

## CHAPTER VIII

Public Officers.—Lower Classes.—The City of Vienna considered in an architectural point of view.—Public Worship.—Bias of the Viennese.—Public Institutions.—Austrian Codex.—Medical Science.—Character of its Literati.—Public Journals.—Grillpatzer.—Austrian Censorship.—Theatres.—Concluding Remarks.

THERE is not a less popular government in Europe; one where people, and government, and its officers, are more virtually separated. There is no class of citizens, in any place, under more restraint than the public functionaries in Vienna. <sup>(21)</sup> They are, in the midst of gaiety and of sensual uproar, tied fast to their writing-desks, working, watching, and watched. Vienna is the seat of all the ministries, presidencies, and aulic tribunals, with several hundreds of aulic counsellors, and thousands of inferior *employés*. A Counsellor of the Court is an important personage.

he has the *referat*, as it is called, of several provinces and kingdoms, with the rank of General-major :—the junior has a pay of 5000, for Austria, a very respectable sum, the elder of 6000 florins, (500 and 600*l.* sterling) but you will very seldom meet one of them in the circles of high or middle-life, unless he be a nobleman of rank, or a bachelor who cares not much about preferment. It is not the mere want of a diploma, or of a sufficient income, which debars them from these circles, but the well-known pleasure of the Emperor. To intermix in the society or in the pleasures of the gay city, would be a sure veto to their advancement. “I want steady men for my aulic counsellors, who visit regularly their bureau, and keep hours,” replied his Majesty, when B——n V——n, a fashionable but able young man, was proposed to him for this station; and accordingly his officers are obliged to comply with the hint. The well-known G<sup>en</sup>—tz, the author of the Austrian manifestoes and the most important articles in the Austrian Observer, was several times proposed to his Majesty for a Counsellor of the State, and recommended even by Metternich. “He keeps a mistress,” was the Emperor’s reply, “and has three children by her;” and all these united

endeavours were in vain. A Counsellor of the State, whose rank is next to that of a minister, is still less to be seen in company. With his appointment to this high station is coupled the silent condition of his retirement from society.

As the Emperor has an exact account of the domestic affairs of his public officers, they cannot move a single step without its being betrayed to the police and to the Emperor; and while he almost forces the high and low classes of his subjects into dissipation and thoughtlessness, he wants his officers to be steady and sober. There was the p——hp Prince R——y, who entangled the daughter of the aulic counsellor, S——z into a love-affair, by means of an ogling correspondence carried on from his windows. The young lady fell love-sick, and became silly. The Emperor was informed of it, and the prince summoned before the monarch; “Prince,” said the Emperor in a stern voice, “I wish you to understand that the daughters of my Court-counsellors are no fit objects for your gallantry. There are plenty in Vienna.” The prince had to pay for his intrigue a fine of 15,000 florins, 1500*l.* sterling.

Still severer lies the hand of the Emperor on his soldiers. Disgusting as the military airs of the Prussians are to every one who looks to something more than military parades and uniforms, yet an Austrian officer is a painful sight. He is kept in a state of obedience approaching to degradation. Nothing can be more humble than an Austrian officer in Vienna; even the innate pride of the Hungarian here dies away. The pay of the Austrian officer is a trifle, and if he have not resources of his own, his scanty means exclude him not only from every entertainment, but it is impossible for him to live in a decent style. To make up this insufficiency, his lodgings are paid by the Government at half price,—of course no landlord is over-delighted at a military inmate; his meat is delivered to him by the growling butcher, equally at half price. Theatres and public entertainments are open to him for about a third of the common price; and as all these mending patches were still insufficient, they added to his emoluments, fuel, and half a loaf of commission bread, as it is called; a bread which no English horse would taste.

Vienna is garrisoned by 12,000 men, two re-



giments of infantry, six battalions of grenadiers, one regiment of artillery, and one of dragoons. Of the infantry, the tall, brawny, and hardy Hungarian grenadiers, in their fur bonnets, white jackets, and blue embroidered pantaloons, are by far the handsomest. With the exception of the English foot-guards, these troops, since the immolation of the Imperial French guard at Waterloo, are, without doubt, the finest troops, in Europe. Neither the Russian nor the Prussian grenadiers can be put in comparison with them. The Austrian infantry are too plain, and rather poorly dressed in white. The dragoons are simple, but extremely noble-looking fellows. Their cocked helmets, tasteful white jackets and pantaloons, high boots, with their broad-swords and carbines, are infinitely superior to the gaudy frippery of the Hungarian hussars. Nothing, however, can be conceived more tasteless than the Austrian artillery uniforms. Their drab-coloured jackets and pantaloons, their hats with flaps turned up, one might suppose to be the livery of an impoverished country nobleman, rather than of the virtually best troops in the Austrian army. The bands, however, of all these regiments and troops are superior to every thing of their kind. Their

music is electrifying beyond description. "If I want to hear music," said Professor W—— in Berlin, at the representation of Spontini's "Olympia," "I go to Austria. The march of their bands is worth the whole opera."

The character of the great mass of the inhabitants is wofully changed within the last sixteen years. The Viennese were always reputed a sensual thoughtless sort of beings, content if they could enjoy a drive in their Zeiselwagen into the Prater, with their wine and roast-meat. But their honesty, kindness, and sincerity were proverbial, and Napoleon himself gave them proofs of his esteem. He left them in the possession of their arms, and of their arsenal. Since the year 1811, the 10,000 Nadlers or Pinners, as the secret spies of Vienna are called, have done their work. Taken from the lower classes of society, tradesmen, servants, mechanics, prostitutes, they form a confederacy in Vienna which winds like the red silk thread in the British navy through all the intricacies of social life. There is scarcely a word spoken in Vienna which they do not hear. There is no precaution possible, and even if you bring your own servants, if they be not staunch Englishmen, with a sufficient

stock of pride and contempt towards the Viennese themselves, in less than a fortnight they will involuntarily prove your traitors. The character of the Viennese has become what might be expected under such circumstances. As the Government has taken every care to debar them from serious or intellectual occupation, the Prater, the Glacis, the coffee-houses, the Leopoldstadt theatre, are the only objects of their thoughts and desires. These they must attain, and if they cannot accomplish this by honourable means, they enlist among the ten thousand *nadlers*, from whom they receive their weekly ducat.

A *Wiener Frecht*, a Vienna sprig, goes even in Austria for the *ne plus ultra* of frivolity, thoughtlessness, and sensuality. Proud as a Frenchman is to have been brought up in Paris, or to be thought a Parisian, the Hungarian, Bohemian, Pole, or Italian, would be little flattered to be taken for a Viennese. But let us be just: what they are, they have been made by their masters; what is left them, is entirely their own—a kind heart, an unbounded hospitality, and an obsequiousness which seems to bespeak the consciousness of their own inferiority and degrada-

tion. The Viennese thinks himself infinitely honoured if you drink his wine or eat his dinner. *“Belieben Euer Graden unsern sitz nehmen:”* Please your grace to take our seat?” said a well-dressed gentleman with his lady, who occupied one of the locked seats in the pit, and heard us conversing in the English language; and when told that we had just come from our box, he asked whether we would not confer the favour on him to dine at his house, as he was very fond of hearing the English spoken. Though you will never hear good sense or a serious word, yet these people show themselves as they are, without the least ostentation or pride. Their faults are those of thoroughly-spoiled children, kept in ignorance of their rights by a demoralizing guardian, who wishes to prolong his tutorship.

Vienna, considered as a city, is neither the vast London, nor the beautiful Paris. It is neither the elegant Berlin, nor the gorgeous St. Petersburg. It is the massive head-quarters of a massive Government, and of a naturally powerful oligarchy. In nobleness it is inferior to Venice; to Milan in beauty; to Prague in pictu-



resque effect; and to Buda, in its situation. What Vienna is, it has become gradually, almost without the assisting hand of the Government; if we except the present Emperor, who indeed seems to have intended to give his capital a more uniform aspect. But, except his happy idea of buying and pulling down the shops which surrounded the cathedral, his other embellishments, the Technological Institution, the New Bank and Gate, bear the same tame character which is visible throughout. A refined taste, with a little vigour into the bargain, might have given to Vienna quite another character, and secured the legs and limbs of the curious foreigner; who, if he be doomed here to walking, may learn better than any where else, to mind his legs. This, however, would interfere with ancient rights; and though the Austrian Government is not over scrupulous in the use of the scalping-knife in matters more vital, yet these things remain as they are.

Of the hundred and ten streets which cross Vienna in a circumference of three miles,<sup>(22)</sup> most of them are narrow, all of them crooked, but they

are well paved, and lined with massive palaces and palace-like houses, the huge dimensions of which bid defiance to every thing of a similar nature.

There is the house of Count Stahremberg, a present of the Emperor to this family for the gallant defence of Vienna against the Turks, inhabited by more than 2000 people. The palaces of the Archduke Charles, the Princes Lichtenstein, Lobkowitz, Schwarzenberg, Esterhazy, &c. yield to it in the number of their inhabitants, but not in size. In every by-path, in every corner, your eye is struck with some huge palace of a nobleman. As the houses of the citizens correspond exactly in height with those of the nobility, they present on the whole an immense and imposing mass of stately and colossal buildings, interrupted here and there by moderate apertures, which they call squares: of these the Joseph's Place is the noblest, and the Graben the gayest. Wherever you happen to be, the spire of St. Stephen is your guide, and regulates your wanderings through the intricate mazes. It was, with its church, begun in the year 1171, one of the grandest monuments of Gothic architecture; visibly, however, influenced by

the Moorish taste, which prevailed at this time. The Strasbourg Minster is more airy; the Milan Cathedral nobler and more splendid; but the Viennese is the more awfully grand. The eye gazes with astonishment at these gigantic arches, springing up to such an enormous height, yet all in the interior is dark and sombre. The light which dimly shines through the painted glass-windows is hardly sufficient to distinguish objects. It is a true representation of the character of the dark age in which this temple sprang up; when God and his world were enveloped in darkness, and only known through the painted medium of the Roman Pontiff and his suite. On the outside of the doors, indulgences were affixed, promising to the credulous attendants at divine service, at Maria Stieger, an indulgence of forty days. /n

Though this church holds the first rank among the fourteen capital churches, which, together with forty smaller ones, receive the pious; yet that of the Augustine monks is the Aulic church. It contains the embalmed hearts of the Emperors, and the mausoleum of the Archduchess Chris-

tina, sufficiently known not to need any farther description. A grand mass heard in this church, the music of which is the most celebrated in Vienna, is more than any thing else adapted to give an idea of Catholicism and catholic worship. Before the altar are the priest and his assistants, dressed in gaudy robes, with a number of priestlings, incensing, bowing, and dancing attendance, with an alertness which shows any thing but piety, and contrasts strangely with the simplicity and dignity of our Protestant worship. Four or five bells are incessantly ringing from the side-altars, where other priests hurry over their masses, surrounded by standing and kneeling devotees, who perform their Sunday duty of hearing a mass. The priest who is able to do it in the shortest time, about twelve minutes, is surrounded by the greatest crowd. In the pews, which run up on both sides of the aisles, the fashionable world is seated; and in the open space of the nave, are the dandies of Vienna, walking to and fro, ogling, holding conversations, not only with their eyes, but even *viva voce*. There is a bustle, a running, a crossing, a noise, which excites any thing but serious reflection, and is only overpowered by



the powerful notes of the organ, and the score of instruments which pour forth their delicious sounds. As soon as the concert, either vocal or instrumental, is over, the whole crowd hasten to the doors, leaving priest, divine service, every thing, to do its business unmolested and alone. Before the mass is half finished, the church has lost two-thirds of its inmates. Still fewer attend the sermon; not more than twenty-five persons of the thousands who, an hour before, crowded the church. Can we wonder any longer that the Catholic church produces more infidels than the Protestant creed?

A concert in the Argyll Rooms, or even at Covent Garden, is far more calculated to excite a serious thought than this mock service. But it is fair to state, that this is only the case with a few of the privileged churches, as they are called, selected by the fashionables for their rendezvous. But among these at the church of the Augustine monks and at St. Michael's church, you will seldom meet a nobleman of high standing, unless he be of the Prime Minister's school. The rest of the churches are attended by a steadier class,

and for better purposes. The garrison march in battalions to their respective churches, hear mass and a sermon, and return again in a body. The civil officers are equally anxious to perform their Christian duty; and the lower classes are crowding into the church of Maria In den Sliegen, to hear Father Werner and Co.'s sermons. The hundreds of bells which are ringing from six till twelve o'clock, with the glittering equipages rolling in every direction, are the only sounds to be heard on a Sunday morning. The good people of Vienna, however, make amends for this loss of time after dinner: from three o'clock till eleven the city is literally in a musical and sensual uproar. Wherever you go, the sound of musical instruments will reach your ears. Whatever family of the middle class you enter, the pianoforte is the first object which strikes your eyes; you are hardly seated, and a flaggon filled with wine, another with water, and Presburgh biscuit placed before you, when the host will tell Caroline to play a tune to the gentleman. To play is their pride, and in that consists chiefly the education of the middle classes. Children begin in their fourth and fifth year, and

are pretty proficient in their sixth. A new opera of Rossini in the Karthneethor theatre will, with these good people, produce quite as much and even more excitement than the opening of the Parliament in London. Their opera is, however, splendid, and Mozart's Zauberflöte (magic flute) or Don Juan, heard in the Karthneethor theatre, is a delicious enjoyment. The ballets in the same are inferior to the Parisian. How little propensity the Viennese have even to serious music, Haydn's Creation performed in the Imperial riding-school by 350 musicians, sufficiently proved. Though the grandest performance I ever witnessed, yet it was but thinly attended. Nothing, however, is more striking than the numerical order and regularity visible even in the midst of this chaos of sensuality. Hardly has the clock sounded eleven, than city and suburbs, as with a magic stroke, are hushed into deep silence. Every body is, or should be, at home: and crying, singing, or the least noise in the streets are things unheard of. Every one must here keep good hours. Vienna is, indeed, a city of contrasts; here you may find the most abject dissoluteness and undeviating steadiness, a high degree of learning

and the grossest ignorance, the most contemptible servility and a noble independent spirit.

Austria, and in particular Vienna, possesses some excellent institutions. Its Code of civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical (the canon) laws, is the best on the Continent, and superior by far to the Code Napoleon. Austria is indebted for it to its Joseph, who, after the manumission of the peasantry, and of his subjects from the shackles of the Roman See, new-modelled the laws of Maria Theresa, and of his ancestors. He instituted a commission for this purpose, selected from the members of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, Hofgesetzgebungs-Commission, and the professors of the juridical faculty. This code is continued to the present time, and now bears the name of the Codex of Francis I. The chief ornament of this commission was the aulic counsellor, Chevalier de Sonnenfels, a man whose juridical works deserve to be known better than those of any practical lawyer living. The faculty of law is still respectable, though its members are said to be inferior to those of Prague in learning. But of course the recent system of oppression is equally applied to it.



“ You cannot conceive,” said the doctor of law and public professor of — to me, “ what a sad thing it is to speak upon rights, where no rights exist. But I have children, one of whom is in the Imperial service. What is to be done ?”

The medical faculty owes its present distinguished standing to the same excellent, but so often misunderstood monarch. This institution has a foundation superior to those of Paris and Berlin. Its medical members may, at least, be said to rival those of the above-mentioned capitals. Its anatomical theatre and collection of preparations deserve admiration. It is frequently resorted to by foreigners, who indeed can nowhere have a better opportunity of proficiency than here. The Clinical Institution is excellent. The botanical, mineralogical and zoological treasures, deposited in twenty-five saloons, are immense. They contain nearly specimens of the whole earth.

The Oriental Academy, under the direction of the aulic counsellor, Hammer, enjoys the particular attention of the Emperor: it has certainly done wonders, and to it in part may be attributed the intimacy of the Court of Austria with

the Ottoman Porte. There are, besides, a number of other public and excellent institutions; as the Technological School, that of the *Bombadier Ingenieur* and Artillery School, under the direction of the well-known Colonel Angustinetz. But, though there is no want of men of profound learning, they are really separated, not only from the people, but even from each other. An *ingenieur* in Vienna is nothing else but an *ingenieur*; as such he knows perfectly well his science, but nothing more. A professor of the civil law will have his codex fully in his power, but to financial or political matters he is an utter stranger. Unless you touch on his particular branch, you are inclined to think him an absolute ignoramus. They are complete machines through which the Government carries its measures into execution.<sup>(23)</sup>

This would be impossible in any other country besides Austria, where, notwithstanding the great means of public information, public light is so confined. The only public newspaper which deserves this appellation is the Austrian Observer, whose editor is Pelat, private secretary to Prince Metternich. But though the rest of the public newspapers for Vienna and the whole Empire amount to no more than twenty-five, and

18 never contain political or financial statements and discussions, yet they are conducted throughout by public officers, and are under the immediate controul of no less personages than the Governors or Vice-kings of the provinces and kingdoms. The same is the case with literary journals. Foreign journals are not entirely prohibited, yet they, as well as their readers, are watched with a prying vigilance. This and their high prices may account for the political darkness in which these poor *savans* are involved, and which sometimes produces strange mistakes in these deep studied men.

It has been made a reproach, that this Empire has produced so few men of literary talents. Austria is an accumulation of kingdoms and provinces, with different languages, manners, and customs. Bohemia had its writers when under its own kings, but they are now literally chained down. In Hungary, there are three languages spoken and written: the Latin, as the language of the Government, of the Diet, and of the tribunals of justice; the Hungarian, the language of the people; and the German. It would be difficult to write in any of those tongues, and to find a sufficient reading public.

Austria itself, the smallest part of the empire, was scarcely unfettered by Joseph II. when a host of writers sprang up; most of them poor enough, but some of eminence. Alxinger, Henry and Matthias Collin, rank high as poets. Regulus and Bilboa are inferior to Schiller's and Goethe's tragedies, but to none else.

Even at present, the Burg-theatre possesses one of the brightest new stars of Germany in its poet, the Viennese Grillpatzer, an amiable young man, who entered the list of dramatic authors with a terrific and fatal piece, *Schicksalsstück*, or as it is called, an imitation of Mullner's *Schuld*, and Werner's *Twenty-eighth February*. He soon after founded his reputation on one of the most delicate tragedies which Germany possesses—the *Sappho*. It ranks immediately after Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The author has, notwithstanding his strict adherence to the unities of Aristotle, succeeded in diffusing throughout his piece, a glow, a melancholy softness, and a freshness, which breathe of Grecian air; certainly not an easy matter with so hackneyed a topic as *Sappho*, and with only three persons in the drama. Mrs. Schroeder, as *Sappho*, does ample justice to this beautiful poem.



Grillpatzer held, when he produced his "Sappho," a petty court office in one of the aulic tribunals, worth 50*l.* a year. The universal sensation which this *chef-d'œuvre* excited, induced his friends to recommend him to his Majesty for preferment to an office (*Hof concipist*), producing 120*l.* sterling. "Let me alone with your hot-brained Grillpatzer," said the Emperor sullenly; "he would make verses instead of reports!"

Neglected and harassed, the poor fellow accepted, after his return from Italy, the appointment of poet of the Imperial Burgtheatre, with a salary of 2000 florins, (200*l.* sterling); a sum sufficient in Vienna for a single gentleman to live upon in a rather fashionable style. His subsequent production did not answer the just expectations entertained from his Muse. His "Medea" is a long-winded tame heroine, visibly influenced by fear, and the trammels of the Austrian censorship.

A more fettered being than an Austrian author surely never existed. A writer in Austria must not offend against any Government; nor against any

minister ; nor against any hierarchy, if its members be influential ; nor against the aristocracy. He must not be liberal—nor philosophical—nor humorous—in short, he must be nothing at all. Under the catalogue of offences, are comprehended not only satires, and witticisms ;—nay, he must not explain things at all, because they might lead to serious thoughts. If he venture to say any thing upon these subjects, it must be done in that devout and reverential tone which befits an Austrian subject, who presumes to lift the veil from these *ticklish secrets* ! What would have become of Shakspeare had he been doomed to live or to write in Austria ?

Should an Austrian author dare to write contrary to the views of the Government, his writings would be not only mutilated, but he himself regarded as a contagious person, with whom no faithful subject should have any intercourse. Should he, however, go so far as to publish his work out of the empire—in Germany ; a thing almost impossible, owing to the omnipotence of Austria there ; this attempt would be considered and punished as little short of high treason. Compared to the fetters under which the Austrian

*literati* groan, their brethren of the quill in Germany are absolute autocrats.

There is in Vienna a nobleman of considerable talent, who, with a zeal seldom to be met with, rummaged all the old castles and dusty parchments of the Austrian nobility. He fell into disgrace for writing one of the most harmless productions, which, however, did not coincide exactly with the views of the Government. All his own and his uncle's endeavours in the Tyrol, could not appease Imperial suspicions; and he remains stained with the greatest crime in Austria—liberalism!—though he has since produced a number of historical essays and a Plutarch, in which he proves that all the Austrian monarchs were models of heroism and virtue, even Albert I. and Ferdinand II. not excepted!!

Who would, under these and similar circumstances, dare to draw upon himself the animadversion of a monarch who thinks and asserts that philosophy, poetry, and history, are dangerous things, only fit to turn the heads of the youths, and to fill them with good-for-nothing nonsense?

When his Majesty visited Bohemia and Prague, the last time, "Hanns Klachel of Prelautsch" (the Abdera of Bohemia) was performed; when he attended the sittings of the Diet in Buda, "The Burghers of Vienna." According to these broad hints, and the still broader expressions, these things, as he calls them, are treated. The Burg theatre is literally a thorn in his eyes; it is fettered in every way. Goethe, Schiller, Müllner, and Houwald, are not only wofully mangled, but the person is even carefully watched who shows a predilection for Wallenstein or William Tell. The ballets and operas of the Karnthner-theatre are, on the contrary, highly patronized, but, above all, the Leopoldstadt or Caspert theatre, as the Viennese call it. Its hero is a Mr. Schuster, whose exterior—he is an ugly hunchback—raises shouts of laughter before he even opens his mouth. Its poet is a Mr. Bauerl, who furnishes regularly every month a new piece. As these farces are innocent in the Austrian sense of the word,—viz. contain only obscenities,—they pass the censor unmolested.

I saw Schuster in the above-mentioned "Burghers of Vienna," a farce from the period of the



French wars, when the citizens had to mount the guard. Honest Schuster is on duty, pacing impatiently up and down, laying his gun now on his right, again on his left shoulder, looking at his watch, when several of his fellow-burghers drop in. Of course it is impossible for him to resist the temptation. To complete his comfort, his paramour arrives loaded with every species of provision. While he enjoys his bottle of Bisamberg in the next tavern, his officer, unexpectedly, visits the guard. The search after the deserter, the intercession of the damsel, who takes the officer aside, and offers him several things, of whose import she gives an idea by kissing him, form the plot and incidents of this and similar pieces. While the income of all the other theatres is deficient, through the crippling hand of the censor, that of the Leopoldstadt yields a yearly surplus of more than 5000*l.*, a great sum in Austria. The manner in which every channel and medium of public information is either stopped, or diverted according to the views of the Government, baffles every description. There is not a city in the world with more museums, galleries, collections, or libraries,—but they are dead treasures. A tour through the saloons of the Uni-

versity and its library is painful to one's ears and eyes. The library is one of the richest in Europe, in medical, juridical, historical, and philosophical works, but chains are bound round its best contents. The same is the case with the Imperial library, containing an immense saloon of 240 by 546 feet.

It is true, that to all these scientific institutions and collections, both public and private, a foreigner has not only free access (except to the prohibited books), but these good people are delighted if they have an opportunity of showing what they possess. When we visited the palace of the Archduke Charles (formerly the Prince of Saxe Teschen's,) our progress through the splendid but somewhat whimsically furnished apartments, was arrested by his Imperial Highness, who was in the next room. As soon as the Archduke understood that foreigners were there, he retired into another room, and we had ample leisure to examine the Ivory and Ebony Rooms, as they are called, with the rest of the gorgeous apartments.

But a proper sense and use of these valuable treasures, a love of arts and sciences, a respect

for distinguished talents, you would in vain seek for in Vienna. The former are kept as a sort of furniture, as a show to look upon, and little else. Even distinguished writers, as G<sup>en</sup>tz or S<sup>chlegel</sup> are here paid, not so much to write as not to write; and they are considered as intellectual, or literary tradesmen. In the Belvedere, the palace of Prince Lichtenstein, or the gallery of Count Lambert, you will, perhaps, meet a straggling gentleman occasionally sitting down in a corner, and taking a copy of a Christ, or a Madonna, but that is all.

The tide runs in Vienna towards gross sensuality in the people;—mute obedience in the public officers;—gloom or dissoluteness among the high nobility, and towards the most complete despotism in the Government, which grasps with the iron claws of its emblem—the double eagle—the whole empire, and keeps it in its baneful embraces.

