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MEMORIALS, AND OTHER PAPERS, VOL. II.

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KLOSTERHEIM [1832.]

CHAPTER I.

The winter of 1633 had set in with unusual severity throughout Suabia and Bavaria, though as yet scarcely advanced beyond the first week of November. It was, in fact, at the point when our tale commences, the eighth of that month, or, in our modern computation, the eighteenth; long after which date it had been customary of late years, under any ordinary state of the weather, to extend the course of military operations, and without much decline of vigor. Latterly, indeed, it had become apparent that entire winter campaigns, without either formal suspensions of hostilities, or even partial relaxations, had entered professedly as a point of policy into the system of warfare which now swept over Germany

in full career, threatening soon to convert its vast central provinces—so recently blooming Edens of peace and expanding prosperity—into a howling wilderness; and which had already converted immense tracts into one universal aceldama, or human shambles, reviving to the recollection at every step the extent of past happiness in the endless memorials of its destruction. This innovation upon the old practice of war had been introduced by the Swedish armies, whose northern habits and training had fortunately prepared them to receive a German winter as a very beneficial exchange; whilst upon the less hardy soldiers from Italy, Spain, and the Southern France, to whom the harsh transition from their own sunny skies had made the very same climate a severe trial of constitution, this change of policy pressed with a hardship that sometimes [Footnote: Of which there is more than one remarkable instance, to the great dishonor of the French arms, in the records of *her* share in the Thirty Years' War.] crippled their exertions.

It was a change, however, not so long settled as to resist the extraordinary circumstances of the weather. So fierce had been the cold for the last fortnight, and so premature, that a pretty confident anticipation had arisen, in all quarters throughout the poor exhausted land, of a general armistice. And as this, once established, would offer a ready opening to some measure of permanent pacification, it could not be surprising that the natural hopefulness of the human heart, long oppressed by gloomy prospects, should open with unusual readiness to the first colorable dawn of happier times. In fact, the reaction in the public spirits was sudden and universal. It happened also that the particular occasion of this change of prospect brought with it a separate pleasure on its own account. Winter, which by its peculiar severity had created the apparent necessity for an armistice, brought many household pleasures in its train—associated immemorially with that season in all northern climates. The cold, which had casually opened a path to more distant hopes, was also for the present moment a screen between themselves and the enemy's sword. And thus it happened that the same season, which held out a not improbable picture of final restoration, however remote, to public happiness, promised them a certain foretaste of this blessing in the immediate security of their homes.

But in the ancient city of Klosterheim it might have been imagined that nobody participated in these feelings. A stir and agitation amongst the citizens had been conspicuous for some days; and on the morning of the eighth, spite of the intense cold, persons of every rank were seen crowding from an early hour to the city walls, and returning homewards at intervals, with anxious and dissatisfied looks. Groups of both sexes were collected at every corner of the wider streets, keenly debating, or angrily protesting; at one time denouncing vengeance to some great enemy; at another, passionately lamenting some past or half-forgotten calamity, recalled to their thoughts whilst anticipating a similar catastrophe for the present day.

Above all, the great square, upon which the ancient castellated palace or *schloss* opened by one of its fronts, as well as a principal convent of the city, was the resort of many turbulent spirits. Most of these were young men, and amongst them many students of the university: for the war, which had thinned or totally dispersed some of the greatest universities in Germany, under the particular circumstances of its situation, had greatly increased that of Klosterheim. Judging by the tone which prevailed, and the random expressions which fell upon the ear at intervals, a stranger might conjecture that it was no empty lamentation over impending evils which occupied this crowd, but some serious preparation for meeting or redressing them. An officer of some distinction had been for some time observing them from the antique portals of the palace. It was probable, however, that little more than their gestures had reached him; for at length he moved nearer, and gradually insinuated himself into the thickest part of the mob, with the air of one who took no further concern in their proceedings than that of simple curiosity. But his martial air and his dress allowed him no means of covering his purpose. With more warning and leisure to arrange his precautions, he might have passed as an indifferent spectator; as it was, his jewel-hilted sabre, the massy gold chain, depending in front from a costly button and loop which secured it half way down his back, and his broad crimson scarf, embroidered in a style of peculiar splendor, announced him as a favored officer of the Landgrave, whose ambitious pretensions, and tyrannical mode of supporting them, were just now the objects of general abhorrence in Klosterheim. His own appearance did not belie the service which he had adopted. He was a man of stout person, somewhat elegantly formed, in age about three or four and thirty, though perhaps a year or two of his apparent age might be charged upon the bronzing effects of sun and wind. In bearing and carriage he announced to every eye the mixed carelessness and self-possession of a military training; and as his features were regular, and remarkably intelligent, he would have been pronounced, on the whole, a man of winning exterior, were it not for the repulsive effect of his eye, in which there was a sinister expression of treachery, and at times a ferocious one of cruelty.

Placed upon their guard by his costume, and the severity of his countenance, those of the lower rank were silent as he moved along, or lowered their voices into whispers and inaudible murmurs. Amongst the students, however, whenever they happened to muster strongly, were many fiery young men, who disdained to temper the expression of their feelings, or to moderate their tone. A large group of these

at one corner of the square drew attention upon themselves, as well by the conspicuous station which they occupied upon the steps of a church portico, as by the loudness of their voices. Towards them the officer directed his steps; and probably no lover of *scenes* would have had very long to wait for some explosion between parties both equally ready to take offence, and careless of giving it; but at that moment, from an opposite angle of the square, was seen approaching a young man in plain clothes, who drew off the universal regard of the mob upon himself, and by the uproar of welcome which saluted him occasioned all other sounds to be stifled. "Long life to our noble leader!"—"Welcome to the good Max!" resounded through the square. "Hail to our noble brother!" was the acclamation of the students. And everybody hastened forward to meet him with an impetuosity which for the moment drew off all attention from the officer: he was left standing by himself on the steps of the church, looking down upon this scene of joyous welcome— the sole spectator who neither fully understood its meaning, nor shared in its feelings.

The stranger, who wore in part the antique costume of the university of Klosterheim, except where he still retained underneath a travelling dress, stained with recent marks of the roads and the weather, advanced amongst his friends with an air at once frank, kind, and dignified. He replied to their greetings in the language of cheerfulness; but his features expressed anxiety, and his manner was hurried. Whether he had not observed the officer overlooking them, or thought that the importance of the communications which he had to make transcended all common restraints of caution, there was little time to judge; so it was, at any rate, that, without lowering his voice, he entered abruptly upon his business.

"Friends! I have seen the accursed Holkerstein; I have penetrated within his fortress. With my own eyes I have viewed and numbered his vile assassins. They are in strength triple the utmost amount of our friends. Without help from us, our kinsmen are lost. Scarce one of us but will lose a dear friend before three nights are over, should Klosterheim not resolutely do her duty."

"She shall, she shall!" exclaimed a multitude of voices.

"Then, friends, it must be speedily; never was there more call for sudden resolution. Perhaps, before to-morrow's sun shall set, the sword of this detested robber will be at their throats. For he has some intelligence (whence I know not, nor how much) of their approach. Neither think that Holkerstein is a man acquainted with any touch of mercy or relenting. Where no ransom is to be had, he is in those circumstances that he will and must deliver himself from the burden of prisoners by a general massacre. Infants even will not be spared."

Many women had by this time flocked to the outer ring of the listening audience. And, perhaps, for *their* ears in particular it was that the young stranger urged these last circumstances; adding,

"Will you look down tamely from your city walls upon such another massacre of the innocents as we have once before witnessed?"

"Cursed be Holkerstein!" said a multitude of voices.

"And cursed be those that openly or secretly support him!" added one of the students, looking earnestly at the officer.

"Amen!" said the officer, in a solemn tone, and looking round him with the aspect of one who will not suppose himself to have been included in the suspicion.

"And, friends, remember this," pursued the popular favorite; "whilst you are discharging the first duties of Christians and brave men to those who are now throwing themselves upon the hospitality of your city, you will also be acquitting yourselves of a great debt to the emperor."

"Softly, young gentleman, softly," interrupted the officer; "his serene highness, my liege lord and yours, governs here, and the emperor has no part in our allegiance. For debts, what the city owes to the emperor she will pay. But men and horses, I take it—"

"Are precisely the coin which the time demands; these will best please the emperor, and, perhaps, will suit the circumstances of the city. But, leaving the emperor's rights as a question for lawyers, you, sir, are a soldier,—I question not, a brave one,—will you advise his highness the Landgrave to look down from the castle windows upon a vile marauder, stripping or murdering the innocent people who are throwing themselves upon the hospitality of this ancient city?"

"Ay, sir, that will I, be you well assured—the Landgrave is my sovereign—"

"Since when? Since Thursday week, I think; for so long it is since your *tertia* [Footnote: An old Walloon designation for a battalion.] first entered Klosterheim. But in that as you will, and if it be a

point of honor with you gentlemen Walloons to look on whilst women and children are butchered. For such a purpose no man is *my* sovereign; and as to the Landgrave in particular—"

"Nor ours, nor ours!" shouted a tumult of voices, which drowned the young student's words about the Landgrave, though apparently part of them reached the officer. He looked round in quest of some military comrades who might support him in the *voye du fait*, to which, at this point, his passion prompted him. But, seeing none, he exclaimed, "Citizens, press not this matter too far—and you, young man, especially, forbear,—you tread upon the brink of treason!"

A shout of derision threw back his words.

"Of treason, I say," he repeated, furiously; "and such wild behavior it is (and I say it with pain) that perhaps even now is driving his highness to place your city under martial law."

"Martial law! did you hear that?" ran along from mouth to mouth.

"Martial law, gentlemen, I say; how will you relish the little articles of that code? The provost marshal makes short leave-takings. Two fathom of rope, and any of these pleasant old balconies which I see around me (pointing, as he spoke, to the antique galleries of wood which ran round the middle stories in the Convent of St. Peter), with a confessor, or none, as the provost's breakfast may chance to allow, have cut short, to my knowledge, the freaks of many a better fellow than any I now see before me."

Saying this, he bowed with a mock solemnity all round to the crowd, which, by this time, had increased in number and violence. Those who were in the outermost circles, and beyond the distinct hearing of what he said, had been discussing with heat the alarming confirmation of their fears in respect to Holkerstein, or listening to the impassioned narrative of a woman, who had already seen one of her sons butchered by this ruffian's people under the walls of the city, and was now anticipating the same fate for her last surviving son and daughter, in case they should happen to be amongst the party now expected from Vienna. She had just recited the tragical circumstances of her son's death, and had worked powerfully upon the sympathizing passions of the crowd, when, suddenly, at a moment so unseasonable for the officer, some imperfect repetition of his words about the provost martial and the rope passed rapidly from mouth to mouth. It was said that he had threatened every man with instant death at the drum-head, who should but speculate on assisting his friends outside, under the heaviest extremities of danger or of outrage. The sarcastic bow and the inflamed countenance of the officer were seen by glimpses further than his words extended. Kindling eyes and lifted arms of many amongst the mob, and chiefly of those on the outside, who had heard his words the most imperfectly, proclaimed to such as knew Klosterheim and its temper at this moment the danger in which he stood. Maximilian, the young student, generously forgot his indignation in concern for his immediate safety. Seizing him by the hand, he exclaimed,

"Sir, but a moment ago you warned me that I stood on the brink of treason: look to your own safety at present; for the eyes of some whom I see yonder are dangerous."

"Young gentleman," the other replied, contemptuously, "I presume that you are a student; let me counsel you to go back to your books. There you will be in your element. For myself, I am familiar with faces as angry as these—and hands something more formidable. Believe me, I see nobody here," and he affected to speak with imperturbable coolness, but his voice became tremulous with passion, "whom I can even esteem worthy of a soldier's consideration."

"And yet, Colonel von Aremberg, there is at least one man here who has had the honor of commanding men as elevated as yourself." Saying which, he hastily drew from his bosom, where it hung suspended from his neck, a large flat tablet of remarkably beautiful onyx, on one side of which was sculptured a very striking face; but on the other, which he presented to the gaze of the colonel, was a fine representation of an eagle grovelling on the dust, and beginning to expand its wings—with the single word *Resurgam* by way of motto.

Never was revulsion of feeling so rapidly expressed on any man's countenance. The colonel looked but once; he caught the image of the bird trailing its pinions in the dust, he heard the word *Resurgam* audibly pronounced; his color fled, his lips grew livid with passion; and, furiously unsheathing his sword, he sprung, with headlong forgetfulness of time and place, upon his calm antagonist. With the advantage of perfect self-possession, Maximilian found it easy to parry the tempestuous blows of the colonel; and he would, perhaps, have found it easy to disarm him. But at this moment the crowd, who had been with great difficulty repressed by the more thoughtful amongst the students, burst through all restraints. In the violent outrage offered to their champion and leader, they saw naturally a full confirmation of the worst impressions they had received as to the colonel's temper and intention. A number of them rushed forward to execute a summary vengeance; and the foremost amongst these, a mechanic of Klosterheim, distinguished for his herculean strength, with one blow stretched Von

Aremberg on the ground. A savage yell announced the dreadful fate which impended over the fallen officer. And, spite of the generous exertions made for his protection by Maximilian and his brother students, it is probable that at that moment no human interposition could have availed to turn aside the awakened appetite for vengeance, and that he must have perished, but for the accident which at that particular instant of time occurred to draw off the attention of the mob.

A signal gun from a watch-tower, which always in those unhappy times announced the approach of strangers, had been fired about ten minutes before; but, in the turbulent uproar of the crowd, it had passed unnoticed. Hence it was, that, without previous warning to the mob assembled at this point, a mounted courier now sprung into the square at full gallop on his road to the palace, and was suddenly pulled up by the dense masses of human beings.

"News, news!" exclaimed Maximilian; "tidings of our dear friends from Vienna! "This he said with the generous purpose of diverting the infuriated mob from the unfortunate Von Aremberg, though himself apprehending that the courier had arrived from another quarter. His plan succeeded: the mob rushed after the horseman, all but two or three of the most sanguinary, who, being now separated from all assistance, were easily drawn off from their prey. The opportunity was eagerly used to carry off the colonel, stunned and bleeding, within the gates of a Franciscan convent. He was consigned to the medical care of the holy fathers; and Maximilian, with his companions, then hurried away to the chancery of the palace, whither the courier had proceeded with his despatches.

These were interesting in the highest degree. It had been doubted by many, and by others a pretended doubt had been raised to serve the Landgrave's purpose, whether the great cavalcade from Vienna would be likely to reach the entrance of the forest for a week or more. Certain news had now arrived, and was published before it could be stifled, that they and all their baggage, after a prosperous journey so far, would be assembled at that point on this very evening. The courier had left the advanced guard about noonday, with an escort of four hundred of the Black Yagers from the Imperial Guard, and two hundred of Papenheim's Dragoons, at Waldenhausen, on the very brink of the forest. The main body and rear were expected to reach the same point in four or five hours; and the whole party would then fortify their encampment as much as possible against the night attack which they had too much reason to apprehend.

This was news which, in bringing a respite of forty-eight hours, brought relief to some who had feared that even this very night might present them with the spectacle of their beloved friends engaged in a bloody struggle at the very gates of Klosterheim; for it was the fixed resolution of the Landgrave to suffer no diminution of his own military strength, or of the means for recruiting it hereafter. Men, horses, arms, all alike were rigorously laid under embargo by the existing government of the city; and such was the military power at its disposal, reckoning not merely the numerical strength in troops, but also the power of sweeping the main streets of the town, and several of the principal roads outside, that it was become a matter of serious doubt whether the unanimous insurrection of the populace had a chance for making head against the government. But others found not even a momentary comfort in this account. They considered that, perhaps, Waldenhausen might be the very ground selected for the murderous attack. There was here a solitary post-house, but no town, or even village. The forest at this point was just thirty-four miles broad; and if the bloodiest butchery should be going on under cover of night, no rumor of it could be borne across the forest in time to alarm the many anxious friends who would this night be lying awake in Klosterheim.

A slight circumstance served to barb and point the public distress, which otherwise seemed previously to have reached its utmost height. The courier had brought a large budget of letters to private individuals throughout Klosterheim; many of these were written by children unacquainted with the dreadful catastrophe which threatened them. Most of them had been long separated, by the fury of the war, from their parents. They had assembled, from many different quarters, at Vienna, in order to join what might be called, in Oriental phrase, *the caravan*. Their parents had also, in many instances, from places equally dispersed, assembled at Klosterheim; and, after great revolutions of fortune, they were now going once more to rejoin each other. Their letters expressed the feelings of hope and affectionate pleasure suitable to the occasion. They retraced the perils they had passed during the twenty-six days of their journey,—the great towns, heaths, and forests, they had traversed since leaving the gates of Vienna; and expressed, in the innocent terms of childhood, the pleasure they felt in having come within two stages of the gates of Klosterheim. "In the forest," said they, "there will be no more dangers to pass; no soldiers; nothing worse than wild deer."

Letters written in these terms, contrasted with the mournful realities of the case, sharpened the anguish of fear and suspense throughout the whole city; and Maximilian with his friends, unable to bear the loud expression of the public feelings, separated themselves from the tumultuous crowds, and adjourning to the seclusion of their college rooms, determined to consult, whilst it was yet not too late, whether, in their hopeless situation for openly resisting the Landgrave without causing as much

slaughter as they sought to prevent, it might not yet be possible for them to do something in the way of resistance to the bloody purposes of Holkerstein.

CHAPTER II.

The travelling party, for whom much anxiety was felt in Klosterheim, had this evening reached Waldenhausen without loss or any violent alarm; and, indeed, considering the length of their journey, and the distracted state of the empire, they had hitherto travelled in remarkable security. It was now nearly a month since they had taken their departure from Vienna, at which point considerable numbers had assembled from the adjacent country to take the benefit of their convoy. Some of these they had dropped at different turns in their route, but many more had joined them as they advanced; for in every considerable city they found large accumulations of strangers, driven in for momentary shelter from the storm of war as it spread over one district after another; and many of these were eager to try the chances of a change, or, upon more considerate grounds, preferred the protection of a place situated like Klosterheim, in a nook as yet unvisited by the scourge of military execution. Hence it happened, that from a party of seven hundred and fifty, with an escort of four hundred yagers, which was the amount of their numbers on passing through the gates of Vienna, they had gradually swelled into a train of sixteen hundred, including two companies of dragoons, who had joined them by the emperor's orders at one of the fortified posts.

It was felt, as a circumstance of noticeable singularity, by most of the party, that, after traversing a large part of Germany without encountering any very imminent peril, they should be first summoned to unusual vigilance, and all the most jealous precautions of fear, at the very termination of their journey. In all parts of their route they had met with columns of troops pursuing their march, and now and then with roving bands of deserters, who were formidable to the unprotected traveller. Some they had overawed by their display of military strength; from others, in the imperial service, they had received cheerful assistance; and any Swedish corps, which rumor had presented as formidable by their numbers, they had, with some exertion of forethought and contrivance, constantly evaded, either by a little detour, or by a temporary halt in some place of strength. But now it was universally known that they were probably waylaid by a desperate and remorseless freebooter, who, as he put his own trust exclusively in the sword, allowed nobody to hope for any other shape of deliverance.

Holkerstein, the military robber, was one of the many monstrous growths which had arisen upon the ruins of social order in this long and unhappy war. Drawing to himself all the malcontents of his own neighborhood, and as many deserters from the regular armies in the centre of Germany as he could tempt to his service by the license of unlimited pillage, he had rapidly created a respectable force; had possessed himself of various castles in Wirtemberg, within fifty or sixty miles of Klosterheim; had attacked and defeated many parties of regular troops sent out to reduce him; and, by great activity and local knowledge, had raised himself to so much consideration, that the terror of his name had spread even to Vienna, and the escort of yagers had been granted by the imperial government as much on his account as for any more general reason. A lady, who was in some way related to the emperor's family, and, by those who were in the secret, was reputed to be the emperor's natural daughter, accompanied the travelling party, with a suite of female attendants. To this lady, who was known by the name of the Countess Paulina, the rest of the company held themselves indebted for their escort; and hence, as much as for her rank, she was treated with ceremonious respect throughout the journey.

The Lady Paulina travelled with, her suite in coaches, drawn by the most powerful artillery horses that could be furnished at the various military posts. [Footnote: Coaches were common in Germany at this time amongst people of rank. At the reinstatement of the Dukes of Mecklenburg, by Gustavus Adolphus, though without much notice, more than four-score of coaches were assembled.] On this day she had been in the rear; and having been delayed by an accident, she was waited for with some impatience by the rest of the party, the latest of whom had reached Waldenhausen early in the afternoon. It was sunset before her train of coaches arrived; and, as the danger from Holkerstein commenced about this point, they were immediately applied to the purpose of strengthening their encampment against a night attack, by chaining them, together with all the baggage-carts, in a triple line, across the different avenues which seemed most exposed to a charge of cavalry. Many other preparations were made; the yagers and dragoons made arrangements for mounting with ease on the first alarm; strong outposts were established; sentinels posted all round the encampment, who were duly relieved every hour, in consideration of the extreme cold; and, upon the whole, as many veteran officers were amongst them, the great body of the travellers were now able to apply themselves to the task of preparing their evening refreshments with some degree of comfort; for the elder part of the company saw that every precaution had been taken, and the younger were not aware of any extraordinary danger.

Waldenhausen had formerly been a considerable village. At present there was no more than one

house, surrounded, however, by such a large establishment of barns, stables, and other outhouses, that, at a little distance, it wore the appearance of a tolerable hamlet. Most of the outhouses, in their upper stories, were filled with hay or straw; and there the women and children prepared their couches for the night, as the warmest resorts in so severe a season. The house was furnished in the plainest style of a farmer's; but in other respects it was of a superior order, being roomy and extensive. The best apartment had been reserved for the Lady Paulina and her attendants; one for the officers of most distinction in the escort or amongst the travellers; the rest had been left to the use of the travellers indiscriminately.

In passing through the hall of entrance, Paulina had noticed a man of striking and *farouche* appearance,—hair black and matted, eyes keen and wild, and beaming with malicious cunning, who surveyed her as she passed with a mixed look of insolence and curiosity, that involuntarily made her shrink. He had been half reclining carelessly against the wall, when she first entered, but rose upright with a sudden motion as she passed him—not probably from any sentiment of respect, but under the first powerful impression of surprise on seeing a young woman of peculiarly splendid figure and impressive beauty, under circumstances so little according with what might be supposed her natural pretensions. The dignity of her deportment, and the numbers of her attendants, sufficiently proclaimed the luxurious accommodations which her habits might have taught her to expect; and she was now entering a dwelling which of late years had received few strangers of her sex, and probably none but those of the lowest rank.

"Know your distance, fellow!" exclaimed one of the waiting-women, angrily, noticing his rude gaze and the effect upon her mistress.

"Good faith, madam, I would that the distance between us were more; it was no prayers of mine, I promise you, that brought upon me a troop of horses to Waldenhausen, enough in one twelve hours to eat me out a margrave's ransom. Light thanks I reckon on from yagers; and the payments of dragoons will pass current for as little in the forest, as a lady's frown in Waldenhausen."

"Churl!" said an officer of dragoons, "how know you that our payments are light? The emperor takes nothing without payment; surely not from such as you. But *à propos* of ransoms, what now might be Holkerstein's ransom for a farmer's barns stuffed with a three years' crop?"

"How mean you by that, captain? The crop's my own, and never was in worse hands than my own. God send it no worse luck to-day!"

"Come, come, sir, you understand me better than that; nothing at Waldenhausen, I take it, is yours or any man's, unless by license from Holkerstein. And when I see so many goodly barns and garners, with their jolly charges of hay and corn, that would feed one of Holkerstein's garrisons through two sieges, I know what to think of him who has saved them scot-free. He that serves a robber must do it on a robber's terms. To such bargains there goes but one word, and that is the robber's. But, come, man, I am not thy judge. Only I would have my soldiers on their guard at one of Holkerstein's outposts. And thee, farmer, I would have to remember that an emperor's grace may yet stand thee instead, when a robber is past helping thee to a rope."

The soldiers laughed, but took their officer's hint to watch the motions of a man, whose immunity from spoil, in circumstances so tempting to a military robber's cupidity, certainly argued some collusion with Holkerstein.

The Lady Paulina had passed on during this dialogue into an inner room, hoping to have found the quiet and the warmth which were now become so needful to her repose. But the antique stove was too much out of repair to be used with benefit; the wood-work was decayed, and admitted currents of cold air; and, above all, from the slightness of the partitions, the noise and tumult in a house occupied by soldiers and travellers proved so incessant, that, after taking refreshments with her attendants, she resolved to adjourn for the night to her coach; which afforded much superior resources, both in warmth and in freedom from noise.

The carriage of the countess was one of those which had been posted at an angle of the encampment, and on that side terminated the line of defences; for a deep mass of wood, which commenced where the carriages ceased, seemed to present a natural protection on that side against the approach of cavalry; in reality, from the quantity of tangled roots, and the inequalities of the ground, it appeared difficult for a single horseman to advance even a few yards without falling. And upon this side it had been judged sufficient to post a single sentinel.

Assured by the many precautions adopted, and by the cheerful language of the officer on guard, who attended her to the carriage door, Paulina, with one attendant, took her seat in the coach, where she had the means of fencing herself sufficiently from the cold by the weighty robes of minever and ermine

which her ample wardrobe afforded; and the large dimensions of the coach enabled her to turn it to the use of a sofa or couch.

Youth and health sleep well; and with all the means and appliances of the Lady Paulina, wearied besides as she had been with the fatigue of a day's march, performed over roads almost impassable from roughness, there was little reason to think that she would miss the benefit of her natural advantages. Yet sleep failed to come, or came only by fugitive snatches, which presented her with tumultuous dreams,—sometimes of the emperor's court in Vienna, sometimes of the vast succession of troubled scenes and fierce faces that had passed before her since she had quitted that city. At one moment she beheld the travelling equipages and far-stretching array of her own party, with their military escort filing off by torchlight under the gateway of ancient cities; at another, the ruined villages, with their dismantled cottages,—doors and windows torn off, walls scorched with fire, and a few gaunt dogs, with a wolf-like ferocity in their bloodshot eyes, prowling about the ruins,—objects that had really so often afflicted her heart. Waking from those distressing spectacles, she would fall into a fitful doze, which presented her with remembrances still more alarming: bands of fierce deserters, that eyed her travelling party with a savage rapacity which did not confess any powerful sense of inferiority; and in the very fields which they had once cultivated, now silent and tranquil from utter desolation, the mouldering bodies of the unoffending peasants, left un-honored with the rites of sepulture, in many places from the mere extermination of the whole rural population of their neighborhood. To these succeeded a wild chaos of figures, in which the dress and tawny features of Bohemian gypsies conspicuously prevailed, just as she had seen them of late making war on all parties alike; and, in the person of their leader, her fancy suddenly restored to her a vivid resemblance of their suspicious host at their present quarters, and of the malicious gaze with which he had disconcerted her.

A sudden movement of the carriage awakened her, and, by the light of a lamp suspended from a projecting bough of a tree, she beheld, on looking out, the sallow countenance of the very man whose image had so recently infested her dreams. The light being considerably nearer to him than to herself, she could see without being distinctly seen; and, having already heard the very strong presumptions against this man's honesty which had been urged by the officer, and without reply from the suspected party, she now determined to watch him.

CHAPTER III.

The night was pitch dark, and Paulina felt a momentary terror creep over her as she looked into the massy blackness of the dark alleys which ran up into the woods, forced into deeper shade under the glare of the lamps from the encampment. She now reflected with some alarm that the forest commenced at this point, stretching away (as she had been told) in some directions upwards of fifty miles; and that, if the post occupied by their encampment should be inaccessible on this side to cavalry, it might, however, happen that persons with the worst designs could easily penetrate on foot from the concealments of the forest; in which case she herself, and the splendid booty of her carriage, might be the first and easiest prey. Even at this moment, the very worst of those atrocious wretches whom the times had produced might be lurking in concealment, with their eyes fastened upon the weak or exposed parts of the encampment, and waiting until midnight should have buried the majority of their wearied party into the profoundest repose, in order then to make a combined and murderous attack. Under the advantages of sudden surprise and darkness, together with the knowledge which they would not fail to possess of every road and by- path in the woods, it could scarcely be doubted that they might strike a very effectual blow at the Vienna caravan, which had else so nearly completed their journey without loss or memorable privations;—and the knowledge which Holkerstein possessed of the short limits within which his opportunities were now circumscribed would doubtless prompt him to some bold and energetic effort.

Thoughts unwelcome as these Paulina found leisure to pursue; for the ruffian landlord had disappeared almost at the same moment when she first caught a glimpse of him. In the deep silence which succeeded, she could not wean herself from the painful fascination of imagining the very worst possibilities to which their present situation was liable. She imaged to herself the horrors of a *camisade*, as she had often heard it described; she saw, in apprehension, the savage band of confederate butchers, issuing from the profound solitudes of the forest, in white shirts drawn over their armor; she seemed to read the murderous features, lighted up by the gleam of lamps—the stealthy step, and the sudden gleam of sabres; then the yell of assault, the scream of agony, the camp floating with blood; the fury, the vengeance, the pursuit;—all these circumstances of scenes at that time too familiar to Germany passed rapidly before her mind.

But after some time, as the tranquillity continued, her nervous irritation gave way to less agitating but profound sensibilities. Whither was her lover withdrawn from her knowledge? and why? and for how long a time? What an age it seemed since she had last seen him at Vienna! That the service upon

which he was employed would prove honorable, she felt assured. But was it dangerous? Alas! in Germany there was none otherwise. Would it soon restore him to her society? And why had he been of late so unaccountably silent? Or again, *had* he been silent? Perhaps his letters had been intercepted,—nothing, in fact, was more common at that time. The rarity was, if by any accident a letter reached its destination. From one of the worst solicitudes incident to such a situation Paulina was, however, delivered by her own nobility of mind, which raised her above the meanness of jealousy. Whatsoever might have happened, or into whatever situations her lover might have been thrown, she felt no fear that the fidelity of his attachment could have wandered or faltered for a moment; that worst of pangs the Lady Paulina was raised above, equally by her just confidence in herself and in her lover. But yet, though faithful to her, might he not be ill? Might he not be languishing in some one of the many distresses incident to war? Might he not even have perished?

That fear threw her back upon the calamities and horrors of war; and insensibly her thoughts wandered round to the point from which they had started, of her own immediate situation. Again she searched with penetrating eyes the black avenues of the wood, as they lay forced almost into strong relief and palpable substance by the glare of the lamps. Again she fancied to herself the murderous hearts and glaring eyes which even now might be shrouded by the silent masses of forest which stretched before her,—when suddenly a single light shot its rays from what appeared to be a considerable distance in one of the avenues. Paulina's heart beat fast at this alarming spectacle. Immediately after, the light was shaded, or in some way disappeared. But this gave the more reason for terror. It was now clear that human beings were moving in the woods. No public road lay in that direction; nor, in so unpopulous a region, could it be imagined that travellers were likely at that time to be abroad. From their own encampment nobody could have any motive for straying to a distance on so severe a night, and at a time when he would reasonably draw upon himself the danger of being shot by the night-guard.

This last consideration reminded Paulina suddenly, as of a very singular circumstance, that the appearance of the light had been followed by no challenge from the sentinel. And then first she remembered that for some time she had ceased to hear the sentinel's step, or the rattle of his bandoleers. Hastily looking along the path, she discovered too certainly that the single sentinel posted on that side of their encampment was absent from his station. It might have been supposed that he had fallen asleep from the severity of the cold; but in that case the lantern which he carried attached to his breast would have continued to burn; whereas all traces of light had vanished from the path which he perambulated. The error was now apparent to Paulina, both in having appointed no more than one sentinel to this quarter, and also in the selection of his beat. There had been frequent instances throughout this war in which by means of a net, such as that carried by the Roman *retiarius* in the contests of the gladiators, and dexterously applied by two persons from behind, a sentinel had been suddenly muffled, gagged, and carried off, without much difficulty. For such a purpose it was clear that the present sentinel's range, lying by the margin of a wood from which his minutest movements could be watched at leisure by those who lay in utter darkness themselves, afforded every possible facility. Paulina scarcely doubted that he had been indeed carried off, in some such way, and not impossibly almost whilst she was looking on.

She would now have called aloud, and have alarmed the camp; but at the very moment when she let down the glass the savage landlord reappeared, and, menacing her with a pistol, awed her into silence. He bore upon his head a moderate-sized trunk, or portmanteau, which appeared, by the imperfect light, to be that in which some despatches had been lodged from the imperial government to different persons in Klosterheim. This had been cut from one of the carriages in her suite; and her anxiety was great on recollecting that, from some words of the emperor's, she had reason to believe one, at least, of the letters which it conveyed to be in some important degree connected with the interests of her lover. Satisfied, however, that he would not find it possible to abscond with so burdensome an article in any direction that could save him from instant pursuit and arrest, she continued to watch for the moment when she might safely raise the alarm. But great was her consternation when she saw a dark figure steal from a thicket, receive the trunk from the other, and instantly retreat into the deepest recesses of the forest.

Her fears now gave way to the imminence of so important a loss; and she endeavored hastily to open the window of the opposite door. But this had been so effectually barricaded against the cold, that she failed in her purpose, and, immediately turning back to the other side, she called, loudly,—"Guard! guard!" The press of carriages, however, at this point, so far deadened her voice, that it was some time before the alarm reached the other side of the encampment distinctly enough to direct their motions to her summons. Half a dozen yagers and an officer at length presented themselves; but the landlord had disappeared, she knew not in what direction. Upon explaining the circumstances of the robbery, however, the officer caused his men to light a number of torches, and advance into the wood. But the ground was so impracticable in most places, from tangled roots and gnarled stumps of trees, that it was

with difficulty they could keep their footing. They were also embarrassed by the crossing shadows From the innumerable boughs above them; and a situation of greater perplexity for effective pursuit it was scarcely possible to imagine. Everywhere they saw alleys, arched high overhead, and resembling the aisles of a cathedral, as much in form as in the perfect darkness which reigned in both at this solemn hour of midnight, stretching away apparently without end, but more and more obscure, until impenetrable blackness terminated the long vista. Now and then a dusky figure was seen to cross at some distance; but these were probably deer; and when loudly challenged by the yagers, no sound replied but the vast echoes of the forest. Between these interminable alleys, which radiated as from a centre at this point, there were generally thickets interposed. Sometimes the wood was more open, and clear of all undergrowth—shrubs, thorns, or brambles—for a considerable distance, so that a single file of horsemen might have penetrated for perhaps half a mile; but belts of thicket continually checked their progress, and obliged them to seek their way back to some one of the long vistas which traversed the woods between the frontiers of Suabia and Bavaria.

In this perplexity of paths, the officer halted his party to consider of his further course. At this moment one of the yagers protested that he had seen a man's hat and face rise above a thicket of bushes, apparently not more than a hundred and fifty yards from their own position. Upon that the party were ordered to advance a little, and to throw in a volley, as nearly as could be judged, into the very spot pointed out by the soldier. It seemed that he had not been mistaken; for a loud laugh of derision rose immediately a little to the left of the bushes. The laughter swelled upon the silence of the night, and in the next moment was taken up by another on the right, which again was echoed by a third on the rear. Peal after peal of tumultuous and scornful laughter resounded from the remoter solitudes of the forest; and the officer stood aghast to hear this proclamation of defiance from a multitude of enemies, where he had anticipated no more than the very party engaged in the robbery.

To advance in pursuit seemed now both useless and dangerous. The laughter had probably been designed expressly to distract his choice of road at a time when the darkness and intricacies of the ground had already made it sufficiently indeterminate. In which direction, out of so many whence he had heard the sounds, a pursuit could be instituted with any chance of being effectual, seemed now as hopeless a subject of deliberation as it was possible to imagine. Still, as he had been made aware of the great importance attached to the trunk, which might very probably contain despatches interesting to the welfare of Klosterheim, and the whole surrounding territory, he felt grieved to retire without some further attempt for its recovery. And he stood for a few moments irresolutely debating with himself, or listening to the opinions of his men.

His irresolution was very abruptly terminated. All at once, upon the main road from Klosterheim, at an angle about half a mile ahead where it first wheeled into sight from Waldenhausen, a heavy thundering trot was heard ringing from the frozen road, as of a regular body of cavalry advancing rapidly upon their encampment. There was no time to be lost; the officer instantly withdrew his yagers from the wood, posted a strong guard at the wood side, sounded the alarm throughout the camp, agreeably to the system of signals previously concerted, mounted about thirty men, whose horses and themselves were kept in perfect equipment during each of the night-watches, and then advancing to the head of the barriers, prepared to receive the party of strangers in whatever character they should happen to present themselves.

All this had been done with so much promptitude and decision, that, on reaching the barriers, the officer found the strangers not yet come up. In fact, they had halted at a strong outpost about a quarter of a mile in advance of Waldenhausen; and though one or two patrollers came dropping in from by-roads on the forest-heath, who reported them as enemies, from the indistinct view they had caught of their equipments, it had already become doubtful from their movements whether they would really prove so.

Two of their party were now descried upon the road, and nearly close up with the gates of Waldenhausen; they were accompanied by several of the guard from the outpost; and, immediately on being hailed, they exclaimed, "Friends, and from Klosterheim!"

He who spoke was a young cavalier, magnificent alike in his person, dress, and style of his appointments. He was superbly mounted, wore the decorations of a major-general in the imperial service, and scarcely needed the explanations which he gave to exonerate himself from the suspicion of being a leader of robbers under Holkerstein. Fortunately enough, also, at a period when officers of the most distinguished merit were too often unfaithful to their engagements, or passed with so much levity from service to service as to justify an indiscriminate jealousy of all who were not in the public eye, it happened that the officer of the watch, formerly, when mounting guard at the imperial palace, had been familiar with the personal appearance of the cavalier, and could speak of his own knowledge to the favor which he had enjoyed at the emperor's court. After short explanations, therefore, he was admitted, and thankfully welcomed in the camp; and the officer of the guard departed to receive with

honor the generous volunteers at the outpost.

Meantime, the alarm, which was general throughout the camp, had assembled all the women to one quarter, where a circle of carriages had been formed for their protection. In their centre, distinguished by her height and beauty, stood the Lady Paulina, dispensing assistance from her wardrobe to any who were suffering from cold under this sudden summons to night air, and animating others, who were more than usually depressed, by the aids of consolation and of cheerful prospects. She had just turned her face away from the passage by which this little sanctuary communicated with the rest of the camp, and was in the act of giving directions to one of her attendants, when suddenly a well-known voice fell upon her ear. It was the voice of the stranger cavalier, whose natural gallantry had prompted him immediately to relieve the alarm, which, unavoidably, he had himself created; in a few words, he was explaining to the assembled females of the camp in what character, and with how many companions, he had come. But a shriek from Paulina interrupted him. Involuntarily she held out her open arms, and involuntarily she exclaimed, "Dearest Maximilian!" On his part, the young cavalier, for a moment or two at first, was almost deprived of speech by astonishment and excess of pleasure. Bounding forward, hardly conscious of those who surrounded them, with a rapture of faithful love he caught the noble young beauty into his arms,—a movement to which, in the frank innocence of her heart, she made no resistance; folded her to his bosom, and impressed a fervent kiss upon her lips; whilst the only words that came to his own were, "Beloved Paulina! 0, most beloved lady! what chance has brought you hither?"

CHAPTER IV.

In those days of tragical confusion, and of sudden catastrophe, alike for better or for worse,—when the rendings asunder of domestic charities were often without an hour's warning, when reunions were as dramatic and as unexpected as any which are exhibited on the stage, and too often separations were eternal,—the circumstances of the times concurred with the spirit of manners to sanction a tone of frank expression to the stronger passions, which the reserve of modern habits would not entirely license. And hence, not less than from the noble ingenuousness of their natures, the martial young cavalier, and the superb young beauty of the imperial house, on recovering themselves from their first transports, found no motives to any feeling of false shame, either in their own consciousness, or in the reproving looks of any who stood around them. On the contrary, as the grown-up spectators were almost exclusively female, to whom the evidences of faithful love are never other than a serious subject, or naturally associated with the ludicrous, many of them expressed their sympathy with the scene before them by tears, and all of them in some way or other. Even in this age of more fastidious manners, it is probable that the tender interchanges of affection between a young couple rejoining each other after deep calamities, and standing on the brink of fresh, perhaps endless separations, would meet with something of the same indulgence from the least interested witnesses.

Hence the news was diffused through the camp with general satisfaction, that a noble and accomplished cavalier, the favored lover of their beloved young mistress, had joined them from Klosterheim, with a chosen band of volunteers, upon whose fidelity in action they might entirely depend. Some vague account floated about, at the same time, of the marauding attack upon the Lady Paulina's carriage. But naturally enough, from the confusion and hurry incident to a nocturnal disturbance, the circumstances were mixed up with the arrival of Maximilian, in a way which ascribed to him the merit of having repelled an attack, which might else have proved fatal to the lady of his heart. And this romantic interposition of Providence on a young lady's behalf, through the agency of her lover, unexpected on her part, and unconscious on his, proved so equally gratifying to the passion for the marvellous and the interest in youthful love, that no other or truer version of the case could ever obtain a popular acceptance in the camp, or afterwards in Klosterheim. And had it been the express purpose of Maximilian to found a belief, for his own future benefit, of a providential sanction vouchsafed to his connection with the Lady Paulina, he could not, by the best-arranged contrivances, have more fully attained that end.

It was yet short of midnight by more than an hour; and therefore, on the suggestion of Maximilian, who reported the roads across the forest perfectly quiet, and alleged some arguments for quieting the general apprehension for this night, the travellers and troops retired to rest, as the best means of preparing them to face the trials of the two next days. It was judged requisite, however, to strengthen the night-guard very considerably, and to relieve it at least every two hours. That the poor sentinel on the forest side of the encampment had been in some mysterious way trepanned upon his post, was now too clearly ascertained, for he was missing; and the character of the man, no less than the absence of all intelligible temptation to such an act, forbade the suspicion of his having deserted. On this quarter, therefore, a file of select marksmen were stationed, with directions instantly to pick off every moving figure that showed itself within their range. Of these men Maximilian himself took the command; and

by this means he obtained the opportunity, so enviable to one long separated from his mistress, of occasionally conversing with her, and of watching over her safety. In one point he showed a distinguished control over his inclinations; for, much as he had to tell her, and ardently as he longed for communicating with her on various subjects of common interest, he would not suffer her to keep the window down for more than a minute or two in so dreadful a state of the atmosphere. She, on her part, exacted a promise from him that he would leave his station at three o'clock in the morning. Meantime, as on the one hand she felt touched by this proof of her lover's solicitude for her safety, so, on the other, she was less anxious on his account, from the knowledge she had of his long habituation to the hardships of a camp, with which, indeed, he had been familiar from his childish days. Thus debarred from conversing with her lover, and at the same time feeling the most absolute confidence in his protection, she soon fell placidly asleep. The foremost subject of her anxiety and sorrow was now removed; her lover had been restored to her hopes; and her dreams were no longer haunted with horrors. Yet, at the same time, the turbulence of joy and of hope fulfilled unexpectedly had substituted its own disturbances; and her sleep was often interrupted. But, as often as that happened, she had the delightful pleasure of seeing her lover's figure, with its martial equipments, and the drooping plumes of his yager barrette, as he took his station at her carriage, traced out on the ground in the bright glare of the flambeaux. She awoke, therefore, continually to the sense of restored happiness; and at length fell finally asleep, to wake no more until the morning trumpet, at the break of day, proclaimed the approaching preparations for the general movement of the camp.

Snow had fallen in the night. Towards four o'clock in the morning, amongst those who held that watch there had been a strong apprehension that it would fall heavily. But that state of the atmosphere had passed off; and it had not in fact fallen sufficiently to abate the cold, or much to retard their march. According to the usual custom of the camp, a general breakfast was prepared, at which all, without distinction, messed together—a sufficient homage being expressed to superior rank by resigning the upper part of every table to those who had any distinguished pretensions of that kind. On this occasion Paulina had the gratification of seeing the public respect offered in the most marked manner to her lover. He had retired about daybreak to take an hour's repose,—for she found, from her attendants, with mingled vexation and pleasure, that he had not fulfilled his promise of retiring at an earlier hour, in consequence of some renewed appearances of a suspicious kind in the woods. In his absence, she heard a resolution proposed and carried, amongst the whole body of veteran officers attached to the party, that the chief military command should be transferred to Maximilian, not merely as a distinguished favorite of the emperor, but also, and much more, as one of the most brilliant cavalry officers in the imperial service. This resolution was communicated to him on his taking the place reserved for him, at the head of the principal breakfast-table; and Paulina thought that he had never appeared more interesting, or truly worthy of admiration, than under that exhibition of courtesy and modest dignity with which he first earnestly declined the honor in favor of older officers, and then finally complied with what he found to be the sincere wish of the company, by frankly accepting it. Paulina had grown up amongst military men, and had been early trained to a sympathy with military merit,—the very court of the emperor had something of the complexion of a camp,— and the object of her own youthful choice was elevated in her eyes, if it were at all possible that he should be so, by this ratification of his claims on the part of those whom she looked up to as the most competent judges.

Before nine o'clock the van of the party was in motion; then, with a short interval, came all the carriages of every description, and the Papenheim dragoons as a rear-guard. About eleven the sun began to burst out, and illuminated, with the cheerful crimson of a frosty morning, those horizontal draperies of mist which had previously stifled his beams. The extremity of the cold was a good deal abated by this time, and Paulina, alighting from her carriage, mounted a led horse, which gave her the opportunity, so much wished for by them both, of conversing freely with Maximilian. For a long time the interest and animation of their reciprocal communications, and the magnitude of the events since they had parted, affecting either or both of them directly, or in the persons of their friends, had the natural effect of banishing any dejection which nearer and more pressing concerns would else have called forth. But, in the midst of this factitious animation, and the happiness which otherwise so undisguisedly possessed Maximilian at their unexpected reunion, it shocked Paulina to observe in her lover a degree of gravity almost amounting to sadness, which argued in a soldier of his gallantry some overpowering sense of danger. In fact, upon being pressed to say the worst, Maximilian frankly avowed that he was ill at ease with regard to their prospects when the hour of trial should arrive; and that hour he had no hope of evading. Holkerstein, he well knew, had been continually receiving reports of their condition, as they reached their nightly stations, for the last three days. Spies had been round about them, and even in the midst of them, throughout the darkness of the last night. Spies were keeping pace with them as they advanced. The certainty of being attacked was therefore pretty nearly absolute. Then, as to their means of defence, and the relations of strength between the parties, in numbers it was not impossible that Holkerstein might triple themselves. The elite of their own men might be superior to most of his, though counting amongst their number many deserters from veteran regiments; but the horses of their own party were in general poor and out of condition,—and of the whole train, whom

Maximilian had inspected at starting, not two hundred could be pronounced fit for making or sustaining a charge. It was true that by mounting some of their picked troopers upon the superior horses of the most distinguished amongst the travellers, who had willingly consented to an arrangement of this nature for the general benefit, some partial remedy had been applied to their weakness in that one particular. But there were others in which Holkerstein had even greater advantages; more especially, the equipments of his partisans were entirely new, having been plundered from an ill-guarded armory near Munich, or from convoys which he had attacked. "Who would be a gentleman," says an old proverb, "let him storm a town;" and the gay appearance of this robber's companions threw a light upon its meaning. The ruffian companions of this marauder were, besides, animated by hopes such as no regular commander in an honorable service could find the means of holding out. And, finally, they were familiar with all the forest roads and innumerable bypaths, on which it was that the best points lay for surprising an enemy, or for a retreat; whilst, in their own case, encumbered with the protection of a large body of travellers and helpless people, whom, under any circumstances, it was hazardous to leave, they were tied up to the most slavish dependency upon the weakness of their companions; and had it not in their power either to evade the most evident advantages on the side of the enemy, or to pursue such as they might be fortunate enough to create for themselves.

"But, after all." said Maximilian, assuming a tone of gayety, upon finding that the candor of his explanations had depressed his fair companion, "the saying of an old Swedish [Footnote: It was the Swedish General Kniphausen, a favorite of Gustavus, to whom this maxim is ascribed.] enemy of mine is worth remembering in such cases,—that, nine times out of ten, a drachm of good luck is worth an ounce of good contrivance,—and were it not, dearest Paulina, that you are with us, I would think the risk not heavy. Perhaps, by to-morrow's sunset, we shall all look back from our pleasant seats in the warm refectories of Klosterheim, with something of scorn, upon our present apprehensions.— And see! at this very moment the turn of the road has brought us in view of our port, though distant from us, according to the windings of the forest, something more than twenty miles. That range of hills, which you observe ahead, but a little inclined to the left, overhangs Klosterheim; and, with the sun in a more favorable quarter, you might even at this point descry the pinnacles of the citadel, or the loftiest of the convent towers. Half an hour will bring us to the close of our day's march."

In reality, a few minutes sufficed to bring them within view of the chateau where their quarters had been prepared for this night. This was a great hunting establishment, kept up at vast expense by the two last and present Landgraves of X——. Many interesting anecdotes were connected with the history of this building; and the beauty of the forest scenery was conspicuous even in winter, enlivened as the endless woods continued to be by the scarlet berries of mountain-ash, or the dark verdure of the holly and the ilex. Under her present frame of pensive feeling, the quiet lawns and long-withdrawing glades of these vast woods had a touching effect upon the feelings of Paulina; their deep silence, and the tranquillity which reigned amongst them, contrasting in her remembrance with the hideous scenes of carnage and desolation through which her path had too often lain. With these predisposing influences to aid him, Maximilian found it easy to draw off her attention from the dangers which pressed upon their situation. Her sympathies were so quick with those whom she loved, that she readily adopted their apparent hopes or their fears; and so entire was her confidence in the superior judgment and the perfect gallantry of her lover, that her countenance reflected immediately the prevailing expression of his.

Under these impressions Maximilian suffered her to remain. It seemed cruel to disturb her with the truth. He was sensible that continued anxiety, and dreadful or afflicting spectacles, had with her, as with most persons of her sex in Germany at that time, unless protected by singular insensibility, somewhat impaired the firm tone of her mind. He was determined, therefore, to consult her comfort, by disguising or palliating their true situation. But, for his own part, he could not hide from his conviction the extremity of their danger; nor could he, when recurring to the precious interests at stake upon the issue of that and the next day's trials, face with any firmness the afflicting results to which they tended, under the known barbarity and ruffian character of their unprincipled enemy.

CHAPTER V.

The chateau of Falkenberg, which the travellers reached with the decline of light, had the usual dependences of offices and gardens, which may be supposed essential to a prince's hunting establishment in that period. It stood at a distance of eighteen miles from Klosterheim, and presented the sole *oasis* of culture and artificial beauty throughout the vast extent of those wild tracts of sylvan ground.

The great central pile of the building was dismantled of furniture; but the travellers carried with them, as was usual in the heat of war, all the means of fencing against the cold, and giving even a luxurious equipment to their dormitories. In so large a party, the deficiencies of one were compensated

by the redundant contributions of another. And so long as they were not under the old Roman interdict, excluding them from seeking fire and water of those on whom their day's journey had thrown them, their own travelling stores enabled them to accommodate themselves to all other privations. On this occasion, however, they found more than they had expected; for there was at Falkenberg a store of all the game in season, constantly kept up for the use of the Landgrave's household, and the more favored monasteries at Klosterheim. The small establishment of keepers, foresters, and other servants, who occupied the chateau, had received no orders to refuse the hospitality usually practised in the Landgrave's name; or thought proper to dissemble them in their present circumstances of inability to resist. And having from necessity permitted so much, they were led by a sense of their master's honor, or their own sympathy with the condition of so many women and children, to do more. Rations of game were distributed liberally to all the messes; wine was not refused by the old *kellermeister*, who rightly considered that some thanks, and smiles of courteous acknowledgment, might be a better payment than the hard knocks with which military paymasters were sometimes apt to settle their accounts. And, upon the whole, it was agreed that no such evening of comfort, and even luxurious enjoyment, had been spent since their departure from Vienna.

One wing of the chateau was magnificently furnished. This, which of itself was tolerably extensive, had been resigned to the use of Paulina, Maximilian, and others of the military gentlemen, whose manners and deportment seemed to entitle them to superior attentions. Here, amongst many marks of refinement and intellectual culture, there was a library and a gallery of portraits. In the library some of the officers had detected sufficient evidences of the Swedish alliances clandestinely maintained by the Landgrave; numbers of rare books, bearing the arms of different imperial cities, which, in the several campaigns of Gustavus, had been appropriated as they fell in his hands, by way of fair reprisals for the robbery of the whole Palatine library at Heidelberg, had been since transferred (as it thus appeared) to the Landgrave, by purchase or as presents; and on either footing argued a correspondence with the emperor's enemies, which hitherto he had strenuously disavowed. The picture-gallery, it was very probable, had been collected in the same manner. It contained little else than portraits, but these were truly admirable and interesting, being all recent works from the pencil of Vandyke, and composing a series of heads and features the most remarkable for station in the one sex, or for beauty in the other, which that age presented. Amongst them were nearly all the imperial leaders of distinction, and many of the Swedish. Maximilian and his brother officers took the liveliest pleasure in perambulating this gallery with Paulina, and reviewing with her these fine historical memorials. Out of their joint recollections, or the facts of their personal experience, they were able to supply any defective links in that commentary which her own knowledge of the imperial court would have enabled her in so many instances to furnish upon this martial register of the age.

The wars of the Netherlands had transplanted to Germany that stock upon which the camps of the Thirty Years' War were originally raised. Accordingly, a smaller gallery, at right angles with the great one, presented a series of portraits from the old Spanish leaders and Walloon partisans. From Egmont and Horn, the Duke of Alva and Parma, down to Spinola, the last of that distinguished school of soldiers, no man of eminence was omitted. Even the worthless and insolent Earl of Leicester, with his gallant nephew,—that *ultimus Romanorum* in the rolls of chivalry,—were not excluded, though it was pretty evident that a Catholic zeal had presided in forming the collection. For, together with the Prince of Orange, and *Henri Quatre*, were to be seen their vile assassins—portrayed with a lavish ostentation of ornament, and enshrined in a frame so gorgeous as raised them in some degree to the rank of consecrated martyrs.

From these past generations of eminent persons, who retained only a traditional or legendary importance in the eyes of most who were now reviewing them, all turned back with delight to the active spirits of their own day, many of them yet living, and as warm with life and heroic aspirations as their inimitable portraits had represented them. Here was Tilly, the "little corporal" now recently stretched in a soldier's grave, with his wily and inflexible features. Over against him was his great enemy, who had first taught him the hard lesson of retreating, Gustavus Adolphus, with his colossal bust, and "atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies." He also had perished, and too probably by the double crime of assassination and private treason; but the public glory of his short career was proclaimed in the ungenerous exultations of Catholic Rome from Vienna to Madrid, and the individual heroism in the lamentations of soldiers under every banner which now floated in Europe. Beyond him ran the long line of imperial generals,—from Wallenstein, the magnificent and the imaginative, with Hamlet's infirmity of purpose, De Mercy, etc., down to the heroes of partisan warfare, Holk, the Butlers, and the noble Papenheim, or nobler Piccolomini. Below them were ranged Gustavus Horn, Banier, the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Rhinegrave, and many other Protestant commanders, whose names and military merits were familiar to Paulina, though she now beheld their features for the first time. Maximilian was here the best interpreter that she could possibly have met with. For he had not only seen the greater part of them on the field of battle, but, as a favorite and confidential officer of the emperor's, had personally been concerned in diplomatic transactions with the most distinguished

amongst them.

Midnight insensibly surprised them whilst pursuing the many interesting historical remembrances which the portraits called up. Most of the company, upon this warning of the advanced hour, began to drop off; some to rest, and some upon the summons of the military duty which awaited them in their turn. In this way, Maximilian and Paulina were gradually left alone, and now at length found a time which had not before offered for communicating freely all that pressed upon their hearts. Maximilian, on his part, going back to the period of their last sudden separation, explained his own sudden disappearance from Vienna. At a moment's warning, he had been sent off with sealed orders from the emperor, to be first opened in Klosterheim: the mission upon which he had been despatched was of consequence to the imperial interests, and through his majesty's favor would eventually prove so to his own. Thus it was that he had been peremptorily cut off from all opportunity of communicating to herself the purpose and direction of his journey previously to his departure from Vienna; and if his majesty had not taken that care upon himself, but had contented himself, in the most general terms, with assuring Paulina that Maximilian was absent on a private mission, doubtless his intention had been the kind one of procuring her a more signal surprise of pleasure upon his own sudden return. Unfortunately, however, that return had become impossible: things had latterly taken a turn which embarrassed himself, and continued to require his presence. These perplexities had been for some time known to the emperor; and, upon reflection, he doubted not that her own journey, undertaken before his majesty could be aware of the dangers which would beset its latter end, must in some way be connected with the remedy which the emperor designed for this difficult affair. But doubtless she herself was the bearer of sufficient explanations from the imperial ministers on that head. Finally, whilst assuring her that his own letters to herself had been as frequent as in any former absence, Maximilian confessed that he did not feel greatly astonished at the fact of none at all having reached her, when he recollected that to the usual adverse accidents of war, daily intercepting all messengers not powerfully escorted, were to be added, in this case, the express efforts of private malignity in command of all the forest passes.

This explanation recalled Paulina to a very painful sense of the critical importance which might be attached to the papers which she had lost. As yet, she had found no special opportunity, or, believing it of less importance, had neglected it, for communicating more than the general fact of a robbery. She now related the case more circumstantially; and both were struck with it, as at this moment a very heavy misfortune. Not only might her own perilous journey, and the whole purposes of the emperor embarked upon it, be thus rendered abortive; but their common enemies would by this time be possessed of the whole information which had been so critically lost to their own party, and perhaps would have it in their power to make use of themselves as instruments for defeating their own most important hopes.

Maximilian sighed as he reflected on the probability that a far shorter and bloodier event might defeat every earthly hope, within the next twenty-four hours. But he dissembled his feelings; recovered even a tone of gayety; and, begging of Paulina to dismiss this vexatious incident from her thoughts, as a matter that after all would probably be remedied by their first communication with the emperor, and before any evil had resulted from it, he accompanied her to the entrance of her own suite of chambers, and then returned to seek a few hours' repose for himself on one of the sofas he had observed in one of the small ante-rooms attached to the library.

The particular room which he selected for his purpose, on account of its small size, and its warm appearance in other respects, was furnished under foot with layers of heavy Turkey carpets, one laid upon another (according to a fashion then prevalent in Germany), and on the walls with tapestry. In this mode of hanging rooms, though sometimes heavy and sombre, there was a warmth sensible and apparent, as well as real, which peculiarly fitted it for winter apartments, and a massy splendor which accorded with the style of dress and furniture in that gorgeous age. One real disadvantage, however, it had as often employed; it gave a ready concealment to intruders with evil intentions; and under the protecting screen of tapestry many a secret had been discovered, many robberies facilitated, and some celebrated murderers had been sheltered with circumstances of mystery that forever baffled investigation.

Maximilian smiled as the sight of the hangings, with their rich colors glowing in the fire-light, brought back to his remembrance one of those tales which in the preceding winter had made a great noise in Vienna. With a soldier's carelessness, he thought lightly of all dangers that could arise within four walls; and having extinguished the lights which burned upon a table, and unbuckled his sabre, he threw himself upon a sofa which he drew near to the fire; and then enveloping himself in a large horseman's cloak, he courted the approach of sleep. The fatigues of the day, and of the preceding night, had made this in some measure needful to him. But weariness is not always the best preface to repose; and the irritation of many busy anxieties continued for some time to keep him in a most uneasy state of vigilance. As he lay, he could see on one side the fantastic figures in the fire composed of wood and

turf; on the other side, looking to the tapestry, he saw the wild forms, and the *mêlée*, little less fantastic, of human and brute features in a chase—a boar-chase in front, and a stag-chase on his left hand. These, as they rose fitfully in bright masses of color and of savage expression under the lambent flashing of the fire, continued to excite his irritable state of feeling; and it was not for some time that he felt this uneasy condition give way to exhaustion. He was at length on the very point of falling asleep, or perhaps had already fallen into its very lightest and earliest stage, when the echo of a distant door awoke him. He had some slight impression that a noise in his own room had concurred with the other and more distant one to awake him. But, after raising himself for a moment on his elbow and listening, he again resigned himself to sleep.

Again, however, and probably before he had slept a minute, he was roused by a double disturbance. A low rustling was heard in some part of the room, and a heavy foot upon a neighboring staircase. Housed, at length, to the prudence of paying some attention to sounds so stealthy, in a situation beset with dangers, he rose and threw open the door. A corridor, which ran round the head of the staircase, was lit up with a brilliant light; and he could command from this station one flight of the stairs. On these he saw nothing; all was now wrapt in a soft effulgence of light, and in absolute silence. No sound recurring after a minute's attention, and indisposed by weariness to any stricter examination, where all examination from one so little acquainted with the localities might prove unavailing, he returned to his own room; but, before again lying down, he judged it prudent to probe the concealments of the tapestry by carrying his sabre round, and everywhere pressing the hangings to the wall. In this trial he met with no resistance at any point; and willingly believing that he had been deceived, or that his ear had exaggerated some trivial sound, in a state of imperfect slumber, he again laid down and addressed himself to sleep. Still there were remembrances which occurred at this moment to disturb him. The readiness with which they had been received at the chateau was in itself suspicious. He remembered the obstinate haunting of their camp on the preceding night, and the robbery conducted with so much knowledge of circumstances. Jonas Melk, the brutal landlord of Waldenhausen, a man known to him by repute (though not personally), as one of the vilest agents employed by the Landgrave, had been actively engaged in his master's service at their preceding stage. He was probably one of those who haunted the wood through the night. And he had been repeatedly informed through the course of the day that this man in particular, whose features were noticed by the yagers, on occasion of their officer's reproach to him, had been seen at intervals in company with others, keeping a road parallel to their own, and steadily watching their order of advance.

These recollections, now laid together, impressed him with some uneasiness. But overpowering weariness gave him a strong interest in dismissing them. And a soldier, with the images of fifty combats fresh in his mind, does not willingly admit the idea of danger from a single arm, and in a situation of household security. Pshaw! he exclaimed, with some disdain, as these martial remembrances rose up before him, especially as the silence had now continued undisturbed for a quarter of an hour. In five minutes more he had fallen profoundly asleep; and, in less than one half-hour, as he afterwards judged, he was suddenly awakened by a dagger at his throat.

At one bound he sprung upon his feet. The cloak, in which he had been enveloped, caught upon some of the buckles or ornamented work of his appointments, and for a moment embarrassed his motions. There was no light, except what came from the sullen and intermitting gleams of the fire. But even this was sufficient to show him the dusky outline of two figures. With the foremost he grappled, and, raising him in his arms, threw him powerfully upon the floor, with a force that left him stunned and helpless. The other had endeavored to pinion his arms from behind; for the body-armor, which Maximilian had not laid aside for the night, under the many anticipations of service which their situation suggested, proved a sufficient protection against the blows of the assassin's poniard. Impatient of the darkness and uncertainty, Maximilian rushed to the door and flung it violently open. The assassin still clung to his arms, conscious that if he once forfeited his hold until he had secured a retreat, he should be taken at disadvantage. But Maximilian, now drawing a petronel which hung at his belt, cocked it as rapidly as his embarrassed motions allowed him. The assassin faltered, conscious that a moment's relaxation of grasp would enable his antagonist to turn the muzzle over his shoulder. Maximilian, on the other hand, now perfectly awake, and with the benefit of that self- possession which the other so entirely wanted, felt the nervous tremor in the villain's hands; and, profiting by this moment of indecision, made a desperate effort, released one arm, which he used with so much effect as immediately to liberate the other, and then intercepting the passage to the stairs, wheeled round upon his murderous enemy, and, presenting the petronel to his breast, bade him surrender his arms if he hoped for quarter.

The man was an athletic, and, obviously, a most powerful ruffian. On his face he carried more than one large glazed cicatrix, that assisted the savage expression of malignity impressed by nature upon his features. And his matted black hair, with its elf locks, completed the picturesque effect of a face that proclaimed, in every lineament, a reckless abandonment to cruelty and ferocious passions. Maximilian himself, familiar as he was with the faces of military butchers in the dreadful hours of sack and

carnage, recoiled for one instant from this hideous ruffian, who had not even the palliations of youth in his favor, for he seemed fifty at the least. All this had passed in an instant of time; and now, as he recovered himself from his momentary shock at so hateful an expression of evil passions, great was Maximilian's astonishment to perceive his antagonist apparently speechless, and struggling with some over-mastering sense of horror, that convulsed his features, and for a moment glazed his eye.

Maximilian looked around for the object of his alarm; but in vain. In reality it was himself, in connection with some too dreadful remembrances, now suddenly awakened, that had thus overpowered the man's nerves. The brilliant light of a large chandelier, which overhung the staircase, fell strongly upon Maximilian's features; and the excitement of the moment gave to them the benefit of their fullest expression. Prostrate on the ground, and abandoning his dagger without an effort at retaining it, the man gazed, as if under a rattlesnake's fascination, at the young soldier before him. Suddenly he recovered his voice; and, with a piercing cry of unaffected terror, exclaimed, "Save me, save me, blessed Virgin! Prince, noble prince, forgive me! Will the grave not hold its own? Jesu Maria! who could have believed it?"

"Listen, fellow!" interrupted Maximilian. "What prince is it you speak of? For whom do you take me? speak truly, and abuse riot my forbearance."

"Ha! and his own voice too! and here on this spot! God is just! Yet do thou, good patron, holy St. Ermengarde, deliver me from the avenger!"

"Man, you rave! Stand up, recover yourself, and answer me to what I shall ask thee: speak truly, and thou shalt have thy life. Whose gold was it that armed thy hand against one who had injured neither thee nor thine?"

But he spoke to one who could no longer hear. The man grovelled on the ground, and hid his face from a being, whom, in some incomprehensible way, he regarded as an apparition from the other world.

Multitudes of persons had by this time streamed in, summoned by the noise of the struggle from all parts of the chateau. Some fancied that, in the frenzied assassin on the ground, whose panic too manifestly attested itself as genuine, they recognized one of those who had so obstinately dogged them by side-paths in the forest. Whoever he were, and upon whatever mission employed, he was past all rational examination; at the aspect of Maximilian, he relapsed into convulsive horrors, which soon became too fit for medical treatment to allow of any useful judicial inquiry; and for the present he was consigned to the safe-keeping of the provost-martial.

His companion, meantime, had profited by his opportunity, and the general confusion, to effect his escape. Nor was this difficult. Perhaps, in the consternation of the first moment, and the exclusive attention that settled upon the party in the corridor, he might even have mixed in the crowd. But this was not necessary. For, on raising the tapestry, a door was discovered which opened into a private passage, having a general communication with the rest of the rooms on that floor. Steps were now taken, by sentries disposed through the interior of the mansion, at proper points, to secure themselves from the enemies who lurked within, whom hitherto they had too much neglected for the avowed and more military assailants who menaced them from without. Security was thus restored. But a deep impression accompanied the party to their couches of the profound political motives, or (in the absence of those) of the rancorous personal malignity, which could prompt such obstinate persecution; by modes, also, and by hands, which encountered so many chances of failing; and which, even in the event of the very completest success for the present, could not be expected, under the eyes of so many witnesses, to escape a final exposure. Some enemy, of unusual ferocity, was too obviously working in the dark, and by agencies as mysterious as his own purpose.

Meantime, in the city of Klosterheim, the general interest in the fortunes of the approaching travellers had suffered no abatement, and some circumstances had occurred to increase the popular irritation. It was known that Maximilian had escaped with a strong party of friends from the city; but how, or by whose connivance, could in no way be discovered. This had drawn upon all persons who were known as active partisans against the Landgrave, or liable to suspicion as friends of Maximilian, a vexatious persecution from the military police of the town. Some had been arrested; many called upon to give security for their future behavior; and all had been threatened or treated with harshness. Hence, as well as from previous irritation and alarm on account of the party from Vienna, the whole town was in a state of extreme agitation.

Klosterheim, in the main features of its political distractions, reflected, almost as in a representative picture, the condition of many another German city. At that period, by very ancient ties of reciprocal service, strengthened by treaties, by religious faith, and by personal attachment to individuals of the imperial house, this ancient and sequestered city was inalienably bound to the interests of the emperor.

Both the city and the university were Catholic. Princes of the imperial family, and Papal commissioners, who had secret motives for not appearing at Vienna, had more than once found a hospitable reception within the walls. And, amongst many acts of grace by which the emperors had acknowledged these services and marks of attachment, one of them had advanced a very large sum of money to the city chest for an indefinite time; receiving in return, as the warmest testimony of confidential gratitude which the city could bestow, that *jus liberi ingressus* which entitled the emperor's armies to a free passage at all times, and, in case of extremity, to the right of keeping the city gates and maintaining a garrison in the citadel. Unfortunately, Klosterheim was not *sui juris*, or on the roll of free cities of the empire, but of the nature of an appanage in the family of the Landgrave of X——; and this circumstance had produced a double perplexity in the politics of the city; for the late Landgrave, who had been assassinated in a very mysterious manner upon a hunting party, benefited to the fullest extent both by the political and religious bias of the city—being a personal friend of the emperor's, a Catholic, amiable in his deportment, and generally beloved by his subjects. But the prince who had succeeded him in the Landgraviate, as the next heir, was everywhere odious for the harshness of his government, no less than for the gloomy austerity of his character; and to Klosterheim in particular, which had been pronounced by some of the first jurisprudents a female appanage, he presented himself under the additional disadvantages of a very suspicious title, and a Swedish bias too notorious to be disguised. At a time when the religious and political attachments of Europe were brought into collisions so strange, that the foremost auxiliary of the Protestant interest in Germany was really the most distinguished cardinal in the church of Rome, it did not appear inconsistent with this strong leaning to the King of Sweden that the Landgrave was privately known to be a Catholic bigot, who practised the severest penances, and, tyrant as he showed himself to all others, grovelled himself as an abject devotee at the feet of a haughty confessor. Amongst the populace of Klosterheim this feature of his character, confronted with the daily proofs of his entire vassalage to the Swedish interest, passed for the purest hypocrisy; and he had credit for no religion at all with the world at large. But the fact was otherwise. Conscious from the first that he held even the Landgraviate by a slender title (for he was no more than cousin once removed to his immediate predecessor), and that his pretensions upon Klosterheim had separate and peculiar defects,— sinking of course with the failure of his claim as Landgrave, but not, therefore, prospering with its success,—he was aware that none but the most powerful arm could keep his princely cap upon his head. The competitors for any part of his possessions, one and all, had thrown themselves upon the emperor's protection. This, if no other reason, would have thrown him into the arms of Gustavus Adolphus; and with this, as it happened, other reasons of local importance had then and since cooperated. Time, as it advanced, brought increase of weight to all these motives. Rumors of a dark and ominous tendency, arising no one knew whence, nor by whom encouraged, pointed injuriously to the past history of the Landgrave, and to some dreadful exposures which were hanging over his head. A lady, at present in obscurity, was alluded to as the agent of redress to others, through her own heavy wrongs; and these rumors were the more acceptable to the people of Klosterheim, because they connected the impending punishment of the hated Landgrave with the restoration of the imperial connection; for, it was still insinuated, under every version of these mysterious reports, that the emperor was the ultimate supporter, in the last resort, of the lurking claims now on the point of coming forward to challenge public attention. Under these alarming notices, and fully aware that sooner or later he must be thrown into collision with the imperial court, the Landgrave had now for some time made up his mind to found a merit with the Swedish chancellor and general officers, by precipitating an uncompromising rupture with his Catholic enemies, and thus to extract the grace of a voluntary act from what, in fact, he knew to be sooner or later inevitable.

Such was the positive and relative aspect of the several interests which were now struggling in Klosterheim. Desperate measures were contemplated by both parties; and, as opportunities should arise, and proper means should develop themselves, more than one party might be said to stand on the brink of great explosions. Conspiracies were moving in darkness, both in the council of the burghers and of the university. Imperfect notices of their schemes, and sometimes delusive or misleading notices, had reached the Landgrave. The city, the university, and the numerous convents, were crowded to excess with refugees. Malcontents of every denomination and every shade,— emissaries of all the factions which then agitated Germany; reformado soldiers, laid aside by their original employers, under new arrangements, or from private jealousies of new commanders; great persons with special reasons for courting a temporary seclusion, and preserving a strict incognito; misers, who fled with their hoards of gold and jewels to the city of refuge; desolate ladies, from the surrounding provinces, in search of protection for themselves, or for the honor of their daughters; and (not least distinguished among the many classes of fugitives) prophets and enthusiasts of every description, whom the magnitude of the political events, and their religious origin, so naturally called forth in swarms; these, and many more, in connection with their attendants, troops, students, and the terrified peasantry, from a circle of forty miles radius around the city as a centre, had swelled the city of Klosterheim, from a total of about seventeen, to six or seven and thirty thousand. War, with a slight reserve for the late robberies of Holkerstein, had as yet spared this favored nook of Germany. The great storm had whistled and raved around them; but hitherto none had penetrated the sylvan sanctuary

which on every side invested this privileged city. The ground seemed charmed by some secret spells, and consecrated from intrusion. For the great tempest had often swept directly upon them, and yet still had wheeled off, summoned away by some momentary call, to some remoter attraction. But now at length all things portended that, if the war should revive in strength after this brief suspension, it would fall with accumulated weight upon this yet unravaged district.

This was the anticipation which had governed the Landgrave's policy in so sternly and barbarously interfering with the generous purposes of the Klosterheimers, for carrying over a safe-conduct to their friends and visitors, when standing on the margin of the forest. The robber Holkerstein, if not expressly countenanced by the Swedes, and secretly nursed up to his present strength by Richelieu, was at any rate embarked upon a system of aggression which would probably terminate in connecting him with one or other of those authentic powers. In any case, he stood committed to a course of continued offence upon the imperial interests; since in that quarter his injuries and insults were already past forgiveness. The interest of Holkerstein, then, ran in the same channel with that of the Landgrave. It was impolitic to weaken him. It was doubly impolitic to weaken him by a measure which must also weaken the Landgrave; for any deduction from his own military force, or from the means of recruiting it, was in that proportion a voluntary sacrifice of the weight he should obtain with the Swedes on making the junction, which he now firmly counted on, with their forces. But a result which he still more dreaded from the cooperation of the Klosterheimers with the caravan from Vienna, was the probable overthrow of that supremacy in the city, which even now was so nicely balanced in his favor that a slight reinforcement to the other side would turn the scale against him.

In all these calculations of policy, and the cruel measures by which he supported them, he was guided by the counsels of Luigi Adorni, a subtle Italian, whom he had elevated from the post of a private secretary to that of sole minister for the conduct of state affairs. This man, who covered a temperament of terrific violence with a masque of Venetian dissimulation and the most icy reserve, met with no opposition, unless it were occasionally from Father Anselm, the confessor. He delighted in the refinements of intrigue, and in the most tortuous labyrinths of political manuvring, purely for their own sakes; and sometimes defeated his own purposes by mere superfluity of diplomatic subtlety; which hardly, however, won a momentary concern from him, in the pleasure he experienced at having found an undeniable occasion for equal subtlety in unweaving his own webs of deception. He had been confounded by the evasion of Maximilian and his friends from the orders of the Landgrave; and the whole energy of his nature was bent to the discovery of the secret avenues which had opened the means to this elopement.

There were, in those days, as is well known to German antiquaries, few castles or fortresses of much importance in Germany, which did not communicate by subterraneous passages with the exterior country. In many instances these passages were of surprising extent, first emerging to the light in some secluded spot among rocks or woods, at the distance of two, three, or even four miles. There were cases even in which they were carried below the beds of rivers as broad and deep as the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Danube. Sometimes there were several of such communications on different faces of the fortress; and sometimes each of these branched, at some distance from the building, into separate arms, opening at intervals widely apart. And the uses of such secret communications with the world outside, and beyond a besieging enemy, in a land like Germany, with its prodigious subdivision of independent states and free cities, were far greater than they could have been in any one great continuous principality.

In many fortified places these passages had existed from the middle ages. In Klosterheim they had possibly as early an origin: but by this period it is very probable that the gradual accumulation of rubbish, through a course of centuries, would have unfitted them for use, had not the Peasants' War, in the time of Luther's reformation, little more than one hundred years before, given occasion for their use and repair. At that time Klosterheim had stood a siege, which, from the defect of artillery, was at no time formidable in a military sense; but as a blockade, formed suddenly when the citizens were slenderly furnished with provisions, it would certainly have succeeded, and delivered up the vast wealth of the convents as a spoil to the peasantry, had it not been for one in particular of these subterraneous passages, which, opening on the opposite side of the little river Iltiss, in a thick *boccage*, where the enemy had established no posts, furnished the means of introducing a continual supply of fresh provisions, to the great triumph of the garrison, and the utter dismay of the superstitious peasants, who looked upon the mysterious supply as a providential bounty to a consecrated cause.

So memorable a benefit had given to this one passage a publicity and an historical importance which made all its circumstances, and amongst those its internal mouth, familiar even to children. But this was evidently *not* the avenue by which Maximilian had escaped into the forest. For it opened externally on the wrong side of the river, whilst everybody knew that its domestic opening was in one of the chapels of the *schloss*; and another circumstance, equally decisive, was, that a long flight of stairs, by which it descended below the bed of the river, made it impassable to horses.

Every attempt, however, failed to trace out the mode of egress for the present. By his spies Adorni doubted not to find it soon; and, in the mean time, that as much as possible the attention of the public might be abstracted from the travellers and their concerns, a public proclamation was issued, forbidding all resort of crowds to the walls. These were everywhere dispersed on the ninth; and for that day were partially obeyed. But there was little chance that, with any fresh excitement to the popular interest, they would continue to command respect.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the tenth at length arrived—that day on which the expected travellers from Vienna, and all whom they had collected on their progress, ardently looked to rejoin their long-separated friends in Klosterheim, and by those friends were not less ardently looked for. On each side there were the same violent yearnings, on each side the same dismal arid overpowering fears. Each party arose with palpitating hearts: the one looked out from Falkenberg with longing eyes, to discover the towers of Klosterheim; the other, from the upper windows or roofs of Klosterheim, seemed as if they could consume the distance between themselves and Falkenberg. But a little tract of forest ground was interposed between friends and friends, parents and children, lovers and their beloved. Not more than eighteen miles of shadowy woods, of lawns, and sylvan glades, divided hearts that would either have encountered death, or many deaths, for the other. These were regions of natural peace and tranquillity, that in any ordinary times should have been peopled by no worse inhabitants than the timid hare scudding homewards to its form, or the wild deer sweeping by with thunder to their distant lairs. But now from every glen or thicket armed marauders might be ready to start. Every gleam of sunshine in some seasons was reflected from the glittering arms of parties threading the intricacies of the thickets; and the sudden alarum of the trumpet rang oftentimes in the nights, and awoke the echoes that for centuries had been undisturbed, except by the hunter's horn, in the most sequestered haunts of these vast woods.

Towards noon it became known, by signals that had been previously concerted between Maximilian and his college friends, that the party were advanced upon their road from Falkenberg, and, therefore, must of necessity on this day abide the final trial. As this news was dispersed abroad, the public anxiety rose to so feverish a point, that crowds rushed from every quarter to the walls, and it was not judged prudent to measure the civic strength against their enthusiasm. For an hour or two the nature of the ground and the woods forbade any view of the advancing party: but at length, some time before the light failed, the head of the column, and soon after the entire body, was descried surmounting a little hill, not more than eight miles distant. The black mass presented by mounted travellers and baggage-wagons was visible to piercing eyes; and the dullest could distinguish the glancing of arms, which at times flashed upwards from the more open parts of the forest.

Thus far, then, their friends had made their way without injury; and this point was judged to be within nine miles' distance. But in thirty or forty minutes, when they had come nearer by a mile and a half, the scene had somewhat changed. A heathy tract of ground, perhaps two miles in length, opened in the centre of the thickest woods, and formed a little island of clear ground, where all beside was tangled and crowded with impediments. Just as the travelling party began to deploy out of the woods upon this area at its further extremity, a considerable body of mounted troops emerged from the forest, which had hitherto concealed them, at the point nearest to Klosterheim. They made way rapidly; and in less than half a minute it became evident, by the motions of the opposite party, that they had been descried, and that hasty preparations were making for receiving them. A dusky mass, probably the black yagers, galloped up rapidly to the front and formed; after which it seemed to some eyes that the whole party again advanced, but still more slowly than before.

Every heart upon the walls of Klosterheim palpitated with emotion, as the two parties neared each other. Many almost feared to draw their breath, many writhed their persons in the anguish of rueful expectation, as they saw the moment approach when the two parties would shock together. At length it came; and, to the astonishment of the spectators, not more, perhaps, than of the travellers themselves, the whole cavalcade of strangers swept by, without halting for so much as a passing salute or exchange of news.

The first cloud, then, which had menaced their friends, was passed off as suddenly as it had gathered. But this, by some people, was thought to bear no favorable construction. To ride past a band of travellers from remote parts on such uncourteous terms argued no friendly spirit; and many motives might be imagined perfectly consistent with hostile intentions for passing the travellers unassailed, and thus gaining the means of coming at any time upon their rear. Prudent persons shook their heads, and the issue of an affair anticipated with so much anxiety certainly did not diminish it.

It was now four o'clock: in an hour or less it would be dark; and, considering the peculiar difficulties

of the ground on nearing the town, and the increasing exhaustion of the horses, it was not judged possible that a party of travellers, so unequal in their equipments, and amongst whom the weakest was now become a law for the motion of the quickest, could reach the gates of Klosterheim before nine o'clock.

Soon after this, and just before the daylight faded, the travellers reached the nearer end of the heath, and again entered the woods. The cold and the darkness were now becoming greater at every instant, and it might have been expected that the great mass of the spectators would leave their station; but such was the intensity of the public interest, that few quitted the walls except for the purpose of reinforcing their ability to stay and watch the progress of their friends. This could be done with even greater effect as the darkness deepened, for every second horseman carried a torch; and, as much perhaps by way of signal to their friends in Klosterheim, as for their own convenience, prodigious flambeaux were borne aloft on halberds. These rose to a height which surmounted all the lower bushes, and were visible in all parts of the woods,—even the smaller lights, in the leafless state of the trees at this season of the year, could be generally traced without difficulty; and composing a brilliant chain of glittering points, as it curved and humored the road amongst the labyrinths of the forest, would have produced a singularly striking effect to eyes at leisure to enjoy it.

In this way, for about three hours, the travellers continued to advance unmolested, and to be traced by their friends in Klosterheim. It was now considerably after seven o'clock, and perhaps an hour, or, at most, an hour and a half, would bring them to the city gates. All hearts began to beat high with expectation, and hopes were loudly and confidently expressed through every part of the crowd that the danger might now be considered as past. Suddenly, as if expressly to rebuke the too presumptuous confidence of those who were thus thoughtlessly sanguine, the blare of a trumpet was heard from a different quarter of the forest, and about two miles to the right of the city. Every eye was fastened eagerly upon the spot from which the notes issued. Probably the signal had proceeded from a small party in advance of a greater; for in the same direction, but at a much greater distance, perhaps not less than three miles in the rear of the trumpet, a very large body of horse was now descried coming on at a great pace upon the line already indicated by the trumpet. The extent of the column might be estimated by the long array of torches, which were carried apparently by every fourth or fifth man; and that they were horsemen was manifest from the very rapid pace at which they advanced.

At this spectacle, a cry of consternation ran along the whole walls of Klosterheim. Here, then, at last, were coming the spoilers and butchers of their friends; for the road upon which they were advancing issued at right angles into that upon which the travellers, apparently unwarned of their danger, were moving. The hideous scene of carnage would possibly pass immediately below their own eyes; for the point of junction between the two roads was directly commanded by the eye from the city walls; and, upon computing the apparent proportions of speed between the two parties, it seemed likely enough that upon this very ground, the best fitted of any that could have been selected, in a scenical sense, as a stage for bringing a spectacle below the eyes of Klosterheim, the most agitating of spectacles would be exhibited,— friends and kinsmen engaged in mortal struggle with remorseless freebooters, under circumstances which denied to themselves any chance of offering assistance.

Exactly at this point of time arose a dense mist, which wrapped the whole forest in darkness, and withdrew from the eyes of the agitated Klosterheimers friends and foes alike. They continued, however, to occupy the walls, endeavoring to penetrate the veil which now concealed the fortunes of their travelling friends, by mere energy and intensity of attention. The mist, meantime, did not disperse, but rather continued to deepen; the two parties, however, gradually drew so much nearer, that some judgment could be at length formed of their motions and position, merely by the ear. From the stationary character of the sounds, and the continued recurrence of charges and retreats sounded upon the trumpet, it became evident that the travellers and the enemy had at length met, and too probable that they were engaged in a sanguinary combat. Anxiety had now reached its utmost height; and some were obliged to leave the walls, or were carried away by their friends, under the effects of overwrought sensibility.

Ten o'clock had now struck, and for some time the sounds had been growing sensibly weaker; and at last it was manifest that the two parties had separated, and that one, at least, was moving off from the scene of action; and, as the sounds grew feebler and feebler, there could be no doubt that it was the enemy, who was drawing off into the distance from the field of battle.

The enemy! ay, but how? Under what circumstances? As victor? Perhaps even as the captor of their friends! Or, if not, and he were really retreating as a fugitive and beaten foe, with what hideous sacrifices on the part of their friends might not that result have been purchased?

Long and dreary was the interval before these questions could be answered. Full three hours had elapsed since the last sound of a trumpet had been heard; it was now one o'clock, and as yet no trace of

the travellers had been discovered in any quarter. The most hopeful began to despond; and general lamentations prevailed throughout Klosterheim.

Suddenly, however, a dull sound arose within a quarter of a mile from the city gate, as of some feeble attempt to blow a blast upon a trumpet. In five minutes more a louder blast was sounded close to the gate. Questions were joyfully put, and as joyfully answered. The usual precautions were rapidly gone through; and the officer of the watch being speedily satisfied as to the safety of the measure, the gates were thrown open, and the unfortunate travellers, exhausted by fatigue, hardships, and suffering of every description, were at length admitted into the bosom of a friendly town.

The spectacle was hideous which the long cavalcade exhibited as it wound up the steep streets which led to the market-place. Wagons fractured and splintered in every direction, upon which were stretched numbers of gallant soldiers, with wounds hastily dressed, from which the blood had poured in streams upon their gay habiliments; horses, whose limbs had been mangled by the sabre; and coaches, or caleches, loaded with burthens of dead and dying; these were amongst the objects which occupied the van in the line of march, as the travellers defiled through Klosterheim. The vast variety of faces, dresses, implements of war, or ensigns of rank, thrown together in the confusion of night and retreat, illuminated at intervals by bright streams of light from torches or candles in the streets, or at the windows of the houses, composed a picture which resembled the chaos of a dream, rather than any ordinary spectacle of human life.

In the market-place the whole party were gradually assembled, and there it was intended that they should receive the billets for their several quarters. But such was the pressure of friends and relatives gathering from all directions, to salute and welcome the objects of their affectionate anxiety, or to inquire after their fate; so tumultuous was the conflict of grief and joy (and not seldom in the very same group), that for a long time no authority could control the violence of public feeling, or enforce the arrangements which had been adopted for the night. Nor was it even easy to learn, where the questions were put by so many voices at once, what had been the history of the night. It was at length, however, collected, that they had been met and attacked with great fury by Holkerstein, or a party acting under one of his lieutenants. Their own march had been so warily conducted after nightfall, that this attack did not find them unprepared. A barrier of coaches and wagons had been speedily formed in such an arrangement as to cripple the enemy's movements, and to neutralize great part of his superiority in the quality of his horses. The engagement, however, had been severe; and the enemy's attack, though many times baffled, had been as often renewed, until, at length, the young general Maximilian, seeing that the affair tended to no apparent termination, that the bloodshed was great, and that the horses were beginning to knock up under the fatigue of such severe service, had brought up the very *elite* of his reserve, placed himself at their head, and, making a dash expressly at their leader, had the good fortune to cut him down. The desperateness of the charge, added to the loss of their leader, had intimidated the enemy, who now began to draw off, as from an enterprise which was likely to cost them more blood than a final success could have rewarded. Unfortunately, however, Maximilian, disabled by a severe wound, and entangled by his horse amongst the enemy, had been carried off a prisoner. In the course of the battle all their torches had been extinguished; and this circumstance, as much as the roughness of the road, the ruinous condition of their carriages and appointments, and their own exhaustion, had occasioned their long delay in reaching Klosterheim, after the battle was at an end. Signals they had not ventured to make; for they were naturally afraid of drawing upon their track any fresh party of marauders, by so open a warning of their course as the sound of a trumpet.

These explanations were rapidly dispersed through Klosterheim; party after party drew off to their quarters; and at length the agitated city was once again restored to peace. The Lady Paulina had been amongst the first to retire. She was met by the lady abbess of a principal convent in Klosterheim, to whose care she had been recommended by the emperor. The Landgrave also had furnished her with a guard of honor; but all expressions of respect, or even of kindness, seemed thrown away upon her, so wholly was she absorbed in grief for the capture of Maximilian, and in gloomy anticipations of his impending fate.

CHAPTER VII.

The city of Klosterheim was now abandoned to itself, and strictly shut up within its own walls. All roaming beyond those limits was now indeed forbidden even more effectually by the sword of the enemy than by the edicts of the Landgrave. War was manifestly gathering in its neighborhood. Little towns and castles within a range of seventy miles, on almost every side, were now daily occupied by imperial or Swedish troops. Not a week passed without some news of fresh military accessions, or of skirmishes between parties of hostile foragers. Through the whole adjacent country, spite of the severe weather, bodies of armed men were weaving to and fro, fast as a weaver's shuttle. The forest rang with alarums, and sometimes, under gleams of sunshine, the leafless woods seemed on fire with the restless

splendor of spear and sword, morion and breast-plate, or the glittering equipments of the imperial cavalry. Couriers, or Bohemian gypsies, which latter were a class of people at this time employed by all sides as spies or messengers, continually stole in with secret despatches to the Landgrave, or (under the color of bringing public news, and the reports of military movements) to execute some private mission for rich employers in town; sometimes making even this clandestine business but a cover to other purposes, too nearly connected with treason, or reputed treason, to admit of any but oral communication.

What were the ulterior views in this large accumulation of military force, no man pretended to know. A great battle, for various reasons, was not expected. But changes were so sudden, and the counsels of each day so often depended on the accidents of the morning, that an entire campaign might easily be brought on, or the whole burthen of war for years to come might be transferred to this quarter of the land, without causing any very great surprise. Meantime, enough was done already to give a full foretaste of war and its miseries to this sequestered nook, so long unvisited by that hideous scourge.

In the forest, where the inhabitants were none, excepting those who lived upon the borders, and small establishments of the Landgrave's servants at different points, for executing the duties of the forest or the chase, this change expressed itself chiefly by the tumultuous uproar of the wild deer, upon whom a murderous war was kept up by parties detached daily from remote and opposite quarters, to collect provisions for the half-starving garrisons, so recently, and with so little previous preparation, multiplied on the forest skirts. For, though the country had been yet unexhausted by war, too large a proportion of the tracts adjacent to the garrisons were in a wild, sylvan condition to afford any continued supplies to so large and sudden an increase of the population; more especially as, under the rumors of this change, every walled town in a compass of a hundred miles, many of them capable of resisting a sudden *coup-de-main*, and resolutely closing their gates upon either party, had already possessed themselves by purchase of all the surplus supplies which the country yielded. In such a state of things, the wild deer became an object of valuable consideration to all parties, and a murderous war was made upon them from every side of the forest. From the city walls they were seen in sweeping droves, flying before the Swedish cavalry for a course of ten, fifteen, or even thirty miles, until headed and compelled to turn by another party breaking suddenly from a covert, where they had been waiting their approach. Sometimes it would happen that this second party proved to be a body of imperialists, who were carried by the ardor of the chase into the very centre of their enemies before either was aware of any hostile approach. Then, according to circumstances, came sudden flight or tumultuary skirmish; the woods rang with the hasty summons of the trumpet; the deer reeled off aslant from the furious shock, and, benefiting for the moment by those fierce hostilities, originally the cause of their persecution, fled far away from the scene of strife; and not unfrequently came thundering beneath the city walls, and reporting to the spectators above, by their agitation and affrighted eyes, those tumultuous disturbances in some remoter part of the forest, which had already reached them in an imperfect way, by the interrupted and recurring echoes of the points of war—charges or retreats—sounded upon the trumpet.

But, whilst on the outside of her walls Klosterheim beheld even this unpopulous region all alive with military license and outrage, she suffered no violence from either party herself. This immunity she owed to her peculiar political situation. The emperor had motives for conciliating the city; the Swedes, for conciliating the Landgrave; indeed, they were supposed to have made a secret alliance with him, for purposes known only to the contracting parties. And the difference between the two patrons was simply this: that the emperor was sincere, and, if not disinterested, had an interest concurring with that of Klosterheim in the paternal protection which he offered; whereas the Swedes, in this, as in all their arrangements, regarding Germany as a foreign country, looked only to the final advantages of Sweden, or its German dependences, and to the weight which such alliances would procure them in a general pacification. And hence, in the war which both combined to make upon the forest, the one party professed to commit spoil upon the Landgrave, as distinguished from the city; whilst the Swedish allies of that prince prosecuted their ravages in the Landgrave's name, as essential to the support of his cause.

For the present, however, the Swedes were the preponderant party in the neighborhood; they had fortified the chateau of Falkenberg, and made it a very strong military post; at the same time, however, sending in to Klosterheim whatsoever was valuable amongst the furniture of that establishment, with a care which of itself proclaimed the footing upon which they were anxious to stand with the Landgrave.

Encouraged by the vicinity of his military friends, that prince now began to take a harsher tone in Klosterheim. The minor princes of Germany at that day were all tyrants in virtue of their privileges; and if in some rarer cases they exercised these privileges in a forbearing spirit, their subjects were well aware that they were indebted for this extraordinary indulgence to the temper and gracious nature of the individual, not to the firm protection of the laws. But the most reasonable and mildest of the German princes had been little taught at that day to brook opposition. And the Landgrave was by

nature, and the gloominess of his constitutional temperament, of all men the last to learn that lesson readily. He had already met with just sufficient opposition from the civic body and the university interest to excite his passion for revenge. Ample indemnification he determined upon for his wounded pride; and he believed that the time and circumstances were now matured for favoring his most vindictive schemes. The Swedes were at hand, and a slight struggle with the citizens would remove all obstacles to their admission into the garrison; though, for some private reasons, he wished to abstain from this extremity, if it should prove possible. Maximilian also was absent, and might never return. The rumor was even that he was killed; and though the caution of Adorni and the Landgrave led them to a hesitating reliance upon what might be a political fabrication of the opposite party, yet at all events he was detained from Klosterheim by some pressing necessity; and the period of his absence, whether long or short, the Landgrave resolved to improve in such a way as should make his return unavailing.

Of Maximilian the Landgrave had no personal knowledge; he had not so much as seen him. But by his spies and intelligencers he was well aware that he had been the chief combiner and animater of the imperial party against himself in the university, and by his presence had given life and confidence to that party in the city which did not expressly acknowledge him as their head. He was aware of the favor which Maximilian enjoyed with the emperor, and knew in general, from public report, the brilliancy of those military services on which it had been built. That he was likely to prove a formidable opponent, had he continued in Klosterheim, the Landgrave knew too well; and upon the advantage over him which he had now gained, though otherwise it should prove only a temporary one, he determined to found a permanent obstacle to the emperor's views. As a preliminary step, he prepared to crush all opposition in Klosterheim; a purpose which was equally important to his vengeance and his policy.

This system he opened with a series of tyrannical regulations, some of which gave the more offence that they seemed wholly capricious and insulting. The students were confined to their college bounds, except at stated intervals; were subject to a military muster, or calling over of names, every evening; were required to receive sentinels within the extensive courts of their own college, and at length a small court of guard; with numerous other occasional marks, as opportunities offered, of princely discountenance and anger.

In the university, at that time, from local causes, many young men of rank and family were collected. Those even who had taken no previous part in the cause of the Klosterheimers were now roused to a sense of personal indignity. And as soon as the light was departed, a large body of them collected at the rooms of Count St. Aldenheim, whose rank promised a suitable countenance to their purpose, whilst his youth seemed a pledge for the requisite activity.

The count was a younger brother of the Palsgrave of Birkenfeld, and maintained a sumptuous establishment in Klosterheim. Whilst the state of the forest had allowed of hunting, hawking, or other amusements, no man had exhibited so fine a stud of horses. No man had so large a train of servants; no man entertained his friends with such magnificent hospitalities. His generosity, his splendor, his fine person, and the courtesy with which he relieved the humblest people from the oppression of his rank, had given him a popularity amongst the students. His courage had been tried in battle: but, after all, it was doubted whether he were not of too luxurious a turn to undertake any cause which called for much exertion; for the death of a rich abbess, who had left the whole of an immense fortune to the count, as her favorite nephew, had given him another motive for cultivating peaceful pursuits, to which few men were, constitutionally, better disposed.

It was the time of day when the count was sure to be found at home with a joyous party of friends. Magnificent chandeliers shed light upon a table furnished with every description of costly wines produced in Europe. According to the custom of the times, these were drunk in cups of silver or gold; and an opportunity was thus gained, which St. Aldenheim had not lost, of making a magnificent display of luxury without ostentation. The ruby wine glittered in the jewelled goblet which the count had raised to his lips, at the very moment when the students entered.

"Welcome, friends," said the Count St. Aldenheim, putting down his cup, "welcome always; but never more than at this hour, when wine and good fellowship teach us to know the value of our youth."

"Thanks, count, from all of us. But the fellowship we seek at present must be of another temper; our errand is of business."

"Then, friends, it shall rest until to-morrow. Not for the Papacy, to which my good aunt would have raised a ladder for me of three steps,— Abbot, Bishop, Cardinal,—would I renounce the Tokay of to-night for the business of to-morrow. Come, gentlemen, let us drink my aunt's health."

"Memory, you would say, count."

"Memory, most learned friend,—you are right. Ah! gentlemen, she was a woman worthy to be had in

remembrance: for she invented a capital plaster for gunshot wounds; and a jollier old fellow over a bottle of Tokay there is not at this day in Suabia, or in the Swedish camp. And that reminds me to ask, gentlemen, have any of you heard that Gustavus Horn is expected at Falkenberg? Such news is astir; and be sure of this—that, in such a case, we have cracked crowns to look for. I know the man. And many a hard night's watching he has cost me; for which, if you please, gentlemen, we will drink his health."

"But our business, dear count—"

"Shall wait, please God, until to-morrow; for this is the time when man and beast repose."

"And truly, count, we are like—as you take things—to be numbered with the last. Fie, Count St. Aldenheim! are you the man that would have us suffer those things tamely which the Landgrave has begun?"

"And what now hath his serenity been doing? Doth he meditate to abolish Burgundy? If so, my faith! but we are, as you observe, little above the brutes. Or, peradventure, will he forbid laughing,—his highness being little that way given himself?"

"Count St. Aldenheim! it pleases you to jest. But we are assured that you know as well as we, and relish no better, the insults which the Landgrave is heaping upon us all. For example, the sentinel at your own door—doubtless you marked him? How liked you him?—"

"Methought he looked cold and blue. So I sent him a goblet of Johannisberg."

"You did? and the little court of guard—you have seen *that?* and Colonel von Aremberg, how think you of him?"

"Why surely now he's a handsome man: pity he wears so fiery a scarf! Shall we drink his health, gentlemen?"

"Health to the great fiend first!"

"As you please, gentlemen: it is for you to regulate the precedency. But at least,

Here's to my aunt—the jolly old sinner,
That fasted each day, from breakfast to dinner!
Saw any man yet such an orthodox fellow,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow?
Saw any man yet," etc.

"Count, farewell!" interrupted the leader of the party; and all turned round indignantly to leave the room.

"Farewell, gentlemen, as you positively will not drink my aunt's health; though, after all, she was a worthy fellow; and her plaster for gunshot wounds—"

But with that word the door closed upon the count's farewell words. Suddenly taking up a hat which lay upon the ground, he exclaimed, "Ah! behold! one of my friends has left his hat. Truly he may chance to want it on a frosty night." And, so saying, he hastily rushed after the party, whom he found already on the steps of the portico. Seizing the hand of the leader, he whispered,

"Friend! do you know me so little as to apprehend my jesting in a serious sense? Know that two of those whom you saw on my right hand are spies of the Landgrave. Their visit to me, I question not, was purposely made to catch some such discoveries as you, my friends, would too surely have thrown in their way, but for my determined rattling. At this time, I must not stay. Come again after midnight—farewell."

And then, in a voice to reach his guests within, he shouted, "Gentlemen, my aunt, the abbot of Ingelheim,—abbess, I would say,—held that her spurs were for her heels, and her beaver for her head. Whereupon, baron, I return you your hat."

Meantime, the two insidious intelligencers of the Landgrave returned to the palace with discoveries, not so ample as they were on the point of surprising, but sufficient to earn thanks for themselves, and to guide the counsels of their master.

CHAPTER VIII.

That same night a full meeting of the most distinguished students was assembled at the mansion of Count St. Aldenheim. Much stormy discussion arose upon two points. First, upon the particular means by which they were to pursue an end upon which all were unanimous. Upon that, however, they were able for the present to arrive at a preliminary arrangement with sufficient harmony. This was to repair in a body, with Count St. Aldenheim at their head, to the castle, and there to demand an audience of the Landgrave, at which a strong remonstrance was to be laid before his highness, and their determination avowed to repel the indignities thrust upon them, with their united forces. On the second they were more at variance. It happened that many of the persons present, and amongst them Count St. Aldenheim, were friends of Maximilian. A few, on the other hand, there were, who, either from jealousy of his distinguished merit, hated him; or, as good citizens of Klosterheim, and connected by old family ties with the interests of that town, were disposed to charge Maximilian with ambitious views of private aggrandizement, at the expense of the city, grounded upon the emperor's favor, or upon a supposed marriage with some lady of the imperial house. For the story of Paulina's and Maximilian's mutual attachment had transpired through many of the travellers; but with some circumstances of fiction. In defending Maximilian upon those charges, his friends had betrayed a natural warmth at the injustice offered to his character; and the liveliness of the dispute on this point had nearly ended in a way fatal to their unanimity on the immediate question at issue. Good sense, however, and indignation at the Landgrave, finally brought them round again to their first resolution; and they separated with the unanimous intention of meeting at noon on the following day, for the purpose of carrying it into effect.

But their unanimity on this point was of little avail; for at an early hour on the following morning every one of those who had been present at the meeting was arrested by a file of soldiers, on a charge of conspiracy, and marched off to one of the city prisons. The Count St. Aldenheim was himself the sole exception; and this was a distinction odious to his generous nature, as it drew upon him a cloud of suspicion. He was sensible that he would be supposed to owe his privilege to some discovery or act of treachery, more or less, by which he had merited the favor of the Landgrave. The fact was, that in the indulgence shown to the count no motive had influenced the Landgrave but a politic consideration of the great favor and influence which the count's brother, the Palsgrave, at this moment enjoyed in the camp of his own Swedish allies. On this principle of policy, the Landgrave contented himself with placing St. Aldenheim under a slight military confinement to his own house, under the guard of a few sentinels posted in his hall.

For *him*, therefore, under the powerful protection which he enjoyed elsewhere, there was no great anxiety entertained. But for the rest, many of whom had no friends, or friends who did them the ill service of enemies, being in fact regarded as enemies by the Landgrave and his council, serious fears were entertained by the whole city. Their situation was evidently critical. The Landgrave had them in his power. He was notoriously a man of gloomy and malignant passions; had been educated, as all European princes then were, in the notions of a plenary and despotic right over the lives of his subjects, in any case where they lifted their presumptuous thoughts to the height of controlling the sovereign; and, even in circumstances which to his own judgment might seem to confer much less discretionary power over the rights of prisoners, he had been suspected of directing the course of law and of punishment into channels that would not brook the public knowledge. Darker dealings were imputed to him in the popular opinion. Gloomy suspicions were muttered at the fireside, which no man dared openly to avow; and in the present instance the conduct of the Landgrave was every way fitted to fall in with the worst of the public fears. At one time he talked of bringing his prisoners to a trial; at another, he countermanded the preparations which he had made with that view. Sometimes he spoke of banishing them in a body; and again he avowed his intention to deal with their crime as treason. The result of this moody and capricious tyranny was to inspire the most vague and gloomy apprehensions into the minds of the prisoners, and to keep their friends, with the whole city of Klosterheim, in a feverish state of insecurity.

This state of things lasted for nearly three weeks; but at length a morning of unexpected pleasure dawned upon the city. The prisoners were in one night all released. In half an hour the news ran over the town and the university; multitudes hastened to the college, anxious to congratulate the prisoners on their deliverance from the double afflictions of a dungeon and of continual insecurity. Mere curiosity also prompted some, who took but little interest in the prisoners or their cause, to inquire into the circumstances of so abrupt and unexpected an act of grace. One principal court in the college was filled with those who had come upon this errand of friendly interest or curiosity. Nothing was to be seen but earnest and delighted faces, offering or acknowledging congratulation; nothing to be heard but the language of joy and pleasure—friendly or affectionate, according to the sex or relation of the speaker. Some were talking of procuring passports for leaving the town; some anticipating that this course would not be left to their own choice, but imposed, as the price of his clemency, by the Landgrave. All, in short, was hubbub and joyous uproar, when suddenly a file of the city guard, commanded by an

officer, made their way rudely and violently through the crowd, advancing evidently to the spot where the liberated prisoners were collected in a group. At that moment the Count St. Aldenheim was offering his congratulations. The friends to whom he spoke were too confident in his honor and integrity to have felt even one moment's misgiving upon the true causes which had sheltered him from the Landgrave's wrath, and had thus given him a privilege so invidious in the eyes of those who knew him not, and on that account so hateful in his own. They knew his unimpeachable fidelity to the cause and themselves, and were anxiously expressing their sense of it by the warmth of their salutations at the very moment when the city guard appeared. The count, on his part, was gayly reminding them to come that evening and fulfil their engagement to drink his aunt of jovial memory in her own Johannisberg, when the guard, shouldering aside the crowd, advanced, and, surrounding the group of students, in an instant laid the hands of summary arrest each upon the gentleman who stood next him. The petty officer who commanded made a grasp at one of the most distinguished in dress, and seized rudely upon the gold chain depending from his neck. St. Aldenheim, who happened at the moment to be in conversation with this individual, stung with a sudden indignation at the ruffian eagerness of the men in thus abusing the privileges of their office, and unable to control the generous ardor of his nature, met this brutal outrage with a sudden blow at the officer's face, levelled with so true an aim, that it stretched him at his length upon the ground. No terrors of impending vengeance, had they been a thousand times stronger than they were, could at this moment have availed to stifle the cry of triumphant pleasure—long, loud, and unfaltering— which indignant sympathy with the oppressed extorted from the crowd. The pain and humiliation of the blow, exalted into a maddening intensity by this popular shout of exultation, quickened the officer's rage into an apparent frenzy. With white lips, and half suffocated with the sudden revulsion of passion, natural enough to one who had never before encountered even a momentary overture at opposition to the authority with which he was armed, and for the first time in his life found his own brutalities thrown back resolutely in his teeth, the man rose, and, by signs rather than the inarticulate sounds which he meant for words, pointed the violence of his party upon the Count St. Aldenheim. With halberds bristling around him, the gallant young nobleman was loudly summoned to surrender; but he protested indignantly, drawing his sword and placing himself in an attitude of defence, that he would die a thousand deaths sooner than surrender the sword of his father, the Palsgrave, a prince of the empire, of unspotted honor, and most ancient descent, into the hands of a jailer.

"Jailer!" exclaimed the officer, almost howling with passion.

"Why, then, captain of jailers, lieutenant, anspessade, or what you will. What else than a jailer is he that sits watch upon the prison- doors of honorable cavaliers?" Another shout of triumph applauded St. Aldenheim; for the men who discharged the duties of the city guard at that day, or "petty guard," as it was termed, corresponding in many of their functions to the modern police, were viewed with contempt by all parties; and most of all by the military, though in some respects assimilated to them by discipline and costume. They were industriously stigmatized as jailers; for which there was the more ground, as their duties did in reality associate them pretty often with the jailer; and in other respects they were a dissolute and ferocious body of men, gathered not out of the citizens, but many foreign deserters, or wretched runagates from the jail, or from the justice of the provost- marshal in some distant camp. Not a man, probably, but was liable to be reclaimed, in some or other quarter of Germany, as a capital delinquent. Sometimes, even, they were actually detected, claimed, and given up to the pursuit of justice, when it happened that the subjects of their criminal acts were weighty enough to sustain an energetic inquiry. Hence their reputation became worse than scandalous: the mingled infamy of their calling, and the houseless condition of wretchedness which had made it worth their acceptance, combined to overwhelm them with public scorn; and this public abhorrence, which at any rate awaited them, mere desperation led them too often to countenance and justify by their conduct.

"Captain of jailers! do your worst, I say," again ejaculated St. Aldenheim. Spite of his blinding passion, the officer hesitated to precipitate himself into a personal struggle with the count, and thus, perhaps, afford his antagonist an occasion for a further triumph. But loudly and fiercely he urged on his followers to attack him. These again, not partaking in the personal wrath of their leader, even whilst pressing more and more closely upon St. Aldenheim, and calling upon him to surrender, scrupled to inflict a wound, or too marked an outrage, upon a cavalier whose rank was known to the whole city, and of late most advantageously known for his own interests, by the conspicuous immunity which it had procured him from the Landgrave. In vain did the commanding officer insist, in vain did the count defy; menaces from neither side availed to urge the guard into any outrage upon the person of one who might have it in his power to retaliate so severely upon themselves. They continued obstinately at a stand, simply preventing his escape, when suddenly the tread of horses' feet arose upon the ear, and through a long vista were discovered a body of cavalry from the castle coming up at a charging pace to the main entrance of the college. Without pulling up on the outside, as hitherto they had always done, they expressed sufficiently the altered tone of the Landgrave's feelings towards the old chartered interests of Klosterheim, by plunging through the great archway of the college-gates; and then making

way at the same furious pace through the assembled crowds, who broke rapidly away to the right and to the left, they reined up directly abreast of the city guard and their prisoners.

"Colonel von Aremberg!" said St. Aldenheim, "I perceive your errand. To a soldier I surrender myself; to this tyrant of dungeons, who has betrayed more men, and cheated more gibbets of their due, than ever he said *aves*, I will never lend an ear, though he should bear the orders of every Landgrave in Germany."

"You do well," replied the colonel; "but for this man, count, he bears no orders from any Landgrave, nor will ever again bear orders from the Landgrave of X——. Gentlemen, you are all my prisoners; and you will accompany me to the castle. Count St. Aldenheim, I am sorry that there is no longer an exemption for yourself. Please to advance. If it will be any gratification to you, these men" (pointing to the city guard) "are prisoners also."

Here was a revolution of fortune that confounded everybody. The detested guardians of the city jail were themselves to tenant it; or, by a worse fate still, were to be consigned unpitied, and their case unjudged, to the dark and pestilent dungeons which lay below the Landgrave's castle. A few scattered cries of triumph were heard from the crowd; but they were drowned in a tumult of conflicting feelings. As human creatures, fallen under the displeasure of a despot with a judicial power of torture to enforce his investigations, even *they* claimed some compassion. But there arose, to call off attention from these less dignified objects of the public interest, a long train of gallant cavaliers, restored so capriciously to liberty, in order, as it seemed, to give the greater poignancy and bitterness to the instant renewal of their captivity. This was the very frenzy of despotism in its very moodiest state of excitement. Many began to think the Landgrave mad. If so, what a dreadful fate might be anticipated for the sons or representatives of so many noble families, gallant soldiers the greater part of them, with a nobleman of princely blood at their head, lying under the displeasure of a gloomy and infuriated tyrant, with unlimited means of executing the bloodiest suggestions of his vengeance. Then, in what way had the guardians of the jails come to be connected with any even imaginary offence? Supposing the Landgrave insane, his agents were not so; Colonel von Aremberg was a man of shrewd and penetrating understanding; and this officer had clearly spoken in the tone of one who, whilst announcing the sentence of another, sympathizes entirely with the justice and necessity of its harshness.

Something dropped from the miserable leader of the city guard, in his first confusion and attempt at self-defence, which rather increased than explained the mystery. "The Masque! the Masque !" This was the word which fell at intervals upon the ear of the listening crowd, as he sometimes directed his words in the way of apology and deprecation to Colonel von Aremberg, who did not vouchsafe to listen, or of occasional explanation and discussion, as it was partly kept up between himself and one of his nearest partners in the imputed transgression. Two or three there might be seen in the crowd, whose looks avowed some nearer acquaintance with this mysterious allusion than it would have been safe to acknowledge. But, for the great body of spectators who accompanied the prisoners and their escort to the gates of the castle, it was pretty evident by their inquiring looks, and the fixed expression of wonder upon their features, that the whole affair, and its circumstances, were to them equally a subject of mystery for what was past, and of blind terror for what was to come.

CHAPTER IX.

The cavalcade, with its charge of prisoners, and its attendant train of spectators, halted at the gates of the *schloss*. This vast and antique pile had now come to be surveyed with dismal and revolting feelings, as the abode of a sanguinary despot. The dungeons and labyrinths of its tortuous passages, its gloomy halls of audience, with the vast corridors which surmounted the innumerable flights of stairs— some noble, spacious, and in the Venetian taste, capable of admitting the march of an army—some spiral, steep, and so unusually narrow as to exclude two persons walking abreast; these, together with the numerous chapels erected in it to different saints by devotees, male or female, in the families of forgotten Landgraves through four centuries back; and, finally, the tribunals, or *gericht-kammern*, for dispensing justice, criminal or civil, to the city and territorial dependencies of Klosterheim; all united to compose a body of impressive images, hallowed by great historical remembrances, or traditional stories, that from infancy to age dwelt upon the feelings of the Klosterheimers. Terror and superstitious dread predominated undoubtedly in the total impression; but the gentle virtues exhibited by a series of princes, who had made this their favorite residence, naturally enough terminated in mellowing the sternness of such associations into a religious awe, not without its own peculiar attractions. But, at present, under the harsh and repulsive character of the reigning prince, everything took a new color from his un-genial habits. The superstitious legend, which had so immemorially peopled the *schloss* with spectral apparitions, now revived in its earliest strength. Never was Germany more dedicated to superstition in every shape than at this period. The wild, tumultuous times, and the slight tenure upon which all men held their lives, naturally threw their thoughts much upon the other world; and

communications with that, or its burthen of secrets, by every variety of agencies, ghosts, divination, natural magic, palmistry, or astrology, found in every city of the land more encouragement than ever.

It cannot, therefore, be surprising that the well-known apparition of the White Lady (a legend which affected Klosterheim through the fortunes of its Landgraves, no less than several other princely houses of Germany, descended from the same original stock) should about this time have been seen in the dusk of the evening at some of the upper windows in the castle, and once in a lofty gallery of the great chapel during the vesper service. This lady, generally known by the name of the White Lady Agnes, or Lady Agnes of Weissemburg, is supposed to have lived in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and from that time, even to our own days, the current belief is, that on the eve of any great crisis of good or evil fortune impending over the three or four illustrious houses of Germany which trace their origin from her, she makes her appearance in some conspicuous apartment, great baronial hall or chapel, of their several palaces, sweeping along in white robes, and a voluminous train. Her appearance of late in the *schloss* of Klosterheim, confidently believed by the great body of the people, was hailed with secret pleasure, as forerunning some great change in the Landgrave's family,—which was but another name for better days to themselves, whilst of necessity it menaced some great evil to the prince himself. Hope, therefore, was predominant in their prospects, and in the supernatural intimations of coming changes;—yet awe and deep religious feeling mingled with their hope. Of chastisement approaching to the Landgrave they felt assured. Some dim religious judgment, like that which brooded over the house of dipus, was now at hand,—that was the universal impression. His gloomy asceticism of life seemed to argue secret crimes: these were to be brought to light; for these, and for his recent tyranny, prosperous as it had seemed for a moment, chastisements were now impending; and something of the awe which belonged to a prince so marked out for doom and fatal catastrophe seemed to attach itself to his mansion, more especially as it was there only that the signs and portents of the coming woe had revealed themselves in the apparition of the White Lady.

Under this superstitious impression, many of the spectators paused at the entrance of the castle, and lingered in the portal, though presuming that the chamber of justice, according to the frank old usage of Germany, was still open to all comers. Of this notion they were speedily disabused by the sudden retreat of the few who had penetrated into the first ante-chamber. These persons were harshly repelled in a contumelious manner, and read to the astonished citizens another lesson upon the new arts of darkness and concealment with which the Landgrave found it necessary to accompany his new acts of tyranny.

Von Aremberg and his prisoners, thus left alone in one of the ante- chambers, waited no long time before they were summoned to the presence of the Landgrave.

After pacing along a number of corridors, all carpeted so as to return no sound to their footsteps, they arrived in a little hall, from which a door suddenly opened, upon a noiseless signal exchanged with an usher outside, and displayed before them a long gallery, with a table and a few seats arranged at the further end. Two gentlemen were seated at the table, anxiously examining papers; in one of whom it was easy to recognize the wily glance of the Italian minister; the other was the Landgrave.

This prince was now on the verge of fifty, strikingly handsome in his features, and of imposing presence, from the union of a fine person with manners unusually dignified. No man understood better the art of restraining his least governable impulses of anger or malignity within the decorums of his rank. And even his worst passions, throwing a gloomy rather than terrific air upon his features, served less to alarm and revolt, than to impress the sense of secret distrust. Of late, indeed, from the too evident indications of the public hatred, his sallies of passion had become wilder and more ferocious, and his self- command less habitually conspicuous. But, in general, a gravity of insidious courtesy disguised from all but penetrating eyes the treacherous purpose of his heart.

The Landgrave bowed to the Count St. Aldenheim, and, pointing to a chair, begged him to understand that he wished to do nothing inconsistent with his regard for the Palsgrave his brother; and would be content with his parole of honor to pursue no further any conspiracy against himself, in which he might too thoughtlessly have engaged, and with his retirement from the city of Klosterheim.

The Count St. Aldenheim replied that he and all the other cavaliers present, according to his belief, stood upon the same footing: that they had harbored no thought of conspiracy, unless that name could attach to a purpose of open expostulation with his highness on the outraged privileges of their corporation as a university; that he wished not for any distinction of treatment in a case when all were equal offenders, or none at all; and, finally, that he believed the sentence of exile from Klosterheim would be cheerfully accepted by all or most of those present.

Adorni, the minister, shook his head, and glanced significantly at the Landgrave, during this answer. The Landgrave coldly replied that if he could suppose the count to speak sincerely, it was evident that he was little aware to what length his companions, or some of them, had pushed their plots. "Here are

the proofs!" and he pointed to the papers.

"And now, gentlemen," said he, turning to the students, "I marvel that you, being cavaliers of family, and doubtless holding yourselves men of honor, should beguile these poor knaves into certain ruin, whilst yourselves could reap nothing but a brief mockery of the authority which you could not hope to evade."

Thus called upon, the students and the city guard told their tale; in which no contradictions could be detected. The city prison was not particularly well secured against attacks from without. To prevent, therefore, any sudden attempt at a rescue, the guard kept watch by turns. One man watched two hours, traversing the different passages of the prison; and was then relieved. At three o'clock on the preceding night, pacing a winding lobby, brightly illuminated, the man who kept that watch was suddenly met by a person wearing a masque, and armed at all points. His surprise and consternation were great, and the more so as the steps of The Masque were soundless, though the floor was a stone one. The guard, but slightly prepared to meet an attack, would, however, have resisted or raised an alarm; but The Masque, instantly levelling a pistol at his head with one hand, with the other had thrown open the door of an empty cell, indicating to the man by signs that he must enter it. With this intimation he had necessarily complied; and The Masque had immediately turned the key upon him. Of what followed he knew nothing until aroused by his comrades setting him at liberty, after some time had been wasted in searching for him.

The students had a pretty uniform tale to report. A Masque, armed cap- a-pie, as described by the guard, had visited each of their cells in succession; had instructed them by signs to dress, and then, pointing to the door, by a series of directions all communicated in the same dumb show, had assembled them together, thrown open the prison door, and, pointing to their college, had motioned them thither. This motion they had seen no cause to disobey, presuming their dismissal to be according to the mode which best pleased his highness; and not ill- pleased at finding so peaceful a termination to a summons which at first, from its mysterious shape and the solemn hour of night, they had understood as tending to some more formidable issue.

It was observed that neither the Landgrave nor his minister treated this report of so strange a transaction with the scorn which had been anticipated. Both listened attentively, and made minute inquiries as to every circumstance of the dress and appointments of the mysterious Masque. What was his height? By what road, or in what direction, had he disappeared? These questions answered, his highness and his minister consulted a few minutes together; and then, turning to Von Aremberg, bade him for the present dismiss the prisoners to their homes; an act of grace which seemed likely to do him service at the present crisis; but at the same time to take sufficient security for their reappearance. This done, the whole body were liberated.

CHAPTER X.

All Klosterheim was confounded by the story of the mysterious Masque. For the story had been rapidly dispersed; and on the same day it was made known in another shape. A notice was affixed to the walls of several public places in these words:

"Landgrave, beware! henceforth not you, but I, govern in Klosterheim.

(Signed) THE MASQUE."

And this was no empty threat. Very soon it became apparent that some mysterious agency was really at work to counteract the Landgrave's designs. Sentinels were carried off from solitary posts. Guards, even of a dozen men, were silently trepanned from their stations. By and by, other attacks were made, even more alarming, upon domestic security. Was there a burgomaster amongst the citizens who had made himself conspicuously a tool of the Landgrave, or had opposed the imperial interest? He was carried off in the night-time from his house, and probably from the city. At first this was an easy task. Nobody apprehending any special danger to himself, no special preparations were made to meet it. But as it soon became apparent in what cause The Masque was moving, every person who knew himself obnoxious to attack, took means to face it. Guards were multiplied; arms were repaired in every house; alarm-bells were hung. For a time the danger seemed to diminish. The attacks were no longer so frequent. Still, wherever they were attempted, they succeeded just as before. It seemed, in fact, that all the precautions taken had no other effect than to warn The Masque of his own danger, and to place him more vigilantly on his guard. Aware of new defences raising, it seemed that he waited to see the course they would take; once master of that, he was ready (as it appeared) to contend with them as successfully as before.

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the city. Those even who did not fall within the apparent

rule which governed the attacks of The Masque felt a sense of indefinite terror hanging over them. Sleep was no longer safe; the seclusion of a man's private hearth, the secrecy of bed-rooms, was no longer a protection. Locks gave way, bars fell, doors flew open, as if by magic, before him. Arms seemed useless. In some instances a party of as many as ten or a dozen persons had been removed without rousing disturbance in the neighborhood. Nor was this the only circumstance of mystery. Whither he could remove his victims was even more incomprehensible than the means by which he succeeded. All was darkness and fear; and the whole city was agitated with panic.

It began now to be suggested that a nightly guard should be established, having fixed stations or points of rendezvous, and at intervals parading the streets. This was cheerfully assented to; for, after the first week of the mysterious attacks, it began to be observed that the imperial party were attacked indiscriminately with the Swedish. Many students publicly declared that they had been dogged through a street or two by an armed Masque; others had been suddenly confronted by him in unfrequented parts of the city, in the dead of night, and were on the point of being attacked, when some alarm, or the approach of distant footsteps, had caused him to disappear. The students, indeed, more particularly, seemed objects of attack; and as they were pretty generally attached to the imperial interest, the motives of The Masque were no longer judged to be political. Hence it happened that the students came forward in a body, and volunteered as members of the nightly guard. Being young, military for the most part in their habits, and trained to support the hardships of night- watching, they seemed peculiarly fitted for the service; and, as the case was no longer of a nature to awaken the suspicions of the Landgrave, they were generally accepted and enrolled; and with the more readiness, as the known friends of that prince came forward at the same time.

A night-watch was thus established, which promised security to the city, and a respite from their mysterious alarms. It was distributed into eight or ten divisions, posted at different points, whilst a central one traversed the whole city at stated periods, and overlooked the local stations. Such an arrangement was wholly unknown at that time in every part of Germany, and was hailed with general applause.

To the astonishment, however, of everybody, it proved wholly ineffectual. Houses were entered as before; the college chambers proved no sanctuary; indeed, they were attacked with a peculiar obstinacy, which was understood to express a spirit of retaliation for the alacrity of the students in combining—for the public protection. People were carried off as before. And continual notices affixed to the gates of the college, the convents, or the *schloss*, with the signature of *The Masque*, announced to the public his determination to persist, and his contempt of the measures organized against him.

The alarm of the citizens now became greater than ever. The danger was one which courage could not face, nor prudence make provision for, nor wiliness evade. All alike, who had once been marked out for attack, sooner or later fell victims to the obstinacy of this mysterious foe. To have received even an individual warning, availed them not at all. Sometimes it happened that, having received notice of suspicious circumstances indicating that The Masque had turned his attention upon themselves, they would assemble round their dwellings, or in their very chambers, a band of armed men sufficient to set the danger at defiance. But no sooner had they relaxed in these costly and troublesome arrangements, no sooner was the sense of peril lulled, and an opening made for their unrelenting enemy, than he glided in with his customary success; and in a morning or two after, it was announced to the city that they also were numbered with his victims.

Even yet it seemed that something remained in reserve to augment the terrors of the citizens, and push them to excess. Hitherto there had been no reason to think that any murderous violence had occurred in the mysterious rencontres between The Masque and his victims. But of late, in those houses, or college chambers, from which the occupiers had disappeared, traces of bloodshed were apparent in some instances, and of ferocious conflict in others. Sometimes a profusion of hair was scattered on the ground; sometimes fragments of dress, or splinters of weapons. Everything marked that on both sides, as this mysterious agency advanced, the passions increased in intensity; determination and murderous malignity on the one side, and the fury of resistance on the other.

At length the last consummation was given to the public panic; for, as if expressly to put an end to all doubts upon the spirit in which he conducted his warfare, in one house, where the bloodshed had been so great as to argue some considerable loss of life, a notice was left behind in the following terms: "Thus it is that I punish resistance; mercy to a cheerful submission; but henceforth death to the obstinate! —THE MASQUE."

What was to be done? Some counselled a public deprecation of his wrath, addressed to The Masque. But this, had it even offered any chance of succeeding, seemed too abject an act of abasement to become a large city. Under any circumstances, it was too humiliating a confession that, in a struggle with one man (for no more had avowedly appeared upon the scene), they were left defeated and at his

mercy. A second party counselled a treaty; would it not be possible to learn the ultimate objects of The Masque; and, if such as seemed capable of being entertained with honor, to concede to him his demands, in exchange for security to the city, and immunity from future molestation? It was true that no man knew where to seek him: personally he was hidden from their reach; but everybody knew how to find him: he was amongst them; in their very centre; and whatever they might address to him in a public notice would be sure of speedily reaching his eye.

After some deliberation, a summons was addressed to The Masque, and exposed on the college gates, demanding of him a declaration of his purposes, and the price which he expected for suspending them. The next day an answer appeared in the same situation, avowing the intention of The Masque to come forward with ample explanation of his motives at a proper crisis, till which, "more blood must flow in Klosterheim."

CHAPTER XI.

Meantime the Landgrave was himself perplexed and alarmed. Hitherto he had believed himself possessed of all the intrigues, plots, or conspiracies, which threatened his influence in the city. Among the students and among the citizens he had many spies, who communicated to him whatsoever they could learn, which was sometimes more than the truth, and sometimes a good deal less. But now he was met by a terrific antagonist, who moved in darkness, careless of his power, inaccessible to his threats, and apparently as reckless as himself of the quality of his means.

Adorni, with all his Venetian subtlety, was now as much at fault as everybody else. In vain had they deliberated together, day after day, upon his probable purposes; in vain had they schemed to intercept his person, or offered high rewards for tracing his retreats. Snares had been laid for him in vain; every wile had proved abortive, every plot had been counterplotted. And both involuntarily confessed that they had now met with their master.

Vexed and confounded, fears for the future struggling with mortification for the past, the Landgrave was sitting, late at night, in the long gallery where he usually held his councils. He was reflecting with anxiety on the peculiarly unpropitious moment at which his new enemy had come upon the stage; the very crisis of the struggle between the Swedish and imperial interest in Klosterheim, which would ultimately determine his own place and value in the estimate of his new allies. He was not of a character to be easily duped by mystery. Yet he could not but acknowledge to himself that there was something calculated to impress awe, and the sort of fear which is connected with the supernatural, in the sudden appearances, and vanishings as sudden, of The Masque. He came, no one could guess whence; retreated, no one could guess whither; was intercepted, and yet eluded arrest; and if half the stories in circulation could be credited, seemed inaudible in his steps, at pleasure to make himself invisible and impalpable to the very hands stretched out to detain him. Much of this, no doubt, was wilful exaggeration, or the fictions of fears self-deluded. But enough remained, after every allowance, to justify an extraordinary interest in so singular a being; and the Landgrave could not avoid wishing that chance might offer an opportunity to himself of observing him.

Profound silence had for some time reigned throughout the castle. A clock which stood in the room broke it for a moment by striking the quarters; and, raising his eyes, the Landgrave perceived that it was past two. He rose to retire for the night, and stood for a moment musing with one hand resting upon the table. A momentary feeling of awe came across him, as his eyes travelled through the gloom at the lower end of the room, on the sudden thought, that a being so mysterious, and capable of piercing through so many impediments to the interior of every mansion in Klosterheim, was doubtless likely enough to visit the castle; nay, it would be no ways improbable that he should penetrate to this very room. What bars had yet been found sufficient to repel him? And who could pretend to calculate the hour of his visit? This night even might be the time which he would select. Thinking thus, the Landgrave was suddenly aware of a dusky figure entering the room by a door at the lower end. The room had the length and general proportions of a gallery, and the further end was so remote from the candles which stood on the Landgrave's table, that the deep gloom was but slightly penetrated by their rays. Light, however, there was, sufficient to display the outline of a figure slowly and inaudibly advancing up the room. It could not be said that the figure advanced stealthily; on the contrary, its motion, carriage, and bearing, were in the highest degree dignified and solemn. But the feeling of a stealthy purpose was suggested by the perfect silence of its tread. The motion of a shadow could not be more noiseless. And this circumstance confirmed the Landgrave's first impression, that now he was on the point of accomplishing his recent wish, and meeting that mysterious being who was the object of so much awe, and the author of so far-spread a panic.

He was right; it was indeed The Masque, armed cap-a-pie as usual. He advanced with an equable and determined step in the direction of the Landgrave. Whether he saw his highness, who stood a little in

the shade of a large cabinet, could not be known; the Landgrave doubted not that he did. He was a prince of firm nerves by constitution, and of great intrepidity; yet, as one who shared in the superstitions of his age, he could not be expected entirely to suppress an emotion of indefinite apprehension as he now beheld the solemn approach of a being, who, by some unaccountable means, had trepanned so many different individuals from so many different houses, most of them prepared for self-defence, and fenced in by the protection of stone walls, locks, and bars.

The Landgrave, however, lost none of his presence of mind; and, in the midst of his discomposure, as his eye fell upon the habiliments of this mysterious person, and the arms and military accoutrements which he bore, naturally his thoughts settled upon the more earthly means of annoyance which this martial apparition carried about him. The Landgrave was himself unarmed; he had no arms even within reach, nor was it possible for him in his present situation very speedily to summon assistance. With these thoughts passing rapidly through his mind, and sensible that, in any view of his nature and powers, the being now in his presence was a very formidable antagonist, the Landgrave could not but feel relieved from a burden of anxious tremors, when he saw The Masque suddenly turn towards a door which opened about half-way up the room, and led into a picture-gallery at right angles with the room in which they both were.

Into the picture-gallery The Masque passed at the same solemn pace, without apparently looking at the Landgrave. This movement seemed to argue, either that he purposely declined an interview with the prince,—and *that* might argue fear,—or that he had not been aware of his presence. Either supposition, as implying something of human infirmity, seemed incompatible with supernatural faculties. Partly upon this consideration, and partly, perhaps, because he suddenly recollected that the road taken by The Masque would lead him directly past the apartments of the old seneschal, where assistance might be summoned, the Landgrave found his spirits at this moment revive. The consciousness of rank and birth also came to his aid, and that sort of disdain of the aggressor, which possesses every man, brave or cowardly alike, within the walls of his own dwelling. Unarmed as he was, he determined to pursue, and perhaps to speak.

The restraints of high breeding, and the ceremonious decorum of his rank, involuntarily checked the Landgrave from pursuing with a hurried pace. He advanced with his habitual gravity of step, so that The Masque was half-way down the gallery before the prince entered it. This gallery, furnished on each side with pictures, of which some were portraits, was of great length. The Masque and the prince continued to advance, preserving a pretty equal distance. It did not appear by any sign or gesture that The Masque was aware of the Landgrave's pursuit. Suddenly, however, he paused, drew his sword, halted; the Landgrave also halted; then, turning half round, and waving with his hand to the prince so as to solicit his attention, slowly The Masque elevated the point of his sword to the level of a picture—it was the portrait of a young cavalier in a hunting-dress, blooming with youth and youthful energy. The Landgrave turned pale, trembled, and was ruefully agitated. The Masque kept his sword in its position for half a minute; then dropping it, shook his head, and raised his hand with a peculiar solemnity of expression. The Landgrave recovered himself, his features swelled with passion, he quickened his step, and again followed in pursuit.

The Masque, however, had by this time turned out of the gallery into a passage, which, after a single curve, terminated in the private room of the seneschal. Believing that his ignorance of the localities was thus leading him on to certain capture, the Landgrave pursued more leisurely. The passage was dimly lighted; every image floated in a cloudy obscurity; and, upon reaching the curve, it seemed to the Landgrave that The Masque was just on the point of entering the seneschal's room. No other door was heard to open; and he felt assured that he had seen the lofty figure of The Masque gliding into that apartment. He again quickened his steps; a light burned within, the door stood ajar; quietly the prince pushed it open, and entered with the fullest assurance that he should here at length overtake the object of his pursuit.

Great was his consternation upon finding in a room, which presented no outlet, not a living creature except the elderly seneschal, who lay quietly sleeping in his arm-chair. The first impulse of the prince was to awaken him roughly, that he might summon aid and cooperate in the search. One glance at a paper upon the table arrested his hand. He saw a name written there, interesting to his fears beyond all others in the world. His eye was riveted as by fascination to the paper. He read one instant. That satisfied him that the old seneschal must be overcome by no counterfeit slumbers, when he could thus surrender a secret of capital importance to the gaze of that eye from which, above all others, he must desire to screen it. One moment he deliberated with himself; the old man stirred, and muttered in his dreams; the Landgrave seized the paper, and stood irresolute for an instant whether to await his wakening, and authoritatively to claim what so nearly concerned his own interest, or to retreat with it from the room before the old man should be aware of the prince's visit, or his own loss.

But the seneschal, wearied perhaps with some unusual exertion, had but moved in his chair; again he

composed himself to deep slumber, made deeper by the warmth of a hot fire. The raving of the wind, as it whistled round this angle of the *schloss*, drowned all sounds that could have disturbed him. The Landgrave secreted the paper; nor did any sense of his rank and character interpose to check him in an act so unworthy of an honorable cavalier. Whatever crimes he had hitherto committed or authorized, this was, perhaps, the first instance in which he had offended by an instance of petty knavery. He retired with the stealthy pace of a robber, anxious to evade detection, and stole back to his own apartments with an overpowering interest in the discovery he had made so accidentally, and with an anxiety to investigate it further, which absorbed for the time all other cares, and banished from his thoughts even The Masque himself, whose sudden appearance and retreat had, in fact, thrown into his hands the secret which now so exclusively disturbed him.

CHAPTER XII.

Meantime, The Masque continued to harass the Landgrave, to baffle many of his wiles, and to neutralize his most politic schemes. In one of the many placards which he affixed to the castle gates, he described the Landgrave as ruling in Klosterheim by day, and himself by night. Sarcasms such as these, together with the practical insults which The Masque continually offered to the Landgrave, by foiling his avowed designs, embittered the prince's existence. The injury done to his political schemes of ambition at this particular crisis was irreparable. One after one, all the agents and tools by whom he could hope to work upon the counsels of the Klosterheim authorities had been removed. Losing *their* influence, he had lost every prop of his own. Nor was this all; he was reproached by the general voice of the city as the original cause of a calamity which he had since shown himself impotent to redress. He it was, and his cause, which had drawn upon the people so fatally trepanned the hostility of the mysterious Masque. But for his highness, all the burgomasters, captains, city- officers, &c., would now be sleeping in their beds; whereas, the best late which could be surmised for the most of them was, that they were sleeping in dungeons; some, perhaps, in their graves. And thus the Landgrave's cause not merely lost its most efficient partisans, but, through their loss, determined the wavering against him, alienated the few who remained of his own faction, and gave strength and encouragement to the general dissatisfaction which had so long prevailed.

Thus it happened that the conspirators, or suspected conspirators, could not be brought to trial, or to punishment without a trial. Any spark of fresh irritation falling upon the present combustible temper of the populace, would not fail to produce an explosion. Fresh conspirators, and real ones, were thus encouraged to arise. The university, the city, teemed with plots. The government of the prince was exhausted with the growing labor of tracing and counteracting them. And, by little and little, matters came into such a condition, that the control of the city, though still continuing in the Landgrave's hands, was maintained by mere martial force, and at the very point of the sword. And, in no long time, it was feared, that with so general a principle of hatred to combine the populace, and so large a body of military students to head them, the balance of power, already approaching to an equipoise, would be turned against the Landgrave's government. And, in the best event, his highness could now look for nothing from their love. All might be reckoned for lost that could not be extorted by force.

This state of things had been brought about by the dreadful Masque, seconded, no doubt, by those whom he had emboldened and aroused within; and, as the climax and crowning injury of the whole, every day unfolded more and more the vast importance which Klosterheim would soon possess as the centre and key of the movements to be anticipated in the coming campaign. An electoral cap would perhaps reward the services of the Landgrave in the general pacification, if he could present himself at the German Diet as the possessor *de facto* of Klosterheim and her territorial dependences, and with some imperfect possession *de jure*; still more, if he could plead the merit of having brought over this state, so important from local situation, as a willing ally to the Swedish interest. But to this a free vote of the city was an essential preliminary; and from that, through the machinations of The Masque, he was now further than ever.

The temper of the prince began to give way under these accumulated provocations. An enemy forever aiming his blows with the deadliest effect; forever stabbing in the dark, yet charmed and consecrated from all retaliation; always met with, never to be found! The Landgrave ground his teeth, clenched his fists, with spasms of fury. lie quarrelled with his ministers; swore at the officers; cursed the sentinels; and the story went through Klosterheim that he had kicked Adorni.

Certain it was, under whatever stimulus, that Adorni put forth much more zeal at last for the apprehension of The Masque. Come what would, he publicly avowed that six days more should not elapse without the arrest of this "ruler of Klosterheim by night." He had a scheme for the purpose, a plot baited for snaring him; and he pledged his reputation as a minister and an intriguer upon its entire success.

On the following day, invitations were issued by Adorni, in his highness' name, to a masqued ball on that day week. The fashion of masqued entertainments had been recently introduced from Italy into this sequestered nook of Germany; and here, as there, it had been abused to purposes of criminal intrigue.

Spite of the extreme unpopularity of the Landgrave with the low and middle classes of the city, among the highest his little court still continued to furnish a central resort to the rank and high blood converged in such unusual proportion within the walls of Klosterheim. The *schloss* was still looked to as the standard and final court of appeal in all matters of taste, elegance, and high breeding. Hence it naturally happened that everybody with any claims to such an honor was anxious to receive a ticket of admission;—it became the test for ascertaining a person's pretensions to mix in the first circles of society; and with this extraordinary zeal for obtaining an admission naturally increased the minister's rigor and fastidiousness in pressing the usual investigation of the claimant's qualifications. Much offence was given on both sides, and many sneers hazarded at the minister himself, whose pretensions were supposed to be of the lowest description. But the result was, that exactly twelve hundred cards were issued; these were regularly numbered, and below the device, engraved upon the card, was impressed a seal, bearing the arms and motto of the Landgraves of X.

Every precaution was taken for carrying into effect the scheme, with all its details, as concerted by Adorni; and the third day of the following week was announced as the day of the expected *fête*.

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning of the important day at length arrived, and all Klosterheim was filled with expectation. Even those who were not amongst the invited shared in the anxiety; for a great scene was looked for, and perhaps some tragical explosion. The undertaking of Adorni was known; it had been published abroad that he was solemnly pledged to effect the arrest of The Masque; and by many it was believed that he would so far succeed, at the least, as to bring on a public collision with that extraordinary personage. As to the issue most people were doubtful, The Masque having hitherto so uniformly defeated the best-laid schemes for his apprehension. But it was hardly questioned that the public challenge offered to him by Adorni would succeed in bringing him before the public eye. This challenge had taken the shape of a public notice, posted up in the places where The Masque had usually affixed his own; and it was to the following effect: "That the noble strangers now in Klosterheim, and others invited to the Landgrave's *fête*, who might otherwise feel anxiety in presenting themselves at the *schloss*, from an apprehension of meeting with the criminal disturber of the public peace, known by the appellation of The Masque, were requested by authority to lay aside all apprehensions of that nature, as the most energetic measures had been adopted to prevent or chastise upon the spot any such insufferable intrusion; and for The Masque himself, if he presumed to disturb the company by his presence, he would be seized where he stood, and, without further inquiry, committed to the provost-marshal for instant execution;—on which account, all persons were warned carefully to forbear from intrusions of simple curiosity, since in the hurry of the moment it might be difficult to make the requisite distinctions."

It was anticipated that this insulting notice would not long go without an answer from The Masque. Accordingly, on the following morning, a placard, equally conspicuous, was posted up in the same public places, side by side with that to which it replied. It was couched in the following terms: "That he who ruled by night in Klosterheim could not suppose himself to be excluded from a nocturnal *fete* given by any person in that city. That he must be allowed to believe himself invited by the prince, and would certainly have the honor to accept his highness' obliging summons. With regard to the low personalities addressed to himself, that he could not descend to notice anything of that nature, coming from a man so abject as Adorni, until he should first have cleared himself from the imputation of having been a tailor in Venice at the time of the Spanish conspiracy in 1618, and banished from that city, not for any suspicions that could have settled upon him and his eight journeymen as making up one conspirator, but on account of some professional tricks in making a doublet for the Doge. For the rest, he repeated that he would not fail to meet the Landgrave and his honorable company."

All Klosterheim laughed at this public mortification offered to Adorni's pride; for that minister had incurred the public dislike as a foreigner, and their hatred on the score of private character. Adorni himself foamed at the mouth with rage, impotent for the present, but which he prepared to give deadly effect to at the proper time. But, whilst it laughed, Klosterheim also trembled. Some persons, indeed, were of opinion that the answer of The Masque was a mere sportive effusion of malice or pleasantry from the students, who had suffered so much by his annoyances. But the majority, amongst whom was Adorni himself, thought otherwise. Apart even from the reply, or the insult which had provoked it, the general impression was, that The Masque would not have failed in attending a festival, which, by the very costume which it imposed, offered so favorable a cloak to his own mysterious purposes. In this

persuasion, Adorni took all the precautions which personal vengeance and Venetian subtlety could suggest, for availing himself of the single opportunity that would, perhaps, ever be allowed him for entrapping this public enemy, who had now become a private one to himself.

These various incidents had furnished abundant matter for conversation in Klosterheim, and had carried the public expectation to the highest pitch of anxiety, some time before the great evening arrived. Leisure had been allowed for fear, and every possible anticipation of the wildest character, to unfold themselves. Hope, even, amongst many, was a predominant sensation. Ladies were preparing for hysterics. Cavaliers, besides the swords which they wore as regular articles of dress, were providing themselves with stilettoes against any sudden rencontre hand to hand, or any unexpected surprise. Armorers and furbishers of weapons were as much in request as the more appropriate artists who minister to such festal occasions. These again were summoned to give their professional aid and attendance to an extent so much out of proportion to their numbers and their natural power of exertion, that they were harassed beyond all physical capacity of endurance, and found their ingenuity more heavily taxed to find personal substitutes amongst the trades most closely connected with their own, than in any of the contrivances which more properly fell within the business of their own art. Tailors, horse-milliners, shoemakers, friseurs, drapers, mercers, tradesmen of every description, and servants of every class and denomination, were summoned to a sleepless activity—each in his several vocation, or in some which he undertook by proxy. Artificers who had escaped on political motives from Nuremburg and other imperial cities, or from the sack of Magdeburg, now showed their ingenuity, and their readiness to earn the bread of industry; and if Klosterheim resembled a hive in the close- packed condition of its inhabitants, it was now seen that the resemblance held good hardly less in the industry which, upon a sufficient excitement, it was able to develop. But, in the midst of all this stir, din, and unprecedented activity, whatever occupation each man found for his thoughts or for his hands in his separate employments, all hearts were mastered by one domineering interest—the approaching collision of the Landgrave, before his assembled court, with the mysterious agent who had so long troubled his repose.

CHAPTER XIV

The day at length arrived; the guards were posted in unusual strength; the pages of honor, and servants in their state-dresses, were drawn up in long and gorgeous files along the sides of the vast Gothic halls, which ran in continued succession from the front of the *schloss* to the more modern saloons in the rear; bands of military music, collected from amongst the foreign prisoners of various nations at Vienna, were stationed in their national costume—Italian, Hungarian, Turkish, or Croatian—in the lofty galleries or corridors which ran round the halls; and the deep thunders of the kettle-drums, relieved by cymbals and wind-instruments, began to fill the mazes of the palace as early as seven o'clock in the evening; for at that hour, according to the custom then established in Germany, such entertainments commenced. Repeated volleys from long lines of musketeers, drawn up in the square, and at the other entrances of the palace, with the deep roar of artillery, announced the arrival of the more distinguished visitors; amongst whom it was rumored that several officers in supreme command from the Swedish camp, already collected in the neighborhood, were this night coming *incognito*—availing themselves of their masques to visit the Landgrave, and improve the terms of their alliance, whilst they declined the risk which they might have brought on themselves by too open a visit, in their own avowed characters and persons, to a town so unsettled in its state of feeling, and so friendly to the emperor, as Klosterheim had notoriously become.

From seven to nine o'clock, in one unbroken line of succession, gorgeous parties streamed along through the halls, a distance of full half a quarter of a mile, until they were checked by the barriers erected at the entrance to the first of the entertaining rooms, as the station for examining the tickets of admission. This duty was fulfilled in a way which, though really rigorous in the extreme, gave no inhospitable annoyance to the visitors; the barriers themselves concealed their jealous purpose of hostility, and in a manner disavowed the secret awe and mysterious terror which brooded over the evening, by the beauty of their external appearance. They presented a triple line of gilt lattice-work, rising to a great altitude, and connected with the fretted roof by pendent draperies of the most magnificent velvet, intermingled with banners and heraldic trophies suspended from the ceiling, and at intervals slowly agitated in the currents which now and then swept these aerial heights. In the centre of the lattice opened a single gate, on each side of which were stationed a couple of sentinels armed to the teeth; and this arrangement was repeated three times, so rigorous was the vigilance employed. At the second of the gates, where the bearer of a forged ticket would have found himself in a sort of trap, with absolutely no possibility of escape, every individual of each successive party presented his card of admission, and, fortunately for the convenience of the company, in consequence of the particular precaution used, one moment's inspection sufficed. The cards had been issued to the parties invited not very long before the time of assembling; consequently, as each was sealed with a private seal of the

Landgrave's, sculptured elaborately with his armorial bearings, forgery would have been next to impossible.

These arrangements, however, were made rather to relieve the company from the too powerful terrors which haunted them, and to possess them from the first with a sense of security, than for the satisfaction of the Landgrave or his minister. They were sensible that The Masque had it in his power to command an access from the interior—and this it seemed next to impossible altogether to prevent; nor was *that* indeed the wish of Adorni, but rather to facilitate his admission, and afterwards, when satisfied of his actual presence, to bar up all possibility of retreat. Accordingly, the interior arrangements, though perfectly prepared, and ready to close up at the word of command, were for the present but negligently enforced.

Thus stood matters at nine o'clock, by which time upwards of a thousand persons had assembled; and in ten minutes more an officer reported that the whole twelve hundred were present, without one defaulter.

The Landgrave had not yet appeared, his minister having received the company; nor was he expected to appear for an hour—in reality, he was occupied in political discussion with some of the illustrious *incognitos*. But this did not interfere with the progress of the festival; and at this moment nothing could be more impressive than the far-stretching splendors of the spectacle.

In one immense saloon, twelve hundred cavaliers and ladies, attired in the unrivalled pomp of that age, were arranging themselves for one of the magnificent Hungarian dances, which the emperor's court at Vienna had transplanted to the camp of Wallenstein, and thence to all the great houses of Germany. Bevies of noble women, in every variety of fanciful costume, but in each considerable group presenting deep masses of black or purple velvet, on which, with the most striking advantage of radiant relief, lay the costly pearl ornaments, or the sumptuous jewels, so generally significant in those times of high ancestral pretensions, intermingled with the drooping plumes of martial cavaliers, who presented almost universally the soldierly air of frankness which belongs to active service, mixed with the Castilian *grandezza* that still breathed through the camps of Germany, emanating originally from the magnificent courts of Brussels, of Madrid, and of Vienna, and propagated to this age by the links of Tilly, the Bavarian commander, and Wallenstein, the more than princely commander for the emperor. Figures and habiliments so commanding were of themselves enough to fill the eye and occupy the imagination; but, beyond all this, feelings of awe and mystery, under more shapes than one, brooded over the whole scene, and diffused a tone of suspense and intense excitement throughout the vast assembly. It was known that illustrious strangers were present *incognito*. There now began to be some reason for anticipating a great battle in the neighborhood. The men were now present, perhaps, the very hands were now visibly displayed for the coming dance, which in a few days, or even hours (so rapid were the movements at this period), were to wield the truncheon that might lay the Catholic empire prostrate, or might mould the destiny of Europe for centuries. Even this feeling gave way to one still more enveloped in shades—The Masque! Would he keep his promise, and appear? might he not be there already? might he not even now be moving amongst them? may he not, even at this very moment, thought each person, secretly be near me—or even touching myself—or haunting my own steps?

Yet again thought most people (for at that time hardly anybody affected to be incredulous in matters allied to the supernatural), was this mysterious being liable to touch? Was he not of some impassive nature, inaudible, invisible, impalpable? Many of his escapes, if truly reported, seemed to argue as much. If, then, connected with the spiritual world, was it with the good or the evil in that inscrutable region? But, then, the bloodshed, the torn dresses, the marks of deadly struggle, which remained behind in some of those cases where mysterious disappearances had occurred,—these seemed undeniable arguments of murder, foul and treacherous murder. Every attempt, in short, to penetrate the mystery of this being's nature, proved as abortive as the attempts to intercept his person; and all efforts at applying a solution to the difficulties of the case made the mystery even more mysterious.

These thoughts, however, generally as they pervaded the company, would have given way, for a time at least, to the excitement of the scene; for a sudden clapping of hands from some officers of the household, to enforce attention, and as a signal to the orchestra in one of the galleries, at this moment proclaimed that the dances were on the point of commencing in another half-minute, when suddenly a shriek from a female, and then a loud, tumultuous cry from a multitude of voices, announced some fearful catastrophe; and in the next moment a shout of "Murder!" froze the blood of the timid amongst the company.

CHAPTER XV.

So vast was the saloon, that it had been impossible, through the maze of figures, the confusion of

colors, and the mingling of a thousand voices, that anything should be perceived distinctly at the lower end of all that was now passing at the upper. Still, so awful is the mystery of life, and so hideous and accursed in man's imagination is every secret extinction of toat consecrated lamp, that no news thrills so deeply, or travels so rapidly. Hardly could it be seen in what direction, or through whose communication, yet in less than a minute a movement of sympathizing horror, and uplifted hands, announced that the dreadful news had reached them. A murder, it was said, had been committed in the palace. Ladies began to faint; others hastened away in search of friends; others to learn the news more accurately; and some of the gentlemen, who thought themselves sufficiently privileged by rank, hurried off with a stream of agitated inquirers to the interior of the castle, in search of the scene itself. A few only passed the guard in the first moments of confusion, and penetrated, with the agitated Adorni, through the long and winding passages, into the very scene of the murder. A rumor had prevailed for a moment that the Landgrave was himself the victim; and as the road by which the agitated household conducted them took a direction towards his highness' suite of rooms, at first Adorni had feared that result. Recovering his self- possession, however, at length, he learned that it was the poor old seneschal upon whom the blow had fallen. And he pressed on with more coolness to the dreadful spectacle.

The poor old man was stretched at his length on the floor. It did not seem that he had struggled with the murderer. Indeed, from some appearances, it seemed probable that he had been attacked whilst sleeping; and though he had received three wounds, it was pronounced by a surgeon that one of them (and *that*, from circumstances, the first) had been sufficient to extinguish life. He was discovered by his daughter, a woman who held some respectable place amongst the servants of the castle; and every presumption concurred in fixing the time of the dreadful scene to about one hour before.

"Such, gentlemen, are the acts of this atrocious monster, this Masque, who has so long been the scourge of Klosterheim," said Adorni to the strangers who had accompanied him, as they turned away on their return to the company; "but this very night, I trust, will put a bridle in his mouth."

"God grant it may be so!" said some. But others thought the whole case too mysterious for conjectures, and too solemn to be decided by presumptions. And in the midst of agitated discussions on the scene they had just witnessed, as well as the whole history of The Masque, the party returned to the saloon.

Under ordinary circumstances, this dreadful event would have damped the spirits of the company; as it was, it did but deepen the gloomy excitement which already had possession of all present, and raise a more intense expectation of the visit so publicly announced by The Masque. It seemed as though he had perpetrated this recent murder merely by way of reviving the impression of his own dreadful character in Klosterheim, which might have decayed a little of late, in all its original strength and freshness of novelty; or, as though he wished to send immediately before him an act of atrocity that should form an appropriate herald or harbinger of his own entrance upon the scene.

Dreadful, however, as this deed of darkness was, it seemed of too domestic a nature to exercise any continued influence upon so distinguished an assembly, so numerous, so splendid, and brought together at so distinguished a summons. Again, therefore, the masques prepared to mingle in the dance; again the signal was given; again the obedient orchestra preluded to the coming strains. In a moment more, the full tide of harmony swept along. The vast saloon, and its echoing roof, rang with the storm of music. The masques, with their floating plumes and jewelled caps, glided through the fine mazes of the Hungarian dances. All was one magnificent and tempestuous confusion, overflowing with the luxury of sound and sight, when suddenly, about midnight, a trumpet sounded, the Landgrave entered, and all was hushed. The glittering crowd arranged themselves in a half-circle at the upper end of the room; his highness went rapidly round, saluting the company, and receiving their homage in return. A signal was again made; the music and the dancing were resumed; and such was the animation and the turbulent delight amongst the gayer part of the company, from the commingling of youthful blood with wine, lights, music, and festal conversation, that, with many, all thoughts of the dreadful Masque, who "reigned by night in Klosterheim," had faded before the exhilaration of the moment. Midnight had come; the dreadful apparition had not yet entered; young ladies began timidly to jest upon the subject, though as yet but faintly, and in a tone somewhat serious for a jest; and young cavaliers, who, to do them justice, had derived most part of their terrors from the superstitious view of the case, protested to their partners that if The Masque, on making his appearance, should conduct himself in a manner unbecoming a cavalier, or offensive to the ladies present, they should feel it their duty to chastise him; "though," said they, "with respect to old Adorni, should The Masque think proper to teach him better manners, or even to cane him, we shall not find it necessary to interfere."

Several of the very young ladies protested that, of all things, they should like to see a battle between old Adorni and The Masque, "such a love of a quiz that old Adorni is!" whilst others debated whether The Masque would turn out a young man or an old one; and a few elderly maidens mooted the point whether he were likely to be a "single" gentleman, or burdened with a "wife and family." These and

similar discussions were increasing in vivacity, and kindling more and more gayety of repartee, when suddenly, with the effect of a funeral knell upon their mirth, a whisper began to circulate that *there was one Masque too many in company*. Persons had been stationed by Adorni in different galleries, with instructions to note accurately the dress of every person in the company; to watch the motions of every one who gave the slightest cause for suspicion, by standing aloof from the rest of the assembly, or by any other peculiarity of manner; but, above all, to count the numbers of the total assembly. This last injunction was more easily obeyed than at first sight seemed possible. At this time the Hungarian dances, which required a certain number of partners to execute the movements of the figure, were of themselves a sufficient register of the precise amount of persons engaged in them. And, as these dances continued for a long time undisturbed, this calculation once made, left no further computation necessary, than simply to take the account of all who stood otherwise engaged. This list, being much the smaller one, was soon made; and the reports of several different observers, stationed in different galleries, and checked by each other, all tallied in reporting a total of just *twelve hundred and one persons*, after every allowance was made for the known members of the Landgrave's suite, who were all unmasqued.

This report was announced with considerable trepidation, in a very audible whisper, to Adorni and the Landgrave. The buzz of agitation attracted instant attention; the whisper was loud enough to catch the ears of several; the news went rapidly kindling through the room that the company was too many by one: all the ladies trembled, their knees shook, their voices failed, they stopped in the very middle of questions, answers halted for their conclusion, and were never more remembered by either party; the very music began to falter, the lights seemed to wane and sicken; for the fact was new too evident that The Masque had kept his appointment, and was at this moment in the room "to meet the Landgrave and his honorable company."

Adorni and the Landgrave now walked apart from the rest of the household, and were obviously consulting together on the next step to be taken, or on the proper moment for executing one which had already been decided on. Some crisis seemed approaching, and the knees of many ladies knocked together, as they anticipated some cruel or bloody act of vengeance. "O poor Masque!" sighed a young lady, in her tender- hearted concern for one who seemed now at the mercy of his enemies: "do you think, sir," addressing her partner, "they will cut him to pieces?"—"O, that wicked old Adorni!" exclaimed another; "I know he will stick the poor Masque on one side and somebody else will stick him on the other; I know he will, because The Masque called him a tailor; do you think he *was* a tailor sir?"—"Why, really, madam, he walks like a tailor; but, then he must be a very bad one, considering how ill his own clothes are made; and *that*, you know, is next door to being none at all. But, see, his highness is going to stop the music."

In fact, at that moment the Landgrave made a signal to the orchestra: the music ceased abruptly; and his highness, advancing to the company, who stood eagerly awaiting his words, said: "Illustrious and noble friends! for a very urgent and special cause I will request of you all to take your seats."

The company obeyed, every one sought the chair next to him, or, if a lady, accepted that which was offered by the cavalier at her side. The standers continually diminished. Two hundred were left, one hundred and fifty, eighty, sixty, twenty, till at last they were reduced to two,— both gentlemen, who had been attending upon ladies. They were suddenly aware of their own situation. One chair only remained out of twelve hundred. Eager to exonerate himself from suspicion, each sprang furiously to this seat; each attained it at the same moment, and each possessed himself of part at the same instant. As they happened to be two elderly, corpulent men, the younger cavaliers, under all the restraints of the moment, the panic of the company, and the Landgraves presence, could not forbear laughing; and the more spirited amongst the young ladies caught the infection.

His highness was little in a temper to brook this levity, and hastened to relieve the joint occupants of the chair from the ridicule of their situation. "Enough!" he exclaimed, "enough! All my friends are requested to resume the situation most agreeable to them; my purpose is answered." The prince was himself standing with all his household, and, as a point of respect, all the company rose. ("*As you were*," whispered the young soldiers to their fair companions.)

Adorni now came forward. "It is known," said he, "by trials more than sufficient, that some intruder, with the worst intentions, has crept into this honorable company. The ladies present will therefore have the goodness to retire apart to the lower end of the saloon, whilst the noble cavaliers will present themselves in succession to six officers of his highness' household, to whom they will privately communicate their names and quality."

This arrangement was complied with,—not, however, without the exchange of a few flying jests on the part of the younger cavaliers and their fair partners, as they separated for the purpose. The cavaliers, who were rather more than five hundred in number, went up as they were summoned by the

number marked upon their cards of admission, and, privately communicating with some one of the officers appointed, were soon told off, and filed away to the right of the Landgrave, waiting for the signal which should give them permission to rejoin their parties.

All had been now told off, within a score. These were clustered together in a group; and in that group undoubtedly was The Masque. Every eye was converged upon this small knot of cavaliers; each of the spectators, according to his fancy, selected the one who came nearest in dress, or in personal appearance, to his preconceptions of that mysterious agent. Not a word was uttered, not a whisper; hardly a robe was heard to rustle, or a feather to wave.

The twenty were rapidly reduced to twelve, these to six, the six to four—three—two; the tale of the invited was complete, and one man remained behind. That was, past doubting, The Masque!

CHAPTER XVI.

"There stands he that governs Klosterheim by night!" thought every cavalier, as he endeavored to pierce the gloomy being's concealment with penetrating eyes, or, by scrutiny ten times repeated, to unmasque the dismal secrets which lurked beneath his disguise. "There stands the gloomy murderer!" thought another. "There stands the poor detected criminal," thought the pitying young ladies, "who in the next moment must lay bare his breast to the Landgrave's musketeers."

The figure, meantime, stood tranquil and collected, apparently not in the least disturbed by the consciousness of his situation, or the breathless suspense of more than a thousand spectators of rank and eminent station, all bending their looks upon himself. He had been leaning against a marble column, as if wrapped up in revery, and careless of everything about him. But when the dead silence announced that the ceremony was closed, that he only remained to answer for himself, and upon palpable proof—evidence not to be gainsayed— incapable of answering satisfactorily; when, in fact, it was beyond dispute that here was at length revealed, in bodily presence, before the eyes of those whom he had so long haunted with terrors, The Masque of Klosterheim,—it was naturally expected that now, at least, he would show alarm and trepidation; that he would prepare for defence, or address himself to instant flight.

Far otherwise! Cooler than any one person beside in the saloon, he stood, like the marble column against which he had been reclining, upright, massy, and imperturbable. He was enveloped in a voluminous mantle, which, at this moment, with a leisurely motion, he suffered to fall at his feet, and displayed a figure in which the grace of an Antinous met with the columnar strength of a Grecian Hercules,— presenting, in its *tout ensemble*, the majestic proportions of a Jupiter. He stood—a breathing statue of gladiatorial beauty, towering above all who were near him, and eclipsing the noblest specimens of the human form which the martial assembly presented. A buzz of admiration arose, which in the following moment was suspended by the dubious recollections investing his past appearances, and the terror which waited even on his present movements. He was armed to the teeth; and he was obviously preparing to move.

Not a word had yet been spoken; so tumultuous was the succession of surprises, so mixed and conflicting the feelings, so intense the anxiety. The arrangement of the groups was this: At the lower half of the room, but starting forward in attitudes of admiration or suspense, were the ladies of Klosterheim. At the upper end, in the centre, one hand raised to bespeak attention, was The Masque of Klosterheim. To his left, and a little behind him, with a subtle Venetian countenance, one hand waving back a half file of musketeers, and the other raised as if to arrest the arm of The Masque, was the wily minister Adorni, creeping nearer and nearer with a stealthy stride. To his right was the great body of Klosterheim cavaliers, a score of students and young officers pressing forward to the front; but in advance of the whole, the Landgrave of X——, haughty, lowering, and throwing out looks of defiance. These were the positions and attitudes in which the first discovery of The Masque had surprised them; and these they still retained. Less dignified spectators were looking downwards from the galleries.

"Surrender!" was the first word by which silence was broken; it came from the Landgrave.

"Or die!" exclaimed Adorni.

"He dies in any case," rejoined the prince.

The Masque still raised his hand with the action of one who bespeaks attention. Adorni he deigned not to notice. Slightly inclining his head to the Landgrave, in a tone to which it might be the headdress of elaborate steel work that gave a sepulchral tone, he replied:

"The Masque, who rules in Klosterheim by night, surrenders not. He can die. But first he will

complete the ceremony of the night; he will reveal himself."

"That is superfluous," exclaimed Adorni; "we need no further revelations. Seize him, and lead him out to death!"

"Dog of an Italian!" replied The Masque, drawing a dag [Footnote: *Dag*, a sort of pistol or carbine.] from his belt, "die first yourself!" And so saying, he slowly turned and levelled the barrel at Adorni, who fled with two bounds to the soldiers in the rear. Then, withdrawing the weapon hastily, he added, in a tone of cool contempt, "Or bridle that coward's tongue."

But this was not the minister's intention. "Seize him!" he cried again impetuously to the soldiers, laying his hand on the arm of the foremost, and pointing them forward to their prey.

"No!" said the Landgrave, with a commanding voice; "halt! I bid you." Something there was in the tone, or it might be that there was something in his private recollections, or something in the general mystery, which promised a discovery that he feared to lose by the too precipitate vengeance of the Italian. "What is it, mysterious being, that you would reveal? Or who is it that you now believe interested in your revelations?"

"Yourself.—Prince, it would seem that you have me at your mercy: wherefore, then, the coward haste of this Venetian hound? I am one; you are many. Lead me, then, out; shoot me. But no: freely I entered this hall; freely I will leave it. If I must die, I will die as a soldier. Such I am; and neither runagate from a foreign land, nor "—turning to Adorni-"a base mechanic."

"But a murderer!" shrieked Adorni: "but a murderer; and with hands yet reeking from innocent blood!"

"Blood, Adorni, that I will yet avenge.—Prince, you demand the nature of my revelations. I will reveal my name, my quality, and my mission."

"And to whom?"

"To yourself, and none beside. And, as a pledge for the sincerity of my discoveries, I will first of all communicate a dreadful secret, known, as you fondly believe, to none but your highness. Prince, dare you receive my revelations?"

Speaking thus, The Masque took one step to the rear, turning his back upon the room, and by a gesture signified his wish that the Landgrave should accompany him. But at this motion ten or a dozen of the foremost among the young cavaliers started forward in advance of the Landgrave, in part forming a half-circle about his person, and in part commanding the open doorway.

"He is armed!" they exclaimed; "and trebly armed: will your highness approach him too nearly?"

"I fear him not," said the Landgrave, with something of a contemptuous tone.

"Wherefore should you fear me?" retorted The Masque, with a manner so tranquil and serene as involuntarily to disarm suspicion. "Were it possible that I should seek the life of any man here in particular, in that case (pointing to the fire-arms in his belt), why should I need to come nearer? Were it possible that any should find in my conduct here a motive to a personal vengeance upon myself, which of you is not near enough? Has your highness the courage to trample on such terrors?"

Thus challenged, as it were, to a trial of his courage before the assembled rank of Klosterheim, the Landgrave waved off all who would have stepped forward officiously to his support. If he felt any tremors, he was now sensible that pride and princely honor called upon him to dissemble them. And, probably, that sort of tremors which he felt in reality did not point in a direction to which physical support, such as was now tendered, could have been available. He hesitated no longer, but strode forward to meet The Masque. His highness and The Masque met near the archway of the door, in the very centre of the groups.

With a thrilling tone, deep, piercing, full of alarm, The Masque began thus:

"To win your confidence, forever to establish credit with your highness, I will first of all reveal the name of that murderer who this night dared to pollute your palace with an old man's blood. Prince, bend your ear a little this way."

With a shudder, and a visible effort of self-command, the Landgrave inclined his ear to The Masque, who added,—

"Your highness will be shocked to hear it:" then, in a lower tone, "Who could have believed it?—It was

——." All was pronounced clearly and strongly, except the last word—the name of the murderer; *that* was made audible only to the Landgrave's ear.

Sudden and tremendous was the effect upon the prince: he reeled a few paces off; put his hand to the hilt of his sword; smote his forehead; threw frenzied looks upon The Masque,—now half imploring, now dark with vindictive wrath. Then succeeded a pause of profoundest silence, during which all the twelve hundred visitors, whom he had himself assembled as if expressly to make them witnesses of this extraordinary scene, and of the power with which a stranger could shake him to and fro in a tempestuous strife of passions, were looking and hearkening with senses on the stretch to pierce the veil of silence and of distance. At last the Landgrave mastered his emotion sufficiently to say, "Well, sir, what next?"

"Next comes a revelation of another kind; and I warn you, sir, that it will not be less trying to the nerves. For this first I needed your ear; now I shall need your eyes. Think again, prince, whether you will stand the trial."

"Pshaw! sir, you trifle with me; again I tell you—" But here the Landgrave spoke with an affectation of composure, and with an effort that did not escape notice;—"again I tell you that I fear you not. Go on."

"Then come forward a little, please your highness, to the light of this lamp." So saying, with a step or two in advance, he drew the prince under the powerful glare of a lamp suspended near the great archway of entrance from the interior of the palace. Both were now standing with their faces entirely averted from the spectators. Still more effectually, however, to screen himself from any of those groups on the left, whose advanced position gave them somewhat more the advantage of an oblique aspect, The Masque, at this moment, suddenly drew up, with his left hand, a short Spanish mantle which depended from his shoulders, and now gave him the benefit of a lateral screen. Then, so far as the company behind them could guess at his act, unlocking with his right hand and raising the masque which shrouded his mysterious features, he shouted aloud, in a voice that rang clear through every corner of the vast saloon, "Landgrave, for crimes yet unrevealed, I summon you, in twenty days, before a tribunal where there is no shield but innocence" and at that moment turned his countenance full upon the prince.

With a yell, rather than a human expression of terror, the Landgrave fell, as if shot by a thunderbolt, stretched at his full length upon the ground, lifeless apparently, and bereft of consciousness or sensation. A sympathetic cry of horror arose from the spectators. All rushed towards The Masque. The young cavaliers, who had first stepped forward as volunteers in the Landgrave's defence, were foremost, and interposed between The Masque and the outstretched arms of Adorni, as if eager to seize him first. In an instant a sudden and dense cloud of smoke arose, nobody knew whence. Repeated discharges of fire-arms were heard resounding from the doorway and the passages; these increased the smoke and the confusion. Trumpets sounded through the corridors. The whole archway, under which The Masque and the Landgrave had been standing, became choked up with soldiery, summoned by the furious alarms that echoed through the palace. All was one uproar and chaos of masques, plumes, helmets, halberds, trumpets, gleaming sabres, and the fierce faces of soldiery forcing themselves through the floating drapery of smoke that now filled the whole upper end of the saloon. Adorni was seen in the midst, raving fruitlessly. Nobody heard, nobody listened. Universal panic had seized the household, the soldiery, and the company. Nobody understood exactly for what purpose the tumult had commenced—in what direction it tended. Some tragic catastrophe was reported from mouth to mouth: nobody knew what. Some said the Landgrave had been assassinated; some, The Masque; some asserted that both had perished under reciprocal assaults. More believed that The Masque had proved to be of that supernatural order of beings, with which the prevailing opinions of Klosterheim had long classed him; and that, upon raising his disguise, he had revealed to the Landgrave the fleshless skull of some forgotten tenant of the grave. This indeed seemed to many the only solution that, whilst it fell in with the prejudices and superstitions of the age, was of a nature to account for that tremendous effect which the discovery had produced upon the Landgrave. But it was one that naturally could be little calculated to calm the agitations of the public prevailing at this moment. This spread contagiously. The succession of alarming events,—the murder, the appearance of The Masque, his subsequent extraordinary behavior, the overwhelming impression upon the Landgrave, which had formed the catastrophe of this scenical exhibition,—the consternation of the great Swedish officers, who were spending the night in Klosterheim, and reasonably suspected that the tumult might be owing to the sudden detection of their own *incognito*, and that, in consequence, the populace of this imperial city were suddenly rising to arms; the endless distraction and counter-action of so many thousand persons— visitors, servants, soldiery, household—all hurrying to the same point, and bringing assistance to a danger of which nobody knew the origin, nobody the nature, nobody the issue; multitudes commanding where all obedience was forgotten, all subordination had gone to wreck;—these circumstances of distraction united to sustain a scene of absolute frenzy in the castle, which, for more than half an hour, the dense columns of smoke aggravated alarmingly, by raising, in many quarters, additional terrors of fire. And

when, at last, after infinite exertions, the soldiery had deployed into the ball-room and the adjacent apartments of state, and had succeeded, at the point of the pike, in establishing a safe egress for the twelve hundred visitors, it was then first ascertained that all traces of The Masque had been lost in the smoke and subsequent confusion; and that, with his usual good fortune, he had succeeded in baffling his pursuers.

CHAPTER XVII.

Meantime the Lady Paulina had spent her time in secret grief, inconsolable for the supposed tragical fate of Maximilian. It was believed that he had perished. This opinion had prevailed equally amongst his friends, and the few enemies whom circumstances had made him. Supposing even that he had escaped with life from the action, it seemed inevitable that he should have fallen into the hands of the bloody Holkerstein; and under circumstances which would point him out to the vengeance of that cruel ruffian as having been the leader in the powerful resistance which had robbed him of his prey.

Stung with the sense of her irreparable loss, and the premature grief which had blighted her early hopes, Paulina sought her refuge in solitude, and her consolations in religion. In the convent where she had found a home, the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic service were maintained with the strictness and the pomp suitable to its ample endowments. The emperor had himself, as well as several of his progenitors, been a liberal benefactor to this establishment. And a lady of his house, therefore, recommended by a special introduction from the emperor to the attentions of the lady abbess, was sure of meeting kindness and courtesy in every possible shape which could avail to mitigate her sorrow. The abbess, though a bigot, was a human being, with strong human sensibilities; and in both characters she was greatly pleased with the Lady Paulina. On the one hand, her pride, as the head of a religious establishment, was flattered by the extreme regularity of the Lady Paulina in conforming to the ritual of her house; this example of spiritual obedience and duty seemed peculiarly edifying in a person of such distinguished rank. On the other hand, her womanly sensibilities were touched by the spectacle of early and unmerited sorrow in one so eminent for her personal merits, for her extreme beauty, and the winning sweetness of her manners. Hence she readily offered to the young countess all the attentions and marks of sympathy which her retiring habits permitted, and every species of indulgence compatible with the spirit of the institution.

The whole convent, nuns as well as strangers, taking their tone from the abbess, vied with each other in attentions to Paulina. But, whilst acknowledging their kindness, she continued to shrink from all general intercourse with the society about her. Her attendance was constant at the matins and at vespers; not unfrequently even at the midnight service; but dejection was too rooted in her heart, to allow her any disposition to enter into the amusements or mixed society which the convent at that time offered.

Many noble strangers had been allowed to take up their quarters in the convent. With some of these the abbess was connected by blood; with others, by ties of ancient friendship. Most of this party composed a little society apart from the rest, and continued to pursue those amusements or occupations which properly belonged to their stations and quality, but by their too worldly nature were calculated to exclude the religious members of the institution from partaking in them. To this society Paulina received frequent invitations; which, however, she declined so uniformly, that at length all efforts ceased to draw her from the retirement which she so manifestly adhered to from choice. The motives of her dejection became known throughout the convent, and were respected; and it was now reported amongst them, from her aversion to society as well as her increasing devotion, that the Lady Paulina would soon take the veil.

Amongst the strangers was one, a lady of mature age, with beauty still powerful enough to fascinate all beholders, who seemed to survey Paulina with an interest far beyond that of curiosity or simple admiration. Sorrow might be supposed the common bond which connected them; for there were rumors amongst the sisterhood of St. Agnes that this lady had suffered afflictions heavier than fell to an ordinary lot in the course of the war which now desolated Germany. Her husband (it was said), of whom no more was known than that he was some officer of high rank, had perished by the hand of violence; a young daughter, the only child of two or three who remained to her, had been carried off in infancy, and no traces remained of her subsequent fate. To these misfortunes was added the loss of her estates and rank, which, in some mysterious way, were supposed to be withheld from her by one of those great oppressors whom war and the policy of great allies had aggrandized. It was supposed even that for the means of subsistence to herself, and a few faithful attendants, she was indebted to the kindness of the lady abbess, with whom she was closely connected by ancient friendship.

In this tale there were many inaccuracies mixed up with the truth. It was true that, in some one of the many dire convulsions which had passed from land to land since the first outbreak of the Bohemian

troubles, in 1618, and which had covered with a veil of political pretexts so many local acts of private family feud and murderous treason, this lady had been deprived of her husband by a violent death under circumstances which still seemed mysterious. But the fate of her children, if any had survived the calamity which took off her husband, was unknown to everybody except her confidential protectress, the lady abbess. By permission of this powerful friend, who had known her from infancy, and through the whole course of her misfortunes, she was permitted to take up her abode in the convent, under special privileges, and was there known by the name of Sister Madeline.

The intercourse of the Sister Madeline with the lady abbess was free and unreserved. At all hours they entered each other's rooms with the familiarity of sisters; and it might have been thought that in every respect they stood upon the equal footing of near relatives, except that occasionally in the manners of the abbess was traced, or imagined, a secret air of deference towards the desolate Sister Madeline, which, as it was not countenanced at all by their present relations to each other, left people at liberty to build upon it a large superstructure of romantic conjectures.

Sister Madeline was as regular in her attendance upon prayers as Paulina. There, if nowhere else, they were sure of meeting; and in no long time it became evident that the younger lady was an object of particular interest to the elder. When the sublime fugues of the old composers for the organ swelled upon the air, and filled the vast aisles of the chapel with their floating labyrinths of sound, attention to the offices of the church service being suspended for the time, the Sister Madeline spent the interval in watching the countenance of Paulina. Invariably at this period her eyes settled upon the young countess, and appeared to court some return of attention, by the tender sympathy which her own features expressed with the grief too legibly inscribed upon Paulina's. For some time Paulina, absorbed by her own thoughts, failed to notice this very particular expression of attention and interest. Accustomed to the gaze of crowds, as well on account of her beauty as her connection with the imperial house, she found nothing new or distressing in this attention to herself. After some time, however, observing herself still haunted by the sister's furtive glances, she found her own curiosity somewhat awakened in return. The manners of Sister Madeline were too dignified, and her face expressed too much of profound feeling, and traces too inextinguishable of the trials through which she had passed, to allow room for any belief that she was under the influence of an ordinary curiosity. Paulina was struck with a confused feeling, that she looked upon features which had already been familiar to her heart, though disguised in Sister Madeline by age, by sex, and by the ravages of grief. She had the appearance of having passed her fiftieth year; but it was probable that, spite of a brilliant complexion, secret sorrow had worked a natural effect in giving to her the appearance of age more advanced by seven or eight years than she had really attained. Time, at all events, if it had carried off forever her youthful graces, neither had nor seemed likely to destroy the impression of majestic beauty under eclipse and wane. No one could fail to read the signs by which the finger of nature announces a great destiny, and a mind born to command.

Insensibly the two ladies had established a sort of intercourse by looks; and at length, upon finding that the Sister Madeline mixed no more than herself in the general society of Klosterheim, Paulina had resolved to seek the acquaintance of a lady whose deportment announced that she would prove an interesting acquaintance, whilst her melancholy story and the expression of her looks were a sort of pledges that she would be found a sympathizing friend.

She had already taken some steps towards the attainment of her wishes, when, unexpectedly, on coming out from the vesper service, the Sister Madeline placed herself by the side of Paulina, and they walked down one of the long side-aisles together. The saintly memorials about them, the records of everlasting peace which lay sculptured at their feet, and the strains which still ascended to heaven from the organ and the white-robed choir,—all speaking of a rest from trouble so little to be found on earth, and so powerfully contrasting with the desolations of poor, harassed Germany,—affected them deeply, and both burst into tears. At length the elder lady spoke.

"Daughter, you keep your faith piously with him whom you suppose dead."

Paulina started. The other continued—

"Honor to young hearts that are knit together by ties so firm that even death has no power to dissolve them! Honor to the love which can breed so deep a sorrow! Yet, even in this world, the good are not *always* the unhappy. I doubt not that, even now at vespers, you forgot not to pray for him that would willingly have died for you."

"0, gracious lady! when—when have I forgot that? What other prayer, what other image, is ever at my heart?"

"Daughter, I could not doubt it; and Heaven sometimes sends answers to prayers when they are least expected; and to yours it sends this through me."

With these words she stretched out a letter to Paulina, who fainted with sudden surprise and delight, on recognizing the hand of Maximilian.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was, indeed, the handwriting of her lover; and the first words of the letter, which bore a recent date, announced his safety and his recovered health. A rapid sketch of all which had befallen him since they had last parted informed her that he had been severely wounded in the action with Holkerstein's people, and probably to that misfortune had been indebted for his life; since the difficulty of transporting him on horseback, when unable to sit upright, had compelled the party charged with his care to leave him for the night at Waldenhausen. From that place he had been carried off in the night-time to a small imperial garrison in the neighborhood by the care of two faithful servants, who had found little difficulty in first intoxicating, and then overpowering, the small guard judged sufficient for a prisoner so completely disabled by his wounds. In this garrison he had recovered; had corresponded with Vienna; had concerted measures with the emperor; and was now on the point of giving full effect to their plans, at the moment when certain circumstances should arise to favor the scheme. What these were, he forbore designedly to say in a letter which ran some risk of falling into the enemy's hands; but he bade Paulina speedily to expect a great change for the better, which would put it in their power to meet without restraint or fear; and concluded by giving utterance in the fondest terms to a lover's hopes and tenderest anxieties.

Paulina had scarcely recovered from the tumultuous sensations of pleasure, and sudden restoration to hope, when she received a shock in the opposite direction, from a summons to attend the Landgrave. The language of the message was imperative, and more peremptory than had ever before been addressed to herself, a lady of the imperial family. She knew the Landgrave's character and his present position; both these alarmed her, when connected with the style and language of his summons. For *that* announced distinctly enough that his resolution had been now taken to commit himself to a bold course; no longer to hang doubtfully between two policies, but openly to throw himself into the arms of the emperor's enemies. In one view, Paulina found a benefit to her spirits from this haughtiness of the Landgrave's message. She was neither proud, nor apt to take offence. On the contrary, she was gentle and meek; for the impulses of youth and elevated birth had in her been chastened by her early acquaintance with great national calamities, and the enlarged sympathy which that had bred with her fellow-creatures of every rank. But she felt that, in this superfluous expression of authority, the Landgrave was at the same time infringing the rights of hospitality, and her own privileges of sex. Indignation at his unmanly conduct gave her spirits to face him, though she apprehended a scene of violence, and had the more reason to feel the trepidations of uncertainty, because she very imperfectly comprehended his purposes as respected herself.

These were not easily explained. She found the Landgrave pacing the room with violence. His back was turned towards her as she entered; but, as the usher announced loudly, on her entrance, "The Countess Paulina of Hohenhelder," he turned impetuously, and advanced to meet her. With the Landgrave, however irritated, the first impulse was to comply with the ceremonious observances that belonged to his rank. He made a cold obeisance, whilst an attendant placed a seat; and then motioning to all present to withdraw, began to unfold the causes which had called for Lady Paulina's presence.

So much art was mingled with so much violence, that for some time Paulina gathered nothing of his real purposes. Resolved, however, to do justice to her own insulted dignity, she took the first opening which offered, to remonstrate with the Landgrave on the needless violence of his summons. His serene highness wielded the sword in Klosterheim, and could have no reason for anticipating resistance to his commands.

"The Lady Paulina, then, distinguishes between the power and the right?
I expected as much."

"By no means; she knew nothing of the claimants to either. She was a stranger, seeking only hospitality in Klosterheim, which apparently was violated by unprovoked exertions of authority."

"But the laws of hospitality," replied the Landgrave, "press equally on the guest and the host. Each has his separate duties. And the Lady Paulina, in the character of guest, violated hers from the moment when she formed cabals in Klosterheim, and ministered to the fury of conspirators."

"Your ear, sir, is abused; I have not so much as stepped beyond the precincts of the convent in which I reside, until this day in paying obedience to your highness' mandate."

"That may be; and that may argue only the more caution and subtlety. The personal presence of a lady, so distinguished in her appearance as the Lady Paulina, at any resort of conspirators or

intriguers, would have published too much the suspicions to which such a countenance would be liable. But in writing have you dispersed nothing calculated to alienate the attachment of my subjects?"

The Lady Paulina shook her head; she knew not even in what direction the Landgrave's suspicions pointed.

"As, for example, this—does the Lady Paulina recognize this particular paper?"

Saying this, he drew forth from a portfolio a letter or paper of instructions, consisting of several sheets, to which a large official seal was attached. The countess glanced her eye over it attentively; in one or two places the words *Maximilian* and *Klosterheim* attracted her attention; but she felt satisfied at once that she now saw it for the first time.

"Of this paper," she said, at length, in a determined tone, "I know nothing. The handwriting I believe I may have seen before. It resembles that of one of the emperor's secretaries. Beyond that, I have no means of even conjecturing its origin."

"Beware, madam, beware how far you commit yourself. Suppose now this paper were actually brought in one of your ladyship's mails, amongst your own private property."

"That may very well be," said Lady Paulina, "and yet imply no falsehood on my part. Falsehood! I disdain such an insinuation; your highness has been the first person who ever dared to make it." At that moment she called to mind the robbery of her carriage at Waldenhausen. Coloring deeply with indignation, she added, "Even in the case, sir, which you have supposed, as unconscious bearer of this or any other paper, I am still innocent of the intentions which such an act might argue in some people. I am as incapable of offending in that way, as I shall always be of disavowing any of my own acts, according to your ungenerous insinuation. But now, sir, tell me how far those may be innocent who have possessed themselves of a paper carried, as your highness alleges, among my private baggage. Was it for a prince to countenance a robbery of that nature, or to appropriate its spoils?"

The blood rushed to the Landgrave's temples. "In these times, young lady, petty rights of individuals give way to state necessities. Neither are there any such rights of individuals in bar of such an inquisition. They are forfeited, as I told you before, when the guest forgets his duties. But (and here he frowned), it seems to me, countess, that you are now forgetting your situation; not I, remember, but yourself, are now placed on trial."

"Indeed!" said the countess, "of that I was certainly not aware. Who, then, is my accuser, who my judge? Or is it in your serene highness that I see both?"

"Your accuser, Lady Paulina, is the paper I have shown you, a treasonable paper. Perhaps I have others to bring forward of the same bearing. Perhaps this is sufficient."

The Lady Paulina grew suddenly sad and thoughtful. Here was a tyrant, with matter against her, which, even to an unprejudiced judge, might really wear some face of plausibility. The paper had perhaps really been one of those plundered from her carriage. It might really contain matter fitted to excite disaffection against the Landgrave's government. Her own innocence of all participation in the designs which it purposed to abet might find no credit; or might avail her not at all in a situation so far removed from the imperial protection. She had in fact unadvisedly entered a city, which, at the time of her entrance, might be looked upon as neutral, but since then had been forced into the ranks of the emperor's enemies, too abruptly to allow of warning or retreat. This was her exact situation. She saw her danger; and again apprehended that, at the very moment of recovering her lover from the midst of perils besetting *his* situation, she might lose him by the perils of her own.

The Landgrave watched the changes of her countenance, and read her thoughts.

"Yes," he said, at length, "your situation is one of peril. But take courage. Confess freely, and you have everything to hope for from my clemency."

"Such clemency," said a deep voice, from some remote quarter of the room, "as the wolf shows to the lamb."

Paulina started, and the Landgrave looked angry and perplexed. "Within, there!" he cried loudly to the attendants in the next room. "I will no more endure these insults," he exclaimed. "Go instantly, take a file of soldiers; place them at all the outlets, and search the rooms adjoining—above, and below. Such mummery is insufferable."

The voice replied again, "Landgrave, you search in vain. Look to yourself! young Max is upon you!"

"This babbler," said the Landgrave, making an effort to recover his coolness, "reminds me well; that

adventurer, young Maximilian—who is he? whence comes he? by whom authorized?"

Paulina blushed; but, roused by the Landgrave's contumelious expressions applied to her lover, she replied, "He is no adventurer; nor was ever in that class; the emperor's favor is not bestowed upon such."

"Then, what brings him to Klosterheim? For what is it that he would trouble the repose of this city?"

Before Paulina could speak in rejoinder, the voice, from a little further distance, replied, audibly, "For his rights! See that you, Landgrave, make no resistance."

The prince arose in fury; his eyes flashed fire, he clenched his hands in impotent determination. The same voice had annoyed him on former occasions, but never under circumstances which mortified him so deeply. Ashamed that the youthful countess should be a witness of the insults put upon him, and seeing that it was in vain to pursue his conversation with her further in a situation which exposed him to the sarcasms of a third person, under no restraint of fear or partiality, he adjourned the further prosecution of his inquiry to another opportunity, and for the present gave her leave to depart; a license which she gladly availed herself of, and retired in fear and perplexity.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was dark as Paulina returned to her convent. Two servants of the Landgrave's preceded her with torches to the great gates of St. Agnes, which was at a very short distance. At that point she entered within the shelter of the convent gates, and the prince's servants left her at her own request. No person was now within call but a little page of her own, and perhaps the porter at the convent. But after the first turn in the garden of St. Agnes, she might almost consider herself as left to her own guardianship; for the little boy, who followed her, was too young to afford her any effectual help. She felt sorry, as she surveyed the long avenue of ancient trees, which was yet to be traversed before she entered upon the cloisters, that she should have dismissed the servants of the Landgrave. These gardens were easily scaled from the outside, and a ready communication existed between the remotest parts of this very avenue and some of the least reputable parts of Klosterheim. The city now overflowed with people of every rank; and amongst them were continually recognized, and occasionally challenged, some of the vilest deserters from the imperial camps. Wallenstein himself, and other imperial commanders, but, above all, Holk, had attracted to their standards the very refuse of the German jails; and, allowing an unlimited license of plunder during some periods of their career, had themselves evoked a fiendish spirit of lawless aggression and spoliation, which afterwards they had found it impossible to exorcise within its former limits. People were everywhere obliged to be on their guard, not alone (as heretofore) against the military tyrant or freebooter, but also against the private servants whom they hired into their service. For some time back, suspicious persons had been seen strolling at dusk in the gardens of St. Agnes, or even intruding into the cloisters. Then the recollection of The Masque, now in the very height of his mysterious career, flashed upon Paulina's thoughts. Who knew his motives, or the principle of his mysterious warfare— which, at any rate, in its mode had latterly been marked by bloodshed? As these things came rapidly into her mind, she trembled more from fear than from the wintry wind, which now blew keenly and gustily through the avenue.

The gardens of St. Agnes were extensive, and Paulina yet wanted two hundred yards of reaching the cloisters, when she observed a dusky object stealing along the margin of a little pool, which in parts lay open to the walk, whilst in others, where the walk receded from the water, the banks were studded with thickets of tall shrubs. Paulina stopped and observed the figure, which she was soon satisfied must be that of a man. At times he rose to his full height; at times he cowered downwards amongst the bushes. That he was not merely seeking a retreat became evident from this, that the best road for such a purpose lay open to him in the opposite direction; that he was watching herself, also, became probable from the way in which he seemed to regulate his own motions by hers. At length, whilst Paulina hesitated, in some perplexity whether to go forward or to retreat towards the porter's lodge, he suddenly plunged into the thickest belt of shrubs, and left the road clear. Paulina seized the moment, and, with a palpitating heart, quickened her steps towards the cloister.

She had cleared about one half of the way without obstruction, when suddenly a powerful grasp seized her by the shoulder.

"Stop, lady!" said a deep, coarse voice; "stop! I mean no harm. Perhaps
I bring your ladyship what will be welcome news."

"But why here?" exclaimed Paulina; "wherefore do you alarm me thus? 0, heavens! your eyes are wild and fierce; say, is it money that you want?"

"Perhaps I do. To the like of me, lady, you may be sure that money never comes amiss; but that is not my errand. Here is what will make all clear;" and, as he spoke, he thrust his hand into the huge pocket within the horseman's cloak which enveloped him. Instead of the pistol or dag, which Paulina anticipated, he drew forth a large packet, carefully sealed. Paulina felt so much relieved at beholding this pledge of the man's pacific intentions, that she eagerly pressed her purse into his hand, and was hastening to leave him, when the man stopped her to deliver a verbal message from his master, requesting earnestly that, if she concluded to keep the appointment arranged in the letter, she would not be a minute later than the time fixed.

"And who," said Paulina, "is your master?"

"Surely, the general, madam—the young General Maximilian. Many a time and oft have I waited on him when visiting your ladyship at the Wartebrunn. But here I dare not show my face. Der Henker! if the Landgrave knew that Michael Klotz was in Klosterheim, I reckon that all the ladies in St. Agnes could not beg him a reprieve till to-morrow morning!"

"Then, villain!" said the foremost of two men, who rushed hastily from the adjoining shrubs, "be assured that the Landgrave does know it. Let this be your warrant!" With these words he fired, and, immediately after, his comrade. Whether the fugitive were wounded could not be known; for he instantly plunged into the water, and, after two or three moments, was heard upon the opposite margin. His pursuers seemed to shrink from this attempt, for they divided and took the opposite extremities of the pool, from the other bank of which they were soon heard animating and directing each other through the darkness.

Paulina, confused and agitated, and anxious above all to examine her letters, took the opportunity of a clear road, and fled in trepidation to the convent.

CHAPTER XX.

The countess had brought home with her a double subject of anxiety. She knew not to what result the Landgrave's purposes were tending; she feared, also, from this sudden and new method of communication opened with herself so soon after his previous letter, that some unexpected bad fortune might now be threatening her lover. Hastily she tore open the packet, which manifestly contained something larger than letters. The first article which presented itself was a nun's veil, exactly on the pattern of those worn by the nuns of St. Agnes. The accompanying letter sufficiently explained its purpose.

It was in the handwriting, and bore the signature, of Maximilian. In a few words he told her that a sudden communication, but from a quarter entirely to be depended on, had reached him of a great danger impending over her from the Landgrave; that, in the present submission of Klosterheim to that prince's will, instant flight presented the sole means of delivering her; for which purpose he would himself meet her in disguise on the following morning, as early as four o'clock; or, if that should prove impossible under the circumstances of the case, would send a faithful servant; that one or other of them would attend at a particular station, easily recognized by the description added, in a ruinous part of the boundary wall, in the rear of the convent garden. A large travelling cloak would be brought, to draw over the rest of her dress; but meanwhile, as a means of passing unobserved through the convent grounds, where the Landgrave's agents were continually watching her motions, the nun's veil was almost indispensable. The other circumstances of the journey would be communicated to her upon meeting. In conclusion, the writer implored Paulina to suffer no scruples of false delicacy to withhold her from a step which had so suddenly become necessary to her preservation; and cautioned her particularly against communicating her intentions to the lady abbess, whose sense of decorum might lead her to urge advice at this moment inconsistent with her safety.

Again and again did Paulina read this agitating letter; again and again did she scrutinize the handwriting, apprehensive that she might be making herself a dupe to some hidden enemy. The handwriting, undoubtedly, had not all the natural freedom which characterized that of Maximilian; it was somewhat stiff in its movement, but not more so than that of his previous letter, in which he had accounted for the slight change from a wound not perfectly healed in his right hand. In other respects the letter seemed liable to no just suspicion. The danger apprehended from the Landgrave tallied with her own knowledge. The convent grounds were certainly haunted, as the letter alleged, by the Landgrave's people; of that she had just received a convincing proof; for, though the two strangers had turned off in pursuit of the messenger who bore Maximilian's letter, yet doubtless their original object of attention had been herself; they were then posted to watch her motions, and they had avowed themselves in effect the Landgrave's people. That part of the advice, again, which respected the lady abbess, seemed judicious, on considering the character of that lady, however much at first sight it

might warrant some jealousy of the writer's purposes to find him warning her against her best friends. After all, what most disturbed the confidence of Paulina was the countenance of the man who presented the letter. If this man were to be the representative of Maximilian on the following morning, she felt, and was persuaded that she would continue to feel, an invincible repugnance to commit her safety to any such keeping. Upon the whole, she resolved to keep the appointment, but to be guided in her further conduct by circumstances as they should arise at the moment.

That night Paulina's favorite female attendant employed herself in putting into as small a compass as possible the slender wardrobe which they would be able to carry with them. The young countess herself spent the hours in writing to the lady abbess and Sister Madeline, acquainting them with all the circumstances of her interview with the Landgrave, the certain grounds she had for apprehending some great danger in that quarter, and the proposals so unexpectedly made to her on the part of Maximilian for evading it. To ask that they should feel no anxiety on her account, in times which made even a successful escape from danger so very hazardous, she acknowledged would be vain; but, in judging of the degree of prudence which she had exhibited on this occasion, she begged them to reflect on the certain dangers which awaited her from the Landgrave; and finally, in excuse for not having sought the advice of so dear a friend as the lady abbess, she enclosed the letter upon which she had acted.

These preparations were completed by midnight, after which Paulina sought an hour or two of repose. At three o'clock were celebrated the early matins, attended by the devouter part of the sisterhood, in the chapel. Paulina and her maid took this opportunity for leaving their chamber, and slipping unobserved amongst the crowd who were hurrying on that summons into the cloisters. The organ was pealing solemnly through the labyrinth of passages which led from the interior of the convent; and Paulina's eyes were suffused with tears, as the gentler recollections of her earlier days, and the peace which belongs to those who have abjured this world and its treacherous promises, arose to her mind, under the influence of the sublime music, in powerful contrast with the tempestuous troubles of Germany—now become so comprehensive, in their desolating sweep, as to involve even herself, and others of station as elevated.

CHAPTER XXI.

The convent clock, chiming the quarters, at length announced that they had reached the appointed hour. Trembling with fear and cold, though muffled up in furs, Paulina and her attendant, with their nuns' veils drawn over their head-dress, sallied forth into the garden. All was profoundly dark, and overspread with the stillness of the grave. The lights within the chapel threw a rich glow through the painted windows; and here and there, from a few scattered casements in the vast pile of St. Agnes, streamed a few weak rays from a taper or a lamp, indicating the trouble of a sick bed, or the peace of prayer. But these rare lights did but deepen the massy darkness of all beside; and Paulina, with her attendant, had much difficulty in making her way to the appointed station. Having reached the wall, however, they pursued its windings, certain of meeting no important obstacles, until they attained a part where their progress was impeded by frequent dilapidations. Here they halted, and in low tones communicated their doubts about the precise locality of the station indicated in the letter, when suddenly a man started up from the ground, and greeted them with the words "St. Agnes! all is right," which had been preconcerted as the signal in the letter. This man was courteous and respectful in his manner of speaking, and had nothing of the ruffian voice which belonged to the bearer of the letter. In rapid terms he assured Paulina that "the young general" had not found circumstances favorable for venturing within the walls, but that he would meet her a few miles beyond the city gates; and that at present they had no time to lose. Saying this, he unshaded a dark lantern, which showed them a ladder of ropes, attached to the summit of a wall, which at this point was too low to occasion them much uneasiness or difficulty in ascending. But Paulina insisted previously on hearing something more circumstantial of the manner and style of their escape from the city walls, and in what company their journey would be performed. The man had already done something to conciliate Paulina's confidence by the propriety of his address, which indicated a superior education, and habits of intercourse with people of rank. He explained as much of the plan as seemed necessary for the immediate occasion. A convoy of arms and military stores was leaving the city for the post at Falkenstein. Several carriages, containing privileged persons, to whom the Landgrave or his minister had granted a license, were taking the benefit of an escort over the forest; and a bribe in the proper quarter had easily obtained permission, from the officer on duty at the gates, to suffer an additional carriage to pass as one in a great lady's suite, on the simple condition that it should contain none but females; as persons of that sex were liable to no suspicion of being fugitives from the wrath which was now supposed ready to descend upon the conspirators against the Landgrave.

This explanation reconciled Paulina to the scheme. She felt cheered by the prospect of having other

ladies to countenance the mode of her nocturnal journey; and at the worst, hearing this renewed mention of conspirators and punishment, which easily connected itself with all that had passed in her interview with the Landgrave, she felt assured, at any rate, that the dangers she fled from transcended any which she was likely to incur on her route. Her determination was immediately taken. She passed over the wall with her attendant; and they found themselves in a narrow lane, close to the city walls, with none but a few ruinous outhouses on either side. A low whistle from the man was soon answered by the rumbling of wheels; and from some distance, as it seemed, a sort of caleche advanced, drawn by a pair of horses. Paulina and her attendant stepped hastily in, for at the very moment when the carriage drew up a signal-gun was heard; which, as their guide assured them, proclaimed that the escort and the whole train of carriages were at that moment defiling from the city gate. The driver, obeying the directions of the other man, drove off as rapidly as the narrow road and the darkness would allow. A few turns brought them into the great square in front of the *schloss*; from which a few more open streets, traversed at full gallop, soon brought them into the rear of the convoy, which had been unexpectedly embarrassed in its progress to the gate. From the rear, by dexterous management, they gradually insinuated themselves into the centre; and, contrary to their expectations, amongst the press of baggage-wagons, artillery, and travelling equipages, all tumultuously clamoring to push on, as the best chance of evading Holkerstein in the forest, their own unpretending vehicle passed without other notice than a curse from the officer on duty; which, however, they could not presume to appropriate, as it might be supposed equitably distributed amongst all who stopped the road at the moment.

Paulina shuddered as she looked out upon the line of fierce faces, illuminated by the glare of torches, and mingling with horses' heads, and the gleam of sabres; all around her, the roar of artillery wheels; above her head the vast arch of the gates, its broad massy shadows resting below; and in the vista beyond, which the archway defined, a mass of blackness, in which she rather imagined than saw the interminable solitudes of the forest. Soon the gate was closed; their own carriage passed the tardier parts of the convoy; and, with a dozen or two of others, surrounded by a squadron of dragoons, headed the train. Happy beyond measure at the certainty that she had now cleared the gates of Klosterheim, that she was in the wide, open forest, free from a detested tyrant, and on the same side of the gates as her lover, who was doubtless advancing to meet her, she threw herself back in her carriage, and resigned herself to a slumber, which the anxieties and watchings of the night had made more than usually welcome. The city clocks were now heard in the forest, solemnly knelling out the hour of four. Hardly, however, had Paulina slept an hour, when she was gently awaked by her attendant, who had felt it to be her duty to apprise her lady of the change which had occurred in their situation. They had stopped, it seemed, to attach a pair of leaders to their wheel-horses, and were now advancing at a thundering pace, separated from the rest of the convoy, and surrounded by a small escort of cavalry. The darkness was still intense; and the lights of Klosterheim, which the frequent windings of the road brought often into view, were at this moment conspicuously seen. The castle, from its commanding position, and the Convent of St. Agnes, were both easily traced out by means of the lights gleaming from their long ranges of upper windows. A particular turret, which sprung to an almost aerial altitude above the rest of the building, in which it was generally reported that the Landgrave slept, was more distinguishable than any other part of Klosterheim, from one brilliant lustre which shot its rays through a large oriel window. There at this moment was sleeping that unhappy prince, tyrannical and self-tormenting, whose unmanly fears had menaced her own innocence with so much indefinite danger; whom, in escaping, she knew not if she *had* escaped; and whose snares, as a rueful misgiving began to suggest, were perhaps gathering faster about her, with every echo which the startled forest returned to the resounding tread of their flying cavalcade. She leaned back again in the carriage; again she fell asleep; again she dreamed. But her sleep was un-refreshing; her dreams were agitated, confused, and haunted by terrific images. And she awoke repeatedly with her cheerful anticipation continually decaying of speedily (perhaps ever again) rejoining her gallant Maximilian. There was indeed yet a possibility that she might be under the superintending care of her lover. But she secretly felt that she was betrayed. And she wept when she reflected that her own precipitance had facilitated the accomplishment of the plot which had perhaps forever ruined her happiness.

CHAPTER XXII.

Meantime, Paulina awoke from the troubled slumbers into which her fatigues had thrown her, to find herself still flying along as rapidly as four powerful horses could draw their light burden, and still escorted by a considerable body of the Landgrave's dragoons. She was undoubtedly separated from all the rest of the convoy with whom she had left Klosterheim. It was now apparent, even to her humble attendant, that they were betrayed; and Paulina reproached herself with having voluntarily cooperated with her enemy's stratagems. Certainly the dangers from which she fled were great and imminent; yet still, in Klosterheim, she derived some protection from the favor of the lady abbess. That lady had great powers of a legal nature throughout the city, and still greater influence with a Roman Catholic populace at this particular period, when their prince had laid himself open to suspicions of favoring

Protestant allies; and Paulina bitterly bewailed the imprudence which, in removing her from the Convent of St. Agnes, had removed her from her only friends.

It was about noon when the party halted at a solitary house for rest and refreshments. Paulina had heard nothing of the route which they had hitherto taken, nor did she find it easy to collect, from the short and churlish responses of her escort to the few questions she had yet ventured to propose, in what direction their future advance would proceed. A hasty summons bade her alight; and a few steps, under the guidance of a trooper, brought her into a little gloomy wainscoted room, where some refreshments had been already spread upon a table. Adjoining was a small bed-room. And she was desired, with something more civility than she had yet experienced, to consider both as allotted for the use of herself and servant during the time of their stay, which was expected, however, not to exceed the two or three hours requisite for resting the horses.

But that was an arrangement which depended as much upon others as themselves. And, in fact, a small party, whom the main body of the escort had sent on to patrol the roads in advance, soon returned with the unwelcome news that a formidable corps of imperialists were out reconnoitring in a direction which might probably lead them across their own line of march, in the event of their proceeding instantly. The orders already issued for advance were therefore countermanded; and a resolution was at length adopted by the leader of the party for taking up their abode during the night in their present very tolerable quarters.

Paulina, wearied and dejected, and recoiling naturally from the indefinite prospects of danger before her, was not the least rejoiced at this change in the original plan, by which she benefited at any rate to the extent of a quiet shelter for one night more,—a blessing which the next day's adventures might deny her,—and still more by that postponement of impending evil which is so often welcome to the very firmest minds, when exhausted by toil and affliction. Having this certainty, however, of one night's continuance in her present abode, she requested to have the room made a little more comfortable by the exhilarating blaze of a fire. For this indulgence there were the principal requisites in a hearth and spacious chimney. And an aged crone, probably the sole female servant upon the premises, speedily presented herself with a plentiful supply of wood, and the two supporters, or *andirons* (as they were formerly called), for raising the billets so as to allow the air to circulate from below. There was some difficulty at first in kindling the wood; and the old servant resorted once or twice, after some little apologetic muttering of doubts with herself, to a closet, containing, as Paulina could observe, a considerable body of papers.

The fragments which she left remained strewed upon the ground; and Paulina, taking them up with a careless air, was suddenly transfixed with astonishment on observing that they were undoubtedly in a handwriting familiar to her eye—the handwriting of the most confidential amongst the imperial secretaries. Other recollections now rapidly associated themselves together, which led her hastily to open the closet door; and there, as she had already half expected, she saw the travelling mail stolen from her own carriage, its lock forced, and the remaining contents (for everything bearing a money value had probably vanished on its first disappearance) lying in confusion. Having made this discovery, she hastily closed the door of the closet, resolved to prosecute her investigations in the night-time; but at present, when she was liable to continual intrusions, to give no occasion for those suspicions, which, once aroused, might end in baffling her design.

Meantime, she occupied herself in conjectures upon the particular course of accident which could have brought the trunk and papers into the situation where she had been fortunate enough to find them. And, with the clue already in her possession, she was not long in making another discovery. She had previously felt some dim sense of recognition, as her eyes wandered over the room, but had explained it away into some resemblance to one or other of the many strange scenes which she had passed through since leaving Vienna. But now, on retracing the furniture and aspect of the two rooms, she was struck with her own inattention, in not having sooner arrived at the discovery that it was their old quarters of Waldenhausen, the very place in which the robbery had been effected, where they had again the prospect of spending the night, and of recovering in part the loss she had sustained.

Midnight came, and the Lady Paulina prepared to avail herself of her opportunities. She drew out the parcel of papers, which was large and miscellaneous in its contents. By far the greater part, as she was happy to observe, were mere copies of originals in the chancery at Vienna; those related to the civic affairs of Klosterheim, and were probably of a nature not to have been acted upon during the predominance of the Swedish interest in the counsels and administration of that city. With the revival of the imperial cause, no doubt these orders would be repeated, and with the modifications which new circumstances and the progress of events would then have rendered expedient. This portion of the papers, therefore, Paulina willingly restored to their situation in the closet. No evil would arise to any party from their present detention in a place where they were little likely to attract notice from anybody but the old lady in her ministries upon the fire. Suspicion would be also turned aside from

herself in appropriating the few papers which remained. These contained too frequent mention of a name dear to herself, not to have a considerable value in her eyes; she was resolved, if possible, to carry them off by concealing them within her bosom; but, at all events, in preparation for any misfortune that might ultimately compel her to resign them, she determined, without loss of time, to make herself mistress of their contents.

One, and the most important of these documents, was a long and confidential letter from the emperor to the town council and the chief heads of conventual houses in Klosterheim. It contained a rapid summary of the principal events in her lover's life, from his infancy, when some dreadful domestic tragedy had thrown him upon the emperor's protection, to his present period of early manhood, when his own sword and distinguished talents had raised him to a brilliant name and a high military rank in the imperial service. What were the circumstances of that tragedy, as a case sufficiently well known to those whom he addressed, or to be collected from accompanying papers, the emperor did not say. But he lavished every variety of praise upon Maximilian, with a liberality that won tears of delight from the solitary young lady, as she now sat at midnight looking over these gracious testimonies to her lover's merit. A theme so delightful to Paulina could not be unseasonable at any time; and never did her thoughts revert to him more fondly than at this moment, when she so much needed his protecting arm. Yet the emperor, she was aware, must have some more special motive for enlarging upon this topic than his general favor to Maximilian. What this could be, in a case so closely connecting the parties to the correspondence on both sides with Klosterheim, a little interested her curiosity. And, on looking more narrowly at the accompanying documents, in one which had been most pointedly referred to by the emperor she found some disclosures on the subject of her lover's early misfortunes, which, whilst they filled her with horror and astonishment, elevated the natural pretensions of Maximilian in point of birth and descent more nearly to a level with the splendor of his self-created distinctions; and thus crowned him, who already lived in her apprehension as the very model of a hero, with the only advantages that he had ever been supposed to want—the interest which attaches to unmerited misfortunes, and the splendor of an illustrious descent.

As she thus sat, absorbed in the story of her lover's early misfortunes, a murmuring sound of talking attracted her ear, apparently issuing from the closet. Hastily throwing open the door, she found that a thin wooden partition, veined with numerous chinks, was the sole separation between the closet and an adjoining bed-room. The words were startling, incoherent, and at times raving. Evidently they proceeded from some patient stretched on a bed of sickness, and dealing with a sort of horrors in his distempered fancy, worse, it was to be hoped, than any which the records of his own remembrance could bring before him. Sometimes he spoke in the character of one who chases a deer in a forest; sometimes he was close upon the haunches of his game; sometimes it seemed on the point of escaping him. Then the nature of the game changed utterly, and became something human; and a companion was suddenly at his side. With him he quarrelled fiercely about their share in the pursuit and capture. "O, my lord, you must not deny it. Look, look! your hands are bloodier than mine. Fie! fie! is there no running water in the forest?—So young as he is, and so noble!—Stand off! he will cover us all with his blood!—O, what a groan was that! It will have broke somebody's heart-strings, I think! It would have broken mine when I was younger. But these wars make us all cruel. Yet you are worse than I am."

Then again, after a pause, the patient seemed to start up in bed, and he cried out, convulsively, "Give me my share, I say. Wherefore must my share be so small? There he comes past again. Now strike—now, now, now! Get his head down, my lord.—He's off, by G—! Now, if he gets out of the forest, two hours will take him to Vienna. And we must go to Rome: where else could we get absolution? 0, Heavens! the forest is full of blood; well may our hands be bloody. I see flowers all the way to Vienna: but there is blood below: 0, what a depth! what a depth!—O! heart, heart!—See how he starts up from his lair!—O! your highness has deceived me! There are a thousand upon one man!"

In such terms he continued to rave, until Paulina's mind was so much harassed with the constant succession of dreadful images and frenzied ejaculations, all making report of a life passed in scenes of horror, bloodshed, and violence, that at length, for her own relief, she was obliged to close the door; through which, however, at intervals, piercing shrieks or half-stifled curses still continued to find their way. It struck her as a remarkable coincidence, that something like a slender thread of connection might be found between the dreadful story narrated in the imperial document, and the delirious ravings of this poor, wretched creature, to whom accident had made her a neighbor for a single night.

Early the next morning Paulina and her servant were summoned to resume their journey; and three hours more of rapid travelling brought them to the frowning fortress of Lovenstein. Their escort, with any one of whom they had found but few opportunities of communicating, had shown themselves throughout gloomy and obstinately silent. They knew not, therefore, to what distance their journey extended. But, from the elaborate ceremonies with which they were here received, and the formal receipt for their persons, which was drawn up and delivered by the governor to the officer commanding their escort, Paulina judged that the castle of Lovenstein would prove to be their final destination.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two days elapsed without any change in Paulina's situation, as she found it arranged upon her first arrival at Lovenstein. Her rooms were not incommodious; but the massy barricades at the doors, the grated windows, and the sentinels who mounted guard upon all the avenues which led to her apartments, satisfied her sufficiently that she was a prisoner.

The third morning after her arrival brought her a still more unwelcome proof of this melancholy truth, in the summons which she received to attend a court of criminal justice on the succeeding day, connected with the tenor of its language. Her heart died within her as she found herself called upon to answer as a delinquent on a charge of treasonable conspiracy with various members of the university of Klosterheim, against the sovereign prince, the Landgrave of X——. Witnesses in exculpation, whom could she produce? Or how defend herself before a tribunal where all alike—judge, evidence, accuser —-were in effect one and the same malignant enemy? In what way she could have come to be connected in the Landgrave's mind with a charge of treason against his princely rights, she found it difficult to explain, unless the mere fact of having carried the imperial despatches in the trunks about her carriages were sufficient to implicate her as a secret emissary or agent concerned in the imperial diplomacy. But she strongly suspected that some deep misapprehension existed in the Landgrave's mind; and its origin, she fancied, might be found in the refined knavery of their ruffian host at Waldenhausen, in making his market of the papers which he had purloined. Bringing them forward separately and by piecemeal, he had probably hoped to receive so many separate rewards. But, as it would often happen that one paper was necessary in the way of explanation to another, and the whole, perhaps, were almost essential to the proper understanding of any one, the result would inevitably be grievously to mislead the Landgrave. Further communications, indeed, would have tended to disabuse the prince of any delusions raised in this way. But it was probable, as Paulina had recently learned in passing through Waldenhausen, that the ruffian's illness and delirium had put a stop to any further communication of papers; and thus the misconceptions which he had caused were perpetuated in the Landgrave's mind.

It was on the third day after Paulina's arrival that she was first placed before the court. The presiding officer in this tribunal was the governor of the fortress, a tried soldier, but a ruffian of low habits and cruel nature. He had risen under the Landgrave's patronage, as an adventurer of desperate courage, ready for any service, however disreputable, careless alike of peril or of infamy. In common with many partisan officers, who had sprung from the ranks in this adventurous war, seeing on every side and in the highest quarters, princes as well as supreme commanders, the uttermost contempt of justice and moral principle, he had fought his way to distinction and fortune, through every species of ignoble cruelty. He had passed from service to service, as he saw an opening for his own peculiar interest or merit, everywhere valued as a soldier of desperate enterprise, everywhere abhorred as a man.

By birth a Croatian, he had exhibited himself as one of the most savage leaders of that order of barbarians in the sack of Magdeburgh, where he served under Tilly; but, latterly, he had taken service again under his original patron, the Landgrave, who had lured him back to his interest by the rank of general and the governorship of Lovenstein.

This brutal officer, who had latterly lived in a state of continual intoxication, was the judge before whom the lovely and innocent Paulina was now arraigned on a charge affecting her life. In fact, it became obvious that the process was not designed for any other purpose than to save appearances, and, if that should seem possible, to extract further discoveries from the prisoner. The general acted as supreme arbiter in every question of rights and power that arose to the court in the administration of their almost unlimited functions. Doubts he allowed of none; and cut every knot of jurisprudence, whether form or substance, by his Croatian sabre. Two assessors, however, he willingly received upon his bench of justice, to relieve him from the fatigue and difficulty of conducting a perplexed examination.

These assessors were lawyers of a low class, who tempered the exercise of their official duties with as few scruples of justice, and as little regard to the restraints of courtesy, as their military principal. The three judges were almost equally ferocious, and tools equally abject of the unprincipled sovereign whom they served.

A sovereign, however, he was; and Paulina was well aware that in his own states he had the power of life and death. She had good reason to see that her own death was resolved on; still she neglected no means of honorable self-defence. In a tone of mingled sweetness and dignity she maintained her innocence of all that was alleged against her; protested that she was unacquainted with the tenor of any papers which might have been found in her trunks; and claimed her privilege, as a subject of the emperor, in bar of all right on the Landgrave's part to call her to account. These pleas were overruled, and when she further acquainted the court that she was a near relative of the emperor's, and ventured

to hint at the vengeance with which his imperial majesty would not fail to visit so bloody a contempt of justice, she was surprised to find this menace treated with mockery and laughter. In reality, the long habit of fighting for and against all the princes of Germany had given to the Croatian general a disregard for any of them, except on the single consideration of receiving his pay at the moment; and a single circumstance, unknown to Paulina, in the final determination of the Landgrave, to earn a merit with his Swedish allies by breaking off all terms of reserve and compromise with the imperial court, impressed a savage desperation on the tone of that prince's policy at this particular time. The Landgrave had resolved to stake his all upon a single throw. A battle was now expected, which, if favorable to the Swedes, would lay open the road to Vienna. The Landgrave was prepared to abide the issue; not, perhaps, wholly uninfluenced to so extreme a course by the very paper which had been robbed from Paulina. His policy was known to his agents, and conspicuously influenced their manner of receiving her menace.

Menaces, they informed her, came with better grace from those who had the power to enforce them; and, with a brutal scoff, the Croatian bade her merit their indulgence by frank discoveries and voluntary confessions. He insisted on knowing the nature of the connection which the imperial colonel of horse, Maximilian, had maintained with the students of Klosterheim; and upon other discoveries, with respect to most of which Paulina was too imperfectly informed herself to be capable of giving any light. Her earnest declarations to this effect were treated with disregard. She was dismissed for the present, but with an intimation that on the morrow she must prepare herself with a more complying temper, or with a sort of firmness in maintaining her resolution, which would not, perhaps, long resist those means which the law had placed at their disposal for dealing with the refractory and obstinate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Paulina meditated earnestly upon the import of this parting threat. The more she considered it, the less could she doubt that these fierce inquisitors had meant to threaten her with torture. She felt the whole indignity of such a threat, though she could hardly bring herself to believe them in earnest.

On the following morning she was summoned early before her judges. They had not yet assembled; but some of the lower officials were pacing up and down, exchanging unintelligible jokes, looking sometimes at herself, sometimes at an iron machine, with a complex arrangement of wheels and screws. Dark were the suspicions which assaulted Paulina as this framework or couch of iron first met her eyes; and perhaps some of the jests circulating amongst the brutal ministers of her brutal judges would have been intelligible enough, had she condescended to turn her attention in that direction. Meantime her doubts were otherwise dispersed. The Croatian officer now entered the room alone, his assessors having probably declined participation in that part of the horrid functions which remained under the Landgrave's commission.

This man, presenting a paper with a long list of interrogatories to Paulina, bade her now rehearse verbally the sum of the answers which she designed to give. Running rapidly through them, Paulina replied, with dignity, yet trembling and agitated, that these were questions which in any sense she could not answer; many of them referring to points on which she had no knowledge, and none of them being consistent with the gratitude and friendship so largely due on her side to the persons implicated in the bearing of these questions.

"Then you refuse?"

"Certainly; there are three questions only which it is in my power to answer at all—even these imperfectly. Answers such as you expect would load me with dishonor."

"Then you refuse?"

"For the reasons I have stated, undoubtedly I do."

"Once more—you refuse?"

"I refuse, certainly; but do me the justice to record my reasons."

"Reasons!—ha! ha! they had need to be strong ones if they will hold out against the arguments of this pretty plaything," laying his hand upon the machine. "However, the choice is yours, not mine."

So saying, he made a sign to the attendants. One began to move the machine, and work the screws, or raise the clanking grates and framework, with a savage din; two others bared their arms. Paulina looked on motionless with sudden horror, and palpitating with fear.

The Croatian nodded to the men; and then, in a loud, commanding voice, exclaimed: "The question in

the first degree!"

At this moment Paulina recovered her strength, which the first panic had dispelled. She saw a man approach her with a ferocious grin of exultation. Another, with the same horrid expression of countenance, carried a large vase of water.

The whole indignity of the scene flashed full upon her mind. She, a lady of the imperial house, threatened with torture by the base agent of a titled ruffian! She, who owed him no duty,—had violated no claim of hospitality, though in her own person all had been atrociously outraged!

Thoughts like these flew rapidly through her brain, when suddenly a door opened behind her. It was an attendant with some implements for tightening or relaxing bolts. The bare-armed ruffian at this moment raised his arm to seize hers. Shrinking from the pollution of his accursed touch, Paulina turned hastily round, darted through the open door, and fled, like a dove pursued by vultures, along the passages which stretched before her. Already she felt their hot breathing upon her neck, already the foremost had raised his hand to arrest her, when a sudden turn brought her full upon a band of young women, tending upon one of superior rank, manifestly their mistress.

"0, madam!" exclaimed Paulina, "save me! save me!" and with these words fell exhausted at the lady's feet.

This female—young, beautiful, and with a touching pensiveness of manners—raised her tenderly in her arms, and with a sisterly tone of affection bade her fear nothing; and the respectful manner in which the officials retired at her command satisfied Paulina that she stood in some very near relation to the Landgrave,—in reality, she soon spoke of him as her father. "Is it possible," thought Paulina to herself, "that this innocent and lovely child (for she was not more than seventeen, though with a prematurity of womanly person that raised her to a level with Paulina's height) should owe the affection of a daughter to a tyrant so savage as the Landgrave?"

She found, however, that the gentle Princess Adeline owed to her own childlike simplicity the best gift that one so situated could have received from the bounty of Heaven. The barbarities exercised by the Croatian governor she charged entirely upon his own brutal nature; and so confirmed was she in this view by Paulina's own case, that she now resolved upon executing a resolution she had long projected. Her father's confidence was basely abused; this she said, and devoutly believed. "No part of the truth ever reached him; her own letters remained disregarded in a way which was irreconcilable with the testimonies of profound affection to herself, daily showered upon her by his highness."

In reality, this sole child of the Landgrave was also the one sole jewel that gave a value in his eyes to his else desolate life. Everything in and about the castle of Lovenstein was placed under her absolute control; even the brutal Croatian governor knew that no plea or extremity of circumstances would atone for one act of disobedience to her orders; and hence it was that the ministers of this tyrant retired with so much prompt obedience to her commands.

Experience, however, had taught the princess that, not unfrequently, orders apparently obeyed were afterwards secretly evaded; and the disregard paid of late to her letters of complaint satisfied her that they were stifled and suppressed by the governor. Paulina, therefore, whom a few hours of unrestrained intercourse had made interesting to her heart, she would not suffer even to sleep apart from herself. Her own agitation on the poor prisoner's behalf became greater even than that of Paulina; and as fresh circumstances of suspicion daily arose in the savage governor's deportment, she now took in good earnest those measures for escape to Klosterheim which she had long arranged. In this purpose she was greatly assisted by the absolute authority which her father had conceded to her over everything but the mere military arrangements in the fortress. Under the color of an excursion, such as she had been daily accustomed to take, she found no difficulty in placing Paulina, sufficiently disguised, amongst her own servants. At a proper point of the road, Paulina and a few attendants, with the princess herself, issued from their coaches, and, bidding them await their return in half an hour's interval, by that time were far advanced upon their road to the military post of Falkenberg.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In twenty days the mysterious Masque had summoned the Landgrave "to answer for crimes unatoned, before a tribunal where no power but that of innocence could avail him." These days were nearly expired. The morning of the twentieth had arrived.

There were two interpretations of this summons. By many it was believed that the tribunal contemplated was that of the emperor; and that, by some mysterious plot, which could not be more difficult of execution than others which had actually been accomplished by The Masque, on this day the

Landgrave would be carried off to Vienna. Others, again, understanding by the tribunal, in the same sense, the imperial chamber of criminal justice, believed it possible to fulfil the summons in some way less liable to delay or uncertainty than by a long journey to Vienna, through a country beset with enemies. But a third party, differing from both the others, understood by the tribunal where innocence was the only shield the judgment-seat of heaven; and believed that on this day justice would be executed on the Landgrave, for crimes known and unknown, by a public and memorable death. Under any interpretation, however, nobody amongst the citizens could venture peremptorily to deny, after the issue of the masqued ball, and of so many other public denunciations, that The Masque would keep his word to the letter.

It followed, of necessity, that everybody was on the tiptoe of suspense, and that the interest hanging upon the issue of this night's events swallowed up all other anxieties, of whatsoever nature. Even the battle which was now daily expected between the imperial and Swedish armies ceased to occupy the hearts and conversation of the citizens. Domestic and public concerns alike gave way to the coming catastrophe so solemnly denounced by The Masque.

The Landgrave alone maintained a gloomy reserve, and the expression of a haughty disdain. He had resolved to meet the summons with the liveliest expression of defiance, by fixing this evening for a second masqued ball, upon a greater scale than the first. In doing this he acted advisedly, and with the counsel of his Swedish allies. They represented to him that the issue of the approaching battle might be relied upon as pretty nearly certain; all the indications were indeed generally thought to promise a decisive turn in their favor; but, in the worst case, no defeat of the Swedish army in this war had ever been complete; that the bulk of the retreating army, if the Swedes should be obliged to retreat, would take the road to Klosterheim, and would furnish to himself a garrison capable of holding the city for many months to come (and *that* would not fail to bring many fresh chances to all of them), whilst to his new and cordial allies this course would offer a secure retreat from pursuing enemies, and a satisfactory proof of his own fidelity. This even in the worst case; whereas in the better and more probable one, of a victory to the Swedes, to maintain the city but for a day or two longer against internal conspirators, and the secret cooperators outside, would be in effect to ratify any victory which the Swedes might gain by putting into their hands at a critical moment one of its most splendid trophies and guarantees.

These counsels fell too much into the Landgrave's own way of thinking to meet with any demurs from him. It was agreed, therefore, that as many Swedish troops as could at this important moment be spared should be introduced into the halls and saloons of the castle, on the eventful evening, disguised as masquers. These were about four hundred; and other arrangements were made, equally mysterious, and some of them known only to the Landgrave.

At seven o'clock, as on the former occasion, the company began to assemble. The same rooms were thrown open; but, as the party was now far more numerous, and was made more comprehensive in point of rank, in order to include all who were involved in the conspiracy which had been some time maturing in Klosterheim, fresh suites of rooms were judged necessary, on the pretext of giving fuller effect to the princely hospitalities of the Landgrave. And, on this occasion, according to an old privilege conceded in the case of coronations or galas of magnificence, by the lady abbess of St. Agnes, the partition walls were removed between the great hall of the *schloss* and the refectory of that immense convent; so that the two vast establishments, which on one side were contiguous to each other, were thus laid into one.

The company had now continued to pour in for two hours. The palace and the refectory of the convent were now overflowing with lights and splendid masques; the avenues and corridors rang with music; and, though every heart was throbbing with fear and suspense, no outward expression was wanting of joy and festal pleasure. For the present, all was calm around the slumbering volcano.

Suddenly, the Count St. Aldenheim, who was standing with arms folded, and surveying the brilliant scene, felt some one touch his hand, in the way concerted amongst the conspirators as a private signal of recognition. He turned, and recognized his friend the Baron Adelort, who saluted him with three emphatic words—"We are betrayed!"—Then, after a pause, "Follow me."

St. Aldenheim made his way through the glittering crowds, and pressed after his conductor into one of the most private corridors.

"Fear not," said the other, "that we shall be watched. Vigilance is no longer necessary to our crafty enemy. He has already triumphed. Every avenue of escape is barred and secured against us; every outlet of the palace is occupied by the Landgrave's troops. Not a man of us will return alive."

"Heaven forbid we should prove ourselves such gulls! You are but jesting, my friend."

"Would to God I were! my information is but too certain. Something I have overheard by accident; something has been told me; and something I have seen. Come you, also, count, and see what I will show you: then judge for yourself."

So saying, he led St. Aldenheim by a little circuit of passages to a doorway, through which they passed into a hall of vast proportions; to judge by the catafalques, and mural monuments, scattered at intervals along the vast expanse of its walls, this seemed to be the ante-chapel of St. Agnes. In fact it was so; a few faint lights glimmered through the gloomy extent of this immense chamber, placed (according to the Catholic rite) at the shrine of the saint. Feeble as it was, however, the light was powerful enough to display in the centre a pile of scaffolding covered with black drapery. Standing at the foot, they could trace the outlines of a stage at the summit, fenced in with a railing, a block, and the other apparatus for the solemnity of a public execution, whilst the saw-dust below their feet ascertained the spot in which the heads were to fall.

"Shall we ascend and rehearse our parts?" asked the count: "for methinks everything is prepared, except the headsman and the spectators. A plague on the inhospitable knave!"

"Yes, St. Aldenheim, all is prepared—even to the sufferers. On that list you stand foremost. Believe me, I speak with knowledge; no matter where gained. It is certain."

"Well, *necessitas non habet legem*; and he that dies on Tuesday will never catch cold on Wednesday. But, still, that comfort is something of the coldest. Think you that none better could be had?"

"As how?"

"Revenge, *par exemple*; a little revenge. Might one not screw the neck of this base prince, who abuses the confidence of cavaliers so perfidiously? To die I care not; but to be caught in a trap, and die like a rat lured by a bait of toasted cheese—Faugh! my countly blood rebels against it!"

"Something might surely be done, if we could muster in any strength.
That is, we might die sword in hand; but—"

"Enough! I ask no more. Now let us go. We will separately pace the rooms, draw together as many of our party as we can single out, and then proclaim ourselves. Let each answer for one victim. I'll take his highness for my share."

With this purpose, and thus forewarned of the dreadful fate at hand, they left the gloomy ante-chapel, traversed the long suite of entertaining rooms, and collected as many as could easily be detached from the dances without too much pointing out their own motions to the attention of all present. The Count St. Aldenheim was seen rapidly explaining to them the circumstances of their dreadful situation; whilst hands uplifted, or suddenly applied to the hilt of the sword, with other gestures of sudden emotion, expressed the different impressions of rage or fear, which, under each variety of character, impressed the several hearers. Some of them, however, were too unguarded in their motions; and the energy of their gesticulations had now begun to attract the attention of the company.

The Landgrave himself had his eye upon them. But at this moment his attention was drawn off by an uproar of confusion in an ante-chamber, which argued some tragical importance in the cause that could prompt so sudden a disregard for the restraints of time and place.

CHAPTER XXV.

His highness issued from the room in consternation, followed by many of the company. In the very centre of the ante-room, booted and spurred, bearing all the marks of extreme haste, panic, and confusion, stood a Swedish officer, dealing forth hasty fragments of some heart-shaking intelligence. "All is lost!" said he; "not a regiment has escaped!" "And the place?" exclaimed a press of inquirers. "Nordlingen." "And which way has the Swedish army retreated?" demanded a masque behind him.

"Retreat!" retorted the officer, "I tell you there is no retreat. All have perished. The army is no more. Horse, foot, artillery—all is wrecked, crushed, annihilated. Whatever yet lives is in the power of the imperialists."

At this moment the Landgrave came up, and in every way strove to check these too liberal communications. He frowned; the officer saw him not. He laid his hand on the officer's arm, but all in vain. He spoke, but the officer knew not, or forgot his rank. Panic and immeasurable sorrow had crushed his heart; he cared not for restraints; decorum and ceremony were become idle words. The Swedish army had perished. The greatest disaster of the whole 'Thirty Years' War had fallen upon his countrymen. His own eyes had witnessed the tragedy, and he had no power to check or restrain that

which made his heart overflow.

The Landgrave retired. But in half an hour the banquet was announced; and his highness had so much command over his own feelings that he took his seat at the table. He seemed tranquil in the midst of general agitation; for the company were distracted by various passions. Some exulted in the great victory of the imperialists, and the approaching liberation of Klosterheim. Some, who were in the secret, anticipated with horror the coming tragedy of vengeance upon his enemies which the Landgrave had prepared for this night. Some were filled with suspense and awe on the probable fulfilment in some way or other, doubtful as to the mode, but tragic (it was not doubted) for the result, of The Masque's mysterious denunciation.

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Under such circumstances of universal agitation and suspense,—for on one side or other it seemed inevitable that this night must produce a tragical catastrophe,—it was not extraordinary that silence and embarrassment should at one moment take possession of the company, and at another that kind of forced and intermitting gayety which still more forcibly proclaimed the trepidation which really mastered the spirits of the assemblage. The banquet was magnificent; but it moved heavily and in sadness. The music, which broke the silence at intervals, was animating and triumphant; but it had no power to disperse the gloom which hung over the evening, and which was gathering strength conspicuously as the hours advanced to midnight.

As the clock struck eleven, the orchestra had suddenly become silent; and, as no buzz of conversation succeeded, the anxiety of expectation became more painfully irritating. The whole vast assemblage was hushed, gazing at the doors, at each other, or watching, stealthily, the Landgrave's countenance. Suddenly a sound was heard in an ante-room; a page entered with a step hurried and discomposed, advanced to the Landgrave's seat, and, bending downwards, whispered some news or message to that prince, of which not a syllable could be caught by the company. Whatever were its import, it could not be collected, from any very marked change on the features of him to whom it was addressed, that he participated in the emotions of the messenger, which were obviously those of grief or panic—perhaps of both united. Some even fancied that a transient expression of malignant exultation crossed the Landgrave's countenance at this moment. But, if that were so, it was banished as suddenly; and, in the next instant, the prince arose with a leisurely motion; and, with a very successful affectation (if such it were) of extreme tranquillity, he moved forwards to one of the ante- rooms, in which, as it now appeared, some person was awaiting his presence.

Who, and on what errand? These were the questions which now racked the curiosity of those among the company who had least concern in the final event, and more painfully interested others, whose fate was consciously dependent upon the accidents which the next hour might happen to bring up. Silence still continuing to prevail, and, if possible, deeper silence than before, it was inevitable that all the company, those even whose honorable temper would least have brooked any settled purpose of surprising the Landgrave's secrets, should, in some measure, become a party to what was now passing in the ante-room.

The voice of the Landgrave was heard at times, briefly and somewhat sternly in reply, but apparently in the tone of one who is thrown upon the necessity of self-defence. On the other side, the speaker was earnest, solemn, and (as it seemed) upon an office of menace or upbraiding. For a time, however, the tones were low and subdued; but, as the passion of the scene advanced, less restraint was observed on both sides; and at length many believed that in the stranger's voice they recognized that of the lady abbess; and it was some corroboration of this conjecture, that the name of Paulina began now frequently to be caught, and in connection with ominous words, indicating some dreadful fate supposed to have befallen her.

A few moments dispersed all doubts. The tones of bitter and angry reproach rose louder than before; they were, without doubt, those of the abbess. She charged the blood of Paulina upon the Landgrave's head; denounced the instant vengeance of the emperor for so great an atrocity; and, if that could be evaded, bade him expect certain retribution from Heaven for so wanton and useless an effusion of innocent blood.

The Landgrave replied in a lower key; and his words were few and rapid. That they were words of fierce recrimination, was easily collected from the tone; and in the next minute the parties separated with little ceremony (as was sufficiently evident) on either side, and with mutual wrath. The Landgrave reentered the banqueting-room; his features discomposed and inflated with passion; but such was his self-command, and so habitual his dissimulation, that, by the time he reached his seat, all traces of agitation had disappeared; his countenance had resumed its usual expression of stern serenity, and his manners their usual air of perfect self-possession.

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The clock of St. Agnes struck twelve. At that sound the Landgrave rose. "Friends and illustrious strangers!" said he, "I have caused one seat to be left empty for that blood-stained Masque, who summoned me to answer on this night for a crime which he could not name, at a bar which no man knows. His summons you heard. Its fulfilment is yet to come. But I suppose few of us are weak enough to expect—"

"That The Masque of Klosterheim will ever break his engagements," said a deep voice, suddenly interrupting the Landgrave. All eyes were directed to the sound; and, behold! there stood The Masque, and seated himself quietly in the chair which had been left vacant for his reception.

"It is well!" said the Landgrave; but the air of vexation and panic with which he sank back into his seat belied his words. Rising again, after a pause, with some agitation, he said, "Audacious criminal! since last we met, I have learned to know you, and to appreciate your purposes. It is now fit they should be known to Klosterheim. A scene of justice awaits you at present, which will teach this city to understand the delusions which could build any part of her hopes upon yourself. Citizens and friends, not I, but these dark criminals and interlopers whom you will presently see revealed in their true colors, are answerable for that interruption to the course of our peaceful festivities, which will presently be brought before you. Not I, but they are responsible."

So saying, the Landgrave arose, and the whole of the immense audience, who now resumed their masques, and prepared to follow whither his highness should lead. With the haste of one who fears he may be anticipated in his purpose, and the fury of some bird of prey, apprehending that his struggling victim may be yet torn from his talons, the prince hurried onwards to the ante-chapel. Innumerable torches now illuminated its darkness; in other respects it remained as St. Aldenheim had left it.

The Swedish masques had many of them withdrawn from the gala on hearing the dreadful day of Nordlingen. But enough remained, when strengthened by the body-guard of the Landgrave, to make up a corps of nearly five hundred men. Under the command of Colonel von Aremberg, part of them now enclosed the scaffold, and part prepared to seize the persons who were pointed out to them as conspirators. Amongst these stood foremost The Masque.

Shaking off those who attempted to lay hands upon him, he strode disdainfully within the ring; and then, turning to the Landgrave, he said—

"Prince, for once be generous; accept me as a ransom for the rest."

The Landgrave smiled sarcastically. "That were an unequal bargain, methinks, to take a part in exchange for the whole."

"The whole? And where is, then, your assurance of the whole?"

"Who should now make it doubtful? There is the block; the headsman is at hand. What hand can deliver from this extremity even you, Sir Masque?"

"That which has many times delivered me from a greater. It seems, prince, that you forget the last days in the history of Klosterheim. He that rules by night in Klosterheim may well expect a greater favor than this when he descends to sue for it."

The Landgrave smiled contemptuously. "But, again I ask you, sir, will you on any terms grant immunity to these young men?"

"You sue as vainly for others as you would do for yourself."

"Then all grace is hopeless?" The Landgrave vouchsafed no answer, but made signals to Von Aremberg.

"Gentlemen, cavaliers, citizens of Klosterheim, you that are not involved in the Landgrave's suspicions," said The Masque, appealingly, "will you not join me in the intercession I offer for these young friends, who are else to perish unjudged, by blank edict of martial law?"

The citizens of Klosterheim interceded with ineffectual supplication. "Gentlemen, you waste your breath; they die without reprieve," replied the Landgrave.

"Will your highness spare none?"

"Not one," he exclaimed, angrily,—"not the youngest amongst them."

"Nor grant a day's respite to him who may appear, on examination, the least criminal of the whole?"

"A day's respite? No, nor half an hour's. Headsman, be ready. Soldiers, lay the heads of the prisoners ready for the axe."

"Detested prince, now look to your own!"

With a succession of passions flying over his face,—rage, disdain, suspicion,—the Landgrave looked round upon The Masque as he uttered these words, and, with pallid, ghastly consternation, beheld him raise to his lips a hunting-horn which depended from his neck. He blew a blast, which was immediately answered from within. Silence as of the grave ensued. All eyes were turned in the direction of the answer. Expectation was at its summit; and in less than a minute solemnly uprose the curtain, which divided the chapel from the ante-chapel, revealing a scene that smote many hearts with awe, and the consciences of some with as much horror as if it had really been that final tribunal which numbers believed The Masque to have denounced.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The great chapel of St. Agnes, the immemorial hall of coronation for the Landgraves of X——, was capable of containing with ease from seven to eight thousand spectators. Nearly that number was now collected in the galleries, which, on the recurrence of that great occasion, or of a royal marriage, were usually assigned to the spectators. These were all equipped in burnished arms, the very *élite* of the imperial army. Resistance was hopeless; in a single moment the Landgrave saw himself dispossessed of all his hopes by an overwhelming force; the advanced guard, in fact, of the victorious imperialists, now fresh from Nordlingen.

On the marble area of the chapel, level with their own position, were arranged "a brilliant staff of officers; and, a little in advance of them, so as almost to reach the ante-chapel, stood the imperial legate or ambassador. This nobleman advanced to the crowd of Klosterheimers, and spoke thus:

"Citizens of Klosterheim, I bring you from the emperor your true and lawful Landgrave, Maximilian, son of your last beloved prince."

Both chapels resounded with acclamations; and the troops presented arms.

"Show us our prince! let us pay him our homage!" echoed from every mouth.

"This is mere treason!" exclaimed the usurper. "The emperor invites treason against his own throne, who undermines that of other princes. The late Landgrave had no son; so much is known to you all."

"None that was known to his murderer," replied The Masque, "else had he met no better fate than his unhappy father."

"Murderer! And what art thou, blood-polluted Masque, with hands yet reeking from the blood of all who refused to join the conspiracy against your lawful prince?"

"Citizens of Klosterheim," said the legate, "first let the emperor's friend be assoiled from all injurious thoughts. Those whom ye believe to have been removed by murder are here to speak for themselves."

Upon this the whole line of those who had mysteriously disappeared from Klosterheim presented themselves to the welcome of their astonished friends.

"These," said the legate, "quitted Klosterheim, even by the same secret passages which enabled us to enter it, and for the self-same purpose,— to prepare the path for the restoration of the true heir, Maximilian the Fourth, whom in this noble prince you behold, and whom may God long preserve!"

Saying this, to the wonder of the whole assembly, he led forward The Masque, whom nobody had yet suspected for more than an agent of the true heir.

The Landgrave, meantime, thus suddenly denounced as a tyrant, usurper, murderer, had stood aloof, and had given but a slight attention to the latter words of the legate. A race of passions had traversed his countenance, chasing each other in flying succession. But by a prodigious effort he recalled himself to the scene before him; and, striding up to the crowd, of which the legate was the central figure, he raised his arm with a gesture of indignation, and protested vehemently that the assassination of Maximilian's father had been iniquitously charged upon himself.—"And yet," said he, "upon that one gratuitous assumption have been built all the other foul suspicions directed against my person."

"Pardon me, sir," replied the legate, "the evidences were such as satisfied the emperor and his council; and he showed it by the vigilance with which he watched over the Prince Maximilian, and the

anxiety with which he kept him from approaching your highness, until his pretensions could be established by arms. But, if more direct evidence were wanting, since yesterday we have had it in the dying confession of the very agent employed to strike the fatal blow. That man died last night, penitent and contrite, having fully unburdened his conscience, at Waldenhausen. With evidence so overwhelming, the emperor exacts no further sacrifice from your highness than that of retirement from public life, to any one of your own castles in your patrimonial principality of Oberhornstein.—But, now for a more pleasing duty. Citizens of Klosterheim, welcome your young Landgrave in the emperor's name: and to-morrow you shall welcome also your future Landgravine, the lovely Countess Paulina, cousin to the emperor, my master, and cousin also to your noble young Landgrave."

"No!" exclaimed the malignant usurper, "her you shall never see alive; for that, be well assured, I have taken care."

"Vile, unworthy prince!" replied Maximilian, his eyes kindling with passion, "know that your intentions, so worthy of a fiend, towards that most innocent of ladies, have been confounded and brought to nothing by your own gentle daughter, worthy of a far nobler father."

"If you speak of my directions for administering the torture,—a matter in which I presume that I exercised no unusual privilege amongst German sovereigns,—you are right. But it was not that of which I spoke."

"Of what else, then?—The Lady Paulina has escaped."

"True, to Falkenberg. But, doubtless, young Landgrave, you have heard of such a thing as the intercepting of a fugitive prisoner; in such a case, you know the punishment which martial law awards. The governor at Falkenberg had his orders." These last significant words he uttered in a tone of peculiar meaning. His eye sparkled with bright gleams of malice and of savage vengeance, rioting in its completion.

"O, heart—heart!" exclaimed Maximilian, "can this be possible?"

The imperial legate and all present crowded around him to suggest such consolation as they could. Some offered to ride off express to Falkenberg; some argued that the Lady Paulina had been seen within the last hour. But the hellish exulter in ruined happiness destroyed that hope as soon as it dawned.

"Children!" said he, "foolish children! cherish not such chimeras. Me you have destroyed, Landgrave, and the prospects of my house. Now perish yourself.—Look there: is that the form of one who lives and breathes?"

All present turned to the scaffold, in which direction he pointed, and now first remarked, covered with a black pall, and brought hither doubtless to aggravate the pangs of death to Maximilian, what seemed but too certainly a female corpse. The stature, the fine swell of the bust, the rich outline of the form, all pointed to the same conclusion; and, in this recumbent attitude, it seemed but too clearly to present the magnificent proportions of Paulina.

There was a dead silence. Who could endure to break it? Who make the effort which was forever to fix the fate of Maximilian?

He himself could not. At last the deposed usurper, craving for the consummation of his vengeance, himself strode forward; with one savage grasp he tore away the pall, and below it lay the innocent features, sleeping in her last tranquil slumber, of his own gentle-minded daughter!

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No heart was found savage enough to exult; the sorrow even of such a father was sacred. Death, and through his own orders, had struck the only being whom he had ever loved; and the petrific mace of the fell destroyer seemed to have smitten his own heart, and withered its hopes forever.

Everybody comprehended the mistake in a moment. Paulina had lingered at Waldenhausen under the protection of an imperial corps, which she had met in her flight. The tyrant, who had heard of her escape, but apprehended no necessity for such a step on the part of his daughter, had issued sudden orders to the officer commanding the military post at Falkenberg, to seize and shoot the female prisoner escaping from confinement, without allowing any explanations whatsoever, on her arrival at Falkenberg. This precaution he had adopted in part to intercept any denunciation of the emperor's vengeance which Paulina might address to the officer. As a rude soldier, accustomed to obey the letter of his orders, this commandant had executed his commission; and the gentle Adeline, who had naturally hastened to the protection of her father's chateau, surrendered her breath meekly and with resignation

to what she believed a simple act of military violence; and this she did before she could know a syllable of her father's guilt or his fall, and without any the least reason for supposing him connected with the occasion of her early death.

At this moment Paulina made her appearance unexpectedly, to reassure the young Landgrave by her presence, and to weep over her young friend, whom she had lost almost before she had come to know her. The scaffold, the corpse, and the other images of sorrow, were then withdrawn; seven thousand imperial troops presented arms to the youthful Landgrave and the future Landgravine, the brilliant favorites of the emperor; the immense area of St. Agnes resounded with the congratulations of Klosterheim; and as the magnificent cortege moved off to the interior of the *schloss*, the swell of the coronation anthem rising in peals upon the ear from the choir of St. Agnes, and from the military bands of the imperial troops, awoke the promise of happier days, and of more equitable government, to the long-harassed inhabitants of Klosterheim.

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The Klosterheimers knew enough already, personally or by questions easily answered in every quarter, to supply any links which were wanting in the rapid explanations of the legate. Nevertheless, that nothing might remain liable to misapprehension or cavil, a short manifesto was this night circulated by the new government, from which the following facts are abstracted:

The last rightful Landgrave, whilst yet a young man, had been assassinated in the forest when hunting. A year or two before this catastrophe he had contracted what, from the circumstances, was presumed, at the time, to be a *morganatic* or left-handed marriage, with a lady of high birth, nearly connected with the imperial house. The effect of such a marriage went to incapacitate the children who might be born under it, male or female, from succeeding. On that account, as well as because current report had represented her as childless, the widow lady escaped all attempts from the assassin. Meantime this lady, who was no other than Sister Madeline, had been thus indebted for her safety to two rumors, which were in fact equally false. She soon found means of convincing the emperor, who had been the bosom friend of her princely husband, that her marriage was a perfect one, and conferred the fullest rights of succession upon her infant son Maximilian, whom at the earliest age, and with the utmost secrecy, she had committed to the care of his imperial majesty. This powerful guardian had in every way watched over the interests of the young prince. But the Thirty Years' War had thrown all Germany into distractions, which for a time thwarted the emperor, and favored the views of the usurper. Latterly, also, another question had arisen on the city and dependences of Klosterheim, as distinct from the Landgraviate. These, it was now affirmed, were a female appanage, and could only pass back to the Landgraves of X—— through a marriage with the female inheretrix. To reconcile all claims, therefore, on finding this bar in the way, the emperor had resolved to promote a marriage for Maximilian with Paulina, who stood equally related to the imperial house and to that of her lover. In this view he had despatched Paulina to Klosterheim, with proper documents to support the claims of both parties. Of these documents she had been robbed at Waldenhausen; and the very letter which was designed to introduce Maximilian as "the child and sole representative of the late murdered Landgrave," falling in this surreptitious way into the usurper's hand, had naturally misdirected his attacks to the person of Paulina.

For the rest, as regarded the mysterious movements of The Masque, these were easily explained. Fear, and the exaggerations of fear, had done one half the work to his hands, by preparing people to fall easy dupes to the plans laid, and by increasing the romantic wonders of his achievements. Coöperation, also, on the part of the very students and others, who stood forward as the night-watch for detecting him, had served The Masque no less powerfully. The appearances of deadly struggles had been arranged artificially to countenance the plot and to aid the terror. Finally, the secret passages which communicated between the forest and the chapel of St. Agnes (passages of which many were actually applied to that very use in the Thirty Years' War) had been unreservedly placed at their disposal by the lady abbess, an early friend of the unhappy Landgravine, who sympathized deeply with that lady's unmerited sufferings.

One other explanation followed, communicated in a letter from Maximilian to the legate; this related to the murder of the old seneschal,—a matter in which the young prince took some blame to himself, as having unintentionally drawn upon that excellent servant his unhappy fate. "The seneschal," said the writer, "was the faithful friend of my family, and knew the whole course of its misfortunes. He continued his abode at the *schloss*, to serve my interest; and in some measure I may fear that I drew upon him his fate. Traversing late one evening a suite of rooms, which his assistance and my own mysterious disguise laid open to my passage at all hours, I came suddenly upon the prince's retirement. He pursued me, but with hesitation. Some check I gave to his motions by halting before a portrait of my unhappy father, and emphatically pointing his attention to it. Conscience, I well knew, would supply a commentary to my act. I produced the impression which I had anticipated, but not so strongly as to

stop his pursuit. My course necessarily drew him into the seneschal's room. The old man was sleeping; and this accident threw into the prince's hands a paper, which, I have reason to think, shed some considerable light upon my own pretensions, and, in fact, first made my enemy acquainted with my existence and my claims. Meantime, the seneschal had secured the prince's vengeance upon himself. He was now known as a faithful agent in my service. That fact signed his death- warrant. There is a window in a gallery which commands the interior of the seneschal's room. On the evening of the last *fête*, waiting there for an opportunity of speaking securely with this faithful servant, I heard a deep groan, and then another, and another; I raised myself, and, with an ejaculation of horror, looked down upon the murderer, then surveying his victim with hellish triumph. My loud exclamation drew the murderer's eye upwards: under the pangs of an agitated conscience, I have reason to think that he took me for my unhappy father, who perished at my age, and is said to have resembled me closely. Who that murderer was, I need not say more directly. He fled with the terror of one who flies from an apparition. Taking a lesson from this incident, on that same night, by the very same sudden revelation of what passed, no doubt, for my father's countenance, aided by my mysterious character, and the proof I had announced to him immediately before my acquaintance with the secret of the seneschal's murder, in this and no other way it was that I produced that powerful impression upon the prince which terminated the festivities of that evening, and which all Klosterheim witnessed. If not, it is for the prince to explain in what other way I did or could affect him so powerfully."

This explanation of the else unaccountable horror manifested by the ex- Landgrave on the sudden exposure of The Masque's features, received a remarkable confirmation from the confession of the miserable assassin at Waldenhausen. This man's illness had been first brought on by the sudden shock of a situation pretty nearly the same, acting on a conscience more disturbed, and a more superstitious mind. In the very act of attempting to assassinate or rob Maximilian, he had been suddenly dragged by that prince into a dazzling light; and this settling full upon features which too vividly recalled to the murderer's recollection the last unhappy Landgrave, at the very same period of blooming manhood, and in his own favorite hunting palace, not far from which the murder had been perpetrated, naturally enough had for a time unsettled the guilty man's understanding, and, terminating in a nervous fever, had at length produced his penitential death.

A death, happily of the same character, soon overtook the deposed Landgrave. He was laid by the side of his daughter, whose memory, as much even as his own penitence, availed to gather round his final resting-place the forgiving thoughts even of those who had suffered most from his crimes. Klosterheim in the next age flourished greatly, being one of those cities which benefited by the peace of Westphalia. Many changes took place in consequence, greatly affecting the architectural character of the town and its picturesque antiquities; but, amidst all revolutions of this nature, the secret passages still survive, and to this day are shown occasionally to strangers of rank and consideration, by which, more than by any other of the advantages at his disposal, The Masque of Klosterheim was enabled to replace himself in his patrimonial rights, and at the same time to liberate from a growing oppression his own compatriots and subjects.

THE SPHINX'S RIDDLE.

The most ancient [Footnote: That is, amongst stories not wearing a *mythologic* character, such as those of Prometheus, Hercules, &c. The era of Troy and its siege is doubtless by some centuries older than its usual chronologic date of nine centuries before Christ. And considering the mature age of Eteocles and Polynices, the two sons of dipus, at the period of the "*Seven against Thebes*," which seven were contemporary with the *fathers* of the heroes engaged in the Trojan war, it becomes necessary to add sixty or seventy years to the Trojan date, in order to obtain that of dipus and the Sphinx. Out of the Hebrew Scriptures, there is nothing purely historic so old as this.] story in the Pagan records, older by two generations than the story of Troy, is that of dipus and his mysterious fate, which wrapt in ruin both himself and all his kindred. No story whatever continued so long to impress the Greek sensibilities with religious awe, or was felt by the great tragic poets to be so supremely fitted for scenical representation. In one of its stages, this story is clothed with the majesty of darkness; in another stage, it is radiant with burning lights of female love, the most faithful and heroic, offering a beautiful relief to the preternatural malice dividing the two sons of dipus. This malice was so intense, that when the corpses of both brothers were burned together on the same funeral pyre (as by one tradition they were), the flames from each parted asunder, and refused to mingle. This female love was so intense, that it survived the death of its object, cared not for human praise or blame, and laughed at the grave which waited in the rear for itself, yawning visibly for immediate retribution. There are four separate

movements through which this impassioned tale devolves; all are of commanding interest; and all wear a character of portentous solemnity, which fits them for harmonizing with the dusky shadows of that deep antiquity into which they ascend.

One only feature there is in the story, and this belongs to its second stage (which is also its sublimest stage), where a pure taste is likely to pause, and to revolt as from something not perfectly reconciled with the general depth of the coloring. This lies in the Sphinx's riddle, which, as hitherto explained, seems to us deplorably below the grandeur of the occasion. Three thousand years, at the least, have passed away since that riddle was propounded; and it seems odd enough that the proper solution should not present itself till November of 1849. That is true; it seems odd, but still it is possible, that we, in *anno domini* 1849, may see further through a mile-stone than dipus, the king, in the year B. c. twelve or thirteen hundred. The long interval between the enigma and its answer may remind the reader of an old story in Joe Miller, where a traveller, apparently an inquisitive person, in passing-through a toll-bar, said to the keeper, "How do you like your eggs dressed?" Without waiting for the answer, he rode off; but twenty- five years later, riding through the same bar, kept by the same man, the traveller looked steadfastly at him, and received the monosyllabic answer, "*Poached*." A long parenthesis is twenty-five years; and we, gazing back over a far wider gulf of time, shall endeavor to look hard at the Sphinx, and to convince that mysterious young lady,—if our voice can reach her,—that she was too easily satisfied with the answer given; that the true answer is yet to come; and that, in fact, dipus shouted before he was out of the wood.

But, first of all, let us rehearse the circumstances of this old Grecian story. For in a popular journal it is always a duty to assume that perhaps three readers out of four may have had no opportunity, by the course of their education, for making themselves acquainted with classical legends. And in this present case, besides the indispensableness of the story to the proper comprehension of our own improved answer to the Sphinx, the story has a separate and independent value of its own; for it illustrates a profound but obscure idea of Pagan ages, which is connected with the elementary glimpses of man into the abysses of his higher relations, and lurks mysteriously amongst what Milton so finely calls "the dark foundations" of our human nature. This notion it is hard to express in modern phrase, for we have no idea exactly corresponding to it; but in Latin it was called *piacularity*. The reader must understand upon our authority, *nostro periculo*, and in defiance of all the false translations spread through books, that the ancients (meaning the Greeks and Romans before the time of Christianity) had no idea, not by the faintest vestige, of what in the scriptural system is called *sin*. The Latin word *peccatum*, the Greek word *amartia*, are translated continually by the word *sin*; but neither one word nor the other has any such meaning in writers belonging to the pure classical period. When baptized into new meaning by the adoption of Christianity, these words, in common with many others, transmigrated into new and philosophic functions. But originally they tended towards no such acceptations, nor *could* have done so; seeing that the ancients had no avenue opened to them through which the profound idea of *sin* would have been even dimly intelligible. Plato, four hundred years before Christ, or Cicero, more than three hundred years later, was fully equal to the idea of *guilt* through all its gamut; but no more equal to the idea of *sin*, than a sagacious hound to the idea of gravitation, or of central forces. It is the tremendous postulate upon which this idea reposes that constitutes the initial moment of that revelation which is common to Judaism and to Christianity. We have no intention of wandering into any discussion upon this question. It will suffice for the service of the occasion if we say that guilt, in all its modifications, implies only a defect or a wound in the individual. Sin, on the other hand, the most mysterious, and the most sorrowful of all ideas, implies a taint not in the individual but in the race—*that* is the distinction; or a taint in the individual, not through any local disease of his own, but through a scrofula equally diffused through the infinite family of man. We are not speaking controversially, either as teachers of theology or of philosophy; and we are careless of the particular construction by which the reader interprets to himself this profound idea. What we affirm is, that this idea was utterly and exquisitely inappreciable by Pagan Greece and Rome; that various translations from Pindar, [Footnote: And when we are speaking of this subject, it may be proper to mention (as the very extreme anachronism which the case admits of) that Mr. Archdeacon W. has absolutely introduced the idea of sin into the "Iliad;" and, in a regular octavo volume, has represented it as the key to the whole movement of the fable. It was once made a reproach to Southey that his Don Roderick spoke, in his penitential moods, a language too much resembling that of Methodism; yet, after all, that prince was a Christian, and a Christian amongst Mussulmans. But what are we to think of Achilles and Patroclus, when described as being (or *not* being) "under convictions of sin"?] from Aristophanes, and from the Greek tragedians, embodying at intervals this word *sin*, are more extravagant than would be the word *category* introduced into the harangue of an Indian sachem amongst the Cherokees; and finally that the very nearest approach to the abysmal idea which we Christians attach to the word sin—(an approach, but to that which never can be touched—a writing as of palmistry upon each man's hand, but a writing which "no man can read")—lies in the Pagan idea of *piacularity*; which is an idea thus far like hereditary sin, that it expresses an evil to which the party affected has not consciously concurred; which is thus far *not* like hereditary sin, that it expresses an evil personal to the individual, and not extending itself to the

race.

This was the evil exemplified in dipus. He was loaded with an insupportable burthen of pariah participation in pollution and misery, to which his will had never consented. He seemed to have committed the most atrocious crimes; he was a murderer, he was a parricide, he was doubly incestuous, and yet how? In the case where he might be thought a murderer, he had stood upon his self-defence, not benefiting by any superior resources, but, on the contrary, fighting as one man against three, and under the provocation of insufferable insolence. Had he been a parricide? What matter, as regarded the moral guilt, if his father (and by the fault of that father) were utterly unknown to him? Incestuous had he been? but how, if the very oracles of fate, as expounded by events and by mysterious creatures such as the Sphinx, had stranded him, like a ship left by the tide, upon this dark unknown shore of a criminality unsuspected by himself? All these treasons against the sanctities of nature had dipus committed; and yet was this dipus a thoroughly good man, no more dreaming of the horrors in which he was entangled, than the eye at noonday in midsummer is conscious of the stars that lie far behind the daylight. Let us review rapidly the incidents of his life.

Laius, King of Thebes, the descendant of Labdacus, and representing the illustrious house of the Labdacidae, about the time when his wife, Jocasta, promised to present him with a child, had learned from various prophetic voices that this unborn child was destined to be his murderer. It is singular that in all such cases, which are many, spread through classical literature, the parties menaced by fate believe the menace; else why do they seek to evade it? and yet believe it not; else why do they fancy themselves able to evade it? This fatal child, who was the dipus of tragedy, being at length born, Laius committed the infant to a slave, with orders to expose it on Mount Cithæron. This was done; the infant was suspended, by thongs running through the fleshy parts of his feet, to the branches of a tree, and he was supposed to have perished by wild beasts. But a shepherd, who found him in this perishing state, pitied his helplessness, and carried him to his master and mistress, King and Queen of Corinth, who adopted and educated him as their own child. That he was *not* their own child, and that in fact he was a foundling of unknown parentage, dipus was not slow of finding from the insults of his schoolfellows; and at length, with the determination of learning his origin and his fate, being now a full- grown young man, he strode off from Corinth to Delphi. The oracle at Delphi, being as usual in collusion with his evil destiny, sent him off to seek his parents at Thebes. On his journey thither, he met, in a narrow part of the road, a chariot proceeding in the counter direction from Thebes to Delphi. The charioteer, relying upon the grandeur of his master, insolently ordered the young stranger to clear the road; upon which, under the impulse of his youthful blood, dipus slew him on the spot. The haughty grandee who occupied the chariot rose up in fury to avenge this outrage, fought with the young stranger, and was himself killed. One attendant upon the chariot remained; but he, warned by the fate of his master and his fellow-servant, withdrew quietly into the forest that skirted the road, revealing no word of what had happened, but reserved, by the dark destiny of dipus, to that evil day on which *his* evidence, concurring with other circumstantial exposures, should convict the young Corinthian emigrant of parricide. For the present, dipus viewed himself as no criminal, but much rather as an injured man, who had simply used his natural powers of self-defence against an insolent aggressor. This aggressor, as the reader will suppose, was Laius. The throne therefore was empty, on the arrival of dipus in Thebes; the king's death was known, but not the mode of it; and that dipus was the murderer could not reasonably be suspected either by the people of Thebes, or by dipus himself. The whole affair would have had no interest for the young stranger; but, through the accident of a public calamity then desolating the land, a mysterious monster, called the Sphinx, half woman and half lion, was at that time on the coast of Boeotia, and levying a daily tribute of human lives from the Boeotian territory. This tribute, it was understood, would continue to be levied from the territories attached to Thebes, until a riddle proposed by the monster should have been satisfactorily solved. By way of encouragement to all who might feel prompted to undertake so dangerous an adventure, the authorities of Thebes offered the throne and the hand of the widowed Jocasta as the prize of success; and dipus, either on public or on selfish motives, entered the lists as a competitor.

The riddle proposed by the Sphinx ran in these terms: "What creature is that which moves on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noonday, and on three towards the going down of the sun?" dipus, after some consideration, answered that the creature was MAN, who creeps on the ground with hands and feet when an infant, walks upright in the vigor of manhood, and leans upon a staff in old age. Immediately the dreadful Sphinx confessed the truth of his solution by throwing herself headlong from a point of rock into the sea; her power being overthrown as soon as her secret had been detected. Thus was the Sphinx destroyed; and, according to the promise of the proclamation, for this great service to the state dipus was immediately recompensed. He was saluted King of Thebes, and married to the royal widow Jocasta. In this way it happened, but without suspicion either in himself or others, pointing to the truth, that dipus had slain his father, had ascended his father's throne, and had married his own mother.

Through a course of years all these dreadful events lay hushed in darkness; but at length a pestilence arose, and an embassy was despatched to Delphi, in order to ascertain the cause of the heavenly wrath, and the proper means of propitiating that wrath. The embassy returned to Thebes armed with a knowledge of the fatal secrets connected with dipus, but under some restraints of prudence in making a publication of what so dreadfully affected the most powerful personage in the state. Perhaps, in the whole history of human art as applied to the evolution of a poetic fable, there is nothing more exquisite than the management of this crisis by Sophocles. A natural discovery, first of all, connects dipus with the death of Laius. That discovery comes upon him with some surprise, but with no shock of fear or remorse. That he had killed a man of rank in a sudden quarrel, he had always known; that this man was now discovered to be Laius, added nothing to the reasons for regret. The affair remained as it was. It was simply a case of personal strife on the high road, and one which had really grown out of aristocratic violence in the adverse party. dipus had asserted his own rights and dignity only as all brave men would have done in an age that knew nothing of civic police.

It was true that this first discovery—the identification of himself as the slayer of Laius—drew after it two others, namely, that it was the throne of his victim on which he had seated himself, and that it was *his* widow whom he had married. But these were no offences; and, on the contrary, they were distinctions won at great risk to himself, and by a great service to the country. Suddenly, however, the reappearance and disclosures of the shepherd who had saved his life during infancy in one moment threw a dazzling but funereal light upon the previous discoveries that else had seemed so trivial. In an instant everything was read in another sense. The death of Laius, the marriage with his widow, the appropriation of his throne, all towered into colossal crimes, illimitable, and opening no avenues to atonement. dipus, in the agonies of his horror, inflicts blindness upon himself; Jocasta commits suicide; the two sons fall into fiery feuds for the assertion of their separate claims on the throne, but previously unite for the expulsion of dipus, as one who had become a curse to Thebes. And thus the poor, heart-shattered king would have been turned out upon the public roads, aged, blind, and a helpless vagrant, but for the sublime piety of his two daughters, but especially of Antigone, the elder. They share with their unhappy father the hardships and perils of the road, and do not leave him until the moment of his mysterious summons to some ineffable death in the woods of Colonus. The expulsion of Polynices, the younger son, from Thebes; his return with a confederate band of princes for the recovery of his rights; the death of the two brothers in single combat; the public prohibition of funeral rights to Polynices, as one who had levied war against his native land; and the final reappearance of Antigone, who defies the law, and secures a grave to her brother at the certain price of a grave to herself— these are the sequels and arrears of the family overthrow accomplished through the dark destiny of dipus.

And now, having reviewed the incidents of the story, in what respect is it that we object to the solution of the Sphinx's riddle? We do not object to it as *a* solution of the riddle, and the only one possible at the moment; but what we contend is, that it is not *the* solution. All great prophecies, all great mysteries, are likely to involve double, triple, or even quadruple interpretations— each rising in dignity, each cryptically involving another. Even amongst natural agencies, precisely as they rise in grandeur, they multiply their final purposes. Rivers and seas, for instance, are useful, not merely as means of separating nations from each other, but also as means of uniting them; not merely as baths and for all purposes of washing and cleansing, but also as reservoirs of fish, as high-roads for the conveyance of commodities, as permanent sources of agricultural fertility, &c. In like manner, a mystery of any sort, having a public reference, may be presumed to couch within it a secondary and a profounder interpretation. The reader may think that the Sphinx ought to have understood her own riddle best; and that, if *she* were satisfied with the answer of dipus, it must be impertinent in us at this time of day to censure it. To censure, indeed, is more than we propose. The solution of dipus was a true one; and it was all that he *could* have given in that early period of his life. But, perhaps, at the moment of his death amongst the gloomy thickets of Attica, he might have been able to suggest another and a better. If not, then we have the satisfaction of thinking ourselves somewhat less dense than dipus; for, in our opinion, the full and *final* answer to the Sphinx's riddle lay in the word DIPUS. dipus himself it was that fulfilled the conditions of the enigma. He it was, in the most pathetic sense, that went upon four feet when an infant; for the general condition of helplessness attached to all mankind in the period of infancy, and which is expressed symbolically by this image of creeping, applied to dipus in a far more significant manner, as one abandoned by all his natural protectors, thrown upon the chances of a wilderness, and upon the mercies of a slave. The allusion to this general helplessness had, besides, a special propriety in the case of dipus, who drew his very name (*Swollen-foot*) from the injury done to his infant feet. He, again, it was that, in a more emphatic sense than usual, asserted that majestic self-sufficientness and independence of all alien aid, which is typified by the act of walking upright at noonday upon his own natural basis. Throwing off all the power and splendor borrowed from his royal protectors at Corinth, trusting exclusively to his native powers as a man, he had fought his way through insult to the presence of the dreadful Sphinx; her he had confounded and vanquished; he had leaped into a throne,—the throne of him who had insulted him,—without other resources than such as he drew from himself, and he had, in the same way, obtained a royal bride. With good right, therefore, he was

foreshadowed in the riddle as one who walked upright by his own masculine vigor, and relied upon no gifts but those of nature. Lastly, by a sad but a pitying image, dipus is described as supporting himself at nightfall on three feet; for dipus it was that by his cruel sons would have been rejected from Thebes, with no auxiliary means of motion or support beyond his own languishing powers: blind and broken-hearted, he must have wandered into snares and ruin; his own feet must have been supplanted immediately: but then came to his aid another foot, the holy Antigone. She it was that guided and cheered him, when all the world had forsaken him; she it was that already, in the vision of the cruel Sphinx, had been prefigured dimly as the staff upon which dipus should lean, as the *third* foot that should support his steps when the deep shadows of his sunset were gathering and settling about his grave.

In this way we obtain a solution of the Sphinx's riddle more commensurate and symmetrical with the other features of the story, which are all clothed with the grandeur of mystery. The Sphinx herself is a mystery. Whence came her monstrous nature, that so often renewed its remembrance amongst men of distant lands, in Egyptian or Ethiopian marble? Whence came her wrath against Thebes? This wrath, how durst it tower so high as to measure itself against the enmity of a nation? This wrath, how came it to sink so low as to collapse at the echo of a word from a friendless stranger? Mysterious again is the blind collusion of this unhappy stranger with the dark decrees of fate. The very misfortunes of his infancy had given into his hands one chance more for escape: these misfortunes had transferred him to Corinth, and staying *there* he was safe. But the headstrong haughtiness of youthful blood causes him to recoil unknowingly upon the one sole spot of all the earth where the coefficients for ratifying his destruction are waiting and lying in ambush. Heaven and earth are silent for a generation; one might fancy that they are *treacherously* silent, in order that dipus may have time for building up to the clouds the pyramid of his mysterious offences. His four children, incestuously born, sons that are his brothers, daughters that are his sisters, have grown up to be men and women, before the first mutterings are becoming audible of that great tide slowly coming up from the sea, which is to sweep away himself and the foundations of his house. Heaven and earth must now bear joint witness against him. Heaven speaks first: the pestilence that walketh in darkness is made the earliest minister of the discovery,—the pestilence it is, scourging the seven-gated Thebes, as very soon the Sphinx will scourge her, that is appointed to usher in, like some great ceremonial herald, that sad drama of Nemesis,—that vast procession of revelation and retribution which the earth, and the graves of the earth, must finish. Mysterious also is the pomp of ruin with which this revelation of the past descends upon that ancient house of Thebes. Like a shell from modern artillery, it leaves no time for prayer or evasion, but shatters by the same explosion all that stand within its circle of fury. Every member of that devoted household, as if they had been sitting—not around a sacred domestic hearth, but around the crater of some surging volcano—all alike, father and mother, sons and daughters, are wrapt at once in fiery whirlwinds of ruin. And, amidst this general agony of destroying wrath, one central mystery, as a darkness within a darkness, withdraws itself into a secrecy unapproachable by eyesight, or by filial love, or by guesses of the brain—and *that* is the death of dipus. *Did* he die? Even *that* is more than we can say. How dreadful does the sound fall upon the heart of some poor, horror-stricken criminal, pirate or murderer, that has offended by a mere human offence, when, at nightfall, tempted by the sweet spectacle of a peaceful hearth, he creeps stealthily into some village inn, and hopes for one night's respite from his terror, but suddenly feels the touch, and hears the voice, of the stern officer, saying, "Sir, you are wanted." Yet that summons is but too intelligible; it shocks, but it bewilders not; and the utmost of its malice is bounded by the scaffold. "Deep," says the unhappy man, "is the downward path of anguish which I am called to tread; but it has been trodden by others." For dipus there was no such comfort. What language of man or trumpet of angel could decipher the woe of that unfathomable call, when, from the depth of ancient woods, a voice that drew like gravitation, that sucked in like a vortex, far off yet near, in some distant world yet close at hand, cried, "Hark, dipus! King dipus! come hither! thou art wanted!" *Wanted!* for what? Was it for death? was it for judgment? was it for some wilderness of pariah eternities? No man ever knew. Chasms opened in the earth; dark gigantic arms stretched out to receive the king; clouds and vapor settled over the penal abyss; and of him only, though the neighborhood of his disappearance was known, no trace or visible record survived— neither bones, nor grave, nor dust, nor epitaph.

Did the Sphinx follow with her cruel eye this fatal tissue of calamity to its shadowy crisis at Colonus? As the billows closed over her head, did she perhaps attempt to sting with her dying words? Did she say, "I, the daughter of mystery, am *called*; I am *wanted*. But, amidst the uproar of the sea, and the clangor of sea-birds, high over all I hear another though a distant summons. I can hear that thou, dipus, the son of mystery, art *called* from afar: thou also wilt be *wanted*." Did the wicked Sphinx labor in vain, amidst her parting convulsions, to breathe this freezing whisper into the heart of him that had overthrown her?

Who can say? Both of these enemies were pariah mysteries, and may have faced each other again with blazing malice in some pariah world. But all things in this dreadful story ought to be harmonized.

Already in itself it is an ennobling and an idealizing of the riddle, that it is made a double riddle; that it contains an exoteric sense obvious to all the world, but also an esoteric sense—now suggested conjecturally after thousands of years—*possibly* unknown to the Sphinx, and *certainly* unknown to dipus; that this second riddle is hid within the first; that the one riddle is the secret commentary upon the other; and that the earliest is the hieroglyphic of the last. Thus far as regards the riddle itself; and, as regards dipus in particular, it exalts the mystery around him, that in reading this riddle, and in tracing the vicissitudes from infancy to old age, attached to the general destiny of his race, unconsciously he was tracing the dreadful vicissitudes attached specially and separately to his own.

THE TEMPLARS' DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUES.

ORIGINAL ADVERTISEMENT, IN APRIL, 1824.

I have resolved to fling my analysis of Mr. Ricardo's system into the form of Dialogues. A few words will suffice to determine the principles of criticism which can fairly be applied to such a form of composition on such a subject. It cannot reasonably be expected that dialogues on Political Economy should pretend to the appropriate beauty of dialogues *as* dialogues, by throwing any dramatic interest into the parts sustained by the different speakers, or any characteristic distinctions into their style. Elegance of this sort, if my time had allowed of it, or I had been otherwise capable of producing it, would have been here misplaced. Not that I would say even of Political Economy, in the words commonly applied to such subjects, that "*Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri:*" for all things have their peculiar beauty and sources of ornament—determined by their ultimate ends, and by the process of the mind in pursuing them. Here, as in the processes of nature and in mathematical demonstrations, the appropriate elegance is derived from the simplicity of the means employed, as expressed in the "Lex Parcimoniæ" ("Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri fas erat per pauciora"), and other maxims of that sort. This simplicity, however, must be looked for in the order and relation of the thoughts, and in the steps through which they are trained to lead into each other, rather than in any anxious conciseness as to words; which, on the contrary, I have rather sought to avoid in the earlier Dialogues, in order that I might keep those distinctions longer before the reader from which all the rest were to be derived. For he who has fully mastered the doctrine of Value is already a good political economist. Now, if any man should object, that in the following dialogues I have uniformly given the victory to myself, he will make a pleasant logical blunder: for the true logic of the case is this: Not that it is myself to whom I give the victory; but that he to whom I give the victory (let me call him by what name I will) is of necessity myself; since I cannot be supposed to have put triumphant arguments into any speaker's mouth, unless they had previously convinced my own understanding. Finally, let me entreat the reader not to be impatient under the disproportionate length (as he may fancy it) of the opening discussions on Value: even for its own sake, the subject is a matter of curious speculation; but in relation to Political Economy it is all in all; for most of the errors (and, what is much worse than errors, most of the perplexities) prevailing in this science take their rise from this source. Mr. Ricardo is the first writer who has thrown light on the subject; and even he, in the last edition of his book, still found it a "difficult" one (see the Advertisement to the Third Edition). What a Ricardo has found difficult, cannot be adequately discussed in few words; but, if the reader will once thoroughly master this part of the science, all the rest will cost him hardly any effort at all.

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INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

(SPEAKERS THROUGHOUT THE DIALOGUES ARE PHÆDRUS, PHILEBUS, AND X. Y. Z.)

Phædrus. This, Philebus, is my friend X. Y. Z., whom I have long wished to introduce to you; he has some business which calls him into this quarter of the town for the next fortnight; and during that time he has promised to dine with me; and we are to discuss together the modern doctrines of Political Economy; most of which, he tells me, are due to Mr. Ricardo. Or rather, I should say, that I am to become his pupil; for I pretend to no regular knowledge of Political Economy, having picked up what little I possess in a desultory way amongst the writers of the old school; and, out of that little, X. obligingly tells me that three fourths are rotten. I am glad, therefore, that you are in town at this time, and can come and help me to contradict him. Meantime X. has some right to play the tutor amongst us;

for he has been a regular student of the science: another of his merits is, that he is a Templar as well as ourselves, and a good deal senior to either of us.

Philebus. And for which of his merits is it that you would have me contradict him?

Phæd. O, no matter for his merits, which doubtless are past all computation, but generally as a point of hospitality. For I am of the same opinion as M——, a very able friend of mine in Liverpool, who looks upon it as criminal to concede anything a man says in the process of a disputation: the nefarious habit of assenting (as he justly says) being the pest of conversation, by causing it to stagnate. On this account he often calls aside the talking men of the party before dinner, and conjures them with a pathetic earnestness not to agree with him in anything he may advance during the evening; and at his own table, when it has happened that strangers were present who indulged too much in the habit of politely assenting to anything which seemed to demand no particular opposition, I have seen him suddenly pause with the air of the worst-used man in the world, and exclaim, "Good heavens! is there to be no end to this? Am I *never* to be contradicted? I suppose matters will soon come to that pass that my nearest relations will be perfidiously agreeing with me; the very wife of my bosom will refuse to contradict me; and I shall not have a friend left on whom I can depend for the consolations of opposition."

Phil. Well, Phædrus, if X. Y. Z. is so much devoted as you represent to the doctrines of Mr. Ricardo, I shall perhaps find myself obliged to indulge your wishes in this point more than my own taste in conversation would lead me to desire.

X. And what, may I ask, is the particular ground of your opposition to Mr. Ricardo?

Phæd. I suppose that, like the man who gave his vote against Aristides, because it wearied him to hear any man surnamed *the just*, Philebus is annoyed by finding that so many people look up to Mr. Ricardo as an oracle.

Phil. No: for the very opposite reason; it is because I hear him generally complained of as obscure, and as ambitiously paradoxical; two faults which I cannot tolerate: and the extracts from his writings which I have seen satisfy me that this judgment is a reasonable one.

Phæd. In addition to which, Philebus, I now recollect something which perhaps weighs with you still more, though you have chosen to suppress it; and *that* is, that you are a disciple of Mr. Malthus, every part of whose writings, since the year 1816 (I am assured), have had one origin—jealousy of Mr. Ricardo, "quem si non aliqua nocuisset, mortuus esset."

X. No, no, Phædrus; we must not go so far as *that*; though undoubtedly it is true that Mr. Malthus has often conducted his opposition in a most vexatious and disingenuous manner.

Phil. How so? In what instance? In what instance?

X. In this, for one. Mr. Malthus, in his "Political Economy" (1820), repeatedly charged Mr. Ricardo with having confounded the two notions of "cost" and "value:" I smile, by the way, when I repeat such a charge, as if it were the office of a Ricardo to confound, or of a Malthus to distinguish: but

> "Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
> Longus summa dies, ut non—si voce Metelli
> Serventur leges—malint a Cæsare tolli."

[Footnote: For the sake of the unclassical reader, I add a prose translation:—Not to such an extent has the lapse of time confounded things highest with things lowest, as that—if the laws can be saved only by the voice of a Metellus—they would not rather choose to be abolished by a Cæsar.]

Phil. "Imis!" Why, I hope, if Mr. Ricardo may do for the Cæsar of the case, Mr. Malthus is not therefore to be thought the Metellus. "Imis," indeed!

X. As to *this*, he is: his general merits of good sense and ingenuity we all acknowledge; but for the office of a distinguisher, or any other which demands logic in the first place, it is impossible to conceive any person below him. To go on, however, with my instance:— this objection of Mr. Malthus' about "cost" and "value" was founded purely on a very great blunder of his own—so great, that (as I shall show in its proper place) even Mr. Ricardo did not see the whole extent of his misconception: thus much, however, was plain, that the meaning of Mr. Malthus was, that the new doctrine of value allowed for wages, but did *not* allow for profits; and thus, according to the Malthusian terminology, expressed the cost but not the value of a thing. What was Mr. Ricardo's answer? In the third edition of his book (p. 46), he told Mr. Malthus that, if the word "cost" were understood in any sense which *excluded* profits, then he did not assert the thing attributed to him; on the other hand, if it were understood in a sense

which *included* profits, then of course he did assert it; but, then, in that sense Mr. Malthus himself did not deny it. This plain answer was published in 1821. Will it be believed that two years after (namely, in the spring of 1823), Mr. Malthus published a pamphlet, in which he repeats the same objection over and over again, without a hint that it had ever met with a conclusive explanation which it was impossible to misunderstand? Neither must it be alleged that Mr. Malthus might not have seen this third edition; for it is the very edition which he constantly quotes in that pamphlet.

Phæd. What say you to this, my dear Philebus? You seem to be in perplexity.

X. But an instance of far greater disingenuousness is this: Mr. Ricardo, after laying down the general law of value, goes on to state three cases in which that law will be modified; and the extraordinary sagacity with which he has detected and stated these modifications, and the startling consequences to which they lead, have combined to make this one of the most remarkable chapters in his books. Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, that these very restrictions of his own law—so openly stated as restrictions by Mr. Ricardo—are brought forward by Mr. Malthus as so many objections of his own to upset that law. The logic, as usual, is worthy of notice; for it is as if, in a question about the force of any projectile, a man should urge the resistance of the air, not as a limitation of that force, but as a capital objection to it. What I here insist on, however, is its extreme disingenuousness. But this is a subject which it is unpleasant to pursue; and the course of our subject will of itself bring us but too often across the blunders and misstatements of Mr. Malthus. To recur, therefore, to what you objected about Mr. Ricardo—that he was said to be paradoxical and obscure—I presume that you use the word "paradoxical" in the common and improper sense, as denoting what has a specious air of truth and subtlety, but is in fact false; whereas I need not tell *you* that a paradox is the very opposite of this—meaning in effect what has a specious air of falsehood, though possibly very true; for a paradox, you know, is simply that which contradicts the popular opinion—which in too many cases is the false opinion; and in none more inevitably than in cases as remote from the popular understanding as all questions of severe science. However, use the word in what sense you please, Mr. Ricardo is no ways interested in the charge. Are my doctrines true, are they demonstrable? is the question for him; if not, let them be overthrown; if *that* is beyond any man's power, what matters it to him that the slumbering intellect of the multitude regards them as strange? As to obscurity, in general it is of two kinds—one arising out of the writer's own perplexity of thought; which is a vicious obscurity; and in this sense the opponents of Mr. Ricardo are the obscurest of all economists. Another kind—

Phæd. Ay, now let us hear what is a virtuous obscurity.

X. I do not say, Phædrus, that in any case it can be meritorious to be obscure; but I say that in many cases it is very natural to be so, and pardonable in profound thinkers, and in some cases inevitable. For the other kind of obscurity which I was going to notice is that which I would denominate elliptical obscurity; arising, I mean, out of the frequent ellipsis or suppression of some of the links in a long chain of thought; these are often involuntarily suppressed by profound thinkers, from the disgust which they naturally feel at overlaying a subject with superfluous explanations. So far from seeing too dimly, as in the case of perplexed obscurity, their defect is the very reverse; they see too clearly; and fancy that others see as clearly as themselves. Such, without any tincture of confusion, was the obscurity of Kant (though in him there was also a singular defect of the art of communicating knowledge, as he was himself aware); such was the obscurity of Leibnitz (who otherwise was remarkable for his felicity in explaining himself); such, if any, is the obscurity of Ricardo; though, for my own part, I must acknowledge that I could never find any; to me he seems a model of perspicuity. But I believe that the very ground of his perspicuity to me is the ground of his apparent obscurity to some others, and *that* is—his inexorable consistency in the use of words; and this is one of the cases which I alluded to in speaking of an "inevitable obscurity;" for, wherever men have been accustomed to use a word in two senses, and have yet supposed themselves to use it but in one, a writer, who corrects this lax usage, and forces them to maintain the unity of the meaning, will always appear obscure; because he will oblige them to deny or to affirm consequences from which they were hitherto accustomed to escape under a constant though unconscious equivocation between the two senses. Thus, for example, Mr. Ricardo sternly insists on the *true* sense of the word Value, and (what is still more unusual to most men) insists on using it but in *one* sense; and hence arise consequences which naturally appear at once obscure and paradoxical to M. Say, to Mr. Malthus, to the author of an Essay on Value; [Footnote: I forget the exact title; but it was printed for Hunter, St. Paul's Church-yard.] and to all other lax thinkers, who easily bend their understandings to the infirmity of the popular usage. Hence, it is not surprising to find Mr. Malthus complaining ("Polit. Econ.," p. 214) of "the *unusual* application of common terms" as having made Mr. Ricardo's work "difficult to be understood by many people;" though, in fact, there is nothing at all unusual in his application of any term whatever, but only in the steadiness with which he keeps to the same application of it.

Phil. These distinctions of yours on the subject of obscurity I am disposed to think reasonable; and, unless the contrary should appear in the course of our conversations, I will concede them to be

applicable to the case of Mr. Ricardo; his obscurity may be venial, or it may be inevitable, or even none at all (if you will have it so). But I cannot allow of the cases of Kant and Leibnitz as at all relevant to that before us. For, the obscurity complained of in metaphysics, etc., is inherent in the very *objects* contemplated, and is independent of the particular mind contemplating, and exists in defiance of the utmost talents for diffusing light; whereas the objects about which Political Economy is concerned are acknowledged by all persons to be clear and simple enough, so that any obscurity which hangs over them, must arise from imperfections in the art of arranging and conveying ideas on the part of him who undertakes to teach it.

X. This I admit: any obscurity which clouds Political Economy, unless where it arises from want of sufficient facts, must be subjective; whereas the main obscurity which besets metaphysics is objective; and such an obscurity is in the fullest sense inevitable. But this I did not overlook; for an objective obscurity it is in the power of any writer to aggravate by his own perplexities; and I alleged the cases of Kant and Leibnitz no further than as they were said to have done so; contending that, if Mr. Ricardo were at all liable to the same charge, he was entitled to the same apology; namely, that he is never obscure from any confusion of thought, but, on the contrary, from too keen a perception of the truth, which may have seduced him at times into too elliptic a development of his opinions, and made him impatient of the tardy and continuous steps which are best adapted to the purposes of the teacher. For the fact is, that the *laborers of the Mine* (as I am accustomed to call them), or those who dig up the metal of truth, are seldom fitted to be also *laborers of the Mint*—that is, to work up the metal for current use. Besides which, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Ricardo did not propose to deliver an entire system of Political Economy, but only an investigation of such doctrines as had happened to be imperfectly or erroneously stated. On this account, much of his work is polemic; and presumes, therefore, in the reader an acquaintance with the writers whom he is opposing. Indeed, in every chapter there is an under reference, not to this or that author only, but to the whole current of modern opinions on the subject, which demands a learned reader who is already master of what is generally received for truth in Political Economy.

Phil. Upon this statement it appears at any rate that Mr. Ricardo's must be a most improper book as an elementary one. But, after all, you will admit that even amongst Mr. Ricardo's friends there is a prevailing opinion that he is too subtle (or, as it is usually expressed, too theoretic) a writer to be safely relied on for the practical uses of legislation.

X. Yes. And, indeed, we are all so deeply indebted to English wisdom on matters where theories really *are* dangerous, that we ought not to wonder or to complain if the jealousy of all which goes under that name be sometimes extended to cases in which it is idle to suppose any opposition possible between the *true* theory and the practice. However, on the whole question which has been moved in regard to Mr. Ricardo's obscurity or tendency to paradox or to over refinement and false subtlety, I am satisfied if I have won you to any provisional suspension of your prejudices; and will now press it no further—willingly leaving the matter to be settled by the result of our discussions.

Phæd. Do so, X.; and especially because my watch informs me that dinner—an event too awfully practical to allow of any violation from mere sublunary disputes—will be announced in six minutes; within which space of time I will trouble you to produce the utmost possible amount of truth with the least possible proportion of obscurity, whether "subjective" or "objective," that may be convenient.

X. As the time which you allow us is so short, I think that I cannot better employ it than in reading a short paper which I have drawn up on the most general distribution of Mr. Ricardo's book; because this may serve to guide us in the course of our future discussions.

Mr. Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy consisted in the second edition of thirty-one chapters, to which, in the third edition, was added another, making thirty-two. These thirty-two chapters fall into the following classification:—Fourteen are on the subject of Taxation, namely, the eighth to the eighteenth, [Footnote: The eleventh is on Tithes; and the eighteenth on Poor Rates; but these of course belong to the subject of Taxation properly defined. The present Lord Chancellor (late Earl of Eldon) said on some cause which came before him about a year ago, that Tithes were unjustly called a Tax; meaning only that Tithes were not any arbitrary imposition of the government, but claimed by as good a tenure as any other sort of property. In this doctrine no doubt the Chancellor was perfectly right; and only wrong in supposing that any denial of that doctrine is implied by the Political Economists in calling Tithes a Tax; which, on the true definition of a Tax (as I shall show hereafter), they certainly are.] inclusively, the twenty- second, twenty-third, and twenty-ninth; and these may be entirely omitted by the student, and ought at any rate to be omitted on his first examination of the work. For, though Mr. Ricardo has really been not the chief so much as the sole author of any important truths on the subject of Taxation, and though his fourteen chapters on that head are so many inestimable corollaries from his general doctrines, and could never have been obtained without them, yet these general doctrines have no sort of reciprocal dependency upon what concerns Taxation. Consequently, it will greatly lighten the

burden to a student if these fourteen chapters are sequestered from the rest of the work, and reserved for a separate and after investigation, which may furnish a commentary on the first. The chapters on Taxation deducted, there remain, therefore, seventeen in the second edition, or eighteen in the third. These contain the general principles, but also something more— which may furnish matter for a second subtraction. For, in most speculations of this nature it usually happens that, over and above the direct positive communication of new truths, a writer finds it expedient (or, perhaps, necessary in some cases, in order to clear the ground for himself) to address part of his efforts to the task of meeting the existing errors; hence arises a division of his work into the doctrinal or *affirmative* part, and the polemic [Footnote: *Polemic*.—There is an occasional tendency in the use and practice of the English language capriciously to limit the use of certain words. Thus, for instance, the word *condign* is used only in connection with the word *punishment*; the word *implicit* is used only (unless by scholars, like Milton) in connection with *faith*, or *confidence*. So also *putative* is restricted most absurdly to the one sole word, *father*, in a question of doubtful affiliation. These and other words, if unlocked from their absurd imprisonment, would become extensively useful. We should say, for instance, "condign honors," "condign rewards," "condign treatment" (treatment appropriate to the merits)—thus at once realizing two rational purposes: namely, giving a useful function to a word, which at present has none; and also providing an intelligible expression for an idea which otherwise is left without means of uttering itself, except through a ponderous circumlocution. Precisely in the same circumstances of idle and absurd sequestration stands the term *polemic*. At present, according to the popular usage, this word has some fantastic inalienable connection with controversial theology. There cannot be a more childish chimera. No doubt there is a polemic side or aspect of theology; but so there is of *all* knowledge; so there is of *every* science. The radical and characteristic idea concerned in this term *polemic* is found in our own parliamentary distinction of *the good speaker*, as contrasted with *the good debater*. The good speaker is he who unfolds the whole of a question in its affirmative aspects, who presents these aspects in their just proportions, and according to their orderly and symmetrical deductions from each other. But *the good debater* is he who faces the negative aspects of the question, who meets sudden objections, has an answer for any momentary summons of doubt or difficulty, dissipates seeming inconsistencies, and reconciles the geometrical smoothness of *a priori* abstractions with the coarse angularities of practical experience. The great work of Ricardo is of necessity, and almost in every page, polemic; whilst very often the particular objections or difficulties to which it replies are not indicated at all—being spread through entire systems, and assumed as *precognita* that are familiar to the learned student.] or *negative* part. In Mr. Ricardo's writings, all parts (as I have already observed) have a latent polemic reference; but some, however, are more directly and formally polemic than the rest; and these may be the more readily detached from the main body of the work, because (like the chapters on Taxation) they are all corollaries from the general laws, and in no case introductory to them. Divided on this principle, the eighteen chapters fall into the following arrangement:

Chap. Affirmative Chapters. 1. 4. on Value; 30.

2. on Rent; 3.

5. on Wages; 6. on Profits; 7. on Foreign Trade; 19. on Sudden Changes in Trade; 21. on Accumulation; 25. on Colonial Trade; 27. on Currency and Banks; 31. on Machinery.

Chap. Negative (or Polemic) Chapters. 20. on Value and Riches: against Adam Smith, Lord Lauderdale, M. Say; 24. Rent of Land: against Adam Smith; 26. Gross and Net Revenue: against Adam Smith; 28. Relations of Gold, Corn, and Labor, under certain circumstances: against A. Smith; 32. Rent: against Mr. Malthus.

Deducting the polemic chapters, there remain thirteen affirmative or doctrinal chapters; of which one (the twenty-seventh), on Currency, &c., ought always to be insulated from all other parts of Political Economy. And thus, out of the whole thirty-two chapters, twelve only are important to the student on his first examination; and to these I propose to limit our discussions.

Phæd. Be it so, and now let us adjourn to more solemn duties.

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DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

ON THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Phæd. To cut the matter short, X. Y. Z., and to begin as near as possible to the end—is there any one principle in Political Economy from which all the rest can be deduced? A principle, I mean, which all others presuppose; but which itself presupposes none.

X. There is, Phædrus; such a principle exists in the doctrine of Value—truly explained. The question from which all Political Economy will be found to move—the question to which all its difficulties will be found reducible—is this: *What is the ground of exchangeable value*? My hat, for example, bears the same value as your umbrella; double the value of my shoes; four times the value of my gloves; one twentieth of the value of this watch. Of these several relations of value, what is the sufficient cause? If they were capricious, no such science as that of Political Economy could exist; not being capricious, they must have an assignable cause; this cause—what is it?

Phæd. Ay, what is it?

X. It is this, Phædrus; and the entire merit of the discovery belongs to Mr. Ricardo. It is this; and listen with your whole understanding: *the ground of the value of all things lies in the quantity* (but mark well that word "quantity") *of labor which produces them*. Here is that great principle which is the corner- stone of all tenable Political Economy; which granted or denied, all Political Economy stands or falls. Grant me this one principle, with a few square feet of the sea-shore to draw my diagrams upon, and I will undertake to deduce every other truth in the science.

Phæd. Take it and welcome. It would be impossible for most people to raise a cabbage out of the sea-shore, though the sand were manured by principles the noblest. You, therefore, my dear friend, that promise to raise from it, not a cabbage, but a system of Political Economy, are doubly entitled to your *modicum* of sand, and to your principle beside; which last is, I dare say, a very worthy and respectable principle, and not at all the worse for being as old as my great-grandfather.

X. Pardon me, Phædrus; the principle is no older than the first edition of Mr. Ricardo's book; and when you make me this concession so readily under the notion that you are conceding nothing more than has long been established, I fear that you will seek to retract it, as soon as you are aware of its real import and consequences.

Phæd. In most cases, X., I should hesitate to contradict you peremptorily upon a subject which you have studied so much more closely than myself; but here I cannot hesitate; for I happen to remember the very words of Adam Smith, which are—

X. Substantially the same, you will say, as those which I have employed in expressing the great principle of Mr. Ricardo: this is your meaning, Phædrus; and excuse me for interrupting you; I am anxious to lose no time; and therefore let me remind you, as soon as possible, that "the words" of Adam Smith cannot prove any agreement with Mr. Ricardo, if it appears that those words are used as equivalent and convertible at pleasure with certain other words not only irreconcilable with Mr. Ricardo's principle, but expressing the very doctrine which Mr. Ricardo does, and must in consistency, set himself to oppose. Mr. Ricardo's doctrine is, that A and B are to each other in value as the *quantity* of labor is which produces A to the quantity which produces B; or, to express it in the very shortest formula by substituting the term *base*, as synonymous with the term *producing labor, All things are to each other in value as their bases are in quantity*. This is the Ricardian law: you allege that it was already the law of Adam Smith; and in some sense you are right; for such a law is certain to be found in the "Wealth of Nations." But, if it is _ex_plicitly affirmed in that work, it is also _im_plicitly denied: formally asserted, it is virtually withdrawn. For Adam Smith everywhere uses, as an equivalent formula, that A and B are to each other in value as the *value* of the labor which produces A to the *value* of the labor which produces B.

Phæd. And the formula for Mr. Ricardo's law is, if I understand you, that A and B are to each other in value not as the *value*, but as the *quantity* of the labor which produces A to the *quantity* which produces B.

X. It is.

Phæd. And is it possible that any such mighty magic can lurk in the simple substitution of *quantity* for *value*? Surely, X., you are hair-splitting a little in this instance, and mean to amuse yourself with my simplicity, by playing off some logical legerdemain upon me from the "seraphic" or "angelic" doctors.

X. The earnestness and good faith of my whole logic and reasoning will soon become a pledge for me that I am incapable of what you call hair-splitting; and in this particular instance I might appeal to Philebus, who will tell you that Mr. Malthus has grounded his entire opposition to Mr. Ricardo on the very distinction which you are now treating as aërial. But the fact is, you do not yet perceive to what extent this distinction goes; you suppose me to be contending for some minute and subtle shades of difference; so far from *that*, I mean to affirm that the one law is the direct, formal, and diametrical negation of the other: I assert in the most peremptory manner that he who says, "The value of A is to the value of B as the *quantity* of labor producing A is to the *quantity* of labor producing B," does of necessity deny by implication that the relations of value between A and B are governed by the *value* of

the labor which severally produces them.

Phil. X. is perfectly right in his distinction. You know, Phædrus, or you soon will know, that I differ from X. altogether on the choice between the two laws: he contends that the value of all things is determined by the *quantity* of the producing labor; I, on the other hand, contend that the value of all things is determined by the *value* of the producing labor. Thus far you will find us irreconcilable in our difference; but this very difference implies that we are agreed on the distinction which X. is now urging. In fact, so far are the two formulae from presenting merely two different expressions of the same law, that the very best way of expressing negatively Mr. Ricardo's law (namely, A is to B in value as the *quantities* of the producing labor) would be to say, A is *not* to B in value as the *values* of the producing labor.

Phæd. Well, gentlemen, I suppose you must be right; I am sure you are by the logic of kings, and "according to the flesh;" for you are two to one. Yet, to my poor glimmering understanding, which is all I have to guide me in such cases, I must acknowledge that the whole question seems to be a mere dispute about words.

X. For once, Phædrus, I am not sorry to hear you using a phrase which in general is hateful to my ears. "A mere dispute about words" is a phrase which we hear daily; and why? Is it a case of such daily occurrence to hear men disputing about mere verbal differences? So far from it, I can truly say that I never happened to witness such a dispute in my whole life, either in books or in conversation; and indeed, considering the small number of absolute synonymes which any language contains, it is scarcely possible that a dispute on words should arise which would not also be a dispute about ideas (that is, about realities). Why, then, is the phrase in every man's mouth, when the actual occurrence must be so very uncommon? The reason is this, Phædrus: such a plea is a "sophisma pigri intellectus," which seeks to escape from the effort of mind necessary for the comprehending and solving of any difficulty under the colorable pretext that it is a question about shadows, and not about substances, and one therefore which it is creditable to a man's good sense to decline; a pleasant sophism this, which at the same time flatters a man's indolence and his vanity. For once, however, I repeat that I am not sorry to hear such a phrase in your mouth, Phædrus: I have heard it from you before; and I will frankly tell you that you ought to be ashamed of such a plea, which is becoming to a slothful intellect, but very unbecoming to yours. On this account, it gives me pleasure that you have at length urged it in a case where you will be obliged to abandon it. If that should happen, remember what I have said; and resolve never more to shrink effeminately from the toil of an intellectual discussion under any pretence that it is a verbal dispute. In the present case, I shall drive you out of that conceit in less time than it cost you to bring it forward. For now, Phædrus, answer me to one or two little questions which I will put. You fancy that between the expressions "*quantity* of producing labor" and "*value* of producing labor" there is none but a verbal difference. It follows, therefore, that the same effect ought to take place whether the value of the producing labor be altered or its quantity.

Phæd. It does.

X. For instance, the production of a hat such as mine has hitherto cost (we will suppose) four days' labor, at three shillings a day: now, without any change whatsoever in the *quantity* of labor required for its production, let this labor suddenly increase in value by twenty-five per cent. In this case, four days' labor will produce a hat as heretofore; but the value of the producing labor being now raised from three shillings a day to three shillings and nine pence, the value of the total labor necessary for the production of a hat will now be raised from twelve shillings to fifteen shillings. Thus far, you can have nothing to object?

Phæd. Nothing at all, X. But what next?

X. Next, let us suppose a case in which the labor of producing hats shall increase, not in value (as in the preceding case), but in quantity. Labor is still at its old value of three shillings a day; but, from increased difficulty in any part of the process, five days' labor are now spent on the production of a hat instead of four. In this second case, Phædrus, how much will be paid to the laborer?

Phæd. Precisely as much as in the first case: that is, fifteen shillings.

X. True: the laborer on hats receives fifteen shillings in the second case as well as in the first; but in the first case for four days' labor, in the second for five: consequently, in the second case, wages (or the value of labor) have not risen at all, whereas in the first case wages have risen by twenty-five per cent.

Phæd. Doubtless: but what is your inference?

X. My inference is as follows: according to yourself and Adam Smith, and all those who overlook the momentous difference between the quantity and the value of labor, fancying that these are mere

varieties of expression for the same thing, the price of hats ought, in the two cases stated, to be equally raised, namely, three shillings in each case. If, then, it be utterly untrue that the price of hats would be equally raised in the two cases, it will follow that an alteration in the value of the producing labor, and an alteration in its quantity, must terminate in a very different result; and, consequently, the one alteration cannot be the same as the other, as you insisted.

Phæd. Doubtless.

X. Now, then, let me tell you, Phædrus, that the price of hats would *not* be equally raised in the two cases: in the second case, the price of a hat will rise by three shillings, in the first case it will not rise at all.

Phæd. How so, X.? How so? Your own statement supposes that the laborer receives fifteen shillings for four days, instead of twelve shillings; that is, three shillings more. Now, if the price does not rise to meet this rise of labor, I demand to know whence the laborer is to obtain this additional three shillings. If the buyers of hats do not pay him in the price of hats, I presume that the buyers of shoes will not pay him. The poor devil must be paid by somebody.

X. You are facetious, my friend. The man must be paid, as you say; but not by the buyers of hats any more than by the buyers of shoes: for the price of hats cannot possibly rise in such a case, as I have said before. And, that I may demonstrate this, let us assume that when the labor spent on a hat cost twelve shillings, the rate of profits was fifty per cent.; it is of no consequence what rate be fixed on: assuming this rate, therefore, the price of a hat would, at that time, be eighteen shillings. Now, when the *quantity* of labor rose from four to five days, this fifth day would add three shillings to the amount of wages; and the price of a hat would rise in consequence from eighteen shillings to a guinea. On the other hand, when the *value* of labor rose from twelve shillings to fifteen shillings, the price of a hat would not rise by one farthing, but would still continue at eighteen shillings.

Phæd. Again I ask, then, who is to pay the three shillings?

X. The three shillings will be paid out of profits.

Phæd. What, without reimbursement?

X. Assuredly, without a farthing of reimbursement: it is Mr. Ricardo's doctrine that no variation in either profits or wages can ever affect the price; if wages rise or fall, the only consequence is, that profits must fall or rise by the same sum; so again, if profits rise or fall, wages must fall or rise accordingly.

Phæd. You mean, then, to assert that, when the value of the labor rises (as in the first of your two cases) by three shillings, this rise must be paid out of the six shillings which had previously gone to profits.

X. I do; and your reason for questioning this opinion is, I am sure, because you think that no capitalist would consent to have his profits thus diminished, but would liberate himself from this increased expense by charging it upon the price. Now, if I prove that he cannot liberate himself in this way, and that it is a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the price rises or not, because in either case he must lose the three shillings, I suppose that I shall have removed the sole ground you have for opposing me.

Phæd. You are right: prove this, X., "et eris mihi magnus Apollo."

X. Tell me, then, Phædrus, when the value of labor rises—in other words, when wages rise—what is it that causes them to rise?

Phæd. Ay, what is it that causes them, as you say? I should be glad to hear your opinion on that subject.

X. My opinion is, that there are only two [Footnote: There is another case in which wages have a constant tendency to rise—namely, when the population increases more slowly than the demand for labor. But this case it is not necessary to introduce into the dialogue: first, because it is gradual and insensible in its operation; secondly, because, if it were otherwise, it would not disturb any part of the argument.] great cases in which wages rise, or seem to rise:

1. When money sinks in value; for then, of course, the laborer must have more wages nominally, in order to have the same virtually. But this is obviously nothing more than an apparent rise.

2. When those commodities rise upon which wages are spent. A rise in port wine, in jewels, or in horses, will not affect wages, because these commodities are not consumed by the laborer; but a rise in

manufactured goods of certain kinds, upon which perhaps two fifths of his wages are spent, will tend to raise wages: and a rise in certain kinds of food, upon which perhaps the other three fifths are spent, will raise them still more. Now, the first case being only an apparent rise, this is the only case in which wages can be said really to rise.

Phæd. You are wrong, X.; I can tell you of a third case which occurs to me whilst you are speaking. Suppose that there were a great deficiency of laborers in any trade,—as in the hatter's trade, for instance,—that would be a reason why wages should rise in the hatter's trade.

X. Doubtless, until the deficiency were supplied, which it soon would be by the stimulus of higher wages. But this is a case of market value, when the supply happens to be not on a level with the demand: now, throughout the present conversation I wish studiously to keep clear of any reference to market value, and to consider exclusively that mode of exchangeable value which is usually called natural value— that is, where value is wholly uninfluenced by any redundancy or deficiency of the quantity. Waiving this third case, therefore, as not belonging to the present discussion, there remains only the second; and I am entitled to say that no cause can really and permanently raise wages but a rise in the price of those articles on which wages are spent. In the instance above stated, where the hatter's wages rose from three shillings to three shillings and nine pence a day, some commodity must previously have risen on which the hatter spent his wages. Let this be corn, and let corn constitute one half of the hatter's expenditure; on which supposition, as his wages rose by twenty-five per cent., it follows that corn must have risen by fifty per cent. Now, tell me, Phædrus, will this rise in the value of corn affect the hatter's wages only, or will it affect wages in general?

Phæd. Wages in general, of course: there can be no reason why hatters should eat more corn than any other men.

X. Wages in general, therefore, will rise by twenty-five per cent. Now, when the wages of the hatter rose in that proportion, you contended that this rise must be charged upon the price of hats; and the price of a hat having been previously eighteen shillings, you insisted that it must now be twenty-one shillings; in which case a rise in wages of twenty-five per cent, would have raised the price of hats about sixteen and one half per cent. And, if this were possible, two great doctrines of Mr. Ricardo would have been overthrown at one blow: 1st, that which maintains that no article can increase in price except from a previous increase in the quantity of labor necessary to its production: for here is no increase in the *quantity* of the labor, but simply in its value; 2d, that no rise in the value of labor can ever settle upon price; but that all increase of wages will be paid out of profits, and all increase of profits out of wages. I shall now, however, extort a sufficient defence of Mr. Ricardo from your own concessions. For you acknowledge that the same cause which raises the wages of the hatter will raise wages universally, and in the same ratio—that is, by twenty-five per cent. And, if such a rise in wages could raise the price of hats by sixteen and one half per cent., it must raise all other commodities whatsoever by sixteen and one half per cent. Now, tell me, Phædrus, when all commodities without exception are raised by sixteen arid one half per cent., in what proportion will the power of money be diminished under every possible application of it?

Phæd. Manifestly by sixteen and one half per cent.

X. If so, Phædrus, you must now acknowledge that it is a matter of perfect indifference to the hatter whether the price of hats rise or not, since he cannot under any circumstances escape the payment of the three shillings. If the price should *not* rise (as assuredly it will not), he pays the three shillings directly; if the price were to rise by three shillings, this implies of necessity that prices rise universally (for it would answer no purpose of your argument to suppose that hatters escaped an evil which affected all other trades). Now, if prices rise universally, the hatter undoubtedly escapes the direct payment of the three shillings, but he pays it indirectly; inasmuch as one hundred and sixteen pounds and ten shillings is now become necessary to give him the same command of labor and commodities which was previously given by one hundred pounds. Have you any answer to these deductions?

Phæd. I must confess I have none.

X. If so, and no answer is possible, then I have here given you a demonstration of Mr. Ricardo's great law: That no product of labor whatsoever can be affected in value by any variations in the *value* of the producing labor. But, if not by variations in its value, then of necessity by variations in its quantity, for no other variations are possible.

Phæd. But at first sight, you know, variations in the *value* of labor appear to affect the value of its product: yet you have shown that the effect of such variations is defeated, and rendered nugatory in the end. Now, is it not possible that some such mode of argument may be applied to the case of variations in the *quantity* of labor?

X. By no means: the reason why all variations in the *value* of labor are incapable of transferring themselves to the value of its product is this: that these variations extend to all kinds of labor, and therefore to all commodities alike. Now, that which raises or depresses all things equally leaves their relations to each other undisturbed. In order to disturb the relations of value between A, B, and C, I must raise one at the same time that I do *not* raise another; depress one, and *not* depress another; raise or depress them unequally. This is necessarily done by any variations in the *quantity* of labor. For example, when more or less labor became requisite for the production of hats, that variation could not fail to affect the value of hats, for the variation was confined exclusively to hats, and arose out of some circumstance peculiar to hats; and no more labor was on that account requisite for the production of gloves, or wine, or carriages. Consequently, these and all other articles remaining unaffected, whilst hats required twenty- five per cent more labor, the previous relation between hats and all other commodities was disturbed; that is, a *real* effect was produced on the value of hats. Whereas, when hats, without requiring a greater quantity of labor, were simply produced by labor at a higher value, this change could not possibly disturb the relation between hats and any other commodities, because they were all equally affected by it. If, by some application of any mechanic or chemical discovery to the process of making candles, the labor of that process were diminished by one third, the value of candles would fall; for the relation of candles to all other articles, in which no such abridgment of labor had been effected, would be immediately altered: two days' labor would now produce the same quantity of candles as three days' labor before the discovery. But if, on the other hand, the wages of three days had simply fallen in value to the wages of two days,—that is, if the laborer received only six shillings for three days, instead of nine shillings,—this could not affect the value of candles; for the fall of wages, extending to all other things whatsoever, would leave the relations between them all undisturbed; everything else which had required nine shillings' worth of labor would now require six shillings' worth; and a pound of candles would exchange for the same quantity of everything as before. Hence, it appears that no cause can possibly affect the value of anything—that is, its exchangeable relation to other things—but an increase or diminution in the quantity of labor required for its production: and the prices of all things whatsoever represent the quantity of labor by which they are severally produced; and the value of A is to the value of B universally as the quantity of labor which produces A to the quantity of labor which produces B.

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Here, then, is the great law of value as first explained by Mr. Ricardo. Adam Smith uniformly takes it for granted that an alteration in the quantity of labor, and an alteration in wages (that is, the value of labor), are the same thing, and will produce the same effects; and, hence, he never distinguishes the two cases, but everywhere uses the two expressions as synonymous. If A, which had hitherto required sixteen shillings' worth of labor for its production, should to-morrow require only twelve shillings' worth, Adam Smith would have treated it as a matter of no importance whether this change had arisen from some discovery in the art of manufacturing A, which reduced the quantity of labor required from four days to three, or simply from some fall in wages which reduced the value of a day's labor from four shillings to three shillings. Yet, in the former case, A would fall considerably in price as soon as the discovery ceased to be monopolized; whereas, in the latter case, we have seen that A could not possibly vary in price by one farthing.

Phæd. In what way do you suppose that Adam Smith came to make so great an oversight, as I now confess it to be?

X. Mr. Malthus represents Adam Smith as not having sufficiently explained himself on the subject. "He does not make it quite clear," says Mr. Malthus, "whether he adopts for his principle of value the quantity of the producing labor or its value." But this is a most erroneous representation. There is not a chapter in the "Wealth of Nations" in which it is not made redundantly clear that Adam Smith adopts both laws as mere varieties of expression for one and the same law. This being so, how could he possibly make an election between two things which he constantly confounded and regarded as identical? The truth is, Adam Smith's attention was never directed to the question: he suspected no distinction; no man of his day, or before his day, had ever suspected it; none of the French or Italian writers on Political Economy had ever suspected it; indeed, none of them have suspected it to this hour. One single writer before Mr. Ricardo has insisted on the *quantity* of labor as the true ground of value; and, what is very singular, at a period when Political Economy was in the rudest state, namely, in the early part of Charles II's reign. This writer was Sir William Petty, a man who would have greatly advanced the science if he had been properly seconded by his age. In a remarkable passage, too long for quotation, he has expressed the law of value with a Ricardian accuracy: but it is scarcely possible that even he was aware of his own accuracy; for, though he has asserted that the reason why any two articles exchange for each other (as so much corn of Europe, suppose, for so much silver of Peru) is because the same quantity of labor has been employed on their production; and, though he has certainly not vitiated the purity of this principle by the usual heteronomy (if you will allow me a learned

word),—that is, by the introduction of the other and opposite law derived from the *value* of this labor,—yet, it is probable that in thus abstaining he was guided by mere accident, and not by any conscious purpose of contradistinguishing the one law from the other; because, had *that* been his purpose, he would hardly have contented himself with forbearing to affirm, but would formally have denied the false law. For it can never be sufficiently impressed upon the student's mind, that it brings him not one step nearer to the truth to say that the value of A is determined by the quantity of labor which produces it, unless by that proposition he means that it is *not* determined by the *value* of the labor which produces it.

To return to Adam Smith: not only has he "made it quite clear" that he confounded the two laws, and had never been summoned to examine whether they led to different results, but I go further, and will affirm that if he had been summoned to such an examination, he could not have pursued it with any success until the discovery of the true law of Profits. For, in the case of the hats, as before argued, he would have said, "The wages of the hatter, whether they have been augmented by increased quantity of labor, or by increased value of labor, must, in any case, be paid." Now, what is the answer? They must be paid, but from what fund? Adam Smith knew of no fund, nor could know of any, until Mr. Ricardo had ascertained the true law of Profits, except Price: in either case, therefore, as Political Economy then stood, he was compelled to conclude that the fifteen shillings would be paid out of the price,—that is, that the whole difference between the twelve shillings and the fifteen shillings would settle upon the purchaser. But we now know that this will happen only in the case when the difference has arisen from increased labor; and that every farthing of the difference which arises from increased value of labor will be paid out of another fund, namely, Profits. But this conclusion could not be arrived at without the new theory of Profits (as will be seen more fully when we come to that theory); and thus one error was the necessary parent of another.

Here I will pause, and must beg you to pardon my long speeches in consideration of the extreme importance of the subject; for everything in Political Economy depends, as I said before, on the law of value; and I have not happened to meet with one writer who seemed fully to understand Mr. Ricardo's law, and still less who seemed to perceive the immense train of consequences which it involves.

Phæd. I now see enough to believe that Mr. Ricardo is right; and, if so, it is clear that all former writers are wrong. Thus far I am satisfied with your way of conducting the argument, though some little confusion still clouds my view. But, with regard to the consequences you speak of, how do you explain that under so fundamental an error (as you represent it) many writers, but above all Adam Smith, should have been able to deduce so large a body of truth, that we regard him as one of the chief benefactors to the science?

X. The fact is, that his good sense interfered everywhere to temper the extravagant conclusions into which a severe logician could have driven him. [Footnote: The "Wealth of Nations" has never yet been ably reviewed, nor satisfactorily edited. The edition of Mr. Buchanan is unquestionably the best, and displays great knowledge of Political Economy as it stood before the revolution effected by Mr. Ricardo. But having the misfortune to appear immediately before that revolution, it is already to some degree an obsolete book. Even for its own date, however, it was not good as an edition of Adam Smith, its value lying chiefly in the body of original disquisitions which composed the fourth volume; for the notes not only failed to correct the worst errors of Adam Smith (which, indeed, in many cases is saying no more than that Mr. Buchanan did not forestall Mr. Ricardo), but were also deficient in the history of English finance, and generally in the knowledge of facts. How much reason there is to call for a new edition, with a commentary adapted to the existing state of the science, will appear on this consideration: the "Wealth of Nations" is the text-book resorted to by all students of Political Economy. One main problem of this science, if not the main problem (as Mr. Ricardo thinks), is to determine the laws which regulate Rents, Profits, and Wages; but everybody who is acquainted with the present state of the science must acknowledge that precisely on these three points it affords "very little satisfactory information." These last words are the gentle criticism of Mr. Ricardo: but the truth is, that not only does it afford very little information on the great heads of Rent, Profits, and Wages, but (which is much worse) it gives very false and misleading information.

P. S. *September* 27, 1854.—It is suggested to me by a friend, that in this special notice of Mr. Buchanan's edition, I shall be interpreted as having designed some covert reflection upon the edition of Adam Smith published by Mr. M'Culloch. My summary answer to any such insinuation is, that this whole paper was written in the spring of 1824, that is, thirty and a half years ago: at which time, to the best of my knowledge, Mr. M'Culloch had not so much as meditated any such edition. Let me add, that if I had seen or fancied any reason for a criticism unfriendly to Mr. M'Culloch, or to any writer whatever, I should not have offered it indirectly, but openly, frankly, and in the spirit of liberal candor due to an honorable contemporary.] At this very day, a French and an English economist have reared a Babel of far more elaborate errors on this subject; M. Say, I mean, and Mr. Malthus: both ingenious writers, both eminently illogical,—especially the latter, with whose "confusion worse confounded" on

the subject of Value, if reviewed by some unsparing Rhadamanthus of logical justice, I believe that chaos would appear a model of order and light. Yet the very want of logic, which has betrayed these two writers into so many errors, has befriended them in escaping from their consequences; for they leap with the utmost agility over all obstacles to any conclusions which their good sense points out to them as just, however much at war with their own premises. With respect to the confusion which you complain of as still clinging to the subject, this naturally attends the first efforts of the mind to disjoin two ideas which have constantly been regarded as one. But, as we advance in our discussions, illustration and proof will gradually arise from all quarters, to the great principle of Mr. Ricardo which we have just been considering; besides which, this principle is itself so much required for the illustration and proof of other principles, that the mere practice of applying it will soon sharpen your eye to a steady familiarity with all its aspects.

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DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

Phil. X., I see, is not yet come: I hope he does not mean to break his appointment, for I have a design upon him. I have been considering his argument against the possibility of any change in price arising out of a change in the value of labor, and I have detected a flaw in it which he can never get over. I have him, sir—I have him as fast as ever spider had a fly.

Phæd. Don't think it, my dear friend: you are a dexterous *retiarius*; but a gladiator who is armed with Ricardian weapons will cut your net to pieces. He is too strong in his cause, as I am well satisfied from what passed yesterday. He'll slaughter you,—to use the racy expression of a friend of mine in describing the redundant power with which one fancy boxer disposed of another,—he'll slaughter you "with ease and affluence." But here he comes.—Well, X., you're just come in time. Philebus says that you are a fly, whilst *he* is a murderous spider, and that he'll slaughter you with "ease and affluence;" and, all things considered, I am inclined to think he will.

Phil. Phædrus does not report the matter quite accurately; however, it is true that I believe myself to have detected a fatal error in your argument of yesterday on the case of the hat; and it is this: When the value of labor rose by twenty-five per cent., you contended that this rise would be paid out of profits. Now, up to a certain limit this may be possible; beyond that it is impossible. For the price of the hat was supposed to be eighteen shillings: and the price of the labor being assumed originally at twelve shillings;— leaving six shillings for profits,—it is very possible that a rise in wages of no more than three shillings may be paid out of these profits. But, as this advance in wages increases, it comes nearer and nearer to that point at which it will be impossible for profits to pay it; since, let the advance once reach the whole six shillings, and all motive for producing hats will be extinguished; and let it advance to seven shillings, there will in that case be no fund at all left out of which the seventh shilling can be paid, even if the capitalist were disposed to relinquish all his profits. Now, seriously, you will hardly maintain that the hat could not rise to the price of nineteen shillings—or of any higher sum?

X. Recollect, Philebus, what it is that I maintain; assuredly the hat may rise to the price of nineteen shillings, or of any higher sum, but not as a consequence of the cause you assign. Taking your case, I *do* maintain that it is impossible the hat should exceed, or even reach, eighteen shillings. When I say eighteen shillings, however, you must recollect that the particular sum of twelve shillings for labor, and six shillings for profits, were taken only for the sake of illustration; translating the sense of the proposition into universal forms, what I assert is, that the rise in the value of the labor can go no further than the amount of profits will allow it: profits swallowed up, there will remain no fund out of which an increase of wages can be paid, and the production of hats will cease.

Phil. This is the sense in which I understood you; and in this sense I wish that you would convince me that the hat could not, under the circumstances supposed, advance to nineteen shillings or twenty shillings.

X. Perhaps, in our conversation on *Wages*, you will see this more irresistibly; you yourself will then shrink from affirming the possibility of such an advance as from an obvious absurdity; meantime, here is a short demonstration of it, which I am surprised that Mr. Ricardo did not use as the strongest and most compendious mode of establishing his doctrine.

Let it be possible that the hat may advance to nineteen shillings; or, to express this more generally, from x (or eighteen shillings)— which it was worth before the rise in wages—to $x + y$; that is to say, the hat will now be worth $x + y$ quantity of money—having previously been worth no more than x. That is your meaning?

Phil. It is.

X. And if in money, of necessity in everything else; because otherwise, if the hat were worth more money only, but more of nothing besides, that would simply argue that money had fallen in value; in which case undoubtedly the hat might rise in any proportion that money fell; but, then, without gaining any increased value, which is essential to your argument.

Phil. Certainly; if in money, then in everything else.

X. Therefore, for instance, in gloves; having previously been worth four pair of buckskin gloves, the hat will now be worth four pair + *y*?

Phil. It will.

X. But, Philebus, either the rise in wages is universal or it is not universal. If not universal, it must be a case of accidental rise from mere scarcity of hands; which is the case of a rise in *market* value; and that is not the case of Mr. Ricardo, who is laying down the laws of *natural* value. It is, therefore, universal; but, if universal, the gloves from the same cause will have risen from the value of *x* to *x* + *y*.

Hence, therefore, the price of the hat, estimated in gloves, is = *x* + *y*.

And again, the price of the gloves, estimated in hats, is = *x* + *y*.

In other words, H - *y* = *x*.
H + *y* = *x*.
That is to say, H - *y* = H + *y*.

Phæd. Which, I suppose, is an absurdity; and, in fact, it turns out, Philebus, that he has slaughtered you with "ease and affluence."

X. And this absurdity must be eluded by him who undertakes to show that a rise in the wages of labor can be transferred to the value of its product.

* * * * *

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

[Et æquiori sane animo feres, cum hic de primis agatur principiis, si superstitiose omnia examinavi,—viamque quasi palpando singulaque curiosius contrectando, lente me promovi et testudineo gradu. Video enim ingenium humanum ita comparatum esse—ut facilius longe quid *consequens* sit dispiciat, quam quid in naturà *primo* verum; nostramque omnium conditionem non multum ab illà Archimedis abludere—*Aos æe so kai koiso tæn gæn*. Ubi primum figamus pedem, inveniro multo magis satagimus, quam (ubi inveninius) ulterius progredi.—*Henricus Morus in Epist. ad Cartesium*.]

PRINCIPLE OF VALUE CONTINUED.

Phæd. In our short conversation of yesterday, X., you parried an objection brought forward by Philebus in a way which I thought satisfactory. You reduced him to an absurdity, or what seemed such. In fact, I did verily believe that you had slaughtered Philebus; and so I told him. But we have since reconsidered the matter, and have settled it between ourselves that your answer will not do; that your "absurdity," in fact, is a very absurd absurdity. Philebus will tell you why. I, for my part, shall have enough to do to take care of a little argument of my own, which is designed to meet something that passed in our first dialogue. Now, my private conviction is, that both I and Philebus shall be cudgelled; I am satisfied that such will be the issue of the business. And my reason for thinking so is this,—that I already see enough to discern a character of boldness and determination in Mr. Ricardo's doctrines which needs no help from sneaking equivocations, and this with me is a high presumption that he is in the right. In whatever rough way his theories are tossed about, they seem always, like a cat, to light upon their legs. But, notwithstanding this, as long as there is a possibility that he may be in the wrong, I shall take it for granted that he is, and do my best to prove him so.

X. For which, Phædrus, I shall feel greatly indebted to you. We are told of Trajan, that, in the camp exercises, he not only tolerated hard blows, but courted them; "alacer virtute militum, et lætus quoties aut cassidi suæ aut clypeo gravior ictus incideret. Laudabat quippe ferientes, hortabaturque ut auderent." When one of our theatres let down an iron curtain upon the stage as a means of insulating the audience from any fire amongst the scenery, and sent men to prove the strength of this curtain by playing upon it with sledge-hammers in the sight and hearing of the public, who would not have laughed at the hollowness of the mummery, if the blows had been gentle, considerate, and forbearing? A "make-believe" blow would have implied a "make- believe" hammer and a "make-believe" curtain. No!

—hammer away, like Charles Martel; "fillip me with a three-man beetle;" be to me a *malleus hæreticorum*; come like Spenser's Talus—an iron man with an iron flail, and thresh out the straw of my logic; rack me; put me to the question; get me down; jump upon me; kick me; throttle me; put an end to me in any way you can.

Phæd. I will, I will, my dear friend; anything to oblige you; anything for peace. So now tie yourself to the stake, whilst we bait you. And you begin, Philebus; unmuzzle.

Phil. I shall be brief. The case of the hat is what I stand upon; and, by the way, I am much obliged to you, X., for having stated the question in that shape; it has furnished me with a very manageable formula for recalling the principle at issue. The wages alter from two different causes—in one case, because there is the same quantity of labor at a different rate; in another case, because there is a different quantity at the same rate. In the latter case, it is agreed that the alteration settles upon price; in the former case you affirm that it will *not*: I affirm that it will. I bring an argument to prove it; which argument you attempt to parry by another. But in this counter argument of yours it strikes me that there lurks a *petitio principii*. Indeed, I am sure of it. For observe the course of our reasoning. I charge it upon your doctrine as an absurd consequence— that, if the increase of wages must be paid out of profits, then this fund will at length be eaten out; and as soon as it is, there will be no fund at all for paying any further increase; and the production must cease. Now, what in effect is your answer? Why, that as soon as profits are all eaten up, the production *will* cease. And this you call reducing me to an absurdity. But where is the absurdity? Your answer is, in fact, an identical proposition; for, when you say, "*As soon as* profits are absorbed," I retort, Ay, no doubt "*as soon*" as they are; but when will that be? It requires no Ricardo to tell us that, *when* profits are absorbed, they will be absorbed; what I deny is, that they ever *can* be absorbed. For, as fast as wages increase, what is to hinder price from increasing *pari passu*? In which case profits will *never* be absorbed. It is easy enough to prove that price will not increase, if you may assume that profits will not remain stationary. For then you have assumed the whole point in dispute; and after *that*, of course you have the game in your own hands; since it is self-evident that if anybody is made up of two parts P and W, so adjusted that all which is gained by either must be lost by the other, then *that* body can never increase.

Phæd. Nor decrease.

Phil. No, nor decrease. If my head must of necessity lose as much weight as my trunk gains, and *vice versa*, then it is a clear case that I shall never be heavier. But why cannot my head remain stationary, whilst my trunk grows heavier? This is what you had to prove, and you have not proved it.

Phæd. O! it's scandalous to think how he has duped us; his "*reductio*" turns out to the merest swindling.

X. No, Phædrus, I beg your pardon. It is very true I did not attempt to prove that your head might not remain stationary; I could not have proved this *directly*, without anticipating a doctrine out of its place; but I proved it *indirectly*, by showing that, if it were supposed possible, an absurdity would follow from that supposition. I said, and I say again, that the doctrine of wages will show the very supposition itself to be absurd; but, until we come to that doctrine, I content myself with proving that, let that supposition seem otherwise ever so reasonable (the supposition, namely, that profits may be stationary whilst wages are advancing), yet it draws after it one absurd consequence, namely, that a thing may be bigger than that to which it is confessedly equal. Look back to the notes of our conversation, and you will see that this is as I say. You say, Philebus, that I prove profits in a particular case to be incapable of remaining stationary, by assuming that price cannot increase; or, if I am called upon to prove that assumption—namely, that price cannot increase—I do it only by assuming that profits in that case are incapable of remaining stationary. But, if I had reasoned thus, I should not only have been guilty of a *petitio principii* (as you alleged), but also of a circle. Here, then, I utterly disclaim and renounce either assumption: I do not ask you to grant me that price must continue stationary in the case supposed; I do not ask you to grant me that profits must recede in the case supposed. On the contrary, I will not have them granted to me; I insist on your refusing both of these principles.

Phil. Well, I *do* refuse them.

Phæd. So do I. I'll do anything in reason as well as another. "If one knight give a testril—" [Footnote: Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in "Twelfth Night."]

X. Then let us suppose the mines from which we obtain our silver to be in England.

Phæd. What for? Why am I to suppose this? I don't know but you have some trap in it.

X. No; a Newcastle coal-mine, or a Cornwall tin-mine, will answer the purpose of my argument just as well. But it is more convenient to use silver as the illustration; and I suppose it to be in England simply

to avoid intermixing any question about foreign trade. Now, when the hat sold for eighteen shillings, on Mr. Ricardo's principle why did it sell for that sum?

Phil. I suppose, because the quantity of silver in that sum is assumed to be the product of four days' labor in a silver-mine.

X. Certainly; because it is the product of the same quantity of labor as that which produced the hat. Calling twenty shillings, therefore, four ounces of silver, the hat was worth nine tenths of four ounces. Now, when wages advance from twelve shillings to fourteen shillings, profits (you allege) will not pay this advance, but price. On this supposition the price of the hat will now be—what?

Phil. Twenty shillings; leaving, as before, six shillings for profit.

X. Six shillings upon fourteen shillings are not the same *rate* of profit as six shillings upon twelve shillings; but no matter; it does not affect the argument. The hat is now worth four entire ounces of silver, having previously been worth four ounces *minus* a tenth of four ounces. But the product of four days' labor in a silver-mine must also advance in value, for the same cause. Four ounces of silver, which is that product, will now have the same power or value as 22.22_s_. had before. Consequently the four ounces of silver, which had previously commanded in exchange a hat and the ninth of a hat, will now command a hat and two ninths, fractions neglected. Hence, therefore, a hat will, upon any Anti-Ricardian theory, manifestly buy four ounces of silver; and yet, at the same time, it will not buy four ounces by one fifth part of four ounces. Silver and the denominations of its qualities, being familiar, make it more convenient to use that metal; but substitute lead, iron, coal, or anything whatsoever—the argument is the same, being in fact a universal demonstration that variations in wages cannot produce corresponding variations in price.

Phæd. Say no more, X.; I see that you are right; and it's all over with our cause; unless I retrieve it. To think that the whole cause of the Anti-Ricardian economy should devolve upon me! that fate should ordain me to be the Atlas on whose unworthy shoulders the whole system is to rest! This being my destiny, I ought to have been built a little stronger. However, no matter. I heartily pray that I may prove too strong for you; though, at the same time, I am convinced I shall not. Remember, therefore, that you have no right to exult if you toss and gore me, for I tell you beforehand that you will. And, if you do, that only proves me to be in the right, and a very sagacious person; since my argument has all the appearance of being irresistible, and yet such is my discernment that I foresee most acutely that it will turn out a most absurd one. It is this: your answer to Philebus issues in this—that a thing A is shown to be at once more valuable and yet not more valuable than the same thing B. Now, this answer I take by the horns; it is possible for A to be more and yet not more valuable than the same thing. For example, my hat shall be more valuable than the gloves; more valuable, that is, than the gloves were: and yet not more valuable than the gloves; not more valuable, that is, than the gloves now are. So of the wages; all things preserve their former relations, because all are equally raised. This is my little argument. What do you think of it? Will it do?

X. No.

Phæd. Why, so I told you.

X. I have the pleasure, then, to assure you that you were perfectly right. It will *not* do. But I understand you perfectly. You mean to evade my argument that the increase of wages shall settle upon profits; according to this argument, it will settle upon price, and not upon profits; yet again on price in such a way as to escape the absurdity of two relations of value existing between the very same things. But, Phædrus, this rise will be a mere metaphysical one, and no real rise. The hat, you say, has risen; but still it commands no more of the gloves, because they also have risen. How, then, has either risen? The rise is purely ideal.

Phæd. It is so, X.; but that I did not overlook; for tell me—on Mr. Ricardo's principle, will not all things double their value simultaneously, if the quantity of labor spent in producing all should double simultaneously?

X. It will, Phædrus.

Phæd. And yet nothing will exchange for more or less than before.

X. True; but the rise is not ideal, for all that, but will affect everybody. A pound of wheat, which previously bought three pounds of salt, will still buy three pounds; but, then, the salt-maker and the wheat-maker will have only one pound of those articles where before he had two. However, the difference between the two cases cannot fully be understood, without a previous examination of certain distinctions, which I will make the subject of our next dialogue; and the rather, because, apart from our present question, at every step we should else be embarrassed, as all others have been, by the

perplexity attending these distinctions. Meantime, as an answer to your argument, the following consideration will be quite sufficient. The case which your argument respects is that in which wages are supposed to rise? Why? In consequence of a *real* rise in corn or something else. As a means of meeting this rise, wages rise; but the increased value of wages is only a means to an end, and the laborer cares about the rise only in that light. The end is—to give him the same quantity of corn, suppose. That end attained, he cares nothing about the means by which it is attained. Now, your ideal rise of wages does not attain this end. The corn has *really* risen; this is the first step. In consequence of this, an ideal rise follows in all things, which evades the absurdities of a real rise—and evades the Ricardian doctrine of profits; but, then, only by also evading any real rise in wages, the necessity of which (in order to meet the real rise in corn) first led to the whole movement of price. But this you will more clearly see after our next dialogue.

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DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF TWO CELEBRATED DISTINCTIONS IN THE THEORY OF VALUE.

X. Now, gentlemen, I come to a question which on a double account is interesting: first, because it is indispensable to the fluency of our future progress that this question should be once for all decided; secondly, because it furnishes an *experimentum crucis* for distinguishing a true knowledge of Mr. Ricardo's theory from a spurious or half-knowledge. Many a man will accompany Mr. Ricardo thus far, and will keep his seat pretty well until he comes to the point which we have now reached—at which point scarcely one in a thousand will escape being unhorsed.

Phæd. Which one most assuredly will not be myself. For I have a natural alacrity in losing my seat, and gravitate so determinately to the ground, that (like a Roman of old) I ride without stirrups, by way of holding myself in constant readiness for projection; upon the least hint, anticipating my horse's wishes on that point, and throwing myself off as fast as possible; for what's the use of taking the negative side in a dispute where one's horse takes the affirmative? So I leave it to Philebus to ride through the steeple-chase you will lead him; his be the honor of the day—and his the labor.

X. But *that* cannot be; Philebus is bound in duty to be dismounted, for the sake of keeping Mr. Malthus with many others in countenance. For at this point, Phædrus, more than at any other almost, there is a sad confusion of lords and gentlemen that I could name thrown out of the saddle pell-mell upon their mother earth.

Phil.
"So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing."

I suppose I may add—

"Heightened in their thoughts beyond
All doubts of victory."

Meantime, what is it you allude to?

X. You are acquainted, I doubt not, Philebus, with the common distinction between *real* and *nominal* value; and in your judgment upon that distinction I presume that you adopt the doctrine of Mr. Malthus.

Phil. I do; but I know not why you should call it the doctrine of Mr. Malthus; for, though he has reurged it against Mr. Ricardo, yet originally it belongs to Adam Smith.

X. Not so, Philebus; *a* distinction between real and nominal value was made by Adam Smith, but not altogether *the* distinction of Mr. Malthus. It is true that Mr. Malthus tells us ("Polit. Econ.," p. 63) that the distinction is "exactly the same." But in this he is inaccurate; for neither is it exactly the same; nor, if it had been, could Mr. Malthus have urged it in his "Political Economy" with the same consistency as its original author. This you will see hereafter. But no matter; how do you understand the distinction?

Phil. "I continue to think," with Mr. Malthus, and in his words, "that the most proper definition of real value in exchange, in contradistinction to nominal value in exchange, is the power of commanding the necessaries and conveniences of life, including labor, as distinguished from the power of commanding the precious metals."

X. You think, for instance, that if the wages of a laborer should in England be at the rate of five shillings a day, and in France of no more than one shilling a day, it could not, therefore, be inferred

that wages were at a high real value in England, or a low real value in France. Until we know how much food, &c., could be had for the five shillings in England, and how much in France for the one shilling, all that we could fairly assert would be, that wages were at a high *nominal* value in England and at a low *nominal* value in France; but the moment it should be ascertained that the English wages would procure twice as much comfort as the French, or the French twice as much as the English, we might then peremptorily affirm that wages were at a high *real* value in England on the first supposition, or in France on the second:—this is what you think?

Phil. It is, and very fairly stated, I think this, in common with Mr. Malthus; and can hold out but little hope that I shall ever cease to think it.

X.
"Why, then, know this,
Thou think'st amiss;
And, to think right, thou must think o'er again."
[Footnote: Suckling's well-known song.]

Phæd. But is it possible that Mr. Ricardo can require me to abjure an inference so reasonable as this? If so, I must frankly acknowledge that I am out of the saddle already.

X. Reasonable inference? So far from *that*, there is an end of all logic if such an inference be tolerated. *That* man may rest assured that his vocation in this world is not logical, who feels disposed (after a few minutes' consideration) to question the following proposition,—namely: That it is very possible for A continually to increase in value—in *real* value, observe—and yet to command a continually decreasing quantity of B; in short, that A may acquire a thousand times higher value, and yet exchange for ten thousand times less of B.

Phæd. Why, then, "chaos is come again!" Is this the unparadoxical Ricardo?

X. Yes, Phædrus; but lay not this unction to your old prejudices, which you must now prepare to part with forever, that it is any spirit of wilful paradox which is now speaking; for get rid of Mr. Ricardo, if you can, but you will not, therefore, get rid of this paradox. On any other theory of value whatsoever, it will still continue to be an irresistible truth, though it is the Ricardian theory only which can consistently explain it. Here, by the way, is a specimen of paradox in the true and laudable sense—in that sense according to which Boyle entitled a book "Hydrostatical Paradoxes;" for, though it wears a *primâ facie* appearance of falsehood, yet in the end you will be sensible that it is not only true, but true in that way and degree which will oblige him who denies it to maintain an absurdity. Again, therefore, I affirm that, when the laborer obtains a large quantity of corn, for instance, it is so far from being any fair inference that wages are then at a high real value, that in all probability they are at a very low real value; and inversely I affirm, that when wages are at their very highest real value, the laborer will obtain the very smallest quantity of corn. Or, quitting wages altogether (because such an illustration would drive me into too much anticipation), I affirm universally of Y (that is, of any assignable thing whatsoever), that it shall grow more valuable *ad infinitum*, and yet by possibility exchange for less and less *ad infinitum* of Z (that is, of any other assignable thing).

Phæd. Well, all I shall say is this,—am I in a world where men stand on their heads or on their feet? But there is some trick in all this; there is some snare. And now I consider—what's the meaning of your saying "by possibility"? If the doctrine you would force upon me be a plain, broad, straightforward truth, why fetter it with such a suspicious restriction?

X. Think, for a moment, Phædrus, what doctrine it is which I would force upon you; not, as you seem to suppose, that the quantity obtained by Y is in the *inverse* ratio of the value of Y; on the contrary, if that were so, it would still remain true that an irresistible inference might be drawn from the quantity purchased to the value of the thing purchasing, and *vice versa*, from the value of the thing purchasing to the quantity which it would purchase. There would still be a connection between the two; and the sole difference between my doctrine and the old doctrine would be this—that the connection would be no longer *direct* (as by your doctrine), but *inverse*. This would be the difference, and the sole difference. But what is it that I assert? Why, that there is no connection at all, or of any kind, direct or inverse, between the quantity commanded and the value commanding. My object is to get rid of your inference, not to substitute any new inference of my own. I put, therefore, an extreme case. This case ought by your doctrine to be impossible. If, therefore, it be *not* impossible, your doctrine is upset. Simply as a possible case, it is sufficient to destroy *you*. But, if it were more than a possible case, it would destroy *me*. For if, instead of demonstrating the possibility of such a case, I had attempted to show that it were a universal and necessary case, I should again be introducing the notion of a connection between the quantity obtained and the value obtaining, which it is the very purpose of my whole argument to exterminate. For my thesis is, that no such connection subsists between the two as warrants any inference that the real value is great because the quantity it buys is great, or small

because the quantity it buys is small; or, reciprocally, that, because the real value is great or small, therefore the quantities bought shall be great or small. From, or to, the real value in these cases, I contend that there is no more valid inference, than from, or to, the nominal value with which it is contrasted.

Phil. Your thesis, then, as I understand it, is this: that if A double its value, it will not command double the quantity of B. I have a barouche which is worth about six hundred guineas at this moment. Now, if I should keep this barouche unused in my coach-house for five years, and at the end of this term it should happen from any cause that carriages had doubled in value, *my* understanding would lead me to expect double the quantity of any commodity for which I might then exchange it, whether *that* were money, sugar, besoms, or anything whatsoever. But *you* tell me—no. And *vice versa*, if I found that my barouche at the end of five years obtained for me double the quantity of sugar, or besoms, or political economists, which it would now obtain, I should think myself warranted in drawing an inference that carriages had doubled their value. But you tell me—no; "non valet consequentia."

X. You are in the right, Phædrus; I *do* tell you so. But you do not express my thesis quite accurately, which is, that if A double its value, it will not *therefore* command double the former quantity of B. It may do so; and it may also command five hundred times more, or five hundred times less.

Phæd. O tempora! O mores! Here is my friend X., that in any other times would have been a man of incorruptible virtue; and yet, in our unprincipled age, he is content to barter the interests of truth and the "majesty of plain-dealing" for a brilliant paradox, or (shall I say?) for the glory of being reputed an accomplished disputant.

X. But, Phædrus, there could be little brilliancy in a paradox which in the way you understand it will be nothing better than a bold defiance of common sense. In fact, I should be ashamed to give the air of a paradox to so evident a truth as that which I am now urging, if I did not continually remind myself that, evident as it may appear, it yet escaped Adam Smith. This consideration, and the spectacle of so many writers since his day thrown out and at a fault precisely at this point of the chase, make it prudent to present it in as startling a shape as possible; in order that, the attention being thoroughly roused, the final assent may not be languid or easily forgotten. Suffer me, therefore, Phædrus, in a Socratic way, to extort an assent from your own arguments—allow me to drive you into an absurdity.

Phæd. With all my heart; if our father Adam is wrong, I am sure it would be presumptuous in me to be right; so drive me as fast as possible.

X. You say that A, by doubling its own value, shall command a double quantity of B. Where, by A, you do not mean some one thing in particular, but generally any assignable thing whatever. Now, B is some assignable thing. Whatever, therefore, is true of A, will be true of B?

Phæd. It will.

X. It will be true, therefore, of B, that, by doubling its own value, it will command a double quantity of A?

Phæd. I cannot deny it.

X. Let A be your carriage; and let B stand for six hundred thousands of besoms, which suppose to express the value of your carriage in that article at this present moment. Five years hence, no matter why, carriages have doubled in value; on which supposition you affirm that in exchange for your barouche you will be entitled to receive no less than twelve hundred thousands of besoms.

Phæd. I do; and a precious bargain I shall have of it; like Moses with his gross of shagreen spectacles. But sweep on, if you please; brush me into absurdity.

X. I will. Because barouches have altered in value, that is no reason why besoms should *not* have altered?

Phæd. Certainly; no reason in the world.

X. Let them have altered; for instance, at the end of the five years, let them have been doubled in value. Now, because your assertion is this—simply by doubling in value, B shall command a double quantity of A—it follows inevitably, Phædrus, that besoms, having doubled their value in five years, will at the end of that time command a double quantity of barouches. The supposition is, that six hundred thousand, at present, command one barouche; in five years, therefore, six hundred thousand will command two barouches?

Phæd. They will.

X. Yet, at the very same time, it has already appeared from your argument that twelve hundred thousand will command only one barouche; that is, a barouche will at one and the same time be worth twelve hundred thousand besoms, and worth only one fourth part of that quantity. Is this an absurdity, Phædrus?

Phæd. It seems such.

X. And, therefore, the argument from which it flows, I presume, is false?

Phæd. Scavenger of bad logic! I confess that it looks so.

Phil. You confess? So do not I. You die "soft," Phædrus; give me the cudgels, and I'll die "game," at least. The flaw in your argument, X., is this: you summoned Phædrus to invert his proposition, and then you extorted an absurdity from this inversion. But that absurdity follows only from the particular form of expression into which you threw the original proposition. I will express the same proposition in other terms, unexceptionable terms, which shall evade the absurdity. Observe. A and B are at this time equal in value; that is, they now exchange quantity for quantity. Or, if you prefer your own case, I say that one barouche exchanges for six hundred thousand besoms. I choose, however, to express this proposition thus: A (one barouche) and B (six hundred thousand besoms) are severally equal in value to C. When, therefore, A doubles its value, I say that it shall command a double quantity of C. Now, mark how I will express the inverted case. When B doubles its value, I say that it shall command a double quantity of C. But these two cases are very reconcilable with each other. A may command a double quantity of C at the same time that B commands a double quantity of C, without involving any absurdity at all. And, if so, the disputed doctrine is established, that a double value implies a double command of quantity; and reciprocally, that from a doubled command of quantity we may infer a doubled value.

X. A, and B, you say, may simultaneously command a double quantity of C, in consequence of doubling their value; and this they may do without absurdity. But how shall I know *that*, until I know what you cloak under the symbol of C? For if the same thing shall have happened to C which my argument assumes to have happened to B (namely, that its value has altered), then the same demonstration will hold; and the very same absurdity will follow any attempt to infer the quantity from the value, or the value from the quantity.

Phil. Yes, but I have provided against *that*; for by C I mean any assignable thing which has *not* altered its own value. I assume C to be stationary in value.

X. In that case, Philebus, it is undoubtedly true that no absurdity follows from the inversion of the proposition as it is expressed by you. But then the short answer which I return is this: your thesis avoids the absurdity by avoiding the entire question in dispute. Your thesis is not only not the same as that which we are now discussing; not only different in essence from the thesis which is *now* disputed; but moreover it affirms only what *never* was disputed by any man. No man has ever denied that A, by doubling its own value, will command a double quantity of all things which have been stationary in value. Of things in that predicament, it is self-evident that A will command a double quantity. But the question is, whether universally, from doubling its value, A will command a double quantity: and inversely, whether universally, from the command of a double quantity, it is lawful to infer a double value. This is asserted by Adam Smith, and is essential to his distinction of nominal and real value; this is peremptorily denied by us. We offer to produce cases in which from double value it shall not be lawful to infer double quantity. We offer to produce cases in which from double quantity it shall *not* be lawful to infer double value. And thence we argue, that *until* the value is discovered in some other way, it will be impossible to discover whether it be high or low from any consideration of the quantity commanded; and again, with respect to the quantity commanded—that, *until* known in some other way, it shall never be known from any consideration of the value commanding. This is what we say; now, your "C" contradicts the conditions; "*until* the value is discovered in some other way, it shall never be learned from the quantity commanded." But in your "C" the value is already discovered; for you assume it; you postulate that C is stationary in value: and hence it is easy indeed to infer that, because A commands double quantity of "C," it shall therefore be of double value; but this inference is not obtained from the single consideration of double quantity, but from *that* combined with the assumption of unaltered value in C, without which assumption you shall never obtain that inference.

Phæd. The matter is clear beyond what I require; yet, X., for the satisfaction of my "game" friend Philebus, give us a proof or two *ex abundanti* by applying what you have said to cases in Adam Smith or others.

X. In general it is clear that, if the value of A increases in a duplicate ratio, yet if the value of B increases in a triplicate ratio, so far from commanding a greater quantity of B, A shall command a smaller quantity; and if A continually goes on squaring its former value, yet if B continually goes on cubing its former value, then, though A will continually augment in value, yet the quantity which it will

command of B shall be continually less, until at length it shall become practically equal to nothing. [Footnote: The reader may imagine that there is one exception to this case: namely, if the values of A and B were assumed at starting to be = 1; because, in that case, the squares, cubes, and all other powers alike, would be = I; and thus, under any apparent alteration, the real relations of A and B would always remain the same. But this is an impossible and unmeaning case in Political Economy, as might easily be shown.] Hence, therefore, I deduce,

1. That when I am told by Adam Smith that the money which I can obtain for my hat expresses only its *nominal* value, but that the labor which I can obtain for it expresses its *real* value—I reply, that the quantity of labor is no more any expression of the real value than the quantity of money; both are equally fallacious expressions, because equally equivocal. My hat, it is true, now buys me *x* quantity of labor, and some years ago it bought *x/2* quantity of labor. But this no more proves that my hat has advanced in real value according to that proportion, than a double *money* price will prove it. For how will Adam Smith reply to him who urges the double money value as an argument of a double real value? He will say—No; non valet consequentia. Your proof is equivocal; for a double quantity of money will as inevitably arise from the sinking of money as from the rising of hats. And supposing money to have sunk to one fourth of its former value, in that case a double money value—so far from proving hats to have risen in real value—will prove that hats have absolutely fallen in real value by one half; and they will be seen to have done so by comparison with all things which have remained stationary; otherwise they would obtain not double merely, but four times the quantity of money price. This is what Adam Smith will reply in effect. Now, the very same objection I make to labor as any test of real value. My hat now obtains *x* labor; formerly it obtained only one half of *x*. Be it so; but the whole real change may be in the labor; labor may now be at one half its former value; in which case my hat obtains the same real price; double the quantity of labor being now required to express the same value. Nay, if labor has fallen to one tenth of its former value, so far from being proved to have risen one hundred per cent. in real value by now purchasing a double quantity of labor, my hat is proved to have fallen to one fifth of its former value; else, instead of buying me only *x* labor, which is but the double of its former value (*x/2*), it would buy me 5 *x*, or ten times its former value.

Phil. Your objection, then, to the labor price, as any better expression of the *real* value than the money price, would be that it is an equivocal expression, leaving it doubtful on which side of the equation the disturbance had taken place, or whether on both sides. In which objection, as against others, you may be right; but you must not urge this against Adam Smith; because, on his theory, the expression is not equivocal; the disturbance can be only on one side of the equation, namely, in your hat. For as to the other side (the labor), *that* is secured from all disturbance by his doctrine that labor is always of the same value. When, therefore, your hat will purchase *x* quantity of labor instead of half *x*, the inference is irresistible that your hat has doubled its value. There lies no appeal from this; it cannot be evaded by alleging that the labor may have fallen, for the labor cannot fall.

X. On the Smithian theory it cannot; and therefore it is that I make a great distinction between the error of Adam Smith and of other later writers. He, though wrong, was consistent. That the value of labor is invariable, is a principle so utterly untenable, that many times Adam Smith abandoned it himself implicitly, though not explicitly. The demonstration of its variable value indeed follows naturally from the laws which govern wages; and, therefore, I will not here anticipate it. Meantime, having once adopted that theory of the unalterable value of labor, Adam Smith was in the right to make it the expression of real value. But this is not done with the same consistency by Mr. Malthus at the very time when he denies the possibility of any invariable value.

Phil. How so? Mr. Malthus asserts that there is one article of invariable value; what is more, this article is labor,—the very same as that formerly alleged for such by Adam Smith; and he has written a book to prove it.

X. True, Philebus, he has done so; and he *now* holds that labor is invariable, supposing that his opinions have not altered within the last twelve months. But he was so far from holding this in 1820 (at which time it was that he chiefly insisted on the distinction between nominal and real value), that he was not content with the true arguments against the possibility of an invariable value, but made use of one, as I shall soon show you, which involves what the metaphysicians call a *non-ens*—or an idea which includes contradictory and self-destroying conditions. Omitting, however, the inconsistency in the idea of *real* value as conceived by Mr. Malthus, there is this additional error engrafted upon the Smithian definition, that it is extended to "the necessaries and conveniences of life" in general, and no longer confined exclusively to labor. I shall, therefore, as another case for illustrating and applying the result of our dispute,

2. Cite a passage from Mr. Malthus' "Political Economy" (p. 59): "If we are told that the wages of day-labor in a particular country are, at the present time, fourpence a day, or that the revenue of a particular sovereign, seven or eight hundred years ago, was four hundred thousand pounds a year,

these statements of nominal value convey no sort of information respecting the condition of the lower class of people in the one case, or the resources of the sovereign in the other. Without further knowledge on the subject, we should be quite at a loss to say whether the laborers in the country mentioned were starving or living in great plenty; whether the king in question might be considered as having a very inadequate revenue, or whether the sum mentioned was so great as to be incredible. [Footnote: Hume very reasonably doubts the possibility of William the Conqueror's revenue being four hundred thousand pounds a year, as represented by an ancient historian, and adopted by subsequent writers.—Note of Mr. Malthus.] It is quite obvious that in cases of this kind,—and they are of constant recurrence,—the value of wages, incomes, or commodities, estimated in the precious metals, will be of little use to us alone. What we want further is some estimate of a kind which may be denominated real value in exchange, implying the quantity of the necessaries and conveniences of life which those wages, incomes, or commodities, will enable the possessor of them to command."

In this passage, over and above the radical error about real value, there is also apparent that confusion, which has misled so many writers, between *value* and *wealth*; a confusion which Mr. Ricardo first detected and cleared up. That we shall not be able to determine, from the mere money wages, whether the laborers were "starving or living in great plenty," is certain; and that we *shall* be able to determine this as soon as we know the quantity of necessaries, etc., which those wages commanded, is equally certain; for, in fact, the one knowledge is identical with the other, and but another way of expressing it; we must, of course, learn that the laborer lived in plenty, if we should learn that his wages gave him a great deal of bread, milk, venison, salt, honey, etc. And as there could never have been any doubt whether we should learn *this* from what Mr. Malthus terms the real value, and that we should *not* learn it from what he terms the money value, Mr. Malthus may be assured that there never can have been any dispute raised on that point. The true dispute is, whether, after having learned that the laborer lived in American plenty, we shall have at all approximated to the appreciation of his wages as to real value: this is the question; and it is plain that we shall not. What matters it that his wages gave him a great deal of corn, until we know whether corn bore a high or a low value? A great deal of corn at a high value implies wages of a high value; but a great deal of corn at a low value is very consistent with wages at a low value. Money wages, it is said, leave us quite in the dark as to real value. Doubtless; nor are we at all the less in the dark for knowing the corn wages, the milk wages, the grouse wages, etc. *Given* the value of corn, *given* the value of milk, *given* the value of grouse, we shall know whether a great quantity of those articles implies a high value, or is compatible with a low value, in the wages which commanded them; but, *until* that is given, it has been already shown that the quantity alone is an equivocal test, being equally capable of coexisting with high wages or low wages.

Phil. Why, then, it passes my comprehension to understand what test remains of real value, if neither money price nor commodity price expresses it. When are wages, for example, at a high real value?

X. Wages are at a high real value when it requires much labor to produce wages; and at a low real value when it requires little labor to produce wages: and it is perfectly consistent with the high real value that the laborer should be almost starving; and perfectly consistent with the low real value that the laborer should be living in great ease and comfort.

Phil. Well, this may be true; but you must allow that it sounds extravagant.

X. Doubtless it sounds extravagant, to him who persists in slipping under his notion of value another and heterogeneous notion, namely, that of wealth. But, let it sound as it may, all the absurdities (which are neither few nor slight) are on the other side. These will discover themselves as we advance. Meantime, I presume that in your use, and in everybody's use, of the word value, a high value ought to purchase a high value, and that it will be very absurd if it should not. But, as to purchasing a great quantity, that condition is surely not included in any man's idea of value.

Phil. No, certainly; because A is of high value, it does not follow that it must purchase a great quantity; that must be as various as the nature of the thing with which it is compared. But having once assumed any certain thing, as B, it does seem to follow that, however small a quantity A may purchase of this (which I admit may be very small, though the value of A should be very great), yet it does seem to follow, from everybody's notion of value, that this quantity of B, however small at first, must continually increase, if the value of A be supposed continually to increase.

X. This may "seem" to follow; but it has been shown that it does not follow; for if A continually double its value, yet let B continually triple or quadruple its value, and the quantity of B will be so far from increasing, that it will finally become evanescent. In short, once for all, the formula is this: Let A continually increase in value, and it shall purchase continually more and more in quantity— than what? More than it did? By no means; but more than it would have done, but for that increase in value. A has doubled its value. Does it *therefore* purchase more than it did before of B? No; perhaps it purchases much less; suppose only one fourth part as much of B as it did before; but still the doubling of A's value

has had its full effect; for B, it may happen, has increased in value eight-fold; and, but for the doubling of A, it would, instead of one fourth, have bought only one eighth of the former quantity. A, therefore, by doubling in value, has bought not double in quantity of what it bought before, but double in quantity of what it would else have bought.

The remainder of this dialogue related to the distinction between "relative" value, as it is termed, and "absolute" value; clearing up the true use of that distinction. But, this being already too long, the amount of it will be given hereafter, with a specimen of the errors which have arisen from the abuse of this distinction.

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DIALOGUE THE FIFTH.

ON THE IMMEDIATE USES OF THE NEW THEORY OF VALUE.

X. The great law which governs exchangeable value has now been stated and argued. Next, it seems, we must ask, what are its uses? This is a question which you or I should not be likely to ask; for with what color of propriety could a doubt be raised about the use of any truth in any science? still less, about the use of a leading truth? least of all, about the use of *the* leading truth? Nevertheless, such a doubt *has* been raised by Mr. Malthus.

Phæd. On what ground or pretence.

X. Under a strange misconception of Mr. Ricardo's meaning. Mr. Malthus has written a great deal, as you may have heard, against Mr. Ricardo's principle of value; his purpose is to prove that it is a false principle; independently of which, he contends that, even if it were a true principle, it would be of little use. [Footnote: *Vide* the foot-note to p. 54 of "The Measure of Value."]

Phæd. Little use? In relation to what?

X. Ay, *there* lies the inexplicable mistake: of little use as a *measure* of value. Now, this is a mistake for which there can be no sort of apology; for it supposes Mr. Ricardo to have brought forward his principle of value as a standard or measure of value; whereas, Mr. Ricardo has repeatedly informed his reader that he utterly rejects the possibility of any such measure. Thus (at p. 10, edit. 2d), after laying down the *conditio sine quâ non* under which any commodity could preserve an unvarying value, he goes on to say: "of such a commodity we have no knowledge, and consequently are unable to fix on any standard of value." And, again (at p. 343 of the same edition), after exposing at some length the circumstances which disqualify "any commodity, or all commodities together," from performing the office of a standard of value, he again states the indispensable condition which must be realized in that commodity which should pretend to such an office; and again he adds, immediately, "of such a commodity we have no knowledge." But what leaves this mistake still more without excuse is, that in the third edition of his book Mr. Ricardo has added an express section (the sixth) to his chapter on value, having for its direct object to expose the impossibility of any true measure of value. Setting aside, indeed, these explicit declarations, a few words will suffice to show that Mr. Ricardo could not have consistently believed in any standard or measure of value. What does a standard mean?

Phæd. A standard is that which stands still whilst other things move, and by this means serves to indicate or measure the degree in which those other things have advanced or receded.

X. Doubtless; and a standard of value must itself stand still or be stationary in value. But nothing could possibly be stationary in value upon Mr. Ricardo's theory, unless it were always produced by the same quantity of labor; since any alteration in the quantity of the producing labor must immediately affect the value of the product. Now, what is there which can always be obtained by the same quantity of labor? Raw materials (for reasons which will appear when we consider Rent) are constantly tending to grow dearer [Footnote: "Constantly tending to grow dearer"—To the novice in Political Economy, it will infallibly suggest itself that the direct contrary is the truth; since, even in rural industry, though more tardily improving its processes than manufacturing industry, the tendency is always in that direction: agriculture, as an art benefiting by experience, has never yet been absolutely regressive, though not progressive by such striking leaps or sudden discoveries as manufacturing art. But, for all that, it still remains true, as a general principle, that raw materials won from the soil are constantly tending to grow dearer, whilst these same materials as worked up for use by manufacturing skill are constantly travelling upon an opposite path. The reason is, that, in the case of manufacturing improvements, no conquest made is ever lost. The course is never retrogressive towards the worse machinery, or towards the more circuitous process; once resigned, the inferior method is resigned forever. But in the industry applied to the soil this is otherwise. Doubtless the farmer does not, with his

eyes open, return to methods which have experimentally been shown to be inferior, unless, indeed, where want of capital may have forced him to do so; but, as population expands, he is continually forced into descending upon inferior soils; and the product of these inferior soils it is which gives the ruling price for the whole aggregate of products. Say that soils Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, had been hitherto sufficient for a nation, where the figures express the regular graduation downwards in point of fertility; then, when No. 5 is called for (which, producing less by the supposition, costs, therefore, more upon any given quantity), the price upon this last, No. 5, regulates the price upon all the five soils. And thus it happens that, whilst always progressive, rural industry is nevertheless always travelling towards an increased cost. The product of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, is continually tending to be cheaper; but when the cost of No. 5 (and so on forever as to the fresh soils required to meet a growing population) is combined with that of the superior soils, the quotient from the entire dividend, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is always tending gradually to a higher expression.] by requiring more labor for their production; manufactures, from the changes in machinery, which are always progressive and never retrograde, are constantly tending to grow cheaper by requiring less; consequently, there is nothing which, upon Mr. Ricardo's theory, can long continue stationary in value. If, therefore, he had proposed any measure of value, he must have forgotten his own principle of value.

Phil. But allow me to ask; if that principle is not proposed as a measure of value, in what character *is* it proposed?

X. Surely, Philebus, as the *ground* of value; whereas a measure of value is no more than a *criterion* or test of value. The last is simply a *principium cognoscendi*, whereas the other is a *principium essendi*.

Phil. But wherein lies the difference?

X. Is it possible that you can ask such a question? A thermometer measures the temperature of the air; that is, it furnishes a criterion for ascertaining its varying degrees of heat; but you cannot even imagine that a thermometer furnishes any *ground* of this heat. I wish to know whether a day's labor at the time of the English Revolution bore the same value as a hundred years after at the time of the French Revolution; and, if not the same value, whether a higher or a lower. For this purpose, if I believe that there is any commodity which is immutable in value, I shall naturally compare a day's labor with that commodity at each period. Some, for instance, have imagined that corn is of invariable value; and, supposing one to adopt so false a notion, we should merely have to inquire what quantity of corn a day's labor would exchange for at each period, and we should then have determined the relations of value between labor at the two periods. In this case, I should have used corn as the *measure* of the value of labor; but I could not rationally mean to say that corn was the *ground* of the value of labor; and, if I said that I made use of corn to *determine* the value of labor, I should employ the word "determine" in the same sense as when I say that the thermometer determines the heat—namely, that it ascertains it, or determines it to my knowledge (as a *principium cognoscendi*). But, when Mr. Ricardo says that the quantity of labor employed on A determines the value of A, he must of course be understood to mean that it *causes* A to be of this value, that it is the *ground* of its value, the *principium essendi* of its value; just as when, being asked what determines a stone to fall downwards rather than upwards, I answer that it is the earth's attraction, or the principle of gravitation, meaning that this principle *causes* it to fall downwards; and if, in this case, I say that gravitation "*determines*" its course downwards, I no longer use that word in the sense of *ascertain*; I do not mean that gravitation *ascertains* it to have descended; but that gravitation has *causatively* impressed that direction on its course; in other words, I make gravitation the *principium essendi* of its descent.

Phæd. I understand your distinction; and in which sense do you say that Mr. Malthus has used the term Measure of Value—in the sense of a ground, or of a criterion?

X. In both senses; he talks of it as "*accounting for*" the value of A, in which case it means a ground of value; and as "*estimating*" the value of A, in which case it means a criterion of value. I mention these expressions as instances; but, the truth is, that, throughout his essay entitled "The Measure of Value Stated and Illustrated" and throughout his "Political Economy" (but especially in the second chapter, entitled "The Nature and Measures of Value"), he uniformly confounds the two ideas of a ground and a criterion of value under a much greater variety of expressions than I have time to enumerate.

Phil. But, admitting that Mr. Malthus has proceeded on the misconception you state, what is the specific injury which has thence resulted to Mr. Ricardo?

X. I am speaking at present of the uses to be derived from Mr. Ricardo's principle of value. Now, if it had been proposed as a measure of value, we might justly demand that it should be "ready and easy of application," to adopt the words of Mr. Malthus ("Measure of Value," p. 54); but it is manifestly not so; for the quantity of labor employed in producing A "could not in many cases" (as Mr. Malthus truly objects) "be ascertained without considerable difficulty;" in most cases, indeed, it could not be ascertained at all. A measure of value, however, which cannot be practically applied, is worthless; as a

measure of value, therefore, Mr. Ricardo's law of value is worthless; and if it had been offered as such by its author, the blame would have settled on Mr. Ricardo; as it is, it settles on Mr. Malthus, who has grounded an imaginary triumph on his own gross misconception. For Mr. Ricardo never dreamed of offering a standard or fixed measure of value, or of tolerating any pretended measure of that sort, by whomsoever offered.

Thus much I have said for the sake of showing what is not the use of Mr. Ricardo's principle in the design of its author; in order that he may be no longer exposed to the false criticism of those who are looking for what is not to be found, nor ought to be found, [Footnote: At p. 36 of "The Measure of Value" (in the footnote), this misconception as to Mr. Ricardo appears in a still grosser shape; for not only does Mr. Malthus speak of a "concession" (as he calls it) of Mr. Ricardo as being "quite fatal" to the notion of a standard of value,—as though it were an object with Mr. Ricardo to establish such a standard,—but this standard, moreover, is now represented as being gold. And what objection does Mr. Malthus make to gold as a standard? The identical objection which Mr. Ricardo had himself insisted on in that very page of his third edition to which Mr. Malthus refers.] in his work. On quitting this part of the subject, I shall just observe that Mr. Malthus, in common with many others, attaches a most unreasonable importance to the discovery of a measure of value. I challenge any man to show that the great interests of Political Economy have at all suffered for want of such a measure, which at best would end in answering a few questions of unprofitable curiosity; whilst, on the other hand, without a knowledge of the ground on which value depends, or without some approximation to it, Political Economy could not exist at all, except as a heap of baseless opinions.

Phæd. Now, then, having cleared away the imaginary uses of Mr. Ricardo's principle, let us hear something of its real uses.

X. The most important of these I expressed in the last words I uttered: *That* without which a science cannot exist is commensurate in use with the science itself; being the fundamental law, it will testify its own importance in the changes which it will impress on all the derivative laws. For the main use of Mr. Ricardo's principle, I refer you therefore to all Political Economy. Meantime, I will notice here the immediate services which it has rendered by liberating the student from those perplexities which previously embarrassed him on his first introduction to the science; I mention two cases by way of specimen.

1. When it was asked by the student what determined the value of all commodities, it was answered that this value was chiefly determined by wages. When again it was asked what determined wages, it was recollected that wages must generally be adjusted to the value of the commodities upon which they were spent; and the answer was in effect that wages were determined by the value of commodities. And thus the mind was entangled in this inextricable circle—that the price of commodities was determined by wages, and wages determined by the price of commodities. From this gross *Diallælos* (as the logicians call it), or see-saw, we are now liberated; for the first step, as we are now aware, is false: the value of commodities is *not* determined by wages; since wages express the value of labor; and it has been demonstrated that not the *value* but the *quantity* of labor determines the value of its products.

2. A second case, in which Mr. Ricardo's law has introduced a simplicity into the science which had in vain been sought for before, is this: all former economists, in laying down the component parts of price, had fancied it impossible to get rid of what is termed the *raw material* as one of its elements. This impossibility was generally taken for granted: but an economist of our times, the late Mr. Francis Horner, had (in the *Edinburgh Review*) expressly set himself to prove it. "It is not true," said Mr. Horner, "that the thing purchased in every bargain is merely so much labor: the value of the raw material can neither be rejected as nothing, nor estimated as a constant quantity." Now, this refractory element is at once, and in the simplest way possible, exterminated by Mr. Ricardo's reformed law of value. Upon the old system, if I had resolved the value of my hat into wages and profits, I should immediately have been admonished that I had forgotten one of the elements: "wages, profits, and raw material, you mean," it would have been said. Raw material! Well, but on what separate principle can this raw material be valued? or on what other principle than that on which the hat itself was valued? Like any other product of labor, its value is determined by the quantity of labor employed in obtaining it; and the amount of this product is divided between wages and profits as in any case of a manufactured commodity. The raw material of the hat suppose to be beaver: if, then, in order to take the quantity of beavers which are necessary to furnish materials for a thousand hats, four men have been employed for twenty-five days, then it appears that the raw material of a thousand hats has cost a hundred days' labor, which will be of the same value in exchange as the product of a hundred days' labor (previously equated and discounted as to its *quality*) in any other direction; as, for example, if a hundred days' labor would produce two thousand pairs of stockings of a certain quality, then it follows that the raw material of my hat is worth two pairs of such stockings. And thus it turns out that an element of value (which Mr. Horner and thousands of others have supposed to be of a distinct nature, and to resist all further analysis) gives way before Mr. Ricardo's law, and is eliminated; an admirable

simplification, which is equal in merit and use to any of the rules which have been devised, from time to time, for the resolution of algebraic equations.

Here, then, in a hasty shape, I have offered two specimens of the uses which arise from a better law of value; again reminding you, however, that the main use must lie in the effect which it will impress on all the other laws of Political Economy. And reverting for one moment, before we part, to the difficulty of Philebus about the difference between this principle as a *principium cognoscendi* or measure, and a *principium essendi* or determining ground, let me desire you to consider these two *essential* marks of distinction: 1. that by all respectable economists any true measure of value has been doubted or denied as a possibility: but no man can doubt the existence of a ground of value; 2. that a measure is posterior to the value; for, before a value can be measured or estimated, it must exist: but a ground of value must be antecedent to the value, like any other cause to its effect.

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DIALOGUE THE SIXTH.

ON THE OBJECTIONS TO THE NEW LAW OF VALUE.

X. The two most eminent economists [Footnote: The reader must continue to remember that this paper was written in 1824.] who have opposed the Ricardian doctrines are Mr. Malthus and Colonel Torrens. In the spring of 1820 Mr. Malthus published his "Principles of Political Economy," much of which was an attack upon Mr. Ricardo; and the entire second chapter of eighty-three pages, "On the Nature and Measures of Value," was one continued attempt to overthrow Mr. Ricardo's theory of value. Three years afterwards he published a second attack on the same theory in a distinct essay of eighty-one pages, entitled, "The Measure of Value Stated and Illustrated." In this latter work, amongst other arguments, he has relied upon one in particular, which he has chosen to exhibit in the form of a table. As it is of the last importance to Political Economy that this question should be settled, I will shrink from nothing that wears the semblance of an argument: and I will now examine this table; and will show that the whole of the inferences contained in the seventh, eighth, and ninth columns are founded on a gross blunder in the fifth and sixth; every number in which columns is falsely assigned.

MR. MALTHUS' TABLE ILLUSTRATING THE INVARIABLE VALUE OF LABOR AND ITS RESULTS.

(From p. 38 of "The Measure of Value Stated and Illustrated." London: 1823.)

N. B.—The sole change which has been made in this reprint of the original Table is the assigning of names (*Alpha, Beta*, etc.) to the several cases, for the purpose of easier reference and distinction.

CASE. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Alpha... 150 12 120 25 8 2 10 8.33 12.5
Beta.... 150 13 130 15.38 8.66 1.34 10 7.7 11.53
Gamma... 150 10 100 50 6.6 3.4 10 10 15
Delta... 140 12 120 16.66 8.6 1.4 10 7.14* 11.6
Epsilon. 140 11 110 27.2 7.85 2.15 10 9.09 12.7
Zeta.... 130 12 120 8.3 9.23 0.77 10 8.33 10.8
Eta..... 130 10 100 30 7.7 2.3 10 10 13
Theta... 120 11 110 9 9.17 0.83 10 9.09 10.9
Iota.... 120 10 100 20 8.33 1.67 10 10 12
Kappa... 110 10 100 10 9.09 0.91 10 10 11
Lambda.. 110 9 90 22.2 8.18 1.82 10 11.1 12.2
My..... 100 9 90 11.1 9 1 10 11.1 11.1
Ny..... 100 8 80 25 8 2 10 12.5 12.5
Xi..... 90 8 80 12.5 8.88 1.12 10 12.5 11.25

1.—Quarters of Corn produced by Ten Men. 2.—Yearly Corn Wages to each Laborer. 3.—Yearly Corn Wages of the whole Ten Men. 4.—Rate of Profits under the foregoing Circumstances. 5.—Quantity of Labor required to produce the Wages of Ten Men. 6.—Quantity of Profits on the Advance of Labor. 7.—Invariable Value of the Wages of a given Number of Men. 8.—Value of 100 Quarters of Corn under the varying Circumstances supposed. 9.—Value of the Product of the Labor of Ten Men under the Circumstances supposed.

[Footnote: *This is an oversight on the part of Mr. Malthus, and not an error of the press; for 7.14 would be the value of the 100 quarters on the supposition that the entire product of the ten men (namely, 140 quarters) went to wages; but the wages in this case (Delta) being 120 quarters, the true

value on the principle of this table is manifestly 8.33.]

SECTION I.

Phæd. Now, X., you know that I abhor arithmetical calculations; besides which, I have no faith in any propositions of a political economist which he cannot make out readily without all this elaborate machinery of tables and figures. Under these circumstances, I put it to you, as a man of feeling, whether you ought to inflict upon me this alarming pile of computations; which, by your gloomy countenance, I see that you are meditating.

X. Stop, recollect yourself: not I it is, remember, that impose this elaborate "table" upon you, but Mr. Malthus. The yoke is his. I am the man sent by Providence to lighten this yoke. Surrender yourself, therefore, to my guidance, Phædrus, and I will lead you over the hill by so easy a road that you shall never know you have been climbing. You see that there are nine columns; *that*, I suppose, does not pass your skill in arithmetic. Now, then, to simplify the matter, begin by dismissing from your attention every column but the first and the last; fancy all the rest obliterated.

Phæd. Most willingly; it is a heavenly fancy.

X. Next look into the first column, and tell me what you see there.

Phæd. I see "lots" of 150s and 140s, and other ill-looking people of the same description.

X. Well, these numbers express the products of the same labor on land of different qualities. The quantity of labor is assumed to be always the same; namely, the labor of ten men for a year (or one man for ten years, or twenty men for half a year, etc.). The producing labor, I say, is always the same; but the product is constantly varying. Thus, in the case Alpha the product is one hundred and fifty quarters; in the cases Delta and Epsilon, when cultivation has been compelled by increasing population to descend upon inferior land, the product of equal labor is no more than one hundred and forty quarters; and in the case Iota it has fallen to one hundred and twenty quarters. Now, upon Mr. Ricardo's principle of valuation, I demand to know what ought to be the price of these several products which vary so much in quantity.

Phæd. Why, since they are all the products of the same quantity of labor, they ought all to sell for the same price.

X. Doubtless; not, however, of necessity for the same money price, since money may itself have varied, in which case the same money price would be really a very different price; but for the same price in all things which have *not* varied in value. The Xi product, therefore, which is only ninety quarters, will fetch the same real price as the Alpha or Gamma products, which are one hundred and fifty. But, by the way, in saying this, let me caution you against making the false inference that corn is at the same price in the case Xi as in the case Alpha or Gamma; for the inference is the very opposite; since, if ninety quarters cost as much as one hundred and fifty, then each individual quarter of the ninety costs a great deal more. Thus, suppose that the Alpha product sold at four pounds a quarter, the price of the whole would be six hundred pounds. Six hundred pounds, therefore, must be the price of Xi, or the ninety quarters; but *that* is six pounds, thirteen shillings, four pence, a quarter. This ought to be a needless caution; yet I have known economists of great name stand much in need of it.

Phæd. I am sure *I* stand in need of it, and of all sort of assistance, for I am "ill at these numbers." But let us go on; what you require my assent to, I understand to be this: that all the different quantities of corn expressed in the first column will be of the same value, because they are all alike the product of ten men's labor. To this I *do* assent; and what next? Does anybody deny it?

X. Yes, Mr. Malthus: he asserts that the value will not be always the same; and the purpose of the ninth column is to assign the true values; which, by looking into that column, you may perceive to be constantly varying: the value of Alpha, for instance, is twelve and five tenths; the value of Epsilon is twelve and seven tenths; of Iota, twelve; and of Xi, eleven and twenty-five one-hundredths.

Phæd. But of what? Twelve and five tenths of what?

X. Of anything which, though variable, has in fact happened to be stationary in value; or, if you choose, of anything which is not variable in value.

Phæd. Not variable! But there is no such thing.

X. No! Mr. Malthus, however, says there is; labor, he asserts, is of unalterable value.

Phæd. What! does he mean to say, then, that the laborer always obtains the same wages?

X. Yes, the same real wages; all differences being only apparently in the wages, but really in the commodity in which the wages are paid. Let that commodity be wheat; then, if the laborer receives ten quarters of wheat in 1800, and nine in 1820, that would imply only that wheat was about eleven per cent, dearer in the latter year. Or let money be that commodity; then, if the laborer receives this century two shillings, and next century three shillings, this simply argues that money has fallen in value by fifty per cent.

Phæd. Why, so it may; and the whole difference in wages may have arisen in that way, and be only apparent. But, then, it may also have arisen from a change in the *real* value of wages; that is, on the Ricardian principle, in the quantity of labor necessary to produce wages. And this latter must have been the nature of the change, if Alpha, Iota, Xi, etc., should be found to purchase more labor; in which case Mr. Ricardo's doctrine is not disturbed; for he will say that Iota in 1700 exchanges for twelve, and Kappa in 1800 for eleven, not because Kappa has fallen in that proportion (for Kappa, being the product of the same labor as Iota, *cannot* fall below the value of Iota), but because the commodity for which they are exchanged has risen in that proportion.

X. He will; but Mr. Malthus attempts to bar that answer in this case, by alleging that it is impossible for the commodity in question (namely, labor) to rise or to fall in that or in any other proportion. If, then, the change cannot be in the labor, it must be in Alpha, Beta, etc.; in which case Mr. Ricardo will be overthrown; for they are the products of the same quantity of labor, and yet have not retained the same value.

Phæd. But, to bar Mr. Ricardo's answer, Mr. Malthus must not allege this merely; he must prove it.

X. To be sure; and the first seven columns of this table are designed to prove it. Now, then, we have done with the ninth column, and also with the eighth; for they are both mere corollaries from all the rest, and linked together under the plain rule of three. Dismiss these altogether; and we will now come to the argument.

SECTION II.

The table is now reduced to seven columns, and the logic of it is this: the four first columns express the conditions under which the three following ones are deduced as consequences; and they are to be read thus, taking the case Alpha by way of example: Suppose that (by *column one*) the land cultivated is of such a quality that ten laborers produce me one hundred and fifty quarters of corn; and that (by *column two*) each laborer receives for his own wages twelve quarters; in which case (by *column three*) the whole ten receive one hundred and twenty quarters; and thus (by *column four*) leave me for my profit thirty quarters out of all that they have produced; that is, twenty-five per cent. Under these conditions, I insist (says Mr. Malthus) that the wages of ten men, as stated in column three, let them be produced by little labor or much labor, shall never exceed or fall below one invariable value expressed in column seven; and, accordingly, by looking down that column, you will perceive one uniform valuation of 10. Upon this statement, it is manifest that the whole force of the logic turns upon the accuracy with which column three is valued in column seven. If that valuation be correct, then it follows that, under all changes in the quantity of labor which produces them, wages never alter in real value; in other words, the value of labor is invariable.

Phæd. But of course you deny that the valuation is correct?

X. I do, Phædrus; the valuation is wrong, even on Mr. Malthus' or any other man's principles, in every instance; the value is not truly assigned in a single case of the whole fourteen. For how does Mr. Malthus obtain this invariable value of ten? He resolves the value of the wages expressed in column three into two parts; one of which, under the name "*labor*," he assigns in column five; the other, under the name "*profits*," he assigns in column six; and column seven expresses the sum of these two parts; which are always kept equal to ten by always compensating each other's excesses and defects. Hence, Phædrus, you see that—as column seven simply expresses the sum of columns five and six—if those columns are right, column seven cannot be wrong. Consequently, it is in columns five and six that we are to look for the root of the error; which is indeed a very gross one.

Phil. Why, now, for instance, take the case Alpha, and what is the error you detect in that?

X. Simply, this—that in column five, instead of eight, the true value is 6.4; and in column six, instead of two, the true value is 1.6; the sum of which values is not ten, but eight; and that is the figure which should have stood in column seven.

Phil. How so, X.? In column five Mr. Malthus undertakes to assign the quantity of labor necessary (under the conditions of the particular case) to produce the wages expressed in column three, which in this case Alpha are one hundred and twenty quarters. Now, you cannot deny that he has assigned it truly; for, when ten men produce one hundred and fifty (by column one)—that is, each man fifteen—it must require eight to produce one hundred and twenty; for one hundred and twenty is eight times fifteen. Six men and four tenths of a man, the number you would substitute, could produce only ninety-six quarters.

X. Very true, Philebus; eight men are necessary to produce the one hundred and twenty quarters expressed in column three. And now answer me: what part of their own product will these eight producers deduct for their own wages?

Phil. Why (by column two), each man's wages in this case are twelve quarters; therefore the wages of the eight men will be ninety- six quarters.

X. And what quantity of labor will be necessary to produce these ninety-six quarters?

Phil. Each man producing fifteen, it will require six men's labor, and four tenths of another man's labor.

X. Very well; 6.4 of the eight are employed in producing the wages of the whole eight. Now tell me, Philebus, what more than their own wages do the whole eight produce?

Phil. Why, as they produce in all one hundred and twenty quarters, and their own deduction is ninety-six, it is clear that they produce twenty-four quarters besides their own wages.

X. And to whom do these twenty-four quarters go?

Phil. To their employer, for his profit.

X. Yes; and it answers the condition expressed in column four; for a profit of twenty-four quarters on ninety-six is exactly twenty- five per cent. But to go on—you have acknowledged that the ninety-six quarters for wages would be produced by the labor of 6.4 men. Now, how much labor will be required to produce the remaining twenty-four quarters for profits?

Phil. Because fifteen quarters require the labor of one man (by column one), twenty-four will require the labor of 1.6.

X. Right; and thus, Philebus, you have acknowledged all I wish. The object of Mr. Malthus is to ascertain the cost in labor of producing ten men's wages (or one hundred and twenty quarters) under the conditions of this case Alpha. The cost resolves itself, even on Mr. Malthus' principles, into so much wages to the laborers, and so much profit to their employer. Now, you or I will undertake to furnish Mr. Malthus the one hundred and twenty quarters, not (as he says) at a cost of ten men's labor (for at that cost we could produce him one hundred and fifty quarters by column one), but at a cost of eight. For six men and four tenths will produce the whole wages of the eight producers; and one man and six tenths will produce our profit of twenty-five per cent.

Phæd. The mistake, then, of Mr. Malthus, if I understand it, is egregious. In column five he estimates the labor necessary to produce the entire one hundred and twenty quarters—which, he says, is the labor of eight men; and so it is, if he means by labor what produces both wages and profits; otherwise, not. Of necessity, therefore, he has assigned the value both of wages and profits in column five. Yet in column six he gravely proceeds to estimate profits a second time.

X. Yes; and, what is still worse, in estimating these profits a second time over, he estimates them on the whole one hundred and twenty; that is, he allows for a second profit of thirty quarters; else it could not cost two men's labor (as by his valuation it does); for each man in the case Alpha produces fifteen quarters. Now, thirty quarters added to one hundred and twenty, are one hundred and fifty. But this is the *product* of ten men, and not the *wages* of ten men; which is the amount offered for valuation in column three, and which is all that column seven professes to have valued.

SECTION III.

Phæd. I am satisfied, X. But Philebus seems perplexed. Make all clear, therefore, by demonstrating the same result in some other way. With your adroitness, it can cost you no trouble to treat us with a little display of dialectical skirmishing. Show us a specimen of manoeuvring; enfilade him; take him in front and rear; and do it rapidly, and with a light-horseman's elegance.

X. If you wish for variations, it is easy to give them. In the first argument, what I depended on was this—that the valuation was inaccurate. Now, then, *secondly*, suppose the valuation to be accurate, in this case we must still disallow it to Mr. Malthus; for, in columns five and six, he values by the quantity of producing labor; but that is the Ricardian principle of valuation, which is the very principle that he writes to overthrow.

Phæd. This may seem a good *quoad hominem* argument. Yet surely any man may use the principle of his antagonist, in order to extort a particular result from it? *X*. He may; but in that case will the result be true, or will it not be true?

Phæd. If he denies the principle, he is bound to think the result not true; and he uses it as a *reductio ad absurdum*.

X. Right; but now in this case Mr. Malthus presents the result as a truth.

Phil. Yes, X.; but observe, the result is the direct contradiction of Mr. Ricardo's result. The quantities of column first vary in value by column the last; but the result, in Mr. Ricardo's hands, is—that they do not vary in value.

X. Still, if in Mr. Malthus' hands the principle is made to yield a truth, then at any rate the principle is itself true; and all that will be proved against Mr. Ricardo is, that he applied a sound principle unskilfully. But Mr. Malthus writes a book to prove that the principle is *not* sound.

Phæd. Yes, and to substitute another.

X. True; which other, I go on *thirdly* to say, is actually employed in this table. On which account it is fair to say that Mr. Malthus is a *third* time refuted. For, if two inconsistent principles of valuation be employed, then the table will be vicious, because heteronymous.

Phil. *Negatur minor.*

X. I prove the minor (namely, that two inconsistent principles *are* employed) by column the ninth; and thence, also, I deduct a *fourth* and a *fifth* refutation of the table.

Phæd. *Euge!* Now, this is a pleasant skirmishing.

X. For, in column the last, I say that the principle of valuation employed is different from that employed in columns five and six. Upon which I offer you this dilemma: it is—or it is not; choose.

Phil. Suppose I say, it is?

X. In that case, the result of this table is a case of *idem per idem*; a pure childish tautology.

Phil. Suppose I say, it is not?

X. In that case, the result of this table is false.

Phil. Demonstrate.

X. I say, that the principle of valuation employed in column nine is, not the quantity of *producing* labor, but the quantity of labor *commanded*. Now, if it is, then the result is childish tautology, as being identical with the premises. For it is already introduced into the premises as one of the conditions of the case Alpha (namely, into column two), that twelve quarters of corn shall command the labor of one man; which being premised, it is a mere variety of expression for the very same fact to tell us, in column nine, that the one hundred and fifty quarters of column the first shall command twelve men and five tenths of a man; for one hundred and forty-four, being twelve times twelve, will of course command twelve men, and the remainder of six quarters will of course command the half of a man. And it is most idle to employ the elaborate machinery of nine columns to deduce, as a learned result, what you have already put into the premises, and postulated amongst the conditions.

Phæd. This will, therefore, destroy Mr. Malthus' theory a fourth time.

X. Then, on the other hand, if the principle of valuation employed in column nine is the same as that employed in columns five and six, this principle must be the quantity of producing labor, and not the quantity of labor commanded. But, in that case, the result will be false. For column nine values column the first. Now, if the one hundred and fifty quarters of case Alpha are truly valued in column first, then they are falsely valued in column the last; and, if truly valued in column the last, then falsely valued in column the first. For, by column the last, the one hundred and fifty quarters are produced by the labor of twelve and a half men; but it is the very condition of column the first, that the one hundred and fifty quarters are produced by ten men.

Phæd. (Laughing). This is too hot to last. Here we have a fifth refutation. Can't you give us a sixth, X.?

X. If you please. Supposing Mr. Malthus' theory to be good, it shall be impossible for anything whatsoever at any time to vary in value. For how shall it vary? Because the *quantity* of producing labor varies? But *that* is the very principle which he is writing to overthrow. Shall it vary, then, because the *value* of the producing labor varies? But *that* is impossible on the system of Mr. Malthus; for, according to this system, the value of labor is invariable.

Phil. Stop! I've thought of a dodge. The thing shall vary because the *quantity* of labor commanded shall vary.

X. But how shall *that* vary? A can never command a greater quantity of labor, or of anything which is presumed to be of invariable value, until A itself be of a higher value. To command an altered quantity of labor, which (*on any theory*) must be the *consequence* of altered value, can never be the *cause* of altered value. No alterations of labor, therefore, whether as to quantity or value, shall ever account for the altered value of A; for, according to Mr. Malthus, they are either insufficient on the one hand, or impossible on the other.

Phil. Grant this, yet value may still vary; for suppose labor to be invariable, still profits may vary.

X. So that, if A rise, it will irresistibly argue profits to have risen?

Phil. It will; because no other element *can* have risen.

X. But now column eight assigns the value of a uniform quantity of corn—namely, one hundred quarters. In case Alpha, one hundred quarters are worth 8.33. What are one hundred quarters worth in the case Iota?

Phil. They are worth ten.

X. And *that* is clearly more. Now, if A have risen, by your own admission I am entitled to infer that profits have risen: but what are profits in the case Iota?

Phil. By column four they are twenty per cent.

X. And what in the case Alpha?

Phil. By column four, twenty-five per cent.

X. Then profits have fallen in the case Iota, but, because *L* has risen in case Iota from 8.33 to ten, it is an irresistible inference, on your theory, that profits ought to have risen.

Phæd. (Laughing). Philebus, this is a sharp practice; go on, X., and skirmish with him a little more in this voltigeur style.

N.B.—With respect to "The Templars' Dialogues," it may possibly be complained, that this paper is in some measure a fragment. My answer is, that, although fragmentary in relation to the entire *system* of Ricardo, and that previous *system* which he opposed, it is no fragment in relation to the radical *principle* concerned in those systems. The conflicting systems are brought under review simply at the *locus* of collision: just as the reader may have seen the chemical theory of Dr. Priestley, and the counter-theory of his anti- phlogistic opponents, stated within the limits of a single page. If the principle relied on by either party can be shown to lead into inextricable self-contradiction, *that* is enough. So much is accomplished in that case as was proposed from the beginning—namely, not to exhaust the *positive* elements of this system or that, but simply to settle the central logic of their several polemics; to settle, in fact, not the matter of what is evolved, but simply the principle of evolution.

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