# THE CHRISTIAN IN HUNGARIAN ROMANCE

JOHN FRETWELL

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Girls and women of Toroczko.

(See p. 88) *Frontispiece.*

# The Christian in Hungarian Romance

A Study of Dr. Maurus Jokai's Novel, "There is a God; or, The People Who Love but Once"

BY

John Fretwell

*"Fortior est qui se, quam quis fortissima vincit Mœnia."*

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*To* Dr. Maurus Jokai,

*Budapest:*

When I first met you, in June, 1873, I knew nothing of your native tongue but what I had learned from Vörösmarty's translation of "Julius Cæsar." But that was merely a rendering of Shakespearean thought into Magyar verse; and to become acquainted with the soul of your people I turned to your romances.

If I have been able to interest my people, here and in Old England, in the affairs of Hungary, my success is due in no small degree to the truths which I found clothed by you in the garb of fiction.

To speak of the literary merits of your masterpieces is no longer necessary; they are known to all students of World-Literature; but the work which you have done for Hungary, like that of Charles Dickens for England, aiding by your romances the liberal thinkers and workers of your time, can be appreciated only by those who have lived among your people.

In recognition of these facts I dedicate to you the accompanying study of one of your works, which, though widely appreciated in Germany, is still unpublished in America.

Sincerely, yours,

John Fretwell.

Providence, April, 1901.

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The design on the cover is a copy of the seal of the Bishop of the Unitarians in Hungary.

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In my Father's house are many mansions.
*— John 14, 2.*

Nay ; lest, while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest. *— Matt. 13, 29.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.
*— Proverbs 16, 32.*

The Latin verse on the title-page is a paraphrase of the above proverb, and was adopted by the governors of Klausenburg Castle, in Transylvania, as the motto for their coat-of-arms.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again ? two hundred more.
*— Butler's "Hudibras."*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
Himself from God he could not free ;
He builded better than he knew ; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
*— Emerson.*

# Introduction

IN the preface to a translation of Maurus Jokai's novel, "There is no Devil" [Cassell Publishing Co., New York], the editor says that he considers that novel better suited to the taste of American readers than any of Jokai's previous works. Inasmuch as this great master of fiction has published more than three hundred novels and stories, it can hardly be expected that all of them should be masterpieces; and the above-named romance (afterwards republished under another title, "Dr. Dumany's Wife") represents the country squires of Hungary in a disgusting light, — even the hero, Dr. Dumany, owing his great fortune not to any beneficent enter-

prise, but only to some of those lucky speculations on the Stock Exchange which give him wealth at the cost of other people's loss. The remark above quoted, therefore, is as though one should say that "The Rape of Lucrece," by William Shakespeare, is better suited to American readers than the dramatist's great masterpieces.

I venture herewith to introduce to my readers one of Jokai's masterpieces, in which not the denial of the Devil's existence, but the assertion of God's existence, is the keynote.

Those who have been so fortunate as to read the works of the four great princes in the realm of Hungarian romance, Kemény, Josika, Eötvös and Jokai, will appreciate the picturesque effect caused not only by the variety of nationalities, but also of ecclesiastical organizations, in the history of Hungary's easternmost province, once called by the Romans Dacia, or Transylvania, —"the land beyond the forests." It was the field

of battle between the Roman, the Dacian, the Teuton, and the Hun; between the Moslem and the Giaour, between the Bohemian Hussite and the Austrian tools of Rome; — and there, since 1568, the Jew, the Armenian, the Russo-Greek, the Latin-Greek, the Nazarene, the Romanist, the Lutheran, the Calvinist and the Unitarian have dwelt in close proximity, — sometimes in bitter conflict, sometimes in a forced and sullen truce, and seldom if ever in Christian harmony.

In Kemény's romances, which, pessimistic as they may be, are "rammed with life," we read of the savage intolerance of the Calvinist, the noble steadfastness under persecution of the Sabbatarian enthusiasts, and the depredations of the Moslem in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Josika tells us the story of Transylvania under Bathori and Rakoczi, and of the campaigns of the great Corvinus against the Hussite Czechs. But Jokai is the only one who, in such a setting as this, has made a man who honestly tries

to imitate Jesus the hero of a Hungarian romance, — as Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Hall Caine, and others, have made their characters to do in other countries and under other conditions.

And Jokai brings his creation into contact with the most stirring scenes of the revolution and reaction in the middle of the century just closed, in the two countries which suffered most under the misrule of the Vienna Camarilla, Hungary and Italy. He depicts many differing types in the Catholic Church,— the head of its Roman branch, Pio Nono, fleeing from the post of duty and betraying the Christian cause to his interests as a temporal prince; the Unitarian renegade, Vaydar, become a Romanist for revenue only, telling his innocent victim that "there is many a church in Rome, but no God"; the Calvinist lawyer, knowing not the spirit, but only the letter, both of the law and the gospel, and forsaking the faith of his fathers to marry a Romanist widow, — to repent of his act within six

months of the wedding; the young baroness, bred in a convent, relying implicitly on the sacraments to save her from temptation, and, when these fail her, giving herself implicitly to the man whom she was taught to regard as a heathen; the clever temptress, beginning life as man's plaything and becoming his heartless tyrant, — regarding the sacraments of her church only as a talisman which enables her to sin with impunity; and finally, the young diplomatist, free from illusions, yet recognizing the poetry at the heart of all religions, — who imitates as a man the Jesus whom he cannot worship as a God; going unarmed and unharmed through countless dangers to save his friends and his country, — the only truly Catholic man in the story, the Unitarian, Manasseh Adoryan.

Since both the villain and the hero of the novel begin as "Unitarians," it may be well to indicate the difference between their environments and those of their Unitarian brethren in England and America.

With us, as in the parable, the tares and the wheat are both allowed to grow up together, and all forms of faith and worship which do not affect the civil rights of others are permitted, in the belief that the truest faith will arise from the greatest freedom; but in the time and places represented in Jokai's novel, there had been a steady persecution of the Christians ever since the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Much of the wheat had been eradicated, and the tares of clericalism were allowed to smother the rest. Many forms of Christian life and worship which in America and England are permitted the freest development were suppressed, and if, as in Transylvania, some Protestant branches of the Church Catholic survived, it was not as advancing armies, making new gains for the religious life, but as garrisons in beleagured cities, fighting for their existence, and sure to be silenced if they ventured beyond the strict limits of their chartered creeds. Only for a

brief period, in the time of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, was there a Unitarian King of Transylvania, John Sigismund, who, in 1568 (seventy years before Roger Williams proclaimed liberty of conscience in Rhode Island), gave to the Calvinist, the Lutheran, the Unitarian, and others, the charters which enabled the followers of Servetus and Socinus, even after the union with Austria,

> "To pray, as when the Church was one,
> To the Father through the Son."

Although the great Unitarian Apostle, Francis David, died in prison during the Romanist reaction under the Calvinist Bathori (1571), still David's followers could worship God in their own way, even at the time when King James the First was burning Englishmen of the same faith in Smithfield. It belongs to the ironies of history that, in 1609, after this king had harried the Puritans out of England to seek shelter in Holland, the translators of the Racovian Catechism, the Confession of

the Polish and Transylvanian Unitarians, had still such faith in this king as the Champion of Protestantism that they dedicated that translation to him. It was, however, publicly burned in 1614; but with it there had come to England some knowledge of the Church in Transylvania.

In 1624, Paul Best, an English country gentleman, was fighting under Gustavus Adolphus, and brought back to England news of the Socinian and Unitarian Churches in Poland and Transylvania. Again, in 1653, when the Racovian Catechism was translated into English and publicly burned in London, and when John Biddle published a life of Socinus, we find mention of them. In 1687 they are spoken of by Firmin; in 1777 by Doctor Toulmin; and in 1783 by Theophilus Lindsey, who, nine years before, had founded the first avowedly Unitarian Church in England. In 1818 Doctor Thomas Rees, in the historical introduction to his translation of the Racovian Catechism, published the story of Francis

David, and the chaplain of Viscount Strangford, British ambassador at Constantinople (1820–1825), gave the number of the Unitarians in Transylvania as 45,000 in a total population of 1,626,900.

But it was not until 1825, the year of Jokai's birth, that any official communication came from them to England. In 1822, Reverend W. J. Fox, secretary of the Unitarian Fund in London, sent a Latin letter to various continental universities, with a view to opening correspondence with like-minded men abroad; and after three years there came a letter signed by George Sylvester, "Episcopus Unitariorum in Hungaria," commencing the first official intercourse with the Unitarians of Western Europe. In 1830 Alexander Farkas, one of their most prominent laymen, visited both Old and New England, and was followed by Moses Szekely, who, in visiting the Unitarian College at York, — the modest forerunner of Manchester College, Oxford, — was astonished at the

enormous salary (about $1500!) enjoyed by the principal, while no professor in Klausenburg had more than $150 a year and his lodging. Perhaps he knew nothing of the incomes of the Romanist bishops in Hungary and of the Anglicans in England (*see Note 1*).

A student of York College, Mr. John Paget, visited them in 1835, and in his "Travels in Hungary" [London, 1850], page 251, he writes: "Their churches have been taken away from them, and given in turn to the Calvinist and the Romanist. Their funds have been converted to other purposes. . . ." But he continues: "They are said to be distinguished for their prudence and moderation in politics, their industry and morality in private life, and the superiority of their education to the generality of those of their own class."

Following Mr. Paget's visit came the nameless horrors of that time described by Jokai in the romance reviewed in the following

pages. Charles L. Brace of New York, who visited Hungary in 1851, was not permitted to enter Transylvania, but on reaching Grosswardein he was imprisoned four weeks and sent back, accompanied by a police-officer, to the German frontier. Yet, though he did not see the Unitarians, what he tells us — in his book entitled "Hungary in 1851, with an Experience of the Austrian Police" [Scribner, New York, 1852] — of the treatment accorded to the three millions of Calvinists and Lutherans in Austro-Hungary is quite enough to make us imagine what the Unitarians must have suffered, and to realize the joy felt by all the friends of liberty in Europe when the Crimean War gave the first signal for the conflicts which were at last to deliver them from their malignant oppressors.

The concordat between the Hapsburg government and Pope Pius the Ninth (August 18, 1855) buried the last remnant of Josephine Liberalism, and made Austria once more a paradise for clericalism; and in 1857 the

Unitarians of Transylvania were made to feel its effects in an attempt to bring their schools under the control of the priest-ridden government. To save them, the people, mostly poor farmers, by enormous sacrifices raised $72,000. But this sum was not enough, and they appealed to the two Unitarian Associations in London and Boston.

America did nothing for them, but England sent, by the hands of the Reverend Edward Tagart, enough money to make up the deficiency. It is remarkable that the same monarch under whom, as Emperor of Austria, these schools were threatened with such gross injustice in 1857, visited them, as King of Hungary, many years later, and expressed to Bishop Joseph Ferencz his pleasure at what the faculty of these schools was doing to keep his people in cordial relations with England and the United States!

In 1869 an insidious proposition was made to Bishop Kriza, then the official head of the Unitarian body in Transylvania, from a very

different side. An ex-priest addressed to him a proposal to establish a Unitarian Church in Vienna, of which the ex-priest wished to be made the superintendent. A copy of this letter was sent by Kriza to the two Associations in London and Boston, and the secretary of the British Association referred it to me. I knew nothing of the writer, but I did know that another ex-priest, who on insufficient grounds had been called by his German adherents "the Luther of the Nineteenth century," was then at work in Vienna, — perhaps the only place where he could any longer expect to be called a Luther. So I said to our secretary, "I do not know the writer, but I would advise you to act as though it were signed by ——." (In 1860, some Unitarians of Manchester, England, who had formed a committee to establish a kindergarten in that city, published in a newspaper their withdrawal from it, on account of its connection with ——.) The proposal of the ex-priest was rejected, and, a few weeks

later, the man who made it was, for very good reasons, inside a Bavarian prison.

This circumstance induced me, during the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, to make my first visit to Transylvania. On Trinity Sunday of that year I accidentally met the Reverend Doctor Edward Everett Hale of Boston in the Vienna streets, and on the following Sunday he and I, with Professor Simén of Klausenburg and some Transylvanian officials of the Hungarian government, held the first public Unitarian service in Budapest. The Reverend R. S. Morison came later, and, spending six weeks among the churches of Transylvania, sent an account of them to the *Unitarian Review*. On our return to the United States we started a movement to still further strengthen the schools which had so narrowly escaped perversion in 1857.

In 1875 I was again in Hungary, and, while at Balaton Fuered, I was the guest of Maurus Jokai, who has many times — in 1848 and since, for the sake of friends and coun-

try — exposed himself to risks quite as incredible as any related in his romance; but in 1875 he saw around him the results of the Vienna financial crisis of 1873, and remarked to me that there are no heroes now-a-days. I ventured to tell him of a few whom I had known in America, and suggested that he might still find heroes in Transylvania. He went there, and soon after, in the Feuilleton of a Budapest Journal, there appeared this romance, under the title, "Egy az Isten" ("One is the Lord," or "There is a God").

Though it has had a wide circulation in Germany and Hungary, it has not yet been published in an English or American dress, so I have compressed its 760 pages into the following study, which I herewith offer to those whose brains are virile enough and whose hearts are sensitive enough to grasp the deeper meanings of Jokai's masterpieces.

J. F.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *Easter, 1901.*

# The Christian in Hungarian Romance

## I

### The Vampire City of Austria

THOSE who know Vienna only from a visit to the Exposition of 1873, or from later experiences, might be inclined to dispute the propriety of calling it a Vampire City. But in the twenty-four years that elapsed between the events that Jokai describes and his composition of the novel entitled "Egy az Isten," of which the present little book is a review, the air had been cleared and many a pest removed by the Crimean War, the Italian

Campaign of 1858, the Seven Days' War of 1866, and, above all, the Franco-German War of 1870. Each of these helped to loosen the grip with which the clerical and political vampirism of the old Metternich regime tried to throttle the religious and moral growth of Austria and its dependent nationalities.

Jokai personifies some of the evil forces of this regime in three persons: (1) Prince Cagliari, an Austro-Italian nobleman of ignoble character. (2) The Marchioness Caldariva, his mistress, — formerly a siren of the Roman Circus, there known as the fair Cyrene, — who had married a rich Roman noble, and, by his conveniently early death, inherited his money. (3) Benjamin Vaydar, a scoundrel, educated among the Unitarians of Toroczko in Transylvania, who forsakes his prospective bride on the eve of their marriage, and becomes a Roman Catholic for revenue only, the secretary of the prince, and the lover of the prince's mistress.

To supply Prince Cagliari with the money

needed for his dissolute life, his mistress looks out for a rich heiress whom he may marry. She finds one in the Hungarian Countess von Zboroy, an innocent girl of nineteen, just out of the convent, and without any knowledge of the world. A member of her family, in a former generation, was a bishop in the Roman branch of the Catholic Church. If a man in such a position honestly tries to follow the example of his divine Master, he runs a great risk of experiencing a modern rendering of those words once spoken in Jerusalem, "Not this man, but Barabbas"; but if he is unchristian enough to engage in the blasphemous trade of selling sacraments, he may live in pleasure and die a millionaire. So this bishop, of the Zboroy family, had left so large a fortune that the Countess Blanca's share in the heritage was a great attraction for the libertine and spendthrift disciple of Prince Metternich. (*Note 1.*)

Her relatives give the innocent and inexperienced girl, fresh from the convent, as a

virgin tribute to the monster, just as Emperor Franz of Austria had given up his daughter, Marie Louise, to Napoleon Buonaparte. But the poor young victim shrinks from every touch of the monster, and before long, since Austrian law permits no dissolution of the marriage unless one of the parties becomes a Protestant, the princess, by the advice of her Calvinist lawyer, resolves to go to Rome and appeal to the Pope for a declaration that the marriage was invalid.

If the profligate sister of King Henry the Eighth of England, Queen Margaret of Scotland, had been able to obtain a divorce from her second husband, the Earl of Angus, and to marry her paramour, Lord Methuen, on the false assertion that her first husband, King James, was alive at the time of her marriage with Angus, how much more must Blanca, the inexperienced young girl, hope to obtain from Pius the Ninth a declaration that her union with an old libertine was contrary to nature and to God's law, and therefore invalid! She

is innocent enough to rely on the justice of her cause, and even her Calvinist lawyer ignores the true motives which have influenced Papal decisions in such cases. (*Note 2.*)

At the opening of Jokai's romance, in the Spring of the Revolution-year 1848, we find the Countess Blanca von Zboroy, now Princess Cagliari, at a railway-station in Northern Italy, accompanied by her lawyer, Gabriel Zimandy, and the widow Madame Marie Dormandy, on the way to Rome to seek an audience from Pio Nono.

The first incident of the story betrays the inefficiency of the lawyer. He has bought first-class tickets for the party, but has forgotten to pay the blackmail which is expected by every railroad-official; and, in spite of his protests, he is pushed, with the tenderly-nurtured women, into a carriage of the lowest class, overcrowded with foul-smelling and foul-talking Italians. His appeals in Italian and German to the station-master are useless, because unaccompanied by a bribe, and he

begins to swear in Hungarian. This attracts the attention of another Hungarian, who, knowing better the customs of the people, has secured for himself the exclusive use of a first-class compartment, and comes as a friend in need to his less diplomatic countryman.

The party travel comfortably together for some miles, until the new acquaintance, thinking that the ladies, in the inconvenient Italian carriages of 1848, may desire to be left to themselves, politely excuses himself on the plea of smoking a cigar. This gives their less thoughtful lawyer, Zimandy, the opportunity of telling the ladies about the man who has so opportunely rescued them from the first unpleasant incident of their Italian travel.

## II

## The Friend in Need

"DO you know this gentleman?" asks the widow.

"Yes."

"What is he? a Jew, or an Atheist?"

"Neither. He is a Unitarian from Transylvania, the youngest of a large family, all of whom are sons excepting his twin-sister Anna." (*Note 3.*)

From the lawyer's story, as he goes on, it appears that their new friend, by name Manasseh Adoryan, is a young man of remarkable talent, and had gained a very high diplomatic position when only twenty-two years old. Under the influence, however, of the French Revolution (February, 1848), the

Transylvanians had decided on union with Hungary, and so Manasseh Adoryan's occupation is gone. If he pleased, he might follow the example of his colleagues, — go to Vienna, and there intrigue in the dark until the old party is in power again; but for this he is too honorable, and so he is going into exile, to earn a living by the painting which has hitherto been the amusement of his leisure.

At the next station, Zimandy joins Adoryan to enjoy a pipe, and tells him of the Princess Blanca's business in Rome. He says that while Prince Cagliari is sensual, arrogant and revengeful, Benjamin Vaydar, his factotum, is clever, sly and diplomatic, and is now on his way to Rome, perhaps in this very train, to secure such a nullification of the marriage that all the reproach may be cast on the innocent Princess Blanca, and so, while she may not marry again, the prince may assume her fortune and marry his mistress. All the lawyer's hopes of a more just solution of the trouble are based upon the fact that, as a

result of the Revolution, the Pope is now surrounded by liberal advisers.

"But why go to all that trouble?" says Manasseh to the Calvinist lawyer. "If your princess becomes Protestant, she can get her divorce easily enough." (*Note 4.*)

"*Servus humillimus!* But how about the bishop's legacy?"

"I tell you, if your princess has a heart, and finds a man who is worth thirty pieces of silver, she will not care about the bishop's million. I believe thirty pieces is the price for which our Lord Jesus was sold."

"Speak not of Him!" says the Calvinist. "He is the God whom I worship."

"*And the man whom I imitate,*" responds the Unitarian.

They reach a railway-junction, and the lawyer, instead of going back to the ladies to see that they are protected from unpleasant company who may arrive by the connecting train, goes into the restaurant to satisfy his appetite.

Benjamin Vaydar, arriving by the other train, enters the compartment in which the Princess Blanca and her companion are sitting. Knowing his intentions, they beg him to leave them in peace, and on his telling the princess that she will have to choose between him for a husband and a life of misery, she replies, —

"God will protect me."

"*Ah, princess,*" responds Vaydar, "*we are going to Rome, where there is many a church, but no God.*" (*Note 5.*)

Zimandy returns from his meal, to find Vaydar occupying his seat; but the lawyer is too timid to protect the ladies against the intruder.

Suddenly the princess remarks that the sneer on the dandy's face is replaced by a look of terror. Manasseh Adoryan stands at the door.

"Sir, that place is reserved," he says to Vaydar, — and the intruder, like a beaten cur, slinks out of the carriage.

For the second time, the stranger has saved

Blanca from molestation, and naturally she begins to wonder what is the secret of the power, possessed by this heretic, against whom she is warned by her Church, over the Romanist for revenue only, who has told her that in Rome there is many a church, but no God.

She falls asleep, and when the shrill whistle of the locomotive wakes her, reminding the passengers that they are approaching Bologna, Manasseh informs the ladies that he must take leave of them, since their route goes by way of Imola and Ancona, while he must leave the railroad and go to Rome by mountain roads, by way of Pistoja and Florence, by which route he will arrive a day earlier than the passengers by way of Ancona.

The fear of being molested by Vaydar, when her new acquaintance is no longer near to protect her, and the prospect of reaching Rome a day earlier, leads the princess to suggest to her companions that they too should go the same way as Manasseh. But she is at

once met by Madame Dormandy's fear of the brigands in the Apennines.

"You are far more likely to meet brigands on the way between Ancona and Rome," replies Manasseh. "I have traveled through the Apennines in my youth, and was never molested. We artists have nothing to fear from them. This train will have to stop over-night in Faenza, and will again be delayed in Rimini, because the line is overcrowded with troops coming northwards. This is why we gain a day by going the other way."

All four leave the train at Bologna, and Manasseh, after keeping guard until the train has carried Vaydar out of sight, engages a vetturino to take them on to Viterbo.

Anxious to know the secret of Manasseh's power over her persecutor, Blanca questions him, and gets the answer, "I fear I might be tempted to kill him."

She learns from him that Vaydar was an orphan who was educated by Manasseh's parents, and was betrothed to his twin-sister

Anna; that when all was ready for the wedding, he vanished and wrote to cancel his engagement; and Blanca finds that this occurred very soon after she had first met Vaydar as the prince's secretary.

"But why does he fear you?"

"Because I hold evidence of a crime for which he would be punished."

"Why not use it to punish his treatment of your sister?"

"My religion forbids revenge."

"Has your sister found another lover?"

"*My people love but once!*"

A paraphrase of the last sentence is the title adopted by the German translator of Jokai's romance, to whom the words of the Hungarian title, "There is One God," seem too theological.

As the vetturino drives the party through the picturesque scenery south of Bologna, Blanca asks Adoryan about his distant home

in the Transylvanian Carpathians. It is a beautifully idyllic story that he tells her, for these people, invited by a Hungarian king over five centuries ago to settle in the country and teach the Szeklers how to work the iron-mines, have been the subject of many a poetic myth, and are even connected in popular fancy with that German legend of the Middle Ages which has been versified by Robert Browning in his "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Manasseh's story is too long for quotation here, and to condense it would do it injustice. (*Note 6.*)

The lawyer Zimandy, tortured by fears of the brigands, suggests that they lodge overnight at a roadside inn. They find one, frequented only by the laborers of a neighboring quarry. When some of these people enter, Zimandy barricades himself and the ladies in the only spare room, thinking they are brigands, while Manasseh fraternizes with them, and presently accompanies them to a farm at some distance, returning with provisions for his

party, since the meager larder of the innkeeper can supply the hungry Hungarians with nothing but artichokes and bread.

While the princess is going with the confidence of an innocent child into the greatest dangers, Manasseh, whose diplomatic experience has made him older than his years, and who knows all the family secrets of the libertine Prince Cagliari, as well as his political intrigues, is careful, while hiding all his anxieties from the princess, to lead her by the safest way to Rome, and to secure for her the means of protecting herself against the prince's accomplices.

No brigands are to be feared on the route by which he leads them on the morrow; they meet only small troops of revolutionary volunteers on their way to join the Roman army, and these men are his friends.

Reaching Rome on the evening of the second day, he leaves the party at the Porta del Popolo, while they drive on to their hotel. The hotel-keeper, who had been notified be-

forehand of their proposed arrival by way of Ancona, welcomes them with astonishment, for he has just learned that another guest from Hungary, whom he expected by the same route, has been seized by the brigands near Monte Rosso, and carried off to the mountains to be held there until his ransom can be procured from Vienna. The captive is Benjamin Vaydar, the man who, in threatening the princess, had told her that there are many churches in Rome, but no God; while the man who believes in One God has saved Blanca not only from Vaydar but also from the brigands, who would have seized her also had she traveled by Ancona.

And the impressionable young girl believes that the Unitarian's God will save her again, — in the favorable accomplishment of her mission to Rome, — as he has saved her before.

## III

## Passion Week in Rome

A GOOD lawyer would use the opportunity afforded by the seizure of his client's enemy to push forward her suit with the Papal authorities with all possible dispatch. Not so with Gabriel Zimandy. He procrastinates. As for the pious young princess, just out of the convent, — that she hopes to find strength and comfort in the magnificently staged ceremonies of Passion Week in the metropolis of Roman Catholicism is quite natural.

Disappointed in her efforts to obtain tickets for the ceremonies through the hotel-keeper, she sends out her lawyer to obtain them. On the street he meets Manasseh Adoryan, who asks him, —

"How are you getting on with your lawsuit?"

The lawyer answers, "Not in the least. I cannot even get tickets for the Passion Week ceremonies."

"I will manage that for you," says the Unitarian.

"What! You, an Arian, and a fallen diplomat from Austria, whose ambassador has been driven from Rome, obtain what has been refused even to Spanish princes?"

"You will see," says Adoryan, and enters the house of Pellegrino Rossi, the son-in-law of Guizot, and (until the flight of Louis Philippe) the representative of that king at the Papal Court. Coming out, he hands the tickets to Zimandy, with the words, "Do not think, friend Zimandy, that I am a Cagliostro. I am well acquainted with Signor Rossi and his family, and, on my asking him for tickets for two Hungarian ladies and their lawyer, he gave me these."

The reader of the English translation of

"There is no Devil," which the editor of the same thought especially suitable for American readers (see Introduction to this book), will readily understand that Blanca's experiences of Austro-Hungarian manhood had given her so low an opinion of the male sex that the Unitarian heretic would seem to her like an angel from a better world, and that in their three days' intercourse she was beginning to love him.

She hopes, now, that the sacraments of the Passion Week will save her from the dangers of this love. But Zimandy tells her that, feeling incompetent to be the cicerone of the ladies in Rome, he fears the tickets will be useless unless Manassch accompanies them to ceremonies which he, the Unitarian, must regard as little better than a sort of sacramental hypnotism. Thus she still is likely to continue meeting him.

Meanwhile, Manassch has been attending to business in the ladies' interest. He calls at the hotel to inform them that the trunks with their indispensable millinery have arrived by

way of Ancona, and are at the custom-house. He tells them that the only man captured was Vaydar, who was traveling by extra-post, and that the next post had brought a letter from the brigands addressed to Prince Cagliari at Vienna. He advises them, therefore, to use the opportunity of the interval to secure a favorable verdict from the Pope, before the arrival of the ransom permits Blanca's enemies to have access to the Papal Court.

Manasseh accepts Zimandy's invitation to guide the ladies through Rome, to attend upon the week's ceremonies. He accompanies them to all places to which pious Catholic pilgrims go. Coming from a land where the myths of the Middle Ages are still believed, he can recount the poetic myths which have grown up in the popular imagination in regard to all the facts of the gospel history. He takes them to hear the Tenebræ at the Sistine Chapel; and on this occasion Manasseh observes that the princess's lawyer, Zimandy, is in love with her companion, the widow Dor-

mandy, and that this may lead to the Calvinist's becoming a Romanist, marrying the widow, and leaving the poor princess friendless in Rome, among her enemies.

The next day they see the procession in the Hall of Kings, while two choirs, one in the Sistine, the other in the Pauline Chapel, are singing antiphonies. The Pope washes the feet of the pilgrims, who then march to the "Cœna," or Supper, in the Hall of Constantine.

There is one incident in the trial of Jesus which has probably been more frequently repeated than any other among people who call themselves Christian. It is that to which reference has already once been made: "But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus." (Matt. 27, 20.)

At this point in his romance, Jokai describes the theatrical event which took place in Rome at this time, in which, in imitation of the gospel occurrence just cited, one of the chief-

priests and elders of the Roman Church pardons an assassin, who, further on in the romance, as will be seen, murders the peace-maker Rossi, the best friend of the Pope and the people. The sight of the pardoned criminal makes an impression on the princess which she remembers with horror for many days afterwards.

On Saturday they go to the Sistine Chapel again, to hear Palestrina's Mass of Pope Marcellus, and Zimandy learns that His Holiness, Pope Pius the Ninth, will accord his client a private audience in the Vatican on Easter Monday.

On Easter Sunday the Princess Blanca accompanies Countess Rossi and her daughter to Saint Peter's, to see the Benediction, while Manasseh goes on foot, with Gabriel Zimandy, among the crowd, to see what had never happened in Rome before that year 1848, and will probably never happen again, — the head of the Romish Church asking God's blessing on the troops of Italy. They were then about

to march northwards to defend their country against the Austrian vampires who so long had been sucking at Italy's life-blood. (*Note 7.*)

Both Blanca and Zimandy return to the hotel full of enthusiasm in expectation of the Pope's favor in their suit, for Blanca has given her jewelry for the sacred cause, and one of the palm-leaves blessed by the Pope has fallen into her hands, while the people call her "*la Beata*" ["the blessed one"]. That the Pope has blessed the Roman legions, Zimandy holds to be an auspicious sign, and thinks the cause of his client already won. The Unitarian, however, who, with all his appreciation for religious poetry, even in its most superstitious manifestations, keeps a cool head for the facts of life, says to the lawyer, —"I have not the slightest doubt that Pio Nono is a gentle, noble-hearted, upright and enlightened man, and a gracious prince; but I believe also that the Austrians will beat the pious Christian Durando in the very first engagement, without any regard for the Papal blessing. (*Note 8.*)

While dining at the table-d'hôte, the lawyer explains to the inquisitive widow Dormandy the nature of the divorce-suit:

"A Romanist marriage, being a sacrament, cannot be dissolved so long as either party lives; only a separation from bed and board is allowable, and neither party can marry again. But in the present suit both parties rely on the provisions of the Thirteenth Paragraph of the Secret Instructions, which regards the sacrament as invalid if one party is a sleep-walker, insane, or epileptic. In such case the defective party is prohibited from marrying again, while the other may do so."

On Easter Monday the princess and her lawyer go to the Vatican for their private audience. Since eight hundred others are there on the same errand it is evident that not much can be said to the Pope, or by him, but after presenting her petition, Blanca is still full of hope that the words which she has heard from the smiling lips of Pio Nono, "*Tu es petra*," predict a happy result for her.

## IV

## Diplomacy

THE Austrian ambassador having fled from Rome, the Princess Blanca is obliged to have recourse to the Bavarian representative in all matters concerning her Hungarian relations, and becomes acquainted with his wife, the Countess Spaur. This lady, like the Marchioness Caldariva, had been a Roman actress in her youth, and had married a wealthy Englishman, who died soon after the wedding, leaving her his money. She thereupon married Count Spaur. So much is historical.

Returning to her hotel from a visit to this lady, Blanca finds her lawyer in great anxiety. He has just received a letter from the Uni-

tarian, telling him that Durando has already been forbidden by the Pope to cross the Po. If he disobeys the Pope's orders, and is beaten by the Austrians, there will be no hope for the princess.

One day, passing the Palazzo Cagliari at Rome, the princess remarks that the shutters are opened and the rooms brilliantly lighted — a proof that her enemies have arrived in the city.

Her lawyer also, having still delayed to push her suit, now finds a new set of people in office in the Vatican, and begins to lose all trace of the progress of his client's case.

Prince Cagliari calls on the princess at her hotel, tells her that he proposes so to arrange their separation that, instead of being his wife, she will be his daughter, and he will send his secretary Vaydar to her to arrange the formalities !

After the prince's departure, Blanca receives an anonymous letter :

"Princess, be careful. Prince Cagliari has a devilish project in view. He wants a divorce from you, on condition that you marry his secretary Vaydar. But Vaydar is capable of *selling* his wife! Now you are the prince's wife, and Caldariva is his mistress. The prince wants to make Caldariva his wife, and you his mistress. Be on your guard. Rome is the cradle of the Borgias."

Alarmed by this letter, Blanca feels the need of a good adviser. To whom can she turn? Her lawyer has failed her, and the only person who has really helped her is the heretic, whose incomprehensible power over Vaydar has already delivered her from his persecutions. But where can she find him? He has not given her his address.

Her companion, the widow Dormandy, has learned from a priest that a party of his Hungarian countrymen are to visit the Coliseum. The princess accompanies them. It happens that, seeing an artist at work on the top gallery, she goes up to him, and finds him to be Adoryan, whom she seeks. She shows

him the anonymous letter. He reads and returns it, saying, "It is just like them!" He then continues:

"Princess, I cannot intervene between you and your enemies, for *my* shadow must not fall upon you. But I can give you a weapon to use in your own defense; only, if you use it, you may be sure that the Papal verdict will be unfavorable to you."

"I shall be satisfied."

"If Vaydar offers you his hand, you need only reply, 'There is a canonical obstacle to our marriage, — *the Fourteenth Paragraph of the Secret Instructions.*'"

"What is the Fourteenth Paragraph?"

"He will know, and if you say these words to him he will never enter your presence again."

Blanca rejoins her party, and, returning to her hotel, finds that Vaydar has already called, and that he will call again. On his arrival, she shows him the anonymous letter. He turns pale with anger, and says, —

"I know who wrote that! It was the Marchioness Caldariva."

"She here?"

"Of course! She accompanies the prince everywhere."

"But what interest can she have in preventing a divorce which would enable her to marry the prince?"

"She is jealous."

After further words, which show Blanca that Vaydar, while suing for her hand, simply pretends to be the victim of jealousy on the part of his employer's mistress, she resolves to try the weapon which Adoryan has put into her hands.

"I cannot promise to marry you, for a clause in the Roman Ecclesiastical Law forbids it."

"So you have studied ecclesiastical law? You are evidently thinking of the Tenth Paragraph, which is inapplicable in this case."

"No, sir; I meant the Fourteenth Paragraph."

Blanca is shocked by the sudden change in Vaydar's features.

"I know who told you that!" he cries. "I will revenge myself on both of you!" And he leaves the room.

Her lawyer comes, one day, to tell her that, as she has expressed the wish to change her lodging, she can have apartments under the same roof as her friends, the Rossi family. He comes again, some days later, to tell her that, as a last sacrifice in her service, he will change his religion, and be received into the Roman Church, — intimating that by this means he can more successfully further her cause, and concealing his real motive, his desire to marry the widow Dormandy. Accordingly, he is baptized.

A week later, the Papal judgment in the princess's suit is published. The princess obtains a legal separation from Prince Cagliari, but may never marry again, while the prince is forbidden to marry during the princess's life. By succeeding in bringing about this

result, Vaydar has revenged himself on the Princess Blanca for refusing his suit, on Adoryan for protecting the princess, and on the Marchioness Caldariva for sending the anonymous letter. But he also places the princess's life in danger, for while she lives it will be impossible for Prince Cagliari to marry the Marchioness Caldariva, and by the decree the Pope has condemned her to live in a wing of the Cagliari Palace, which, unknown to the princess, is connected by secret passages with rooms occupied by the very people who have the strongest interest in Blanca's death. This is among a population more notorious for the frequency and secrecy of its assassinations than any other people in Christendom.

The princess, still a girl of less than twenty years, accepts the decision of the infallible Pope as the will of God. She is not to see again the only man who has ever roused her love or proved himself worthy of it! Her only social relations must be with the Rossi family, and with their adversary, ——, a fit

representative of that Bavarian government whose relations with Lola Montez had made it the laughing-stock of all Europe.

One day, on her way to visit the Countess ——, her carriage, which bore the Cagliari coat-of-arms, is suddenly stopped by a crowd in the Campo Vaccino. A savage man, holding a knife between his teeth, opens the carriage-door, but, seeing only Blanca, replaces the knife in his belt, and calls out to the crowd, "*Lasciate! la Condannata!*" ["Leave her in peace, the condemned one!"—the name the Italians gave Blanca after her separation from the prince, while they had before called her "the blessed one."]

This adventure, which causes her so much terror that she dare not leave the palace again, is a source of amusement to the Countess ——, who tells her that the assassin's knife was intended for Prince Cagliari and his secretary; but they, warned in time, had both fled from the rage of the crowd to Civita Vecchia.

## V

## The Temptress

ONE November night, as the princess lies in her bedroom, she hears strains of song, music and laughter proceeding from a painting of Sappho which adorns the chimney-piece of her room. Presently, the back of the fire-place rises, disclosing a woman clothed only with a peplum and sandals, revealing rather than hiding a perfect form, reminding one of an antique statue. This woman extinguishes the wood burning on the hearth, and, entering Blanca's chamber, says, "I am the Marchioness Caldariva!"

She explains to the frightened princess that this secret entrance through the fire-place was built by a jealous husband, an ancestor of

Prince Cagliari, who used it as a means of spying on his wife, himself unseen. The painting of Sappho hid an apparatus like the ear of Dionysius, by which every sound coming from the chamber occupied by Blanca could be heard in the rest of the palace. Thus Caldariva could hear all that the princess might say, while, being on her guard, she allowed only those sounds that suited her own purpose to reach the ear of the princess.

This woman, skilled in all the arts by which libertines may be ruled, tries to win the confidence of the innocent girl whom she wishes to destroy. She acknowledges the authorship of the warning letter, and so lays claim to Blanca's gratitude for having saved her from Vaydar's intrigues. She explains to Blanca the meaning of the Fourteenth Paragraph, which was so effective a weapon against Vaydar, and says that Vaydar has asked her to use her fascinations for the purpose of obtaining from Manasseh Adoryan

the proofs which he possesses of Vaydar's guilt.

Horror-struck at the idea of the man whom she loves succumbing to the fascinations of this courtesan, Blanca is yet glad to know that Manasseh is still in Rome.

Caldariva next suggests the other alternative in her power, so easy in Papal Rome, — that of assassination; but says, "I have rejected both these alternatives, because I know that the young artist loves you, and that you love him. I do not like tragedies: I prefer comedies. Thus, to amuse myself, I have driven my two fools away from Rome! I sent to Countess —— a couple of letters which Prince Cagliari had written to 'Giacomo' [Cardinal Antonelli, *see Note 1*] and to the great Ciceruacchio [the democratic leader]. I sent one of the prince's letters to an Austrian general. So the Countess —— arranged the tumult which nearly cost you your life. The intention was to kill the prince and his *spiritus familiaris;* but I warned them

betimes, and they sneaked out of Rome, while you and I remain behind to laugh at them."

She departs, as she came, through the fireplace, but day after day makes further secret visits to Blanca, each time bringing her news which may give some idea of her power over Blanca's libertine enemies, or hypnotizing her by suggestions founded on the princess's love for the Unitarian. "You are rich, and he is a king in the realms of art. You can buy the sacraments of the Church with your money, while he can win the applause of the world by his pictures, and to genius and wealth all will be forgiven."

She cites the example of George the Fourth's wife, but either Jokai has misread this history, or — which is more likely — he purposely puts a perversion of the truth in the marchioness's mouth.

These are the exact words which Jokai makes the marchioness use:

"This [which I advise you] was once done

by a queen who was persecuted by her husband, the King of Great Britain. He surrounded the wife, who traveled in the wide world, with spies. *He had proofs.* The wife could not excuse herself; but nevertheless she was acquitted. Her crowned husband bribed even her paramour, who betrayed the queen whose favors had made him a demi-god. Yet, notwithstanding all this, both the law and the world acquitted her."

How different is this rendering from the true story of George the Fourth's attempt to obtain a divorce from the unfortunate Queen Caroline of Brunswick! He was married by the Roman rites to Mrs. Fitzherbert before he married Princess Caroline, and, even though the queen had been guilty, his own adulteries would have enabled the Proctor to intervene had he been only an English commoner and not the king.

The temptress continues: "Your whole life will then be an unceasing chain of joy. You can make of it a continuous Springtime,

for you can migrate with the Spring, like the birds."

If Blanca had yielded to the temptation, and, what is still more improbable, if the Unitarian Manasseh could have been made a party to this plan, they would have gone to their own destruction. Then the prince could have married the marchioness.

On another of these secret visits, Caldariva invites Blanca to come to a masked ball, which she has arranged while "her two fools" are absent from Rome, and at which the leaders of Roman fashion are expected to be present.

Blanca declines, on the ground that on the same day (November 15, 1848) her friend Rossi will, as Minister-President of the Roman Parliament, make his opening address, and the revolutionary outbursts in the daily press make her fear that the Palazzo Cagliari, like the prince's carriage, may be attacked by the mob.

"Oh," says Caldariva, "I inspire some of

the papers myself! In other words, we pay the editors — and the mob also!"

Finally, she secures a half-promise from Blanca, by saying that Manasseh Adoryan will be among the guests. The idea of the man whom she loves degrading himself by visiting in the Cagliari Palace is in the highest degree offensive to Blanca, but the hope of seeing him once more overcomes all other considerations.

## VI

## A Roman Assassination

THE fifteenth of November approaches, and the princess drives to the Parliament House. Among the crowd she sees the assassin who had personated Barabbas in the ceremonies of Passion Week. She feels instinctively that the man is lying in wait for Rossi, and orders her coachman to drive to the house of the Minister-President. Entering his room, she finds him with a Polish general and a priest, and cries out, "Count, do not go to the Parliament to-day."

The priest says, "Have we not warned you?" and the general adds, pointing to Blanca, "That is the third warning!"

But the three warnings are in vain. Rossi

insists upon trusting the people; and Blanca, too excited to go to the Parliament, returns to the palace. She is reminded of the invitation to the Caldariva festivities, and she remembers the words of the "fair Cyrene," as the Marchioness Caldariva had been called in former days: —

"The men have made the world a prison for us women, but the first thought of every prisoner is how to escape."

She finally decides that Manasseh will decline the invitation of the prince's mistress, and therefore she also will not go.

The evening papers arrive, and the first words she reads are these:

"*Rossi was murdered to-day in the Parliament House.*"

She orders her carriage to drive her to Rossi's daughter and his widow, but is told that the Roman mob is dancing the Carmagnola in front of their house, and the streets are impassable.

Presently the crowd comes in front of the

Cagliari Palace, bearing Rossi's assassin, Zambianchi, in triumph on their shoulders, with Calderari, the head of the Roman police, embracing instead of arresting him!

The guests who are to attend the masked ball arrive in that part of the Palazzo Cagliari occupied by Caldariva, and greet the horrible procession without, giving wine to the mob, the members of which dance to the music played in the palace. But presently the mob's love of plunder induces it to attack the palace itself, whereupon the iron shutters are closed by the people within. The rioters bombard the palace with stones. Presently the secret door connecting Blanca's room with the palace opens, and Caldariva appears, asking Blanca to let her guests escape the mob by passing through her apartments.

There is a secret passage, unknown to the princess but known to the marchioness, by which escape can be made to the Fontana di Trevi, and pursuit by the mob eluded. Blanca refuses permission.

"As you please, princess," says the marchioness; "but I would remind you that there is a certain artist from Hungary among us who will certainly risk his own life in defense of our helpless women, if you do not permit our escape."

Again Blanca stands undecided between the humiliation of knowing Adoryan's presence at the orgies, and the desire to save his life. Finally she says, "You may enter, marchioness."

The lights are extinguished, — all but one, which the marchioness takes into the bath-room. There, by a peculiar movement of the faucet, she causes the heavy bath-tub to roll to one side, exposing the entrance to a stairway.

Caldariva's guests and servants, sixty-five in number, bearing with them all the treasures which might tempt the mob, pass through Blanca's room, and vanish by the secret passage. The noise in the streets shows that the crowd has succeeded in breaking open the

palace doors, and at this moment the marchioness closes the secret door between the two wings of the palace.

"But where is Manasseh?" asks Blanca.

"He was not there. I told you a lie, to induce you to let us pass. If he had accepted my invitation, both you and he would have been in my power! But your God has taken good care of you. May we never meet again. I will not remain in your debt for helping us to escape, and this letter will repay you."

Hereupon she hands Blanca a letter, and follows her guests through the bath-room stair-case.

Blanca reads:

"Marchioness, I thank you for your invitation, but I will not enter the Palazzo Cagliari. [Signed] MANASSEH ADORYAN."

Again Blanca is saved by the Unitarian's God!

She returns to the secret door, to try to

hear what is going on in the neighboring palace.

Presently one of the plundering mob calls out, "They have escaped through the bath-room."

Blanca regards herself as lost. But the marchioness has well covered her retreat. It was the marchioness's bath-room to which the mob was referring, that also having a secret passage, leading to the largest of the Roman sewers, the "Cloaca Maxima." Down this the rioters swarm. Thus the revelers escape, while their pursuers are wandering among the filth of subterranean Rome.

By the Papal judgment separating her from her libertine husband, the Princess Cagliari cannot change her residence without the express permission of the Pope. Her friend Rossi, who might have obtained this permission for her, is now murdered, so in pursuit of aid to secure her release she drives to the Bavarian Countess ——, who promises to intercede for her at the Vatican.

On returning to her prison-palace, Blanca sees chalked on the doors the three letters, "C. D. T." [*Casa dei Traditori*, "House of the Traitors."] Her servants, — all of them paid spies of Prince Cagliari, — begin to forsake the house, and when, on the morning following, she orders her carriage to drive again to the Countess —— to receive the Pope's answer, she is obliged to take a cab instead.

The countess tells her, "His Holiness is inflexible, and has refused my petition. If he himself, like Daniel in the lion's den, is not afraid to remain in Rome notwithstanding the present disturbances, others must not lose their courage. Let every one remain at his post."

As it shortly proved, the countess herself at this very moment was perfecting a plan for the Pope's flight from Rome. This, however, Blanca does not know. She resolves to appeal to the Pope personally, and hurries to the Vatican, but, after hastening for an hour

from one door to another in the great halls, she is met and told that His Holiness will not receive any one.

There is but one hope left for her, and she drives to the house of the Cittadino Scalcagnato, the shoemaker, where Adoryan has his studio.

The shoemaker recognizes her, and takes her up to the studio, where she sees a large portrait of herself, painted by Adoryan, who is absent. Surprised at her appearance unattended, knowing how dangerous it was for a lady of rank to pass alone through the mob, the shoemaker furnishes her with a disguise in which she may attempt to escape from the city. She then returns home for the night.

## VII

## The Pope's Flight: November 24, 1848

THE following morning, Blanca is astonished to see her own name in big letters in the Roman papers. This is what she reads:

"The Princess Blanca von Zboroy, the divorced wife of Prince Cagliari, assisted the reactionaries assembled in the saloons of the Marchioness Caldariva to escape from the just vengeance of the people, by allowing them to pass through her private apartments into a secret passage leading to the Fontana di Trevi."

She is now certainly in greater danger than ever. And to the risk of falling into the hands of the Roman mob in her proposed

escape from Rome when darkness should again fall, another risk is now added. The gas-mains have been destroyed, and there will be no light in Rome on that dark November night.

She spends the day in prayer and trembling. At night-fall a lackey enters her room, saying, "The world is on fire!"

It is the Aurora Borealis, which appears in Rome on that November night of 1848 for the first time during Papal rule in Rome.

All of her servants flee, and, like nearly all the superstitious folk of Rome that day, believing that the Day of Judgment is come, take refuge in the churches.

Blanca goes out in search of some one to assist her as servant, finding no one. But in the court-yard she meets Adoryan, who has come to take leave of her, inasmuch as he is about to return to Transylvania to help his people during the horrors of the Revolution.

She shows Adoryan the letter which he

wrote to the marchioness; also the statement concerning herself, in the newspaper, which has terrified her. He explains that this notice also was inserted by the marchioness who, notwithstanding that she herself had been saved from the vengeance of the mob by Blanca's aid, would now direct that vengeance against Blanca, and thus remove the only obstacle to her marriage with the prince.

"But why did you come here?" asks the princess, of Manasseh.

"To take leave of you. I am going home, because civil war has broken out in my native land."

"Are you going to fight?"

"No, to make peace."

"Like Rossi?"

"Yes, and, like Rossi, I may be killed. But I will do what I can."

Then Blanca, still foreseeing certain death, or what is worse, if she stays in Rome, asks Adoryan to take her with him.

"No, princess, I cannot take you with me."

"Why not?"

"Because I am a man. I could defend you against all the world except myself!"

Yet, though he dare not trust himself to travel with the woman whom he loves, he has prepared another means of escape for her. He has heard that the Countess —— is going to leave Rome secretly that night, and he has procured a passport for Blanca, in the name of a lady's-maid, and now offers to escort her to the carriage of the Bavarian countess.

"But," says Blanca, "the countess told me, when I sought the Holy Father's permission to leave Rome, that every woman must remain at her post."

"She said that to hide her own intentions."

Blanca has no alternative, and, returning to her rooms, she disguises herself in the dress of her former maid.

They enter a cab, and ride through back streets to avoid the great crowd attracted by the Northern Lights. Coming to the city guard, Manasseh shows their passports, one

for himself as a painter, and another for the princess as a serving-woman.

At the Coliseum Gate they leave the cab. The gate-keeper is an old acquaintance of Manasseh's, and in his house Blanca and Manasseh take their parting meal in Rome, while awaiting the arrival of the Countess ——.

Her carriage arrives, and a figure in female dress — a costume which Blanca recognizes as one she has seen in the saloons of the countess — emerges from the shadow of the Coliseum, and advances toward them. Blanca, thinking it to be the countess, begs permission to accompany her in her flight. But a man, in the guise of a lackey, roughly pushes her back, with the words, "*E il Papa!*" and, handing the supposed lady into the carriage, he mounts the seat and drives rapidly away.

"It is the Pope!"

The Countess Spaur, who afterwards published in the Paris *Figaro* an account of the Pope's flight from Rome, denied that he was

disguised on the occasion either as a lackey or a woman when he fled in the Bavarian minister's carriage. Some writers say he escaped simply as the religious attendant of the countess; and others say, as her lackey. C. L. Meyer and Gustav Struve say that he was disguised as a woman, and this version of the story has been used by Jokai.

The unquestioned fact is that the Pope did run away, notwithstanding that, being the Vicar of God upon earth, it might be supposed that his faith and his duty would lead him rather to remain in the Holy City than to seek refuge in the realms of that King Bomba whom previously he had so severely condemned, but whom in later days he praised in most fulsome language.

"*E il Papa, ed Io sono la Condannata.*" ["It is the Pope, and I am the condemned one."]

With these words Blanca flings herself into Adoryan's arms, and says, "Take me with you, wherever you will!" (*Note 5.*)

## VIII

## What will He do with Her?

ADORYAN has now no choice. He conducts the princess to a seaport, and there takes a sailing-boat for Triest.

Blanca tells him the story of her life in the Palazzo Cagliari, and repeats the suggestions made to her by the Marchioness Caldariva concerning the path of pleasure that she might follow with Adoryan. He tells her of the hard path of duty on which he and any wife of his must travel; and when she joyfully makes her choice for that hard path, and feels herself at last welcomed by Manasseh, she cries no longer, "*Io sono la Condannata,*" but is able to say once more, "*Io sono la Beata!*"

They remain in Triest only long enough to hire a smuggler as their guide. After two days' walking and four days' riding in peasants' carts, they reach Budapest, and, learning that the princess's former lawyer, Gabriel Zimandy, is at that time on his wife's estate near the Transylvanian frontier, they decide to go through Szolnok, Püspök Ladany, and Debreczin, in order to confer with him concerning her new relationships.

Zimandy, who had renounced his Calvinist faith for the sake of the fair widow Dormandy, has long ago repented, and greets Adoryan, when they arrive, with the advice never to marry.

"No condemned criminal," he says, —"no persecuted debtor, has a worse lot than a married man! Before the wedding, woman is an angel; afterwards, nothing but nerves and bad humor." And the impression made on Blanca by the hysterical wife is equally disappointing.

The news from Adoryan's family is disquiet-

ing. His seven brothers have all taken part in the uprising against Hapsburg tyranny, and, since Manasseh is the only one who is not compromised, they have made him a deed of gift of all their estates, so that if they are ruined he may care for their families. Now Manasseh is on his way home, and, if he also becomes involved in the civil war, the fortunes of all together may be confiscated.

The lawyer advises Princess Blanca to remain under his protection, and not risk the loss of her fortune by abandoning the Church of Rome; while Manasseh, by escaping to Poland, may continue to avoid being compromised. But the information that his two brothers, Simon and David, are already prisoners in the Dako-Roumanian camp induces Manasseh to push forward at all risks, and Blanca will not leave him. They go on foot through Dees and Nagybanya, just reaching Klausenburg in time to avoid being caught in the midst of one of the bloody engagements of those perilous days.

Thence, accompanied by Manasseh's brother Aaron, the couple go on in a country wagon, traveling by night, for they have to pass an army of ten thousand Wallachians under Moga, who are preparing to attack Manasseh's birthplace.

At midnight they reach the house of Cyprianu, one of the wealthiest Wallachian yeomen. His daughter Zenobia is betrothed to Adoryan's brother Jonathan. Here they spend the remainder of that night, for the whole district is lit up by signal-fires, which indicate the danger of further advance.

In the morning, Zenobia accompanies them as a guide, but, in order to pass Moga's army unobserved, they must journey along the bed of the torrent, and sleep in a cave directly under the enemy's camp. While Aaron and Blanca are sleeping, Manasseh leaves them, ascends the cliff to the hostile camp, and enters the place where the commander Moga and his officers are playing cards. At first unrecognized, he joins them in the game, and

wins their money. Presently Moga recognizes him, and threatens him with the fate of his two brothers. After some discussion, however, Manasseh agrees in another game to stake his own life for the freedom of his brothers, — and wins. Then, through his great power of diplomacy, he makes a treaty of peace with Moga on behalf of the Toroczko people; but Moga says to him, "We cannot guarantee you against the traitor who was born among your own people!"— alluding to the arch-scoundrel, Vaydar.

The next morning, Manasseh and his two brothers whom he has won from captivity join Blanca and Aaron, and all together continue the journey to Toroczko, where they arrive in the evening and are joyfully welcomed by their people.

In conformity to the laws, eighty-two days must elapse before Manasseh and Blanca can marry. First, the formalities of her withdrawal from the Roman Church, and her reception among the Unitarians, will occupy

a fortnight. Then the divorce-suit will occupy six weeks. Then for three Sundays the bans must be published from the pulpit.

Meanwhile, Blanca lives with Manasseh's twin-sister Anna, and learns from her the particulars of Anna's former betrothal with Benjamin Vaydar, and of Vaydar's desertion of her. Anna still loves the renegade, and, at her request, Manasseh and his seven brothers have promised not to punish him for his insult to her and her family.

## IX

## The Vampire City Again

DURING the continuance of the Roman Revolution, of which this story has recounted some of the incidents, the three demons of Jokai's romance — namely, Prince Cagliari, his mistress, the Marchioness Caldariva, and the prince's secretary, the marchioness's lover, Vaydar — have sought refuge in Vienna. Here the Court etiquette is stricter than in Rome. Prince Cagliari, from his prominence, is *persona grata* at the Viennese Court, but the marchioness, whose soirées in Rome were visited by the leading nobility of the Holy City, finds herself avoided by all the leading women of Court society in Vienna. If, however, she can secure Blanca's death, for which

she still is plotting, and then marries the prince, she will be eligible for "good society." With Vaydar's aid, her spies have followed the tracks of Blanca and Adoryan, and now, in urging the prince to secure the death of both, she says to him, —

"All that *you* could do was to leave her unharmed in her prison-palace in Rome. But I did more than that; I made the dogs of Jezebel howl below her windows. And then came this Adoryan and spoiled my game. A second time they were in danger. For three hours they were in Triest, in the toils of the police, and would have been caught if they had stayed there an hour longer. But they escaped among the rocks of the Karst. I hoped that we should get an official statement of the woman's death, and then Prince Cagliari would have had an opportunity of answering the question whether the Marchioness Caldariva is anything more to him than a pretty plaything!"

She then asks the prince "Did you receive

Blanca's last letter?" And the prince replies, "No; I gave Vaydar her allowance for December, that he might send it to Rome."

"Ha, ha! I compliment you on your adopted son! He is a very genial scamp. He has held back the letter in which Blanca informed you that she will turn Protestant and get a divorce from you; while the five thousand scudi that you gave him for her will never reach her. But at least they remain in the family, for he has bought diamonds for me with the money!"

"What do you want of me? Shall we become Protestants, and be married?"

"I believe it would be easier to obtain God's pardon for that sin than for what I am going to do. When the couple are safe in Toroczko, it will be easy to have the town attacked by the Wallachians, and we shall soon have news of their death!"

At this point, to get rid of the prince for the time being, she sends him, though it was after midnight, to the War Office to obtain

the key by which to decipher some dispatches which Vaydar has sent her.

When the prince has gone, she hears a signal at a secret door, and admits Vaydar, who brings with him the key for which she has sent away the prince.

With a laugh she says, "I have just sent Jupiter to fetch it."

As they decipher one dispatch after another, they read of the horrors perpetrated by the Wallachian bands in Transylvania, the massacres of Zalathna, Sard, Borband, Kisfalud, Kis-Enyed and Nagy-Enyed. And at last, in a list of "killed," they find the name Adoryan. It is not Manasseh, however, but his brother Jonathan, the lieutenant of hussars, who has fallen in a skirmish. (*Note 9.*)

Turning to another dispatch, they read how Manasseh has saved his brothers David and Simon, and made peace with the Wallachians, and that he is safe in Toroczko with his bride.

Enraged at the failure of her infernal plans,

the marchioness throws the dispatches on the floor, and asks Vaydar, —

"Have you no spies in Toroczko?"

"There was one traitor there, — but he is now here, and your slave!"

"Well, coward, how long are these two people to live?"

As Vaydar remains silent, the "fair Cyrene" takes from her bosom the little key which opens the secret entrance to her room, and says to Vaydar, "This key belongs to him who brings me the news of Blanca's death. What do you say?"

"I think, and act!"

"Then, *a rivederci!*" ["till we meet again."]

Vaydar leaves by the secret door, and goes to the Sperl, which, in 1848, was the most fashionable resort of Vienna's demi-monde. There he finds Prince Cagliari, with two women.

Cagliari asks what he has done with the December allowance for the princess.

"That is what I came to speak about. I wish you would let me have the January allowance, at once. Princess Blanca has been killed in the attack on Nagy-Enyed, and I want the money to bring her corpse to Vienna, and bury it as becomes the wife of Prince Cagliari."

The prince gives Vaydar his pocket-book and a letter of credit. It is now early morning, and Cagliari, ignorant of Vaydar's nocturnal visit to the Marchioness Caldariva, drives to her house, and says to her, "Rosina, my wife is dead!"

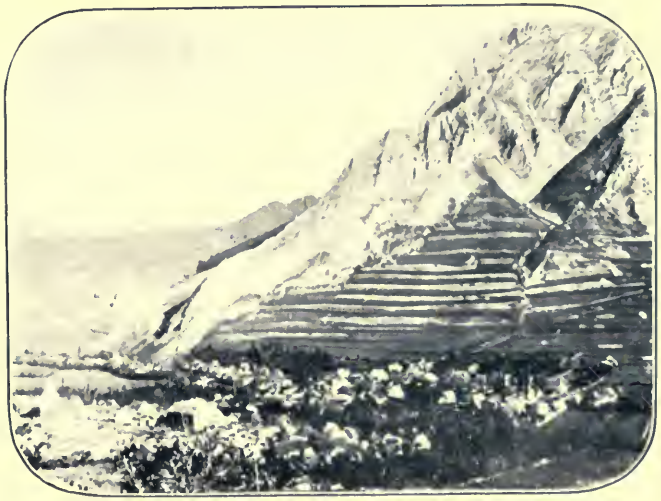
"Who told you so?"

"Your little favorite, Vaydar. I have given him the money to bring her corpse to Vienna."

Enraged at the ease with which the prince is gulled by his secretary, the marchioness slaps his face. Angered by the blow, he cries, —

"What I have said is true! Vaydar will bring the corpse to Vienna. Blanca von

Zboroy has slapped my face before the whole world by seeking a divorce from me. But that is not all. I have had great losses, and need money. If Blanca dies, her brothers must give me her fortune even though she is divorced, and that fortune is much greater than the million mentioned in the deed. But if she marries this Szekler, then not only he and she, but the whole village, must be destroyed! And I have the power to do it."



Toroczko, the birthplace of Jokai's hero, Manasseh Adoryan.

See pp. 36, 80, 88, 93.

## X

## In Transylvania

WHILE the prince and his mistress are intriguing in Vienna, Blanca has secured her divorce, and has married Manasseh Adoryan. Two of the invited guests are absent, Adoryan's brother Jonathan and his bride Zenobia, daughter of the Dako-Roumanian Cyprianu. Of Jonathan's fate we have already heard in the cipher dispatches read by Vaydar to the Marchioness Caldariva.

Towards the close of the wedding-festival, Zenobia arrives, on horse-back, leading another horse which bears her lover's corpse. She says to the new-made wife, —

"You have invited me to your wedding, and I have come! Show me to your guests,

and tell them that I am the sister of the men who have devastated Felvinez and Sard, and who have killed Jonathan Adoryan."

But Manasseh takes her out of danger. In parting from him, she says, —

"Remember what the tribune of Monasteria said to you: 'We have made peace with you, and will keep our word. But tremble if a traitor comes from Toroczko!' God bless you!"

To conceal Jonathan's death from the guests, who, it was feared, might in the excitement of the hour revenge themselves on the unfortunate Zenobia, the corpse is hidden in the bridal-chamber.

After the burial of Jonathan, Aaron calls the people to arms, and three hundred, mostly old men and youths, respond to his call. Manasseh warns him against breaking the truce with Moga.

"I am not going to revenge our dead brother," Aaron replies, "but to mind Zenobia's warning. Our Judas Iscariot is

already here. There is a new man among the Wallachians, who calls himself Diurbanu, and he can be none but Vaydar." (*Note 10.*)

In fact, four thousand men are already marching on Toroczko. Vaydar has used the money given him by Prince Cagliari to raise this troop, and is now, under the name Diurbanu, given by the Wallachians to their old hero Decebalus, trying to fulfill his promise to the Marchioness Cagliari. It proves, however, that, using the advantages offered by the narrow pass at the Musina Bridge, the troops collected by Aaron succeed in driving back the four thousand.

Some days later, in the beautiful Springtime of 1849, Manasseh's wife and his sister, while gathering Alpine flowers on the hilltops, meet a man whom Anna recognizes as her renegade lover, Vaydar, in the disguise of a Wallachian peasant. He advances towards them with a scythe, but the sudden appearance of Manasseh drives him away. Two days later Vaydar, alias Diurbanu, rides in

Dako-Roumanian costume through the deserted streets of Abrudbanya, and in a neighboring church addresses the assembled Wallachians, urging them to break their truce with Toroczko. They refuse, whereupon he silences their objections by claiming that he is betrothed to the daughter of their countryman Cyprianu (Zenobia, the bride of Manasseh's dead brother), and must, as his marriage-gift, avenge the death of her father and brothers.

They cast lots for choice between Torda and Toroczko. The lot falls on Toroczko, and in the last days of July, 1849, fugitives from Toroczko Szent György bring the news that Diurbanu's troops have seized the village and are going to attack Toroczko itself.

The men fortify the place, and the women prepare to kill themselves and their children rather than fall into the enemy's hands. Manasseh again, as with Moga, resolves at all risks to himself to try to make peace

and prevent the conflict. He goes alone to Diurbanu's camp, where he is treacherously bound and imprisoned, and so finds himself at last powerless in the hands of Vaydar, who had so often fled before him.

Intent upon torturing Manasseh, Vaydar tells him his plan, which Manasseh is now powerless to prevent: how, while one body of his troops is to draw the attention of Toroczko's defenders by a feigned attack, another will enter the town from the other side, seize the women, and before killing Anna and Blanca will violate them in the presence of their captive husband and brother.

"Your men will find only two corpses," answers Manasseh, "for Anna and Blanca have arranged to shoot each other rather than fall into your power."

To take away even that last crumb of comfort, Vaydar declares to Manasseh that Zenobia is now betrothed to him, and says that she will go to Blanca's house and offer, for the sake of her dead lover Jonathan, to

lead them to a place of safety, and will thereupon betray them into Vaydar's hands.

Vaydar then leaves Manasseh to spend the night in torturing anticipations.

In the night, Manasseh hears his name whispered. The speaker is a gypsy musician, who loosens the ropes that bind Manasseh and enables him to escape, while Vaydar is absent with his troops making a night attack on Toroczko. The first person whom he meets on leaving his prison is Zenobia, who tells him that his wife and sister are safe, and that the Wallachians have already given up the attack on Toroczko, misled by a stratagem of Aaron.

She takes from her finger the betrothal-ring which in former days Anna had given to Vaydar, and which Vaydar had given to Zenobia with the words, "So long as the woman lives who gave me this ring I cannot marry you." From her words, Manasseh gathers that Zenobia has learned all Vaydar's devilish plans against Anna and Blanca, and

pretended to support them in order to save the women. Finally, before taking leave of him, she tells him where he may find Vaydar, crippled by a wound received in the flight from Toroczko.

Again Manasseh resists the temptation to save himself and his house by killing their worst enemy, and instead, allows him to escape. This is the last of the attacks on Toroczko, and six weeks later Vaydar returns to Vienna, with nothing to show the prince for his money, and bringing back only his own broken leg in place of the corpse whose burial was to be the prelude of the prince's wedding with Caldariva.

## XI

## The Last Revenge

FOR three years after the events recounted in the last chapter, Manasseh and his people labor in the iron-works to repair the damage their town has suffered through the horrors of civil war; but the prince and Vaydar are still intriguing against them in Vienna, and finally Manasseh and his best workmen are conscripted into the Austrian army for a term of six years, in direct infringement of their constitutional rights. This is in the worst days of the Austro-Russian reaction, just before the Crimean War weakens the power that was above all others responsible for the white slavery of Europe.


Copy of a medal struck in 1783 in honor of Emperor Joseph II., showing the primitive method of mining and smelting iron at Toroczko up to 1850.

— See pp. 96, 97.

Manasseh accepts his fate, and is sent with his countrymen to Verona in Italy. During his absence his wife manages his business of iron mining and smelting. He does his duty as a soldier in time of peace, and is raised to the rank of sergeant, but the recommendation of his superiors to make him a commissioned officer is nullified through the influence of Prince Cagliari in Vienna.

After Russia, the turn comes to Austria, whose worst enemies are the people in her own government. In the persons of Prince Cagliari, the Marchioness Caldariva, and Benjamin Vaydar, Jokai represents those who were really responsible for the failure of Austria to withstand the attack of Italy and France in 1858.

Inasmuch as Jokai's representation has been criticized in Austria as incorrect, he refers in the third edition of "Egy az Isten," published in 1896, to "Der Neue Pitaval," Vol. XXXV., page 12, *et seq.*, where we find a full historical account of those dis-

closures which led two of the leading functionaries in Austria, Lieutenant-Colonel von Eynatten and Baron von Bruck, to commit suicide. Both of them had been guilty of frauds on the government in connection with contracts for the supply of the troops in Lombardy with meat, breadstuffs and clothing, which cost the government millions of dollars, while depriving the soldiers of the food necessary to keep them in good fighting condition.

In our romance, Prince Cagliari is the Austrian diplomatist who makes these frauds possible by his influence in the administration of the Austrian army, and thereby obtains the large sums of money which he needs for his mistress, the Marchioness Caldariva, while Benjamin Vaydar is the go-between who arranges matters with the contractors and bankers, the documents being kept in the boudoir of the marchioness.

After an evening's visit to the theatre, Cagliari drives to the palace of the marchion-

ess, and when he leaves her, Vaydar enters by the secret door of her boudoir.

"And now, my little, limping devil," she says, "how have you arranged with your Italians?" (*Note 11.*)

"They have got the contract for forty thousand head of cattle; but the soldiers will never eat any of the beef, and the State will have to pay a heavy indemnity to the contractors for non-fulfillment of contract. But the profit will hardly suffice to pay for Papa Cagliari's champagne."

"You have done well," says the marchioness; "and now I will tell you another of Jupiter's plans. Here is a contract for breadstuffs, which will not leave much profit at present rates, but by mixing the rye with dirt and chaff we can make a million or two."

"Has the old man any other commission?" asks Vaydar.

"Yes, here is a specification for army clothing for the army in Italy, with the name of the man who is to have the contract."

"But there is no money in that. The prices are too low."

"He can save a hundred thousand florins by making the cloth two inches narrower, and taking a few threads less to the inch."

"But that is not worth the risk. Is there nothing more profitable?"

"Yes, there is another matter. Many of the articles will have to be imported from England, and the daily fluctuations in the exchange can be so manipulated as to give us an extra profit of five *per cent.*"

"But that is sure to be discovered."

"Don't be afraid. A victorious campaign will hide everything, and, if we are beaten, dead men tell no tales. *Apropos!* is not 'our mutual friend,' Manasseh Adoryan, among those who are to be killed?"

"Yes, my eye is upon him. But he is not easily caught; our agents have not been able to bribe him, and all the men of his battalion are sneered at as 'Puritans.'"

"I would like to see what this apostle of

peace will do if he is ordered into action. Will he fight, or throw away his gun?"

"He will die in either case."

"But that is not what I want. If he were only wounded, then his wife would go to Italy to nurse him, and one could make away with her at that time without exciting suspicion."

"You are very impatient, marchioness."

"Do you think I am in a hurry to marry the prince? He cannot get Blanca's money till she is dead."

"Am I not stealing enough for Prince Cagliari?"

"Are you jealous? I cannot marry you. I need a husband who can annihilate all whom I hate. Be you content to remain as my accomplice, with whom I can steal, murder, and amuse myself."

She thereupon learns from Vaydar the tricks by which he manages to defraud the government, and dismisses him.

## XII

## Solferino: June 24, 1859

WHILE the worst enemies, both of Austria and Italy, are intriguing in Vienna to enrich themselves at the cost of the taxpayer and the soldier, Manassch Adoryan is serving as sergeant with his "Puritan" battalion on the plains of Italy; and it is when the brave but ill-officered Austrian army is awaiting at Solferino the attack of the French and Italian soldiers that, for the first time, he receives an order in opposition to the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

The Austrian army is almost exhausted by hunger and fatigue. Many of the soldiers have not tasted meat for a week (notwithstanding the contract for forty thousand oxen),

and they are ill from eating the unwholesome bread provided under the contracts managed by Vaydar.

Manasseh's battalion is ordered to occupy a hill covered with graves and cypress-trees, where the dead Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Poles, Zouaves, Croats and Italians lie more thickly above the earth than those in the graves below it. Beyond this hill lies the key to the whole battle-field, the historic farm-house known as the Madonna della Scoperta. Every attempt of the Austrians to take it has hitherto failed, and has cost the loss of thousands of men; and now Manasseh's battalion is ordered to attack it.

He advances without firing, singing Luther's hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God," and his companions follow his example. Many of them are killed, but the remainder, without firing a single shot, succeed in entering the fort.

The French guard hurries up, to drive them out, and the Austrian commander orders

Manasseh's battalion to fire. The men look to Manasseh.

"What does this mean?" asks the commander.

Manasseh answers, "God has forbidden murder," and his companions repeat his words. "We do our duty; we go where you send us; but we will not kill."

"But the enemy will kill you."

"Let them do it." (*Note 12.*)

Through the bad generalship of the Austrian commanders, the battle is lost; and Manasseh and his companions are imprisoned at Brescia.

The Hungarian prisoners are invited to form a legion, and to join the French and Italians in saving Hungary from its Austrian oppressors. That is a cause for which a Christian man may fight, and Manasseh accepts a major's commission in the Hungarian legion.

He goes to his commander, and finds him half unconscious from the use of hasheesh;

but the man is just able to hand him a dispatch with the words, "*Villafranca* — Peace is concluded. The Hungarian legion is disbanded, and its members may return to their homes without fear of punishment."

In the early days of Autumn, Manasseh reaches Toroczko, and sees his wife and children after an absence of nearly six years. He finds his sister Anna suffering from a mortal illness.

## XIII

## Retribution

DEAD men tell no tales," said the Marchioness Caldariva to Vaydar; but enough of the Austrian soldiers have returned from their defeats in Lombardy to tell the story of their hardships, and an Austrian general [Gerhæuser?] says, "The men who are responsible for these army contracts deserve the gallows."

Two of the chief criminals vanish at the beginning of the investigation, and are never heard of again. The general in whose rooms the contracts were signed, unable to bear the shame of exposure, stabs and hangs himself [General von Eynatten]. The witnesses receive threatening letters, and dare not tell

what they know. A statesman, when summoned to give evidence, burns his papers, opens a vein, and dies [Baron von Bruck]. A bank-director and celebrated political economist escapes from his prison and vanishes.

These are only the tools; the chief criminals dwell in palaces and bribe the editors of Vienna's yellow journals to praise them as PATRIOTS, in big letters, and to revile as TRAITORS all who venture to demand an investigation.

The president of the investigating court becomes suddenly ill, and the worst suspicions are expressed as to the cause of his illness. Another judge takes up the investigation. He too becomes ill and dies.

The Borgias and the Ferraras are at their work in Vienna. The accused, the witnesses, the judges, all vanish, or die. Only Benjamin Vaydar, the go-between, remains, relying on the protection of his secret employers.

One day he is summoned before the police commissioner, who tells him that he must

leave Vienna within twenty-four hours, and that a policeman will accompany him to his destination. He returns to his house, and makes the usual signal at the secret door of the Marchioness Caldariva, but is not received as usual, and suspects that his banishment from Vienna is due to her influence or that of Prince Cagliari.

At seven o'clock in the evening he sees her closed carriage leave the palace. Suspecting the marchioness of an attempt to avoid an interview with him before his departure, he follows her to the opera, and, escaping from the supervision of the policeman, enters her box, and asks her for a private interview. She asks him to come to the secret door as usual, but he insists on having the key. The marchioness, fearing a scene in the opera, gives it to him, and he returns to his house, followed by the detective who has been waiting for him at the theatre-door.

Returning to his house, he orders his valet

to pack his trunks, and enters the Marchioness Caldariva's boudoir by the secret door. There he waits two hours in vain, and, to revenge himself on the marchioness for her failure to keep the appointment, steals her writing-case with the incriminating documents, and, returning to his house, accompanies the policeman to the railway by which he must go to his native place.

Meanwhile, the marchioness, on leaving the theatre, goes to one of the café-chantants in the suburbs of Vienna, and remains there until her spy brings her the news of Vaydar's departure. Then she returns to her palace, and finds that her writing-case is missing. She laughs, and says, "That is well! He has done it himself! It is not my fault."

She has put something in the writing-case which will make her lover's proposed revenge harmless to her. (*Note 13.*)

## XIV

## The Return of the Prodigal

VAYDAR'S former betrothed, Anna Adoryan, has heard of his disgrace, and is dying in Toroczko. Her last request to her brother Manasseh is that he will receive Vaydar kindly, and, if he dies, bury him in her grave.

The policeman brings Vaydar to Budapest, and there he is told that he must be sent to Transylvania, where every one will recognize him as the "Diurbanu" who has brought death and misery to so many of the people.

He is brought to the very house in Toroczko where his former bride's corpse is now awaiting burial, and there Manasseh takes charge of his now impotent enemy, and promises to

shelter and supply him with remunerative employment.

Entering the chief room of Manasseh's house, Vaydar sees Anna's corpse, and in her hands his own portrait. Overcome by the contrast between what might have been, and the infamous life that he has led, he falls senseless, and, waking up, finds Manasseh tending him.

He resolves to go to Herrmannstadt, and there denounce Prince Cagliari and the marchioness, and spends the night in examining the incriminating papers in the stolen writing-desk of the marchioness.

The next morning, the servant who has gone to light the fire in Vaydar's bedroom returns to tell Manasseh that Vaydar is dying, and that there is a strange smell in the room.

Manasseh, on entering, sees the papers and the desk, and, suspecting poison, throws all into the fire, so that they can do no more harm. But the Italian poison with which the Marchioness Caldariva had impregnated

the documents has done its work on Vaydar, and, while the Adoryan family are burying Anna, Vaydar dies.

When they have returned from Anna's burial, Manasseh says to the mourners, "We have another corpse to bury. Our brother Benjamin has come back to us repentant, and, as he saw the corpse of our sister, he died of a broken heart."

Only the Marchioness Caldariva knew the real cause of Vaydar's death; and since only he died, and no one else, she knew that the compromising documents were destroyed. Yet she and Prince Cagliari, after all their efforts to secure Blanca's death have failed, remain exposed to the contempt of the world in which they live.

The family of Adoryan still prospers in Toroczko, and this is the story that never ends.



While this romance was appearing in the Hungarian paper, a German translation was

simultaneously published in a Vienna journal. But when the part relating to the frauds in which von Eynatten and von Bruck were concerned appeared in Budapest, the Vienna journalist stopped the publication of the romance. Thus the last remark of the novelist, "the story that has no end," was literally true of the German translation, in another sense than that in which Jokai intended it.

# Notes

NOTE 1.—*Wealth of Roman and Anglican Bishops.*

*The Christian Life* of London gives the amount of money in pounds sterling (at $4.84) left behind them by various bishops and archbishops of the Anglican Church, as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tait | £35,000 | Tufnell | £65,000 |
| Benson | 35,000 | Thomson (York) | 55,000 |
| Philpot | 60,000 | Goodwin | 19,000 |
| Creighton | 29,000 | Perry (Melbourne) | 33,000 |
| Durnford | 37,000 | Brown (Winchester) | 36,000 |
| Tozer | 10,000 | Harvey (Bath) | 12,000 |
| Trollope | 50,000 | Pelham (Norwich) | 12,000 |
| Wordsworth | 21,000 | Walsham How | 72,000 |

But the incomes of Romanist bishops in Austro-Hungary are much greater than those of the Anglicans. According to Sydney Whitman, the Primate of Hungary and Archbishop of Gran has an income of a million florins, or over $400,000 annually; the Bishop of Olmuetz in Moravia 400,000 florins, or over $160,000, and Prince Fuerstenberg, the late Cardinal Arch-

bishop of Olmuetz, left behind him a fortune of between ten million and fifteen million dollars. In Hungary, land to the extent of 1,500,000 acres, or about two *per cent.* of the whole territory, belongs to the Romanist Church.

A still more characteristic instance of the amassing of millions by clerical dignitaries is that of Cardinal Antonelli, who, at the time when the hero of our novel is on his way to Rome, was president of the Papal Cabinet. Of him the historian Nippold says ["The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century," Putnams, New York, 1900, page 191]: "Secretary of State Antonelli took charge of the money exactions. The property which the latter left amounted to more than a hundred millions. His natural daughter (the Countess Lambertini) in vain demanded her part. Before this celebrated suit revealed to his astonished contemporaries the private character of the cardinal, there had already been drawn for the world of the 'faithful' a picture of Antonelli in the character of a saint. This was done by the German Monsignore Dewaal."

The Romanist clergy have two sources of income not available for their Anglican rivals — (1) the confessional, by which they become acquainted with all the family secrets of their flock; and (2) the monstrous delusion that it is possible for a human being, by prayers or masses, to exercise an influence on the

fate of the soul after death. Even the King of Hungary and Emperor of Austria, after the greatest sorrow of his life, the catastrophe of Meyerling, telegraphed to ask an Italian Pope to decide whether his dead son should have Christian burial! And side by side with this enormous wealth of the priestly class we see that grinding poverty of the tax-paying wage-earner which makes even the worst conditions of our Pennsylvanian coal-fields seem a heaven in comparison to what the Austrian immigrant has left behind him.

See also William Cobbett, "Legacy to Parsons" [London, 1835], and Reverend Hubert Handley, M.A., "The Fatal Opulence of Bishops" [London, 1901].

NOTE 2 — *Marriage and Divorce.*

For all questions as to the Romanist laws of marriage and divorce, I refer to Rokitansky, "De Matrimonio"; Schulze, "Eherecht"; Walter, "Kirchenrecht"; and the section on "Marriage" in "Compendium Theologiæ Moralis," auctore, J. P. Gury, S. J.

NOTE 3 — *Unitarians in Transylvania.*

For an account of the Unitarians in Transylvania see Andrew Chalmer's "Transylvanian Recollections"; the historical introduction to Doctor Ree's "Translation of the Racovian Catechism" [London, 1818]; and articles by Reverend J. J. Tayler, C. H.

Dall, S. A. Steinthal, R. S. Morison, Edward Tagart, Henry Ierson, Alexander Gordon, George Boros, and myself, in various English and American periodicals. Also Benkö's "Transylvania" [Vienna, 1778], vols. 1 and 2.

NOTE 4 — *Transylvanian Divorces.*

Jokai makes his hero advise the lawyer to let his client become a Protestant, in order to obtain a divorce, which will permit her re-marriage; and later on in the novel he fairly represents the usages prevailing among Unitarians and all other Protestants in Hungary, in the year 1875. But the careless reports of Romanist visitors to Transylvania have been so maliciously abused by the editors of sectarian papers, both in the United States and in England, to discredit the Hungarian Unitarians, that a fuller notice of this matter seems advisable.

A writer in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* [April, 1888], reviewing Madame E. de Laszowski Gérard's "Land beyond the Forests," says "Klarenburg [probably a misprint for Klausenburg] has one notable characteristic, placing it in the van of civilized jurisprudence, even before Illinois or Colorado. By purchasing a house there you acquire also the right of divorce, and a row of rotten houses is specially consecrated for the use of ill-mated couples." Now, the authoress of the book under review expressly declines

to pledge her word for the veracity of anything contained in its pages, in which I have detected numerous matters which do not agree with my own observations. Nevertheless, the *Blackwood's* reviewer quotes Madame Gérard's libelous remarks without qualification, and other editors, quoting *Blackwood's*, are only too glad to spread the libel against those whose doxy may differ from their own.

So long as Austro-Hungary was governed by the Papal Concordat of 1855, civil marriage was not permitted, and all questions of marriage and divorce were settled by the ecclesiastical courts; the Romanist, the Calvinist, the Unitarian and the Jew each having his own jurisdiction; and both in Austro-Hungary and Germany the laws of divorce are very loosely administered, and divorces by collusion are very frequent. So, for instance, in Hamburg, a maid-servant inherited a large fortune. Her lawyer paid his wife a large sum to induce her to obtain a divorce from him, that he might marry his wealthy client. The last Electoral Prince of Hesse-Cassel, great-grandson of him who sold a number of his subjects to King George the Third for $15,000,000 to fight against the American colonists, fell in love with the wife of a Prussian officer, and bribed the latter to obtain a divorce from the woman, whom he married afterwards.

Wherever there is a State Church there are many who, without believing its tenets, conform to it for

selfish reasons, until some other selfish reason induces their withdrawal. Many a priest has in this way relieved himself from the vow of celibacy, which is not always in practice synonymous with chastity ; and some years ago a prominent Romanist prince, in order to relieve himself of a wife who had been first seduced and then abandoned by the son of a celebrated Prussian statesman, became a Protestant. Charles Boner, in "Transylvania, its Products and its People" [London, 1865], pages 483, 496, alludes to the great frequency of divorce among the German Lutherans in Transylvania, but makes no charge of this kind against the Unitarians, who have a high reputation for morality.

NOTE 5 — *Immorality in Rome.*

For an account of the immorality in Rome under Pope Pius the Ninth, see Chap. XIX., "My Consulate in Rome," in W. J. Stillman's "Autobiography of a Journalist" [Boston, 1901]; and for Papal intrigues in Italian politics, see Chap. XXXIX. of the same book. See also numerous passages in Nippold, "The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century" [Putnams, New York and London, 1900].

NOTE 6 — *Transylvania.*

For an account of Adoryan's native place, see Charles Boner's "Transylvania, its Products and its

People." In early life Maurus Jokai hesitated whether to become a painter or a writer, and the wonderful descriptions of natural scenery in the book under notice, as well as in "The Modern Midas" and many others of his writings, indicate a great power of depicting natural beauty.

NOTE 7 — *The Blessing of the Italian Troops.*

Laurence Oliphant, in his "Episodes of a Life of Adventure," says: "I remember standing on the steps of Saint Peter's while Pope Pio Nono gave his blessing to the volunteers that were leaving for Lombardy to fight the Austrians, and seeing the big tears roll down his cheeks — as I suppose, because he hated so much to have to do it" [New York edition, 1887, page 21].

NOTE 8 — *Dates of Events.*

The following dates will enable the reader to better understand the relation of the story to the Roman revolution of 1848:

March 5, 1848. The Romans hear of the February revolution in Paris, which was due more to the action of Pius the Ninth than to any other man. Count Pellegrino Rossi, a friend of the Pope, and the representative of Louis Philippe at the Vatican, awaits only the arival of the Republican envoy to retire from his post.

March 14. Pope issues a liberal constitution.
March 21. News of Vienna revolution reaches Rome.
March 21–24. Roman forces, blessed by the Pope, march under Durando to the frontier.
March 31. Pope addresses an appeal for moderation to Roman people.
April 29. Pope disavows the war of liberation.
June 10. Durando capitulates to Austrians.
July 7. Duc d'Harcourt, envoy of French Republic, not yet officially recognized by Papal Government.
Sept. 16. Pope offends French Republic by appointing Louis Philippe's former minister, Count Rossi, as head of the government.
Nov. 15. Rossi is assassinated by Zambianchi.
Nov. 24. Pope escapes from Rome in carriage of Countess Spaur.

NOTE 9 — *The Wallachians.*

The Wallachians, or, as they prefer to be called, Dako-Roumanians, form more than half the population of the country, and committed great cruelties in 1848. [See Charles Boner.]

NOTE 10 — *Decebalus.*

Decebalus, the Dacian chieftain, was conquered by the Roman legions of Trajan; and the dress of the Wallachians to-day resembles that of the bas-reliefs

of the vanquished Dacians on Trajan's column at Rome.

NOTE 11 — *Contract-Frauds.*

The contractors for supplying the cattle were Italian Jews. Jokai has copied the details of the frauds from the official reports of the trial.

NOTE 12 — "*The Forced Recruit.*"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning founded her poem, "The Forced Recruit," upon the story that among the Austrian dead a Venetian lad was found whose musket had never been loaded. He whispered to the man who shot him that he preferred to be killed by his countrymen rather than kill them. The Bersaglieri stripped off his Austrian uniform, and buried him with their own dead. The Baden revolutionist, Gustav von Struve, says in his "Geschichte des Revolutions-Zeitalters" [New York, 1859], page 714, that on July 11, 1848, the Hungarian Parliament, led by Batthyany and Kossuth, voted with 236 votes against 33 to aid the Hapsburg government with troops to defeat Carlo Alberto, the King of Sardinia in Italy. They were bitterly punished for helping thus to force upon Italy the fetters which they themselves would gladly spurn, and up to the battle of Sadowa they had to bear the consequences; whereas if, in 1848, they had refused to fight against Italy, and had reserved their

forces for the legitimate work of self-defense, they might possibly have escaped the disaster of Vilagos. Is this perhaps the lesson that Jokai would teach his people by the story? It is one that many other oppressed nationalities might take to heart with advantage.

NOTE 13 — *Bibliography.*

The mere bibliography of the subject on which this novel is based would fill a larger volume than this. I will mention only three of the works most accessible to English readers, which, treating of the Vienna policy up to 1850, go far to explain the causes of the present decadence of the Austrian Monarchy. These are (1) "The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects," by Frank W. Newman, brother of the late Cardinal J. H. Newman [London, John Chapman]. (2) "Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy, of Austria," by Doctor E. Vehse [London, Longmans, 1856]. (3) "History of the Protestant Church in Hungary up to 1850," with Introduction by J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. [Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1854].