
The emperor's army together. They thought  
Twelve thousand enough for the general. In vain,  
Said he, such a force I can never maintain.  
Sixty thousand I'll bring ye into the plain,  
And they, I'll be sworn, won't of hunger die.  
And thus were we Wallenstein's men, say I.

## SERGEANT.

For example, cut one of my fingers off,  
This little one here from my right hand doff.  
Is the taking my finger then all you've done?  
No, no, to the devil my hand is gone!  
'Tis a stump — no more — and use has none.  
The eight thousand horse they wish to disband  
May be but a finger of our army's hand.  
But when they're once gone may we understand  
We are but one-fifth the less? Oh, no —  
By the Lord, the whole to the devil will go!  
All terror, respect, and awe will be over,  
And the peasant will swell his crest once more;  
And the Board of Vienna will order us where  
Our troops must be quartered and how we must fare,  
As of old in the days of their beggarly care.  
Yes, and how long it will be who can say  
Ere the general himself they may take away?  
For they don't much like him at court I learn.  
And then it's all up with the whole concern!  
For who, to our pay, will be left to aid us,  
And see that they keep the promise they made us?  
Who has the energy — who the mind —  
The flashing thought — and the fearless hand —  
Together to bring, and thus fastly bind,

The fragments that form our close-knit band?  
 For example, dragoon — just answer us now,  
 From which of the countries of earth art thou?

DRAGOON.

From distant Erin came I here.

SERGEANT (*to the two Cuirassiers*).

You're a Walloon, my friend, that's clear,  
 And you, an Italian, as all may hear.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Who I may be, faith! I never could say;  
 In my infant years they stole me away.

SERGEANT.

And you, from what far land may you be?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

I come from Buchau — on the Feder Sea.

SERGEANT.

Neighbour, and you?

SECOND ARQUEBUSIER.

I am a Swiss.

SERGEANT (*to the Second Yager*).

And Yager, let's hear where your country is?

SECOND YAGER.

Up above Wismar my fathers dwell.

SERGEANT (*pointing to the Trumpeter*).

And he's from Eger — and I as well :  
 And now, my comrades, I ask you whether,  
 Would any one think, when looking at us,  
 That we, from the North and South, had thus  
 Been hitherward drifted and blown together ?  
 Do we not seem as hewn from one mass ?  
 Stand we not close against the foe  
 As though we were glued or moulded so ?  
 Like mill-work don't we move, d'ye think !  
 'Mong ourselves in the nick, at a word or wink.  
 Who has thus cast us here all as one,  
 Now to be severed again by none ?  
 Who ? why, no other than Wallenstein !

FIRST YAGER.

In my life it ne'er was a thought of mine  
 Whether we suited each other or not,  
 I let myself go with the rest of the lot.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

I quite agree in the serjeant's opinion —  
 They'd fain have an end of our camp dominion,  
 And trample the soldier down, that they  
 May govern alone in their own good way.  
 'Tis a conspiracy — a plot, I say !

SUTLER - WOMAN.

A conspiracy — God help the day !  
 Then my customers won't have cash to pay.

SERGEANT.

Why, faith, we shall all be bankrupts made ;  
 The captains and generals, most of them, paid  
 The costs of the regiments with private cash,

And, wishing, 'bove all, to cut a dash,  
 Went a little beyond their means — but thought,  
 No doubt, that they thus had a bargain bought.  
 Now they'll be cheated, sirs, one and all,  
 Should our chief, our head, the general fall.

## SUTLER - WOMAN.

Oh, heaven! this curse I never can brook!  
 Why, half of the army stand in my book.  
 Two hundred dollars I've trusted madly  
 That Count Isolani who pays so badly.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Well, comrades, let's fix on what's to be done —  
 Of the ways to save us, I see but one;  
 If we hold together we need not fear;  
 So let us stand out as one man here;  
 And then they may order and send as they will,  
 Fast planted we'll stick in Bohemia still.  
 We'll never give in — no, nor march an inch,  
 We stand on our honour, and must not flinch.

## SECOND YAGER.

We're not to be driven the country about,  
 Let 'em come here, and they'll find it out.

## FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Good sirs, 'twere well to bethink ye still,  
 That such is the emperor's sovereign will.

## TRUMPETER.

Oh, as to the emperor, we needn't be nice.

## FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Let me not hear you say so twice.

TRUMPETER.

Why, 'tis even so — as I just have said.

FIRST YAGER.

True, man — I've always heard 'em say,  
'Tis Friedland, alone, you've here to obey.

SERGEANT.

By our bargain with him it should be so,  
Absolute power in his, you must know.  
We've war, or peace, but as he may please,  
Or gold or goods he has power to seize,  
And hanging or pardon his will decrees.  
Captains and colonels he makes — and he,  
In short, by the imperial seal is free,  
To hold all the marks of sovereignty.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The duke is high and of mighty will,  
But yet must remain, for good or for ill,  
Like us all, but the emperor's servant still.

SERGEANT.

Not like us all — I there disagree —  
Friedland is quite independent and free,  
The Bavarian is no more a prince than he,  
For, was I not by myself to see,  
When on duty at Brandeis, how the emperor said,  
He wished him to cover his princely head ?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That was because of the Mecklenburg land,  
Which he held in pawn from the emperor's hand.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Sergeant*).

In the emperor's presence, man! say you so?  
That, beyond doubt, was a wonderful go!

SERGEANT (*feels in his pocket*).

If you question my word in what I have told,  
I can give you something to grasp and hold.

[*Showing a coin.*]

Whose image and stamp d'ye here behold?

SUTLER - WOMAN.

Oh! that is a Wallenstein's, sure!

SERGEANT - MAJOR.

Well, there, you have it — what doubt can rest,  
Is he not prince, just as good as the best?  
Coins he not money like Ferdinand?  
Hath he not his own subjects and land?  
Is he not called your highness, I pray?  
And why should he not have his soldiers in pay?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That no one has ever meant to gainsay;  
But we're still at the emperor's beck and call,  
For his majesty 'tis who pays us all.

TRUMPETER.

In your teeth I deny it — and will again —  
His majesty 'tis who pays us *not*,  
For this forty weeks, say, what have we got  
But a promise to pay, believed in vain?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

What then! 'tis kept in safe hands, I suppose.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace, good sirs, will you come to blows ?  
Have you a quarrel and squabble to know  
If the emperor be our master or no ?  
'Tis because of our rank, as his soldiers brave,  
That we scorn the lot of the herded slave ;  
And will not be driven from place to place,  
As priest or puppies our path may trace.  
And, tell me, is't not the sovereign's gain,  
If the soldiers their dignity will maintain ?  
Who but his soldiers give him the state  
Of a mighty, wide-ruling potentate ?  
Make and preserve for him, far and near,  
The voice which Christendom quakes to hear ?  
Well enough *they* may his yoke-chain bear,  
Who feast on his favours, and daily share,  
In golden chambers, his sumptuous fare.  
We — we of his splendours have no part,  
Naught but hard wearying toil and care,  
And the pride that lives in a soldier's heart.

## SECOND YAGER.

All great tyrants and kings have shown  
Their wit, as I take it, in what they've done ;  
They've trampled all others with stern command,  
But the soldier they've led with a gentle hand.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The soldier his worth must understand  
Whoe'er doesn't nobly drive the trade,  
'Twere best from the business far he'd stayed.  
If I cheerily set my life on a throw,  
Something still better than life I'll know ;  
Or I'll stand to be slain for the paltry pelf,  
As the Croat still does — and scorn myself

BOTH YAGERS.

Yes — honour is dearer than life itself.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The sword is no plough, nor delving tool,  
 He, who would till with it, is but a fool.  
 For us, neither grass nor grain doth grow,  
 Houseless the soldier is doomed to go,  
 A changeful wanderer over the earth,  
 Ne'er knowing the warmth of a home-lit hearth.  
 The city glances — he halts — not there —  
 Nor in village meadows, so green and fair ;  
 The vintage and harvest wreath are twined,  
 He sees, but must leave them far behind.  
 Then, tell me, what hath the soldier left,  
 If he's once of his self-esteem bereft ?  
 Something he *must* have his own to call,  
 Or on slaughter and burnings at once he'll fall.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

God knows, 'tis a wretched life to live !

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Yet one, which I, for no other would give.  
 Look ye — far round in the world I've been,  
 And all of its different service seen.  
 The Venetian Republic — the Kings of Spain  
 And Naples I've served, and served in vain.  
 Fortune still frowned — and merchant and knight,  
 Craftsman and Jesuit, have met my sight ;  
 Yet, of all their jackets, not one have I known  
 To please me like this steel coat of my own.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Well — that now is what I can scarcely say.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

In the world, a man who would make his way,  
 Must plague and bestir himself night and day.  
 To honour and place if he choose the road,  
 He must bend his back to the golden load.  
 And if home delights should his fancy please,  
 With children and grandchildren round his knees,  
 Let him follow an honest trade in peace,  
 I've no taste for this kind of life — not I!  
 Free will I live, and as freely die.  
 No man's spoiler nor heir will I be —  
 But, throned on my nag, I will smile to see  
 The coil of the crowd that is under me.

## FIRST YAGER.

Bravo! — that's as I've always done.

## FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

In truth, sirs, it may be far better fun  
 To trample thus over your neighbour's crown.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrade, the times are bad of late —  
 The sword and the scales live separate.  
 But do not then blame that I've preferred,  
 Of the two, to lean, as I have, to the sword.  
 For mercy in war I will yield to none,  
 Though I never will stoop to be drummed upon.

## FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Who but the soldier the blame should bear  
 That the labouring poor so hardly fare?  
 The war with its plagues, which all have blasted,  
 Now sixteen years in the land hath lasted.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why, brother, the blessed God above  
 Can't have from us all an equal love.  
 One prays for the sun, at which t'other will fret;  
 One is for dry weather — t'other for wet.  
 What you, now, regard as with misery rife,  
 Is to me the unclouded sun of life.  
 If 'tis at the cost of the burgher and boor,  
 I really am sorry that they must endure;  
 But how can I help it? Here, you must know,  
 'Tis just like a cavalry charge 'gainst the foe:  
 The steeds loud snorting, and on they go!  
 Whoever may lie in the mid-career —  
 Be it my brother or son so dear,  
 Should his dying groan my heart divide,  
 Yet over his body I needs must ride,  
 Nor pitying stop to drag him aside.

## FIRST YAGER.

True — who ever asks how another may bide?

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Thus, my lads, 'tis my counsel, while  
 On the soldier Dame Fortune deigns to smile,  
 That we with both hands her bounty clasp,  
 For it may not be much longer left to our grasp.  
 Peace will be coming some over-night,  
 And then there's an end of our martial might.  
 The soldier unhorsed, and fresh mounted the boor,  
 Ere you can think it 'twill be as before.  
 As yet we're together firm bound in the land,  
 The hilt is yet fast in the soldier's hand.  
 But let 'em divide us, and soon we shall find  
 Short commons is all that remains behind.

FIRST YAGER.

No, no, by the Lord! *that* won't do for me.  
Come, come, lads, let's all now, as one, agree.

SECOND YAGER.

Yes, let us resolve on what 'tis to be.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*to the Sutler-woman, drawing out  
his leather purse*).

Hostess, tell us how high you've scored.

SUTLER - WOMAN.

Oh, 'tis unworthy a single word. [*They settle.*

TRUMPETER.

You do well, sirs, to take a further walk,  
Your company only disturbs our talk.

[*Exeunt Arquebusiers.*

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Plague take the fellows — they're brave, I know.

FIRST YAGER.

They haven't a soul 'bove a soapboiler's, though.

SECOND YAGER.

We're now alone, so teach us who can  
How best we may meet and mar their plan.

TRUMPETER.

How? Why, let's tell them we will not go!

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Despising all discipline! no, my lads, no,  
 Rather his corps let each of us seek,  
 And quietly then with his comrades speak,  
 That every soldier may clearly know,  
 It were not for his good so far to go.  
 For my Walloons to answer I'm free,  
 Every man of 'em thinks and acts with me.

## SERGEANT.

The Terzky regiments, both horse and foot,  
 Will thus resolve, and will keep them to't.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*joining the first*).

The Walloons and the Lombards one intent.

## FIRST YAGER.

Freedom is Yagers' own element.

## SECOND YAGER.

Freedom must ever with might entwine —  
 I live and will die by Wallenstein.

## FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

The Lorrainers go on with the strongest tide,  
 Where spirits are light and courage tried.

## DRAGOON.

An Irishman follows his fortune's star.

## SECOND SHARPSHOOTER.

The Tyrolese for their sovereign war.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Then, comrades, let each of our corps agree  
 A *pro memoriâ* to sign — that we,  
 In spite of all force or fraud, will be  
 To the fortunes of Friedland firmly bound,  
 For in him is the soldier's father found.  
 This we will humbly present, when done,  
 To Piccolomini — I mean the son —  
 Who understands these kind of affairs,  
 And the Friedlander's highest favour shares;  
 Besides, with the emperor's self, they say  
 He holds a capital card to play.

## SECOND YAGER.

Well, then, in this, let us all agree,  
 That the colonel shall our spokesman be!

ALL (*going*).

Good! the colonel shall our spokesman be.

## SERGEANT.

Hold, sirs — just toss off a glass with me  
 To the health of Piccolomini.

SUTLER - WOMAN (*brings a flask*).

This shall not go to the list of scores,  
 I gladly give it — success be yours!

## CUIRASSIER.

The soldier shall sway!

## BOTH YAGERS.

The peasant shall pay!

DRAGOON *and* SHARPSHOOTERS.

The army shall flourishing stand!

TRUMPETER *and* SERGEANT.

And the Friedlander keep the command!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*sings*).

Arouse ye, my comrades, to horse! to horse!  
 To the field and to freedom we guide!  
 For there a man feels the pride of his force  
 And there is the heart of him tried.  
 No help to him there by another is shown,  
 He stands for himself and himself alone.

[*The Soldiers from the background have come forward during the singing of this verse and form the chorus.*]

*Chorus.*

No help to him by another is shown,  
 He stands for himself and himself alone.

DRAGOON.

Now freedom hath fled from the world, we find  
 But lords and their bondsmen vile:  
 And nothing holds sways in the breast of mankind  
 Save falsehood and cowardly guile.  
 Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,  
 The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

*Chorus.*

Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,  
 The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

## FIRST YAGER.

With the troubles of life he ne'er bothers his pate,  
 And feels neither fear nor sorrow ;  
 But boldly rides onward to meet with his fate —  
 He may meet it to-day, or to-morrow !  
 And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,  
 Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day !

*Chorus.*

And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,  
 Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day !  
 [*The glasses are here refilled, and all drink.*]

## SERGEANT.

'Tis from heaven his jovial lot has birth ;  
 Nor needs he to strive or toil.  
 The peasant may grope in the bowels of earth,  
 And for treasure may greedily moil :  
 He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,  
 And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

*Chorus.*

He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,  
 And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

## FIRST YAGER.

The rider and lightning steed — a pair  
 Of terrible guests, I ween !  
 From the bridal-hall, as the torches glare,  
 Unbidden they join the scene ;  
 Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove ;  
 By storm he carries the prize of love !

*Chorus.*

Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove;  
By storm he carries the prize of love!

## SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why mourns the wench with so sorrowful face?  
Away, girl, the soldier must go!  
No spot on the earth is his resting-place;  
And your *true* love he never can know.  
Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,  
He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

*Chorus.*

Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,  
He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

## FIRST YAGER.

*He takes the two next to him by the hand — the others  
do the same — and form a large semicircle.*

Then rouse ye, my comrades — to horse! to horse!  
In battle the breast doth swell!  
Youth boils — the life-cup foams in its force —  
Up! ere time can dew dispel!  
And deep be the stake, as the prize is high —  
Who life would win, he must dare to die!

*Chorus.*

And deep be the stake, as the prize is high!  
Who life would win, he must dare to die!  
[*The curtain falls before the chorus has finished.*]

THE END.





TRENT UNIVERSITY



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PT2473 .W3C6 n.d.  
Schiller, Johann Christoph  
Friedrich von  
The Piccolomini; The death of  
Wallenstein; Wallenstein's camp

DATE

ISSUED TO

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