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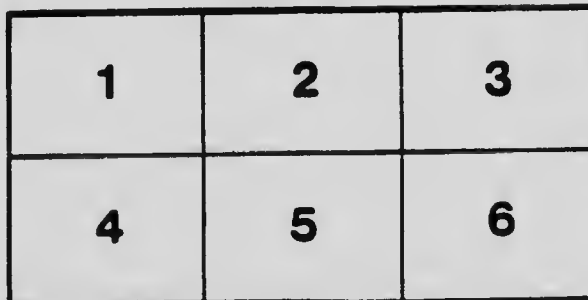
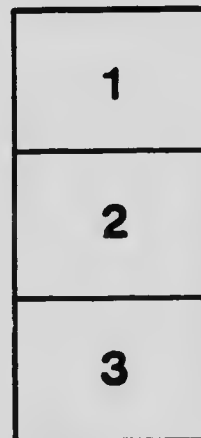
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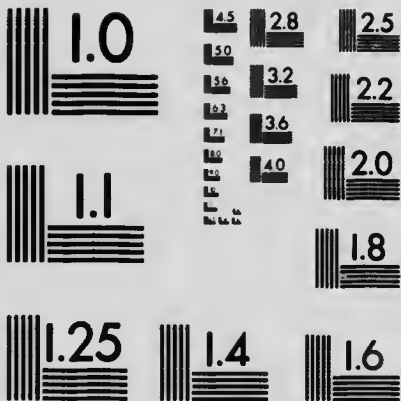
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HILDEBRAND:

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.



BY

JOHN L. CARLETON, K.C.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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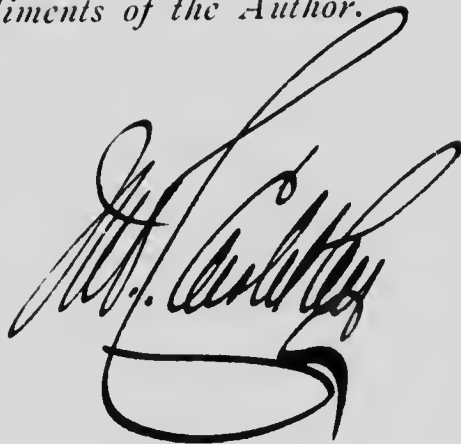
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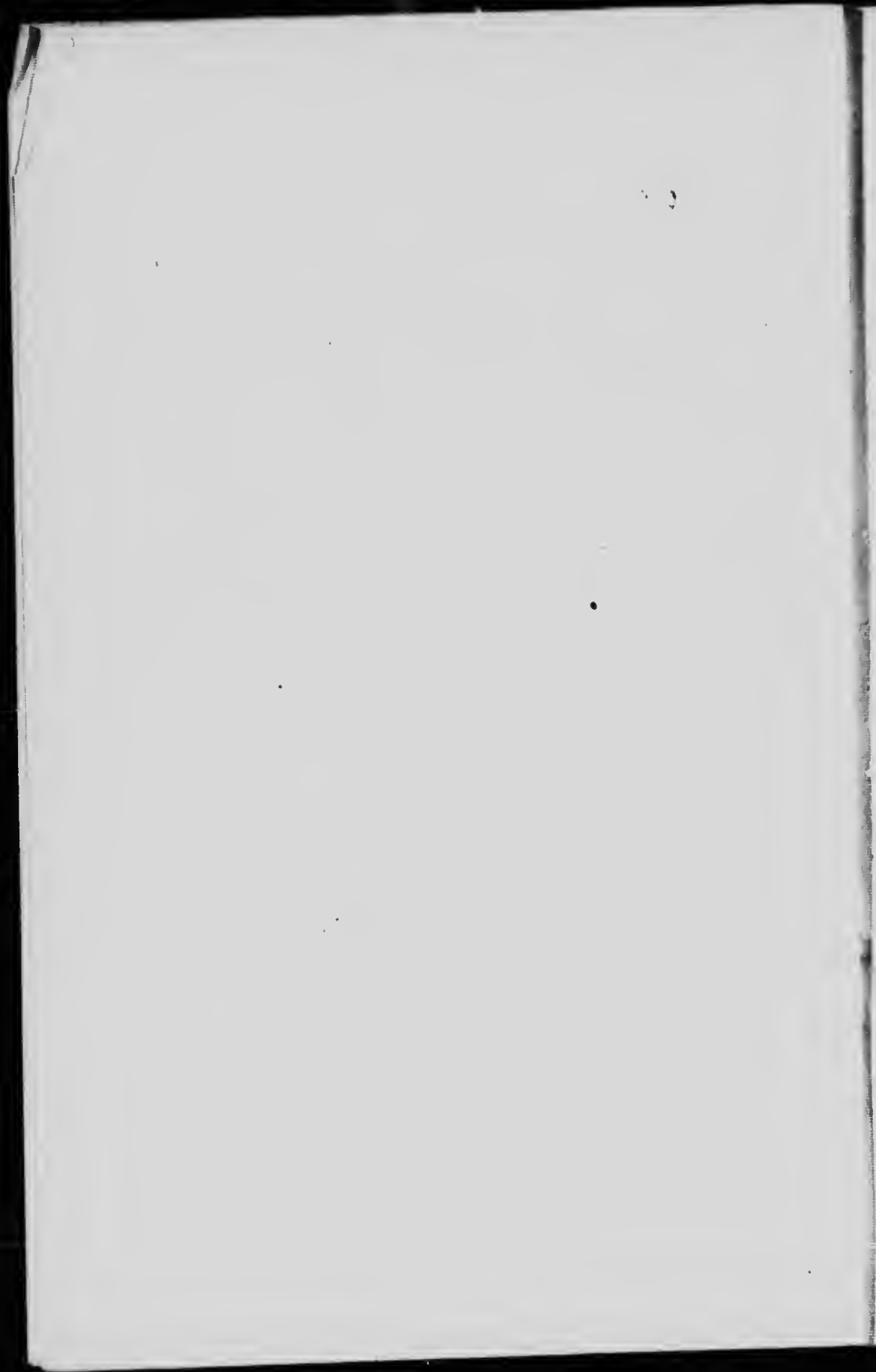
No. 61-

How. F. R. Latchford
Ottawa.

Compliments of the Author.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'H. F. R. Latchford'. The signature is written in black ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish at the bottom.

ST. JOHN, N. B.
CANADA,
January, 1903.



ANTICIPATION.

Our sympathy is with the gifted author who held it reprehensible for a book to need a preface ; — If it (the book) requires such aid, to explain purpose or clarify meaning, it is incomplete, and ought not be published ! — and, like him, we proceed to do violence to our perdition ; tho', forsooth, we give the offence another, and for its intent, more appropriate name.

Were we cognizant of the many imperfections and blemishes — mayhap, anachronisms — critical mind and ripened erudition will readily discern in our literary child, they would have correction ; else, the whole concealed for the solitary gratification its workmanship affords.

Transgressions, the existence of which we are aware, and still father, look to us for protection, and such forestalling as may minimize the punishment censure keeps at hand to chastise temerity.

Our play makes no pretence to historical accuracy. It is a story, in acting form, woven around personages — whose existence and deeds are disclosed by the high lights of history — and into incidents, that had place and action in a tempestuous period of The Holy Roman Empire.

To both — persons and incidents — our fiction, confesses its appropriations ; nor, asks credit, that the thefts were not greater. It avows, that, with those so purloined, it has taken much latitude and all the irreverent liberty necessary to enhance the tale, sustain the interest and preserve the "unities." In the doing, if injustice dispare individuals who once had personality and prominence ; or, misrepresentation falsify events, to which they gave reality and with which they held the world's stage, it is chargeable to want of better enlightenment.

Our ambition, suggestive of tribute, was to produce a picture of an epoch, about which Lord Macaulay wrote :

“The Church has many times been compared by divines to the ark of which we read in the Book of Genesis ; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil time when she alone rode, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.”

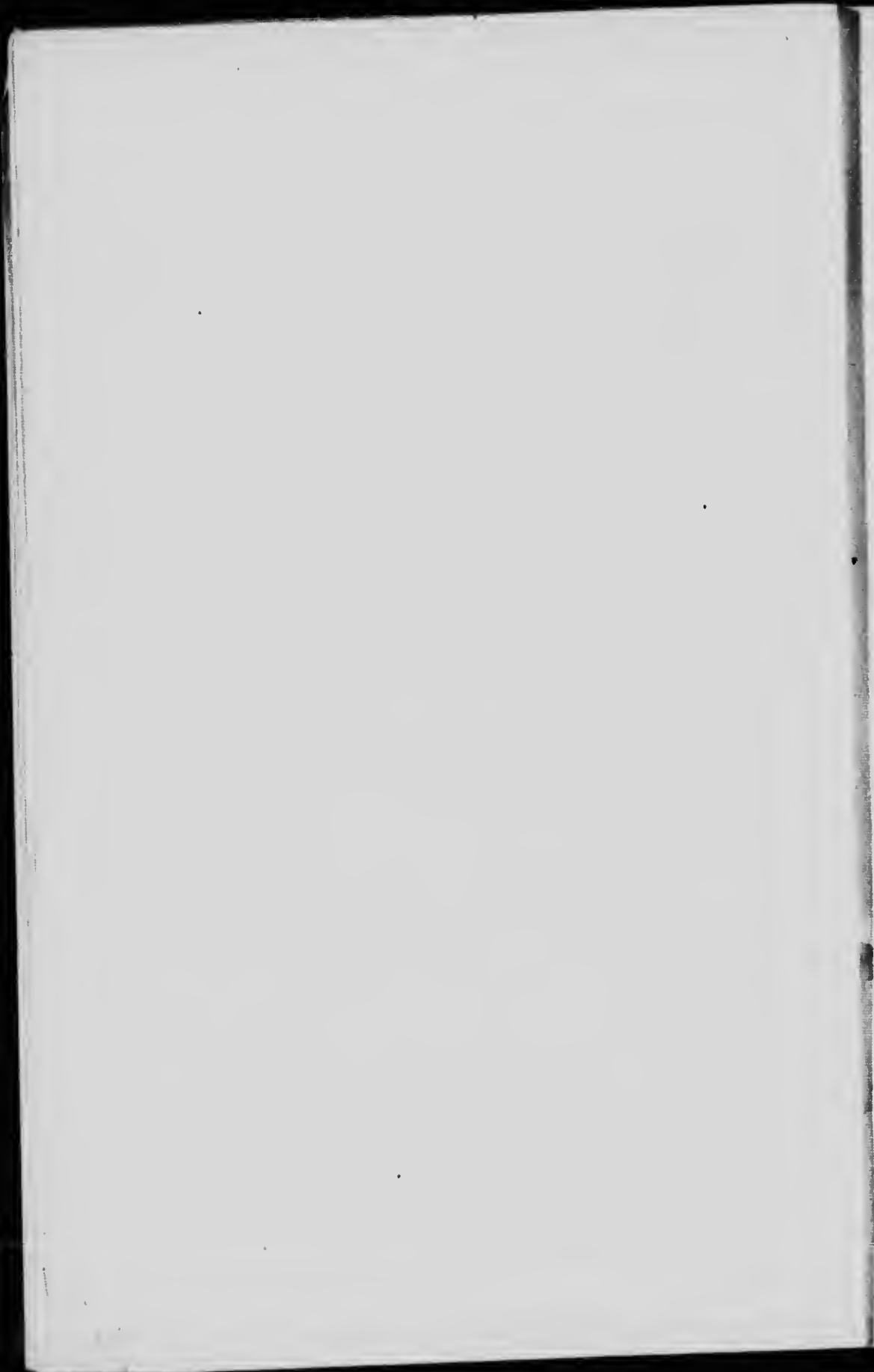
For those who find Scene 2, Act III, out of harmony with preconceived ideas, — For those who cannot allow that any difference might exist in the customs of the Vatican of the eleventh century and that of the twentieth, — For those who concede nothing to the claims of dramatic license and have no toleration for the limitations of dramatic construction, — For those who cannot conceive a pope, offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, without a red-robed retinue of assistants and servers, — we appropriate the following, an extract from an article published in an English magazine, descriptive of the private life of the present sovereign pontiff — whose name we write with filial reverence and veneration — Leo XIII.

“At six o'clock in the morning no matter what time of the year, the Chevalier Pio Centa, the Pope's valet, wakens his master, who, after offering his first prayer, gives himself into the hands of his servant, is washed, and shaved, and dressed. Then he repairs into the little private chapel adjoining his bed chamber and says mass, the good Chevalier acting as acolyte. The Chevalier, by the way, was, once upon a time, in the hat trade in Rome. He became a member of the Papal household, and served his master so carefully and with such devotion that he received as a reward the title, Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory, and better still, the Pope's absolute confidence.”

Against the animadversions our defects court, and lack of skill and exposed ignorance invite, and, of certainty, will receive, there is cherished the conceit that we have labored — imperfectly, it may be, but not altogether ineffectually — to give form, color and motion to an age, when all Christendom

owned allegiance to the spiritual head, the Priest of Priests ; when, there was but one repository and guardian of faith and morals ; one champion to protect and preserve for future ages, alike, the classic thought of pagan poet and the inspired writings of the Evangelist ; one stubborn check on the brutal instincts of barbarism not yet fully eradicated ; one bulwark to resist the unlawful encroachments of chieftain and ruthless incursions of marauder ; one parent to chide waywardness and rebuke irregularities ; one tribunal to redress wrongs and uphold right ; one temple in which equity had a voice and virtue a sanctuary ; one unimpeachable, all powerful, absolute, final, divine authority, to judge, condemn and crush the arrogant assumptions of despotic power — **THE WHITE ROBED, SPOTLESS, SPOUSE OF CHRIST !**

THE AUTHOR.



HILDEBRAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

POPE GREGORY VII, the Hildebrand.

HENRY IV, King of Germany and Emperor of Rome.

GUIBERT OF RAVENNA, anti-pope, Clement III.

HUBERT, Archbishop of Bavaria.

OTTO, Baron of Nordheim.

RAIMOND, his son.

HAROLD, court jester.

GODFREY, Count of Sudermann.

HERMANN, Archduke of Bremen.

FELIX COSMOS, without country.

CONRAD, Margrave of Eriehstedt.

ANSELM, Abbot of Limwenloek.

ZITHER, of the King's guard.

ANHALT, henchman of Hermann.

CARDINAL DOLMINO, Papal Secretary.

CHEVALIER LEOPINE, Papal Courier.

TWO ACOLYTES.

BERTHA, Queen and Empress.

MILDRED, Lady of Bavaria.

CLODEL, a favorite at court.

MARY, a lady in waiting.

Male and female retainers, courtiers, cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, soldiers, buglers, pages, standard bearers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Place : Germany and Italy.

Time : 1075-76-77.

ACT I.

Castle of Elfrickstowe No Divorce !

ACT II.

Abbey of Limwenlock Death to Hildebrand !

ACT III.

Scene I. Sacristy, Chapel of Blessed Michael the Archangel,
Convent of same name, Rome..... The Hildebrand !

Scene II. The Chapel. Omnipotence !

ACT IV.

Emperor's Pavilion on the Campania Excommunicated !

ACT V.

Chateau of Conossa, January, 1077 Reconciliation !

MILDEBRAND.

ACT I.

CASTLE OF ELFRICKSTOWE. *Rotundo Interior set in 4. Platform, 2 feet high, following curve of setting, 2 feet distant, extending from R. to L. 3, surmounted by balustrade, except in C., where steps lead up to it. At C., back, a large bow window looking into garden. Doors R. C., L. C., R. 1 and 2, and L. 2.*

Furniture: Statuary, armor, tapestries, and antique seats. Table and chairs down R. C. Large lounge L. C. Curtain to music. Raimond and Mildred discovered seated at bay window, looking out and conversing in pantomime. Harold lying in front of lounge L. C.

Harold. (addressing his harlequin's wand):

Ho, ho ; my merry-andrew ! why so glum ?
Yes ; — I know, they made thee dumb.
Wise were they, without compassion,
Who framed thee after such a fashion.
Sphinx like, distant, ever mute,
Nursed in silence to be cute.

And yet, methinks, my merry-andrew,
There's many a stew we two could brew—
Red wine, the gossip's heart to fire
With gallant's love and maid's desire—
If nature, by some magic freak,
Would only let thy tongue but speak.

Ah ; selfish interest knew the better
When on thy lips it put the fetter.
Saered now their secrets keeping—
Tho' I ween thou'st not been sleeping.
Sin still wears its saintly gown,
And dons a mask to hide the frown.

If thou could'st tell, and tell aright,
Of all the deeds that shrink from sight—
Of all the schemes that spell disaster
To lowly serf and lordly master ;
Lying intrigue, boasting lust of power—
Fleeting phantoms of a passing hour.

Hast thou kenned the wildest fright
 Of a maiden in her sorest plight ?
 The shaft of malice barbed with steel ?
 Wrongs that vainly to humanity appeal ?
 The slander's tale to wreak a virgin's fame,
 The braggart's slur to rob a soldier's name ?

Read the riddle of this life—
 Tell of pomp, of blood and strife !
 Preceptor thou, upon thy stool,
 Speak of wisdom to the fool !
 Spell him all the forms you know
 In this gaudy, tinsled show !

Keep not from thy master's master,
 What's hid within thy bronze and plaster !
 Spread the follies of the age.
 Prince's feast and vandal's rage !
 Mark the blaze upon the tree
 Despot's made to lead the free !

Mildred. (*looking out window.*) It is like a golden dream !

Raimond. Nay ? Dreams have oftimes rude awakenings.
 Ours is the valley of enchantment that reaches down to eternity.

Mildred. (*Both rise and face audience.*) And none but affection's feet disturb its morning dews.

Raimond. (*Puts his arm about her waist.*) Thus, we seal our adoration of its deity ! (*Kisses her.*)

Harold. Easy Andrew ; don't you laugh !

Mildred. O, I am so happy ; Raimond !

Raimond. Submission to the encharess ! incense to the goddess ! the devotion of a life-long bondsmen to the desire of his mistress !

Harold. A lie that never grows old !

Mildred. 'Tis joy supreme ! The waking pulse of supernal passion !

Raimond. And we have only reached the gates of our paradise. Wait for nuptial mass and the joy bells of Bavaria.

Mildred. I am yours ; you are mine ! That is sufficient.

Harold. (*As they come slowly down C.*):

There's a tiny wee mummer well bred in deceits,
 Who haunts all our by-ways and inner retreats.

By innocent rapture he's often called Love,

Artists paint him an angel ; poets sing of a dove.

Raimond. A fig for preachers who say that true love runs

not smooth ! To the time to come, we will pass its refutation,
and—

Mildred. Leave a pattern that has but one name—Love !

Raimond. The past, a sparkling jewel in memory set ;
the present, a chalice of rapturous ecstasy !

Mildred. The future ?

Raimond. Pandora's storehouse of unlimited bliss, where
the miser Desire no longer hoards for Repleteness has gutted
his rapacious maw ; where Predigality lavishes favors on his
chosen childre n ; where Virtue receives due homage from
Contentment ; Beauty and Truth sponser Hope ; Faith
serves Honor ; Assistance and Sympathy the torch lights
of Duty ; Peace and Fidelity hand-maids of Affection ;
where Trust, Confidence, Delight, Rapture, Repose, raise
angelic voices for the choir of a realm. over which you preside
absolute mistress, priestess, potential queen !

Mildred. Yet ; always the abject slave of you, her liege
lord and master !

Raimond. O, for fingers to awake the softest, purest, notes
that lurk in the harp strings of joy !

Mildred. Have you spoken to the King ?

Raimond. How could I ? The courier, who brought your
consent, but lent wings to impatience. I have never been
presented.

Mildred. He would not refuse a petition with Love the
bearer !

Raimond. My father follows to introduce me, as is becom-
ing. to His Majesty and announce our betrothel.

Mildred. I pray that accident, misfortune or calamity at-
tend us not !

Raimond. Amen ! We have nothing to fear. A universe
of perpetual harmony surrounds. To the fields, where the
zephyrs whisper love, flowers exhale love, birds sing love !

Mildred. Nay, my lover ; we have sported with the pagan
far too long. To the chapel, with praise and thanks for the
Silent One, whose gifts are the perfume of His abiding love.

Raimond. You are worthy to be a daughter and mother of
Nordheim !

Harold. (*Rises and sits on lounge. Rings bells on wand.*)

Raimond. A stranger !

Mildred. The jester.

Harold:—

Beware of this Cupid who haunts lover's lane,
Whispering words more sweet for their exquisite pain.
Like a child, who drives tandem with babbling refrain,
And urges his steeds with heart-strings for a rein !

Raimond. Ha, ha ! parables in rhyme.

Mildred. Only humor set to time.

Harold:—

To his task he devotes all his art and his wiles ;
Scatters broadcast bright beams, and roses, and smiles.
As craft on the waters go down to the sea,
The wheels of his chariot speed to pleasures to be.

Raimond. The jingle is good.

Mildred. Harold is in teasing mood.

Harold:—

He never desists 'till, with function replete,
He sees all the signs of his mission complete ;
Like desert marauder who moves in the night,
With canvas all folded, gives wings to his flight.

Raimond. Capital.

Mildred. Pretty conceit.

Harold:—

The groom he is silent ; his lips will not speak.
The roses have faded ; the bride she is meek.
The white breasted Dove who chirped when they wed
Speeds to the Orient ; or perhaps,—gone to bed !

Raimond. Ha, ha, ha ! Any more ?

Harold. The rest in good time.

Mildred. If you have played the eavesdropper be not the
babbler.

Raimond. Yes, good jester ; short memories have much
to commend them.

Harold. Now-a-days, when humor is a scarce as a bald-
head's hair, even lover's vaporings are not to be slighted, by
one, whose wealth, is filchings from the short comings of
others.

Mildred. (*Putting her hand on his shoulder*) But for
me ?

Harold. Come, come ! I'm too honest to be purchased—

Mildred. Now ; now—

Harold. And too useless for the waste of pleasant smiles.

Raimond. 'Tis a lady pleads—

Harold. And a winsome one at that. Andrew and I will
take it under advisement ; won't we Andrew ?

Mildred. Then we're safe. Thanks. Harold's tongue is
sometimes bitter, but his heart is ever right.

Raimond. We are grateful.

Harold. (*Rising*) I hope you may both live to give my
doggerel the lie it deserves. (*Exit Raimond and Mildred D.*
L. 2, laughing.) Ha, ha, ha ! (*Throws himself on lounge.*)
Innocence ! It's breath is good ! May it prevail uncontamin-
ated by this lecherous atmosphere ! Happy, youthful, eyes
that see through tears only a rainbow's glory.

Enter GUIBERT, R. 2, followed by GODFREY, CONRAD and COURTIERS.

Guibert. Am I correct? Another suicide?

Godfrey. You have not been misinformed.

Guibert. Three within a fortnight! Scandalous!

Conrad. Felix Cosmos said it was the haven of misfortune.

Enter FELIX D. R. C. Comes slowly down C.

Guibert. Sinful! Who is this Felix Cosmos?

Godfrey. A question that imports no easy answer. None here know. His credentials were unimpeachable. It is suspected that he is in the service of the Papal Court. At least; it is an explanation of Hildebrand's certain knowledge of all we do.

Guibert. And the King tolerates! We must discover!

Felix. (At C.) At you service—

Omnes. Ah! Cosmos!

Felix. Why trouble yourselves with a thing so insignificant? You know almost as much about him as he does himself. His ancestors? Mystery and Desertion. If, unlike Moses, he was not found in a basket of bull-rushes, at least, like the olden prophet, he kens not whom to blame for ushering him into this unkempt, stupid, world.

Guibert. Foundling!

Felix. Some monks, who discovered me, did the pressing service—

Godfrey. Illegitimate!

Felix. Perhaps! Two things may be born without the pale of wedlock; a child and a character. In the first we have no choice; in the latter, my dear Count, we have.

Harold. A rapier with a sharpened edge!

Felix. Who knows, but, that the unfortunate who begot me wore the coronet of—well, say Sudermann? (*Godfrey grasps his sword hilt.*) Nay! do not draw! I retract—

Godfrey. Ah!

Felix. There is no Sudermann blood in me—

Godfrey. 'Tis well you say it!

Felix. Thank God!

Omnes. Gad's sooks!

Harold. No novice wrist gives that thrust!

Felix. Pardon the digression. Those hospitable monks, had, preforce, to give me a name. One claimed that I possessed the dark eyes of the Spaniard; another, that my complexion was fair as a Norseman; still another—he was an old man—that I had the beauty of the Hibernian women—though how that hoary saint knew so much about Hibernian women puzzles me! Perhaps, he was Irish.

Guibert. Paugh! Confess; the off-spring of some piratical crew!

Felix. Perchance, your grace, like St. Augustine, was worldly before you took the tonsure? (*Consternation*).

Harold. Beware! Hawks soar high, but the huntsman's shaft sometimes reaches them!

Felix. So, in a kind of Greeco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can, they dubbed me Felix, after the lay brother, who kindly succeeded, and Cosmos because—well, because, I suppose, it meant everything in nothing.

Guibert. Much credit you reflect upon their teaching!

Felix. At least commend that I put not on a cassock—

Guibert. Bah!

Felix. To hide hypocrisy—

Harold. Phew!

Felix. Nor, knotted sincture, lest an opening disclose the skeleton it hid.

Harold. Fangs and talons! How they tear?

Guibert. I. solence! Impertinence! Your conduct's unbecoming! Your language insulting!

Felix. When possible, I use the vernacular of those I address.

Guibert. You justify suicide?

Felix. For those who banish God as a Roman Senate dethroned its Jove.

Guibert. Blasphemy!

Conrad. Swash of a Buckler! Sentiments of a——!

Felix. Christian gentleman.

Guibert. Is it not true that at table you show the feather?

Felix. To gamblers! Harpys who snare their prey with bird lime of deceit; deify thievery and call it honor; knaves who batten on misfortune and gloat at its despair!

Godfrey. Heavens! Is that why you declined—

Felix. I play for amusement; and, the study of character. In your case it is unnecessary; who runs may read.

Godfrey. Fiend of Hell! For those words you shall tender satisfaction!

Felix. Declined; with thanks.

Conrad. The same flippant reply you made my demand—!

Felix. I had no desire, my dear Margrave, to assume the responsibility of the support of your widow and orphans.

Guibert. The coward's solace! Antidote for the stinging jeers of derision!

Felix. I would not estimate your grace's knowledge of theology by your understanding of humanity. There were no jeers, no mocking levity. Men know a token at its value. There is as much difference between confidence and cowardice as there is in the rings of a genuine and spurious coin.

Harold. Andrew ; prick your ears and list for truth unvarnished !

Godfrey. Conceit ! Vanity ! Egotism !

Felix. Think so ?

Godfrey. Can we not tell a pheasant's plumage from a hawk's feathers ? Are we so deaf as not discern a charger's neigh from a jackal's whine ?

Omnes. 'Tis true ! 'Tis good !

Guibert. Receive the applause for which you played !
Take all the comfort of a merited rebuke !

Felix. Large game do not dread the noisy stalker.

Godfrey. Hares run at the bark of the beagle !

Felix. A dog that yelps, but does not fight.

Guibert. Were your sword as ready as your tongue—

Felix. It would shame the face of modesty, if it play pranks, on a breast, covered by a soutane and protected by the emblem of salvation.

Godfrey. There are others !

Omnes. Yes, there are !

Felix. The sheen of their weapons does not injure the sight.

Omnes. Fudge ! Retreat !

Godfrey. S'death ! The salmon, in the pond, is not more wary of the bait.

Omnes. It is so ! Deeds ; not words !

Felix. I mouth not the bait !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha ! Bluster !

Felix. I swallow it ; so the barbed prongs of the hook sink deep into my vitals ! Here, gentlemen,—or without—do I condescend, now, to try the skill and test the wrist of your spekesman ; noble Godfrey of Sudermann !

Omnes. Hear him ! 'Tis well !

Felix. And Count ; I promise — not to kill you. Come !

Enter HENRY D. R. 2, carrying parchment roll.

Omnes. Hist—the King ! God preserve His Majesty !

Henry. (*Throws parchment on table*). Guibert ! Godfrey ! Conrad ! Friends ! Read ; if it blast not the sight !

Guibert. (*Picks up and scans roll*). Perdition ! Gregory refuses to annul your marriage !

Omnes. Incredible !

Henry. Harken !

Guibert. Finds no forbidden degrees of consanguinity—

Omnes. Stupidity !

Guibert. Accepts the queen's statement as to the fulfilment of the contract—

Omnes. Shame !

Henry. Disposes of our suit ! Ignores our person ! The

lie to our very teeth ! We start for Rome to-day ! Our august person may be more potent than the reasoning of our Cardinal Advocate ! There is impressive logic in glittering cohorts ; persuasive eloquence in the pagentry of power ! Hildebrand is Pope ; but, we are King and Emperor ! To our eloset and disens means to assert our dignity and humiliate pretension ! (*Exit R. 1, followed by all except Harold and Felix.*)

Harold. (*Who has followed other to door. To Felix*)
Join us not ?

Felix. To cackle like a hen on a duck's nest ? Oh, no ! The progeny, of a certainty, will be web-footed.

Harold. Metaphor ! Stilted children of imagination's dry labor.

Felix. A veil, through which we can dimly discern the features, but not the expression, of Truth.

Harold. You are over bold for one who carries not too many years. It is not wise to seek a bear's embrace.

Felix. Nor prudent to let him scratch your back. If he will keep you company never take your eyes off his. I have great respect for the commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not lie." Veracity with a breach-cloth is better than falsehood in nudity.

Harold. You are an enigma ! You are hated.

Felix. Why ?

Harold. Because you are audacious, contumacious, contemptuous of influence, custom, usage ! You have no veneration for—

Felix. Enough ! I would not have my foibles so paraded.

Harold. They charge you with being the spy of Hildebrand.

Felix. You believe them ?

Harold. No !

Felix. Then throw your cap and bells to the fools who should wear them.

Harold. I like your honesty ; but, counsel caution. Fire and elements, not more dangerous, than the lurking venom of hypocrisy unfrocked and reviled.

Felix. Remove the adder's fang.

Harold. They will goad you to something wild or desperate, that will compass your undoing.

Felix. It demands thought for that ; they have no time.

Harold. You would have fought Godfrey—

Felix. Disarmed him after a few passes.

Harold. Is your's the language of stupid daring, or ignorant courage ?

Felix. Neither. It is the confidence of training, skill that has been tested, knowledge of strength, and credential of a preceptor, who said, "There is but one man in Germany whom you need fear in combat."

Harold. He ?

Felix. Baron Otto of Nordheim.

Harold. I have heard of his wonderful prowess. But, you have not vouchsafed answer to my question : Are you in the employ of Hildebrand ?

Felix. No. I know him not ; yet know of him.

Harold. And ?

Felix. He will make foot-stools of the mighty.

Harold. An ambitious churchman !

Felix. You are afar the mark !

Harold. Henry assented to his elevation, yet he balks him. In controvention of John's oath to Otho, not to elect any future pontiff without the Emperor's consent, he took the papal throne.

Felix. And Henry gave which only folly would refuse. His veto would have precipitated then, the struggle now imminent. Hildebrand, in the hour of his weakness, defied ; he will crush in the fullness of his strength.

Harold. More soldier than saint ! More militant than spiritual !

Felix. You ; know not his story——

Harold. Passing little.

Felix. (*Sits L. C.*) A native of Soanⁿ in the realm of Tuscany ; the son of a carpenter——

Harold. " Poor, but honest parents," as chroniclers say.

Felix. Aye ! The Holy Ghost appears to have a marked preference for the cabin when He needs soldiers for the sanctuary ! In early manhood he made priestly vows, and entered monastic life, at Cluny. A mission to Rome brought him to the notice of Pope Victor ; who, attracted by his piety, learning and keen insight, retained him as one of his advisers. The great Leo made him Cardinal Archdeacon of Rome ; as such he directed the policy of his predecessors. On the deaths of Stephen and Nicholas he was offered the tiara, but declined. He longed for the holy calm, the quiet seclusion, the repose of the monastery.

Harold. He might have gratified his wish

Felix. Orders ! Duty ! Privation ——— measure of a hero's greatness. On the death of Alex^{ander} he accepted.

Harold. The dazzling ray of power melted the wax of humility.

Felix. No. The independence of the Vatican had to be asserted ; the scandal of the election of Henry's nominee, Guibert of Ravenna, prevented.

Harold. Our Guibert ?

Felix. Your saintly Guibert. None other.

Harold. I must have had my head covered with a wool-sack.

Felix. In the dilemma Christianity turned to Hildebrand. The soldier understood and obeyed. Henry fumed ;

threatened deposition ; but, when France, Spain, Netherlands, the States and Western Isles hailed him vicar, the Emperor, to maintain a semblance of authority, reluctantly approved. (*Rises*). Neither wiles, threats or intimidation, can deter this man of indomitable will.

Enter MARY l. 2.

Harold. Still ; I—

Felix. The mistress Mary.

Mary. Choicest favors to you gentlemen.

Felix. Most acceptable from so fair a bearer. (*To Harold*). Lend an ear to the dirges of baffled rage. (*Exit Harold R. 1*). A greeting to the choicest of the chosen.

Mary. Your pleasantries may be well meant ; but, they sound like a nut without a kernel.

Felix. Your ears are out of tune. I offer no libations unworthy of the goddess.

Mary. They rest too lightly on lips avowed to woman's hatred.

Felix. Mine are not so perjured.

Mary. Then report has lone thee ill. It was spoken in the Court.

Felix. By some brazen damsel whose vanity craves but cannot command adulation.

Mary. I heard it pass from the stately—But, there I must not disclose !

Felix. Clodel !—See ; I finish it. If she spoke personally she did it well. My reputation grows apace ; impudent, insolent, enigmatic, iconoclast ! What more !

Mary. It is not enviable. Still, you are as good as the rest.

Felix. Which means : I give you sweet drink well dashed with wormwood. How delights your new surroundings ?

Mary. There is much freedom yet much restraint.

Felix. Good tonics in proper season and in mild doses.

Mary. The men are forward ; their speech is prodigal of candor.

Felix. It is not nursed in honesty.

Mary. The women terrify. My mother would drop of shame heard she stories they relate. It causes the cheeks to mantle blushes—I cannot help it ; then they laugh.

Felix. Keep your blushes little one. They are the banners of innocence. Colors that once dipped can never again float !

Mary. I long for the valleys where the brooks babble ; the woods where the winds whisper ; the hills that lift their ancient heads to God.

Felix. Fitting companions !

Mary. My day dreams deceived ! They painted armored knights—champions of justice ; beautiful women—in-

spirers of noble deeds. The reality a shock ! Jealous re-
crimination, stinging venom, artificial heroics for idle days.

Felix. Phew ! A choice addition to philosophic rucks !

Mary. Charlemagne's sword is sheathed and venerated as
a relic ; Otho's deeds remembered only by those able to read
and fortunate enough to possess a manuscript ; the ancient
glory of Franconia lies in an attic of oblivion within a casket
of dust.

Felix. Romance flees the contagion that kills ideals.
When a gleam in lady's eyes prompts not courage, when un-
protected innocence appeals in vain to knightly honor, when
chivalry has no ear for orphan's wail ; then, you must look
for heroism in a china shop and seek poetry in the prattle of
a Turkish bazaar.

Mary. I'll not believe it ever dies ! You may change the
scene, situation and actors, but the play goes on.

Felix. In a modified form. Conviction, Love, Justice, are
eternal truths. The fortitude of poverty has no historian ;
the courage of the lowly no herald.

Mary. If lawful worshippers desert its temple, the
humble take their place, eulogic hymes of praise, and keep the
red light burning before the tabernacle !

Felix. All of which leads to—— ?

Mary. The Queen !

Felix. Has she heard ?

Mary. Yes ; and in her great love for Henry pities him.
But where were the swords that should have shielded her from
wrong, tyranny, desertion ?

Felix. Rusting in their scabbards. Her cause invoked not
arms ; it sought and found the shelter of a great Mother's
breast.

Mary. Clodel rages, defies, curses, weeps and swears she'll
die of a broken heart.

Felix. Wives may die of that complaint ; for, they are
chained to galley benches ; favorites, never ! Social pirates
who scuttle the ship when it is looted.

Mary. Her Majesty is too good for her husband ; too
saintly for a court, and too tolerant with that hussy. Oh ;
I'd tear out her eyes !

Felix. And mar her beauty ? Will you talk in the garden,
mistress—

Mary. Mary ! What a name to associate with Bertha's,
Ethelind's, Mildred's, Veronica's and Alberta's ?

Felix. (*Leading her to D. R. 2*). The most euphonious of
names. The ideal name of the ideal of womanhood. (*Stops
at door and looks at her*). So ; they said I was a woman
hater ? Mary, there is one woman that I could love. Come,
and I will tell you of her. (*Exeunt D. R. 2*).

Enter HENRY, GUBERT, HAROLD, GODFREY, CONRAD
and COURTIERS, D. R. 1.

Henry. Conrad, to you we assign the duty of making ready. (*Exit Godfrey D. R. 2*). Gentlemen, to you the several things that pertain to our person and comfort. (*Courtiers exit different directions*). Guibert, for you, I see the tiara in sight.

Guibert. I am unworthy—

Henry. No need to confess it. Hildebrand must learn that who makes can unmake. Such is ours by prescription and the oath of John. (*Exit Guibert D. R. C.*) Still, all is not plain sailing. France, England, Spain; there are the dangers—

Enter BERTHA D. L. 2.

Your Majesty is most opportune.

Bertha. Heard you—?

Henry. By the same courier dispatched to you.

Bertha. And you are not angry?

Henry. On the contrary, I am delighted.

Bertha. Thank God! thank God!

Henry. He finds no impediment—

Bertha. For none existed.

Henry. True. Still it removes a heavy burden from my conscience.

Bertha. And gives to me my husband! (*Throws herself into his arms*).

Henry. Yours until death.

Bertha. Say; you love me!

Henry. More than ever.

Bertha. My wounded heart already heals 'neath the ointment of your graciousness; it palpitates with mad rejoicing!

Henry. You thought me harsh, cruel, tyrannical. I was not; I was just. The conflict lay 'twixt love and duty. My passion for you was consuming; but, what I conceived to be the dictates of God, fell like ghostly phantoms across my path; gave me no sureease. It stalked me in the day light and stood by my pillow to banish sleep.

Bertha. But now, my loved one, it has gone. The father of Christendom has spoken and the evil one flies from the exorcist.

Henry. To the limbo of forgetfulness I consign him!

Bertha. This; this, indeed, is recompense. I could weep with joy. You know not, my dearest,—it is not given to man to comprehend—the consuming intensity, all powerful flames of woman's love. It brooks no rival; it is jealous of supremacy; it illumines and exaggerates the nobleness of its affection; hides short comings; obliterates failings; to the giver and receiver it is a benediction or a curse.

Henry. To me it is the sun of day and star of night.

Bertha. Ask what you will, it cannot refuse. There is nothing that I would not do, dare, and suffer for you! Scorned, it has no asylum but the grave. Encouraged, its feebleness ripens into power. Do you need sacrifice? Take my life. Would you wish my absence? there is the cold shelter of some distant convent.

Henry. I would have you grace that which you adorn. To the nation, Queen and Empress; to me, companion and consoler.

Bertha. With all my soul!

Henry. The gloom of doubt is behind; ahead, the broad road of felicity. (*Places her in chair R.*) Make speed to travel. I am sending you to Mayence, where, shortly I shall join you. There, with Te Deum, proclaim our inseparable union.

Bertha. Delay not your coming. The nestling bird no more—

Clodel. (*Heard without.*) Henry! Where are you, Henry!

Bertha. (*Starting to her feet.*) Oh! and in this supreme hour!

Enter CLODEL D. L. C.

Henry. (*Aside.*) Perdition!

Clodel. Is it true, Henry, that we leave—

Henry. Hush! The Empress—

Bertha. What means that woman?

Henry. Easy! Be quiet! I think she has taken too much wine.

Bertha. And too much liberty! "Henry!" This, indeed, is presumption liquor dare not prompt!

Henry. Hereafter, I will explain—

Bertha. Explain now! Why calls she by the name sacred alone to my lips? Why does she insult us with her presence?

Clodel. A thousand pardons for the unseemly interruption. I was excited; saw not your majesty!

Bertha. Sufficient! Retire.

Clodel. I hope your majesty is well. I heard choice intelligence had come from Rome.

Bertha. Venom! You are dismissed.

Clodel. (*To Henry.*) When do we make departure?

Henry. I will send for you—

Clodel. Yes; but I want to know now.

Bertha. Will your majesty command that woman to retire!

Henry. She is of my court—

Bertha. But not of mine!

Clodel. Your majesty, I perceive, is not well. Perchance no message came; or I was ill informed as to its tenor.

Bertha. Good patience! This affront is unbearable!

Clodel. If not consonant with your wish, I offer sympathy.

Bertha. Husband; spare me the humiliation?

Henry. (To *Clodel.*) Hence us for a moment.

Clodel. I know the mortification of disappointed anticipation; I can—

Bertha. I'll not submit! Insulted! Scorned! A butt for the ridicule—game, for the sarcasm of a harlot!

Henry. For heaven's sake!

Clodel. Madam you forget!

Henry. (To *Clodel.*) Stop! Go!

Clodel. Queen, or no queen; she shall not question my virtue!

Bertha. (To *Henry.*) Am I the queen?

Henry. Don't ask silly questions! What a mess!

Clodel. She may be queen—in name! But a crown confers no unbridled license to the tongue of the daughter of a Saxon Margrave!

Bertha. (Goes to *D. R. 2.*) Guard!

Clodel. Upstart pretensions!

Enter ZITHER D. R. 2.

Bertha. Remove that woman!

Clodel. Never! (To *Henry.*) Henry—!

Henry. Go; go; go!

Clodel. When she has heard—!

Bertha. (To *guard.*) Obey my orders!

Henry. (To *Bertha.*) Madam, remember—

Bertha. That I am queen! I do! Remove that! —

Henry. (Takes *Clodel's* hand.) Allow me— (Leads her to *D. L. 2*, and bows her out. Exit *Zither, R. 2.* To *Bertha.*) This is unseemly! Have you no thought for my position?

Bertha. Aye; and mine own. (Drops into chair and weeps).

Henry. Affairs of state give her countenance. There, there; don't cry. Her family is large, influential—

Bertha. And must the might of empire pander to the licentiousness of the house of the White-necked-wolf?

Henry. Be reasonable!

Bertha. Be King! Let your throne reflect the lustre of purity! Me kneel its humble devotee!

Henry. So shall it be! My (kisses her) tribute to your virtue and supremacy. Hence for the journey! (Leads her to *D. L. 2*, bows her out.) Ah; I breathe! The fox nearly lost his tail in that trap. My lady has a pretty temper when she displays it. Godfrey! Godfrey!

Enter GODFREY D. K. 2.

Godfrey. Your commands ?

Henry. I would entrust a great confidence.

Godfrey. You require no voucher for my fidelity.

Enter HUBERT D. C. L. to platform reading book. . .

Henry. The Queen, starts immediately for Mayence, accompanied by an officer and twenty men.

Godfrey. The number is small.

Henry. It is sufficient. When they reach the bridge, that spans the swift falling Arno, the party will be attacked. Night will cloak—does wisdom lend you intuition ?

Godfrey. Apprehension ; not comprehension.

Henry. You must lead the attackers !

Godfrey. Me !

Henry. Who else so faithful ! Bertha, in trying to escape, may, nay must—find a grave in the river. The rest dispatched to where men tell no tales.

Hubert. (Aside.) Merciful God ; what perfidy !

Godfrey. I am not dull. Who heads the twenty ?

Henry. For you to name.

Godfrey. Felix Cosmos.

Henry. An amusing fellow. I would not have him killed.

Godfrey. Your enemy !

Henry. Out on you !

Godfrey. The spy of Hildebrand !

Henry. Thou knowest— ?

Godfrey. All the secret channels, by which your meritorious deeds, are ripened into rottenness, on their way to Rome.

Henry. Speaks't the truth ?

Godfrey. Truth ; my witness !

Henry. We will seek him. The tool shall perish before the master !

Godfrey. Dare I mention reward ?

Henry. Does our gratitude need spur to urge its speed ?

Godfrey. My request is large in measure.

Henry. Saving our crown, state and revenue, it be yours for the asking.

Godfrey. I would marry—

Henry. And regret it !

Godfrey. Necessity itches the palm of indigence. The gift will be no less acceptable that it mates with beauty.

Henry. Out with it ! Our rewards do not tarry, or service age in expectancy. This is true, alike, to friend and foe. The wench ?—

Godfrey. Mildred of Bavaria.

Henry. By the mass ; you shall have her ! She is all you describe.

Godfrey. She is graeious to the suit of Raimond of Nordheim.

Henry. Let her wed it to memory ! She is yours ! (*Exit both D. R. 2.*)

Hubert. (*Comes down C.*) Never heard I such dark designing ! Villany ! God, where are you, that you do not smite the vipers in their sin ! Foul ! foul ! murder ! Heaven, listen to an old man's prayer, and stay this heinous outrage !

Enter OTTO D. R. 2.

Otto ! Never sight more welcome to my fading eyes !

Otto. (*Takes his hand.*) Agitated ! You shiver as if you'd seen the apparition of Tantalus !

Hubert. Indeed, I have ! I have listened to its santanic speech ! It projects, the Queen's death !

Otto. Dotage ! Drivling dotage !

Hubert. Assassination by a King contrived ! She leaves for Mayence to be ambushed at the Arno ; her retainers killed ; she cast into the waters !

Otto. Who told you ?

Hubert. Ears that listened and were not deceived ! Mine own ! Godfrey of Sundermann has the warrant !

Otto. Who leads the guard ?

Hubert. Felix Cosmos !

Otto. To me, a stranger.

Hubert. Over bold ; and, with circumspection, not well seasoned. He comes !

Enter FELIX D. R. 2.

Otto. Felix Cosmos !

Felix. The advantage is yours.

Otto. Baron Otto of Nordheim.

Felix. The honor is mine.

Otto. You attend her majesty to Mayence ?

Felix. I have been so instructed.

Otto. A plot, hatched to destroy the Queen ! You and your comrades are to ambushed and murdered !

Felix. Pleasant ! Being forewarned—

Hubert. Useless ! Your companions, most likely, prison scamps and rogues who think to purchase liberty by donning the army's livery ; but instead, they go to execution. I know ; I heard the devilry—

Felix. Inspired by— ?

Hubert. The King ; and entrusted to Count Godfrey.

Felix. A worthy tool ! It is serious !

Otto. With wits and courage we must counter !

Felix. Oh ; for a few trusted——

Otto. Nay ! Artifice, equivocation and evasion the weapons ! The Queen must not suspect——

Felix. Still your allies must not coquet with over-confidence. Provision against emergency. I know one——

(*Enter RAIMOND D. L. C.*)

heavy with years. but still enning in the strength and skill of youth. He is many leagues away, but not too far from the road we travel.

Otto. Name him !

Felix. Anselm, Abbot of Limwenlock ; a lion in Israel. If I had but one loyal, brave, determined—— !

Raimond. (*Down C.*). Is it for deed worthy of Nordheim ?

Otto, Felix and Hubert. It is !

Raimond. Then, who so well as Otto's son ?

Felix. That unties the knot ! Come ; we will enlighten you !

(*Exit with Otto and Raimond D. R. C.*)

Enter BERTHA, MILDRED, MARY and MAIDS D. L. 2.

Enter HENRY, GODFREY, CONRAD, and Courtiers, D. R. 2.

Bertha. I am ready.

Henry. It is well. Your suit does not accompany. For it no provision has been made. They remain to attend us.

Bertha. I am sorry ; but, regrets fade before your pleasure.

Henry (*At C.*) The inconvenience will be trifling. Farewell.

Bertha. Good-by husband ! (*Trows herself into his arms.*) " hours will have laggard's speed until we meet. Haste my impatience.

He, benedictions on you ! (*Kisses her and parts.*)
Turns to Mildred. Lad ; Mildred accept the assurance of our estimation !

Mildred. You are ever gracious.

Henry. We have chosen for you a husband.

Mildred. Your Majesty !

Henry. One of title, lands and worth.

Mildred. Oh ; my heart !

Henry. Hither ; Godfrey, Count of Sudermann, salute your affianced.

Mildred. Good God ! No ! I am the promised of another !

Henry. You are my subject !

Bertha. Henry ! What would you do ?

Henry. Silence !

Mildred. Never ! I will not submit !

Henry. We command to be obeyed !

Godfrey. I accept this distinction of your majesty with pride ; and, I assure the lady of my lasting love and fidelity.

Mildred. Mother of God, hear me ! I suffer ! Have pity ! Will no one take me hence ! My limbs are paralyzed !
Hubert — father ! —

Hubert. I protest, I —

Henry. (*Catches him and pulls him forward.*) Consent !

Hubert. I cannot — I —

Henry. Consent !

Hubert. I, — I, consent !

Mildred. Great God ! have you forsaken me ! (*Falls on floor in swoon.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

GARDEN OF THE ABBEY OF LIMWENLOCK. *Abbey set from L. 3 to C. and back in perspective. Steps leading up to door of Abbey. Table and benches R. and L.*

Curtain to slow music.

Anselm. (Enters slowly from abbey. As he reaches door step, bells chime). The angels! (Bows his head in prayer. When bell stops—

Mildred. (Rushes in L. 2. Throws herself on her knees on steps). Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

Anselm. The walls of Limwenlock never turn deaf ear to that cry. (Comes down steps). Arise my child. (Picks her up). Your appearance denots distress; but, your face is not criminal. You are—?

Mildred. The Lady Mildred of Bavaria.

Anselm. Who do you flee?

Mildred. The King! Save me; save me!

Anselm. Your crime?

Mildred. Love!

Anselm. Which he—?

Mildred. Would sacrifice to the passion of a disappointed suitor!

Anselm. While you—?

Mildred. Have pledged it to the noble Raimond of Nordheim!

Anselm. All the more welcome to our asylum! (Leads her up steps and passes her in. She exits. He remains at door looking after her).

Enter ZITHER L. ANHALT R. Both stutter.

Zither and Anhalt. Prepare— (Turn and glare at each other).

Zither and Anhalt. Who do you mock?

Zither and Anhalt. Who do you?

Zither. Zounds! I'll make splinters of your pate!

Anhalt. Dog of Danube; thy tongue I'll—! (Approach each other threatening).

Anselm. (Turns) Peace! (Comes down steps). What roysters' wrangle disturbs our holy calm?

Zither and Anhalt. He ridicules me— Hear him!

Anselm. Stay ! Do you stutler ?

Zither and Anhalt. I do !

Anselm. Enough ! Both have the same affliction.

Zither and Anhalt. Oh !

Anselm. One at a time. (*To Anhalt.*) What would'st thou ?

Anhalt. Announce the coming, on his return from France, of my master, Hermann, arch-duke of Bremen !

Zither. Ha ! (*contemptuously.*)

Anselm. And you ?

Zither. To order——

Anhalt. Order ! (*sarcastic.*)

Zither. Everything made ready for the reception of Henry, King and Emperor !

Anhalt. Oh !

Anselm. Our dutiful greetings to both. Away with you ! (*Exit Zither L. Anhalt R.*) There are clouds 'i the sun. (*As he goes up to and ascends steps.*) The King ! His visit omens disaster. The Queen, fresh clutched from his nefarious malice ; Otto, whose virtues incite the jealous spleen of moral inferiority ; the son, whose only crime is owning such a sire ; Felix — my own Felix, whose steps I guided from infancy to manhood — whose latest act predicates destruction ; and last, the comely claimant of sanctuary whose obstinacy baulks Henry's design ; all, all within our sacred walls. The outcome ? Ah, hem ; only God knows ! (*At top of steps.*)

Enter BERTHA from Abbey to door step.

Bertha. Father Anselm, when do we proceed on our journey ?

Anselm. Presently.

Bertha. This is not the road to Mayence ?

Anselm. Not the high road. The distance is not great.

Bertha. The sun tells me we have turned our faces to the southward.

Anselm. It gives true course.

Bertha. Why, this mystery ? oppressive silence ? evasive answer ? It fills me with apprehension ; gives fuel to suspicion !

Anselm. Discretion, advised that you should rest.

Bertha. Perchance, my husband ; nursing anxiety, awaits me at Mayence !

Anselm. For that I can vouch. His majesty is not at Mayence. Even now he comes this way.

Bertha. Speak'st truly ? This, indeed, is glad tidings ! My eyes shall feast on—— ! Comes this way ? He said he followed to Mayence ? What doubt wakes within my breast ? Speak ! Does anything tell thee ought of deception ?

Anselm. Calm yourself, my daughter ; your fears are groundless.

Bertha. Father ; speak, for you are wise in the ways of God and man ; think you Henry does not love me ?

Anselm. 'Tis many years since I addressed his majesty. How could I know ? You list'd the words his lips formed.

Bertha. And on them soared to heights Empyrean ! But, the elevation makes me dizzy, and already I fear, which gave buoyancy forsakes me.

Anselm. Morbid spasms ; imps of bodily weariness and heart's anxiety.

Bertha. Our holy father's decision ; our reconciliation ; his words of honeyed sweetness ! Oh — they were showers to the parched, thirsting, arid desert of my existence !

Anselm. Clasp them to thy breast, for they are holy souvenirs.

Bertha. Aye ; I'll lock them in a chest, by Faith so strong, that thieving doubt cannot molest ! Henry false ! Perish the thought ! God pardon the weakness that invented it !

Anselm. Amen ! Now, you feel better.

Bertha. He knows I'm here ! Hence, he comes !

Anselm. It may be so.

Bertha. With joy I await his advent ! Primroses for the greeting ! (*Exit into Abbey.*)

Anselm. Saints protect and have thee in their keeping ! (*Exit into Abbey.*)

Enter OTTO and RAIMOND R. 2.

Raimond. She was guarded so I could not approach. I heard it from the Mistress Mary.

Otto. Nurse patience into virtue. Rashness oft o'erleaps the object or speeds the mark. These be times demand control.

Raimond. Ever wise I heed thy counsel ; but ; oh ! what antidote for desperation ? Does the shepherd sleep when the wolf is nigh the fold ? Does the soldier's sword rust in scabbard when the spoiler's cry is heard ? Must the countenance pale, and the heart petrify, when treachery, treason and concupisence flaunt 'i the day ? Must manhood shrink from danger when virtue's a ribald's joke and purity the plaything of glutton's lust ? Nay, nay, my father ; not while chivalry has a hilt and arm to wield it !

Otto. All is not yet lost.

Raimond. Here stand I, idle, while outrage ; foul outrage ; tortures my loved one !

Otto. I will speak to the King ; and —

Raimond. Have rebuff for reward ! See you not ; it is

thus he compensates the pliant accomplice of his fell project ?

Otto. And, with shrewdness for consort, we will frustrate the one as we confounded the other !

Raimond. Action ! Virtue, honor, happiness ! cry, plead, demand ; action !

Otto. It's approach is silent ; but, may be nearer than you suspect.

Raimond. And while we await its tardiness, I can but snarl, like a dog on kennel chain ?

Otto. It is in life as in the elements. Sunshine precedes but as surely follows storm. You have feasted the eye on the unflecked sky of morning ; you now toss in the billowy tempest of noon ; you will appreciate all the more the glorious aftermath of evening.

Raimond. Philosophy and prophecy are not acceptable gifts to Justice and vengeance !

Otto. Who tempers with water, and purifies by fire, will lend the time and opportunity.

Raimond. True ; but, sometimes in my — my —
Otto. Folly !

Raimond. I think that He has abandoned me ! —

Otto. You mark His frown ; heed not His smile.

Raimond. Leaves me to my misery !

Otto. For His own good purpose. When the dross is divorced from the metal, He will take it out of the crucible, purified, refined and strengthened. Think well on it ; pray well on it ! (*Goes up to steps*). Mine to you ; all will yet be well — (*Exit into Abbey*).

Raimond. (*Follows to foot of steps*). Possessed I your virtue, I could see as well as feel the hand of Omnipotence. Oh ; to be worthy of such a sire ; the dutiful emulator of nobility ! (*Comes down stage*). But I am human ; the blood of youth courses hot in every vein. Peace destroyed, life blighted, hope crushed ; my light, my love, my everything, weeping, bleeding, under wrong atrocious in heaven's nostril. God ! the thought unseats purpose ; dethrone's reason ! (*Drops in seat at table R. Thinks.*)

Enter MILDRED to Abbey door. Enter GODFREY L. 2.

Mildred. (*Softly*). *Raimond.* (*Sees Godfrey and retires hurriedly*).

Godfrey. (*Sees Raimond*). Self communion. Unpleasant retrospection.

Raimond. Tender innocence breaks its wings against the prison bars of perfidy ! Impotence rails at outrage ! Tyranny, rough-shod, rides on right ! — Tyrants lash the backs submission bares ! — Despots smite the cheek of justice !

(Jumps up). No, no! I must not brood! Devils suggest! Fiends counsel to destruction! Imps of the infernal torture, frenzy —! *(Sees Godfrey)* You! Heaven has sent you! Draw! *(Draws sword).*

Godfrey. Rehearsals for some private function?

Raimond. With your corso for climax! Draw!

Godfrey. Young valor waxes into extravagance.

Raimond. These moments are pregnant with something more serious than flippant jest. Soon thy lips cease to form them! Draw!

Godfrey. If I refuse —?

Raimond. None the less will my steel find closet in your dastard's heart!

Godfrey. *(Advances towards him).* Strike!

Raimond. *(Drops point of sword on ground).* Cowards ruse to disarm justice and evade punishment! Sneak, pal-troon, whelp! I spit upon you!

Godfrey. *(Draws).* And with mongrel's tongue you'll lick it up! *(Cross swords and fight fiercely. After two or three rounds with Raimond R. and Godfrey L. Otto enters by Abbey door. Draws sword and comes quickly down to C. Throws up their swords with his).*

Otto. Stop!

Raimond. To one side, father!

Otto. No!

Godfrey. It is not fair!

Otto. Enough!

Raimond. For the honor of Nordheim?

Otto. No!

Raimond. For Mildred?

Otto. A thousand times; No!

Godfrey. The parental solicitude of Nordheim but postpones the day!

Raimond. Fear not! It will come!

Godfrey. The sooner —

Otto. That will do! When, more than fifty winters cool the ardor of young blood; when, valor carries the honorable scars of high a score's campaigns, — experience will rebuke vanity, and the sword give heed to no appeal, but such, as is invoked by injured right and affronted justice!

Godfrey. Pretty; but not convincing. Adieu. *(Exit L. 2.)*

Raimond. *(Sheaths sword).* Humiliation to comrade violation! *(Drops in seat at table R.)*

Otto. *(Sheaths sword).* I am displeased! Success jeopardized by thoughtless impulse!

Raimond. I tender no excuse. I grieve because my conduct touches your grief.

Otto. And pride. (*Places hand on Raimond's shoulder*). Raimond, only child of my most tender concern, time creeps apace, and soon must rest my lance and hang my shield, for contemplation on the graver concerns of the life to be.

Raimond. Distant be that day!

Otto. Years multiply, but only substract from the whole. The greater they number, the nearer the end.

Raimond. Give it no harbor in my thought!

Otto. Out on you! I charge thee give it daily, hourly thought! It is the rebuking monitor of sin!

Raimond. I meant the positive act; not, its certainty.

Otto. Hearken! The burden and honor of Nordheim is your legacy. Use it as trustee of the Almighty. Be strong yet tender, be firm still merciful, be equitable, be compassionate!

Raimond. An injunction instantly engraved on the tablets of memory.

Otto. Our people are of barbaric inclination. They love splendor, war, pomp; they can be easily incited to great deeds; but they are imitative. As vice, is the more attractive, virtue suffers by the aping. The example of the high is enervating, corrupting, demoralizing. Reason, infallibly tells them, there is not one God for the palace and another for the hovel; but, confounds when, it insinuates belief, *that*, is worthy of emulation which flaunts in the high atmosphere of a throne! (*Sits close to Raimond*).

Raimond. Saddening! But, the future has promise?

Otto. Henry, — God forgive me! whom future ages will describe as "famous for all that was infamous," is emboldened to rashness by the insidious security of military strength. He has it not!

Raimond. Words of serious import!

Otto. An army, without training is but a mob, brave enough to hazard, and daring enough to compel admiration, even in destruction! One with a semblance of discipline, but without proficient officers to maintain it, is worse than a mob for, its compactness, courts annihilation!

Raimond. Think'st so bad as that?

Otto. Already, on the horizon, loom portentuous omens of internecine strife and external conflict. The emperor's arrogance, the envy of the neighbouring principalities, the continual war with the Holy See, are signs not to be gainsaid.

Raimond. The picture charms not.

Otto. No fancy sketched it from imagination or placed the colors with pencils dipped in flattery. But two, of all our kingdom, stand, ready against emergency; — Bremen and Nordheim!

Raimond. Bremen! You amaze; if jest, be not the intent!

Otto. Hermann is not the fool his bumptiousness does indicate. Henry, fearful of all power he controls not; hearing ill-defined rumors of the Arch-duke's army, sent him to France, ostensibly to secure a treaty which he, himself, had already arranged; but, really, by personal visit, to discover —

Raimond. And found — ?

Otto. Nothing! Hermann, had misgivings, and took forethought for ally. When, the King desired to view the army, he had heard so highly praised, the marshal, paraded a lot of awkward retainers as the maximum of Bremen's noble defenders! (*Laughs*).

Raimond. Ha, ha, ha! Delightful! By St. Ambrose, the Arch-duke is not without cunning!

Otto. I warrant Henry's informant slept not too well that night!

Raimond. But of our own? It has more interest.

Otto. 8,000 cross-bow-men, 5,000 horses and riders, 1,7000 bill-men, 6,000 spears-men, 1,000 swordsmen, sufficient engineers and catapult workers. Over 20,000, ready to respond to summons; still, enough left to protect our homes.

Raimond. The secret of your infatuation for military affairs!

Otto. Under me, you have first command. Hence, I enjoin coolness, reserve and discretion, as fit consorts for the valor, that to you is no stranger. (*Rises*). Give weight to my words. I seek Father Anselm. (*Exit into abbey*).

Raimond. (*Rises*). They are fraught with much responsibility; yet charm with the reliance incident of conscious strength. (*Exit R. 3*).

Music, loud laughter heard off L. Enter R. 2 ANHALT bowing and backing to C.; ZITHER L. 2 also bowing and backing to C. At C. they back against each other. Turn, glance at each other, and then retire, respectively, up R. and L.

Enter HERMANNR. 2. E. followed by RETAINERS. . .

Hermann. Gad-a-mercy! What a noise!

Enter L. 2. HENRY, CLODEL on his arm. HAROLD, GODFREY, GUIBERT, HUBERT, CONRAD, ZITHER, MARY, MAIDS and COURTIERS.

Henry. Ha, ha, ha! Superb! We make much of your behests; scatter posies of homage before your beauty!

Clodel. For all, am I grateful! So much have I heard of Limwenlock; that, I could not pass without a visit.

Henry. Behold it!

Clodel. It is gorgeous feast for the hunger of sight! A fortress of piety in a setting of nature's prodigality! I'll warrant, as luxurious within as without! Eh; Harry?

Henry. Tut, tut ; no more avaricious eyes for convent plate !

Clodel. Ah ; my Harry, but this must be choice. Here, I mind me, is the picturesqueness of wealth, as well as wealth of picturesqueness.

Harold :—

If it be the lady's pleasure,
She must have the treasure !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Harold :—

Monks may storm and chide,
Pray and fume and try to hide ;
But ; they cannot long resist,
If the fair one but persist !

(*X's to L. 1.*)

Clodel. There, my master, is pretty wit ! (*Exit laughing with Mary and lady retainers into Abbey.*)

Harold. (*Sitting on ground.*) Aye ; a fool's ! (*Aside.*) to tickle fools !

Hermann. (*Removes hat and bows.*) Your majesty's ambassador salutes !

Henry. By Gretchen ! An' it's you ?

Hermann. Proceeding to the Stadt to report —

Henry. The alert, sagacious, statesmanlike manner you executed our trust ?

Hermann. Your appreciation overpowers — !

Harold. (*Aside.*) Conceit riding for a fall !

Henry. We were ungenerous, if unmindful, of such exceptional skill.

Harold. (*Aside.*) That rhymes with kill !

Henry. The surprise is the promptness of your return. Much we feared, the Frenchman's seduction, might entice from us, your fealty !

Hermann. Gad-a-mercy ; never !

Henry. You handled them with rare insight !

Hermann. E'cod ; I did !

Henry. Alongside of you they must have resembled the marionettes of a country fair !

Hermann. They are skilled diplomats ; cunning, wary and astute !

Henry. Paugh ! Pigmies to the son of Bremen !

Hermann. Your praise overbounds !

Henry. Nay, nay ; 'Tis but scant justice to eminent services ! Your modesty becomes greatness !

Harold. (*Aside.*) Velvet paws — !

Henry. The ladies of the gay capital ! They, I trow, were fascinated ?

Harold. (*Aside.*) Hidden claws — !

Henry. Gad's sooks ; you're embarrassed ! Trust us ; not to disclose !

Harold. (Aside). Now toy — !

Hermann. Well ; they are, charming women ! —

Harold. (Aside). Then destroy !

Hermann. Capable of turning head more susceptible and less wise than mine !

Henry. True, true, Sir Adonis ; we give gracious deference to your insinuating address ! But ; as thy words bear honest coinage ; truly, was that all ?

Harold. (Aside). Guile !

Hermann. Now, now, your majesty ! Odd's fish ! I am still young ! My appreciation of the beautiful —

Henry. Hush ! Attention ! *(Turning to Courtiers).* Let ears have no tongue ; thy lips no word that winds might bear in whispers to the Duchess of Bremen !

Hermann. Gad-a-mercy ! No !

Henry. The nymphs — Confess ! Beguiled, enchanter, flattered, kissed — ?

Hermann. (With pleased embarrassment). Hold fast ! 'Tis not fair ! You press me hard !

Henry. (Secretly). And, in a vortex of mad dissipation, you forgot your mission and yourself !

Harold. Obliteration !

Hermann. What ! Gad-a — !

Henry. You consented to the neutrality of the Netherlands and accorded Waldier an open port !

Hermann. Your instructions !

Henry. (Aside laughing). So they were ! *(To Hermann).* Drivling idiot ; the very opposite ! You were instructed to surrender Waldier to the French and establish our protectorate over the Netherlands !

Hermann. Your Majesty's memory is at — !

(Enter ANSELM from Abbey).

Henry. Dare you contradict ! Out of sight ! Begone you blathering, unsophisticated, egotistical monument of Vanity ! Away ; before I order you to the stocks !

Hermann. This is gratitude ! *(As he goes up to Abbey steps).* The reward of faithful, eminent, service ! Ambition, your name is Froth ! *(Going up steps).* Your recompense, husks of chargin ! *(Exit into Abbey).*

Harold:—

For trick that's neat,

It couldn't be beat !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha ! *(Loud laughter).*

Anselm. (Down C). The welcome and hospitality of Limwenlock to the majesty that honors it.

Harold. (Aside). Sly old fox !

Anselm. Our obligation will enhance if you partake of refreshment.

Enter MONKS from Abbey who pass round goblets and wine.

Henry. Ere we depart, we'll drink a flagon, to your prosperity ! The vintage, I'll hazard is ——

Anselm. The ripest our poor vaults can boast.

Henry. (*Sips*). 'Tis good ! (*Sits R*). Jester ; thy occupation seeds to melancholy !

Harold. If it labors in pains of frivolity ; forsooth, it begets stupidity !

Henry. The halt of speech find easy facility in song.

Omnes. Aye, aye ; a song ! (*All drink and put goblets on tables*).

Harold. (*Rises ; comes to C. Sings*).

When gods send us favor,
We praise them in wine ;
'Tis meet for their honor
This nectar divine !
Loud rings the cheer,
As passes the bowl,
To the mellow enchanter
Who gladdens the soul !

Omnes:—

Praise to the root
That fathers the vine,
The mother of fruit,
That presses to wine !
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-lay ;
Salute then the blessing ! Long may it sway !

Harold:—

Our toasts to the maiden,
Who never lets slip,
The joy over laden
That lurks in the lip !
Eyes framed in beauty,
To light with their fire
The beacons that duty,
Hope, courage, inspire !

Omnes:—

Our pledges ascend
To the shrine of the fair ;
On our knees we commend
The gods have her care !
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-lay ;
Hail then to beauty ! Bless'd be its ray !

Enter FELIX R. 3. Stays back until near close of song.

Harold:—

With reverence we name,
Whom the heavens hath sent,
To add by his fame
To our nation's content !
In choicest of nectar,
In songs of the maid,
From serf and elector,
Let homage be paid !

Omnes:—

In grateful emotion,
To the Lord do we raise,
Hymns of devotion
That rise with our praise !
From the hearts of the strong
Joyful notes are welling—
The shouts of the throng
Its accents are swelling :
Henry ! Franeonia ! Forever ! Hurrah !

(*Harold returns to position*).

Felix. (*Down C*). Excellent ! Edifying ! Garlands for exalted worth !

Henry. (*Rising*) and (*Godfrey*) : Cosmos !

Felix. (*Takes off hat and makes a sweeping bow*). At your service !

Henry. Unbounded surprise !

Felix. And ; I perceive, delight !

Henry. Have you been to Mayanee ?

Felix. Not yet ! Accident is fatal to the despatch of most careful design.

Godfrey. You were not attacked ? —

Felix. How know you ?

Godfrey. Nor killed ? —

Felix. Did you anticipate such dire calamity ? Be relieved ! My presence pleasantly attests, that I live.

Henry. We have sent to unravel a rumor, obscure and dubious, reached us —

Felix. By the Count, no doubt ; who joined your escort early this mornin' ?

Henry. Infernal ! Set you spies upon our doings ?

Felix. Your anger has no fit cause ! Peasants, smell so seldom of the perfume which a court exhales, they needs must gossip. I, but lately, have walked abroad.

Godfrey. Were not your attendants slaughtered ?

Felix. I would not, by question, reflect on your accuracy. You so recently came the way. You know ; I do not.

Henry. Cease your pert volubility ! Where are they ?

Felix. Ignorance is not food to gratify the stomach of inquiry ; but in truth, 'tis all I have.

Henry. Your head, the forfeit, if harm befall them !

Felix. Pray suspend your judgment ! The burden of my charge was momentous with the preciousness of your loved, adored consort. Informed, that the wood near the bridge of Arno, was infested by — The Count kindly correct me if I'm wrong — bandits, intent upon her majesty's undoing ; to deceive them and frustrate their hell-born purpose, I despatched my retainers by night, while I turned off, and here sought refuge. May I hope my caution, commends itself.

Enter BERTHA, from Abbey, followed by MARY and Lady Retainers, but not Clodel or Mildred.

Henry (Aside). Duped !

Godfrey. (Aside to Henry). He dissembles !

Henry. Why did you not give them battle ?

Felix. Oh, sire ! I lacked confidence in my supporters ! From discord and danger I had mind to shield the cherished idol of your affection —

Henry. Aye ! Her Majesty — ! (*Bertha at C.*)

Felix. Is here !

Bertha. (Throws herself in his arms). Joy, my husband ! Delicious joy not set down in expectation !

Henry. And by anticipation robbed of never a single delight ! (*To Felix.*) You have done well ! We will not forget !

Felix. (Bows. Retires up stage. Aside). More to my liking if you did. (*Stands and talks with Mary R. C. back.*)

Enter CLODEL from Abbey.

Henry. (Placing Bertha on seat R. and sitting beside her). You are well ! — The roses bloom upon your cheek.

Bertha. The warmth of your concern opens wide the petals of blushes !

Henry. To afford so much delight, and hear such pretty phrases from your lips, were worth the coming.

Bertha. Were you told ? or, did intuitive affection lead your steps this way ?

Henry. Oh ; yes, — Yes ; I was told —

Bertha. Mine gratitude, beyond measure, for the happiness vouchsafed.

Clodel. (Touches Henry on shoulder). Your Majesty !

Henry. Well ?

Bertha. Again ; that woman !

Clodel. Mildred is within ! Just now, at prayer, in the chapel, I saw her !

Godfrey. Mildred ! We must have her !

Henry. (*Rises.*) Hither monkish abbot! (*Anselm advances.*) Is it true, you conceal, a lady to our person attached?

Anselm. It is fact that a fair maid claims the sanctuary of Limwenlock.

Henry. Nonsense! There is no sanctuary from the King!

Godfrey. She is mine! I demand her!

Henry. Produce her, monk; if of thy benefice you have scant thought!

Anselm. For more than four hundred years, the portals of Limwenlock, have been open to pursued innocence, distressed virtue, and hunted crime. Its walls have been adamant to the pleadings, demands and threats of courtiers, knights and nobles. They have resisted the despoiler, the oppressor and the minions of cupidity. They are as sacred now as of yore. They cannot, will not, dare not yield!

Henry. When I return they'll boast another Abbot!

Bertha. Oh; Henry!

Anselm. As God wills——

Henry. No! as I will!

Anselm. Your pardon! My ignorance vouch'd not the intelligence that you direct Omnipotence!

Bertha. Dreadful! My husband; listen! Would you fly——

Henry. Peace! I command deliverance of the lady!

Anselm. I refuse!

Henry. I am King!

Harold. And Kings can no do wrong! So, it is writ, in the book. (*Aside.*) Bah; those lawyers ever were but arant knaves!

Anselm. To my feeble care, has, been entrusted, Limwenlock's consecrated lands and venerable prerogatives. While bowing with respect to your august person, and throne its dignity graces, I absolutely, positively, refuse to alienate the one or forfeit the other!

Henry. You defy——!

Anselm. In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!

Henry. Obstinaacy solcits compulsion!

Anselm. At your peril!

Henry. Anathema does not terrify! (*To Courtiers.*) Attention!

Anselm. For God's sake desist! from the presence of the Blessed Sacrament you must drag her!

Henry. Then fetch her!

Anselm. I have made my answer! It is beyond my power!

Henry. Upon your head be the crime!

Bertha. Henry ! (*Catches his arm*). Hear me ! Listen ! 'Tis sacrilege !

Henry. (*Throws her in seat*). Another word sunders us forever !

Bertha. (*Weeping*). God pity and forgive !

Henry. (*To Courtiers*) Within ! Produce the Lady Mildred if it cost the raising of foundation stone ! (*Anselm runs to steps and tries to bar the way. Godfrey and Conrad throw him aside. Godfrey, Conrad, Zither and Courtiers rush up steps*).

Enter MILDRED from Abbey. Stands in door.

Mildred. Stop ! (*They fall to each side of steps leaving passageway*). I would not have the Holy of Holies profaned for all your Empire ! (*Comes down steps to C. Quiet dignity*). Your Majesty, I submit —

Enter OTTO and RAIMOND R. 3 ; stand back. Raimond as if to rush down. Otto restraining him.

Henry. 'Tis wise !

Mildred. Of my body you are lord and master ! Do with it as your humor prompts ; load it with chains, drag it at your chariot wheels, break it on rack, confine it in the most loathsome dungeon that evil ingenuity can suggest, kill it, rend it and be satisfied ! — My conscience, my will, my soul are mine own ! These, you neither can dominate nor subvert ! I now tell you ; I will never marry Godfrey of Sudermann !

Henry. Ha, ha ! To halter and saddle we have broken wilder colts !

Raimond. (*Rushes down and throws himself at Henry's feet*). My liege ! Give ear to the supplications — !

Henry. What brawler have we now ?

Mildred. Raimond !

Conrad. Son of Otto !

Godfrey. Cub of Nordheim !

Raimond. Sire ! For the lady ! For life, love, hapiness ! I petition !

Henry. Your right ?

Raimond. She is my affianced !

Godfrey. Lie ! She is mine !

Mildred. I am not ! Verity, supports his word !

Raimond. Give ease ! Favor to our distraction ! Be-nignity to our entreaties !

Henry. She, the stake of my honor ; forfeited to another !

Raimond. Default it ! There is no crime ! The crime would be in giving that, you do not possess ; it adds the sin of violence to theft ! She is all to me as I am to her ! Out

of the plenitude of thy goodness and mercy undo a wrong unworthy of thy exalted station !

Henry. Rare sentiments for a whelp suckled on the treacherous breast of Nordheim !

Otto. (*Who has come down, raises Raimond*). Words, that ill-become the son of Henry III., whose life, these arms saved at Lindentham !

Henry. And with ingratitude repays the offspring for the favors of the sire !

Otto. A speech, only pardonable, in that malice, not truth, first gave it origin !

Mildred. (*To Raimond*). Oh ; do not add to my misery ! (*He scuts her R. Remains there*).

Henry. Lull-a-bys ; to woo baby sleep to the eyes of caution ! Why foster a standing army ?

Otto. To have 'i the day of my country's need !

Henry. Heroics ! Remove your hat !

Otto. If it enhance your esteem ! (*Takes off hat*). Yet ; it, would I remind, is a distinction accorded to our baronarcy when the first Ludwig was King !

Henry. And which we, in our graciousness, do condescend not to revoke ! (*Xs to L. Otto replaces hat and Xs to R. Raimond joins him*). We accord your hearing. Speak !

Otto. To the prayers, of these youthful suppliants, I join mine.

Henry. Refused !

Otto. If language, having spring in the deepest wells of affection, can touch the chords of imperial magnanimity, I press, urge, and beseech, for those tender ones, who stand by the open grave of earthly happiness.

Henry. 'Tis so appointed ! No more of it ! If thou hast aught else — ?

Otto. Mch. The priests and nobles of Nordheim, memorialize that Elfred be not consecrated bishop, 'till Rome has spoken.

Henry. Obstinate serfs ! We will neither receive nor give it consideration !

Otto. The appointment is scandal that seeds discension !

Henry. On reflection ; we, would have the document, to forward to the master of our public floggings !

Otto. If, for that only ; I'll keep it, for presentation elsewhere.

Henry. Insubordination !

Otto. The lawful exercise of private judgment.

Henry. Is Elfred not good enough ? Name him, who lets jealous whet the appetite of ambition !

Otto. Briar's do not yield lilies. A corrupt priest cannot bestow luster on a mitre or authority to a crozier.

Henry. So ; you are of those who question our right of investiture ?

Otto. I render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

Henry. And we do give it memory! Have you completed the full measure of their insolence?

Otto. Riotous wrongs, perpetrated in your name, sue redress.

Henry. We would know their nature and enormity?

Otto. The plains of Sweesig are devastated without warrant, inquisition or information of intrusion!

Henry. Pshaw! merely, the over zeal of some of our officers!

Otto. Monasteries echo the ruthless tread of mailed despoiler; our women, accorded no legal protection, must prefer, flee and hide the ravisher's goulsh desire; the right of sanctuary is violated with impunity; our temples profaned; our altars desecrated; and, our tabernacles rifled to make ornaments to deck wantons of satraps' harems!

Harold. (Aside). Dangerous! Too near the bull's eye!

Henry. Enough! Your presentment, is too long to memorize, and too prolix for comprehension!

Otto. Nevertheless; it owes naught to exaggeration.

Henry. Even so; what'st to you?

Otto. To me, as lord and baron, the victims give allegiance; and, through me, unto you. For protection, they turn to me; I look to you!

Henry. Vassals! Dare they; dare you impeach our administration? Into their witless pates drive the certainty: We are King and Emperor, by right divine!

Otto. Rather; because, you are the first begotten of the loins of Henry III; and, by the people's will!

Henry. Seditious! Listen to the demagogue!

Otto. Custom immemorial; prescription, sprung from the womb of time, dulls the consciousness of propriety and inherent right. Dependence leans upon the staff of antiquity. Surroundings, usage, habit, in the fierce rays of power, propagate submission, stagnate thought and give unhearing ear to the voice of equity!

Henry. Ha, ha, ha! Sententious sermons!

Otto. Only, the patient searcher may locate its origin; only, the dreaner harbor visions of its possibilities.

Henry. Pshaw! The wanderings of a mind deceased!

Otto. Mine to you, my liege! It needs no prophetic gift, to ken, when age, hoary in revolutions, shall hear, the brazen tongue of Liberty's loud mouthed bell, proclaim: Government derives its power from the consent of the governed!

Henry. (Approaching Otto. Draws gauntlet gloves from belt). I mind me; that brain of yours shelters treason and revolt!

Otto. Nay; not so! But; untutored in dissembler's art. I have no disguise to conceal opinions which from conviction, take on form.

Henry. Our answer ! (*Strikes Otto in face with his gloves. Raimond, who is standing R. of Otto, partly draws his sword. Otto, without turning catches Raimond's right wrist. Otto stands nearly full face to audience, his eyes turned on Henry and his breast heaving*). Godfrey ! Conrad ! attend our person ! The rest, immediately to our cortege ! (*Exit Hermann's retainers and others L. 2, all except Otto, Raimond, Henry, Godfrey, Conrad, and Anselm*). Monk ! Lead the way ! We would make mental inventory of the treasures these walls enclose ! (*Exit Anselm, Henry, Godfrey and Conrad into Abbey*).

Otto. 'Tis well he is King ; else, that blow had been his last !

Raimond. Father ; the pressure of your hand gives pain !

Otto. (*Dropping it*). Forgive me child ! Nay ; child no longer ! The joy and hope of my patrimony ! To steed ; make free use of spur, nor cease despatch till you have sounded the tocsin of Nordheim !

Raimond. You ? Whither ? —

Otto. Rome ! Rome ! to unfold truth to the inspection of the Sovereign Pontiff ! To be absolved from the oath that conscience binds to allegiance ! Then ! Then ; Henry shall know the might of injured right ! the o'erwhelming power of a people's will ! (*Exit with rapid stride R. 2*).

Raimond. I, to prepare the chivalry of Nordheim to breast the tempest and revenge dishonor ! (*At R. U. E.* Brother ! Brother Mark ! Quick ; I await my horse ! (*Stands waiting ; concealed as much as possible*).

Enter HERMANN from Abbey.

Hermann. (*Yawning and rubbing his eyes as one awakened from sleep*). It pleased their courtly sport to disturb my slumbers. Baugh ; their inanities revolt the stomach. (*Comes down and sits behind table L*). I am so fatigued ! Weary brain craves rest. My eyes blink like owl's 'i the sun. I must sleep. (*Drops head on table*).

Enter HENRY, GODFREY and CONRAD from Abbey. Come down C. Enter CHEVALIER R. 2.

Chevalier. (*Advances, kneels and hands scroll to Henry*). To the most high and mighty, liege lord, Henry. From His Holiness, Gregory, Pope. (*Henry takes scroll. Laughs. Chevalier rises and stands at ease R*).

Henry. Methinks, he has relented ! Found sufficient cause to reverse his judgment. (*Breaks seal*). It is both meet and wise ! (*Reads silently*). Fiends of hell ! Insult to insult ! Attention ! (*Looks at scroll as if perusing con-*

tents). "Undying devotion!—Solicitous for our salvation!—Loath to rebuke!—Complaints!—Iniquities!—Investiture denied!—Vetoed Elfred as Bishop of Nordheim!—Deprives him of priestly faculties!—Denounces Simony!—Gravest penalties!—Excommunicate Guibert Bishop of Ravenna!—God guide and direct!—Seal of Fisherman!—Grep P. P. VII!"—Hah, ha, ha! Surprise makes no comparison of suspense! Nordheim itching for rebellion! Guibert disgraced! The monk of Cluny dictates—dictates to us! On my soul; comedy carries the train of tragedy! (To *Chevalier*). Hi; slunk! This, to the son of the Tuscan carpenter; (Tears scroll and throws it on ground) and, tell him, we give it to winds to waft to jackels! Begone! (Exit *Chevalier R. 2*). The third within a month! (Goes toward steps. *Godfrey down R. Conrad down L*). Insufferable! Unbearable! (Turns). Had ever monarch such a motley crew about him? Where is Macedonian courage to cut the Gordian knot of besetting tyranny!

Godfrey and Conrad. (Draw swords). Here! (Cross swords).

Henry. (Draws sword. Comes down C. Lays his sword on cross of their's). Bravely spoken! Let promise grow not stale for execution! We follow; and, on Campania's plain, elect successor amenable to our paramount pleasure! Fate has decreed: Death to Hildebrand! Hail, Guibert of Ravenna!

Godfrey and Conrad. Death to Hildebrand! Hail, Guibert of Ravenna! (Sheath swords. Exit hurriedly *L. 2, Henry, Godfrey and Conrad*).

Raimond and Hermann. (Come quickly so as to reach C. at the same time. Both look off *L. 2*. Pause. Music. Turn to each other and grasp hands).

Raimond. God save Gregory; Pope!

Hermann. Amen!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — SACRISTY OF THE CHAPEL OF BLESSED MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, *Convent of the same name, in Rome. Scene set in 2. Doors R. & L. Curtain, to music, discovering Gregory, sitting at table near C., Cardinal Dolmino standing to his R.*

Gregory. Yes, yes ; I give heed. Proceed !

Dolmino. If I urge, appear to importune, it is because I have at heart the welfare of Mother Church. With Henry, you have been too lenient ; nay, more, — But, borrow for the words, no censure, — over indulgent.

Gregory. I mind me ; I have. Still it is hard —

Dolmino. His crimes, almost daily, augment. Outrages, violations, contempt for your person and office, yet, you preserve silence !

Gregory. Not altogether. 'Tis serious ; most serious. In every mass I make mention ; in every Holy Sacrifice, I pray for guidance.

Dolmino. It was only — Again I use language which implies rebuke not meant, — when, the feet of inaction, wandered nigh the line that marks omission's sin, you gently chided !

Gregory. Believe me ; it was not weakness ; it was solicitude ! We thought his acts but born of youth's impulsiveness. His promises were fair —

Dolmino. And kept blossom for about a week ! His reforms, if any, were passive, not active.

Gregory. We minded, to deal with him, as the father of the prodigal.

Dolmino. Spared the rod and spoiled —

Gregory. The rod should be the parent's last resort. Mildness, kindness, well timed advice, touch the heart and carry conviction and regret on the wings of love. The rod is only potent when filial duty proves perverse to lenity.

Dolmino. Of verity it has ! The higher you trod to the summit of benevolence ; the lower he pressed into the depths of malevolence. Result : Germany in a state of religious anarchy ; benefices sold without semblance of disguise ; bishops inducted and cardinals nominated over whom, at most, your authority is but nominal. You order ; and the Emperor countermands. Meanwhile, the people are shocked and scandalized, moral apathy takes root and religion is endangered.

Gregory. In your pious zeal, my good Cardinal, I fear me, you do somewhat exaggerate!

Dolmino. France is not slow to catch the infection; nor, o'er scrupulous in turning it to national advantage. In Italian villages, in Piedmontese cities, along the shores of the Adriatic, octopus like, it gropes its far-reaching tentacles of destruction.

Gregory. We would hear your remedy — ?

Dolmino. Discipline! It must come! Let its efficacy not evaporate in the waiting!

Gregory. We are constrained to admit the weight of logic that prevades your reasoning. 'Tis true; we have counselled to no effect, admonished without avail, cautioned —

Dolmino. And met with insolent silence and contemptuous indifference!

Gregory. It tries me sorely! grieves me more than you wot of!

Dolmino. He laps courage from the trough of indecision, and thinks, it flavors timidity! Multiplies offences and fortifies against compunction!

Enter CHEVALIER L. E.

Chevalier. (*Kneeling at Gregory's feet*). Most holy father; my mission has been accomplished.

Gregory. Arise my child. The answer — ? Produce it!

Chevalier. (*Rises*). He gave none; — none, in writing.

Dolmino. Deemed it unworthy of courtesy! Had he no speech?

Chevalier. Some. But better that I bury it.

Dolmino. No! Breath upon the clay, that it live and speak.

Chevalier. It will offend the ears, and harrow pain in the breast, of our holy father.

Gregory. Nevertheless; he should hear. We are not the first parent to weep over the insubordination of a child; or, bleed in anguish at its base ingratitude! Speak!

Chevalier. Thus he spoke: "The monk of Cluny dictates to us!"

Gregory. How shallow the pool of insight! Monk of Cluny! I wish I was the happy monk, working out eternal salvation, without care or responsibility, in the halls of my beloved Cluny!

Dolmino. This the full measure of his speech?

Chevalier. "Hi; flunkey!" that to me; but, I give it no mind. "This, to the son of the Tuscan carpenter!"

Gregory. The Redeemer of the world was subject to the carpenter of Nazareth! Yes?

Chevalier. In a convulsion of passion, he tore the writing, and throwing the pieces to earth, said: "And tell him, we give it to winds to waft to jackels!" That was all.

Gregory. Brief; but, of measure, not lacking in sufficiency! Retire. (*Exit Chevalier D. L.*)

Dolmino. More than insubordination! Rebellion!

Gregory. (*Rising*). God direct me! My resolution is formed! Heaven send strength, spiritual and physical, to give it execution! We can no longer patronize duty or resist the dictates of conscience. The struggle will be intense unto white heat; severe unto humiliation's most exacting penance; galling to the high spirited, Lucifer like pride, of the Franconion! Taught he must be; that, the human is not above the divine!

Enter CHEVALIER D. L.

Chevalier. Your holiness! Baron Otto of Nordheim, and a monk; present devoted assurances and petitions; and crave most urgent audience!

Dolmino. At this unusual hour? Impossible! Name unto them, mid-day.

Gregory. Nordheim! It is German! Ah; God is good! Henry already repents his rashness and contumacy! Ceremony is waived! Admit them! (*Resumes seat. Exit Chevalier D. L.*)

Dolmino. Contrition, while yet the crime is hot? It's face, I warrant, is the mask of deceit!

Gregory. No, no! It is the mysterious unction of grace; as wonderful in its workings, as the Providence who bestows it.

Dolmino. May its chalice not dreg of bitter disappointment!

Gregory. (*Laughs softly*). Easy; easy; my worthy son! See, what the impetuosity of your fervor, nearly accomplished! Swayed by your holy enthusiasm, I had nigh been guilty of cutting off the child from the communion of Saints; and, that too, at the very time, contrition was finding abiding place in his soul!

Enter OTTO and ANSELM D. L.

Otto. (*Gets up and kneels at Gregory's feet; kisses his hand*). Most holy father; an erring, but not undutiful son, craves thy blessing!

Gregory. Arise, my child! The breath of Spring, harbinging of beauties that rest in lap of Summer, is not more welcome surcease to the dying spasms of decrepid Winter, than your presence at this moment!

Otto. (Arises). Your gracious kindness, paves easy road,
on which to canter the steed of my desire.

Gregory. Your's, the beast, that carries gift unto our re-
joicing ! You bear assurances of Henry's late and sincere
submission !

Otto. Alas ; no !

Gregory. No ?

Otto. Sincerely, do I regret, it is not mine to bring such
serene contentment to the shepherd's heart. I have come to
supplicate decree, divorcing allegiance wedded to remorseless
tyrant ! to beseech, a fatherly benediction on a struggle for
the liberties of my distracted country !

Gregory. Dolmino ! Truly, our years bend with weight
of sorrow !

Dolmino. Responsibility's thorns for greatness ! *(Aside).*
God pity him ! The arrow stabs the heart !

Gregory. Joy, was the anticipated guest ; but, he sent his
hand-maid sorrow !

Otto. Would, word or act of mine, could banish its
presence !

Dolmino. Providence, mayhap, is working with surer de-
sign !

Gregory. It is ! It always does ! *(To Otto).* The facts
and reasons that give support to your behest ?

Otto. The same, that from creation's day-light, despotism
has put into the mouth of its victim !

Gregory. Henry is a plant of wild growth ! Tending,
training, pruning, avail not !

Otto. He claims, not alone to rule, but enslave, by right
divine ! He confines the person of the Lady Mildred of
Bavaria, niece and ward of the saintly Hubert, Archbishop of
that See, under compulsion, to mate with Godfrey of Suder-
mann !

Gregory. Has she valid reason for objecting to the union ?

Otto. Dislike, that severs from hatred, only where the two
paths fork the highway of sin ! Her promise to become the
wife of my son !

Gregory. Personal grievance ; scarcely sufficient to
justify the drastic measures you contemplate.

Otto. Injured right has no personality ! The particle,
denied justice, is the index of menace to the whole ! But ;
were more needed ? She is to be imolated, and her wealth
sacrificed to the cupidity of this suitor, because, so pledged,
by his majesty, as reward, for compassing the death of the
Empress !

Gregory. My child ! my child ! Know what you say ?
The charge is terrible ! It rings wild to madness ! But
insanity could give it tongue and credence ! Who, so bold,
as vouch it ?

Anselm. Most holy father ; I, Anselm, abbot of Limwenlock, give it support without reservation !

Gregory. Oh ! the depravity ; the sin of it !

Otto. Unto him ; I took memorial, signed by priests and nobles of Nordheim ; a protest against Elfred's elevation to the archbishopric —

Gregory. Yes ; and —

Otto. Declined to receive it ! Jested it to scorn ! Wished for names of subscribers to send their persons to the flogging post !

Gregory. And you — ?

Otto. Refused, to serve such purpose.

Gregory. Wise decision.

Otto. His paid marauders pillage our lands ; lust and rapine, receive as much protection and exalted toleration, as, when Nero defiled a throne in this Imperial city ! Our convents and monasteries are not sacred from the raids of ruthless retainers ; sacrilege is in the temple ; monstrosity and ebriety are consecrated for smelting and transformation into gauds to dress lewdness ; sanctuary is violated with impunity and virtue has no asylum of refuge !

Gregory. Crimes monstrous in their immensity ! Pagan idol not Christian God reigns ! Oh, heaven, where is Thy might, Thy justice, Thy vengeance !

Anselm. Not a thickness of grass' blade has it swerved from the line of truth. But a few days ago, a maiden — the same Lady Mildred — who claimed the sanctuary of Limwenlock, had to yield herself to Henry's pressure, to save the profanation, with which armed compulsion, threatened the presence of the Blessed Sacrament !

Gregory. Surprise, for me, has ceased to be ! Conscience so shocked that it could not startle ! Spring, these accusations, from motives disinterested ? or, do they suckle off the breast of malice ?

Anselm. On my part, born of nation's and church's benefit ! Absolutely !

Gregory. (To *Otto*). You ; my child ?

Otto. Rancor, adds no fuel to wrath's blazing pyre ! Yet ; as I am sinful man, do I confide, that personal indignity applied the torch. With fair speech, and respectful deference, I spread before Henry, the grievances that sued relief. For answer ; he smote me on the face ! Then broke loose, and in wild deluge gushed up, those fountains of passion, in the human breast, that lend sacramental unction to the consecration of sublime purpose ! Then ; I became the avenger — not of mine own ; but, my people's wrongs !

Gregory. Enough ! (Rising). The audience is ended. To our council chamber, repair, when rings the mid-day angelus. You will then hear our decision. (*Otto and Anselm retire bowing. Exit D. L.*)

Dolmino. Hope has disappeared behind the horizon of gastly reality ! Viceousness spreads funeral pall over the corpse of recitude ! There is but one orb luminous enough to penetrate the darkness ; but one voice potential enough to summon the dead to life ! Both in one do center ; that one, reflects the ancient glory, inherits the power, executes the trust, and keeps the keys confided to Simon Peter !

Gregory. True ; the son of the carpenter is the successor of the Fi-herman ! The monk of Cluny is the visible, but unworthy, head of the church of Christ ! Aye ; the time has arrived for action ! The terrible words, at the sound of which angels weep and powers of darkness rejoice, must be spoken ! Not mine ; but God's ! They call me Gregory — the Hildebrand ! I am ! What we bind shall be bound ! (*To Dolmino*). Assist me to robe for mass ; when, you are dismissed for other duties that claim attention. (*Music. Exit D. R. Pause*).

Enter GODFREY and CONRAD D. L. cautiously. Godfrey moves to R. and looks off. Conrad remains at L. looking back. Both move stealthily to C.

Godfrey. Fortune smiles propetiously !

Conrad. Aye faith ! The good sister, who gave us admittance, little recked the eminent service she loaned to vast enterprise, when, so willingly, she gave credence to our persuasive representations !

Godfrey. Nor that fool-guard, at the Vatican, who parted with such valuable information for so small reward.

Conrad. My oath on't ; future pontiffs will be more apprehensive of personal saftey and the vigilance of their retainers !

Godfrey. Our names are destined to live ! Grateful posterity will appland the courage that removed humanity's scourge !

Conrad. Let's give speed to the doing ! Impatience conjures fear and dread to weaken decision !

Godfrey. Fancy and delusion ! Usurpation and arrogance, the witnesses ! retribution, the sanctifier !

Conrad. Avoid the meditation ! It is not fascinating !

Godfrey. Is your dagger at hand ?

Conrad. It is !

Godfrey. Remove the acolytes, in such manner, they make no cry. Without ; use dagger to dispatch them. Their corpse, or even blood, might, to the quarry give alarm, that frustrate our purpose !

Conrad. If the Cardinal be present ?

Godfrey. To him your attention. Mine to Hildebrand ; who, if possible, must be strangled, so as lend color to the tale we circulate ; he died in epileptic fit ! — To whie! gossip

may add ; the wrath of heaven, or such, as suits the bent of mind. Now, for the deed, that will startle Christendom, and echo unto the grave of time ! (*Exit both, stealthily, D. R.*).

SCENE 2.—CHAPEL OF BLESSED MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, set in 4. Platform, with steps, up C. upon which is altar. Low tabernacle, C. of Altar, on top of which is crucifix ; three lighted candles on each side ; closed missal, on stand, R. of tabernacle (L. in stage direction). Small table L. 3. on which are the cruets, basin and napkin. Maniple, on top step to altar R. Bell L. Doors, R. & L. of altar. Transcept arches R. and L. Large gothic window, over altar, having stained glass representation of Archangel Michael holding a flaming sword, and surrounded by lesser angels, and at the bottom a scroll, bearing the words, "Sanctus ! Sanctus ! Sanctus !" Lights up front and down behind, so that figures on window are not readily discernable. Music.

Enter, stealthily GODFREY and CONRAD R.

Godfrey. Conceal yourself yonder. Take you, the acolyte on that side. (*Exit R. Conrad Exit L.*)

Enter, D. R. A., TWO ACOLYTES, in soutane and surplis. Kneel on altar steps. One R. one L.

Re-enter GODFREY and CONRAD. Steal cautiously up R. & L. Respectively, put a hand over each acolyte's mouth, seize him, pick him up and exit, as before, carrying him. Enter, D. R. A. GREGORY robed in alb, cincture and chausble, carrying veil covered chalice and paten. Comes to C. of altar steps, ascends and places chalice in front of tabernacle ; traces altar stone, goes L. and opens missal ; returns to C., kisses altar, turns and faces audience.

Gregory. No acolytes ! Have the good sisters forgotten ? Nay ; I saw them but a moment hence ! 'Tis strange ! No cue to serve my mass !

Enter D. L. A., hurriedly, RAIMOND with unsheathed sword in hand.

Raimond. Holy father ; I will serve your Mass ! (*Kneels on steps.*)

Gregory. My child ! you startled ; frightened me ! Your unseemly haste ; great excitement ! Sword, stained with blood !

Raimond. Thank God ; I am in time to save you !

Gregory. Mystery ? Save me !

Raimond. (*Rises*). Attention, your holiness ! I am the son of Otto of Nordheim ! —

Gregory. A creditable passport !

Raimond. Days, not many in number, have gone, since, Godfrey, Count of Sudermann, and Conrad, Margrave of Erichstedt, departed Limwenlock, under oath to the Emperor, to assassinate you !

Gregory. Me ?

Raimond. Aye ; you ! I overheard ; and, with speed, that hardly paused for rest, gathered the clans of Nordheim ! They are not five leagues distant from the walls of your Eternal City. Fearful, lest the foul crime forestall my coming, I pressed hither !

Gregory. Reason, clarity, conscience, rebuke lurking belief ! You must have mistaken —

Raimond. Even now ; on the plains of Campania, floats the black eagle ! Henry raises stately pavilion in which to elect your successor. The unfrocked of Ravenna is destined for the throne of Peter !

Gregory. Treachery ! Treason ! Damnable perfidy ; too immeasurable for words !

Raimond. My approach was seen and two minions dispatched to intercept !

Gregory. And, by God's favor, failed !

Raimond. Pray for them ! They need it !

Gregory. You have acted with a nobility becoming a true son of the church. Here, and hereafter, your reward will be commensurate with your fidelity. You may serve my Mass. Put aside the sword. From the day, the Master chided His chief apostle, it has been offensively incongruous in the temple of the Almighty.

Raimond. I would keep it by me ! It may have use ! A strong arm and brave heart know it's service !

Gregory. No, no ; not here !

Raimond. Treachery, foul bird, perches on the roost of security ; malice stalks the shadow of its predestined victim ; deeds conceived in the womb of Sinful Night scarce privacy for time of birth ; Assassination blows no clarion blast to announce its coming ; plots, fathered by Passion and mothered by Depravity, seek, e'en such solemn calm as this, for culmination !

Gregory. The behest, is a command !

Raimond. That is obeyed ! (*Taking off sword belt*). But, should they come — ?

Gregory. We will rely on the arm of Omnipotence to give us safe deliverance. Heard you of the Christmas Eve, when, before the high altar, the weapon of Cencius sought our life ?

Raimond. I had not heard !

Gregory. The God, who then, in His merey, threw the mantle of protection about us, still reigns — supreme ! His will be done, now, and forever ! (*Raimond lays sword and belt to one side*). 'Tis not enough. Put it without. (*Lights gradually lower. Raimond picks up sword and belt and places them outside D. L. A. As he returns and Gregory comes down altar steps ; Gregory being on second step, elevated enough for effect, and low enough not to obscure any part of picture on window*).

Enter, stealthily, with drawn swords, GODFREY R. and CONRAD L.

Raimond. Look ! Holy Father ! See ; they come !

Gregory. Baek ! Demons from the yawning chasm of hell ! Baek ! (*Lights all at front. Up, full, behind, making transparent the picture in gothic window over altar. Raimond drops on his knees. Godfrey and Conrad fall, with hands and faces, to floor. Calium on Gregory*).

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

EMPEROR'S PAVILION. *Interior of large and gorgeous tent, set in 4 and occupying full stage ; backed by scene representing the Campania. Entrances, C., R. and L. 1. Dais, with throne, up L. C. Platform of two steps, each wide enough to hold the bench which is on it, down both sides. A narrow aisle through benches on R. about 3. Rugs and evidences of splendor.*

Curtain to music ; discovering, Harold sitting on edge of dais, contemplating harlequin's wand ; Bertha R. of C. E., looking off, Mildred standing at R. 1, in meditation ; Mary sitting on edge of platform L. 1 ; Felix reclining on rug close to her

Mary. Ha, ha, ha ! I warrant ; now, you be serious !

Felix. I admit the garment is not becoming ; and is provocative of mirth.

Mary. You should have been a priest !

Felix. Fie ! you jest ! The altar steps are sacred to the tread of the pure begotten of the pure.

Mary. And, Sir Culprit, make confession ; you are not pure ?

Felix. I have need of a mother, to vouch, she came by me honestly.

Mary. We accord you the pity ——

Felix. Which ostentatious charity condescends to the orphan !

Mary. If you could find' ueh mother ?

Felix. If-? — Who knows ? ——

Mary. It suspicions treason !

Felix. Nay ! a longing that the little Mary, who confides to me the care of her future, lack nothing of the solieitude another parent might bestow.

Mary. An Alexander in generalship ! How you do excel in extricating your legions from dangerous positions ! Lend the gift to the evacuation of the cohorts of morbid thought !

Felix. The idea is to my liking ; but, a Hannibal of grim certainty, is not easily overpowered !

Mary. Gibbosities ! Fabled monsters ; invoked to tame unruly children !

Felix. Who told you Henry was a fable ? Put it from you ! Unlike the child, I have seen my hob-goblin.

Mary. He ogled ? Spat fire ? Ilissed threats ? ——

Felix. Nay! Promised that memory would ne'er play
truant to inestimable service.

Mary. That all?

Felix. Is it not sufficient? Rewards have diversity of
form, size, color and consequence. The wage of sin is death;
but the culprit — ah, there's one creditor who does not harass
his debtor!

Mary. You saved the Queen's life! An office that is ac-
cepted suitor of great preferment!

Felix. Be times! Mary you do not know all; and, I
may not tell.

Mary. The premises have conclusion in advantage,
emolument, distinction! 'Tis possible he forget.

Felix. With Godfrey of Sudermann stirring the boiling
pot lest the surface seum Ah, no! Too much for the
wildest dissipations of hope!

Mary. You apprehend? What?

Felix. A headless trunk! Not pleasant speculation.

Mary. Paugh! I fear me, I scanned you not too close;
your wit put blinds on observation! Own, you fear death?

Felix. Not in it does mortal terror lie, but, in the an-
ticipation of judgment!

Mary. To my thoughtlessness vouch acquittance and ob-
livion! There must, indeed, be gravity, breeding unwhole-
some dread, which my tormentings do offend. Yet, prepare
no lodging 'i its coming. (*Rises*). Upon you, do I confer,
the orders of the Exorcist so you cast out delusive devils of
apprehension. (*X's to Mildred*).

Felix. And, in the high noon of even remote possibility,
feast on ripe enjoyment, court sweet content, drain love's
honeyed potions; sing, laugh and be merry, until! — 'tis
Henry's humor to acquit, with axe, the obligation!

Mildred. (*Turning to Mary*). Dearest; I covet the de-
light that bejewels and sparkles in your eyes; yet, have no
envy that the priceless gems are yours!

Mary. Sister; — Let me call you by that endearing
name! Grows there upon my tongue, or lurks within my
speech, such words of gentle consolation, as hold enuuing balm
to heal thy troubled heart?

Mildred. I fear me not.

Mary. Hope, like day, courts young vigor in night's re-
pose. It does not die; it lives to wed eternity.

Mildred. At best; but, a devoted nurse to sorrow. An
angel stimulating weakness with false belief; soothing
anguish with the soft hand of remote expectancy; minister-
ing tonics brewed from herbs of loss and longing. But,
powerless to stay the certainty of dissolution!

Mary. It has at hand properties of much virtue. The
Queen makes cause and advocacy of your suit.

Mildred. God bless her ! She has, of her own, more than her eloquence of goodness and beauty can accomplish.

Mary. Narrow, though it be ; 'tis a path that promise opens to fulfilment.

Mildred. I accord no accomodation to repinings. Methinks, I am possessed of strength and fortitude, unnatural. I almost eager the approach of combat.

Mary. (*Looks off R.*). In yonder distance behold a shining cross ; the emblem of man's redemption. It marks the habitation where Peter still reigns. If hope, for you, there has no blossom, dead, unto barrenness, is the tree of your happiness.

Mildred. More than an hour, have my eyes feasted upon that gibbet by Calvary made glorious ! Mary ; when, at Limwenlock, afront the image of the Crucified, I vowed ; come what may, no act of mine would suffer outrage to His presence, methought ;—nay, had other been present, I'd sworn, I heard a voice of most compassionate beauty, distinctly say : "Well done daughter, I will not abandon thee !"

Mary. Marvellous !

Mildred. That my shield and buckler against assault. The greatest distress arises from thoughts of Raimond's sufferings. I am not without a meagre allowance of consolation. No irritating restrictions, no severity of word or deed, no wounding recriminations aggravate my misery. I have been spared Godfrey's hateful importunities ; in truth, his very presence.

Mary. He did not accompany us.

Mildred. Which explains much.

Bertha. (*Coming down C.*). What a deep, mysterious and unfathomable sphinx is the thing we call life ? A peasant child, I met upon the highway, sent thought afield to dally in reflection. It's tongue, unloosed by coin, I asked her, what she'd like to be. For answer, she said, a queen. To the queen, the question repeated, and, from her heart welled up reply : A child with feet unsandaled, unkempt of care, ignorant of responsibility, innocent of sordidness and sin, anticipating all the joys of maternity in a treasured bundle of stray twisted into a doll.

Harold. Dives might have been a self-made Lazarus ; not Larazus a Dives !

Bertha. Existence is temptation. Who have not, desire ; who have, make friends of discontent, and want more. (*With Mildred and Mary go up C. talking in pantomime. Turn.*)

Felix. (*Musingly.*). Hem ! The infant breast throbs with forecast of future. It has loves, hopes, ambitions, anxieties, envies, troubles, momentuous to its little world. It has distasteful tasks and uncongenial duties ; it joys or

fears in the anticipation of reward or rebuke ; it has tender conscience to magnify indiscretion into sin with all its attending remorse. Pshaw ! We are ever the child but at different periods of growth. The venerableness of ninety is only the ten times exaggerated childhood of nine.

Bertha. It is his majesty's pleasure that we forthwith return to the capital.

Felix. (*Sitting up. Aside.*) Ah !

Mildred. And we ; the devoted servants of your person ; — do we accompany ?

Bertha. It is his, and our, wish.

Felix. (*Aside.*) He cannot contemplate —

Mary. Rare pleasure !

Felix. (*Aside.*) Ontheroding Herod ! (*Rises.*)

Mary. The time of departure — ?

Bertha. On conclusion of the Council. The secretaries go with us.

Felix. Has choice of captain and guard been made ?

Bertha. Of my knowledge ; no.

Felix. The service is of such vast distinction ; that, though most unworthy, of me, its privilege would be flattering beyond expression !

Bertha. If mine to bestow ; 'tis granted. We'll seek the King and sue approval. Come !

Enter ANHALT C. E.

Anhalt. (*Stands R. of C. E.*) The Archduke of Bremen !

Harold :—

Blaze it forth on the pot-house door ;
Our feast's augmented by one more bore !

Bertha, Mildred, Mary and Felix laugh and Exit C. E.

Anhalt. Assanine jokes for — !

Harold. (*Rises*) :—

My, my ; what a stutter ;
Your heart's in a flutter !

Anhalt. Beast ! (*Exit C. E.*)

Harold. (*Comes down C.*) In more than thirty years, andrew, we have not seen such dry rot in the pleasures of this court. Even our muse finds no flavor in wooing and like petulant lover, secures herself against advances. Gloom, vulture-like, hovers, with outstretched wing and rasping pipe of discord, above our banquet table. Smiles are forced, laughter breaks in nervous spasm and harp and lute give strident note. The master is, by turn, absent-minded, morose and overbearing. Clodel's coyings have lost charm ; and — mine to you my andrew ; there be signs, we cannot ken, for they are strangers.

Enter HERMANN C. E.

Hermann. (Comes down). Fool! Knowest thou the whereabouts of the noble Baron of Nordheim

Harold. Let the fool enquire of greater fool; who may have knowledge not passing the sense of the lesser fool! (Exit R. E.).

Hermann. Of all such useless, witless, appendages I would the court dis sever, and dedicate their quips and gibes to the comedy of the public stock! (Exit L. E.).

Enter HENRY, with CLODEL on his arm. C. E.

Henry. Prudence, not preference dictates. Idol of my heart; that, should be sufficient.

Clodel. It gives no ease to pangs that from impending separation grow. Ah; Henry—Do, now; let me stay. I'll be so unhappy!

Henry. Force not willing inclination to the violation of caution. Your presence would give sympathetic recreation to o'er burdening affairs of State. But, dearest of my heart's desire, the eagle eyes of Europe soon will be upon us. Abiding envy will scrutinize, long-cherished malice search and delve, malignant suspicion distort our every act and, if possible, ravish our very thought.

Clodel. To which my presence can borrow or lend naught.

Henry. With the queen in Germany; they, to our detriment, would paint it with the foul pencils and pigments of scandal. My wisdom to you, it is not well for us that you remain.

Clodel. Disconsolation watches by the bier of parted love! Charmless, life without you; my loved, beloved, Henry!

Henry. But short perspective to absolute separation from our present consort. You shall behold and reap the fullness of this day's happenings. Then you will be my companion to death.

Clodel. Benign powers who serve fortune! All ye gods who minister unalloyed bliss! Speed; oh, speed the day! (Exit with Henry L.).

Enter RAIMOND C. E.

Raimond. Whither tarries the chieftain of Nordheim whom I seek?—

Enter HUBERT R. E.

Welcome! More than welcomes, thrice, I give your grace! Know you ought of my sire?

Hubert. Otto made no addition to our company.

Raimond. He departed and waited not for you. This much do I know ; he to-day has been in Rome.

Hubert. Heaven send ; no treachery loiter by his way ! Had he companions ?

Raimond. The Abott Anselm and a good sword.

Hubert. Two good swords ! That Anselm once was a soldier of much renown ; and, gossip says, when he travels, his frock still hides a blade.

Raimond. Prepare for intelligence most astounding !

Hubert. These be strange, uncertain times, alive with atrocious doings that, do so enure, their retailing wakes never a ripple on the placid surface of serenity.

Raimond. Aye ; but, mine in immensity so overtops that it hath no pallel since Lucifer thng defiance at a God-head ! With me ; 'till I relate ! (*Exit both R. E.*)

Enter OTTO and HERMANN L. E.

Otto. Incredible ! Immensurable ! Beyond belief !

Hermann. I give no disc dit to mine own senses ! My ears, as well as those of your offspring, heard it in all its putrid malevolence !

Otto. Purpose awaits no longer words of dispensation ! Henry's act, the blow that slays, not severs, allegiance ! Unfettered right stands 'i the face of Justice and pleads for potent strength to execute her mandate ; — Retribution !

Hermann. And Bremen stands by Nordheim !

Otto. Give it dispatch lest it out-run our lightnings ! Attend to it ; that, Henry may review the troops of Bremen sooner than he wot of !

Hermann. Gad ; he shall ! for they be close at hand !

Otto. Nor ; must I lag while fell design awaits but opportunity ! Heaven forfend, I come to join mourners' dirge ! I'll to the Vatican ! —

Enter RAIMOND and HUBERT R. E.

Raimond. Useless ! It be of no purpose !

Otto. My son ! You — ?

Raimond. In the confusion of emergency, with none to consult, I followed that my judgment did advise. The legions of Nordheim are very near the threshold of this Imperial lodge. I was in time to warn Gregory —

Otto. And save him ?

Raimond. I did not save him !

Otto and Hermann. Dead !

Raimond. No ! But my arm was not his salvation !

Otto. To whom vouchsafed the distinguished honor ?

Raimond. Omnipotent God! In the richest ripeness of their fiendish project He blasted them with a breath. Paralyzed, so they fell senseless at the feet of their intended victim!

Otto and Hermann. Praised His holy name!

Hubert. Now and forever!

Raimond. Father; I have much engagement for your earliest attention.

Otto. We'll seek a place that boasts seclusion! (*Exit with Raimond R. E. — Bugle note, C. without.*)

Hermann. (*Going up to seat, back row, R.*) Methinks the wind is somewhat counter.

Hubert. (*Going up to seat, back row, L.*) Miracles did not cease with Peter, Linus, and Cletus!

Music. Enter C. R., Trumpeters, Banner-bearers, HENRY clad in robes of state and green mantle of Emperor of Rome; Pages, HAROLD, BERTHA, MILDRED, MARY, CLODEL, MAIDS, GUIBERT, ZITHER, ANHALT, FELIX, COURT IERS, RETAINERS, BISHOPS, MONKS, SOLDIERS, etc. Henry ascends throne — others take appropriate places or sitting and standing, leaving entrances clear. All stand until Henry sits.

Henry. Our gracious greetings to our beloved Council!

Omnes. God save the King!

Henry. (*Sits. Omnes with seats also sit.*) With feelings o'er run with sadness; but always with reverent submission to Divine Will, we announce the imminent death of his holiness the Pope.

Omnes. The Pope! (*Surprise.*)

Henry. It lives in memory, that, on the death of Alexander II. Hildebrand, in defiance of custom and contempt of our prerogative, secured election and assumed office without our sanction.

Omnes. 'Tis verity!

Henry. True; not wishing to disturb peace or invade religion, we, in our graciousness, subsequently did accord approval.

Omnes. 'Tis so!

Henry. Jealous of the right which the will of heaven, we hold in trust for you, and, against the probability of further usurpation, we have, in our wisdom, convoked, to take such counsel, as may be necessary to maintain our dignity and preserve authority; and, to preserve among you, who possessing qualities of mind and heart, are fitted to adorn the pontificate. (*One or two bow forward.*) "Guibert!" *Henry smiles.* Give ye heed to my words! We await but the sad intelligence of his demise.

Hermann (*Rises*). My rage alone I, without reflection on your announcement, question as accuracy?

Henry. Are you aware that interpretation of loyalty is a rudeness bordering insolence?

Hermann. In my desire for conformity with fact, if I blunder —

Henry. I seem to be the only instinct you possess!

Hermann. Except a sense — useless it may be — for minor details. Whom, imparted to your majesty such unreliable intelligence had taken leave of his senses, or, with malicious intent did deceive!

Henry. Sir!

Hermann. I have a voucher, beyond suspicion, from one who had within few hours ago, held conversation with the holiness, then in the best of health, tho' grinning much spirit.

Henry. Have a care!

Hermann. I do! On my soul, I do! Never a crossing stream had more protection against wet feet.

Henry. 'Twere wisdom to keep the tongue indoors may lead to —

Hermann. I would not be so bold, so rude, so impudent as to meet your majesty! I would but arrest the choice of some designing scoundrel, did give currency for deception!

Henry. Darest! Thy head the stake — you prove —

Hermann. Nay; your majesty; I but — for your advantage — information is under obligation to the noble Baron of Nordheim!

Henry. Nordheim here!

Hermann. He did forestall our coming by some hours!

Henry (*Aside*). Has't thwarted! Perdition! Should we miscarry!

Hermann. Having foundation, so reliable were laggard to duty if —

Henry. Be seated!

Hermann. Ah! — yes; yes! (*Drops into seat*.)

Enter, C. E., GODFREY and CONRAD, dishevelled and in great haste; drop on knees before throne.

Godfrey and Conrad. Your majesty! Oh; your majesty!

Henry. (*Rises*). Hildebrand is dead!

Enter EDWARD R. E.

Raimond. To which I give most emphatic contradiction !
Hildebrand is not dead !

Omnes. Not dead !

Raimond. Whoso' gives it speech, lies in the face of
heaven ! (*To Godfrey and Conrad*). Cravens, to your feet !
Tell the miscarriage of a dual crime — patricide and regicide !

Omnes. Crime ! Regicide !

Henry. Up ! Speak !

Godfrey and Conrad. Kill us ; we have failed !

Henry. To your feet ! Tell of duty well performed !
(*They rise*).

Godfrey. Everything was done as you directed. But he
(*pointing to Raimond*) came to thwart !

Henry. By your side hung no steel for traitor's breast ?

Godfrey. We bore upon them ! Suddenly, the place
grew black as Egypt's night ; over the altar blazoned angels
with swords of fire ; "Sanctus ; Sanctus ; Sanctus !" —
they seemed to cry ; around the pontiff shone a most
effulgent light ; we reeled and were insensible !

Henry. Sorcery ! Witchcraft ! Satan's necromancy !

Raimond. The visable act of an invisible God !

Henry. Ho ; guards ! Apprehend the traitor spawn of
traitor ! To the rack ! Of torture make full the measure !
Behead him ! (*Zither and soldiers advance to Raimond.*
Godfrey and Conrad retire up R. C.).

Enter OTTO R. E.

Otto. Hearken unto me ! (*Advances to C. of R. plat-
form*).

Henry. The god's favor ! They give the brood of Vipers !
Otto. Henry of Franconio ! Royal assassin ! Now for
plain speech and judgment !

Henry. Your audaciousness bereaves us of words ! By
the saints 'tis good ! Ha. ha, ha ! —

Otto. Laugh, while you may ! The time is short ! It is
numbered, not in years, but moments !

Henry. Another Seducias !

Otto. No ! A Daniel come to decipher the words of fate,
not more surely traced on Babylonian wall, than on your's !
Account ! —

Henry. To you ? Ha, ha, ha ! By my soul, this will be
kernel for many jest !

Otto. To the subjects whose religion and liberties you
have outraged !

Henry. Dare you beard us ?

Otto. Do my words halt with the palsy of incoherency ?
Beard you ? No ; I am here to crush you !

Henry. This indeed be outrage ! Ho, guards ! All of
you ! rend him to pieces ; food for raven and wolf-dog !

Otto. Set curb to thy speed ! What your ears have but now heard (*Comes up aisle C. of R. platform*) I would have your eyes behold ! (*Takes a flap of tent and tears about 5 ft. along top and 6 ft. down so as to make a V opening*). Look ! Lend every sense to what's before you !

Henry. (*Startled*). Ah !

Otto. Tell ; if thy truant tongue — !

Henry. Our camp surrounded by legions in martial array !

Otto. Discern the standards ?

Henry. Nordheim ! and — Bremen !

Hermann. Gad-a-mercy ! More of my stupid blundering !

Otto. Henry ; I countermand your orders ! (*To Zither and soldiers*). Fall back ! (*They retire to places*). If there must be shambles to proclaim this a holiday, I'll provide the beasts ; (*Stands with arms folded at top of aisle R. Raimond at bottom*).

Henry. (*Dropping into seat*). Ha, ha, ha ! Your audacity is sublime ! (*Bitterly*). But it is seed that will yield harvest ; and, tho' many moons intervene between the planting and the reaping, it shall feel the scythe ! Enough ! — Nobles of our royal council. Whether Hildebrand be dead or not we are intent to elect another pope !

Hermann. (*Rises*). I protest ! —

Henry. Your seat ! You are no longer of us ! (*Hermann sits*).

Hubert. (*Rises*). I raise the voice of God's anointed — !

Henry. Silence !

Hubert. Too long have I been guilty of that sin. 'Tis your's, you claim, to confer scepter, sword, crozier and ring. They are the symbols of baronial and episcopal dignity. My liege, you cannot make gift of what you do not possess. They are God's ! —

Henry. And we His servant !

Hubert. So be all ! To nations He appointed rulers. For the government of His church, He delegated but one : The Bishop of Rome !

Henry. Hold your peace !

Hubert. The privilege of nominating and installing the pontiff do you also pretend. No more is it your's. It belongs to the sacred college and the people of Rome ! John's oath to Otho did but recognize a veto. (*Sits*).

Henry. We know the repletion of our authority and the plenitude of our power and soon will give them exercise. For the benefit of mankind, the advancement of religion and the glory of God, let proclamation be made, we have named our faithful servant, Guibert of Ravenna, Pope, with the title Clement III. (*Guibert rises and bows. Sits*).

Omnes. Antipope ! Antipope ! We own him not !

Henry. (*Rises*). You will ! You shall ! You must !

Hubert. (*Rises*). There's but one Pope ! Gregory VI.
(*Sits*).

Omnes. Gregory ! Gregory ! Hildebrand's Pope !

Henry. And of duration, now, his reign is short ! By virtue of all the power and authority, centered in our throne and vested in our sacred person by immemorial usage, solemn compact and Divine favor ; we, do now, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, depose —— !

Gregory. (*Surrounded by retainers appears suddenly in C. E., wearing rochet, cope, tiara, etc., and carrying crozier.* Too late Henry ; I have excommunicated you ! (*Constriction. Some rise and some fall on knees. Those near R. and L. E. exit hurriedly.*).

QUICK CURTAIN.

TABLEAU : (*Lights down. Furniture and fittings in disorder. Bertha lying in swoon on dais. Henry, on one knee, down C. Lightning and thunder.*).

Henry. Alone ! Betrayed ! Deserted ! (*Shakes with fear*). My God ! 'Tis terrible !

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CHATEAU OF CONOSSA. Stone wall, 8 ft. high, extending from R. to L. 3; gate near C. Park and Chateau perspective for backing. Steps and pedestal, surmounted by Shrine, near R. 3. Early winter scene; snow cloth, etc. Quarter lights. Curtain to sad music, discovering Henry, clad in toga like garment of hair cloth, standing near wall R. C. His head and feet bare. Dejected in appearance and shivering with cold. Snow falling from above and blown in gusts on him from R. 3. Noise of low moaning wind which with snow continues during short interval before Henry speaks. Both gradually stop, and lights gradually up, full by end of Henry's first dialogue with Dolmino.

See copy of E. Snoiser's picture, "Henry IV. at Conossa," Library of Historical Characters, etc. (A. R. Spofford et al). Vol. IV. p. 77.

Henry. Inclemency of elements augment suffering now almost beyond endurance. (Goes to gate, kneels, and knocks). Open! Open to the petition of sorrow, distress and compunction! (Pause. Again knocks, louder). Will they never hearken?

Dolmino. (Opens gate). Who, with brawler's clamor, doth make discord?

Henry. A moral leper; an outcast, shunned by Creator and fellow!

Dolmino. Penance!

Henry. "Behold, I am set fast in the slime of the great deep and there is no ground under my feet."

Dolmino. Words; words! And not your's.

Henry. "Save me, O God; albeit the waters have entered — Even unto my soul."

Dolmino. Contrition and confession!

Henry. Hunted beast, with parched and swollen tongue, doth for water pant not more than I do thirst to lap regeneration. Remorse, with ferociousness exceeding famished wolf, tears and rends my vitals.

Dolmino. Dire, must be its straits, when off such carrion it could stomach repast.

Henry. "Out of the bowels of the earth I have called unto Thee and Thou hast heard my voice."

Dolmino. Petition long delayed; but, now torments for urgent approval!

Henry. "And Thou hast cast me into the depths of the sea, and the waters have gone about me."

Dolmino. And found, a thing so foul, they could not cleanse !

Henry. " And Thy whirlpools, O Lord, and all Thy waves have gone over me."

Dolmino. Forbear ! Who are you ?

Henry. Know me not ? O ; how could you in this un-
seenliness ? I am Emperor — the King of Germany !

Dolmino. Add to that an oath —

Henry. On my Soul, I do !

Dolmino. And you forswear ! There's no King in Germany ! For nigh a year the office has been vacant. In Rome, we have much accurate intelligence of the world's affairs !
(Slams gate in Henry's face, bolts, and critic).

Henry. Bah ! The arrogance ! — Heaven pardon me ; I do forget. Pride over rides humility ! *(Rises).* Three long days ; and three nights — not greater by the measured swings of time's pendulum ; but infinitely longer by the hideousness which gloom's distraught doth borrow from imagination — have I, beaten a path around these frowning walls. Yet, do they within my presence ignore ! *Sits on steps of shrine).* Distracting suspense ; black outlook ; desolate wilderness of uncertainty, unblazed and unbridged, through which my desecrated soul wanders toward death and damnation. *(Pause).* The year — Oh ; what a recollection ! Pensioners of my generosity ; panders to my iniquity ; thrivers on my criminal connivance ; flatterers who groveled for a smile and thought themselves rich with a word — passed me by as I were some unowned mongrel whelp ! Clodel ! The sweet, caressing, loving Clodel ! without sigh, transferred her affections to the Duke of Volenta. Poor fellow !

Enter BERTHA R. 3.

Shunned in the open as 'twere the black plague ; scoffed in the by-ways ; refused speech by servants and lodging by masters ; denied food by peasants and water by their children — Alone, betrayed, despised, deserted by all !

Bertha. *(Putting her arm about his neck).* My loved one ; not all — !

Henry. *(Rises).* No ; thank God ! Not by you. *(Embraces her).* Had you been as perfidious as others, pangs of hunger and fever of famine, long since had glutted appetite !

Bertha. And — Be just ! Felix, Mildred, Mary ? —

Henry. My debtors only in hatred.

Bertha. To me you owe nothing. I am your wife. While the cord, that measures distance between cradle and grave, pays out ; no disaster, so great, as not find me at your side.

Henry. The surety of your reward dispenses prayer.

Bertha. At the altar, for better or worse, was the promise. As I had hoped to enjoy the better, I accept, with dutiful submission, the worse.

Henry. In all the impenetrable darkness hurled about me on that awful day on the Campania, to my utter undoing — the one blissful redemption, was your piloting my moral blindness with velvet touch of sympathy and devotion. (*They part*).

Bertha. To the church, I repair, that you may pray by proxy.

Henry. Aye ; even the door of God's house is shut to me !

Bertha. Patience ; courage ! Heaven will I deluge with invocation that the Almighty be appeased and Gregory softened.

Enter MILDRED and MARY R. 3., FELIX L. 1.

Felix. Choicest blessings bestrew the day !

Mary. Nor any pass you by.

Mildred. Be they always bounteous.

Henry. Our wishes come from the heart.

Bertha. Felix, I can but pray for you. Lips, too weak to recompense —

Felix. Reward is gratuity that purchases the service of dependence. It hurts devotion's tribute to affection. Dismiss it. Fortune, has this day, remembered me.

Omnes. Fortune !

Felix. Aye ; that's the pagan name we give Providence lest we seem to honor it too much.

Mildred. Whatever name ; pleasure to you, enhances our pleasure.

Bertha. Does the mute, secrecy, guard the treasure ?

Felix. Nay ; it's somewhat tardy keeper, restitution, holds it for publicity. Make ready for astounding revelation ! I am — Rodolph, Marquis of Voseantenia !

Omnes. Voseantenia !

Henry. Polish title !

Bertha. You but jest our credulity ?

Felix. I would not drive so sorry a steed ; he'd limp from ring-bone, heave and spavin.

Bertha. Then ; it is astounding !

Mildred. You provoke curiosity ?

Felix. People who execute post obits ; obligors who will not honor indentures until the law's invoked ; death bed penitents lose in admiration what pleasure derived from postponement.

Mary. With your permission, inquisitiveness excuses the sermon.

Felix. To the latter class belonged my uncle ; the late Marquise. Lacking veneration I omit panegyric.

Mary. How annoying !

Felix. He, when in extremis, made known ; that, in manhood's prime, being heir presumptive to his brother, my father, then advanced in years, was grieved and chagrined when my mother gave me birth. Too timid for more drastic measure, he abducted, and left me at Limwenlock. Thus runs the tale.

Mildred. The crime, however culpable, to proachness endows romance. 5/

Bertha. Your gain, Felix, is dwarf to the giant of our wish. (*Henry, Mildred and Bertha go to L. 3, talk in pantomime*).

Felix. (*As R. to Mary*). Has little sweetheart no warbling note of congratulation ?

Mary. Joy that blossoms gratitude, oft dries the wells of speech.

Felix. For myself ? Not that ! (*Snaps fingers*). For you ? Everything ! Future Marchioness of Voseantenia, I do you salute !

Mary. Felix ; it has found for you a mother.

Felix. Mother ? Yes — ah — she's dead !

Mary. But the chasm before the altar steps is bridged.

Felix. You clothe sentiment in strange garb.

Mary. Make me answer set in truth ?

Felix. Knowest me ever done other ?

Mary. Nay ! But not I fear dissimulation. Would you — Have you ever — Do you wish — ?

Felix. Such deliberation should compass exactness.

Mary. To ; — to carry — a key of the tabernacle ?

Felix. You surprise ! — What prompts ?

Mary. Nay ; be not evasive. I sue your confidence.

Felix. Darling ; you are unto me what I am to you. You ask confidence ; I will not offer base metal of equivocation. Whoso', with love of the beautiful, pauses at the shrine of thought, but excites envy of him, who by word with only breath for the burden, quickens earthly substance with living Godhead !

Mary. Idealism ! I am prospecting for fact.

Felix. In childhood ; in dream of sleep, this I saw : A babe — fresh from the mystery of incarnation and new to the pilgrimage of life — sleeping on a trundle-bed. On each side an angel ; one, in hands, held priestly vestments ; the other an empty chalice. Times, so many memory has lost count, that vision, with the same babe, same angels, same chasuble and chalice, has come to me. Perchance, you may solve it ; I cannot.

Mary. Not less candid, I. I too have had visions — but, of them, more anon. I go to the church. (*Joins Bertha and Mildred and with them exits L. 2.*).

Henry. (*Comes down*). I would converse.

Felix. Brevity will commend it.

Henry. Recall what time I did to you entrust the care of Her Majesty to Mayence ?

Felix. Am I likely to let it slip off memory's halter ?

Henry. Hads't forewarning ?

Felix. In all but detail.

Henry. Was Godfrey false ?

Felix. No ! The office was too congenial.

Henry. He alone was privy ?

Felix. Conspiritors, like innumers in pantonime, should have no speech. Nor is it well, they be given to talk in sleep.

Henry. Did — Does Bertha know ?

Felix. Hasn't even suspieion.

Henry. Thank God ! In this trial, what crime did most accuse, gave distress to the stunting of all others, was attended with the terrible doubt ; did she know ?

Felix. I take my leave.

Henry. Bear me ! I give you heartfelt, tho' weal. acknowledgement of this and all you have done for me.

Felix. Prodigality assumes debts that do not exist.

Henry. Starvation, my situation, but for you.

Felix. Not the most infinistesimal service did I perform.

Henry. Acts are more eloquent —

Felix. If it must be plain ! To me ; you wore, you are, the renegade ; shorn. disillusioned, derided, despised and denied intercourse with God and man !

Henry. With what unwitting thing have I offended ?

Felix. Loose the leash that restrains the harrier of memory and see if it can scent one occasion, when, Lady Mildred, Mistress Mary or myself, in speech, gave you name, address, or converse that might have been avoided ?

Henry. The help — ?

Felix. Not to you. What time, her Majesty resolved not to desert while you trod the wine press of tribulation, we withdrew not, from her person, our attachment. That her frail and sensitive nature could long withstand the privations gave us grave concern. To comfort, and protect by presence, we accompanied her — not you ! (*Exit R. 2.*)

Henry. Momentous waves, lashed to fury by my enormities, rise and o'erwhelm !

Enter HAROLD L. 1. His jester's costume threadbare and torn.

Wer't net for the God I have offended and fear, and the devil I served and fear the more, I'd gift my body to yonder river !

Harold. Fit climax for a fool's burlesque wrought to tragic finale !

Henry. How dare ? —

Harold. Dare ! Force of habit. Has't no speech becoming the situation ?

Henry. This ; from a buffoon !

Harold. Who would not honor by allowing you to carry his pack ! — that is, if he had one.

Henry. I am your King !

Harold. Franconio ; you lie !

Henry. Helot ! Dog ! — Oh, restraint ; restraint ! Will I never accomplish the subjection of my unruly temper ?

Harold. Fool ! Be it so. You ? What chickens hatch from the nest you set on ? I am one. Look upon me. Once I boasted fine feathers : but, the hawks, age and usage, despoiled. A craftsman, was I, of many parts. Quick and cunning at joke, repartee, irony, satire, or phrases to exalt a wanton's lewdness ! Abundance weighted the festive board ; but, drunk, mad, delirious with the intoxication of self esteem, you cast the table and lay waste the fruits ! The coop's empty ; birds scattered ; want fosters self denial and hunger picks, by the way side, for seed it cannot find. What think of the picture ?

Henry. Mae culpa, mae culpa, mae maxima culpa ! Why to my misery add ?

Harold. 'Cause it sired mine.

Henry. Calamity — calamity —

Harold. Yestere'en, for food, I parted my merry-andrew ; gave it to a usurious Jew.

Henry. Of scant amusement —

Harold. But much profit ! He'll dispose of it to some reliee seeker to pass unto other generations as belonging to the jester of the court of the fourth Henry ; a monarch who inherited a throne refulgent from the emprise of a line of Kings from Ludwig to the third Henry ; but, who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage. Out on you ! Your infamy has made the bauble valuable !

Henry. No more ! Spare me ! If remorse had not already driven contrition from its lurking place that would scourge it out !

Enter MARY, MILDRED and BERTHA L. 2.

Mary. 'Tis Harold. (*Rushes down, embraces and kisses him*). Oh ; you good, dear, old Harold ! There is warmth in your sight.

Harold. But not much beauty.

Mildred. (*Takes both Harold's hands and shakes*). Dear Harold, your appearance bespeaks begrudging fortune.

Harold. Yet ; not so miserly as might, for it has given me your smile.

Bertha. You require no words, Harold, to assure you of my pleasure.

Harold. Ever, your majesty's devoted —

Bertha. When parted you our dear native land ?

Harold. Thirty times has the sun risen and set.

Mildred. And of our friends ?

Harold. Those, that in your heart claim first name, have been pressed with purpose and gratified with success.

Bertha. The Kingdom ?

Harold. Drawn blinds and empty house do not invite cheerfulness. Undue length to preacher's exhortations produce disquiet, then nervousness, then mind wanderings into lanes where desire lures ambition.

Henry. (*Standing R. 1. Lets his several emotions play on his face and comments in asides.*) Passing time levies on our strength !

Harold. Mourning's period draws to close and tenant prepares for the dwelling.

Henry. Conspiracy !

Bertha. It names ?

Harold. The lion of Nordheim !

Henry. My prophetic intuition !

Harold. Months eleven times, have come and gone, since barons, maugraves, landgraves, counts and lords palatine did name him ruler.

Henry. Judas !

Harold. He would not accept.

Henry. Ah !

Harold. When they bethought another, he made advocacy unto delay ; — 'till twelve lunars be complete. By the time, if Franconio — (*To Bertha.*) Madam, your pardon. (*Bertha bows.*) has not been reinstated, he accepts coronation.

Henry. This ; our last day !

Harold. By which the council doth abide.

Henry. Wile of serpent or frankness of nobility ?

Bertha. Intelligence of freshness ; but not over pleasant.

Harold. Our country has seen much war and bloodshed. Even now, the youthful Raimond, lays siege to Sudermann.

Mildred. 'Tis what delays his coming !

Bertha. Our provision for hospitality is scant ; as it is, you must accept.

Harold. There is within, that, with persistent and painful convulsion, does twitch memory. (*Exit with Bertha, Mary, and Mildred R. 3.*)

Henry. Final day ! And in it doth accumulate, consolidate, and, to immeasurable proportions grow, all the agonies of sinful labor ! If the morrow find me unshriven ; farewell, all ! — Again, will I beseech — (*Goes to gate, kneels and knocks as before.*) Refuge, asylum, sanctuary ; for fugitive from perdition !

Dolmino. (*Opens gate as before*). Who, with violent knockings, doth disturb our peace ?

Henry. A sinner of name unmentionable !

Dolmino. Why so ?

Henry. It reeks of all that is putrid, loathsome and deadly ! The whisper of it appals angels and jubliates demons !

Dolmino. Give it identity that human limitation may know ?

Henry. (*Whisper*). Henry Franconio !

Dolmino. What of us ?

Henry. Confession, absolution, regeneration ! Peace ; peace with his Creator !

Dolmino. Bestrew contritions steep ascent with fasting, scourge and tears !

Henry. My soul shivers, for upon it is the icy touch of eternal death !

Dolmino. Restitution !

Henry. Unto the last sliver !

Dolmino. Renunciation !

Henry. Of all to heaven offensive !

Dolmino. Mortification !

Henry. Hair cloth and ashes !

Dolmino. Penance !

Henry. Pronounce it ! Be it not so great as passeth human accomplishment, it will be done !

Dolmino. Abandon the world ! In monastic vows seek sanctity !

Henry. Not that, father ! For that, I am unworthy !

Dolmino. You have not the spiritual conditions ! Begone ! (*Slams gate as before and exits*).

Henry. Abandoned ! Good God ! — Bah ; why do peace, mercy, benevolence, always employ peevish, unsympathetic servants ? Oh ; if the meek, tender, compassionate Gregory would vouch audience ! (*Rises*). Renounce the world ! — If I promised, he'd hold me to the letter. (*Comes down*).

Anhalt. (*Heard singing off R.*) : —

When Ferdinand went a wooing,
Birds suspected there'd be cooing ;
And a heap of trouble brewing,
When Ferdinand went a wooing !

Enters R. 1. and Xs to L.

Henry. (*Kneels*). Let me kiss the hem of your garment ! (*Kisses it*).

Anhalt. Animated scare-crow !

Henry. (*Rises*). Open your heart to pity !

Anhalt. Didn't know you were acquainted !

Henry. Cease insolence !

Anhalt. Beggars from that may claim protection ; not you !

Henry. I am sovereign !

Anhalt. You were. 'Tis past. You'r — a nothing !

Henry. Merciful Powers ! Courtier ! Servant ! Now ; the stuttering lackey of a witless master !

Enter BERTHA R. 2.

Anhalt. Your majesty ! (*Bows to Bertha with respect.*)

Bertha. Greeting ; if it has ought of value.

Anhalt. My master —

Bertha. The Archduke of Bremen.

Anhalt. Himself, unable to come —

Bertha. Despatched you ?

Anhalt. With his respects.

Bertha. To our delighted appreciation.

Anhalt. Knowing this mountainous district yielded —

Bertha. No delicacies ? 'Tis true.

Anhalt. Prays acceptance of —

Bertha. Ever kind and thoughtful.

Anhalt. Gifts, the bearers have without.

Bertha. Would we might return more than prayers.

Anhalt. (*Xs to R. As he passes Bertha.*) My dutiful obedience ! I await your majesty's commands.

Bertha. I attend you. (*Exit followed by Anhalt R. 1.*)

Henry. Scoff, Rebuke ! Rude awakening ! Cosmos, Mildred, Mary, endure privation for the Queen they love ! The jester has inventive for transgression and reverence for goodness ! the lackey derides the one and worships the other ! Bremen shatters a throne and succors the innocent compassed by its ruin ! It is more than awakening ; it is illumination ! My people are loyal and attached to virtue ! Remorse you HAVE conquered ! (*Looks off R. 1.*) Another ? Now for stricture, costumely ; may hap, outrage ! (*Xs to L.*)

Enter OTTO R. 1.

Otto. Henry — !

Henry. (*Approaches Otto.*) Once, upon thy face, I smote you ! Of excuse or palliation there was none. I beg you ; return the blow, ten times ten !

Otto. I bear no reproach, no censure, no indignity. The past, too vivid to need retouch ; the present, too real —

Henry. And horrible !

Otto. The future, a child obedient to your will. I come to assist.

Henry. Generosity that tortures more than violence.

Otto. Should midnight close the portals of this day, without record of your amity with God and Gregory's benediction, it will also shut prison doors on your Kingship !

Henry. Punishment severe ; but, not o'er passing the enormity of my crime !

Otto. The sun, that sets on Franconion grave, beholds another dynasty.

Henry. Advise ; direct ! For I would avert the wrath of God and my subjects !

Otto. To all pretensions, in affairs ecclesiastical, make abandonment.

Henry. Surpassing jurisdiction ! John's oath to Otho ! An abrogation of rights —

Otto. That never had much to commend ! With civil rule be content ; leave the economy of the church to the appointed of God.

Henry. Aye ; to Hildebrand ! Others ? — No ! Treachery to trust — to posterity ; if I surrender voice in papal succession.

Otto. Was our kingdom, the only state in the province of Christiandom, more, still light, the weight of the claim. It is but a moiety that daily lessens, not in dimension, but in proportion to the whole. Think you the preponderance will long submit to the fraction ? Already has disension blotted the scroll on which it traces testament of evil to come.

Henry. It's a subject well postponed.

Otto. No ! Hildebrand, the archdeacon, taught ; Hildebrand, the Pope, challenged ! Its undubitable integrity, his legacy to ages.

Henry. If forfeit to his graciousness I withdraw —

Otto. 'Tis well ! (*As to L. Henry to R.*) In all else, your conscience, the monitor. Farewell.

Henry. Otto ! Make known to Hildebrand my submission !

Otto. With haste spurred by joy !

Henry. You have influence of surpassing efficacy. Tell him of privation, ignominy, remorse !

Otto. Of verity.

Henry. Beseech him to raise the interdict ! Bear him my oath bound pledges ! Let him hearken to tale of suffering, agony, desolation ! See he forgets not, that he closed the gates and they will not hear my prayers in heaven ! Picture, if you can, torture, anguish, remorse, accompanied, but not relieved, by tears !

Otto. Naught of mine will lessen or detract.

Henry. (*Kneels and catches Otto's hand.*) On my knees, before you the vietim of my outrage, I beg, plead, supplicate your powerful intercession ! You do not ; cannot conceive, what it is to be a blasted oak in a forest of exquisite verdure ; shunned by all and pitied by none ; bending 'neath hurricanes

that rend and tear and threaten annihilation ; shrinking from thunders that proclaim a God and vengeance ; surrounded, in nightly gloom, by all the terrifying monsters the infernal can lend imagination ; listening to the jeering derision of demons, when, in passing, the faithful cross themselves in fear ! Death ! Hell ! cannot be worse ! God kill ; but, spare me ! (*Falls to ground trembling*).

Otto. May He pity and help you ! (*Exit L. 1.*)

Henry. (*Raises and looks about*). Hem ; that shaft pierced the hawk's breast ! Ha, h— ! Sinful pride ! It doth ride remorse and berate it with hypocrisy ! The heart gives lie to profession ! God forgive me ! I have a conscience, of such outrageous workmanship, that cringes to fear but cannot lift to love ! The Cardinal's religion, I have no true repentance ! (*Rises and looks after Otto*). There is greatness, grandure, nobility ! Yet, in my breast, I hate it ! The devil, who seduces to what's base, inspires envy for what's exalted ! Reverse positions ? Yes ; I will not offend heaven by ingrate's answer ! He will intercede ; refused my throne !

Enter DOLMINO, carrying parchment roll, by gate.

and I ! I Hate — hate —

Dolmino. What ?

Henry. (*Startled*). Ah ! (*Turns*). Sin, your eminence ; sin !

Dolmino. His holiness, having more confidence in your reformation, than I —

Henry. Bless him !

Dolmino. This document sends for perusal, approval and seal.

Henry. Instant execution !

Dolmino. It is of prothonotary's careful preparation. Scrutinize it well ; 'twa not made to be defaulted !

Henry. My oath, the witness !

Dolmino. Binds to reparation all injured in property, person, or character —

Henry. Delay shall not offend !

Dolmino. Acknowledges supremacy of cardinals and people of Rome in papal choice —

Henry. Which we defend !

Dolmino. Solemnly abjures all pretenses to canonical institution and investiture —

Henry. Our conviction !

Dolmino. Denounces simony and every species of corruption.

Henry. In entirety it has concurrence !

Dolmino. (Hands it to him). Food for serious thought and prayerful consideration. (Henry takes, unrolls, and exits R. 3., reading. Dolmino exits by gate).

Enter FELIX and MARY R. 1. Dialogue as they X to

and at L. 1. Enter quietly, by gate, papal retainers who lay rags from gate to R. 2. and exit by gate.

Felix. The doubt removed, that your resolve was not sacrifice to aspiration hidden in my speech, I would, in truth, be happy.

Mary. Give it departure. One who never deceived you, and does not now, asks that votive to her pledge. A year ago, your words did touch the sight of thought, and before it my soul stood revealed. I loved you, Felix; you had my promise; I knew not how to dissolve with gentle dismissal.

Felix. (Pause. Thinks). As you will; nay, as heaven wills!

Mary. It's joyful — (Voice breaks with soft sob).

Felix. Like all earthly bliss; refulgent from its back ground of sadness!

Enter papal retainers, by gate carrying canopy, open it and stand at gate, ready for Gregory. Enter by gate GREGORY, DOLMINO, OTTO, CHEVALIER and RETAINERS. Retainers carry canopy over Gregory's head, stand it over him at R. 2. in such manner as not to obstruct view. Enter MILDRED, BERTHA, HAROLD, ANHALT R. 3 X to L. 3. Enter HENRY L. 3, reading roll, sees Gregory.

Henry. (Rushes and throws himself at Gregory's feet). Holy; most Holy Father! Pity! Peace! Absolution!

Gregory. Of private sin, and public scandal, do you now make confession with contrition?

Henry. Without reserve! (Holds up roll). The document! My seal is ready! (Dolmino takes it).

Gregory. Then, as servant of servants of the God who entrusted the power to my keeping, and in His name, it is granted!

Omnes. (Bending on one knee). Alliluia! (Rise).

Gregory. (To Henry). Attend his eminence! (Henry rises and follows Dolmino; exit by gate. Gregory looks about, notices Felix and Mary). Ah; my children; see I omens of a nuptial?

Felix. We wed; but, not each other.

Gregory. The signs fail! Perhaps they have changed? Or, more likely, I do not them read aright.

Felix. (With Mary by hand Xs to Gregory ; both kneel). Holy father ; your daughter asks a habit and admission, to where God's earthly angels make a virgin bridal with the Eternal Spouse.

Gregory. My son ; what of him ?

Felix. Anointed fingers for consecration and benediction.

Gregory. My blessing to you both. (They rise and retire to L. .

Enter RAIMOND R. 3, Xs to Mildred and embraces her.

Mildred. (Mortified). The holy father !

Raimond. (Comes and kneels before Gregory). Most holy father ; I crave your blessing and a pardon for the rude unbecomeliness that overlooked your presence.

Gregory. The blessing bestow. The other — well ; my intelligence is limited. I have heard said, young love is impetuous. Be it so ? a year's separation would not tame or lessen it's restiveness. Yes ; on this occasion, we forgive.

Raimond. (Rises). Ever your most dutiful child. (Retires to Mildred).

Gregory. There will be wedding bells, to-morrow.

Mildred. Oh ! — In such haste ! — No preparation ! —

Gregory. The safeguard of our person against further forgetfulness. Ere long the art will be forgotten.

Raimond. I accept the penance.

Otto. To the justice of your holiness, three, should be delivered.

Gregory. Ah ?

Otto. Conrad of Erichstedt —

Raimond. Give him peace ! Bereft of reason, in confinement, he suffers the horrors his vision conjures.

Otto. Godfrey of Sudermann —

Raimond. More merciful his end. He perished in the destruction of his fortress.

Otto. Guibert of Ravenna —

Gregory. To God and conscience ! the most abject, useless, pitiable of humanity ; the priest divorced from the altar !

Enter DOLMINO, by gate, carrying crown and sceptre and followed by HENRY in regal robes.

Henry. (Kneels before Gregory). Your humbled and humble child !

Gregory. As you have put away sin ; so, you have discarded habiliments emblematic of it.

Henry. (Kisses ground). Amen !

Gregory. As you have put on virtue ; so, you have robed in garments symbolic of it.

Henry. (*Kisses ground*). Amen !

Gregory. (*Takes crown and puts it on Henry's head*). On your brow I lay crown the sign of sanctified elevation.

Henry. Amen !

Gregory. (*Hands sceptre*). In your hand I place sceptre the badge of authority.

Henry. Amen !

Gregory. Who gave, will demand in blood, their use. (*Bertha comes down C.*)

Henry. Amen !

Gregory. Arise ! (*Henry rises*). One inestimable blessing God has given you——

Henry. (*Turns*). My wife ! My Bertha ! (*Embraces her*).

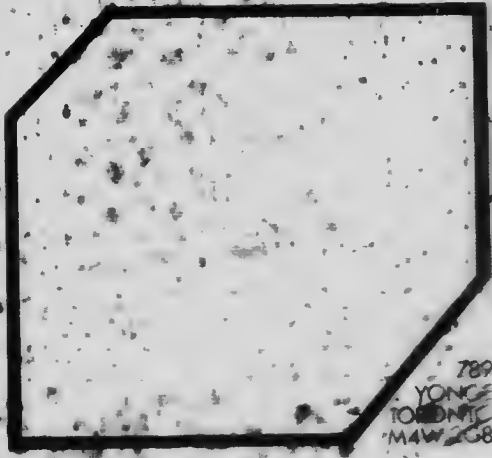
Bertha. My Henry ! My husband ! (*Music: Low Te Deum*).

Gregory. For that, and all favors, let there be praise ! In your invocations to the High Throne, forget not, it's unworthy servant, Gregory—The Hildebrand ! (*Loud Te Deum*).

CURTAIN.

THE END.

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