

WILLIAM TELL SAVING BAUMGARTEN.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

In Schiller's Historical Drama of "Wilhelm Tell," the escape of Baumgarten—after having slain the Seneschal of the Castle of Rossberg, in revenge for an attack upon the honor of his wife—is very graphically introduced. Baumgarten is hotly pursued, and between him and safety is the Lake of Lucerne, which at the moment is raging under the influence of the "Föhn" wind. The boldest of the ferrymen refuse to venture, when Tell, having in vain urged the attempt, himself leaps into the boat, and carries the unfortunate man beyond the reach of his pursuers. We give the passage, beginning with the appearance of Tell upon the scene, where he arrives at the moment when Baumgarten is vainly imploring for succour.

TELL. Who is the man that here implores for aid?

KUONI. He is from Alzellen, and to guard his honour
From touch of foulest shame, has slain the Wolfshot,
The Imperial Seneschal, who dwelt at Rossberg.
The Viceroy's troopers are upon his heels;
He begs the boatman here to take him over,
But he, in terror of the storm, refuses.

RUODI. Well, there is Tell can steer as well as I,
He'll be my judge, if it be possible.

[Violent peals of thunder—the lake becomes more tempestuous.]

Am I to plunge into the jaws of hell?
I should be mad to dare the desperate act.

TELL. The brave man thinks upon himself the last.
Put trust in God, and help him in his need!

RUODI. Safe in the port, 'tis easy to advise.
There is the boat, and there the lake! Try you!

TELL. The lake may pity, but the Viceroy will not.
Come, try it, man!

SHEPHERD and HUNSMAN.

O save him! save him! save him!

RUODI. Though 'twere my brother, or my darling child,
I would not go. It is St. Simon's day,
The lake is up, and calling for its victim.

TELL. Nought's to be done with idle talking here.
Time presses on—the man must be assisted.
Say, boatman, will you venture?

RUODI. No; not I.

TELL. In God's name, then, give me the boat! I will,
With my poor strength, see what is to be done!

KUONI. Ha, noble Tell!

WERNI. That's like a gallant huntsman!

BAUM. You are my angel, my preserver, Tell.

TELL. I may preserve you from the Viceroy's power,
But from the tempest's rage another must.
Yet you had better fall into God's hands,
Than into those of men.

[To the herdsman.]

Herdsmen, do thou
Console my wife, should aught of ill befall me.
I do but what I may not leave undone.

[He leaps into the boat.]

RUODI (to the fisherman).

A pretty man to be a boatman, truly!
What Tell could risk, you dared not venture on.

KUONI. Far better men than I would not ape Tell.
There does not live his fellow 'mong the mountains.

WERNI (who has ascended a rock).

He pushes off. God help thee now, brave sailor!
Look how his bark is reeling on the waves!

KUONI (on the shore).

The surge has swept clean over it. And now
'Tis out of sight. Yet stay, there 'tis again!
Stoutly he stems the breakers, noble fellow!

SEPPI. Here come the troopers hard as they can ride!

KUONI. Heavens! so they do! Why, that was help, indeed.

[Enter a troop of horsemen.]