

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

(From the German of Schiller.)

BY NED P. MAIL.

"Take, Knight, the poor return I offer—
For the fierce passion that you proffer
Gives me but pain.
Accept a sister's pure affection.
At your approach I cannot blush or start,
Nor melt to bitter tears when you depart.
To feel love's silent, deep devotion
I strive in vain."

Mutely he hears—No outward token
Tells how the faithful heart has broken—
Springs to his horse,
Tears from one last embrace all bleeding—
Sends quick express throughout fair Switzerland
To levy his retainers numerous band—
T'wards holy grave their standard leading,
The blood-red cross.

Then bleached the foe in deadly pallor
At name of Toggenburg, and valor
Of his strong arm:
And ever hottest battle waging
Still, in his heart's incurable unrest,
Undaunted waves his helmet's towered crest,
Where, in the dense light's fiercest raging,
Does thickest swarm.

Thus sought he, by unceasing action,
To give his saddened soul distraction
From its hope's death:
For a long year of fruitless striving,
Then, seeing a fair bark on Joppa's strand
Ship homeward to the dearly-cherished land—
Hope's ashes phoenix-like reviving—
Where she draws breath.

And as the pilgrim, doubting, fearings—
Knocked and would enter, on his hearing
A thunder pealed:
Words from within her castle's portal,
"She wears the veil then seekest—Yesterday
The church—with holy right and pious gait
Joining her soul in truth immortal—
Her young fate sealed."

Then he forsakes his high estate for ever,
True sword and faithful steel beholding never,
Leaves the sad old
Sole lord of Toggenburg—once crowded
With faithful guests—and in sad silence wanders
The lonely path no follower attends:
His noble fragments enshrined
In monkish cell.

And in the centre of a valley lonely
He built a lowly hut—there only
He might be near
Where, through the hush of foliage peeping,
He could see rise above the grassy lawn:
Still hope within his face from morning's dawn
Till evening's cheerless moon's dim keeping
With eye and ear.

Watching that spot of still reflection
Where, seeking safety from pollution,
Her soul had flown:
Watching her ascent to the mansion
Till—as the music of its opening clang,
Borne on the breeze through the valley rang—
Anzelle with the soul's expansion
Her fair face shone.

Then he was soothed, and unrepining
Laid down upon the earth reclining
Serenely slept.
Thus sat, as day to day succeeding
Grew to long years—thus slumbered, thus rejoiced
When in the heavens the minstrels many voiced
Proclaimed the morning—time all unheeding
His vital kept.

Till, radiant with the soul's expansion,
The loved one from the distant mansion
Gazed wildly done,
Until, an empty habitation,
His corpse sat there, life's flame to ashes turned,
Still towards the element the pale visage turned,
Order, whence the true soul's emanation
For ever had flown.

QUESTION OF THE QUEENS.

It will be many years before the old question of the conduct of Queens Elizabeth and Mary will cease to vex the students of history. If the current of time brings any change in the balance of opinions, it is certainly in favour of Queen Mary, and against her executors. A passage in the memoirs of Sir Archibald Alison has recently called up the subject again in the London journals, of which one of the most vigorous, *Truth*, gives this brief of the case:—"No two persons," says the writer, "have been more misrepresented than Elizabeth and Mary. The former was an able sovereign, but almost as objectionable a woman as can be conceived—cold, calculating, vain, cruel, stingy, mendacious, and utterly unscrupulous. The latter was impulsive, hot-headed, warm-hearted, and in her virtues and her faults essentially a woman. She fell over head and ears in love with Bothwell, and, as is often the case when this occurs to a woman, allowing her individuality to be absorbed in his, and became for a time a mere tool in his hands. With the exception of this episode, she conducted herself very properly."

Let us contrast the conduct of these two women during their final struggle. The facts, although they have been obscured, are exceedingly simple, and no one can, after weighing them with perfect indifference of judgment, and without any foregone conclusion in favour of one or the other of the queens, come to any other conclusion, but that Elizabeth was a murderess and that Mary was murdered.

Mary had been imprisoned in different parts of England for nineteen years. She had finally been shut up at Chartley, a place so damp that both she and her guardian, Sir Amyas Paulet, were crippled with rheumatism, and which had obviously been selected with the object of shortening her life. So penurious was Elizabeth in her treatment of her, that she sent her down towels made out of sheets worn to rags.

As cold and ill-treatment did not put an end to her, Walsingham determined to bring matters to a crisis by involving her in a plot against

Elizabeth's life. Having previously requested her keeper Paulet to kill her, it was evident that he was not warped by scruples. He considered that it was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the Protestant religion that she should die before Elizabeth; and probably in this estimate he was right.

Walsingham had as a secretary one Phillips. He was one of the ablest forgers of the period; he could imitate writing without fear of detection, and he had already been employed by his master to deceive Mary's friends in Paris by sending them forged letters from Catholics in England. Some years after Mary's execution, he avowed in a letter which exists in the States Paper Office, that he had forged an entire correspondence to trick the Spanish Government, and, after the death of Elizabeth, being then in the Tower for some misdeed, he confessed that he had forged letters in the handwriting of many persons.

At the same time, Walsingham gained over a certain Gifford, who was in the confidence of Mary's friends in Paris. Gifford's father lived near Chartley, and informed Mary's adherents that he could manage to transmit letters to and from her. Then he picked up a young gentleman named Babington, and suggested to him to kill Elizabeth. Subsequently he made the same suggestion to a soldier of fortune named Savage, and to a seminarist named Ballard. The three assented to his proposal.

Another conspiracy was also on foot in Paris to invade England and to proclaim Mary queen. This second conspiracy had the Spanish Minister in Paris at its head, and he was made aware of the intentions of Babington and his friends. Babington induced several others to join him, among them a certain Poley, who was one of Walsingham's spies. Mary had been aware of the second conspiracy, but not of the first.

Everything was now arranged as Walsingham wished. All Babington's letters to Mary, as well as those sent to her from other quarters, together with all her replies, were smuggled in and out of Chartley in the false bottom of a beer-barrel, having been previously handed over to Phillips, who deciphered and copied them. On May 2, Morgan, a Catholic, wrote to her to introduce Babington, and asked her to send him a few complimentary lines, as he might be useful to her, owing to his father-in-law residing in the neighbourhood of Chartley, and he enclosed her a model of a letter to him, which she copied and sent. On July 6, Babington wrote to her. This letter was handed to her on the twelfth, and on the nineteenth Mary's reply was sent. It is on these two letters that Mary was condemned, for having joined in a plot to murder Elizabeth.

In the copy that we have of Babington's letter, after having alluded to the intended invasion and to his intention to free Mary, the following passage occurs:—"For the despatch of the usurper, from the obedience of whom we are by the excommunication of his holiness made free, there are six noble gentlemen, my private friends, who, for the zeal they bear to the cause and your majesty's service, are ready to undertake this tragical execution."

In Mary's reply—or rather in our copy of it—she urges Babington not to move until she is withdrawn from her prison, and either surrounded by an army or put in proper security, or "it would give sufficient excuse to this Queen (Elizabeth), if she took me again, to incarcerate me in some hole where I should never come forth again, and to persecute with the utmost extremity all who had assisted me, which might befall myself." Further on occurs the passage which, if written by her, proves that she had been informed of the contemplated assassination, and that she assented to it. It is as follows:—

"When all is ready the six gentlemen must be set to work and you will provide that on their design being accomplished, I may be myself rescued from this place and be in safe keeping till our friends arrive. It will be hard to fix a day for the execution; you must have a party, therefore, in readiness to carry me off, and you will keep four men with horses saddled to bring word when the deed is done, that they may be here before my guardian hears of it."

The letter was dictated in French to her Secretary Nau, and then translated and ciphered by her Secretary Curle. It was taken to Phillips, who was residing at Chartley. On the twenty-fourth, Phillips left Chartley, on the twenty-sixth he reached London, and on the twenty-ninth Babington received the letter through a servant.

The letter had consequently been in the hands of this professional forger for several days. According to his own account, he took a copy of it, and gave the original to Babington. But why should he have handed the original to Babington? The letter was to serve as the justification for Mary's execution. Whether she wrote it, or whether Babington received it, was the question at issue. Is it not, on a balance of probabilities, reasonable to suppose that Phillips interpolated the incriminating passage?—a passage which is contradicted by the recommendation in the body of the letter that Mary should be freed and surrounded by an armed force before the insurrection takes place, lest Elizabeth should wreak her vengeance on her. How possibly could this danger occur if Elizabeth had already been killed?

The interpolation is, however, conclusively proved. In the State Paper Office there is a draft of Phillips' copy of Mary's letter. In this draft the incriminating passage is omitted, and in place of it there is a postscript in entirely different words, but equally incriminating, and this draft is endorsed by Phillips as being his

handiwork. Evidently the first idea was to add a postscript; and this was subsequently abandoned for the more complicated plan of interpolation in the body of the letter. If the reply was tampered with, it is only reasonable to suppose that the letter which called forth the reply, and which had been also in Phillips' hands, or rather of which the only existing evidence was a copy made by Phillips, was also tampered with.

At Mary's trial, the original of neither of the letters was produced. She was not allowed to be heard, nor be advised by counsel. A confession, which it was stated had been made by Babington, who, admittedly, had offered to give any evidence required if his life were saved, was read. "Why," she asked, "if Babington confessed these things, was he put to death, instead of being brought face to face with me as a witness of the crime?" Why?

Nau and Curle had been arrested. For long they refused to make disclosures. Burleigh wrote to Hatton, that "he thought that they might yield somewhat to confirm their mistress' crimes, if they were persuaded that they themselves might escape, and the blow fall between her head and shoulders." Finally, after much threatening, they admitted that the deciphered copy made by Phillips of Mary's letter to Babington was "the same, or like" what she had ordered to be written. At the same time Nau wrote and forwarded to Elizabeth a statement, exonerating both himself and his mistress from ever having sought to take the Queen's life. The declaration of the secretaries that the copy was "the same, or like" was produced at the trial. Mary asked why she was not confronted with Nau and Curle? All the reply that she received was that it was "unnecessary." Why? In vain she appealed to the statute of 15 of Elizabeth, which provides "that no one should be arranged for intending the destruction of the sovereign's life but by the testimony and oath of two lawful witnesses, brought face to face before him." The only answer of the crown lawyers was that they had "letters in evidence of complicity." But this is precisely what they did not have.

That she had written to her friends urging them to free her, and to foreign sovereigns urging them to invade the country, she did not deny, but maintained her right to do so, as an independent sovereign, held in duress. She was not condemned for this, but for plotting the death of Elizabeth, by conspiring with Babington to kill her. There was not one tittle of legal evidence to convict Mary. That the letters had been in the hands of a professional forger; that the sole proof of her knowledge of and assent to the scheme of murdering Elizabeth submitted to the court was contained in the copies of two letters made by the forger; that another so-called copy of one of the letters, avowedly made by the forger, and entirely different from that produced, was in existence; that Walsingham, the forger's patron, had himself arranged the entire scheme of assassination; that he had proposed to murder Elizabeth; that even after the letters had been written, he and Leicester had calmly discussed the relative advantages of poisoning her, or of executing her after the trial, had been hanged before it, so that he could not be confronted with her; that Nau and Curle were in London, and that they were not confronted with her; that no answer was made to her when she claimed the right of being condemned alone by the evidence of two witnesses face to face, and that the right was unquestionable—are all damning proofs that she was judicially put to death.

Was Elizabeth deceived, or was she one of the conspirators? There is little doubt that she was the latter. In any case, she was as guilty, for she made Davison write to Paulet, and urged him to kill Mary, in order to be safe herself from the dangers involved in signing the death-warrant. When he refused, she signed it, and then pretended that she had not intended to do so, and caused Davison to be fined and imprisoned for having "deceived" her. Her conduct, observed her apologist, Mr. Froude, was "defensible, and even excusable." Mary, says the same moralist, was a bad woman, suffered "because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it." Can bias go further!—*Home Journal*.

THE STAGE IN JAPAN.

Lovers of the stage will be pleased with Dr. Christopher Dresser's account of the Japanese theatres at Tokio. Unfortunately when he was there three of the principal theatres had been destroyed by fire, and he had, therefore, to judge of the stage in Japan from a smaller house. To show how careful and complete the author is in all he does there is a minute plan, showing entrances, exits, the auditorium, the stage, and the entire arrangements. The boxes which comprise a large portion of the auditorium, resembles a Methodist chapel rather than a European opera house. One advantage in case of fire or panic is that nearly all the seats are upon a level with the street. But the placid Japanese are not much given to panics; they take matters coolly. A gallery runs round the theatre, which increases the resemblance to the Methodist chapel, the stage, as seen by the audience, is exactly after the pattern of our own theatres. A curious plan is adopted in shifting the scenery, which is not flit like ours, but consists of a series of models of the objects required to be shown, and these are fixed upon a huge circular platform. Should houses be shown they are built

up as large as in reality, and other features are imitated in the same manner. There is no delay in changing the scenery, for everything is fitted upon a huge circular platform, which at a given signal swings round and presents a new scene to the spectator in a moment. If we smile at the quaintness of the Japanese we must admit that they have adopted a clever idea upon the stage. Another singularity is that the performers do not enter from the wings or the back of the stage, as in Europe, but pass down to the stage along with the audience. In one respect the Japanese stage is like that of the early days of Shakespeare for no female performers are permitted. Women and girls are represented by men and boys. Horses and animals are employed, they are embellished with trappings after the fashion of our circus animals. The hours of performance will rather astonish European playgoers, for the Japanese theatres open at six in the morning, and remain open until nine at night, and the regular Japanese playgoers, sometimes take their families and provisions and stay at the theatre witnessing the various performances from the opening until the close. The pieces performed are old legends of the country, sometimes in a kind of sing-song verse, and they do not change so frequently as in this country. Besides the fixed scenery are decorations in the shape of curtains and screens, sometimes prettily ornamented with fanciful subjects executed by hand. Dr. Dresser says that some of the entertainments he witnessed were quite as interesting as those given in the theatres of Europe.

STOCK COMPANY WANTED.

He sat behind a show-window full of specimens of silver ore and received his first customer with a bland smile.

"Is that silver ore?" asked the man.
"Of course."
"Any silver in it?"
"Certainly."
"Dig it up around Toledo here?"
"No, sir; those specimens come from Colorado."
"Buy 'em of some quarry?"
"They came from my mine, sir."
"Any more left?"
"Thousand of tons."
"Going to use 'em to pave streets?"
"No, sir; I am here to sell stock in the mine."
"Is the ore worth anything?"
"It assays about \$1,200 to the ton."
"Only \$1,200?"
"Only? Way, it is the richest mine in Colorado."
"What's the whole mine worth?"
"At least \$1,000,000."
"Is that all. I did think of investing, but I don't care for small speculations. If you want a dollar bill for those specimens I'll send a boy and a cart around here. Reckon they might come handy for chinking up the smoke-house or throwing at rats."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN American correspondent writes:—Although Mrs. Langtry is making plenty of money she is homesick, and those who know her say she is not at all happy over there.

A NEW theatre is to be built in Edinburgh. It is a joint stock company's undertaking, and among the directors are the names of Mr. Toole and Mr. Henry Irvine.

Liszt has recently finished a transcription for the piano of Verdi's *Macbeth*, which he was sending to the publisher, Ricordi, who has paid for it by weight of gold.

THE Royalty Theatre, which has been rebuilt and magnificently decorated, will open in March, under the management of Miss Kate Stanley, with a new and original English comic opera, by George R. Sims and Frederick Clay, entitled *The Merry Duchess*.

A SUBSCRIPTION of £5,000 has been given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, a native of Dunfermline, N.B., in support of the fund being raised for the National College of Music. The gift has been acknowledged by the Prince of Wales in highly cordial terms.

DR. FILIPPI, the Milanese musical critic, complains of the condition of the opera in Italy. He says the sad condition of our musical stage is made worse by the scarcity of good composers who, through following the impulse given by new foreign ideas, could keep up the glorious Italian traditions. "Pray note that I said scarcity of good composers, for if excellence is not taken into consideration their number, on the contrary, is immense; and this excess of composers and of new operas is one of the reasons to which I alluded above, owing to which our lyrical stage is in absolute decay."

THIS curious advertisement has been issued:—"Adelphi—The Tune of the Old Cow Died of.—This pest, under which the visitors of theatres have groaned so long, has been banished, after a severe struggle, from the orchestra of the Adelphi, and with it the waltzes and polkas, things that are not music at all, but mere rhythmical beats written for the foot, not the ear. All the music of the evening is selected by me and set by J. E. Mallandaine, and I venture to think that visitors to the Adelphi will find themselves consoled and cheered between the acts, not tormented as it was really a crime to come to the theatre.—Charles Reade." The idea of being consoled between the acts is a slip, surely.