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FRANGIPANI'S RING

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE

OF

Henry Thode.

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Frangipani's Ring

An Event in the Life
of

Henry Thode

"Here changeth Time to Space."
PARSIFAL.

Translated by
J. F. C. L.

With Marginal Designs by
Hans Thoma
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From One to his Own.

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Introduction.

How I came to possess the Ring.



"He, by this ring, shall call me to remembrance."

LOHENGRIN.

IT was a morning hour of the 17th of February, in the year 1892, when I entered the quiet little corner room of St. Mark's Library set apart for those studying its ancient manuscripts. I asked for the old Chronicle of Daniele Barbaro, and was lost to my surroundings in his vivid descriptions of the glories of Venetian life during the Middle Ages, when the approaching voice of the librarian, Count C. Soranzo,—so well known to all visitors at the Library for his unwearied, instructive, and manifold counsel,—recalled me abruptly to the present. "Only look at what has just been brought me. An old ring, found by peasants while digging out a ditch; a ring with finely incised ornament and a legend in Gothic script. The device is certainly German; can you possibly decipher it for me?"

I took the hoop from his hand, and the first glance at it showed me that it was the work of a German goldsmith of the late Gothic period, about the year 1500; possibly, also, from the shop of one of the Augsburg Masters who gave so much beautiful art-work to the world. It

was remarkably well preserved, and the slight—almost imperceptible—abrasions clearly indicated that it could only have been worn for a very short time. The inner side of the ring was highly polished, and the outer, which was rounded, showed two intertwined ribands passing diagonally across the surface; one of them bearing a design in waving outlines, and the other the words of a motto in Gothic script, terminated in the corners by delicate curling foliage. The lettering was sharply and clearly cut, yet in spite of this I had some difficulty in reading it, and I paused in the endeavour to ask the bringer of the jewel from whom he had received it. On being informed that its present owners—two peasants—were waiting in the anteroom, I hastened thither, and from them learned that a workman, Antonio Meneghel fu Paolo, on the 8th of January 1892, while digging out a ditch in the neighbourhood of Prata, near Pordenone in Friuli, in a place named Castellat, had found the ring lying some six or seven feet below the surface of the ground—in the old weir formerly used for damming back the waters of the Meduna River.

After a short parley with the peasants, who had full authority from the fortunate discoverer and were come to Venice with the intention of selling the ring, I took it for my own, with the feeling that destiny had made me the inheritor of a mysterious treasure which had been brought to light after having lain hidden for centuries. Slipping the ring on my finger I was soon lost in scrutinising it, and as my eye followed the delicate play of the lines, the letters of the inscription began to take definite shape and to group themselves together into words—following one another in legible form—and I read—

“*Mit wyllen dyn eygen*”—

“Willingly thine own!”

I read the words—no! I heard them!

Out of a distant past over which four hundred years had rolled there rang clear and distinct in my ears the sweet tones of a woman's voice as she entrusted the wonders of her heart to her beloved, and gave herself and her spirit in blessed renunciation into his care and keeping, not through the constraining will of another but from the depths of inmost necessity—“*mit Willen dein eigen*”—“Willingly thine own!”

And touched as was he to whom this voice promised the joy of the whole earth, I listened silently for its echo in myself.



So I returned home in the bonds of an enchantment that had broken down the barriers of Time and of Space, and was drawing me farther and farther into an unknown world. There, in a grey twilight that had not as yet brightened into morning, shadowy forms drew near and floated past in ever-changing variety; and there I lingered, seeking and waiting, listening and hoping that one of them would hear, recognise, and follow the mighty words—"mit Willen dein eigen."

Not singly, but in multitudes did these alluring shades wreath themselves about me; but whenever I strove to stay their flight they vanished into cloudy air that only darkened my vision, till at last, weary of seeking and finding and losing again, I was forced to desist from my quest.

Did the ring then come to me as the bringer of confused dreams, of unfulfilled presentiment, of unsatisfied longing? Or does it conceal quite another promise, a mysterious meaning? Who sent it me then—and how shall I solve its enigma?



At a later evening hour I returned to my accustomed study of Romanin's History of Venice. I took up the fifth volume and threw it open at the fifth chapter—the point where a few days previously I had been interrupted in my reading.

To the sufferings of Venice there appears to have been no end. After the frightful battles against the League of Cambray, Leo's ascent of the Papal chair awakened a hope that the end of the war was near: the alliance with France was concluded, but the Emperor Maximilian's hostile intentions remained unchanged. On the 15th of May, in the year 1513, Bartolommeo d'Alviano was appointed Commander in Chief of the Venetian battalions. In gold brocaded attire, followed by a retinue of servants and pages, and surrounded by a glittering company of Condottieri, he received from the Doge in the Cathedral of St. Mark, after High Mass had been celebrated by the patriarch, the standard with the emblem of the lion under which he should successfully protect the State and recover the lost possessions. A few days later one half of Lombardy was covered by the French and the other half by the Venetians; but this rapid success was followed by the fatal defeat near Novara, where the Swiss under Maximilian Sforza conquered the Allies. Venice was now in imminent danger. The Spanish forces under Cardona were on the way to Padua, and with their cannon from Malghera menaced the City of Lagoons itself. Alviano's desperate attempt to crush Cardona near Vicenza miscarried, and only

a lack of discipline among the Spanish troops prevented their profiting by the temporary victory.

The moment of deepest need, however, brought also a change of prospects. Leo X., through anxiety at the growing power of the Emperor Maximilian and the menaces of the Turks, expressed sympathy with the Venetians. The next task of the latter was combating the troops of the Emperor, which—led by Count Christoph Frangipani—had fallen upon Friuli from Gorizia in the autumn of 1513, had besieged Osopo, had taken Marano, and had then pressed forward beyond Udine. Here I pause in my reading. German troops in Friuli, in Udine! Possibly also in the neighbouring Pordenone?—in the years 1513 and 1514—the time would agree with that indicated by the artistic style of the ring. So far as can be learned, except at this period, no German troops were during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in possession of these places, which were then inhabited solely by the Italians:—was it possible that the German ring might have been lost by an officer during the occupation of Friuli by the Germans? The device and fine workmanship indicate that it must certainly have belonged to a man of rank. But did the Germans then overrun the country as far as Pordenone to the very neighbourhood of Castell Prata where the ring was found lying in the earth? And if this was the case, is there a possibility of learning the name of their Commander?—of obtaining a more definite account of their fortunes? Perhaps in one of the Chronicles of Pordenone? In the Diaries of Marino Sanuto? These suggestions follow one another like lightning-flashes in the night, and brighten for an instant a hitherto unknown landscape; but before my eye can succeed in grasping one of its salient features it vanishes again in the folds of impenetrable darkness.

I close the book and call a halt to the chase of my thoughts. The boldness of the suppositions to which I had given way causes me the next moment to smile at myself: it was not enough that the spell of a simple and most touching device had burst the bonds of the imagination, but even the cool intellect had permitted itself to be whirled into this mad play of fanciful and variegated web-spinning. It is all too capricious—it were better to be discreet! Whatever the inscription on the ring betrays, whatever it silently reveals of a glowing heart whose beating has for long, long years been stilled—will it not suffice if I prize the wondrous gift as a relic? But then, how remarkable that I should this evening have been reading this very chapter in Romanin. A coincidence, surely—nothing more. It is scarcely worth the trouble of recalling

it. A coincidence, also, which so kindly laid the ring in my hand, that it should become "mine own." And that is all. But the wayward visions of the day are transformed in the dreams of the night: lost in a wilderness I hear from afar the voice of a being that seeks me, and I strive to follow it, but my feet remain chained to the earth, and the answer dies in my throat. Farther and farther the cry floats away in the distance—

"Mit Willen dein eigen."



The next morning finds me again in St. Mark's Library: Daniele Barbaro's Chronicle is pushed aside, and in its stead lies another volume—the *Diario di Pordenone*—brought by the knowing hand of Count Soranzo from the oblivion in which it had long rested on the shelf. In this work I read of the conquests of the town by the Germans, and their later evacuation of it in March 1514; both described by an eye-witness, the Nobile Sebastiano Mantica.

So the Germans were indeed in Pordenone during this campaign, and consequently in the neighbouring Castell Prata, and there exist detailed accounts of their sojourn there! What, then, is the character of these reports? This Chronicle promises much, but not sufficient information. The most important source of this will be found in the Diaries of Marino Sanuto.



The Diaries of Marino Sanuto—there is certainly no one engaged in studying the history of Venice by whom this name is not mentioned with such expressions of combined respect and trusted acquaintanceship, as give the impression of a personality of a wholly distinct and remarkable kind. And, indeed, there is nothing in the wide range of historical science which can be compared with the reports that this man has left us of the experiences of his own time. The scion of an old patrician family, and the son of a Senator, born in 1466, Marino Sanuto filled various offices without attaining a high position in any of them; one half of his life being dedicated to the civil service of his native city, and the other devoted to writing down all that he could learn of historic occurrences in the public and private life of Venice, past and present. Such works as the great Chronicle, *The Lives of the Doges*, which in three huge manuscript folios is deposited in St. Mark's Library; as the *History of the War with Ferrara*;

the *Report of the Campaign of Charles VIII.*, and *The Lives of the Popes*—not to mention numerous lists, abstracts and extracts from the history of the Fatherland—would alone have won him fame for his extraordinary industry. But beyond all these writings the Diaries appear to us the chief work of his life, and in face of them one is compelled to praise not only the industry, endurance, and conscientiousness, but still more the surprising energy possessed by this remarkable man. In the Library no less than fifty-six strongly bound manuscript folios are preserved. And in each of these volumes are to be found innumerable entries, great and small and of every kind. Day after day during seven-and-thirty years an unwearied hand committed to paper, and through it to posterity, what an equally unwearied and observant spirit deemed worthy of note in the life around him. A member not only of the Great Council, but for a longer period of the Senate and the College, entrusted with the documentary treasures of the Chancellariat, through his name and office at home in the most influential circles and the highest society of Venice, Sanuto is—thanks to his classical education—filled with all the intellectual interests of his time, and is capable, as no other, of presenting the student of history of a later age with data of matchless accuracy and variety. To artistic grouping and wide generalisation the Diaries, however, make no pretence; they contain only a vast collection of facts: what Sanuto daily experienced, what he heard, what rumours reached his ear, he repeated one after another. All questions of foreign and domestic politics are treated in the most detailed and comprehensive way: the proceedings of the Great and Lesser Councils and of the College, the elections of State officials which played so important a rôle in the Venetian Constitution, the legal ordinances, the institutions of Justice and Administration, the diplomatic reports and frequent verbatim copies of letters communicated by the Venetian Ambassadors from near and far, the mandates of the Podestas from every corner of the land and sea provinces, the official despatches from the various divisions of the Army and Navy, with all else that was mentioned in the different parts of the government. Besides all the foregoing details, and not less worthy of note, are accounts of the public religious and civic festivals, of the visits of personages of rank, business experiences, public buildings, city works and monuments, discoveries, polemical controversies, the principal events in the noble families, weddings, funerals, prospects and results of the harvests, curiosities of every kind—all, in short, that could appeal to a universal interest. When one considers that the decades so graphically described by Sanuto

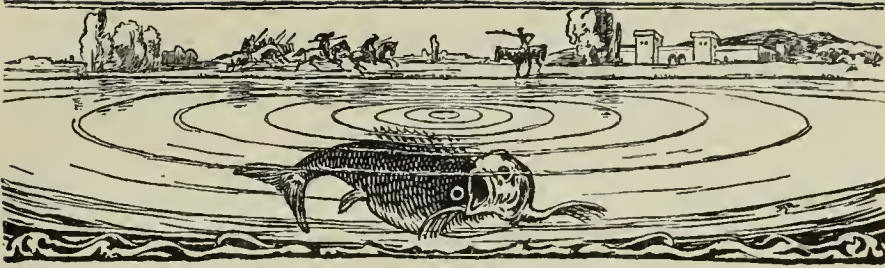
were those of the climax of Venetian culture, those also of the last great desperate struggle of the Republic against all the Powers of Europe; the day of decision in which the Mistress of the Seas, drunken with splendour and radiant with self-glorification, received the death-blow to which she slowly succumbed, one understands the full import of these Diaries. Not a single man, but all Venice in its cares and sufferings, its rejoicings and routs, has confessed itself in these folios, which are written with that charming combination—characteristic of the Italian Renaissance—of the naïve, artistic sincerity, which faithfully reproduces every impression, with the keen, incisive perception that understands so well how to adapt the results of what it has seen to practical uses with certainty, and the ironic wit whose quick discovery of contradictions becomes the play of the joyous intellect with its own faculties. Only in a community at its blossoming period, and in an organism so richly moved as that of Venice; only in an epoch of culture which showed the misery of a society disintegrating through the refinement of luxury and egoistic passion, while clad in shimmering raiment by the graceful, unifying principles of a life formed by the noblest Art—only under such circumstances—could a Diary like that of Marino Sanuto have been written. And perhaps, on the other hand, it was not possible till our own day that the comprehension of the world which he pictured, and the interest in it, should become so vivid that the courage could be found to undertake the gigantic task of publishing these Diaries. Thanks to the activity of Venetian savants, about one half of Sanuto's manuscript has been reproduced in thirty volumes of print during the last few decades, and thus rendered easy of access; but whoever will consult the latter portion of it, the publication of which will occupy many more years of constant toil, is forced to make himself familiar with the expressive but not very legible handwriting of the Chronicler, unless he prefers to use the full copy of the Diaries preserved in the Imperial Court Library in Vienna.



What I must now do, therefore, is to consult Sanuto. I throw open the eighteenth volume, and there stand recorded, day after day, abstracts, letters, and short reports from the cities in the province of Friuli. The movements of the German troops are fully noted: the Imperial division has captured Udine; in Osopo the noble Count Hieronimo Savorgnan—who recounts all the detailed events in letters—defends himself with heroic

determination against it: one division of the army enters Pordenone, and near Sacile several combats take place, and—only see! here is a letter from Rizzan, one of the officers stationed in Pordenone, in which, during a later imprisonment, he describes to a friend the previous occurrences in that city. The first rapid glance thus leaves no doubt that Sanuto, as usual, will more than fulfil my highest expectations as to the information to be gleaned from his pages. I must now, therefore, carefully follow my conscientious guide, and the various incidents will soon group themselves together in consecutive order.





Chapter I.

The Germans in Pordenone.



"Gone, gone is my salvation!"
TANNHAUSER.

THE whole Fatherland trembles with fear and is everywhere in flight, is the cry from all sides, for the enemy are entering Friuli." Such were the startling tidings brought from Udine to Venice in the end of October 1513. Maximilian's Field Marshal, Count Christoph Frangipani, massed his forces in Gorizia and Gradisca and prepared for an onslaught. An attempt was made in all haste to intercept the danger by negotiations, but these hopes were not fulfilled: with the conquest in December of the Venetian fortress of Marano, near Aquileja, began the beleaguering of the Friulian cities, among which Monfalcone was the second to fall. But the skirmishes from Istria were only the forerunners of a more extended campaign, for which a much larger detachment of German troops was despatched to that neighbourhood in January. On the appearance of the augmented forces, Malatesta Baglioni and Girolamo Savorgnan, the two Commanders in Udine, decided to begin a retreat. While the latter withdrew to the Alpine fortress, Castell Osopo, the former led his troops to Conegliano and Spilimbergo. At the same time, on the 11th of February 1514, the

Governor of Friuli, Giacomo Badoer, and with him the Proveditore Giovanni Vituri left Udine and established their headquarters in Sacile on the highway from Udine to Venice—between Pordenone and Conegliano. On the following day Frangipani entered the forsaken capital of the province, while in the neighbouring Pordenone—which in the thirteenth century had become a fief of the Dukes of Austria and during the latest combats had passed into the dominion of the Lion of St. Mark—the Venetian Captain delivered the keys of the city to the Commander of the place, Sebastiano Mantica, with the remark, that he would not seal the destruction of Pordenone by remaining longer within its walls. On Mantica's refusing the keys, amid the applause of his fellow-citizens, the Captain threw them upon the ground and left the town by the way leading to Sacile. As no assistance came to the threatened city, the inhabitants decided, on being summoned by three Italian messengers from Frangipani on the 13th of February, to deliver the place without resistance into the custody of the Germans and to swear fealty to the Emperor. Their messengers were at the same time ordered to request that the Count would himself come to Pordenone.

But the latter, before daring to think of turning his line of march in the direction of Venice, found himself compelled to concentrate his troops in the country north of Osopo, in order to avoid the risk of leaving so dangerous an enemy as Savorgnan in his rear. He therefore decided to send only thirty horsemen to Pordenone, while he himself, on the 15th of February, turned towards Osopo. He could, however, scarcely have imagined the task which lay before him to be as difficult as he found it. Trivial successes in the immediate neighbourhood afforded him but little encouragement so long as every attempt to take the mountain fastness failed. The ill-luck which awaited him was likewise foretold by a singularly ill omen. On the very day that he came to Osopo, in order to place his cannon in line, on the 15th of February, it befell him—so I read—that in an encounter with some peasants—"the horse upon which he rode was struck in the body and killed by a shot from a blunderbuss. In the same moment Christoph lost a relic that he always, through devotion, carried with him, which accident seemed to him to bode only the gravest disaster."



Here I pause for a moment in my search—"He lost a relic."—A relic—yes—but no ring! Away with all capricious conjecturing! It is besides stated: "on the road to Osopo."



One week after another passed by before Osopo till Christoph, restless with impatience, took advantage of the welcome arrival of the Commander Rizzan, who was sent to join him with two hundred horsemen, to make an excursion to Pordenone, which, up to that time, was the most western spot that he had succeeded in winning for the Emperor.

"Scarcely had I entered the camp," so Rizzan relates in a letter to his relative, Bernard Rauber, who at that time served as Marshal under the Emperor, "when the order was given that I should ride forth with Count Christoph, with whom we then went to Pordenone; and being entered therein we received tidings that those in Sacile, when they heard that we were coming to Pordenone, had taken flight, for which reason Count Christoph and Master John Auguspurger, Messer Vido de la Torre and others, begged counsel of me, and I advised that he and Master John Auguspurger should ride to our camp near Osopo, where the said camp should be broken, and that I would go therein when they should have returned to Sacile. And so it would please me well to wait for them four or five days in Pordenone: and all were so satisfied with my counsel that they wrote to Gorizia and ordered that one hundred horsemen and sundry peasants should be stationed near and about the mountain. And this being done, Count Christoph and Master Bernardin Raunacher, with others, rode the whole night through, while Master John Auguspurger, Messer Vido de la Torre, and Rainer remained there together with me and the armed men. In the meanwhile came a written order to Auguspurger and Messer Vido de la Torre, that, on receiving the same, they should ride forth together to the camp, and I begged that Master John Auguspurger would permit Messer Vido to remain with me; and that he did, and went alone to the camp, leaving me in Pordenone for about the space of twelve days."

From Rizzan's report it is not clear how long Frangipani remained in Pordenone. It is, however, certain that he was there for five days,—from the 15th to the 20th of March,—during which time he made various sorties in the direction of Sacile, in one of which he had a skirmish with the Venetians. Two hundred heavy and one hundred light horsemen, with one hundred and twenty foot soldiers (drawn principally from Graz and Augsburg), remained behind under Rizzan's command, to whom was added, besides the aforesaid Vido de la Torre, from Gorizia, the Commander of the crossbow men: Rainer of Fiume, and a Count Konrad of Bestenberg, who is frequently mentioned, with other officers whose names (in part

irregularly given) were Nicoló, Martin, and Michel, three members of the de la Torre family, Gregory Rauber, Henry Bernich, Gotthard Fores, and John Chil from Burgundy, Wolfgang Elcher and Jacob von Pian—all wealthy Germans from “the Emperor’s court”—as one learns later on, in Venice.

The disquieting news of the occupation of Pordenone compelled Venice to take decisive steps at last. The Commander in Chief of the troops, Bartolommeo d’Alviano, was himself sent with one thousand one hundred horsemen and eight hundred foot soldiers to check the invaders, and he entered Sacile on the night of the 28th of March, where he joined the forces of Malatesta Baglioni. “And without changing saddles,” so writes Rizzan in his report, “they came to Pordenone, and we had no tidings thereof till our watch on the tower had given us the alarm. Upon hearing this I quickly sent an officer with eight horsemen forth to spy out the enemy and how all things lay; then, having armed myself, I mounted my horse and caused the trumpets to be blown that all should hold themselves in readiness and in order, and I bade the Count of Bestenberg remain within with the heavy horsemen, and let no man go forth; and having done this I rode out with ten horsemen. But scarcely had we left the town than my companions took to flight after having with one accord besought me that I would send for the other horsemen that I had commanded to remain within the town, in number about three hundred; I therefore sent straightway to them and to the Count, ordering him to despatch them hither; upon this a portion came and threw themselves so furiously against a wing of the enemy that they caused it to fall back, on which they took two prisoners and sent them to me; and they rode so far into the enemy’s lines that they sent to me praying that some might go to their aid, as it was not possible for them to return. At the same moment came also the news that Master Bartolo had set his people in order, on learning which I despatched a messenger to Rainer, bidding him return to me with all speed, as soon as he possibly could.”

In the meanwhile Rainer, who had been engaged in combat in another place with the foot soldiers of the Proveditore Vituri, felt himself compelled by their overwhelming numbers to retreat to Rizzan. On this Baglioni’s horsemen fell upon him, it is stated, “like a cloud,” in such a bewildering press that the affrighted inhabitants of the city found it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The Germans now rapidly withdrew towards the town, hard pressed on all sides by the Venetians, who forced their way after them into the suburbs. “And Malatesta’s

horsemen fell upon me to such a degree that I thought they would verily throw me and mine into the city together ; and as I turned me about and raised my lance to strike Malatesta therewith, I was in the same moment wounded and taken prisoner."

With redoubled force Rainer tried to stem the retreat of the troops within the walls of Pordenone. Supported only by three men, he strove to prevent the enemy from crossing a bridge. One of his comrades, a Burgundian, laid three horsemen low, and aroused such intense amazement by his bravery, that the enemy's Field Marshal promised him ten ducats in gold every month if he would enter his service ; an offer rejected with scorn by the valiant man. On another bridge Alviano himself made a fruitless attack, as, after some sharp firing in which twelve Germans fell, the bridge suddenly gave way. Night now closed in, but caused no cessation of the bombardment, which proceeded without response from the town, as the inhabitants had neither weapons nor powder. On the morning of the 29th of March, Rainer was wounded by a shot, and at noon the Venetians pressed into the city. A hundred Germans quickly lost their lives in the desperate battle, and the remaining two hundred and fifty, of which a large portion were severely wounded, withdrew to the Castle, where, on perceiving that there was no further hope of assistance, they surrendered to their opponents. Pordenone was now rapidly plundered, and not even the churches escaped ; for Bartolommeo d'Alviano, intoxicated by his victory and forgetful of the hour in which his Field Marshal's staff had been given him in the Cathedral of St. Mark, did not hesitate to tread the hallowed precincts of the house of God under his horses' feet !

Of the heroic little band whose gallant and tenacious defence of the outposts had so aroused the wonder and sympathy of the citizens of Pordenone, only twelve men remained, among whom were the above-named noblemen. On the 2nd of April they were taken as prisoners into Venice. On the 5th they were followed by Rizzan, who, on account of his wound, had until that date been lying in Sacile. His appearance created a sensation : he was, however, recognised as the same determined, overbearing man who in the preceding year had pressed on towards Venice itself, from the near neighbourhood of Mestre, which he had ordered to be burned. "A tall, gaunt man, thirty-four years of age, with an ugly countenance, which gives one a gruesome impression." He was carried to the gaol used only for prisoners of State, the "Torresella" in the Doge's Palace, from whence, on the 27th of April, he wrote his relative in

Germany the account of the storming of Pordenone. The Commander Rainer found quarters in the Palace of Ser Lorenzo Giustiniani near San Moise, possibly because his wounds still required attention, while the others were taken to the so-called "Gabioni" gaol, used for ordinary prisoners of war, which formerly stood on the site now occupied by the Giardino reale, and here they were kept in custody.

Thus ended the attempt to win Pordenone for the Emperor Maximilian: fourteen days after the Venetians were compelled to surrender it to the Germans, it returned for all time to the jurisdiction of the Republic. As a reward for his trouble and prowess, the city was presented to Alviano. With Pordenone Prata also came into the possession of Venice. This castle, after being completely destroyed by the Venetians in the year 1419, and later partially restored, was at the time of the League of Cambray forsaken by its owners, the Counts of Prata, who were adherents of Maximilian, and on the 14th of November 1514 it was given in fief to the Cavaliere Daniele Florido di Spilimbergo—who had been created Count.



Did one of the German officers, who in March 1514 occupied Pordenone and the neighbourhood, lose the ring? Very possibly! But if this actually was the case, which of them did so? The overbearing Rizzan? The intrepid Rainer? Count Bestenberg?—or one of the other officers whose names have been handed down to us? Not the slightest indication of the true answer to this question is to be found here. From the few short later notes no important data can be gleaned respecting their personalities and their fortunes. On this side, at least, the way to further investigation is barred. Who, however, was the Commander in Chief, Count Christoph Frangipani, who on the 15th of February lost a relic on the way from Udine to Osopo, and from the 15th to the 20th of March remained in Pordenone, from whence he led skirmishing parties into the adjacent country? Can we learn anything definite about him? To follow him upon his way is the next task that awaits us.

There are many Venetian chroniclers and historians, and among them from Malipiero's Annals, Marc Antonio Michiel's Diaries—written between 1511 and 1520—Pietro Bembo, Pietro Giustiniani, Nicolò Doglioni, Paolo Morosini, and others—with their descriptions of Venetian history—we may gain the desired information. For the most important notes, however, I must again consult Marino Sanuto. May he continue to be gracious towards me!



Chapter II.

The Race of the Frangipani, Counts of Segna,
Modrusa, and Veglia.



"I know the race—wild are they all."
THE VALKYRIE.



LASS XI, codex LXV. *Chronicle of the Island of Veglia and of the Frangipani Family upon this Island.* Written by Antonio Vinciguerra, Secretary of the Senate and the Republic of Venice": for this title I am indebted to the Catalogue of Manuscripts in St. Mark's Library. With what anticipations do I await the coming of the attendant who has gone to bring me the codex. He returns with it—but: only the title-page and a few sonnets in Vinciguerra's honour are to be found therein; the whole text fails, having been torn out, who knows at what period? The suddenly awakened hope of finding a consecutive statement of the history of the Counts Frangipani from which all the more important facts could be gleaned, is now as suddenly extinguished. I am therefore compelled to search for scattered notes in various directions, and to consult at random many old manuscripts and prints. The work is now more tedious, but I soon reconcile myself to it: flying pictures follow one another, often without any apparent relation and with indistinct outlines, but, thanks to the strength of the colouring, they are vivid and impressive.



A stalwart race, inhabiting strong castles in Croatia, with its ancestral seat in Modrusa and Segna (Zengg), which was given it in fief by Bela III. in 1260.

Driven about by their passions through the following centuries to ambitious scheming, wild undertakings, and outrageously violent deeds; forced by their terrifying superstitions to take refuge in fantastic religious devotions, heroic and faithless, unruly and calculating in capricious change, they wasted their turbulent lives in warring with their neighbours and with themselves.

From whence the race originally came cannot now, with any certainty, be stated. One authority contends that its home from the first was in Croatia, and that the name, literally "Frankopan," means "Francis the Lord": others assert that it was a severed branch of the Roman family of the Frangipani, whose annals are stained with the dastardly betrayal of the last Konradin of Hohenstaufen by the Lord of Astura, John Frangipani, and with the treacherous assassination of Duke Frederick the Warrior. Contrary to this, the authors of the Venetian genealogies, and among them the earliest, so far as I know, Francesco Venier and Zancarola, relate in their Chronicle (now in St. Mark's Library) that in former times a family of the Frangipani came from Ravenna to Venice, where they became members of the Great Council, and that with the death of Giovanni, who held a position in the Mint, this line became extinct in 1347: they also hold that from these Ravenese-Venetian Frangipanis the Croatian branch originally sprang.

Be that, however, as it may—we have certain knowledge that on the 7th of July 1368 one John Frangipani, Count of Segna, was admitted to the Great Council, and with that to the nobility of Venice, that he received in fief the Island of Veglia near Fiume, whose acquisition under the Doge John Partecipazio in the year 829 marked the beginning of the political conquests of Venice, and that during a visit to that city in 1402 he was highly honoured as a staunch friend of the Republic. It was this same John who in 1390 was created by Sigismund Ban of Croatia and Slavonia, and who in 1410 conquered Sebenico in the interest of the king. A renewal of the privileges of nobility was granted to Count Nicholas and his heirs on the 17th of December 1443, which one of his relatives (probably a son), Stephen, tried to use for his own advantage. "In the year 1446 there came hither Stephen Frangipani, Count of Segna, and with him a fine company in goodly array, and he went to the Signoria in garments embroidered with pearls of great value. And the said Count asked counsel of the

Signoria whether he should wed a natural sister of the Marquess Lionello of Ferrara, who was formerly the wife of the Count of Urbino, the nuptials being already agreed upon: but the Doge made answer that it seemed to him for divers reasons and considerations not good that the Count should take the said lady to wife inasmuch as many other desirable consorts were to be had. Notwithstanding this, the latter having expressed his thanks to the Signoria returned to Ferrara, where he celebrated the wedding, and afterwards abode there many days."

The Republic of Venice on her part knew well how to utilise her present relations with the Frangipanis. When in 1466 Doymo, the brother of the Count of Segna, died without heirs, she proceeded without delay—and in defiance of the Emperor Frederick III.—to take possession of the city of Fiume, which had previously belonged to Doymo. And a short time afterwards, in 1480, she began meddling with the affairs of the Island of Veglia. Count John, who had taken a wife from the Morosini family of Venice, had through his cruelty and tyranny so aroused the just indignation of his vassals that they would no longer acknowledge him as their chief. They therefore prayed the Republic to assume the government of the island. But before Venice could send her galleys to the place, the Hungarians had already taken possession of this tempting prey. After some fruitless parleying it came to a combat, in which the Hungarians were defeated. "After all the people had been summoned by the ringing of bells to a large room in the Palace, Count John, in the presence of the Proveditore and the three Sopracomiti, said: 'I see that it is the will of God, because of my sins and for the well-being of my vassals, that I was not able to withstand the army of the King of Hungary. And in order that my faithful subjects may not suffer, I have decided to resign this State in favour of its true Lords, the Signoria of Venice, to whom it of right belongs. I therefore exhort all my people that as they have been faithful to the house of Frangipani they shall in like manner be true to our most illustrious Signoria'—and having said this he turned to the Proveditore and delivered to him the keys of the City, the Castle, and the Palace." One of the Malipieri was appointed Governor of the island, and he was followed by the Secretary, Antonio Vinciguerra, by whom the lost history of the Frangipanis was written.

But Count John, who had known so well how to make his forced abdication appear in the light of a gracious condescension, went with his wife and children to Venice. "Here an Act was passed in the Senate granting him a provision of one hundred ducats a month during his lifetime

and four thousand ducats as a dowry for one of his daughters. But he refused to accept this proposal, and fled to Germany. His daughter Catherina, however, received the aforesaid dowry, and was given in marriage by the brothers of the Countess, Pietro and Marco Morosini, with the approval of the Signoria, to a grandson of the Doge Francesco Dandolo, and son of Antonio Dandolo. She was married later for the second time to Ser Andrea Foscolo, son of Girolamo Foscolo, and died without heirs."

One more instructive example of the way in which Venice dealt with affairs of this kind, and guided them to an end in harmony with her own designs. In the present case she was dealing with a violent and unruly vassal, concerning whom she was undoubtedly in the right ; but one cannot help seeing in this incident a small prelude to the great drama which was enacted a few years later in Catherina Cornaro's abdication—only that she was solemnly proclaimed daughter of the Republic before her ascent of the throne of Cyprus, while the Signoria first gave its fatherly protection to the Countess Morosini-Frangipani after her husband had been robbed of his lands and dependants by Venetian galleys. Whether right or wrong, a strong race was driven out from its ancient inheritance, and through this became a cause of perpetual unrest. That they did not openly arise against Venice was probably due to their realising the great power of the Republic, and also to the fact that in the Hungarian agitation they had lost their second possession, Segna, to Matthias Corvin, and that they felt that its recovery was the next thing to be considered.

Not so easily as with John—whose attempt to re-win the Island of Veglia in 1484 with the help of the Hungarians failed—did Venice fare with two other Frangipanis, who now appear on the scene, the Counts Angelo and Bernhardin, who during the close of the century were causes of endless turmoil in Istria and Dalmatia. A yearly stipend of 3120 ducats had hardly been bestowed upon Angelo for conducting the war with Ferrara when intelligence was received that he had entered the service of Matthias, King of Hungary, and was making incursions on the borders of Istria. "This Angelo was wont from the first to be a very Corsair on land. The merchants who were on their way to the fairs in Germany without having gained his especial consent, he seized, imprisoned, and robbed of all their goods." A proceeding of course unheard of under the well-ordered government of the Signoria. But Heaven itself punished his ill deeds. It is stated in a letter sent by one of the Venetian officers to the

Senate in 1499: "this is truly pure folly, but I will nevertheless relate it. Count Angelo de Frangipanibus, who dwells in Bregno above Segna, ordered one of his trusty servants named Susich to build him a stronghold not far from that place, and he forced all his retainers with great cruelty to work upon the said stronghold on feast days as well as on week days. But no sooner was the stronghold finished than, it would seem through a judgment of God which came upon it soon after the Christmas feast, the earth opened and swallowed it up, so that naught was to be seen but the rent wherein it had vanished, around which the ground was much stained with blood—which event was in truth an unheard-of and remarkable thing."

This miracle was quickly followed by another, of which it would appear that Count Bernhardin, who was present at the time, was not without secret knowledge.

"On the first day of the New Year, as Count Bernhardin heard Mass with singing in Modrusa, the priest was about to take the holy Host into his hands to break it, as is the custom, when he perceived that it was no longer upon the altar, and being stricken with horror he knew not what he should do or say. Upon this there arose a great tumult among those present, and several from without ran into the church saying that they had seen the holy Host in the air over the church tower; whereupon the said lord and all others with him went hastily out and themselves saw the Host, and they sent the priest, after that the Gospel was read, up on to the tower, in order that he should try to seize upon the Host. And as he stood upon the balcony, all saw that the Host lifted itself higher and higher into the air till it vanished from the sight of the people, who were waiting in great terror below, because of this astonishing miracle. The priest, who had sung the Mass, thereupon went to Rome, to carry His Holiness the Pope tidings of the wonder, and the same priest said, he knew well that he was a sinner, howbeit not so great an one that because of his sins so amazing an event should have happened to him. This latest piece of news I send to you as I myself have heard it: may your Excellency give it just so much credence as shall seem to you good."

The Venetians would certainly not have failed to connect the two miracles with the sinister intentions expressed at a gathering of all the Frangipanis which it was arranged at that time should take place at

Buxene, about Christmastide. This meeting must truly have been exciting enough to those who took part in it, as all were at enmity with each other, and among them none were more irreconcilable than the warring brothers Angelo and Bernhardin. The subject of discussion was the reconquest of Segna, the plan for which was to be decided upon; but as Bernhardin persisted in claiming that city in his own right, all attempts at agreement were frustrated. The troubles on behalf of this place, whose inhabitants would rather have deserted and burned it than that it should have fallen into possession of the greatly feared Counts, dragged through many years and changing parties till they became so hopelessly entangled that when Angelo, in treachery to his brother, endeavoured to play Segna into the hands of the Republic, the latter declined it, with thanks.

To give even an approximate picture of the rôle played by the Frangipanis in the affairs of Hungary—and above all by Bernhardin, the mighty and imposing head of the family, and Angelo, and in lesser degree by the Counts Nicholas, John, and Michael—the last of whom was Bernhardin's nephew—during the last decade of the fifteenth and the first of the sixteenth centuries is here, and perhaps under any conditions, wholly impossible. In all the confusion of that era their restless, adventurous spirits and evident longing to recover their plundered possessions were perpetually leading them into fresh difficulties. When after the death of Matthias Corvin, caused by one of the parties, his natural son John Corvin appeared as a pretender to the crown, they ranged themselves on his side, as they later fought in opposition to the chosen King Wladislaw II. as companions of the King Maximilian, when he entered Hungary to assert his rights. Their names are to be found on the treaty drawn up by Wladislaw and Maximilian in 1492, in which it was agreed that the latter should inherit the kingdom if Wladislaw died without heirs. Yet in spite of this written promise they went recklessly forth to burn and destroy the royal castles, and to make war upon John Both, Ban of Slavonia, who fell in one of the battles. They even did not hesitate to call the Turks into the country in the hope of re-winning Segna by their aid, and afterwards turned upon them. In the battle near Ubdina, John was slain, Nicholas was taken prisoner, and Bernhardin fled. From Venice Angelo was sent out against Bernhardin, but the latter had already enlisted as Condottiere with six hundred horsemen for the war against Charles VIII.

New turmoils and new factions were by this time appearing in

Hungary. Stephen Zapolya arose against Wladislaw, and gaining steadily in power, robbed John Corvin of his possessions, who as Ban of Slavonia and Croatia went against him in 1496, but was defeated. In the same year Corvin made a treaty with Bernhardin Frangipani, married his daughter Beatrice, and then joined him in plundering and terrorising the district of Zara, which soon led to conflicts with Venice.

We can readily imagine how under these circumstances the conscience of Count Bernhardin became so oppressed that a few months later he resolved to go on pilgrimage. "On the 22nd of January 1497 there entered this city (Venice) the Count Bernhardin de Frangipanibus of Segna, and on the 24th he presented himself to the Signoria. He is in appearance a very handsome man. It is reported that he desired a free escort, and he went to Loretto in fulfilment of a vow."

During his stay in Venice it seems that Frangipani offered his services to the Republic, but the next thing he did was to follow his own interests in the battles connected with Segna, until driven by the wish to procure for his son, probably George,—later Bishop of Veszprem, and in 1504 Archbishop of Kalocsa,—the promise of the bishopric of Modrusa, he begged Venice in 1499 to use her influence with the Pope on his behalf. From this time forward he continued for many years in direct relations with the Signoria, kept it well informed as to the movements of the Turks, against whom he professed it his duty to fight. In decisive movements, however, he always disappeared; no true confidence could be placed in his reports, and in consequence of this his requests for money and soldiers were left unheeded. The active hostilities which he kept up against the Turks were well understood to be merely a sham manœuvre, made in the hope of impressing the Venetians and compelling them to accept him as their mercenary. So also did Angelo—but, as the chronicler observes, "the Frangipani have promised much and done nothing."

The next years were passed in the following manner: requests and offers on the part of the Counts, who had been solemnly reconciled; communications received by the Venetian officials to the effect that Bernhardin, in spite of all his assurances, had no other intention than the reconquest of Segna and the making himself Lord of the Island of Veglia; warnings from the Signoria that the marauding incursions on the Venetian frontiers must cease, and withdrawal of the subsidies previously granted to this Croatian disturber of the peace.

From the most interesting commentator on these events we learn that on the 12th of October 1503, "there came this morning to the College a philosopher, one Hieronymus de Dionysiis, who said that he was a disciple of Cynthius of Ancona, and he began an address in Italian and presented several verses in praise of the Doge, and afterwards a petition with the following signature: 'Hieronimo di Dionisiis Siracusarum prosapia Bucharique comes' (Hieronymus of Dionysiis, a native of Syracuse and Count of Buchari). In this he related that he and his had done much for our Signoria, and that he had been raised to the rank of a citizen; also that he had been taken prisoner by Count Bernhard dei Frangipani and had by him been kept in captivity in a black dungeon for the space of six years, five months, and twenty-eight days, till he had but four teeth remaining and was become a veritable scarecrow. He then called attention to the evil plotting of the Count, whose chief object in view was the conquest of the Island of Veglia, and he counselled that a stronghold should be built upon it. He closed his petition by saying that he was a deadly enemy of the said Count." Poor philosopher! They promised, it is true, to read thy petition, but it appears that they troubled themselves no more about thee, although Syracuse gave thee birth and Cynthius of Ancona was thy friend. Not alone of thy teeth, but of all belief in thy poetic glory did this frightful, uneducated Croatian Count rob thee! Yet for the only tidings of thee that have reached posterity from the great land of night must thou thank this same much-hated enemy: lay, therefore, thy grudge aside, and stretch out thy greeting hand when thou meetest him on his lonely way in the dark world of shades.

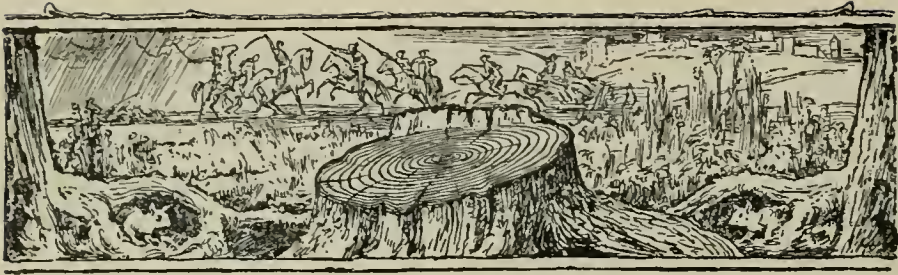
In this same year Frangipani found a more dangerous opponent than Hieronymus of Dionysiis in his own son-in-law, John Corvin, who suddenly claimed Segna for himself, which naturally led to an encounter. The enmity lasted even after Corvin's death, which followed in 1504, for his widow Beatrice, in whose veins flowed the hot blood of the Frangipanis, held his possessions against her own father and near relatives till they, as formerly, did not hesitate to call the Turks to their aid, when she was defeated and robbed of her hopes.

Our last tidings of Bernhardin in the year 1506 relate to a personal quarrel with the Emperor Maximilian, who seized and held in his own right one of the places formerly conquered by Frangipani—after which

for the space of two years, Venice heard no more of her Croatian neighbours till the time of the frightful war brought by the League of Cambray into the Republic, in opposition to which all the nations of Europe now seemed to be arrayed, and who stood without a friend to aid her. In this same year, 1508, came tidings from the East that Bernhardin's daughter Beatrice, the widow of John Corvin, had contracted a second marriage with George, Margrave of Brandenburg, the son of King Wladislaw, and further, that Bernhardin's son, Count Christoph Frangipani, who had entered the Emperor's service, was with his German and Croatian troops in Istria and was arming himself for an attack upon the Venetian frontier.

The fire of enmity, long smouldering between the Signoria of Venice and the Lords of Segna, Modrusa, and Veglia, now burst blazing to the light; and as the heir of all the passions and the ambitions of his race, Count Christoph Frangipani drew his sword from its sheath in open warfare against the liege lords of the Island of Veglia.





Chapter III.

Christoph Frangipani in the War with Venice.



“My longings urge me on to war.”

TANNHAUSER.

FROM the marriage of Count Bernhardin Frangipani with Louisa of Arragon sprang four sons and one daughter. Of Beatrice, married for the first time to John Corvin, and for the second to George, Margrave of Brandenburg, and of George, who was destined for an ecclesiastical life, we have already heard.

Ferdinand, one of the two younger brothers, will be mentioned occasionally—but they, like all the other bearers of the name, fall into the background when compared with Bernhardin's eldest son Christoph, the later head of the Modrusa branch of the family. Born in the year 1483 (according to some authorities in the preceding decade), he was early sent by his father to the court of the King of Hungary, where he at least was during the year 1499. When he first entered the service of the Emperor is unknown. The obscurity which shrouds his youth does not brighten till the year 1508, when the gathering of his troops and their preparations for an attack upon certain Venetian castles in Istria, like flashes of distant lightning, were first noticed in Venice in June, but owing to a suspension of hostilities which took place in July they were not

continued. In the following years his name and his activity became increasingly important, and indeed he appears as one of the most capable officers in the three imperial military undertakings against the Republic—beside Marco Can and his cousin Michael Frangipani—under the command of the Duke of Brunswick.



A general view of the correlation of events has been preserved for us in Sanuto's inventories, but more exact reports of the minor details of this expedition, so rich in small incidents but poor in results, are given us in the letters of Luigi da Porto, of Vicenza, who fought in the Venetian army, and who by an unhappy love for an "inimical mistress" was spurred on to deeds of valour, and as Captain of the light horsemen found several opportunities for distinguishing himself. It was not, however, his martial activity but quite another experience that befell him in those days which has kept Luigi's memory living to our own time. "It was my custom," he relates, "when riding with others to have one of my crossbowmen from Verona near me, a man of about fifty years old, devoted to his calling, and of an agreeable disposition, who, like nearly all the Veronese, was an admirable story-teller—by name Pellegrino. This man was a valiant and experienced soldier, but was withal of a jovial nature, and—what was perhaps less suited to his years—was continually falling in love: but it lent an added charm to his society that he found pleasure in narrating the most beautiful romances in a well-ordered and graceful manner, especially such as related to love, more perfectly than any I had ever heard before. Once as I was going with him and two others—who were perhaps also tormented by love—from Gradisca, where I was then quartered, to Udine, along a lonely way all burnt and disturbed by the war, and, lost in meditation, was walking a little apart from the rest, Pellegrino drew near to me, and, as if guessing my thoughts, addressed me in the following manner: 'Will you then go on sorrowing all your days because a cruel beauty refuses to care for you? And even if I speak against myself, since it is always so much easier to give good counsel than to follow it, I needs must tell you, sir, that it is not only unwise during this time of military service to yield yourself captive to love, but that almost always the end to which love leads is sorrowful and perilous. In proof of this I can relate, if it pleases you, a story of what happened in my native city, which will make the way seem less dark and lonely to us both. Hear then how two noble lovers were led by their affection to a

sad and pitiable death.' And as I gave him a sign that I would willingly listen, he began to narrate his story."

The romance thus related by Pellegrino to Luigi da Porto in the restless war-time of 1510 was that of "Romeo and Juliet"; and it was Luigi who later in the peaceful days of 1524 wrote it down and dedicated it to his relative Lucina Savorgnan—the niece of that Girolamo who opposed Count Christoph. It is Luigi, therefore, whom the world must thank for its undying knowledge of the old story "piena di pietade" of the love and death of Montecchi and Capuletti.

The paths of Luigi da Porto and of Christoph Frangipani, who were now moving so near to each other, never crossed: thus Christoph's name does not appear a single time in Luigi's letters.



The direct cause of this campaign was the conquest, by Venice, of several imperial possessions in Friuli and Istria, of which Gorizia and Trieste were the most important. With these conquests Bartolommeo d'Alviano had retaliated the invasions of Venetian territory by the Germans, ordered by the Emperor Maximilian. Although these two cities were voluntarily surrendered by the Signoria to the Emperor on the 1st of June 1509, owing to the severe pressure put upon them by the League of Cambray, this partial restoration of the conquered towns could not arrest the far-reaching ambition of the latter. While the main German army, followed by Maximilian himself, had advanced from Trient against Vicenza and Padua, and had captured these places, the attack on the other side of Friuli was made. The intelligence brought to Venice of the great gathering of troops and the skirmishing in Istria was quickly followed by a cry for help from Udine, against which the united forces of the enemy were bearing down. The powerful efforts now made to check the onward march of the Germans succeeded: soon after the retaking of Padua they were forced, after several combats near Udine, to retreat also in Friuli; and as Maximilian's renewed efforts to conquer Padua again luckily came to naught, and the Emperor returned to Germany, the Venetians had time to think of taking vengeance on the Frangipanis. In their alarm they encouraged the Turks to invade Croatia and to attack the castles of the several Counts, which were thereby greatly damaged.

Such was the outcome of Christoph's foregoing deeds, and of Count Bernhardin's repeated attempts to seize upon the Island of Veglia. An imperative letter now warned Christoph to regain the goodwill of the Signoria forthwith, or, failing in this, he would have cause "to feel it."

How often did not the Lords of Croatia find their wills broken by the iron determination of the Mistress of Adria—like stormy waves which by their incessant dashing against a mighty rock strive to shake it—and again and again the only course left them was to humble themselves at her feet. Christoph indeed appears to have paid but small heed to the threats made against him, as he levied a tax in Istria to indemnify himself for the losses which he had sustained through the Turks, but in the course of the following months both he and his father came to the conclusion that it would be wiser to submit and secure peace. On the 2nd of April 1510 they both sought to excuse themselves before the Venetian Envoys: it was due, they said, to a pressing command from the Emperor that Bernhardin had followed him with ten horsemen to Padua, while for Christoph's entering Friuli the Venetian Governor in Capo d'Istria was responsible. One reads with amazement that Bernhardin closed these communications by praying the Republic to accept his services: he was ready with a few men to dare the conquest of Croatia from the King of Hungary. No doubt he would have been the very man to do it!

In the following May and June, Bernhardin's negotiations were, through his son Ferdinand, carried on with the Envoy in Buda-Pesth, in order to forestall any complaints to the King of Hungary—but already in May complaints came from Friuli to Venice, from Count Hieronimo Savorgnan, that Count Christoph had carried off his servants and had thrown them into prison; and on the 1st of June the latter was in Postojna and was gathering troops for a fresh attack upon Friuli. The second campaign had begun.

But in spite of the manifold preparations made by Christoph now in Gorizia, now in Postojna, and now in Trieste, the undertaking led to but little success. After small encounters with the Venetians and the plundering of various places the soldiers gathered in Gorizia on the 11th of August, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, decided to join the Emperor in Trient, but in this they were greatly hindered by the enemy, who had been opportunely informed of their approach and now checked their advance. About the same time Christoph fell seriously ill, and lay in a critical condi-

tion in a castle in the neighbourhood of Gorizia. Later on, in September, when Marco Can and Christoph made a renewed attempt to put their plans into operation through Villach, they found themselves compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The plundering of Albona in December closed the campaign, and the Frangipanis then all withdrew to their several estates.

Not until after half a year of rest did Christoph again take arms, and this time it was he alone who, for personal ends, re-opened the war against Venice. This expedition, which was prefaced with the beleaguering of Muglia, began unfortunately for him. On the 9th of October 1511 he was struck by an arrow in the leg, which caused him intense suffering—three months after Luigi da Porto had been carried severely wounded from the seat of the war to Venice. He had scarcely recovered and returned to the neighbourhood of Muglia in the beginning of November, when, during a two-handed encounter with the Proveditore Andrea Zivran, a new misfortune befell him. "I came," so reported Zivran, "to a face-to-face combat with Count Christoph, and closing upon one another we at first dealt many blows without shedding blood, till I gave him a sidelong stroke across the countenance which cleft through flesh and bone together and caused the blood to stream forth mightily. Upon this he struck me on the right hand and cut off three of the fingers—not a dangerous loss—and also wounded the thumb on the left hand. This so enraged me that I essayed to attack his body, upon which he quickly turned his back upon me and fled to San Servolo, and I after him for about the length of two miles. A valiant young officer from Postoyna, however, followed so close behind me with an outstretched lance, that I was forced to turn myself about and attack him. And on being come to a hand-to-hand encounter with him I dealt him three wounds, conquered and took him prisoner, and delivered him to the care of my servant. I myself was indeed so near to the Count that if he had not under the escort of only seven horsemen taken refuge in the Castle, I should without doubt have captured him. Patience! Fate has but spared him for a greater misfortune and us for the higher honour! *Omnia pro meliori* (all things are for the best), and this much also is certain, that he will not praise me who never before was beaten or wounded by others, and who now through grace alone was enabled to save himself with only seven horsemen when all the rest had been cut in pieces."

The lucky victor's self-satisfied joy in his heroic deeds, which would

doubtless be narrated with pride by his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, has thus been revealed to us, but of the feelings with which the hitherto unconquerable man returned home we know nothing. For the space of three months he vanished completely from the scene of action, and the Senators in Venice were contentedly exchanging their conjectures that Count Christoph Frangipani had finished his course when on the 9th of January 1512 intelligence was received that he was marching at the head of his Croatians towards Gorizia. And not long would his enemies have had to wait in uncertainty as to whether he remembered Zivran's deed, had not the high command of the Emperor taken his weapon out of his hand. The suspension of hostilities concluded with Venice, which lasted from the 1st of April to the 1st of February in the following year, 1513, now barred the way and thwarted all his plans. With what impatience he greeted it, how sorely he wished he might hasten its end, may be judged by his appearance before Raspo in the midst of the interval of peace. With unfairness, so he argued, the Signoria were rebuilding the walls of this fortress, and before any written explanations could be made he seized and garrisoned it with his own troops. So even then he was not wholly inactive.

When at a Diet held in Gorizia in January 1513 a prolongation of the truce till the 1st of April was concluded, it was he who, with headstrong determination, set himself against it—whose burning, uncontrollable passion urged him to war. Of such a man the Emperor Maximilian had need. In the same assembly Christoph was appointed Commander in Chief of the German forces for the war about to be renewed in Istria and Friuli.

Three months later the Count was with his Imperial Master and received from his hand a sister of the Cardinal of Gurk to wife, who brought with her as her dowry from Maximilian the earldoms of Pixin and Gorizia. On the 28th of May he entered Blaiburg near Villach with his consort, and remained there till the end of July, when in a larger Assembly the attack upon Friuli was discussed and definitely planned. In September the gathering of the troops began. The assurance of victory with which the Frangipanis regarded coming events threw the Council of Venice into some uneasiness, and a plan for taking their dangerous opponent into the Venetian service was agreed upon. How little they then knew of the man who had now to wipe out not only the long oppression of his race, but also the disgrace before Muglia! If ever Venice had an embittered foe,

bent upon a decision for life or death, it was Count Christoph Frangipani, who, casting all thought of negotiation from him, pressed forward at the head of the Imperial Army. "The whole Fatherland trembles and is everywhere in flight, is the cry from all sides; the enemy are entering Friuli!"





Chapter IV.

The Langs of Wellenburg.



“Mine own wert thou,
Love, when I saw thee.”
THE VALKYRIE.

AMONG the patrician families who through their civic industry and commercial enterprise prepared the way for the brilliant period of prosperity enjoyed by the Free City of Augsburg in the sixteenth century, that of the Langs was conspicuous. In those early days they had already attained to great wealth and influence, and passing without the narrow confines of the city walls, they procured for themselves a lordly and knightly estate, and in the year 1318 made the Castle of Mülhausen their country seat. Having grown strong with their native city, they were also to share with her the zenith of her splendour.

With joyous hopes during the second half of the fifteenth century might the worthy John Lang, the head of the family, and his wife Margaret—a descendant of the Sulzers, who had the right of sitting in Council—look out into the future: amid the well-ordered surroundings of a magnificent estate their eight blooming children grew to maturity—four sons: Matthew, Luke, John, and Mark; and four daughters: Apollonia, Ottilie, Regina, and Felicitas. Already in his early boyhood their eldest offspring, Matthew,

who was born in 1468, gave tokens of such varied and unusual ability that his father decided to give him a scientific and classical education. After a short residence in the University of Ingoldstadt he continued his studies in 1486 in Vienna, and later in Tübingen, where on the 27th of January 1489 the degree of Master was conferred upon him. On his appointment to the Chancery in Mainz his extensive knowledge and remarkable versatility soon attracted the notice of the Emperor Frederick III., who afterwards took him as his private secretary to Italy. Not less than his predecessor did the Emperor Maximilian appreciate his services, for he appointed him Councillor and Chancellor, and bestowed upon him as the first ecclesiastical offices the Priories of Wördsee and Vitring in Carinthia. Even at the opening of a career which was to lead him to the greatest honours, his rich and brilliant mode of life forestalled his later destiny. It is related by the chronicler that he took care to appear in public attended by a company of eighteen horsemen. No doubt Matthew was a man after Maximilian's own heart: if his fine intellectual culture made him one of the most learned exponents of Humanism in the select circle that gathered around the Emperor headed by the celebrated poet Conrad Celtes, he no less contributed by graces of social form and his taste for sumptuous surroundings to the public functions of the court.

"He was praised by everyone," relates Köhler, in his *Pleasures of Money*, "as a highly intelligent, very eloquent, generous, and extraordinarily clever man, who was successful in all things, except when he wished to be a Captain, and whom the Emperor could make use of, as he would. It must also be said that the man's living was very expensive, for he had the idea that the greater the Master whom one served, the larger should be the sums of money spent in his service and for his honour, for which reason the Emperor was wont to say of him, and of his predecessor, the thrifty Archbishop Leonard: he had two chaplains in the Empire concerning whom he must confess that he could neither empty the pockets of the one nor yet fill those of the other. Then his household was more than princely, his bounty kingly, and his bearing so lordly and magnificent that he excelled all the Cardinals and Archbishops of his time. His theological morals could, however, not have been very well grounded, as, when addressed on the subject of the conscience in doubtful matters, he often replied, 'What, then, is conscience?'"

In the year 1500, when the Chancellor accompanied his princely Master to the Diet in Augsburg, and experienced with him the destruction of the old imperial power through the development of free government, Matthew's

relatives were already known to the Emperor. Two years previously the latter had conferred upon them hereditary nobility. He now granted them fresh tokens of his favour; Matthew was appointed Dean of the Cathedral in his native city, and to this was shortly added a similar position in Constance. But an event still more important for the family possibly transpired in those days. In the heavy cares which darkened Maximilian's outlook into the future and caused him to exclaim for the admonition of the twenty princes of the Diet: "If one does nothing more than what has already come to pass, he will no longer delay and wait till the crown be lifted from his head, but will himself cast it at his feet, and grasp at the fragments"—into this dark mood of his soul a ray of comforting and cheering light appears to have fallen, a ray which beamed from the eyes of a daughter of the house of Lang, and dispelled the shadows.

If hitherto none of the German Chroniclers yielded us knowledge of this secret, Marino Sanuto betrayed it me, and with a hesitating hand I essayed to lift the thin but impenetrable veil which had formerly concealed it. In two places where he speaks of Apollonia he mentions—not without misrepresenting the true circumstances by reason of exaggerated report—that she was the favourite of the Emperor, and even that Matthew's exaltation to the highest positions was in no small measure due to the influence of the charm exercised by his sister. When the Emperor's first meeting with the patrician's lovely daughter took place is indeed not stated, but we may reasonably conjecture that it occurred at this period in Augsburg, not to dispense with the proof that Apollonia not long afterwards left her home and her parents to enter the court of her Imperial Lord, where she was appointed maid-of-honour to the Empress. So Philippina Welser was then not the first of Augsburg's daughters who became a sharer in rare honours; and remarkably enough in the same city with which Philippina's memory was to be associated for all time, in Innsbruck, in the year 1503, Apollonia also experienced a new change in her fortunes.

She seems to have possessed an irresistible attraction and to have drawn all hearts to herself. "The eldest daughter of John Lang,"—so I find in a short sketch of the family (written prior to 1510),—"called Apollonia, became one of the women in the Roman King's court, and bore herself so virtuously and honourably that Counts and Lords came to seek her in marriage." And Zimmern in his Chronicle mentions the rumour that among the passionate adorers of Apollonia was Duke George of Bavaria. "In the Emperor Maximilian's household was a damsel named Lang, because of

whose face he was as one distraught, so much so that for her sake he continued to follow the Emperor's court." It was, however, Count Julian von Lodron who from among her many wooers bore away the prize.

"To-day (the 1st of October)," relates the Venetian Ambassador, "was celebrated the wedding of a sister of the first Royal Secretary—Master Matthew Lang—and maid-of-honour to the Queen, with a son of Master Parisoto von Lodron"—(among whose ancestors was, possibly, the Count Paris Lodron to whom Giuletta Capuletti was promised in marriage, whose story was so graphically told by the Veronese crossbowman to his Captain, Luigi da Porto)—"and the whole day long there was feasting and tilting till the sixth hour of the night. And to-morrow the Margrave of Brandenburg will enter the lists. And the Hereditary Duke himself is come to the festivities." And he further adds: that Matthew Lang said to him, "he had paid out six thousand ducats for his sister, whom he had wedded to the son of Paris von Lodron, and there were the most beautiful merry-makings."

So the favourite of Maximilian's court became the wife of Count Julian von Lodron.

In the same year Matthew Lang was appointed Administrator and Coadjutor of the bishopric of Gurk. Two years later he was exalted to the office of its Bishop. To the title of nobility conferred upon the family on the 24th of August 1498 was added in 1507 the possession of the Castle of Wellenburg on the Lechfield near Augsburg. In 1460 the Langs had for a time held possession of this originally episcopal property,—evidently by inheritance from the Onorges, to which race the grandmother of Matthew belonged,—which was now purchased jointly by Matthew and the Emperor Maximilian (from Anthony Lauginger) and in part, at least, was given to John Lang.

The latter continued owner of the whole property, though the King retained the right to build a castle upon it, to which Matthew on his part added a fortified country seat and surrounded it with beautiful gardens and avenues of trees. After this castle, which, when Ferdinand had sold his share in it, belonged wholly to the Langs, from whom it was purchased in 1595 by the princely house of Fugger, in whose possession it has remained to the present day, the Langs were called—"of Wellenburg."

Though until the time in question the activity of the Imperial Secretary, now Bishop of Gurk, had remained chiefly limited to Germany, in the year 1508 came the moment in which he should as diplomatist enter the field of European politics. Sent as Ambassador to conclude the

League between the Pope, France, and the other powers, it was he who from this time forward represented the Emperor's interest in Italian affairs—"like a second Emperor"—it was said in Venice.

When (after the conclusion of peace between Julius II. and the Venetians, the treaty for which was unfavourable to the French residents in Lombardy) an attempt at reunion was made in the Congress of Mantua in 1511, Venice endeavoured to persuade Matthew Lang, who had received from the Emperor the title of Governor in Italy, to enter into league against France. At a meeting with the Pope in Bologna, at which Matthew was received with the greatest pomp, a settlement of affairs was attempted; but the negotiations were wrecked by the haughty, unbending claims of the Germans, who demanded the complete restoration of all the imperial possessions held by the Venetians. The latter, however, would not permit themselves to be so easily alarmed. Their Envoy received commands to renew his efforts with the Emperor, and in order that these might prevail, to promise the Bishop of Gurk ten thousand gulden and benefices worth four thousand ducats on Venetian territory in the event of his closing the agreement. On the other side, the Pope determined to make his own influence felt, and created Matthew a Cardinal in December of the same year. These advances between Pope and Emperor, however, brought good only to the latter, and not to Venice, who saw herself more than ever shut out from the new league. Lang, who with a skilful hand had guided the party changes in Italy for Maximilian's and his own benefit, returned filled with proud satisfaction from Rome to Germany, where he erected a last resting-place in the Cathedral of Augsburg for his father, who had departed this life after witnessing the triumphs of his son. With a second journey to Rome to the newly-elected Pope, the Medici Leo X., whose especial friendship this worldly-wise and ingenious man knew so well how to win permanently for himself, closed Matthew's important and energetic activity as a diplomatist in Italy in the year 1513. With brilliant festivities in his honour Augsburg in the following year received her son, who, in addition to the dignities of being Coadjutor and successor of the Archbishop of Salzburg, was adorned with a Cardinal's hat.

Among all the German names to be found in the reports of the Venetian Ambassadors during the first decade of the sixteenth century, that of the Count Julian von Lodron does not appear, except for the incidental mention of his marriage having been celebrated in Innsbruck. While the influence and activity of Matthew Lang became more widely renowned from year to year, his sister seems to have led a quiet life in the companion-

ship of her husband. It also appears that Julian and Apollonia chose a castle in the neighbourhood of Ober-Vellach, in the Möll Valley in Carinthia, as their dwelling-place. In an undated document, written probably between the years 1504 and 1508, it is stated that Maximilian mortgaged the Castle and estate of Falkenstein, the domain of Kirchheim, and the Custom-house at Ober-Vellach to the Count and his wife for the sum of four thousand five hundred gulden. After dwelling together in it for only a short time, in 1510, Apollonia became a widow. In the same year she received from the Emperor under a mortgage of two thousand six hundred gulden the Castles and domains of Blaiburg, Schwarzenbach, and Gutenstein near Villach—a settlement which was altered in Augsburg on the 10th of August 1512, to this extent, that their possession was permanently secured to her after six thousand three hundred gulden had been added to the pledge.

Mortgages, arithmetical figures—like spectres they arise out of the gloom which for years shrouds Apollonia's life from our view, as if mocking the seeker who, after the first foreboding glance into the wonder of young and blessed love, cherishes the audacious hope of being further permitted to share in the sufferings and experiences of a wifely soul when bereft of the charm of her happiness. O vain delusion! As if ever such pain arose out of its own depths to reveal itself to another in the cold light of day, as if it sought opportunity either on the pages of history or in the words of a complaining mouth to express itself—buried worlds, which only after they are turned to stone, but never when filled with the breath of life, are beheld by the eye of man!

But new experiences with inevitable change ever arise out of the past. From the South, from a wild war-filled life, there drew near as wooer to the patrician daughter of Augsburg the Croatian Count who had dedicated his sword to the Emperor's service in the war against Venice. In her Castle in Blaiburg, before the wedding music had died away, Apollonia heard the clanging of weapons which had been sharpened for new deeds, and before she was permitted to believe in the reality of a renewed existence, she saw the strong, intrepid man, who had won her for himself, march forth at the head of his troops to encounter an unknown fate!



“Myt Willen dyn eygen”—were these the words that she murmured to the departing figure?

Now that my researches had reached this point in the history of Christoph Frangipani, a presentiment as to who had lost the ring in Pordenone could no longer be repressed. On the evening of the 19th of January I gathered the notes which I had hitherto collected together and wrote upon the envelope that contained them—

“Frangipani’s Ring.”





Chapter V.

The Combats in Friuli, 1514.



“Round all the place were ranged my foes.”

THE VALKYRIE.

WHILE Matthew Lang endeavoured with word and pen to protect the rights of his Imperial Master, the Bishop's brother-in-law strove to enforce them by violence. In my preceding brief account of the siege of Pordenone have already been incidentally described the early events of a campaign which now that the fortunes of Count Christoph Frangipani have acquired a deeper interest demands critical attention; for it appears as if this whole expedition against Venice was much more that of a single man than of the German Empire, which he served. All its actions, all their results, all good and evil fortune are invariably linked with a single name: that of Christoph Frangipani.

In the three greater events: the conquest of Marano, the combats around Pordenone, and the beleaguering of Osopo, are contained the history of the war, and in relation to these events the three Generals of the Signoria engaged in the defence with whom Christoph Frangipani had to measure his forces were Baldassare di Scipioni, Bartolommeo d'Alviano, and Girolamo Savorgnan.

The important Venetian fortress Marano, situated on the Adriatic Sea near old Aquileja, was the first point against which the German troops were led by their Commander, when in the beginning of December 1513 the preparations for war in Gorizia and Gradisca were completed.

"At this time," relates the Venetian historian Pietro Giustiniani, "the Castle of Marano, of which Alessandro Marcello was Commandant, was through the most hateful treachery taken and garrisoned by the enemy, which came to pass in the following manner. A priest of the place named Bartolo was an old and trusted companion of Marcello, and it was this scoundrel who began the rascally proceedings and secretly determined to give the fortress over to the Germans. With this intent he went to Marcello, and deceitfully begged for the keys of the gate, saying that he wished to go hunting betimes on the following morning, as was his wont, for he was a good sportsman. The other, who little thought of treachery, commanded that the keys should be given him, upon which the faithless priest quickly opened a small door at the break of day, and, as he had previously agreed with the Germans, admitted thirty Polish horsemen with the Commander in Chief, Christofolo Frangipani. And straightway there appeared another body of Germans, who had held themselves in ambush in the neighbourhood. The watchmen were cut down, the city was garrisoned and Marcello taken prisoner. After Marano had been so treacherously lost, the Venetians gathered a great number of soldiers both on land and water, and determined, under the lead of Baldassare Scipioni and Hieronimo Savorgnan, men of zeal and judgment, to reconquer it; and that all things might prosper they sent for Francesco Mosto, a man of great experience in naval enterprises, in order to storm the place boldly both from sea and land. The siege indeed presented great difficulties owing to the situation of the town, which is surrounded on all sides by lagoons and quite shallow water. In spite of this, however, they pressed forward undaunted over water and land till they were close under the walls, and as soon as the ladders were raised a number of soldiers, on the sides facing land and water, sprang up them without delay, and had they been followed by others fired with the same zeal the place would assuredly have been retaken. But in the same moment that a few succeeded in scaling the wall, the enemy arose and sprang upon them in such a way that the Venetians were compelled to retreat and valiantly to defend themselves on the fleet, which, owing to the ebbing of the tide, was almost left stranded on dry ground; and when the enemy saw this they determined not to let such a fine opportunity escape them, and rushing out with all speed they attacked both

the fleet and the army, and when the greater portion of our men had been cut down, they succeeded perfectly in both undertakings, and captured a galley on the land and many flags and guns from the artillery; and when the Venetians heard that large companies of Germans were coming to the aid of their fellows, they withdrew from the attack, being thrown into confusion by this and the forced surrender. Not long afterwards that betrayer of Marano, Bartolo, fell into their hands, after being seized by Nicolò da Pesaro in the neighbourhood of Portogruero. He paid in Venice the penalty of his treachery: suspended by one foot from a rope stretched between the two columns, he was stoned by all the people, and so perished miserably."

The loss of Marano aroused bitter feeling in Venice. Accounts of the daring acts performed by Count Christoph during the attack passed from mouth to mouth, and the greater part of the blame for the surrender, after that incurred by the traitorous priest, fell upon Baldassare di Scipioni, who, when called upon to defend himself in Venice, vanished from the seat of the war. The excitement and indignation, however, arose still higher, when tidings were received of an incredibly ferocious deed committed by the wild Frangipani in the neighbourhood of Marano.

"It is reported that the enemy sent a message to the inhabitants of Mozano, one of the most beautiful villages in Friuli, hard by Marano, that all should come to Marano and swear fealty to the Emperor. And when the unfortunate people feared to do so, Count Christoph Frangipani, Commander in Chief of the army, gave them every assurance of protection if they would but come to him; and when about one hundred and fifteen of them appeared, he had both the eyes of all those who were over sixty years old put out, while the younger men lost each one eye and two fingers from their right hands, and had a cross also cut on their faces—a cruelty so great that the Turks themselves would not have been guilty of it. After this he sent to their village and ordered all the women and children who remained therein to be dragged forth and sent to Marano, and during three days they robbed and destroyed all that could be found in the said village, so that it was the very greatest plundering."

This account may have been exaggerated by the indignation felt against the much-dreaded enemy, but that Frangipani's impetuous blood drove him to a horrible deed is not to be doubted, as he himself later confessed it openly without shame. He compelled the innocent to experience in a terrible way the hatred which he cherished towards the enemies of his house.

No wonder that fear and anxiety spread rapidly throughout Friuli, that

the Venetian Generals made furtive attempts to strengthen their forces with the troops under Malatesta Baglioni, who was approaching from Treviso. The first result of this was that the Germans, after taking Monfalcone, retreated to Gorizia and Gradisca, in order in their turn to augment their own army with fresh forces in the beginning of January 1514. When these had been increased to the number of two thousand foot soldiers and five thousand horsemen on the 13th of February, Christoph began to move towards Udine, which was deserted by Savorgnan and Baglioni, and took possession of that city without striking a blow—as he did also in Cividale, Spilimbergo, and Pordenone—and then followed Savorgnan to Osopo, in the storming of which unlooked-for obstacles crossed his path.

Great plans may have occupied his thoughts during his victorious march onward. He may have pictured himself already on the way to Treviso, and even in Mestre, in sight of the wonder-city with her hundred towers and shimmering palaces arising from the waters of the lagoons, and under the curse of his ambitious thoughts and intoxicated with glory may have felt himself exalted higher and higher—then his fortune departed from him! Terrified by superstitious fears, he believed that Heaven itself foretold disaster through the loss of a precious relic. A few days later, on his return from Pordenone to Osopo, came the intelligence that the gallant defenders of the town with all their weapons had been forced to surrender, and had been taken as prisoners to Venice. He himself, however, when he received these tidings lay stretched upon his couch, a wounded man.

The Castle of Osopo, before whose walls, in spite of desperate efforts, the passion and power of the Count were to be broken, guarded the passage from Carinthia into Friuli of the great highway between Germany and Italy. Northward near Chiusa di Venzone begins the wild valley through which the rushing Tagliamento pours its waters, where the Venetian possessions extended up to the place called Pontebba, that to-day marks the boundary between Austria and Italy. "The mountain of Osopo,"—we will let Pietro Giustiniani describe it,—“at whose foot flows the Tagliamento, is of incredible steepness, and is set there by Nature for the astonishment of mortals, while on the eastern and southern sides it is so surrounded by precipitous rocks that one may say it is wholly inaccessible. The other, western, side is not so steep, and the path is smooth for the cattle and for carts. At the same time are to be found, round about, various sharply cut rocks, so worn on all sides by the weather that they resemble artificial towers built with blocks of stone. And

on one side of the mountain, namely that facing towards the south, is situated the fortress of Osopo, under which lies a little valley with a small plain. To this place the enemy brought their cannon and began such a firing against the fortress and the lesser gate that a portion of the wall fell in. Upon this the Germans attacked the town from the other side near San Quirino with weapons of every description, and sorely tormented the people of Osopo with their incessant firing. When Savorgnan perceived this, he called a number of soldiers together, sallied forth, and breaking into the midst of the enemy forced them backward and followed them out to their own camp, slaying and wounding many of them. He then set fire to the adjacent villages, where the Germans had their quarters, and burned a vast quantity of weapons and provisions. But little intimidated by all this, Frangipani determined on taking the place by siege, as it seemed impossible to do so by force. And he felt the more confident of succeeding by this method as he well knew that the inhabitants were suffering from the lack of provisions."

"But the Fathers of the Senate in Venice, on being informed of the foregoing events through the letters received from Savorgnan, moved that Alviano should go to Friuli with the companies that appeared to him most trustworthy, and at the same time they wrote to Savorgnan and the elder officers, exhorting them to be faithful to their duty: they would shortly receive the aid which would defend the Fatherland, the churches, and all their possessions. Besides this, they promised that all those who had acquitted themselves worthily in the service of the Republic should not receive scanty wages, and that they would answer for their being honoured in all possible ways. Upon learning this the soldiers and inhabitants of Osopo decided to a man to endure every hardship, let it be what it might, and when no more water was to be had they gave their horses wine. But when Alviano with the auxiliary troops drew near, Frangipani, in order to escape from the danger, ordered his whole army to give up the siege; on which our men seized upon those in his rear and laid not a few of them low, and Frangipani took twelve cannon which he could not drag away with him, and left them in those pathless forests, and only with great difficulty did he reach a safe place with his men. Savorgnan, however, won great praise from the Venetians for his conduct in this affair, and was elected a noble in the Great Council, and publicly proclaimed Count of Belgrado and Osopo."

The recital of the Venetian historian, who with a few words unites the graphic description of the preceding events contained in Savorgnan's

letters, gives indeed a measure of the general facts of the case, but he forgets to mention the accident which was the chief cause of the retreat of the Germans—namely, the severe wound which their Commander had received. Day after day despatches arrived in Venice and were copied by Sanuto into his Diary.

“On the 24th of March from Osopo: with the stones which were hurled from the fortress, many have been killed and others seriously injured; among these is Count Christoph, who was struck with a piece of rock on the head. Whereupon he was carried out of the camp in order that he might be healed.”

“On the 25th of March from Sacile: it appears that Count Christoph, who in the dress of a peasant had climbed half-way up the mountain, was wounded with a piece of rock, and afterwards carried away, and, in order that he might recover, was brought to a certain camp.”

The same report is given in Count Savorgnan's letters, and on the margin of one of them is written the verse—

Frangipanis eram, sed dum volo fragere saxa
Osopi, frangunt, heu! mihi saxa caput.

“From the 29th to the 31st of March: I have here heard of Count Christoph, under the mountain of Osopo, that in consequence of the firing of a great cannon, a piece of rock was loosened from the mountain and struck him on the right temple, so that he was instantly hurled to the ground, and had he not worn his helmet upon his head he would surely have died on the spot, for it was a deadly blow. And when they tried to remove the helmet they were forced to saw it and to break it into three pieces; upon this the Count fell into such a swoon that he lay for a day as though dead, and was afterwards carried to Venzone, in order that he might be healed.”

“On the 31st of March: I heard yesterday, how in the twenty-second hour Count Christoph was carried out of Gemonia on a litter; of his recovery the physicians have little hope: *judica Domini recta*—the judgments of the Lord are right.”

“On the 1st of April: Count Christoph was seen yesterday in the great inn at Venzone in an evil condition through the stone which struck him before Osopo. The said Count would make an effort to rise, in order to put on his clothing, but he was unable to do so; he was therefore compelled to return to his bed, and was indeed nigh unto death from the blow which he had received.”

Carried upon a litter, Christoph left the vainly attacked fortress of Osopo, and moved northward with his troops to Gemonia, thence to Chiusa di Venzone, and back in the direction of Pontebba. The omen prophesying misfortune had told him the truth. But the unconquerable will defied Fate and bade the pain-racked body collect itself.

"On the eve of Sunday, in the night," relates a man named Bernardo da Terenzan, "I fled from Treviso, and on the following day (the 2nd of April) I saw a man sitting on a beautiful black horse, from which he straightway fell to the ground, and it was said by all who stood near that it was the Count Christoph, and his countenance was quite black, and they laid him quickly upon a litter, and threw over him a covering of gold brocaded cloth, and the people about him all wept and carried him forth upon the litter, I know not whither."

Two days long Venice rejoiced over the death of her most dangerous enemy, until on the 7th of April news came from Udine: "it is certainly reported that Count Christoph has entered Gradisca. Count Bernhardin Frangipani, his father, has arrived with fifty horsemen in Gorizia on learning that his son has been wounded, having been summoned by the wife of the latter, the sister of the Cardinal of Gurk, who is herself also in that place." On the same day Christoph sent the following manifesto to the community of Udine:—

"To the Honourable Nobility, Council, and People of Udine,
worthiest Friends."

"Although we are fully persuaded that you, bound in duty by the bonds of the oath and the bonds of his Imperial Majesty and of the most noble and faithful house of Austria and its well-grounded unswerving trust in your loyalty, have kept unchangeable faith and uprightness, I have also heard of several base and perjured men who, without respect for the promised fealty and the oath, have cut themselves off from the true opinion and have set themselves in opposition to the good and the faithful, who through anxiety do not dare to go forth against them because they believe that the whole Imperial Army is completely beaten and destroyed, and that all we are dead. I do therefore admonish and require of you, that on receiving this you shall send me a decided answer by letter, in order to certify me whether your meaning, will, and intention is to remain under the obligation of fidelity to the Imperial Majesty, as you have previously promised and sworn, or not, in order that we may know in what manner

we have to deal with you, should you with harmful intent be engaged against the aforesaid, which we, however, do not believe, and you would have no more just excuse if we drew near to you, and we would then make no further agreement or contract with you. But those aforesaid criminals and perjurers who revolted against us believed that Bartolommeo d'Alviano with his army had arrived before Gorizia, and without further trouble would take Gorizia, Gradisca, and Trieste, because he would find the said places without the protection of troops, weapons, or ammunition, and that the Imperial Army would never again enter the Fatherland. But he—since he was bravely met before Gorizia and informed of our approach—had with double rage and haste to withdraw from thence to his shame and loss; and all those who held us for beaten and dead will have cause to regret their ill deeds and their folly. Monfalcone, who owing to the counsel of a few changed her mind, soon learned her mistake, and on Wednesday last willingly returned to her allegiance to the Imperial Majesty, through fear of being chastised for her fault; and her citizens in order to save themselves have in their anger brought four who were the first to renounce their fidelity, and your aforementioned fellow-citizen Francesco Columbatto, with a small company from Girolamo Savorgnan, was also taken prisoner.

“From the most fortunate Imperial camp near Cormons, on the 7th of April 1514.

“Christoph de Frangipanibus, Count.

“James, Chief Councillor of his Imperial Majesty with the army.

“John von Augsburg, Baron.

“George von Lamsberger, and other Imperial Councillors of War.”

From the vigorous words of this manifesto it would not be suspected that he who dictated it was engaged in a bitter struggle for supremacy with death itself. For several weeks Christoph remained upon his sickbed in Gradisca. The illness which Apollonia had to nurse was not alone of the body, but also that of the spirit. “It was openly reported that the Count had received commands from the Emperor to return to his own home, as he would no longer have him for Commander in Chief. And because of the disgrace of being beaten and turned out of Friuli, much more than on account of his wound, he kept to his bed.” And further: “it is likewise said, that the Count is looked down upon by all, and that he is no longer Commander in Chief, and will be regarded as a traitor. Also that he has had all his goods sent to Krainburg, but he himself can do nothing because the blood has injured his brain.”

Such were the reports that were carried to Venice, where they found a ready credence. Much in them may possibly have been true, but they greatly erred who believed that the Frangipani had relinquished all plans for the future. On the 22nd of April he held a Council of War, in which he decided to make the utmost efforts to repulse the enemy. But even the strength lent by despair could lead him to no more victories. It was too late. After Bartolommeo d'Alviano had retaken Pordenone and relieved Osopo, and had gone about in rapid marches recovering the lost country for the Venetians, he pressed forward and stood, encouraged by his daily successes, before Gorizia and Gradisca. From the net which he had thrown over Christoph there was now no hope of escape. The only friend and helper who remained true to the Count was his father, Bernhardin, who on his part renewed the old war against the much-hated Venetians, sent Croatian horsemen to Gorizia, and himself went from Veglia to Marano in order that he might at least defend this place for the German Emperor when it was besieged by Savorgnan.

On the 29th of April the first skirmish between the Imperialists and the Venetians took place. The leader of the latter, the Proveditore Juan Vituri, took several prisoners, but returned them to Christoph, with the remark: "that it was in this fashion that Christians in Italy carried on the war, and not as he had done to those whose eyes he had put out." High-sounding words, which were nevertheless only the cloak of premeditated deceit, as the self-same Vituri reported to Venice, "he had returned the prisoners in order that they should not see what we were about."

The encircling enemy drew closer and closer, the efforts to break through their lines proved more and more futile, with every week the prospect of relief became fainter, and to hope—already crippled—the end came on the 5th of July. In the evening of that day there appeared before the Governor of Udine a courier from the camp at Gradisca, who breathlessly related the news that Count Christoph had been wounded and taken prisoner. At the same time with this general announcement the detailed report was sent by Juan Vituri from the Castello di Porpedo to the Signoria in Venice, as follows—

"I had as usual sent Stradiotic horsemen to Gradisca in order that they might observe the movements of the enemy. The same had reported to me that the Croatians always followed them at the distance of about three miles.

"Upon this it seemed good to me to try if some prisoners might possibly be captured, and I sent for the company of Master Petro di Longena,

which lay near to Marano, in order to secure greater safety for our men, albeit their own number was sufficient. And so early this morning at the third hour of the day I sent twenty-five horsemen before the walls of Gradisca, and I myself lay with other soldiers in ambush. Those horsemen then withdrew to Marano before the enemy, who rushed out of the town, and the enemy, when they saw our horsemen retreating, made haste to pursue them. Upon this our soldiers rushed forward, and Count Christoph was wounded and taken prisoner with about fifty others; a portion of the remainder were wounded and killed, and of our own men eight were taken prisoners. And so they returned in triumph, and tomorrow the said Count Christoph will be led before Marano, in order to make an attempt with his aid to bring that city to surrender. Count Christoph has told me that in two days the Emperor himself is expected to enter Laibach."

It was a day of feasting throughout Venice on which Juan Vituri's letter was read aloud: thanksgiving and joy reigned in the College. The Ambassadors of France and of Hungary came solemnly to offer their congratulations to the Signoria. "At the same time it was decided that as soon as the Count should be come, he should be brought to the new hall of the Signori di Notte, and should there be cross-questioned; it would then be possible to learn the truth with regard to the Emperor's intentions, and all else besides. And the said hall, in which several of the nobility were through the Council of Ten held in captivity, was well swept."

Frangipani was next brought to Porpedo, where, on account of the wound which he had received in battle, a day of rest was accorded him. The plan of leading him to Marano was not fulfilled, to the great regret of Savorgnan, who was bitterly annoyed that the Count should be treated like a gentleman and receive honours which were unseemly for a prisoner who had done so much harm. But Christoph himself brought to naught the plans which Savorgnan had made for him. When summoned to go to Marano, and there to persuade his nephew, Count Michael, and the other officers to surrender, he replied: "No, not I; for if I go thither I will bid them to hold it, for I will be no traitor. And besides, of this Castle my nephew is indeed not the Governor, but certain other Bohemian officers who are there." And on being called Savorgnan's prisoner, he said: "I am not thy prisoner, but the prisoner of the Signoria."

Count Savorgnan refers to the foregoing incidents with ill-concealed displeasure in a letter to the Doge—

"Most noble Prince! This day the Count Christoph hath been led hither. Of the manner and with what honours this hath been done, and of the remarks which it hath called forth, I will express no further opinion, as I must leave this task to others; I may, however, very well say this: had he in his proceedings fulfilled the duties of a good soldier towards others, I should myself have been of the opinion that one must show him respect; but when I think of the trespasses which he hath committed against the law and against military discipline, it truly doth not appear to me that he meriteth so much consideration, or that his haughty speech towards me should remain so wholly without punishment: especially as what I said to him was spoken on behalf of all, in order to terrify him and move him to comply with our purpose, that he should come to Marano. For this truly is in his power, as he it was who seized the place, furnished it with soldiers, supported and held it. But patience! I beseech your Highness to hold him as a prisoner, and not, as I see hath already come to pass, as a son. I remain at the service of your Highness."

Once more the two opponents had stood face to face. From this time forward Christoph Frangipani and Girolamo Savorgnan were never to meet again. On the 9th of June Christoph entered Venice—Andrea Zivran's prophecy was fulfilled: "Patience! Fate has but spared him for the greater misfortune to himself, and has reserved for us the higher honour."



A few days later the Emperor Maximilian entered Laibach—he came too late to save his faithful servant, who in the short space of half a year had conquered Friuli for him and lost it again. The only thing that remained for him to do was to give such comfort as could be received from trust in his friendship and his power to that lonely woman, who, with all the anguish of a suffering soul, saw the new longed-for happiness dashed in pieces in the storms of inexorable Fate. Did these comforting words find a willing and believing ear? Since the 23rd of April Apollonia had lain seriously ill in Gradisca.





Chapter VI.

In the Torresella.



“O peace! while to that voice I listen.”
THE VALKYRIE.

ON the 9th day of June between the sixth and the ninth hours Count Christoph Frangipani entered here. He was clad according to the German habit. He is a young man of about thirty-two years of age, handsome and tall in person, but thin. The same Count Christoph was slightly wounded in the face. It is reported that he rode upon a rarely beautiful horse of great value, which Ser Juan Vituri the Proveditore in Friuli afterwards received as a gift.”

The arrival of this man, whose name had for years only been mentioned in Venice with terror and indignation, was indeed a great event. He was at last seen face to face, and as he stepped from the gondola and entered the Doge's Palace he was followed by the inquisitive glances of countless bystanders who gazed after the tall figure with secret shuddering and out-spoken malicious joy until the gates had closed behind him. While the prisoner was being conducted to the hall of the Signori di Notte, the populace without had enough to relate of all the enterprises which he had undertaken against the State; of his defeat in personal encounter with

the gallant Andrea Zivran ; of the conquest, through treachery, of the fortress of Marano ; of his cruelty towards the peasants of Mozano ; of the capture of the German officers in Pordenone ; of the combats around Osopo ; how attired in peasant's clothing he had stealthily attempted to approach the fortress, how the fragment of rock had struck him, and how he came into the power of Vituri before Gradisca. All his deeds lived anew, in free discussion, in the alleys and on the piazzas of Venice—while their memories like dark phantoms followed the lonely man over the threshold of the prison.

On the following day the Council of Ten met in secret conclave, and resolved to appoint the Torresella in the Palazzo Ducale as the abode of the Count. It was at the same time decided that the guard should be strengthened, and instead of the servant who was there at the moment, another should be appointed upon whose faithfulness the utmost reliance could be placed, and that Christoph Frangipani with Captain Rainer, Guido de la Torre, and one Christoph Callepin (who was also possibly taken prisoner in those days), should be subjected to a judicial examination. Of the result of this no report is preserved to us—doubtless, like Frangipani, the others also remained true to their Imperial Master, and declined to make any statement. The Torresella, in which Count Christoph, Rainer, and Rizzan together took up their comfortless abode, was the room set apart for the most distinguished prisoners. The last man who in 1510 was held in honourable captivity in the little tower which at that time still arose over the old building at the south-east corner of the Doge's Palace, as a punishment for his secession from the side of Venice to that of Massimiliano Sforza, was the Marquess of Mantua, Francesco Gonzaga. The remembrance of the glorious departure of this Gonzaga as the newly elected Commander of the Venetian Army may possibly have awakened in Frangipani comforting ideas of a similar happy turn in his own fortunes. But the walls which surrounded him could also relate other experiences ; such as the terrible history of the last of the race of Carrara who ruled Padua in the fourteenth century, and while pursuing madly audacious conspiracies against the Republic of Venice were secretly compelled during the hours of night to consummate their repentance through execution. The inexorable ruler according to whose harsh decrees the Ten behind closed doors, acquitting and condemning, led the destinies of the State was the goddess of Politics—upon whose whim now hung the fortunes of the man to whose sleepless eyes in the depths of the night the shades of Francesco Carrara and Francesco Gonzaga became visible. Was this

captivity then but a preparation for fresh honours, or was it the passage leading to death?

But the dark visions of the night vanished when the young man, who felt the fiery pulse-beats of the strength of being throbbing within him, saw the light of the new day gleam through his window. On the pale blue waters, to the far outstretching lagoons of the Lido, on which the sunbeams lightened in blinding play, mighty ships moved by wind-filled coloured sails, and laden with rich merchandise, glided slowly to the highway of the sea; barges steered by a vigorous hand, hardly floating beneath the weight of vegetables and fruits, curved under the Ponte di Paglia into the shady canal; in lightly gliding gondolas with tapestry-covered canopies the Senators drew near to the morning sitting of the Council in the Palazzo Ducale. But on the Riva there pressed head to head in the costumes of all climes, a gaily-coloured moving throng of buyers and sellers. Like joyful hope the breath of all this noisy, restless life uplifted itself to the Torresella, and when the bells rang out from the age-grey tower of the cloister of S. Giorgio, Frangipani's knee was bent and his spirit lost itself in believing prayer for the fulfilment of his hope, and offered a solemn vow.

On the other side of Adria's surges there, whence the sun came, whither the ships sped, there—Frangipani knew it—his father and his brothers were arming themselves on the home-mountains to regain his freedom by force; there his Imperial Master tarried, who would not forsake his faithful servant; there he was remembered in hallowed prayer by the sister of the all-powerful Cardinal, whose word had already decided so much in Italy—his wife Apollonia. "*Spes mea in Deo est*" (My hope is set truly in God)—was not this his device?

But Venice! What had he formerly known of this city—of this State? What sort of communal spirit was that, which, at war with half the world, carried on its business as quietly and securely as if ruled in perfect peace? Army after army it had sent out against the French, against the Spaniards, against the Pope, against Milan, against the Emperor, until in spite of all its riches one would have thought it must be nearing dissolution—but these sounds which arose from the life of the city to the remote Torresella were the echoes of festivities of such brilliance and luxury as could only be celebrated by care-free, happy people! Where lay the unfailing source of this incomparable power—in the almost fabulous treasures which had been accumulating for nearly a thousand years?—in the courage and cheerful self-sacrifice of the Venetians?—in that many-membered intensely

living organism—the Government, that in the pillared halls, the spacious apartments, and the dungeons of this Palazzo Ducale exercised a never-wearying power? Or was it the tomb of St. Mark, which hidden in the purple twilight under the lofty dome poured out its stream of eternal blessing over the island kingdom of the lagoons? What a vain dream to imagine that Venice could at any time be vanquished!

This Venice had at one time bestowed upon Frangipani's ancestral lord, John, power and possessions—had exalted his race to the rank of the patrician families—this same Venice had wedded another ancestor to one of the Morosini—by capricious choice had taken the territory back again, and since then what had all the wars of the Frangipanis profited? Delivered up to the caprice of his enemies—not like that second John who was enabled to evade their power through flight—he was compelled to await whatever should be inflicted upon him.

Flight? Christoph Callepin and another, Hannibal del Tan, tried that and actually succeeded in escaping from prison. But the Council of Ten did not remain inactive: the promise of a reward of three thousand pounds for the bringing back of the fugitives did not fail in its effect, and resulted in a secret execution of the recaptured Callepin.

One morning as Christoph and his two companions went to the window their glances fell upon the execution of a death-sentence which, according to custom, took place between the two columns on the Piazzetta—in order to overawe the populace and deter them from crime. Full of horror and indignation they withdrew, believing that the act had been perpetrated before them with deliberate intent, and they kept the door of the balcony closed throughout the day, in order that they might see nothing further.

Both secretly and openly, the avenging arm of Venetian justice knew unfailingly how to reach and to punish the guilty. To accustom himself to endurance, however madly the blood within him leaped, Count Christoph now realised that no other course remained for him.

But he also soon learned to appreciate the unusual consideration which was accorded him.

This was not only shown in the respect due to one of his name and station, which had already found expression in the choice of his place of captivity by the Signoria, but he was also permitted to send letters to his home from time to time and to receive others in reply, with the natural proviso, that their contents did not remain unknown to the Venetian Government. This must certainly have influenced the style of his writing,

and entailed that isolated passages should intentionally be made dark and difficult to understand and should contain a double meaning. Only after the letters had been read aloud before the College, and the industrious Marino Sanuto had, according to rule, copied them into his Diaries, did they wander on their way to the hand of the recipient. But it appears that this permission was not immediately granted to the Count, for the first epistle sent him by Apollonia in reply to his first letter, which has been lost to us, is dated July 17th. Six long weeks had elapsed since the beginning of his captivity before he might read the following—which is as nearly as possible a literal translation from the Italian.

“To the mighty, high-born Lord, Lord Christoph, Prince Count of Frangipani, of Zengg, Fogels, and Modrus—Councillor to the Imperial Majesty and commanding officer at Karst, my worthy and honoured Husband.”

“Mighty, high and honourable Lord, most tenderly beloved Husband: may my unbounded, eternal and inviolable love and faithfulness be offered you! With my whole good and true heart I make known to your Lordship that I have for a certain reason removed from Adelsberg and am come unto Gramburg, where also I have received the letter, sent me by your Grace from your suitable prison, which hath filled me with great joy, whereof I will write to my gracious Lord, as your Grace writeth.

“For the same we must both return to God our hearty thanks. Likewise to that gracious Lord, my brother, the Cardinal, which I have already done, and will continue to do in future, and I have a steadfast hope that his favour will do the utmost in every way and on every side, and that he will not cease in the exercise of every careful endeavour, and I also will renew and increase my efforts for your Grace that more money may be sent to you through Zanus four days after this letter; and I have sent your Grace, through a merchant of Laibach, an exchange of an hundred ducats, and I therefore do trust that your Grace hath received it. And it shall never come to pass, for any reason whatsoever, that your Grace shall suffer hardship so long as I live. I have also sent a copy of your writing to my gracious Lord and honoured Father, by the mighty Lord my dearest Brother, the Count Ferdinand, with the humble request that he will hold your Grace in remembrance in fatherly love. As touching the servant, I am ready to do all things suitably, as your Grace hath written; but to begin with the vintage, hath, to this moment, not been possible.

And according to the wise counsel and desire of my mighty Lord and Brother, Count Ferdinand, I have of late been to Blaiburg and did enter therein on the 27th day of June and his good Grace did take leave of me in a friendly and brotherly fashion. Also, gracious Lord, be it known to your Highness, that Tomaso Socolorum lieth very ill, for the which cause he can no longer attend to the business of your Lordship, and it is to be feared that your Lordship will thereby suffer great loss; the Doctor is one Hieronymus von Odia. Herewith I commend you to Almighty God and to Mary, His most worthy Mother. May they soon bring us together with joy! It is this hope that supporteth me."

"In all things your Grace's most faithful wife,

"Apollonia,
Countess of Frangipani."

"Blaiburg, the 27th day of July 1514."



What a voice is this that I hear! Through the humble, the childlike words with what divine simplicity a heart strengthened by love speaks to me!

Be comforted, captive Count Christoph! "Unbounded, eternal and inviolable love" watches over thee! Thy father, thy brothers, now become her father, her brothers—rest not. Thy powerful brother-in-law also uses his influence, and thy lands and goods will be cared for by faithful hands. Already a messenger is hastening from Hungary's King who will force the Signoria to grant thee honourable treatment in still larger measure, and another brings means to secure comforts which will render thy imprisonment less cheerless. Be therefore of good courage, for thy watchword lies not!



When Christoph had received Apollonia's letter, he desired to approach the altar of the Lord. His request was granted, and the room in the Torresella was converted into a chapel, in which the three prisoners whose rebellious spirits were blackened by the evil deeds of their hands, bowed their heads low before God and united in receiving the pledge of salvation.



Apollonia's first letter was followed by two others of which the text has not been preserved to us, and on the 20th of August the Count received permission to reply to his wife.

“To the high-born Madama Apollonia, Countess of Frangipani and our dearest Wife.”

“Most beloved Spouse!—May my faithful and unchanging love be with thee at all times, and know thou that I have, through Zanus, received thy two letters and an hundred Rhenish gulden; howbeit not without distress, in that I heard of thy illness, and I received also another writing of the 27th of July, and a third of the 4th of August, together with the letter of my honoured Lord and Father, from which I have learned with great joy of thine own health and of the dear Brothers' likewise. Know thou that I will this day write my dear Lord and Father answer, and thou shalt send it to him in any case. Know also, that I am in good health, for the which I do thank Almighty God, and I am of good courage because of the comfort which my dear Lord and Father hath sent me in his letter, for he writeth me that within a short season an universal peace will be made and declared and concord between all Christian Princes and Lords; and so I pray Almighty God, and may He grant it, that I at least may cherish the hope of my release. That thou art again in good health delighteth me; learn thou how to care for thyself and do it with all diligence. Fulfil thou all my instructions, especially that which thou hast learned of me, and from my words. With regard to that which thou writest me: that Taunmasch is ill and that because of this I may suffer damage, I advise thee so to do as I have instructed thee.

“Thou writest me also that several have been disobedient towards thee; thou knowest my command hath ever been that all shall obey thee in my absence. So do thou as is fitting and profitable for mine honour, as I verily believe that thou wouldst never do otherwise.

“Most beloved Wife: in the past days thou hast written me and hast sent me a pair of black short-hose and a pair of linen socks therewith; but the red short-hose have I not received; of the same I now have need for the winter, also of two pairs of bed-sheets and sundry kerchiefs for the head. When thou hearest aught of the peace or of any other good, true tidings so write thou me of them that I may cheer myself therewith. Dismiss the servants, as thou knowest, and let him from Falkenstein go, for good reasons, and write me of the dairy, in which he hath worked.

“Most beloved Wife: greet thou my dear Daughter for me and forget not to bring her up virtuously; and write to me oft. Send Zanus in haste to my most honourable Monsignor von Gurk, and do this in the best

possible manner and bring me to his Lordship's remembrance, till God shall send me good tidings.

"Most beloved wife: hold thou ever in mind my eternal and unchanging faithfulness and love, and let me also not go without money, for our Lord Father writeth that messengers are not safe in his province, and thou knowest that each month I have need of forty gulden."

"Christoph Frangipani
with his own hand."

"Venice, on the 29th of August 1514."



Two days previously the prisoner had received the following letter from his father:—

"To the mightiest and most honourable Christoph of Frangepan, Count of Segna, Veglia, and Modrusa, etc., our best beloved Son."

"High-born, heartily loved Son, we send thee as greeting our fatherly blessing, love, and sympathy. Most beloved Son: we would make it known to thee that we, and likewise our Sons, thy Brothers, and thy Sister are in good health, and that it would cause us great joy to receive the like tidings from thee. We would also make known to thee, that we have hitherto received no writing from thee except that which thou didst send to thy Wife, the high-born Madonna Apollonia, from whom we received a copy of the same; furthermore we doubt not, that the honourable Signoria hath not treated thee otherwise than as becometh a royal knight and faithful servant of his lord, and in consideration of the fact that our forefathers did and endured very great and notable services for the aforesaid most honourable Signoria. It oftentimes cometh to pass that Lords and Cavaliers will in this manner be taken prisoner, without deserving to be treated because of this in a base and cruel fashion, and we therefore hope that the most honourable Signoria have dealt with thee in a suitable manner and that for this reason thou wilt have no cause to fall into sadness and care. We hope also that the Imperial Majesty and the King of Hungary, our good Lords, will not forsake thee, and we do know it for certain that within a short season all the Princes and Kings are determined to conclude a lasting peace with the Signoria and a covenant against the Turks, by the which opportunity, as we hope, the Imperial Majesty and our gracious Lord, the King of Hungary, will not

forget thee, most dear and beloved Son. Concerning thy Wife and thy Daughter, with all them that belong to thee, we make known to thee that they are in good health. Thy Wife will surely in a short time come hither under our lordship, in order to dwell by us, indeed truly where it shall please her best and in whichsoever of our castles she herself shall choose. Respecting the money of which thou hast written to thy Wife, we send thee tidings that we have spoken with Merchants who have come into the country and into our province because of their business, in order to go to Venice, and have sent thee an hundred ducats by them, though we know not if thou hast received the same or not; nevertheless as we failed to find here the three merchants of whom thou wrotest thy Wife that they were journeying to Venice, we have written to the high-born Madonna, thy Consort, that she shall make known to us to which place and through whom we shall send thee money, and where also we shall find the three merchants aforesaid, and so we will send thee gold by exchange, in order that thou mayest lack for nothing. The merchants who carry on their business while journeying to Venice through this land and our own province, by whom also we have sent thee the aforesaid hundred gulden, could hitherto not venture, because of the war, to pass through our country on their way to Venice; and they have only sent me tidings through our messenger, who goeth into Hungary, that they would learn whether thou hast received the aforementioned hundred gulden, and if the most honourable Signoria will grant thee leave to receive so much.

"Write thou therefore unto us or to the high-born Madonna, thy Consort, whether thou hast received the said money or not. Doubt not that we, when we find ways and means thereto, will attend to each and all things that thou needest, to get and to send them to thee. Herewith we commend thee to God and to His beloved Mother Mary."

"Modrus on the 3rd day of August 1514."

Christoph answered his father on the 29th of August; on the same day he wrote also to Apollonia, and, as it will appear later, to his brothers.

"To the mighty and exalted Lord Count Bernhard Frangipani, my most beloved Lord and my ever gracious Father."

"Mighty and exalted Lord: after that I have humbly presented my respects to you, I make it known to your Highness that I have, to the

great comfort of my heart, received the writing which you sent me from Modrus on the 3rd day of August, in which you first wrote me of the well-being of your Highness, of my Brothers and of my Sister, for the which in accustomed humility, with a happy heart, I thank God the Lord and His Mother, praying that of Their great mercy they may grant your Highness strength for many years.

"Secondly. I thank you heartily for the gracious blessing and fatherly greeting, which I have, in all humility, received as a great remedy not only for my body but also for my soul, as if I had already reached the point of death, as every man must do, according to the will and ordinance of the Most High.

"Thirdly. I would humbly excuse myself with the remark, that I have already written four times to your Highness, first on the evening when according to the will of my Creator I was taken captive, then three times from here with the consent of these illustrious Lordships, without counting the letter which I sent from the Castle of Porpedo by Biagio Diancovich. The reason why the said letters have not come to the hand of your Highness I cannot understand, all the less so because I wrote them with mine own hand and gave therein account of my circumstances and comforted your Highness for the sake of your good health, for the which I do rejoice, as sweetly as ever I can.

"Fourthly. In order to fulfil the command of your Highness, to speak the Truth, and not to show myself ungrateful in the return of benefits, your Highness shall learn the truth as it is: I am, thanks to the grace of God the Lord, and His holy Mother the Maid Mary, in good health, and am treated by this honourable Signoria in the most gracious manner, and of this prison could no man complain: it is the same prison in which the Lord of Mantua was at one time; for the which I hold myself in duty bound to this most honourable Signoria for every true service I can render it, so also should it be the will of God the Lord that I regain my freedom, in such wise to bestir myself with my Lord, the Imperial Majesty, and the friends of the same, that this honourable Signoria shall not be able to say that I am unthankful for that which it hath done to me. And so I humbly beseech your Highness and my Brothers, with all possible readiness to place yourselves at the service of this honourable Signoria, for that could greatly help me in this captivity, which I endure with a good courage. I have endured and will endure all that becometh a rightly-minded man for his own and his Master's honour, and will hold steadily before mine eyes the fact that faithful zeal in service can never

lead to harm, as I already perceive with this honourable Signoria, which, well knowing that I have need of its favour, while at the same time I have not deserved it, out of love to your Lordship, and in remembrance of the services of our forefathers, hath borne itself graciously towards me. Of this I am assured, and so I shall experience no severe hardships. My ever gracious Lord and Father, I do humbly beseech you, that you will in no wise distress yourself because of my captivity, but will continually hold your Son in remembrance with fatherly love. I am furthermore assured that your Highness will for other reasons keep yourself aloof from such untoward suffering, in holding only the end and not the beginning ever before your eyes. Your Highness likewise knoweth that I have been taken prisoner in open war for my Lord, who is no traitor, and it would not beseem his Lordship to forsake his faithful servants, who with a good will have risked both their lives and their fortunes through devotion to himself.

“And besides this, your Highness knoweth that I am in the hands of this Signoria, which is wise and good, and will know well how to judge what is to be reckoned unto a man for faithfulness. According to which one may not infer that only the beginning will receive its consideration, but likewise also the end.

“This most honourable Signoria hath ruled for twelve hundred years, and will do so for I know not how much longer, for ‘a metal foot can never fall,’ and I therefore beg and entreat your Highness not to distress yourself through love towards me. I hope in Almighty God that He will turn this captivity to mine honour and profit. I should hope that this may be brought to the light, thanks to a great service arranged by me between my Lord and this Signoria, that is, could I be sure of myself that I were a true Christian. My gracious Lord and Father, if I had not tasted the bitter, why how should I know what is sweet? and had I not experienced evil, how then should I know how to cherish the good? It is not possible to bear with honour either an evil or captivity, save only as faithfulness demandeth it—thus to suffer is however a blessed and, for the good, a praiseworthy thing. Through love to faithfulness I am content to remain in this place so long as it pleaseth God the Lord, in whom also I have set my hope, that He of His unending grace will at the right time so move the hearts of my Lord and this honourable Signoria as shall lead to my release. And so I shall learn, as every right-minded man must, to endure for mine honour, yea—be that for ever.

"I beg also to thank your Highness for desiring to refresh me with the gracious blessing and promises contained in your letter, and that you will not forsake me in my need hath also awakened hopes of the Imperial Majesty, who aspireth to restore an early union between the heads of Christendom and the Signoria against the power of the Turks. May God the Lord grant his desire! May your Highness believe me that your letters have brought me great healing and comfort, because that I, since I have been here, received no writing from your Highness or my Brothers—which was harder to be endured than my captivity: I likewise knew not that my letters, the copies of which I have by me, were never received by your Highness. The tidings that my Consort will come to your Highness I have learned with great joy, as by the parting, for I have found no desire towards evil in her and I will not, that she agree thereto, till I shall have learned the cause from your Highness, or till God the Lord shall grant me to regain my freedom.

"My Count and Lord, I have several times written to your Highness, without copying the same, which letters my Consort hath sent to your Highness, and in like manner I have more often written to herself: but from all my epistles your Highness will have learned of the love which I at this distance feel for my Father, for in many countries it cometh to pass, that, whoever it may be, after death hath taken the Spouse from his Wife, another Second will be father to the Son, and this I have now obtained from this honourable Signoria through a messenger whom it sent to the Imperial Lord, with a petition to his Majesty, that the same would graciously consider us and provide for our maintenance. This, as I hope, his Majesty will do, for, although the dwelling and room are good, it is also possible that I, should I have nothing to eat therein, or wherewith to provide for my other needs, might be in an evil plight. In this, however, this honourable Signoria would do me no wrong, nor be answerable for it, but rather the Imperial Lord and you, Lord, and my friends, in that you extend me no help in my necessity. To the present time I have made ends meet with the two hundred ducats which my Consort while on the way from Villach sent me through a merchant Zanus di Bartolomio—as he called himself. Had it not been for this it would not have gone well with me, as here I am acquainted with no one. Beyond these two hundred ducats I have received nothing from anyone or in any way; therefore in regard to these matters I hope that my Lord, the Imperial Majesty, will graciously provide for my support. But while

money matters always move slowly at Court, and the outlay which I have monthly for the support of myself and my guardsmen amounteth to forty Rhenish pieces, I pray your Highness not to forsake me where these expenses are concerned. Your Highness hath the way from Segna through the merchants, who pass by the place, or the way from Laibach through a merchant Antonio, who oftentimes from here sendeth his agent thither, or the way from Villach through a merchant Zanus di Bartolomio, who will gladly undertake the responsibility for my friends. And later I will repay all these my debts, when God the Lord shall restore to me my freedom, and I will then, besides the loan of my good services, return the money also. And your Highness may believe me that none of us three who are here together in this prison can make ends meet with less than about forty Rhenish pieces in the month. I will also pray this most honourable Signoria, that it will permit another messenger, who shall be sent hither from your Highness, to be admitted to me, and I hope that the Signoria will grant this, in that it hath three times allowed the messengers from my Consort to come unto me with letters. When the messenger shall have returned from the Imperial Lord, which will shortly come to pass, I trust that it will then let the messenger from your Highness come unto me, since this hath moreover not been forbidden me; but should it happen, that it was evilly minded because of some new wrong, I am nevertheless confident that the services of your Highness would be accepted. This honourable Signoria wisheth, through love to beneficent truth, to know the same and to live graciously and neighbourly with your Highness. It would please me much did I know how matters stand, for I am beholden to try all means, so far as in me lieth, even should my word only be received as that of a prisoner; but I am not accustomed to speak of these matters with everyone.

"May God the Almighty Lord preserve your Highness for many years in health and happiness through His holy mercy. In what relateth to myself, there can be no doubt that in every respect I should be well recommended to your Highness, were you but in the service of this Signoria, and that I should be therewith entirely helped; I commend myself humbly to your Grace, in complete penitence, as becometh me towards a gracious Lord and Father."

"Given in the Torresella on the 29th day of August 1514."

"Your Highness's
obedient Son and Servant."



A third letter was at the same time addressed by Count Christoph to his brother.

“To the mighty and exalted Lord John Frangipani, my ever worthy, respected, and beloved Brother.”

“Mighty and exalted Lord and most beloved Brother.

“Before all things I send you the very heartiest greetings. I would then make known to your Highness that yesterday evening with great joy I received a letter through Messer Juan Antonio Dandolo, who is appointed as our Governor by this most honourable Signoria, in which his Highness the Count, our Lord and Father writeth me, before all else, of his own good health and of that of yourself and our Sister, for the which, with a happy heart, I do thank God the Lord and His holy Mother, the Maid Mary, praying humbly that they may preserve your Highness in prosperity for many years. I am, where I have been through the grace of Almighty God in good health until now, here in Venice in a prison, known as the Torresella, being the prisoner of the most honourable Signoria, as I have more than once written to your Highness, with mention and praise of this honourable Signoria, which hath placed me in such a prison as this, and not in another prison or narrow dungeon. And by reason of that which his Highness the Count, our Father and Lord writeth me in his aforesaid letter, namely that no letter from me, since I have been a prisoner, hath reached him, although I have certainly written four times to his Highness with the permission of this honourable Signoria and even so also to you, I fear that my letters to your Highness have likewise not been received. And for this reason I would again inform your Highness that I cannot complain of my room and lodging in this prison, but must the rather praise them, and will show myself as thankful for the same through such services towards all, as are fitting and in my power, when it is the will of God that I return to freedom. And I would beseech you, my Lords, relatives and friends, to place yourselves at the service of this most honourable Signoria, for I know of nothing else. It is certainly true, as our Lord and Father writeth me, that the messengers or couriers had no liberty to come hither to the most gracious Signoria—but I have learned nothing more thereof since Janes was ‘in acie’ taken prisoner. Only this, that the kingdom of Hungary is entirely pacified; and because I have learned nothing further, my heart feeleth not a little oppressed, when I think thereon, that I have received neither letter nor message from my Lord Father nor from my

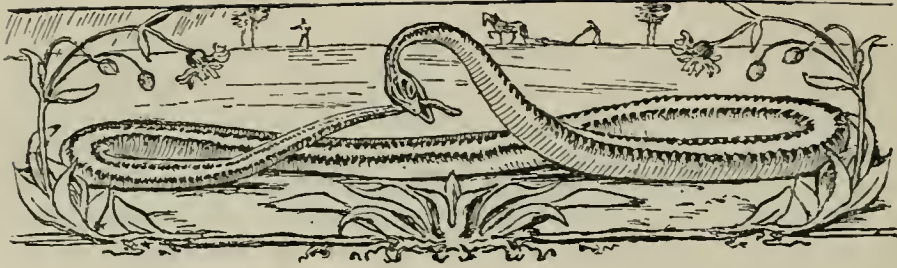
Brothers, since I was taken prisoner—and have heard but once only from the Lord Duke of Ferrara, our Grandfather, whose Lordship commended me to the honourable Signoria through his ambassador, who with permission came up hither to see me, where I am shut up. And from my Spouse, who three times sent my servants to me with money—Rhenish ducats, as with less I cannot make both ends meet for my food and the payment of my guardsmen, and for this cause I have not written without reason, ‘I am become as it were a stranger unto my brethren,’ for if none of you shall send me money—and I should be in the finest room, without the wherewithal to eat, it would certainly fare ill with me! And for this cause, Count my Brother, I do beseech your Highness to remind our Lord Father that his Highness shall urge my release with the Emperor and Lord, and that his Grace may not leave me to perish through lack of means, till God the Lord of His mercy shall lead me to the best end, for his Highness writeth me that within a short season a union between all Christian rulers against the power of the Turks will be made, which may Almighty God in His holy compassion grant to be true!

“Count and beloved Brother: my Spouse writeth me that your Highness graciously helped her upon the journey, for the which I do send your Highness, my beloved Brother, my very hearty thanks; at all times will I wish you good and will prove my loving brotherliness at whatever time I shall by the will of God and to mine honour leave this prison. May it please your Highness to greet our Sister for me, and likewise to say to her that she shall pray unto God, that it may please Him of His holy mercy shortly to lead us together and to unite us in health. May the Almighty God ever keep us in His grace!”

“Written in the Torresella on the 29th day of August 1514.”

“Beloved Brother,
Your Highness's Brother.”





Chapter VII.

Disappointed Hopes.



"O tarrying Time's
Ever-lengthening distance!"
TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

THREE months had passed by since Count Christoph had commended himself and his affairs to the Emperor and his family at home, full of hope and trust in an early release. The call appears to have died away unheard. The plan for a conclusion of peace and confederation of princes against the Turks came to naught. The question as to the possession of Verona and Vicenza remained unanswered, all negotiations were without result, and the prisoner must perforce believe that his Imperial Master had completely forgotten him. On the 18th of November tidings were brought to him in his confinement, that a messenger from his brother-in-law, Matthew Lang, had arrived. But in proportion to the joy and expectation which these raised was the disappointment destined to be bitter. "The aforesaid messenger, who is come from Germany without a safe-conduct, in order to speak with the Count Frangipani, was called before the College of the Signoria, and severely chidden for the same; and were it not for the love which we bear towards his Master, the Cardinal of Gurk, he would have been obliged to pay the penalty of his transgression.

And he was forthwith—without having been permitted to speak with any man—sent upon his way.”

These were certainly not the means by which help could be brought to the Count; attempts to approach him in secret could only be undertaken by one who had no idea of the severity and omniscience of the Venetian Authority. The Emperor alone possessed the power, through open negotiations on Christoph's behalf, to obtain the liberation of his faithful servant—and he failed to exercise it.

When, during December, the release of German prisoners, in exchange for captive Venetians, was planned by Bartolommeo d'Alviano,—an endeavour which, to Alviano's great indignation, was not successful in May of the following year,—Frangipani and Rizzan, who were regarded as priceless hostages, were from the first excluded. Christoph's hopes seemed to lose themselves in an ever-lengthening distance. His Emperor, his mighty brother-in-law had forsaken him, his father was not strong enough to help him. Where then were all the friends from whose activity he awaited an interference on his behalf? The noble Juan Antonio Dandolo, the superintendent of the prison, was kinder towards him, and had at least words of friendly comfort for him, and failed not in unceasing care for his well-being. He was forgotten by all—by all men,—but not by a woman! In the last days of February 1515, Dandolo came to the afflicted man and told him of an epistle in the Latin language, which he had received from the Countess Apollonia, and possibly shared with him the text of this letter, which ran as follows:—

“To the illustrious and noble-minded Lord Juan Antonio Dandolo,
Patrician of Venice, Proveditore of the Torresella, my Lord and
most worthy Friend in Venice.”

“Illustrious and magnanimous Lord Proveditore—worthiest Friend, permit me to commend myself to you. We have received no little comfort from the letter of your Lordship of the 4th of January, in which you first make known to us the love which our highly honoured Lord and Consort cherisheth towards us, then the grace and goodness of the exalted Senate, and lastly your pains and just intentions on our Consort's behalf. The same vouchsafeth us the lively hope that this most noble Lord, our beloved Consort, will be treated with kindness and humanity: the other, albeit that it is not yet beyond doubt, hath refreshed our bruised spirit not a little, which was very weary from sorrow and from the longing after

our most beloved Consort. So we further acknowledge and bear towards your Lordship undying gratitude in that you deigned to write to us and comfort us, and also that in this most trying time you have neglected no service towards the aforesaid noble Lord, our best beloved Consort. Liefer would I show you this gratitude in deeds, did the iniquity of this troublous time permit. One thing however remaineth to us, which frequently causeth care and unrest to our spirit: the longing and striving to visit and see the noble Lord, our most beloved Consort. For the which cause we have of late not ceased to trouble and entreat the exalted College of the Chiefs and Council of Ten in your City, that they would grant us leave to come and go with our servants and our goods. Still, although the honourable College hath hitherto delayed this, we cherish the hope without doubt, of seeing our petition granted by them; for there doth in no wise escape us that to which your Lordship hath testified in your letter; namely, what true Venetian liberality your most honourable Senate possesseth, so that we trust it will rather act in this spirit than with severity towards me, a widowed woman. O grant me, I entreat your Lordship, fatherly help in your especial kindness expressed towards us, that I may obtain this, that it may be vouchsafed me at last to rejoice in the presence of my husband, so long desired, and therewith to refresh my care-filled and bruised spirit. But should it perhaps appear to the Chiefs and Councillors of the Council of Ten too hazardous and full of risk to grant our petition on the foregoing conditions, because they regard our free coming and going as suspicious, and fear that we may therewith be intent upon something evil, may it please them in order that I may no longer be separated from my most beloved Consort, to grant and permit that I alone with such few handmaids as are truly needful for my service, may come to Venice to the honoured Lord, my beloved Consort, to dwell with him in the same prison and to be kept with him under the same guard in custody. But should it come to pass that our honoured Consort should send us forth again, may it be granted me to return with the aforesaid handmaids and our goods, freely and safely to our home. It is our steadfast hope that they will not refuse us this, because they cannot look for any hostile deceit or craft from a woman, who with a free will giveth herself into captivity: for we are tormented by such longing towards our most beloved Consort, that we fear neither imprisonment nor to endure the very uttermost with him, if only we may be with him. So may this our honourable petition find a gracious hearing with your Lordship and stir within you special humane compassion for us, and likewise in the

exalted Council of Ten, Leaders and Councillors, that they may grant this our latest request. Through the which your Lordship will not alone win our unending gratitude, but an eternal reward from the Almighty, Highest God Himself, Who hath ordained wedlock and the dwelling together of Spouses and hath commanded that what God hath joined together, man shall not put asunder.

"May your Lordship long enjoy health and happiness and permit the honoured Lord, our beloved Husband, and me a sorrowful woman to present our respects to you in the best manner."

"Your most obedient

"Apollonia de Frangipanibus,
Consort of the most noble Count Christoph,
Countess of Segna, Veglia, and Modrusa."

It will scarcely be thought possible that a request couched in such touching words as these should remain unfulfilled, but the Council of Ten formed its decrees not according to the dictates of sentiment, but with cold, calculating reason. All the ardent zeal with which Juan Antonio Dandolo strove to support the request proved fruitless: he was informed in reply that the Countess's design to share the captivity of her husband was against all the laws and the usages of Venice, and that it must be forthwith abandoned.

The official answer which the messenger of the Countess received on the 21st of March shows with what diplomatic subtlety it was understood how to say "No" in Venice—

"We have seen your person with much pleasure, and have heard that which you in the name of your Mistress have distinctly declared unto us. And as after we had received and privily examined that which she bid you lay before us, and the ground on which it seemed to her good, we decided to give you no credentials, you can return and make known to her our reply, which is as followeth:—

"You shall assure her Highness of our sincere thankfulness that she hath offered her services for the securing of a good peace between the Imperial Majesty and our State. And we wish that she knew—of this you shall likewise assure her—that we have ever earnestly desired to be reconciled with his Majesty, in that we are by nature inclined to prove this to him, and will wait with the same intent; and that, as soon as the Imperial Majesty shall conclude the intended peace, and shall be minded

to regard us as his children, she will find us ready in such a way as cannot be the case at present. In the meanwhile may it please your Mistress to exercise herself, in such fashion as shall seem to her best, to move the Emperor to a work that is so worthy of him, and we upon our part will not fail to do all that shall be productive of good. And you shall further make known to her, that if she bestirreth herself in this transaction and leadeth it to a good end, she may not only rest assured of the release of her honoured Consort, but we do wish her to know it for certain that our State will show its gratitude to herself and her family. With regard to the free escort, you can say to her, that conformably to your words on the above-mentioned grounds it is more suitable that she remain where she is, which is likewise agreeable to us. Recommend that to her.

"Besides this we have at present nothing further to communicate, though we say also in truth, that you shall receive good and ample reward for your services."

The frustration of this plan appears to have led the Count, who upon his part was bereft of all prospects of release, to make a daring effort. He decided upon an attempt at flight. A short note communicated by Sanuto dated the 31st of March 1515, reads as follows:—

"On the decision of the most honourable Council of Ten it was openly proclaimed in the Rialto: that complaint having been made against Marco Remer, dwelling near S. Zaccaria, with one Antonio Gardelin, who was guardsman in the Torresella, that they let themselves in to a certain prisoner in the Torresella, namely to the Count Christoph Frangipani, in order to secretly bring him letters and to help him to flight, they are commanded to appear within eight days and to defend themselves, otherwise action will be taken against them."

The undertaking was nipped in the bud. A few weeks later, Frangipani's most formidable opponent, the Venetian General Bartolommeo d'Alviano, made renewed efforts to obtain the release of the Germans. The cutting reply of the Signoria so embittered him, that "he panted with rage and declared himself dishonoured," and could only with great difficulty be calmed. He promised to do his duty and to reconquer the lost possessions of the State, but after that he would leave the service of the Republic. On the 9th of May the prisoners learned from his own mouth what trouble he had taken on their behalf. He exhorted them to be patient

with good courage, for a season, because he himself was about to return to the war.

The favourable impression produced by his visit, and the thoughts which he aroused in Frangipani, are expressed in a remarkable communication, which the latter in a trustful tone addressed to the friendly-minded Dandolo.

“Honoured Sir—I the undersigned send you a dream which I dreamed in one of the past nights, in order to make your Lordship laugh over it, in that it is so highly coloured and ingenious; the which dream, as I believe, was brought about by the departure of his Excellency the Lord Bartolommeo, who went forth without having been able to do anything further, whereas I hoped that his Lordship in the present case would succeed in attaining something good; and when I perceived that his departure remained without further results, I continued to be cast down and lost in many thoughts, by the which I was followed when half in despair I laid myself down to sleep on one of the foregoing nights. And in sleep it appeared to me as if I were in a strange neighbourhood, through which I wandered for a long time, as I thought, before coming to a place in which I saw a soul and also a body; when I saw that, I stood still and gazed at the soul in great uncertainty. When the soul perceived me it inquired who I was; I answered, ‘I am Christoph Frangipani.’ It then asked me what I wished, whereupon I replied, ‘To serve thee.’ The sanctified spirit furthermore asked me why I had come to the present place. I answered, ‘For that in truth the necessities of life are responsible, and the danger which is to be feared both now and in future.’ At this moment the body began to inquire if I recognised it; I replied that I knew it very well, and named it the countersign: ‘Art thou not that highly honoured body which wished to possess neither me nor my people in former times? Art thou not that highly honoured body which causeth me more suffering than any other? I who led by changing fortune came to this place, which will not forgive me for it!’ The body then answered me, ‘All things are for the best.’ I therefore humbly besought it to give me the reason, because when I had received it I should suffer less pain and would all the more gladly hold myself in duty bound to affectionate services in future. To this it vouchsafed no reply, perhaps out of anger because of the debts of past times, or because of the present evil from which the said body suffered.

“When I saw it so wrathful, it appeared good to me to remain silent, not

because I was so stiff-necked but because I was as one in despair. And as I stood there I saw many disputing over the illness which the aforementioned body suffered. At the close of their disputation I gathered that they laid the blame upon the great evil of the physics which they were wont to use in former times. These remedies, they said among themselves, were brought from neighbouring countries at sunset and were called Alexandrine and Julian; they said also that physics from the other side of the mountains were likewise made use of. But in their disputation they all blamed these physics, holding them to be guilty of causing great evil and sickness, and concluded that the same were not good, but that they had been poisoned, perhaps also they had lost their effect through the long transport from the other side of the mountains to this place. In particular those were especially apt to work evil which came through the King, because the same was deformed and unhealthy, as were likewise all his successors; and the aforesaid people asserted in their disputation that they were followers of the Count under the Signs of the Dragon and the Bull, and that because of these signs they could not be healthy, and for this reason the physics which came from that land were as little to be praised.

“All the above-mentioned names appeared to me to suffice for the healing of the most honourable body, because I thought to myself, that the body is made of four elements, namely air, fire, earth, and water, and the circumstance that the elements of earth and water were exalted over the two other elements seemed to me the cause of the evil. The physics in question were used without being purified, and in consequence of this they increased the illness and could not cast it out, because they did not answer to, and were not fitted to cure, an evil of this nature. Rather did the medicines, after they were taken, leave a residue behind which ever increased the distemper and the mischief, in particular when a wind ruled from p. isũ d. s. p̃.

“Through the bringing in of certain Levantine medicines to the aforesaid sufferer, it appeared to me that all had been tried which was contrary to the health of the so-called Lord Body. But I thought that the same should try another remedy, such as, for example, some pleasant, efficacious syrup which would dissolve and carry away the poisonous medicines already taken; then afterwards to take some consecrated remedy which would cast out all evils with few and light pains, and thanks to which the soul with the body would then also thrive in unending health, in happy life and in increased strength, without having to fear a great evil,

while nothing for all time could injure either the sanctified spirit or the most honourable body. I was very eager to speak of this my meaning, although it appeared to me idle to mention it, as it would not be accepted. There were also many physicians present, who for the greater part gave their counsel with more wrath than reason; for the which cause I remained silent. The soul, however, said to the body, 'My body, take care of thy health so long as time is and I desire it; for shouldst thou take no thought for me, in that case I should be compelled to depart from thee; when, however, I do depart, thou knowest well that without me thou canst no longer remain among the living.'

"These words struck me as being so great and important that they caused me to awake from my sleep."

The meaning of this allegory is readily to be understood. The soul is that of Venice: the life power of the State is afflicted, through the illnesses which have fallen upon the country: the wars which oppress the well-being of the Republic.

Under the guise of poisonous medicines are to be understood the fatal treaties with the Popes Alexander VI. and Julius II., with Charles VIII. of France and his successors, and lastly with the Turks. But the interpreter of dreams recommends as the one truly helpful remedy a treaty with the Emperor and the Pope. Evidently Frangipani was well informed as to current political events. While Maximilian made the surrender of Vicenza and Verona the condition of peace, to which Venice would in no way accede, the Signoria had on the 9th of April in this year concluded a treaty with the newly elected King Francis I. of France, who then led the English into the alliance. On the other side, however, the relations between the Pope, the Emperor, and Spain had become more important. One will not err in inferring that under the "*amabile syrupo*" Frangipani intended to express the yielding intent towards the Emperor, which should lead to granting him the long disputed possession of the cities of Verona and Vicenza, which had been such disastrous property for Venice. After this—as "*benedetta medicina*"—a treaty should be concluded with the Pope. Only on the ground of reconciliation with Rome and with Germany could new, healthful conditions be established for Venice. The physician, who proffered his counsel to the Signoria, had learned to perceive—in care-filled nights—that the only means which could help himself was a change in political circumstances. How right he was in this is seen in a letter from his brother-in-law, which he received in September, from which

he might infer that the blame for his long imprisonment rested—not with the Emperor and the Cardinal of Gurk, who had tried all the means in their power to procure his release—but with the political constellations. So long as the war continued, Venice must regard its captive as the most highly important hostage.

Matthew Lang wrote on the 26th of July, in the Latin language, as follows:—

“To the most honourable Lord Christoph de Frangipanibus, Count of Veglia, Segna, and Modrusa, our most beloved Kinsman.”

“Honourable and noble Lord, beloved Brother-in-law, before all things greeting! How sorely the long continuance of your captivity troubleth me, and how deeply I sympathise with your great sufferings, I would not lightly essay to express, for not only my own true feeling and my glowing love for your Lordship lead me thereto, but also the Imperial Persons, who love you very heartily, feel constrained to offer you their sympathy. Nevertheless the following circumstance among others comforteth me greatly, that the Venetian Government must insure and secure to you the greater relief and compensation for your suffering, for you are come into their power more through the injustice of Fate than through the heroism of the enemy, while battling like a valiant warrior, as best you could, for the most just princes, for the defence of the Fatherland, and for the welfare of the general public; and you are he for whom the whole Fatherland mourneth, to whom the All-gracious God—let there be no doubt as to that!—will mercifully reveal Himself, and for whose release both princes and people work together in anxiety. I also, among others, have hitherto failed in neither zeal nor trouble in councils for your release, and will likewise in future spare neither thought nor effort, even so far as the powers of the spirit and the means shall permit, and, as it were for the redemption of my soul for which I worked, will so exert myself that that may be granted you which we ardently desire. Call therefore to mind your old heroism and large-heartedness, which have oft held you unconquered in sore trials, cast aside every fear, hope also in destiny, endure steadfastly for your Fatherland and friends, and before all else trust in the Most Merciful God,—but likewise in the activity of the friends whom you have not yet lost. With God’s permission and their aid, I undoubtedly hope to deliver you from this misfortune. May you fare well and rest assured that I am and will ever remain not alone your zealous

and beloved brother-in-law, but your steadfast friend in every chance of fate."

"Given in Vienna on the 26th day of July 1515."

In the same hand is added the following :—

"My Lord Count, be of good courage, set your hope in God, in your good friends, and in upright dealings. For I will to the utmost extent of all my powers, and without ceasing, work for your release, and am at your service not only as a good friend, but as the best kinsman, as you will already have learned in detail from the letters of my sister, your Consort."

"Date as above."

"Your good Brother-in-law
Matthew
Cardinal of Gurk."

When Matthew Lang wrote this comforting letter, he was in Vienna on a highly important mission from the Emperor. It was necessary to bring to a successful issue the negotiations which had for some time been pending between the latter and King Wladislaw, which had for their goal the establishment of the Hapsburg succession in Hungary, through the marriage of the King of Hungary's little son Lewis with Maximilian's grand-daughter Maria, the daughter of Philip of Castile. Although the diplomatic art of the Cardinal proved so successful in this, it availed little in his efforts for his brother-in-law with the Emperor. The all too patent double-sided policy which the Frangipani family had exercised since former times, at this moment bore evil fruit. It was made known to Maximilian that Bernhardin and Christoph were secretly endeavouring to return to the side of Venice—and that this was not merely the calumny of their enemy, is proved by the letter which Christoph in the year 1514 wrote to his father. The Frangipanis themselves had frustrated a gracious reception of Matthew Lang's petition by the Emperor. Not only was the Venetian Government in nowise pressed for the release of the prisoner, but was rather influenced in secret through the powerful Cardinal-Archbishop Bakacs—who wished to revenge himself for the wrong done to his brother-in-law by one of the Frangipani—upon no account to let the mighty man go out of their power.

How sorely his prospects were darkened, perhaps Count Christoph himself did not know. But he certainly learned shortly to perceive that the Senators assembled below, in the Sala del Consiglio of the Palazzo Ducale, were justified in paying no attention to his dreams. The most energetic ally of Venice, King Francis I. of France, had in rapid marches crossed over the passes in the Alps, and perhaps at the very time when the Frangipani gathered fresh comfort from his brother-in-law's lines, the joyful tidings came to Venice of the brilliant victory of the King near Marignano, and a few days later the news of his entry into Milan. The Venetian Army passed conquering through Lombardy, and already the re-winning of Brescia was confidently spoken of. With German affairs it stood ill—as was shown by the friendly meeting of the Pope with the King of France in Bologna, the consequence of which was that the only man who fought with energy for Maximilian in North Italy, Cardona, withdrew with his Spaniards to Naples.

Could it be a comfort to Christoph that over the joy of the city a shadow fell in the sudden death of the man who was responsible for all his misfortunes? High up in the Torresella sat Frangipani and Rizzan, and listened to the clanging of the bells which called Venice to the funeral obsequies of its Commander in Chief, Bartolommeo d'Alviano. There by the richly decorated catafalque, in the midst of a brilliant assembly, Andrea Navagero gave the funeral oration, in which he carried the astonished hearers away with him in a flight of bombastic Latin rhetoric, adjuring the manes of Julius Cæsar, Quintus Metellus, Appius Claudius, and Augustus to render homage to their distinguished rival. In the long row of achievements upon which he expatiated, Alviano's victories in Friuli, above all by Osopo, passed in brilliant procession before the mental eye of the mourners—experiences which could have been far more vividly described by the two captives than by the bragging Humanist.

Pordenone—Alviano had broken Rizzan's hesitating defence. Osopo—before Alviano the wounded Frangipani had retreated. Gradisca—Alviano had thrown the net in which Christoph had been caught. But it was also this same Alviano who was later with them in prison as a friend who had sought to effect their release. The old enmity was forgotten, but this death brought no comfort, no satisfaction, rather the saddest meditations and inferences.

The bells rang out again to conclude the solemn function, and the masses streamed home through all the alleys to their daily occupations. In the

Loggia of the Doge's Palace they could also be seen hurrying by. Some remained standing and pointed out the Torresella to one another: did any of these busy people again remember on this day that Alviano's former opponent was still held captive within it? A furtive glance, a passing thought they might give—nothing beyond that: they had something better to do!

Was Alviano to be envied?

The lonely man breathed deeply: better half a life than none! The moment of redemption would surely, surely come!

And the prisoners waited from day to day, from week to week; the old year went to rest, the new year 1516 began; month after month passed by, and the release—of which the Bishop of Modrusa, who visited his brother Christoph on the 14th of May, had himself nothing comforting to say—did not take place.

For the last decisive battle the Emperor Maximilian was himself come to Italy and had planned making his way from Trient towards Milan, but the pressing power of the Swiss and of Andrea Gritti caused him to despair of an undertaking which he had begun with inadequate means. He returned to Germany and disbanded his army. The consequence was that Brescia fell again into the hands of Venice, and the French military forces under Lautrec together with the Venetians besieged Verona. Once again it was possible for Germany to rescue this city, which was the veritable apple of discord between Maximilian and the Republic, but the treaty which was concluded on the 13th of August between Francis I. and the Emperor, which also included the Venetians, restored Verona and Vicenza to the lordship of Venice. The eight years' war, which had nearly brought the power of the Signoria to a close, was ended. In addition to Roveredo and Riva, Venice confirmed the Emperor's possession of several places in Friuli, from which he had wished to withdraw, and it could now, having come victorious out of the most frightful combats with all the Powers of Europe, be extolled as invincible—but these intense efforts had exhausted its strength to such a degree, that it was never to return to the full possession of it again, but was thenceforward with ever-increasing weakness to languish towards its end.

The suspension of hostilities was accomplished, but no Imperial messenger approached the Signoria, to request the release of Frangipani! Once on the 13th of September there was transient talk in the Collegio that Christoph should be exchanged for a captive Venetian, the Doctor Antonio Surian, but the idea was immediately abandoned. The Emperor had let the one available opportunity of the conclusion of peace

pass by unheeded—no doubt he desired the imprisonment of Frangipani. The last hope had fled.

The peasants of Mozana, who were once so inhumanly mutilated by order of the Count, were avenged. Like angry spirits they appeared in Venice in those very days when the treaty between the Powers was concluded, and wandered begging from house to house, by their pitiful aspect and complaining story rekindling to a hot glow the smouldering animosity of the people against the hereditary Croatian enemy. Did they also come to the Palazzo Ducale in order to seek with blinded eyes the hated figure far above at the window of the Torresella? In that case there was certainly a moment in which Christoph Frangipani found the lot of Alviano to be envied.



Once again I pause in the midst of my work, in the mental piecing together of the isolated incidents which I have found—one here, another there—in the course of the last few days. When I first threw open that Chronicle of Pordenone and read within it the name, "Christoph Frangipani," how little did I suspect that I should so live with the progress and change of a human life, laden with heavy adversities, as if I beheld it with mine own eyes!

A ring which accidentally came to my hands holds me bound in a magic circle. But the figures which it has conjured up have caused me to forget the ring itself—for a moment I break through the bond, to return to the reality of the present. The golden hoop gleams on my finger; I gaze upon its delicately ornamented encircling ribands. It was a kind fate which made use of it to lead me on the track of a remarkable historical event, and now phantasy would draw the ring itself into the same, to assign it a rôle in these touching incidents, for the sole reason that through its mediation both mind and spirit would be brought into activity! For the sole reason? And the feverish inspiration which spurs me onward in breathless haste to seek and to search, as if an unknown goal had been appointed me, which I shall recognise only when I attain it, as if a duty called me the fulfilment of which can alone restore to me inward peace—is this inspiration also merely a work of my phantasy?

"Mit Wyllen dyn eygen"—in perpetual sameness the Gothic lettering moves around the ring.

Four words, no more, no less—and yet as often as I read them all the marks become confused, and passing into new shapes they join themselves together forming a single word, for ever the same—

"Apollonia!"



Chapter VIII.

Willingly Thine Own.



“So let me teach thee
The bliss of purest faithfulness!”
LOHENGRIK.

DARK spectres were become masters of the imprisoned Count—the avenging spectres of his own deeds. In the night hopeless broodings cursed him, and in despair he believed that his fate was sealed. This was not, however, decreed. From the East there drew near through the atoning influence of love an Angel of Light, before whose pure beams the demons vanished.

On the 13th of January of the new year, 1517, Apollonia, Countess Frangipani, entered Venice. Without the assurance of a safe-escort, in spite of the denial of her repeated requests, she had ventured, trusting in God and her love, to seek out her husband in his imprisonment. On receiving tidings of her approach, the Signoria decided to grant her honourable sojourn in the Palace of her intercessor, Juan Antonio Dandolo. Dandolo himself, the two Germans who had lately been released on security: Captain Rainer and Nicolò de la Torre, with German merchants from the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, went out in twelve barges to meet and to receive her. A retinue consisting of four women, a house-steward, a

physician, and twenty-two servants surrounded her. She found her dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of her longed-for consort, as the Palazzo Dandolo (the present Hotel Danieli) is only separated from the Palazzo Ducale by a canal. On the following day, about the ninth hour, she was permitted to see her husband, with whom she remained till the evening. On the same day also she sent a petition to the Bishop of Laibach with a request for the sum of fifty thousand ducats, which should serve as security for Christoph's release.

But on the 20th of January she came to present herself before the Doge in the Collegio. Rainer, Nicolò de la Torre, about sixteen of the leading German merchants, and several Venetians (among whom was her kinsman, Juan Cosaza, Andrea Foscolo—son of Hieronimo, Bernardo da Lezze, a relative of Count Frangipani, and Dandolo) appointed themselves her escort.

"She entered the Collegio followed by three maids-in-waiting, in German costume, with hoods and gowns of black cloth, *à la tedesca*, walking one behind another, and after them came an old woman. Besides these she had also a physician and a house-steward with her. She was clad in new silk, and wore over it a garment of black satin lined with marten's fur, and a heavy chain of gold about her neck, and on her head a coif of gold according to the German habit. She is a worthy woman commanding respect, very pleasing, small and thin."

In the speech which she addressed to the Doge Leonardo Loredano, she excused herself for not having appeared earlier, but added that the extreme cold had delayed her journey thither.

After expressing gratitude for the good treatment accorded to her husband, she craved liberty to visit him twice in the week ; because of an indisposition she must consult some physicians, and wished that this should take place in the presence of her husband, in the Torresella. As permission for this also was granted her, she remarked that she had already written home with regard to the sending of a sum of security money, but since this might require too long a time, she herself had the intention of raising the money in Venice. The Doge then assured her of his hope of a speedy favourable solution of affairs, so soon as the peace should once definitely be concluded. Upon this she took her leave and returned to her dwelling.

In the afternoon she visited her husband for the second time, with whom she found, instead of Rizzan, who had been placed in stricter confinement, the Count of Bestenberg—the same who had fallen into the hands of the Venetians at the conquest of Pordenone.

On the following day, the 21st of January, Dandolo appeared in agitation before the Doge and the College, to report an unheard-of event; "he related that the Countess, Spouse of Count Christoph, had remained through the night in the Torresella, albeit he had tried his utmost to prevent it; but the Count had insisted that she should remain: at the same time he who had first come with him (Rizzan) had already taken leave, and the Count of Bestenberg, who had dwelt with him, had been brought back to the prison where he formerly was. And so man and wife had remained together during the night, after they had not seen one another for two and a half years. And this morning he, Juan Antonio, went to the Torresella, and found the Countess still abed, and the Count said, that after midnight her wonted suffering had befallen her, and he besought the Signoria to be satisfied therewith, that she should remain there, and that the physicians should come to her. Upon this there arose a great uproar in the Collegio. Some were wholly content that the Countess should remain where she was, others of the Savii would have it that she should be brought forth, as it was only a pretext to help the Count to flight, and they advised that a strong guard should be appointed. Upon this the Proveditore went back to the Torresella in order to persuade her to return to her dwelling, but Count Christoph would in no wise permit it, and used very strong words, saying that he was determined to keep his wife with him."



"Mit Willen dein eigen"—"Willingly thine own"—what she had expressed in writing to Dandolo, Apollonia had verily fulfilled. Against such love the Signoria of Venice was without counsel and powerless, although this was unknown in the annals of Venetian prison affairs: a woman had set the free right of her heart against the hard letter of legal tradition, and she had triumphed over it. The Senators in wild tumult might—*con gran mormori*—cry out among themselves that it was forbidden, impossible, unthinkable!—it was all in vain; up in the Torresella with her captive husband the wife remained in voluntary confinement. "For we are tormented by such a longing towards our beloved Consort, that we fear neither imprisonment nor even to endure the uttermost with him, if only we can be with him." She had attained her desire, but in suffering; in the moment when her strong soul had wrested for her the joy of being again with her beloved, the poor frail body broke

down—very ill of an old malady. What mattered that to her?—she was with him, and his own!



The blessing of such a love did not fail. From the day of Apollonia's arrival there appear to have poured in from all sides promises of a speedy release of Count Christoph. Already on the 22nd of January came a messenger from Bernhardin Frangipani, who offered to pledge the castles of the latter if his son should be released from confinement. The answer which he received was truly not very promising. The Doge replied, "Count Christoph had certainly been well treated by the Signoria, but had already proved that he bore little love towards the same, in that he had not obeyed it. His Consort had been granted leave to visit him, and now had refused to quit the prison, and the Count had used violent words. Wherefore because of this his disobedience he did not deserve a hearing." The Doge was embittered—for Juan Antonio Dandolo, the trustworthy superintendent of the prison, had just appeared before him with the declaration that he would renounce his office because Count Christoph would not submit, but persisted in doing as he pleased. It was with great difficulty that this man, who was torn by an inward conflict between duty and inclination, could be calmed and persuaded to remain at his post.

The question of Christoph's release was a second time forced upon the Signoria by petitions for the liberation of Giulio Manfron—son of the Venetian Condottiere Juan Paolo Manfron—which came from divers quarters, and were supported by the Emperor himself. This Giulio Manfron had a long time before fallen into the power of Count Bernhardin Frangipani, by whom he had at first been ill-used, till under strong pressure from the Signoria Christoph had induced his father to accord him more honourable treatment. An attempt was now made to move Christoph to use his influence so far as to procure Giulio's release, but the Count promptly declined to undertake this mediation, so long as he himself did not receive his own freedom. In those days, in the end of February, Captain Rainer was restored to his relatives through exchange for a Cavalier de la Volpe. Shortly afterwards, on the 4th of April, the soldiers who had been captured near Pordenone and confined in the Gabioni gaol, received permission to return to their homes, in answer to a touching appeal which they had addressed to the Signoria. At last, on the 3rd of May, it came even to a direct proposition in the College to release Christoph from captivity—"and to bring him honourably to an house, namely the Palazzo Dandolo, in

which the retinue of his Consort dwelt," on a guaranty of thirty thousand ducats, his promise to remain in Venice, and the delivery of Giulio Manfron. The negotiations over this were prolonged through several weeks. An ambassador from the King of France appeared as intercessor for Christoph. The King, who desired to prolong the truce in the name of Venice with the Emperor Maximilian, urged with cogent reasons the release of Frangipani, which would, incidentally to the new treaty, be openly proposed by Germany. The King of Spain also interceded for him in a petition which he sent to the Doge. On the 22nd of May it came to a lively debate in the Senate. The Savii were of the opinion that they should accede to the wish of Francis I., who would ill brook a curt refusal; others demanded an adjournment of the Council, which was then closed after an address by Marino Sanuto. On the following day the proposition of the Savii received renewed and thorough discussion, and again it was Marino Sanuto—the same Sanuto whose Diaries we have largely to thank for our knowledge of the fate of Christoph and Apollonia—who in a longer oration spoke against the liberation of the Frangipani. Already on a former occasion, in the year 1510, he had in stirring words given expression to his fears of imminent danger through the wild enterprising passion of the Count, and had urged that decisive precautionary measures should be taken; he now showed himself in this important moment as a bitter antagonist.

Sanuto next called attention to the fact that their experiences in the case of the Marquess of Mantua had taught them the impressive lesson, how dangerous it was to release a captive of such importance from prison on security, or still more so to grant him his freedom. He then continued as follows:—

"And so are we now, according to the decision of these most honoured Fathers, to release Count Christoph?—a release which will prove the ruin of our Fatherland—release the greatest enemy which this State has, the most inhuman military leader who caused the eyes of those poor people in Friuli to be put out? The Emperor will then have a Commander in Chief, who is without a peer, either in the Margrave of Brandenburg, or the Duke of Bavaria, or the Duke of Saxony—he will have this Count Christoph, and in my opinion his only object in desiring to have the treaty prolonged for another year, is to obtain the freedom of the aforesaid Count Christoph, who is the brother-in-law of the Cardinal of Gurk, who himself, with good ink, wrote that letter; for the Catholic King

would not express himself as, for instance, in the address, which reads: 'illustri duci Venetiarum, our most beloved friends.' The deceased King of Spain always used the title, 'illustrissimo,' not 'illustri,' and in the safe-conduct which the Catholic King had drawn up and which we read yesterday, he also gives the usual title, 'Illustrissimo.' I therefore conclude this letter was written by the Cardinal of Gurk himself, and merely signed by the Catholic King, for the Emperor always addresses our City with 'illustri sincero dilecto duci Venetiarum.' On the which grounds, my Lords, we need have no great anxiety to give all our reasons to the most Christian King, as the famous Messer Alvise da Molin, who would have the Count released, said to us yesterday from this tribune in the following words:—'All three of the Royal Lords will be offended, and above all, the most Christian King—whom we have to thank for the State of Milan, and through whom alone we can retain it—will be indignant when we shall have given him our reasons.' In that draft of the letter in reply which has been read it is certainly clearly stated, that the said prisoner may not be set at large; and in my opinion, most exalted Fathers, this letter, which relates to the report, is well expressed and still better thought out, but the conclusion thereof does not satisfy me, according to my own judgment, for the following reasons: the King would have little to say when the Ambassador had read the letter and had made clear to him that it was not good to set the prisoner at liberty; but should the clause remain, 'he could certainly be released,' the most Christian King would reply—'Good; then release him,' and we should be compelled to set him at large. So then, my Lords, this will come to pass which I, as your servant, have good cause to believe; Count Christoph will give you in security thirty thousand ducats through the German merchants (for from whom else should he take the money?) or in drafts on the bank-cheques of the said merchants—but so soon as he is released from confinement, he will be up and away from us; for nothing worse can happen to him than to pay us the money, which will in truth be easy, for if it is possible for him to return home, he will go to Gradisca and Maran, which places it is reported have been given him by the Emperor, and he will there raise the thirty thousand ducats. But would you, my Lords, lay hold of the merchants of Fondaco and ruin them as a punishment, so call to mind that these same merchants were accorded great privileges in this war, although the same was waged against the Emperor, and that the German merchants are of great value to us, and we are in many ways indebted to them—for the which reason you would not be able to force matters; then Royal letters would come, and you would

be compelled to be patient, and that man, who is such a skilled Commander, would do the utmost to revenge himself, and both he and the money, most exalted Fathers, would be lost together! And to prove that this is the truth I will give you an example, *de similibus ad similia*: Beraldin, that citizen of Padua who was taken captive in this war and brought to the Gabioni prison, gave a pledge of a thousand ducats; that is to say, his father-in-law, who certainly did not possess much more in this world, gave five hundred ducats, and another man, who had borne the prison expenses for him, gave the other five hundred ducats. He left the prison with the promise to remain in Venice; but what did he do? He fled, and without pity let the citizens, poor fellows, who were completely ruined, quietly pay the thousand ducats. In this manner and not otherwise will Count Christoph conduct himself; as soon as your Lordships have released him, he will raise himself out of the dust. For this reason it appears to me safer to write the letter without the said ending, and that it will be better to set the following words in its stead, which your Excellencies will certainly bring into order and will write his Most Christian Majesty, that it may herewith be known to his Majesty that we are at no time wishful to withdraw ourselves from the course of action which his counsel may suggest, and that his Majesty shall on this occasion decide that which he thinks serviceable to our interest, which by reason of our inviolable compact is also to the interest of his Majesty. In this manner we shall within fourteen days receive answer, and should the King wait for the release of the Count, there will be time enough for your Excellencies to let him go free, for I am fully persuaded that we should keep a good understanding with his Majesty, as we in very truth are bound to do.

“This then is the opinion of your servant, and let it not be reckoned to me for presumption, that I have ascended this tribune in order to refute the opinions of these wisest and most illustrious Fathers. No, my Lords, my conscience drove me to it; for I swear by God, most honoured Prince, that I would lose no word more on the present opportunity, but knowing its importance, I would therefore—while no one spoke, and the letter was brought forward three times, and all were of one mind concerning it—give voice to my own conclusion from the boundless sense of duty which I cherish towards this most honoured State, as I shall ever do, when I according to my judgment can serve it in any way, and so I herewith commend myself to your Lordships.”

“I spoke,” Sanuto adds, “several other words, which I do not need to record at this moment; and I was greatly praised. But it is a difficult

thing to cause a decision to be made against the great authority of the Collegio. Had any man, however, brought my proposal in openly, it would certainly have been accepted."

In spite of the communication showing such deference towards the wishes of the King of France being sent in unaltered form, no definite decision was arrived at. Christoph's attempt to raise the guarantee money from the German merchants miscarried, and the offer which he made on the 21st of July, that he would give the Signoria a valuable diamond in pledge, was laid aside. At last on the 9th of August—so we read—the Signoria decided upon the release, in spite of all that the Hungarian Cardinal urged against it. The decision was concluded, but the actual execution of it came to naught. The only thing that Christoph experienced was a satisfaction for the calumnies which a servant of one of the Chiefs of the Ten had hurled against himself and the Countess: on the 16th of August the guilty man was scourged with a rope in front of the Torresella. What hindrances stood in the way of the release is not stated, and, wonderful to relate, the name of Frangipani does not appear a single time in Sanuto's Diary in the course of the next few months. The first report which I find again is dated the 1st of January 1518, and imparts the information that Christoph still had his abode in the Torresella, while the Duke of Urbino, who had Giulio Manfron in his power, exercised himself to at least secure that the Count, in case he would pledge himself to remain in Venice, should be given his freedom.

Though Apollonia's love had been able to dare so much, though she had so nearly achieved the realisation of her plans—an inexorable fate appeared to frustrate them all. "To endure the uttermost with him," this, and this only, was not denied her.

At the same time that in the Sala del Collegio active proceedings were being taken for the release of her husband, and Marino Sanuto exhibited his oratorical art, the Countess lay sick unto death in the Torresella. Since the day which had brought her reunion with her beloved, suffering had kept her to her couch. On the 18th of May three of the best physicians in Venice: Magister Marin Brochardo, Bernardin Spiron, Leonardo Butiron, and her own physician, Magister Fermo, came together for a consultation. Brochardo undertook to lay the result before the Collegio, which was as follows: that owing to the high state of the fever the worst was to be feared. A few days later it was announced to be absolutely necessary to bring her to the medicinal Baths of Abano in the Euganean mountains, which were famous since old Roman times. It was only after

she had received the promise that she might return to her husband in his imprisonment when the cure had been effected, that she was willing to decide to listen to the wishes of the Count and the counsel of the physicians. With an anxious heart Christoph witnessed her departure: in contemplating the Corpus Christi procession, which at his own request he was permitted to view from the balcony of the Doge's Palace, he sought to attain composure.

In July Apollonia returned—slightly recovered and strengthened, we may believe—to Venice and the Torresella.



I had turned over page after page of the Diaries to the date in question, when suddenly there appeared a longer gap than usual in Sanuto's communications concerning Christoph and Apollonia; the thought then occurred to me—it was on the 22nd of February—to look once more through the volumes already perused to see if possibly a note had escaped me. Almost the first thing upon which my eyes fell on throwing open the twentieth volume was a letter addressed by Apollonia to Christoph from Blaiburg, on the 15th of March in the year 1515, nine months after he had been taken prisoner. How then was it possible to have overlooked this letter?





Chapter IX.

The Lost Ring.



"Thou calledst the ring thine own?"
THE RHINEGOLD.

"High-born and Mighty
Lord and Prince
Most beloved and most gracious
Spouse!"

MAY my eternal and unchanging love and faithfulness in humility and diligence be with you at all times! I have received and taken to heart your last letter given in the Torresella on the 13th of February, in which your Lordship writeth in relation to the permission for my coming to Venice, that your Lordship would far rather see me come to Venice than have your own freedom, if the latter could not be secured through a lasting peace, and this indeed truly for many causes and considerations. To this your desire I respond with the keenest longing. This lendeth, and will continue to lend, the greatest comfort and support and true satisfaction to my deeply tried heart and my weak body in this my afflicted life. And when I bethink me that your Lordship is in prison and hath therein endured other misfortunes and hardships, and that you are in spite of the

same so good, gracious, and kind in encouraging my intention to come unto you in Venice, and never cease to remember me, I will treasure this truly in my soul for my whole life, and will never forget the kindness of your Lordship. And in all that I do know and can do, I will never in a single thing that God hath given, or shall give me, let anything fail concerning your Lordship; and so I present myself to your Lordship as a good and faithful handmaid, and am assured of this, that I had rather see and be with you than possess any other thing in all the world.

"As concerning my sore illness, from the which I was hitherto and still am much oppressed, honourable physicians with their sage counsel would stand me in good stead, especially the physicians of Venice, who surpass all others in fame and in skill. And according to their counsel, I believe that it would be for my good to drink the waters of Abano, in the hope of regaining my health. As pertaining to the aforementioned three things, I have sent a friendly and humble petition and request to the most honourable Signoria, and have desired a safe-conduct, with which I may safely come to Venice to your Lordship and may remain with you for a time, under the same custody and control as yourself, where I likewise can obtain counsel and help from those good and skilful physicians for my sore illness. Hitherto the Signoria hath not granted me this, only, as I believe, because of its great and manifold occupations; but I have the steadfast hope and the firm belief, that the most honourable Signoria in its omnipotence will not deny me this favour and this upright petition.

"As to that which concerneth the ring"—

Is this an illusion of the senses?—do I read aright?—Am I dreaming?
—Ah no—there it stands—

"As to that which concerneth the ring, gracious and most beloved Spouse, I will say, that the ring which Messer Juan Stefano Maza hath received must be made a little smaller than the old ring, and that the same inscription must be cut upon it which was set within and without on the band of the old ring—words which give the answer to those other words which stand on the ring sent me by your Lordship, the which I have by me. And I am inwardly constrained to send the ring to your Lordship, in order that you may wear it for love's sake and in remembrance of me. And since there is no good goldsmith to be found here, I pray your Lordship, should this please you, to have it graven there."

I gaze upon the lines—the ring, the ring!—a new one instead of the

old one which was lost—the inscription!— I read it again for the third time, and cannot comprehend it—my presentiment—that all was not merely a play of ideas—and now, this verification through her own words—it is truth and reality!

I continue to read mechanically—

“Further, gracious Lord and beloved Spouse, concerning that which your Lordship writeth me, that I shall send still another pair of bed-sheets, in order that they may be changed, I send for the time being a pair of those that belong to your camp-bed; and in case that they do not fit, through being either too large or too small, your Lordship shall let me know of it, that I may, in fulfilment of your wish, send you some of the others, for I know neither the size nor the length of the bed. Also: I have lately sent your Lordship a pair of short-hose of black cloth, which are made of coarse stuff. At the time I could find nothing better, and should your Lordship wish for another pair, I have given orders to Messer Juan Stefano Maza to send your Lordship, should you desire it, satin, velvet, or damask, and cloth for a pair of short-hose. For the which reason your Lordship shall speak with him and send all unto me, in order that I may have something handsome prepared for your Lordship.

“With the present letter I send also another from my gracious and beloved Brother, Count Ferdinand, and one likewise from Tomaso Socholeris, which was misplaced by me within another letter from Tomaso Socholeris during my illness, and I have only just found it.

“I commend myself to your Lordship as to my gracious Lord and most beloved Spouse, with all faithfulness and humility, praying that you will comfort yourself in this your misfortune, with the consideration that Almighty God and time will lead all things to a good ending.”

“Given in Blaiburg on the 21st day of March 1515.”

“Gracious Lord and most beloved Spouse.”

“For your Lordship’s having written to me with your own hand in order to cheer me in my sad affliction and pain, I thank your Lordship in all humility, and ever treasure such words of your Lordship in my heart, being greatly cheered through the comfort which your Lordship sendeth me. And I beseech your Lordship in all obedience and friendliness, to be cheerful and of a good courage, for I have in truth no doubt thereof that

our Lord God in His divine grace will lead all things by a good way to the end. Your daughter Anna Maria and our Sister, together with the other maidens, commend themselves to your Grace, and your Lordship knoweth that we offer up our prayers to our Lord God for your Lordship.

"Herewith I commend myself to your Lordship in the strong hope that the Almighty God will soon to our great joy lead us together.

"When your Lordship wisheth for silver or aught else, you shall let me know thereof."

"Apollonia
Countess of Frangipani."

"Also, gracious Lord and beloved Spouse, I likewise send you a covering for your pillow, which your Lordship desired of me, and a letter from my gracious Lord and beloved Brother the Cardinal of Gurk."



In an open field, nearly seven feet deep under the earth, a ring was found by some peasants—not more than six days have elapsed since it was brought by these peasants to St. Mark's Library, and was purchased by me, and now the ring's whole history stands revealed! I know who presented it, who wore it, when it was lost—I know the fate-tossed, remarkable destiny of her whose love found its emblem in this circlet. For three hundred and seventy-eight years the ring had lain hidden in the clay, and when it again came to light Fate decreed that it should be brought from distant Pordenone to this quiet study, that a German might decipher its inscription, and permit himself to be led by its magic to the discovery of the secret which it concealed!

Here to this study—yes! Is not this then the same Palazzo Ducale in which Christoph Frangipani spent sorrowful years? In the Torresella—the thoughts chase one another—the room in which I sit at the corner of the Palace,—a few yards above it was the room in which Christoph once dwelt—in which Apollonia shared the captivity of her husband. Did the ring then seek the long-vanished Torresella?—or did it seek me?



My friendly adviser, Count Soranzo, bends over me and follows my finger, which points to the place in Apollonia's letter. I listen while he reads.

"As to that which concerneth the ring, gracious and most beloved Spouse, I will say, that the ring which Messer Juan Stefano Maza hath received must be made a little smaller than the old ring, and that the same inscription must be cut upon it which was set within and without on the band of the old ring—words which give the answer to those other words which stand on the ring sent me by your Lordship, the which I have by me. And I am inwardly constrained to send the ring to your Lordship, in order that you may wear it for love's sake, and in remembrance of me. And since there is no good goldsmith to be found here, I pray your Lordship, should this please you, to have it graven there."

This, therefore, is the history of the ring: Apollonia had sent a golden hoop from Blaiburg to a Venetian, named Juan Stefano Maza, who, as the following will show, executed her commands for Christoph in Venice. The same was to replace the "old" ring which had fallen from the hand of her husband, to whom she had formerly presented it. While the old ring was evidently too large, so that Christoph could lose it, the new one was to be made somewhat smaller. But the same inscription which had been placed upon the lost ring was now to be engraved on the new one. Count Christoph should through the medium of Maza, who brought him the new ring, commit the cutting of this inscription to a Venetian goldsmith, because in the country Apollonia had no Master at her disposal who could execute this artistic work.

In short, then: by the Countess's command a new and similar but somewhat smaller ring was to be made in Venice to replace the lost one, which Christoph was to wear, like the old ring, in remembrance of her.

But that old ring, which Christoph must have lost near Prata, is the ring that I wear on my finger. Involuntarily the remembrance comes to me of the note in the *Diario di Pordenone* which related how Frangipani lost a relic before Osopo on the 15th of February 1514, a few weeks before he came to Pordenone, which appeared to him to be a presage of evil. Could the Chronicler have erred at the time of the occurrence—was not that lost "relic" the ring? How often may Christoph in his captivity have mentally connected the disaster which overtook him with that foreboding! But the passage in Apollonia's letter gives rise to a further thought. "The inscription," she says, "which was within and without on the band (poliza) of the ring." Poliza, apparently, can here mean nothing else than the band or fillet which is ornamented with the lettering. How then is the "within" to be explained?

The inner wall of the ring is smooth and bears no trace of engraving. Now an earlier and closer inspection had long since yielded me this; the ring is hollow and has a double wall. Not only the outward convexity indicates this, but also a small intentional hole in the inner surface. The "interior" doubtless relates to the back side of the outer ornamented wall hidden in this hollow space. Next the visible device: "Mit Willen dein eigen" the ring therefore contains invisible words and—what is also highly probable—a small relic, on account of which, as was so often the case at that time, the ring was constructed in this form. So it is easily understood that in the Chronicle a relic is spoken of—the relic was lost with the ring, and in the loss of the latter Christoph perceived an evil omen, which was then made known to the Chronicler.

The temptation is great. Shall I have the inner wall loosened in order to read the hidden inscription?

No—and again No—not I, to whom through a miracle this ring was entrusted! I shrink back, as from an act of irreverence, from disclosing the secret which a loving heart wished to know hidden from the eyes of the world. Not I—it shall rest encoffined in the dark, narrow chamber, so long as I am permitted to be its guardian! (See p. 153.)

Yet another step further—the last—but Apollonia's words lead us on: the ring which Frangipani lost near Pordenone was a gift in exchange for the ring which he had sent her. Just when this took place we learn from examining the ring. The very slight, almost imperceptible abrasion of the upper surface, indicates that Christoph had worn it but a very short time, perhaps only for a few months. It must have happened somewhat in this way: when Christoph soon after his wedding in the summer of 1513 parted from his wife, and was drawn into the combat with Venice, he sent her from a distance a ring bearing an inscription in token of his remembrance, and received from her in return, the ring with "Mit Willen dein eigen." These words, as she herself says, were an answer to the question which he had caused to be engraved on the one which he had sent her.

What can this question have been? What was its meaning? There can be no doubt as to that: "Art thou of thine own free will, not through compulsion, become mine?" this and nothing else must have been the import of the question. From the Emperor's hand Count Christoph had received his spouse. Did she obey the wish of her Imperial Lord, or did she follow the impulse of her own heart as she extended her hand to the new wooer?

Blessed hour in which the answer contained in four significant words arrived: "Thine, wholly thine, through the freest will, in deepest love thine for all time!"

Ill-starred moment in which was lost the bearer of such a message! Lost—but only in order that he who was bereft of it might have it restored through unchanging faithfulness, and that centuries later it should again see the light and become to future generations an emblem of immortal love!



After all this, what is the use of seeking, of investigating further? All now stands revealed to the day. With partial attention only, I rapidly turn the leaves of Sanuto's volumes which have already been searched, one after another, and always backward towards an earlier period. In the fifth volume my glance remains fixed upon a certain point, to which it now appears that I did not pay sufficient attention. It is that short account which the Venetian Ambassador Alvise Mocenigo gives of the celebration of the wedding of Apollonia with Count Lodron in Innsbruck, on the 15th of November 1503. This reads as follows:—

"And he, the Ambassador, writes—that Master Matthew Lang, the Royal Secretary, had said to him, that he had a brother named John Lang, who was a goldsmith. The same had become bankrupt in Venice, and had taken two thousand ducats away with him from thence. The said John Lang now petitions that a safe-conduct may be given him, to hold good for four months, reckoning from the 1st of December, and will take sundry monies with him, in order that he may come to an agreement with his creditors."

And on the 6th of November in the same year, Sanuto notes in his book—

"A safe-conduct for six months, reckoning from the 1st of December, was given through the Consiglieri for the brother of Matthew Lang, Secretary of the Roman Emperor, in order that he may come hither to Venice, and make an agreement with his creditors."

A brother of Apollonia was a goldsmith. To whom else would she then have entrusted the order to prepare this fine artistically decorated

ring? And was it not my first conjecture when I beheld the exquisite work that it came from the hand of an Augsburg artist? John Lang's home was of course in that city, "but he had tarried oftentimes in Venice and had taken to wife a gentlewoman named Jacobina Trageschickh, whose father was driven out of Croatia by the Turks." Like many of his northern companions in art, he had carried on his artistic handicraft in Venice—possibly was one of those Germans with whom Albert Dürer had so much intercourse during his sojourn in Venice in 1506 on behalf of Willibald Pirckheimer, who was passionately devoted to the acquisition of rings and precious stones. In this case the last fact would be revealed to us: the name of the artist who had carved the ornaments and letters on the golden hoop with his graving tool.

I admit that in Sanuto's fourteenth volume is to be found the entry that in 1512 John Lang already occupied the position of Steward to his brother, the Cardinal; further, that he was with Matthew in Rome in this capacity in the year 1513, and lastly, that during the presence of the Cardinal in Vienna in the year 1515, as has been mentioned, he was incidentally created a Knight at the Cardinal's request: all of which indicates that as early as 1512 John no longer exclusively pursued his original calling, but followed loftier aims.

Who could, however, doubt that he willingly at all times offered to his brother—in the inventory of whose effects is noted "ain klains prauns pucks! drinnen das schön Diemantkreutzl von Herr Hannsen Lang, is ungevelich auf fünff hundert Gulden geteurt worden," (One small brown box in which is the beautiful little diamond cross, from Master John Lang, valued at about five hundred gulden)—and likewise to his sister the services of his art, which he surely never wholly forgot or abandoned;—that it was to this brother that she entrusted the secret of her heart, to engrave it in imperishable characters "within and without on the band of the ring"—the ring of Frangipani!





Chapter X.

Companions in Suffering.



"Sorrowful darkness dimmeth my sight."
THE VALKYRIE.

THE negotiations of the King of France with Venice in connection with Christoph's release were unsuccessful, the favourable moment had passed by without having been utilised, and the prisoner, in deep despondency, saw a new year—the fourth since he fell into the enemy's hand—begin. But before the old year departed, it appears that Apollonia, seeking a last expedient in her heart's distress, had given her husband the idea of writing to the Emperor himself. Only the answer to this letter, received on the 20th of January, has been preserved for us.

"Maximilian, by the grace of God
Roman Emperor, etc.,
To Our noble, dear, faithful
and loyal
Christoph and Apollonia,
Count and Countess of Frangipani."

"Noble, dear, faithful, and loyal ones ; We have graciously and willingly

felt without ceasing, great compassion and deep sorrow on behalf of your long and hard confinement, and because of this have used and brought to bear every imaginable device to procure your release, or at least to lighten your captivity, and to secure for you the honourable abode of a nobleman. Nevertheless, although the matter was urged through repeated negotiations and good means, We have not been able to obtain it, which We verily could not have believed. But whereas matters have been turned to other ends than those formerly in view, We therefore hope within a short space for the alternative of freeing you both from your great suffering, or at least, of certainly securing for you a substantial alleviation of the same. We would make this known to you as friendly tidings and for your welfare, that you may therewith know how to comfort yourselves, and it is Our earnest desire that you endure the short time that is to come without further anxiety, in that We are well-disposed towards you and herewith convey to you Our gracious intentions."

"Given in Our City of Linz, on the 28th day of the month of December 1517, in the 22nd year of Our Roman Lordship,

"By the special command of the Emperor and Lord,

"In the name of the King,

"Rainer."

That certainly sounded comforting, but the promise remained unfulfilled, and Christoph wrote a second time to the Emperor. The reply of the latter reached Venice on the 31st of March.

"Maximilian
by the grace of God elected Roman Emperor, etc.,
To Our noble, dear, faithful
Christopher, Count of Frangipani,
Our Governor of Adelsberg and Carinthia."

"Noble and dear faithful Servant:—

"We have received thy two letters and have heard the whole message which thou hast imparted to Our servant, Stefano Zeno, who hath communicated the same unto Us. Be it known to thee that We have gracious compassion upon thy hard and long captivity, and could never have believed that the Venetians would have conducted themselves so harshly towards thee, but that rather out of love towards Us, and in consideration of

other most pressing and important circumstances, they would have shown thee greater kindness and courtesy. But while naught of this hath hitherto come to pass, We cherish the hope, that within a short season a decision which shall be profitable for thee will be made. In the meanwhile, thou wilt surely comfort thyself and await the same in good hope, together with thy beloved Consort, who hath hitherto borne thee faithful company. We would likewise bring to thy knowledge that We have graciously exercised Ourselves, and will spare no trouble in the matter of the security through which, as thou hast made known to Us, thou hopest to lighten thy strict captivity. We have further granted five hundred Rhenish pieces for the support of thyself and thy aforesaid Consort, and We send thee, as thou wilt see, a bill of exchange for the same. Be it also known to thee that We will hold thy long and hard captivity in gracious remembrance, likewise also the circumstances and the great damage which thou and thy faithful companion have sustained for this cause, and the suffering which thy aforementioned Consort hath shared with thee, and that We at the proper time and in the proper place will restore all things to you and will show Ourselves heartily grateful for the same, all of which We through grace would not have concealed from thee."

"Given in Innsbruck, on the 11th day of March 1518, in the 22nd year of Our reign."

"By command of the Emperor,
In the name of the King."

But this epistle was still not capable of soothing Christoph's agitated feelings. In those days Apollonia again fell ill. On the 30th of April she received permission for the second time to visit the Baths of Abano, where she met the Duke of Ferrara. Did she possibly also at that time meet Luigi da Porto, who sought to arrest the consequences of the wounds once received in the Friulian War by means of the healing spring-waters in the Euganean hills, but for whose heart—suffering from an unrequited love for his charming "enemy" Ginevra—no remedy could be found? And when she met him—did he seek to give the sorely afflicted wife melancholy comfort through narrating to her the story of Romeo and Juliet as his servant once did to him?

On the 3rd of June she had not yet returned to Venice. On this day, as in the previous year, "Count Christoph and Rizzan went under a strong guard on to the balcony before the hall of the library, in order that they might view the Corpus Christi procession in company with the

Superintendent of the prison, Ser Juan Antonio Dandolo, and they both were attired in silk, and Count Christoph wore a great cap of gold upon his head, and after that the procession was ended, they returned again to their prison."

In the following weeks the negotiations for peace between Germany, France, and Venice, for the results of which the Emperor had encouraged his faithful servant to wait, were to lead to a more comprehensive agreement.

On the 31st of July a truce for five years was concluded under new stipulations. One of the principal clauses in the chapters of the same related to the exchange and release of all the prisoners. All—except one: Christoph Frangipani was excluded!

The treaty, which was published in Venice about the middle of August, contained the following paragraph:—

"But while the Count of Frangipani, prisoner of the said Doge and of the Lords of Venice, was already long before the conclusion of the aforementioned Truce presented to the Most Christian King, it is therefore agreed upon, that he shall in loyalty and good faith be set at liberty, but must promise to remain as a prisoner at the court of the said Most Christian King."

Not freedom, only a change of captivity confronted the sorely tormented man. Apollonia was far from her husband when his fate was made known to him. From week to week she had delayed her return from Abano, whose waters had failed in their healing effect. Only by the end of August it appears to have been possible for her to return to Venice, where she this time, at the wish of the Signoria, perhaps also on account of her illness, took up her abode in Dandolo's Palace, and not in the Torresella.

Whatever the future might conceal, Frangipani greeted the decision as a redemption. At last he was to leave this detested prison, in which his young, strong life was being consumed in ever-renewed disappointment—come what might, it was good in comparison with the misery which he endured here. The 3rd of September was the day appointed for his release.

On this day Christoph engraved in the marble window-sill of the chamber in the lower portion of the Torresella the following inscription,

which was read by Cicogna in the beginning of our century, but is now concealed by a stone casement:—

. . . . F L . INCHLVSO . QUA . IN . TORISE . . . FINA.
 TERZO | ZORNO . DE . SETEMBRO . DEL . M . D . XVIII . IO.
 CRISTOFORO . FRANG | EPANIBVS . CHONTE . DE . VEGLIA . SENIA.
 ET . MODRVSA | ET . IO . APOLONIA . CHONSORTE . DE . SOPRADITO .
 SIGNIOR . CHONTE | VENE . FAR . CHONPAGNIA . A . QUELO . ADI .
 XX . ZENAR . MDXVI . PERFINA | SOPRA . DITO . SETEMBRO . CHI .
 MAL . E . BEN . NON . SA . PATIR . A . GRA | NDE . HONOR . MAY .
 POL . VENIR . ANCHE . BEN . NE . MAL . DE . QVI . PER . | SEMPRE .
 NON . DVRA .

In English—

“ . . . Imprisoned here in the Torresella until the third day of September in the year 1518, I, Cristoforo Frangipanibus, Count of Veglia, Segna, and Modrusa, and I, Apollonia, Consort of the aforesaid Lord Count, who came to bear him company on the 20th day of January 1516 till the above-mentioned September. Whoso knoweth not how to endure both good and ill can never attain to great honour. Howbeit neither good nor ill endureth here for ever.”

The words which fail at the beginning are to be filled in as follows: “From the ninth day of June 1514 tarried. . . .” According to Sanuto, who mentions the inscription, Christoph had engraved besides this how he was taken captive and brought to the Torresella. And to this the Venetian adds: “it was in all 1518 days.”

But the 3rd of September was not the last day which the Count was to pass in the Doge's Palace.

The Signoria determined otherwise—because Giulio Manfron still remained in the custody of Bernhardin Frangipani. The Condottiere Juan Paolo Manfron loudly complained that his son was retained contrary to the treaty, and was also being ill-used. Bernhardin, however, explained that he would not release his prisoner until the stipulated ransom should be paid. To this dissension Christoph was sacrificed. His request that he might appear before the College was granted on the 19th day of September.

"Escorted from the Torresella, he came into the Collegio, attired in new velvet, with a great cap of gold upon his head. He made profound salutations on entering, kissed the hand of the Doge, and sat himself down beside him. He then expressed his thanks to the Signoria for the good treatment which had been accorded him, and excused himself for his proceedings on the plea that he was Commander in Chief in the service of the Imperial Majesty, which duty had come to him through the dependence of his State upon the same. He then remarked, that according to the articles of the Truce the prisoners must be released, and that although its ratification had already been received from the Imperial Majesty, he was still detained in captivity. He implored the Signoria to set him at large: Juan Paolo Manfron, whose son was a prisoner, demanded his own son, but did not wish that he (Christoph) should be released. The former would, however, be free as soon as the expenses were paid. Many words were then exchanged over this, and it was decided that a ransom should be given according to the usages of war. Count Christoph then prayed for permission to visit his Consort, who since her return from the baths had not gone back to the Torresella, but to a house in the Calle de la Rase, for which she paid a rental, and where she was then to be found. She had been very ill, but was now recovered. To this appeal no answer was given him. So he took his departure and returned again to the Torresella. And the Captain Rizzan, who should also have been set at liberty, remains still in the prison of the Gabioni. The said Christoph did not mention the fact that he was to be sent to France, although this was well known to him. The Doge likewise said nothing to him on this matter."

Weeks again passed away — the resisting power of the Count was broken. On the 13th of October Dandolo announced: "that for two days it had gone very ill with Count Christoph, and that he suffered from pain in the side. His wife the Countess was with him. He implored the Signoria to release him and to bring him to a private house, in order that he might be healed, in accordance with the articles of the Truce: he had also received in the banking house of the Pisani the draft which was shown as the ransom for Giulio Manfron, and had written to his father to release him. He himself was ill and could no longer remain where he was." The Doge and many others were ready to accede to his wish, but "Ser Luca Trun, the Consigliere, would not have it, saying, 'Christoph's illness was only feigned.'" Two physicians were then sent to him, and

these prescribed remedies for him. "He is quite in despair, sees that he cannot be set at liberty, and torments himself greatly." And when on the 14th of October inquiry was made of the doctors after their second visit, they gave answer, "that he had severe pains, which were due solely to distress of mind, melancholy, etc. Then when they were departed, Juan Antonio Dandolo reported a few words which the Count had said to him, praying him no longer to devote himself to his office, as he, Christoph, would endure it until Sunday, but if he were not then set free, he would go to the window and cry out, and would then run, dash his head against the wall and die, because he was unjustly held in captivity contrary to the contents of the Statutes, while all the other prisoners had been released. Thereupon it came to a great discussion. The Collegio showed itself disposed to set the Count at liberty, but the Consigliere Ser Luca Trun fell into a rage and used unseemly words. On this Ser Juan Antonio Dandolo laid down his office, with the words, 'he could no longer permit himself to be regarded as a fool'—and he therefore did accordingly." Again the doctors were sent to Christoph, who was cared for by his physician, Master Domenico Monopoli, a brother of the Monopoli who was appointed Professor in Padua. On the same day Rizzan was released from his confinement.

Things had reached their climax—the prisoner, ill and in despair, had become frantic. The worst was to be feared. Dandolo—the worthy man who for seven long years had conducted the superintendence of the prison with wisdom and integrity, and had preserved such perfect order, that during this whole period, with one thousand two hundred and three prisoners, not even the smallest mishap had occurred—refused to bear the responsibility any longer, and resigned his position to two secretaries who were provisionally appointed. He knew Christoph's unyielding character, and doubted not that, being deprived of every consideration, he would certainly in some way execute his threat.

"On the 29th day of October, as the Council of Ten was assembled, at about the twenty-third hour, came one of the guards of the Count Frangipani, with whom his Consort tarried, and made known that he had surely heard iron breaking, and filing with a noiseless file. Upon this, the Secretary of the Council of Ten, Juan Batista di Adriani, with the chief people, was sent thither, and they found that the iron of the round window which looks out upon the bridge, or rather upon the piazza, had been sawn through, so that the same could be easily removed. Through this opening the Count

would have let himself down with a rope, and so would have escaped, had it not been discovered in time. Adriani was busied there for two hours with testings and notes; he then commanded the Countess to leave the prison, and sent her back to her dwelling, where he also kept her women in custody under a guard and caused them to be questioned concerning the plot. And when he had left the guardsmen and the chief people there, the said Secretary to the Council of Ten returned and made everything known to them. And had it not been noticed, in the self-same night the prisoner would have escaped. The Chiefs of the Ten thereupon arranged that the process concerning the plot should begin with the queries: who had brought the iron to the Count, and in what manner he had intended to flee? The Council then lasted until far into the night."

Although the attempt at flight had miscarried, it had this result, that the Signoria determined to rule Frangipani's concerns as quickly as possible. On the 3rd of November it inquired of the King of France what was to be done. Two letters from the Emperor and the Cardinal of Gurk, the text of which is not preserved, soothed the feverish agitation of the sorely tried man, exhorted Christoph to be of good courage, and to submit himself to honourable custody at the French court, where his interests would be cared for. In a conference with the French Ambassador, Christoph declared himself ready to accede to the wishes of the King, and received in return the assurance of a prompt decision. The result of this was that Giulio Manfron's release also came again under discussion, but was always defeated by the demand of Count Bernihardin for a ransom of eight hundred ducats in ready coin. An agreement was then reached, according to which four hundred ducats should be paid immediately, but the other four hundred only when Giulio should have entered Friuli.

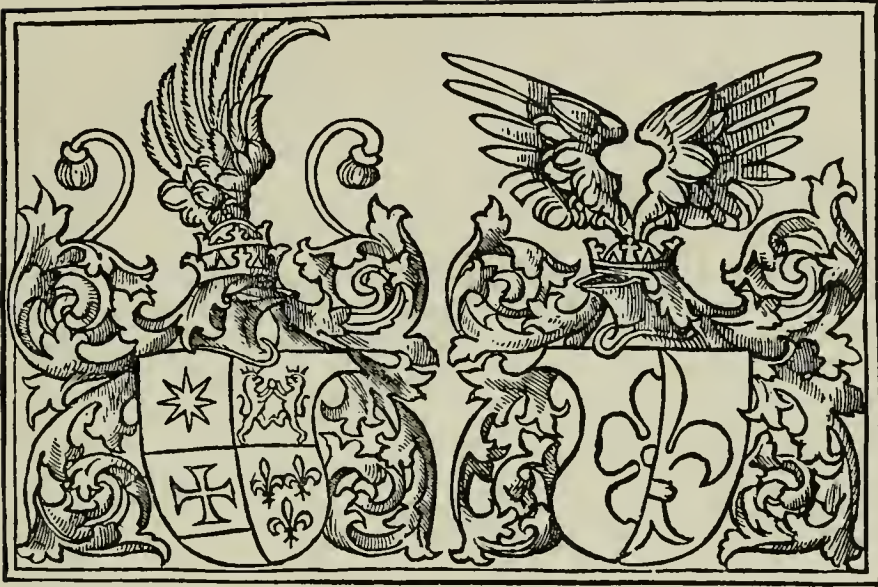
The answer of Francis I. finally arrived on the 2nd of December. The King sanctioned the strict guard over Christoph, as it had been decided since his attempt at flight that he should be given in exchange for a certain Marshal de Novara, who was held captive by the King of Spain. He should be sent under a guarantee of loyalty to Milan, to Monseigneur de Lautrec, the French Viceroy in Lombardy, and afterwards to Crema, from whence he should be taken away. On the 19th of December, Giulio Manfron entered Padua, and on the following day Christoph was called before a secret sitting of the Council of Ten, where the decision was made known to him. With the necessary preparations—which had to be altered

at the tidings that eighteen German horsemen and other armed men had shown themselves near Noal with the intention of carrying off the Count—the last days of the year 1518 passed away.

On the 2nd of January, Apollonia—"who since being parted from her Consort in the Torresella, on his attempt at flight, had dwelt in the Calle de la Rase in the Palazzo Dandolo—appeared before the Doge. She came attended by several of her women, took her seat beside the Doge, and caused a written petition to be read to him. She prayed the Signoria to grant her leave to take the midday and evening meals with her beloved Consort, in order that she might give him her hand before his departure. And this was therefore accorded her by the Collegio, and she went into the Torresella to sup and to tarry with him, because that in a very short time he should be taken to Milan."

On the evening of the 5th of January, up in the Torresella, Christoph and Apollonia bade one another farewell. So it was at last, at last come to this. After four and a half years of torturing captivity, the gates of the prison opened! There towards the west, from whence the sun gilding lagoons, churches, and palaces sent its parting greeting to the city born of the sea, lay the way that the Frangipani must journey. Did it lead to redemption, to destruction? Venice sank into darkness, night descended over all—Apollonia's decision was made!





“To the glorie of the most holie uncreate Almightye undivided trinitie God the Father god the Sone god the holie ghost And to the maiden Marie the pure mother of god and all the Saintis of god hath this highlie commendable prayerebook, which was at the Seventh Time done from latin into german, been made, seeing that not everie man understandeth the artful and renowned latin Speech, and that it is therefore not the german usage unto the present time to teach women this speech in their youth, for the which cause manie prayereful-minded people are perchance not whollie and entirelie able to conduct their devotions as they would, And by reason of this they cannot understand with their hearts that which they do speak with their mouths. Therefore This german breviarie was prepared and taken from the romano-latin breviarie to the increasing praise of god and was done into good vulgar german after the true ordinance and ordering of the roman church and IIII hundred bookis were printed at the cost and desire of the high-born lord lord Christofferen of Frangepan prince and count to Zeng, vogel and madrusch, together with his gracious dearest Spouse mistress Apollonia.

“At this time also the most honourable, most mightie unconquerable prince and lord lord Maximilian roman emperor led a war against the Senate of venice. In the service of which imperial majestie the far-famed count

received and suffered an unluckie fall with his horse in the defence of the imperial majesties borders and places, and was on this wise taken prisoner between gradisch and gärtz by the forces of the lords of Venice, and in Venice was kept in a dungeon or prison (called dorasel) From the V day of June in the year XV hundred and XIII till the last day of October in the year XV hundred and XVIII, which time of his grace's captivitie includeth to this day three and fifty monthes less five days. And he is still confined in the prison. In the which the laudable countess Spouse unto his grace stood by him in praise-worthie fidelitie and dwelt with him In strict, hard custodie XXII monthes by permission of the lords of Venice. Therefore the said count and countess ferventlie pray and entreat that they may Through god's grace be helpful unto all, And especially to Such as have received grace from god the almightie to pray these most precious and serviceable prayers, not to forget them both in their devotions before the most high, eternal divine majestie to pray For the forgiveness of their sins, Bestowal of divine grace, Release from captivitie And eternal rest to all believing christian souls. Amen."

Such is the preface to be found on the first page of one of the rarest works from the prime of the Venetian printers' art: the "germano-roman breviarie" of Gregorius de Gregoriis in the year 1518. Only isolated examples of this book have come down to our own time, which have been seen by a few bibliophiles and cited by them in an unsatisfactory manner. Thanks to the courteous permission of the Directors of the National Museum in Buda-Pesth, I was permitted to thoroughly study one of these books which is preserved in that collection. It is a thick volume of more than six hundred pages, printed in beautiful red and black Gothic type, with ten full-page woodcuts by the hand of the most famous Venetian illustrator of the period, twelve marginal illustrations, and as many decorative headings to the Calendar ornamented with the signs of the months and numerous figure initials. Over the preface appear together the armorial bearings of the Frangipanis and those of the Langs of Wellenburg. But in the first large woodcut, which is repeated towards the close of the book, beneath the coronation of Mary represented above, two kneeling figures are to be seen: Christoferus and Apollonia.

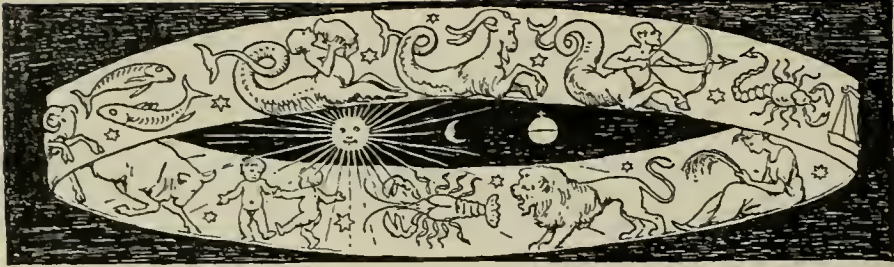
A powerful man with a long full beard, in complete armour, with a German cap upon his head, is the kneeling Frangipani; beside him on the ground rests his heavy feather-crested helmet. Apollonia appears in simpler attire with a chain of gold about her neck, and her hands are adorned with

rings. With few but characteristic touches the artist has reproduced the figures as they appeared before him in the Torresella, leaving the phantasy of the beholder to paint in the details and to fill them with life.

The only thing besides this woodcut showing a direct connection with the donors of this beautiful work, is a frequently repeated marginal decoration, which portrays the Redeemer between the half figures of Saints Christopher and Apollonia.

Three years later than the Prayer-book which the Emperor Maximilian had printed by Schönsberger in Augsburg, and decorated with marginal sketches by Albert Dürer,—sketches in which among the few saintly figures the Holy Apollonia received a page dedicated to herself,—this Breviary was issued, at the “cost of publication” of the Count; it is, however, not stated who rendered the Latin text into German, which was especially designed to benefit German women. Was this the work of Christoph himself, the occupation by which the prisoner sought during fifty-three months of captivity to drive away despondent thoughts and at the same time to prove himself worthy of the grace of God? One would willingly believe it: in that case Christoph’s labour of care and love would have passed out of the Torresella into the hands of Jakob Wyg the bare-footed friar of Colmar, who corrected and prepared it for printing. At the close of the Breviary it is stated—

“The germano-roman breviarie doth here have an end, which was done from the latino-roman breviarie into true vulgar german (was lawfully given and prepared and commanded to be printed at the cost of the aforesaid noble high-born lord lord Christoph of Frangepan prince and count to Zeng, Vegel and Madrusch etc., Together with his highlie honoured gracious wedded consort mistress Apollonia justlie renowned most worthie countess to Frangepan): and was also with especial zeal corrected, quoted and brought into the present order by the pious spiritual brother Jakob Wyg of Colmar of the bare-footed friars. It was printed and verilie with great diligence finished at Venice by the notable master Gregorium de gregoriis. In the year after the birth of christ our lord one thousand V hundred and XVIII on the last day of the month of October. For the which we would express our praises and thanks to the uncreate unfathomable almightie most holie three in one, god the father, god the sone and god the holie ghost, which was and which is and which is to come, to whom be glorie praise and honour from world to world. Amen.”



Chapter XI.

“Ready to endure the Uttermost !”



“There pales the flower,
There wanes the light.”

THE VALKYRIE.



HIS morning on the 6th day of January in the year 1519, the Count Christoph, who for the space of 1813 days had been a prisoner in the Torresella, journeyed away, and on his account the Luogotenente of the Lord Janus of Campofregoso, and his company are come unto Padua, in order to conduct him in safety to Crema. And he was brought with the barge of the Council of Ten as far as to Lizzafusina. His wife went with him in another barge to Lizzafusina, where she bade him farewell. But the Count, on entering Padua, will be conducted further in a litter drawn by four horses, and will be leniently treated. At his departure he gave fees to the steersmen and other servants of the barge, and yesterday evening the Signoria sent to him, by command of the Collegio, Juan Batista di Adriani, Secretary to the Council of Ten, in order to give him certain friendly words, saying he should go with good courage to France, and for that which had occurred the war alone was responsible. Thereupon he replied that he had ever been a true servant of this State, and returned thanks for the kind treatment which had been accorded him, etc. He took

his departure this morning at about the thirteenth hour, and as he went forth, he thanked Juan Antonio Dandolo, who had held guard over him, and the other prisoners. Upon this Ser Juan Antonio presented him with a golden ring, in the which was a turquoise and an inscription round about : 'Spes mea in Deo est'—'My hope is set truly in God'—which saying is his motto and to be found on various places in the Torresella, for he valued it highly."

From Padua, where Marc Antonio Loredano gave him honourable reception, Christoph was conducted onward through Vicenza to Verona. Here he received a visit from the son of the Podesta, Stefano Magno, and in Brescia another from the Venetian Vicar, so that, as he himself gratefully wrote the Signoria, he had the best company upon his journey. In Crema Jacomo Spinola, the Luogotenente of Campofregoso, took leave of him after delivering him into the care of the Ambassador of the Marshal de Lautrec, who brought him to Milan. In the Castello, the seat of the Lords of Milan, which had been founded by the Visconti, and enlarged and artistically decorated by Francesco Sforza, and Lodovico Moro, his prison was appointed by Lautrec, and then began anew the torture of fruitless hopes of his final release, which in spite of the King of Hungary's intercession at the French court were not realised. Month after month passed away!

And Apollonia?

A single short notice from Sanuto—and all will have been said of her.

"On the 4th day of September there died in Milan Madonna Apollonia, Sister of the most worthy Cardinal of Gurk, and Consort of the Count Christoph Frangipani, who is a prisoner in the Castello of Milan, and whose Spouse had followed him thither: and her body was laid within a coffin and sent hither to Venice, and was then brought further by the highway to Friuli, in order to be buried in a Castle of the Count named . . . in the neighbourhood of Capo d'Istria."



"Ready to endure the uttermost if only it be with him,"—she had fulfilled her promise. No word had passed over those lips which was not the truth undefiled, no thought had lived in that soul which was not inspired of love! She died with him. The last breath of her "sorely

afflicted life" was the confession of eternal, unchanging faithfulness; the last smile upon the features worn by suffering gave the blessed assurance that for Love there is no death.

No death, Apollonia!—from the lap of earth which received thy weary body, thy spirit arose in purity and in beauty to new light, and thy love lives ever onward in hearts that understand thy saying—

"Myt Wyllen dyn eygen"—Willingly thine own!



Nine months earlier, on the 12th January 1519, the Emperor died suddenly and unexpectedly in Wels. Count Christoph had scarcely departed from Venice, when Apollonia must have received these tidings. A final attempt to establish peace and unity through securing the Imperial power in Germany marked the close of Maximilian's activity. In the same Augsburg, in which in the year 1500 he had brought his complaints before the Estates of the Realm, they were reassembled in the year 1518. Hope and youth since then had fled—"This world no longer holds a joy for me," were the words in which the depression of one who had been disappointed in all his lofty plans found utterance. Weary of combat and of life, did he in solitary moments recall long-vanished experiences to his mind? Did he think of love's enchantment which once encircled the walls of this city for him? A single shadow of remembrance, only that—nothing further—fell upon the spirit which was weary unto death. All that remained to him from the old days was the true friendship of the man whose counsel had unfalteringly accompanied him through this long period. The Cardinal Matthew Lang was again at the side of his Imperial Lord during the Diet in Augsburg; he aided him in the fruitless struggle against the arrogance of the Princes of the Realm, in the difficulties attending the establishment of legal tribunals, and in the negotiations for the succession of Karl V. Perhaps it was he also who informed Maximilian of the unsuccessful attempt of Cardinal Cajetan, who for the first time in the presence of Emperor and Nobles, sought to move the Monk of Wittenberg to a recantation of the propositions of his theses—in which way it is not difficult to discover. What had the favourite of Leo X., the protector of all free classical art, to do with this "monkish brawl"? "What was conscience?" More important to him than all the theses on indulgences were the allegorical representations of the "Triumphal Chariot" and the "Arch of Triumph," for the glorification of his Emperor by the

learned men of his court, which were carved in wood by Albert Dürer, Hans Burgkmair, and other artists, and his commissions to the great Nuremberg Master, who already in the year 1515 had dedicated the "Hemispheres," sketched by Stabius, and the "Map of the World" to the Cardinal. Dürer had likewise designed for him his escutcheon, together with two symbolical drawings representing the "Bearing of the Cross" (which are now in the British Museum). Was it not also the Cardinal—enthusiastic over the newly arisen heathen world—for whom Dürer—who had come to Augsburg, and had drawn the Emperor Maximilian's "likeness high up in his little chamber at the Castle"—had executed that painting of Lucretia, which bears the date of 1518, and is to-day preserved in the Old Pinakothek in Munich? A panel painting presenting this subject, which was at that time rarely treated in German Art, is cited in the inventory of Matthew Lang's effects, together with one "Nackende Venus und Cupido"—among all the rich possessions of precious stones, pearls, rings, and costly stuffs!

Between the world represented by such a Prince of the Church as this who adorned his chamber with paintings of Venus and of Lucretia, and that which Luther fashioned out of deep spiritual necessity, lay an unbridgable chasm. Whosoever had eyes to see and ears to hear, to him must this Diet in Augsburg have revealed it. In storms which shook all institutions to their foundations, a decaying epoch went to ruin—and with it the last German Knight and Emperor.

It is related that, "When the Emperor Maximilian lay sick unto death in the beginning of the year 1519, he desired longingly to see the Cardinal who had been so dear unto him in order to give him his last blessing, but the message was not delivered to the same by the envious servants of the court." The words which Dürer had to set upon the finished woodcut after his drawing of the Emperor made in Augsburg read: "The beloved Prince Emperor Maximilianus is on the XII day of January, In the LIX year of his age blessedly departed from this present life in the year of the lord 1519." The lamentations of the orphaned circle of Humanists are collected by Max Treizsaurwein in the *Weisskunig* in the words: "What a wondrous Kyngly, upright Spirit did this young Kyng possess! He is a pattern to all future Kyngis and Princes, that they may ever uphold and cherish his Kynglie and princelie memorie."



The night had descended over all—lonely, forsaken at last by his devoted wife, Christoph had cursed the hour which had deceitfully promised him freedom in order to make him first realise the full misery of captivity. What was the melancholy of the Torresella compared with the unbearable torture which he suffered during those days and weeks in the Castello of Milan? All the ties of his life were rent asunder. Emperor Maximilian, his Imperial Lord, and Apollonia, his good Angel, were no more. He evidently could hope for no further assistance from the Cardinal of Gurk—although the latter enjoyed the favour of the new Emperor, was active as the Envoy of Karl V. at his election in Frankfurt, and was shortly afterwards appointed Archbishop of Salzburg. This was manifest in the negative reply which Karl sent to the King of France when the latter renewed the proposal that the prisoner in Milan should be exchanged for the Marshal de Novara.

Alone, thrown entirely upon his own resources, Christoph decided to save himself from the danger of perishing.

On the 17th of October the news was read aloud in the Collegio in Venice: "Count Christoph, through an understanding with two servants of the Castellan of Milan, Monseigneur de Mondragon, had let himself down over the wall of the Castello on that side where are certain mills which make a noise with the grinding, had likewise with the said servants passed the moat, and they are all three escaped, no man knoweth whither, or to which side." Seven days later it was reported that he, with the two servants, had crossed the mountains uninjured to Arco, and thus attained safety from the pursuers. On the 5th of November he entered Postojna, where he was received with great joy amid the salvoes of artillery.

After an absence of more than five years, Frangipani greeted his home again in perfect freedom. Joyous festivities welcomed him in the circle of his family, and in the old ancestral seat of his race in Croatia. In moments intoxicated with joy all may have appeared to him unaltered, all to be restored to him again—till on the peaceful, hallowed spot before the newly closed vault, he realised that the best possession of his life had for all time been irreparably taken away from him.

Yet once again did he direct his glance backward upon the past; in an epistle to the Signoria of Venice, he prayed that a safe-conduct might be granted him, in order that he might fulfil a vow made in sorrowful moments to the Madonna of Chioggia—a request which was denied him. Then he turned himself to a new life. Accompanied by twelve horse-

men, he appeared in February 1520 in Augsburg, where he sought out his brother-in-law, Matthew Lang, and laid before the same the claims which he had upon the Emperor. He returned home with the title of General of Carinthia and Krain. What we learn of him in the following period creates the impression that the foregoing five years, with all their experiences, had passed away without leaving a trace upon him. At the head of his Croatians he was continually engaged in harassing the Venetian frontier, taking advantage of the incursions of the Turks, now as friend, now as enemy, when they could be utilised for the extension of his power. The cause of disquiet wherever he appeared, he forged ambitious plans in secret, to whose realisation all these petty undertakings were merely the prologue.

The good which the union with a noble woman awakened in his spirit found its expression during the long period of suffering which overshadowed him. With the loss of her love—so Fate's decree would have it—he purchased his freedom! Restrained by no power, he henceforth yielded to the hot impulses of his passions, and intoxicated by them was carried away to the inevitable catastrophe of an early, violent end.





Chapter XII.

Christoph's End.



"Thine angel pleads for thee
At God's high throne."

TANNHAUSER.

DURING the second decade of the sixteenth century a large sphere for activity was assured to all ambitious schemes and enterprises in the kingdom of Hungary, which was rent with party dissensions and unceasingly harassed by incursions of the Turks. Since the death of Matthias Corvin, and the ascent of the throne by King Wladislaw II., who united the sovereignty of Hungary with that of Bohemia, the land had never attained rest. One of the national parties which supported as pretender to the crown John Corvin, son of Matthias,—who afterwards sealed his bond with the Frangipani by marrying Count Bernhardin's daughter, Beatrice,—was certainly not strong enough to establish his right; but another more powerful rival, Maximilian of Hapsburg, knew—although not without the aid of the mighty Croatian Count who had seceded to him from John Corvin's party—how to lend pressing weight to his own claims. His attack upon Hungary in the year 1492 resulted in the treaty in which he was named as King Wladislaw's heir, should the latter die without children.

In the protracted combats with the numerous magnates of the realm, among whom Stephen Zapolya upheld the standard of the national ideal, the King from this time forward won as partner in the treaty his former rival, John Corvin, who, as Ban of Croatia and Slavonia, for some time took an active part, with varying success, against Zapolya and the Frangipanis, but in the year 1496 was compelled to yield to the growing power of his opponents, and afterwards found his especial task in the war against the Turks. A year after his death in 1505, John Zapolya, the son of Stephen, was proclaimed King by an Imperial Diet, which likewise enunciated the principle that no foreign prince should henceforth reign in Hungary. Great hopes were awakened by this despotic step of the dissatisfied nobles, but it was destined only to be the occasion for a closer treaty between Maximilian and Wladislaw. The former, moving steadily towards his goal, betrothed his grandson Ferdinand to Wladislaw's daughter Anna, and when a short time afterwards a son, Lewis, was born to the King in the year 1506, he laid still more extended plans, which were only realised in 1515 through the marriage, negotiated by Matthew Lang, between Lewis and Maria, the Emperor's grand-daughter. Maximilian had thus from two sides insured the succession in Hungary to the Hapsburgs, and the Hungarians, who were in favour of independence, looked with indignation and anxiety towards the future.

On Wladislaw's death, which followed in 1516, the government was conducted in Lewis's name by a Council of Regency, which in 1521 led the war—that continued uninterrupted for years—against Soliman II. At that time Belgrade had been taken by the Sultan, and three years later a similar fate pressed close upon the City of Jaitza. In order to thwart this terrible danger, it was decided to muster an army in haste, for the relief of the city, which was defended by Peter Keglevich and Blasius Csery, and to place at its head Count Christoph Frangipani, who more than any other man appeared fitted for this onerous task. A twelve-month earlier, Frangipani had been obliged in an open appeal to the Pope—which, as *Oratio ad Adrianum Sextum Pont. Max.*, was probably printed in the year 1523, and became known to me through a copy in the British Museum—to defend his father from the accusation of being secretly in league with the Turks; and he added, after extolling the antiquity and the merits of his race, that since their right to Segna was wilfully usurped by King Matthias they had been compelled to assert it by force, and concluded by begging the Pope for pecuniary support against the arch-enemy of Christendom. He now seized with joy the long-hoped-for

opportunity to return to the scene of decisive action, and to lay his hand upon the fortunes of Hungary. Accompanied by Francis Batthyány and John Carlowitsch, the Bans of Croatia, he led sixteen thousand troops before Jaitza, and rescued the fortress through a victory over the Turks. Hailed as the deliverer of Hungary, he received, in token of the gratitude of King Lewis, the title of Protector of Croatia and Dalmatia.

But these tokens of respect appeared far too small to the man who was thirsting for honour and power. He demanded the vacant Priorate of Vrána for himself. When this was denied him and was bestowed upon John Tahy, and Tahy was soon afterwards appointed a Ban of Croatia, in wounded pride and defeated ambition he renounced his fealty to the ungrateful King and espoused the cause of John Zapolya, henceforth continuing to be his most powerful supporter.

But from the beginning it was not national political ideals, but purely personal interests, which determined the decisions and actions of the Frangipanis, and Christoph remained true to the traditions of his race. When the Imperial Diet was opened on the Rákos on the 12th of May 1525, among the motions which led to the most passionate debate was that which proposed the bestowal on Frangipani of the Banate and Priorate which he demanded. Lewis's indecision upon this, as on all other occasions, compelled the assembled nobles to dissolve the Diet; a proceeding which threw the Court and Council of State into the greatest confusion. "While some laid down the strictest rules,"—relates Ignatius Aurelius Fessler in his *History of Hungary*,—"others would have it that they should yield. On this the Archbishop Szalkay and Christoph Frangipani gave counsel in such a hot exchange of words that the Archbishop seized the Count by the beard, who thereupon smote the Imperial Primate in the face with his clenched fist. The King now interfered, ordered peace, and, at the entreaty of Clerus, caused the Count to be placed in ward in the low round tower of the fortress." After three days Frangipani received his freedom again, led the royal troops to Croatia, and carried supplies to Jaitza, which was then overrun by the Turks: a daring act, which Christoph reported to his "most beloved Friend" in Venice, Zuan Antonio Dandolo, in a letter which was copied by Sanuto: "After which he shortly entered the service of the Archduke Ferdinand."

From the unbridled passion of this Croatian nobleman the worst was to be feared—as the King and his Councillors had already learned to perceive. They therefore utilised the negotiations with Zapolya's party,

which took place on the 5th of July of this year at Hatvan, to gratify Christoph's desires, and bestowed upon him the Priorate and the Banate. But with the increasing strife between parties whose varying supremacy led to changes of possession in all offices, Frangipani could have no enduring, peaceful tenure of the posts which were promised him, and his resentment arose afresh against the ruling Government.

In the spring of 1526 he decided to join Ferdinand. In the *Diarii Udinesi* of Leonardo and Gregorio Amaseo it is related how, while on his way to the Hapsburger, he was detained for some days in Venetian territory, but was afterwards released. Gregorio reports: "The Count was brought hither to Udine by Lord Cesare de la Volpe, a brother of the Governor Lord Taddeo, and was taken to his house in Puscollo. I, Gregorio, being bidden of the Governor, supped on the same evening with him and the said Count Christoph, and we diverted ourselves mightily concerning many things; among others over Martin Luther, who, as the Count related, had wedded an Abbess of high degree in Saxony, who had brought the aforesaid Luther a dowry of three thousand ducats, and was the Abbess of a very rich nunnery; and I learned to recognise in the Count a most worthy personality."

Christoph appears to have relinquished his journey to Ferdinand, but King Lewis was destined to experience his resentment at the most ill-starred moment. In the year 1526 the Turks fell with terrific force upon Hungary. Count Nicholas Salm, who was appointed Commander in Chief of the army which should be sent against them, excused himself on the plea of his age, and the man who was capable of succeeding him, Count Christoph Frangipani, held back, through yielding to feelings of personal resentment, and caused the general good to suffer. In this dire necessity the leading of the campaign was entrusted to Tamory. The Turks were already come from Belgrade to Peterwardein, and they took it on the 15th of July. The King himself went to Tolna, and there first decided to call upon John Zapolya. At the same time the command was sent to Christoph to come with all speed to his aid. Christoph, and with him George Zapolya, the brother of John, and Paul Tamory were appointed the chief Commanders. While the two latter prepared to join the King, the former pitched his camp near the enemy's army in Mohács. The messengers sent by Frangipani and Zapolya arrived too late with their warning, and the entreaty that the others should upon no consideration engage in a battle before their arrival was disregarded by Tamory, who, without considering the lack of discipline among his troops and the over-

whelming danger, threw himself upon the Turks in the most foolhardy manner. It was owing to him that the 29th of August became one of the most unfortunate days in all Hungarian history. In this bloody combat the Hungarians suffered a terrible and total defeat, and King Lewis himself—with countless nobles of his realm—was slain. Sultan Soliman could now continue his triumphal march unhindered to Ofen.

Had Tamory but waited for a few days longer, Count Christoph, who had already reached Agram on the day of the battle, would have joined him, and the worst might possibly have been averted. Perhaps; for it may also appear questionable whether Frangipani, who had wholly different plans of his own, did not intend to delay his advance until, instead of warding off the misfortune, he could best make it serve his own ends. In the general confusion he saw that the moment had come in which to prove his own personal superiority: he was the only man who understood how to prevent Soliman from reaping the results of his victory: through a rapid march to Stuhlweissenburg he was chiefly instrumental in forcing the Turks to retreat. By such energetic measures, and through the peaceful suppression of a peasant uprising in Slavonia, he so increased the respect which he enjoyed in this neighbourhood, that the Slavonian nobles elected him as the Regent and Defender of their country and Hungarian Count Palatine of Szala, Sümeg, and Baranya. From this position, supported by considerable influence, he watched the conflict which after the death of King Lewis had broken out between the two candidates for the crown: Ferdinand I. and Zapolya. Of his own secret plans there can be no doubt: his burning ambition, which was fed by his adherents, aspired to the kingly crown of Hungary for himself.

Inspired by these thoughts, he considered it wisest that he should follow closely the development of affairs without the support of a party, until it appeared to him that the favourable moment for his own interference had come. Zapolya, who had already been chosen King on the 14th of October, at a gathering of nobles in Tokay, was fully persuaded that he could bring Ferdinand's intentions to naught by a marriage with the widowed Queen. But when Maria, who was faithful to her brother, rejected his suit, he decided to win the crown without delay, and took possession of Stuhlweissenburg and Gran. On the 8th of November he opened the Imperial Diet in the former city, and caused himself to be elected King by it on the 10th of June. Again the only man who appeared able to check Zapolya successfully was Christoph Frangipani. To him the Queen turned, read the manifesto against the usurper, and imploringly

urged that he should join her brother in Haimburg. After some hesitation the Count decided to accept the proffered undertaking, and betook himself to Pressburg, where he counselled Ferdinand to summon an Imperial Diet to Komorn, and—upon the same day on which Zapolya was proclaimed King—announced the conditions on which his aid would be granted. He demanded the position of Commander in Chief, with security that full compensation would be given him for his possessions, in case any of these should be lost, and the appointment of the Bishop of Agram, Simon Erdödy, to the Archbishopric of Gran. Ferdinand, who justly saw danger in granting so much power to the bold and reckless Croatian, refused the immediate acceptance of these demands, which the latter required. In transports of rage, Christoph departed from Pressburg and went with Erdödy to Stuhlweissenburg, where he openly joined the cause of Zapolya, who made him Commander in Chief, promised him the Croatian Estates once possessed by John Corvin, together with the Priory of Amanien, and assigned him two thousand gulden. Cleverer than Ferdinand, he knew how to bind the Count in his service, although he trusted the intentions of the latter just as little as did the Hapsburger, and, warned by secret misgivings, did not follow Christoph's suggestion that Ferdinand should be attacked without delay. He was indeed convinced, through long experience, that his new confederate had only his own objects in view, and that with them he cherished a secret hatred towards the Hungarians which was clearly expressed in a letter addressed by Christoph to the Bishop of Segna, after the battle of Mohács, in the following words: "This blow was, in truth, a salutary one, for had the Hungarians triumphed over the Sultan, who would have been able to live under them, or who could have tarried among them, and what barrier could have arrested their ambition?"

Still Queen Maria did not abandon the attempt to win Christoph Frangipani. She sent the Count a letter inviting his presence at the Imperial Diet she had summoned, in which Ferdinand's election should be confirmed. She wrote in the Latin language, as follows:—

"23rd November 1526.

"Worthy and Noble Lord, etc., etc.,—The Imperial Diet which We, together with the Lord Palatine, and according to the ancient usage of the Realm have summoned by proclamation to Komorn, lieth before Us, but as, because of many hindrances, it cannot be held in the appointed place, We exhort you on the sixth and seventh days of the approaching feast of

the Holy Virgin Catharine to come unto Posonyi, there to confer with Us and the Lords, Prelates, etc., over all needful concerns pertaining to the restoration of freedom, the defence and ancient renown of the Hungarian nation, and the reconquest, in the present time, of the strongholds captured by the Turks. We are assured that your Fatherland and likewise public and private freedom are dear unto you, and that for this reason you will take action concerning them. Given in Posonyi on the Festival of the Blessed Pope Clement. In the year of the Lord 1526."

The following sentence is added in German:—

"*P.S.*—Count Christoph: It is Our desire, that in accordance with Our agreement and your assent unto the same, you shall appear at this Rakusch, through the which you will show not a little kindness towards Christendom and this country. I will, with all good and gracious intent towards you and yours, make this matter known unto my Brother."

"Maria the Queen."

But Christoph was not the man to be won by such indefinite promises. The election of Ferdinand, which took place on the 16th of December, was not confirmed by the Slavonian Diet which had been summoned by Frangipani, and at which the Counts Palatine of Agram, Warasdin, and Kreuz were represented. On the contrary, John Zapolya was proclaimed King; but Christoph was compelled to bind himself under oath to arrange an agreement between the monarchs. In opposition to this, the Croatian Diet had already on the 1st of January announced its decision for Ferdinand, in direct resistance to the Count. What enmity Christoph saw arrayed against him in his native land is shown in a document sent by the nobles to the Hapsburger, in which the following statement occurs:—

"May it also please your Majesty to grant us aid against the menaces of the Waiwoden (Prince) Count Christoph of Frangipani and his followers: not because we are in any fear of the said Count, whom we have the power to resist . . . we pursue him only because of the ingratitude which he hath openly shewn towards the most illustrious house of Austria, notwithstanding the many benefits that he hath received from the same."

While the two kings sought, without proceeding to open war, to

strengthen their respective parties—Ferdinand through negotiations with Sigmund of Poland, and Zapolya through entering into relations with the Pope, France, and Venice—Frangipani and the Ban Francis Batthyány, in Steyermark, decided, at the end of January, to resort to arms instead of political discussion. But through the complete inactivity in which Zapolya waited, the expedition, which owing to the influence of Batthyány was opposed by the Queen, had but little result. The Imperial Diet, held on the 17th of March, at which Christoph appeared, likewise brought the conflict no nearer to a decision. The pressing danger from the Turks deterred Ferdinand from asserting in open war the rights over Bohemia and Hungary which had been conferred upon him by Karl V. John Zapolya's irresolution appeared to his energetic supporters to be dangerous in the extreme; and Christoph Frangipani had openly expressed this opinion at a meeting, in the following words: "Since through the will of God, O King, thy Majesty hath attained to the Royal dignity by the voices of all who have sworn thee fidelity,"—so John Zermegh reports the text of this oration,—“it is my opinion that this dignity should forthwith be recognised and heroically maintained. Thou hast a body of soldiers that is by no means to be despised, and there is no doubt that Ferdinand will, *ex professo*, be thine enemy; I would therefore counsel thee that thou shalt set up thy camp near Tata, and grant me leave to choose not more than four thousand soldiers, with whom I may at once fall upon Austria, and may ravage it with fire and sword on all sides. I believe that we could in this way insure that thine adversary would not find courage to harm thee, but would the rather sue thee, through ambassadors, for peace.” Thereupon the King answered: “I know well, O Count, that this is the way to obtain principedoms, yea, and to win kingdoms and empires, and that thereby every sort of cruelty and malignity must be practised; but I, as a Christian, neither can nor will rage so terribly against those whose religion is the same as my own, nor stain my hands with Christian blood: the God who hath exalted me to this height is able, should it be His will, to preserve me upon it without cruelty; but should this not come to pass, then may that be accomplished which best pleaseth the Divine Majesty.” “And so the meeting was dissolved, not without indignation on the part of the Count, who was a passionate man with an eager desire for war.”

“It was a fatal mistake,” cries out Istúanffy, the old historian of Hungary: “had King John followed Christoph's counsel, it would have been far better for him.” Truly the Christian faith of a Frangipani was a

different thing from that of a Zapolya! Months again passed by: an effort made by Sigmund of Poland to arrange a covenant between the rivals did not lead to a union. Zapolya had sought a confederate in a Servian named Jován the Black, who was honoured as a prophet and leader by his fellow-countrymen, but he soon discovered him to be a new opponent, owing to the latter's having been won by large promises from Ferdinand. This compelled Zapolya to conclude a treaty with Francis I. and Venice. The "black man" sustained a defeat, and Ferdinand hastened to send orders to Hobordansky, his agent in Servia, which should prevent the defection of Jován. "On the 9th of July 1527 he made known to Hobordansky that messengers of the King of France and of Count Christoph Frangipani were about to go to 'Chaan Nanada.' He must therefore take care that these, with their attendants, should be seized and delivered up, or, if that was not possible, that they should be made away with, cut down, or put to death in some other fashion."

In such a secret, contemptible manner did Ferdinand strive to rid himself of his dreaded opponent. His way would be smoothed by the death of Count Christoph, and by an army sent at the same time against Zapolya's armed Commander, John Katzianer. If only Christoph were no longer there, victory could be hoped for, even counted upon. But the assassination thus planned was—we know not for what reason—unsuccessful, and Ferdinand had to prepare for severe combats. In the middle of July war was openly declared, and the command of the army sent against Zapolya was given to the Margrave Casimir of Brandenburg. Zapolya's despondency led to unexpected results. As early as the 20th of August Ferdinand was able to enter Ofen. Francis Batthyány went over to his side, while the flying Zapolya was deserted by many of his own adherents. Nicholas Salm, the successor of the deceased Margrave Casimir, pursued him and won a decisive victory near Tokay on the 26th of September. On that self-same day the fate of Count Christoph was likewise sealed!

The Ban Batthyány, who had newly espoused the cause of the Hapsburger, was given command of the army sent against Frangipani. He was joined by various magnates who had long been jealous of the growing power of the Count: Ban John Count of Korbarien, Peter Keglwich, Zriny, and Blagay. On Christoph's side were Tahy and Bishop Brodarics. Batthyány had set up his camp in the neighbourhood of Warasdin, from whence, on the approach of the enemy, he withdrew to Ormos. Count Christoph moved before Warasdin—which, on being given over by Ferdinand to the Count Palatine Báthory, was defended by his

Captain Kecskés—and began the siege. Did a sign of ill-omen greet him here as formerly before Osopo? His hour was come. An eye-witness, John Zermegh, has, in his Latin Chronicle, recorded for us the final incidents and the close of this very eventful life.

“When we were come unto Slavonia, we found in the city of S. Georgen—which, lying near unto the River Drave, belongeth to the honourable Lord John Ernest, surnamed Hampon—the Count Christoph of Frangipani, who gathered troops from among the nobles, as well as from the peasantry against the German party. He was followed by sundry magnates who were faithful to the cause of King John, among whom were John Bánffy, John Tahy, Peter Mark of Kerékszálás, and a great number of distinguished noblemen. While he gathered the army together, I betook myself unto my own home, which I had not seen for some years. The Count, who had assembled the country-people to the number of about ten thousand, and likewise had command over three thousand horsemen, began the war upon those in rebellion against his King John, by seizing upon Lewis Pekry, who had offended him. He then conquered and destroyed the castles of the latter at Precrecz, Custeriocz, Szentlélek, and Rascinia. While the Count was thus employed, Ferdinand’s party also gathered together under their Commander and Francis Batthyány, with whom were many Lords and nobles of the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia, such as John Carlovich, Peter Keglevich, Zriny, Zluy, Blagay, and other chief nobles, who drew near for the contest. He had likewise assembled about him a goodly company of German auxiliaries from Steyermark and Carinthia. The Count, upon hearing that the enemy were arming, did not delay, but went against them with the eager desire to bring all things to a decision as speedily as was possible through a battle. He had set up his camp near Crisium. I also, being young and curious, went thither to see what would happen, and continued, until the end of the war, in the camp with Michael Tomadóczy, whose daughter, in accordance with my mother’s desire, was betrothed to me while I was still a lad. Breaking away thence, we came into the neighbourhood of Ludbregh, and the camp was then pitched beside the Drave. Messengers now approached with the tidings that the German party would decide its fate by a combat. Rejoicing at these tidings, the Count, as was his wont, arose betimes in the morning, led the troops forth, set the phalanx of foot soldiers in battle-array, and gave orders to such of the ranks as were there; that boys, weak horses, luggage, and other encumbrances, should be placed behind the army; among which

company I also found myself. A banner was likewise given us, and a leader and inspector were appointed who should direct and command the camp-followers. The Count himself rode about among the troops and encouraged the soldiers, telling them that he would restore all the customs of the former army, or whatsoever he had himself appointed, and would bring everything into the old order. He then turned to our company and cried out with a loud voice: 'Ye youths and boys, be of good courage, and learn now how ye must withstand the enemy. Be not affrighted at the sound of the bomb-shells or the noise of the drumming. These are all tokens of a soldier's joy—not those of terror. Whosoever among you hath a sword, let him draw it from its scabbard; for the flash of that dazzling weapon is terrible to the foe.'

"Having said this, he turned and departed to another side. While we went forward, as we had been instructed, the messengers who had been sent out to discover where the enemy lay in wait for us came back with the report that they could nowhere find the opposing army. The enemy had indeed no sooner learned that the Count was approaching, prepared for battle, than they feared to encounter him hand to hand, so retreated stealthily and withdrew over the Drave, by the bridge below Ormosd, the stronghold of Lucas Zékel. At these tidings the Count led his army against Zamlachia, which belongeth to Francis Batthyány, and there he set up his camp. On the following day, about the meal-hour, there appeared before the Count messengers from the City of Warasdin, who offered a complete surrender and presented him with the keys of the city gates: the fortress alone, which was commanded by Paul Keczkés, an officer of the Palatine, refused to yield.

"On the following day, a Tuesday, the army was led against Warasdin for the conquest of the fortress. On this day, and likewise on the following one, after the camp had been pitched, it was debated in the Council, whether the siege of the fortress should be begun, or the Drave should be crossed and the country entered where the people had besought the Count with fervent entreaties to come unto them: they were ready, under his leadership, to undergo all dangers for their King who had been driven from his possessions. As I learned from my father-in-law, who was present at the Council, it was judged best that the Count, who had hitherto led all his undertakings to a good end, should not leave this fortress in the hands of the enemy, but should send an address to the neighbouring country, urging the people to keep up their courage, because, as soon as the fortress should be conquered, which it was hoped would come to pass in a very

short time, he would go to them and fulfil that which God and Fate should grant him power to do. When this decision had been reached and the Council was dissolved, the Count began to consider and to set in order whatsoever would be needed for the conquest of the fortress: wagons were brought hither, baskets filled with earth were prepared, machines were made ready, and foot soldiers stationed in the trenches to guard them; all of which was done in his presence and under his own eye.

"About the vesper-hour, as John Bánffy with John Tahy and my father-in-law were diverting themselves with a game of cards, and we youths were standing by, two bombs, of the kind named 'barbatae,' exploded, and they were followed a little later by a third hand-bomb. Soon after this, one of the Count's pages ran past us, crying out that his lord had been struck by a bomb-shell. Terrified and in great distress, all cast their cards aside and hastened out of the tent—we following them.

"And behold! there was the Count coming towards us, seated upon his horse, and as if he were wholly uninjured! John Tahy then ran up to him and asked him how he fared—whereupon he replied, 'As God hath ordained'; and with this he alighted from his horse, warding John Bánffy off, who would have helped him; and although the wound was deadly, he walked without any aid at all into his tent. At the same time surgeons were brought, that they should see the wound, and if possible, through some remedy, bring help to the injured man. Howbeit, when these had examined the place—and the Count himself felt that his last hour had come, for the wound was just below the liver and he was greatly torn—they gave up all hope of his recovery. The Lords and nobles in the camp were therefore summoned together, and the Count exhorted them openly not to turn aside from that which was begun, but that after the ending of the siege—which he implored them to continue—they should cross the Drave, join the Hungarians, and prove their loyalty to the banished King by their deeds. He likewise said: that the King himself, when he knew of their willingness, would return with his followers and give his adversary something wherewith to employ himself. To John Tahy he entrusted the post of Commander in Chief in the war, because the same had grown up on the border of Turkey and had both seen and heard of many glorious deeds. All then promised to do as he had commanded; but it happened far otherwise. In the self-same night following, not one of the foot soldiers remained in the camp. I also led sundry of my country-people, who were in the camp, over pathless heights and mountains back to my own home. I heard later that the whole army

had fallen to pieces, and had left the Count, who was still living, alone with but one thousand of his horsemen.

"These said horsemen carried their lord, who was now nigh unto death, to the Castle of Martinanzo, and here the worthy man closed his life. From thence his people brought his body, which was borne upon a litter, to Capronza. On the way thither it was seized by the German party, who had followed it on hearing of his death. It is related that Lewis Pekry, whose castles Frangipani had conquered, in particular raged with many insults against the deceased, till John Carlovich, a kinsman of the Count, fell upon him with strong words and so forced him to keep silence. The remains were then brought peacefully to Capronza. To this place the consort, or rather the betrothed, of the Count was summoned—Catherina Drágffy, the widow of Ladislaus Canisay—and all needful preparations were made for the obsequies: and so the Count, followed by his betrothed, was carried by the funeral procession to Modrusa, and was honourably buried in the vault of his ancestors. After his death all those who had belonged to the party of King John in Croatia, in Slavonia, and in Hungary, lost courage and abandoned his cause."

On the 3rd of October intelligence of Christoph's death reached the ears of Queen Maria, who two days later announced the fact to her brother Ferdinand in the following words, in French:—

"Yesterday and the day before tidings were brought me that Count Christoph hath been slain by a bomb before the Castle of Warasdin, and that all his people are scattered. There is, however, always so much circulated about in reports that are lacking in truth, that I fear me there is naught in the present one. At the same time I do pray unto God, that should this not be the case, it may yet come to pass, for it appeareth unto me far better that he should meet his end, than that because of him so much Christian blood should be wasted and shed. I doubt not that you, should the report continue, will within a short space be informed of the same, should the tidings prove to be true. It is good that this plainly sheweth how our Lord helpeth you, as having the just cause."

The long struggle had come to an end: Zapolya's cause was lost. On the 3rd of November Ferdinand was publicly crowned in Ofen.



"As it pleaseth God"—with these words Count Christoph Frangipani had greeted death. "My hope is set truly in God" had been the chosen watchword of his life. What God then was it before Whom this Condottiere bent the knee, in Whose aid he trusted, unto Whom he could draw near?

Face to face with the incomprehensible, it is well to keep silence. The boundless egotism, which in the struggle for supremacy raged recklessly from perfidy to violence, from violence to perfidy, heaping outrage upon outrage; the unbridled caprice which knew no repentance, speaks of God, of faith, of hope in an Eternal Power, of love and of righteousness!

Who would dare to essay the solution of this enigma?

Possessed by the demon of his race, but excelling his ancestors in unruly power, Count Christoph Frangipani had wasted his life. Misfortune attended him in all his undertakings: whatsoever he attempted miscarried; his manifold experiences taught him absolutely nothing. An angel of light withstood the influences of darkness—but the highest power of love was itself crippled by the fate which inexorably followed this life. The parting breath had scarcely fled from him who had stretched out his hand towards a kingly crown, than his body was subjected to wanton indignities. Violence for violence, hate for hate! Deserted by all his kindred—lonely in the grave. Ah no—there was a woman who accompanied him thither.

Did he in those last stormy days again receive and return love, or was his betrothal to Catharina Drágffy only a means towards the furtherance of his own ambitious ends? We would willingly believe that the woman, who alone remained praying in the church in Modrusa after the mortal part of Christoph had found rest in the family vault at Apollonia's side, wept heartfelt tears at his fate. Only as a shadow—scarcely seen before it vanishes—does this figure appear to us: it can tell us nothing more.

But Apollonia's love still works blessings even in this our day! She alone it is who throws a ray of transfiguring brightness over the memory of Christoph Frangipani. However dark may be the colours with which the history of his deeds has portrayed him—we cherish the presentiment that in the hidden depths of his being lay a nobler self, in which "love had a part."



The Close.

In Ober-Vellach.



"Now guard thou the power of this ring
As the sacred pledge of my troth."
THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

AT the entrance to the Möll Valley in Carinthia, where it widens out into the valley of the Puster, a wondrously lovely view greeted my still drowsy eyes when, after a night journey, I alighted at Sachsenburg on a September morning in the year 1894. Over the green meadow land, with both ends resting on the darkly wooded mountains, hung a rainbow with softly changing colours. A rolling pale green mist veiled the bed of the river behind it, but far above the vapour, up in the blue depths, free from all things of earth, the distant rocky summits glowed in the morning sunlight. There, below the arch of the ethereal bridge, my way led me to the mountains. Near the southern flank of the Tauern, on the north side of which lies Gastein, on a road built in Roman times along the Möll River, and much used as a commercial highway during the Middle Ages, is a little market-town named Ober-Vellach. After spending several sunny days—whose brightness filled my spirit—in a hut on the Tennen Mountains, this, the goal of a journey to which I had long looked forward, now drew near. Ober-Vellach—what mysterious power was it that led me thither?

The history which Frangipani's ring had revealed to me had long since drawn to a close. The visions of phantasy, arising from the twilight of the dream-world, which had enthralled me on the day when I won the jewel, had changed into forms of reality which revealed to me their being and their fate—a thin veil was now all that remained to hide the features of their countenances from me. The representation in the Breviary was little more than a suggestion. Have no actual portraits of Christoph and Apollonia then been preserved for us? This inquiry first suggested itself to me as I read Sanuto's general description of them both, and since then it had not ceased to recur to my mind. A suggestion appeared to lie in Frangipani's vow to the "Madonna of Chioggia," for the fulfilment of which he begged permission to make a passing sojourn in Venice in December 1519. It certainly appeared to me credible, even probable, that this might relate to the gift of an altar piece, upon which the portrait of the donor would, in all probability, be found. However, no hope of being able to verify this clue urged me thither.

At this point an unexpected fulfilment of my desire was incidentally granted through an inquiry addressed to Dr. Simon Laschitzer, Director of the Archives in Klagenfurt, in relation to the family papers of the Langs. The answer which I received referred me to a recent appendix to the second volume of *Neue Carinthia*, published in 1890, which, through the courtesy of the author, Herr A. von Jaksch, was placed at my disposal. This appendix treated of the altar piece which had been the subject of so much discussion in the preceding decade; an altar piece painted by Jan Schorel—one of the most gifted Dutch artists, who flourished in the first quarter of the sixteenth century—which is now preserved in the parish church of Ober-Vellach in the Möll Valley. The comment which this picture excited on its restoration in Vienna in 1881, was fully justified, as it presented to art-lovers for the first time the earlier style of a Master who began by adhering to strictly national traditions, but had hitherto been known only through his later creations as one of the most influential exponents of the Italian method, which had then newly been brought to the Netherlands. The statements of the old Art-biographer Karel van Mander, who gives accounts of Schorel's apprenticeship to the Amsterdam painter Jacob Cornelisz, and his later wanderings which led him by Strassburg and Basel to Nuremberg and Albert Dürer, and then still further to Steyermark and Carinthia—were thus confirmed. All that now remained unknown was the name of the donor of the altar piece in Ober-Vellach; for the certainty that one of the escutcheons on the back of

the centre panel was that of the Langs of Wellenburg, gave scope to a variety of conjectures, especially as van Mander's narrative yielded no definite information on this point. What the latter did relate, however, is striking enough to be recorded.

Van Mander says, that while in Carinthia Schorel "worked for many lords, was highly honoured and dwelt with a Baron, a great admirer of pictures, who not only bestowed upon him the best sustenance and wages, but would have given him his only daughter to wife, which would have been no mean fortune for him, had not God so painted the features of an Amsterdam maiden (the daughter of his teacher Cornelisz) upon his heart, that he unceasingly felt her enchantment, and would give heed to naught else but to perfect himself in his calling, in order to reach the goal of his desires, by the which zeal he made great progress, for it would appear that love is the inspirer of the arts."

All conjecture as to who were the donors of the altar piece has now been ended by Herr von Jaksch. On the strength of a renewed examination of the armorial bearings, he has definitely stated in the aforementioned appendix, that Schorel executed his painting for Christoph and Apollonia Frangipani—and that the saints portrayed upon the side panels, which had already been recognised as portraits of the donors, bear the features of the Count and his wife.



The morning sunbeams which I greeted as Apollonia's messengers grow pale and vanish; deeper and deeper the heavy rain-clouds sink down into the valley—almost into my little vehicle. Only the pines on the lowest spurs of the mountains remain visible; the rushing of the Möll, beside which the pathway leads upward, sounds through the impenetrable mist; like dissolving cloud-figures I perceive the light-coloured houses of the peaceful inhabitants. Floods of rain now descend from the heavens, rapidly swelling brooklets cut their channels through the rubble on the slowly ascending path. Thus, with an unknown goal before me, I had, conjecturing and searching, sought the way through the mists of time to what had been gone and forgotten for centuries. Will light and success again be vouchsafed me to-day?

A wooded mountain rises up from the valley and appears to obstruct

the way; for a single instant a small white church is visible upon its summit, which is then immediately enwrapped in clouds. It is a pilgrim's shrine, dedicated to the Holy Daniel, so my driver informs me. The roadway curves here, and, leaving the middle of the valley, approaches the slope of the mountain. The rain now begins to slacken; in the immediate neighbourhood it is light. I can see the brown, foaming surge of the river which dashes past me. We journey farther and farther. A bright beam darts through the flying rack and lights an age-grey tower upon a pine-clad hill, and beyond it are mouldering walls, against which a little chapel leans: it is the Castle of Falkenstein.

Falkenstein! Apollonia! Hither did she come when, leaving the Emperor's court, she followed her first husband; here a peaceful future appeared to await her life, till, bereft of her consort, Fate drove her out into fervid love and mortal anguish in a new world.

The white clouds which have been torn upon the branches of the dark trees below, float, with wave-like undulations, about the desolate grey masonry, and, drawing themselves like scarves through narrow gorges up to the bare rocky heights, unite with the mass overhead. Now the tower remains free, and below the vapours, which lift themselves higher and higher, the whole valley of the Möll widens out before our view. There, where it ends at the foot of a mountain wall with twin summits, gleams a cluster of houses, overhung by a church tower: that is Ober-Vellach!

The carriage halts before the Post Inn, and I hasten towards the church. Passing through the decorated portal, which bears the date of 1509,—was the rebuilding of the church possibly her pious work?—I pause for a moment on entering it to conquer the feverish unrest within me. It is a cheerful, wide edifice with high windows screened by reticulated Gothic arches, with a pentagonal choir and slightly projecting transepts. Before an altar on the right kneels a very aged woman absorbed in prayer; not a sound is to be heard except that of the raindrops which plash from time to time against the window-panes. There in the left transept, over a large, quaint altar, gleams Schorel's painting in its wealth of vivid colouring.

With beating heart and noiseless tread, lest Time should be awakened from its slumber, I approach it—Apollonia!

There she stands—in a green landscape on the mountain slope before a lake—a small, slight figure ; in her left hand a book, and in her right the emblem of martyrdom. Her head—whose brow is encircled by luminous purity—is slightly inclined, her glance is cast downward in mournful reflection, a delicate expression of suffering plays about the mouth. A pale violet cap embroidered with gold and pearls, whose veil-like ends float in the breeze, frames the finely shaped features of the rounded head ; a strand of rippling blonde hair, drawn through an opening in the cap, falls down upon the shoulder. On the edge of the dark green bodice, which is decorated with golden needlework and is open at the neck, so that the white shift with its delicate border is seen, can be read in the embroidery the words : “ Jesus, Maria.” A moss-green under garment, a gold-brocaded upper garment of rich design, and a red mantle drape the limbs ; from the arms fall long wide sleeves of pale blue changing to violet. So rich is the attire and so humble and modest the mien. A dreamy lack of self-consciousness, delicate self-renunciation, childish innocence, long-suffering meekness. My pent-up emotion here has its way, relieving the spirit. Yes, I had long since thus pictured her to myself ; thus did she live in my consciousness since the moment when Sanuto related to me how she appeared before the Doge in Venice, “ *donna degna et assai riverente, assai belizuola, piccola et magra.*” Beloved, most gracious woman !

And he for whom she laid down her life ? There on the farthest panel of the triptych, he advances through the water, the Christ-child upon his shoulder, leaning upon his staff ; a tall, powerful figure in a short, girded red tunic and floating grey mantle. With an inspired expression and half-opened mouth the broad, strongly built, fair-bearded head surrounded by a heavy mass of thickly curling hair, gazes up at the Redeemer. In his glance is plainly written—“ My hope is set truly in God.” He—a saint, a bearer of God ? It is difficult to reconcile one’s feelings with such a representation—a saint ?—that he is not—but still verily an endurer.

Does he wear the ring upon his finger ? The painter in his conception of the figure of the donor as the mediator between mortal prayer and Heaven has omitted that token of earthly love.

My glance now gradually turns from the wings of the altar piece to the centre panel enclosed between them, upon which is portrayed the Holy Family—that is to say, the relatives of Christ. In front of some country

buildings, behind which rises a wooded hill crowned with a castle, three women, six men, and six children are gathered about the Virgin Mary, who holds the little Christ-child in her arms—the women and children being clad, according to the taste of the artist, in the rich Dutch costumes of the period. On the left side are Alphæus and Mary the wife of Cleophas with her four children, James the Less, Barnabas, Simon, and Jude; to the right are Zebedee and Mary Salome, with John the little Evangelist, who blesses the cup, and James the Elder in pilgrim's garb. In the third pair Anna and Joachim may be recognised, and in the elderly man bearing a lily in his hand, Joseph. To the two men—an elder and a younger—who are seen in the background, no names can be assigned. Doubtless in all these figures portraits of distinct personalities are given; three of the men show unmistakable family resemblances, and the same are likewise perceptible in the women. Who then are these persons who evidently belong to one and the self-same family? Their attire indicates a race of distinguished patricians—what other could it then be than that of the Langs of Wellenburg?

If this is indeed the case, in which figure are we to recognise Matthew the Cardinal, whom we have every reason to seek here before all others?

In the year in which this picture was begun, in 1520, the faithful Councillor of Maximilian—after having contributed not a little through his influence to the election of Karl V.—had entered upon the Archbishopric of Salzburg, but must shortly afterwards have left his residence there in order to meet the new Emperor in Louvain and to be present at his coronation in Aix-la-Chapelle. It was possibly here that Albert Dürer executed the drawing now to be found in the Albertina in Vienna which, on the strength of its resemblance to the medallions of the Cardinal, has rightly become known as his portrait.

The lineaments are imprinted on my memory; I seek in vain to discover them in one of the two elder heads on the painting. It is, however, certain that the three types of middle-aged men show a distinct general resemblance to his portrait, so that the conjecture as to their being his brothers appears to be well founded. I call to mind the family data gathered from the Inventories and Acts of the Langs of Wellenburg, which I studied in the private archives of Count Wolkenstein, in Trient.

Weak and weary from resisting Protestantism, opposition to which had been his chief task in the Imperial Diets and in his archdiocese of Salzburg during the last two decades of his life, Cardinal Matthew, four years before his death, made his will in 1536. In this document all the leading members of the family are mentioned by name. Four of Apollonia's brothers were still living at the time when the altar piece was executed; a fifth, Leonard, having fallen in the camp at Padua in 1509: these brothers were the famous Matthew, the goldsmith John, Luke, who was Governor of Grumnitz in Carinthia, and Mark, the "Kunig's von Engeland Rather im Dienst" (Councillor in the Service of the King of England). Three sisters are mentioned: Regina, wedded to John von Haslpach; Ottilia, the wife of John Schad, Doctor and Knight; and Felicitas, who was married to a man named Rössler. When the fourth, Anna, wife of Hanns Häckzel in Augsburg, died, does not appear, and she also is not referred to in the testament.

In these three men and three women of the Holy Family we may accordingly recognise the brothers and the sisters of Apollonia. It is highly probable that the Veronica in the "Bearing of the Cross," which—together with the "Flagellation of Christ" on the backs of the wings of the triptych—is likewise the work of Schorel's hand, shows the features of the fourth sister. Two figures must remain unrecognised, the representatives of an elder generation; but the young man wearing a hat, who looks out towards the side, is clearly the painter, Jan Schorel, who in the inscription below upon a stone calls himself: "hollandinus (sic) pictorie artis amator" (a Hollander and lover of pictorial art).

Whose portrait is, however, given in the charming, graceful figure of the Virgin Mary, on whose account the kinsfolk are gathered together? In the luxuriant wealth of fair hair, in the delicate features, does she not resemble Apollonia? Does she not appear like a vision of her second, transfigured, youthful self?

Perhaps a grain of truth may lie in Karel van Mander's narrative: in close proximity to the bright vision the artist has placed himself. Is that Apollonia's Castle in which Jan Schorel was so hospitably received? Is there not an echo of genuine experience in the story of a love which would threaten the remembrance of his master's little daughter in far-off Amsterdam?

When Schorel, on returning from his journey to Palestine, painted these pictures in the year 1520, Apollonia was no longer with the living. It would be difficult to explain how he was able to create such a striking portrait of her, unless he used studies made in Carinthia at an earlier period. Four small painted window-panes strike my eye during a general inspection of the church. They contain the figures of a donor's family, with two escutcheons, one of which bears a lamb and the other a mussel-shell, and above are Saint Martin and Saint Christopher. The style of the painting and of the Renaissance ornamentation leaves no doubt that they were executed from drawings by Jan Schorel, and upon one of the panes is a note with the inscription: "Gott mein her maria mein furbitterin erbarm dich mein, 1515" (God my Lord, Mary my mediatrix, have mercy upon me). In this year then the Dutch painter was in Ober-Vellach and probably made a portrait of Apollonia, which he afterwards, during a later sojourn in Carinthia, in 1520, used for the representation upon the altar panel. That of Count Christoph, however, may have been drawn in 1520, when the Count would almost certainly have visited Ober-Vellach on his way to Augsburg.

Several hours have glided by. I leave the church and breathe deeply. A cold evening wind rushes down from the mountains and dividing the fog round about drives it onward before it. A boy shows me the way from the village to the Castle of Falkenstein, a lonely tower with crumbling old masonry, as I had already seen it from a distance—nothing more! A shudder creeps over me, silent shadowy figures, whose fixed gaze rebukes me, seem to gather around. Fear wings my steps down through the wood. Only when I regain the open country does the gloomy train shrink back into the darkness. In order to calm my excited phantasy, after a further descent down the hill, I turn to the notes of Herr A. von Jaksch, which I have carried with me.

For four thousand five hundred gulden, so it is stated in a document, Emperor Maximilian mortgaged the Castle and County Court of Falkenstein to the Count Julian Lodron and his wife. "How long the same remained in Oberfalkenstein and the Custom House is unknown. Not until 1522 did owners again appear in Falkenstein; Andrew Ungnad and his wife, Anna Maria—by birth a Lodron."

Anna Maria, by birth a Lodron! Did not Apollonia write of a little

daughter in her letters to Venice? In the year 1503 her wedding with Count Julian took place in Innsbruck—were this a little daughter of the first union, she could certainly have been married by 1522—and do I not remember finding in Trient, in the Inventory of Cardinal Matthew Lang, a document relating to the marriage of Andrew Ungnad with Anna Maria Lodron, which is mentioned as having been celebrated in 1521? And further, there is that narrative of Karel van Mander, and the ethereal figure of the Virgin Mother of God in Jan Schorel's picture, which looked like a younger sister of Apollonia!

In the midst of these thoughts, the last of which penetrate the darkness surrounding the history of the altar piece in Ober-Vellach, I halt at the Church of Stallhofen, at the foot of the Falkenstein hill. An inscription over the portal strikes my eye; in Gothic lettering may be read: "Jesus maria hilf uns hie wie dort aus aler not 1520" (Jesus, Mary, help us here as there in our despair). The architecture of the church resembles that of Ober-Vellach on a smaller scale. It was endowed in the same year in which Schorel's picture was painted; the remarkable coincidence of events makes it clear that this picture was ordered, this church was built, by Apollonia's daughter, Anna Maria. Out of a loving heart, deeply sorrowing at the loss of her mother, her prayer went up to heaven, the same prayer which, as is shown by the opening words, "Jesus, Maria," on the border of the bodice in the painting, Apollonia herself had taught her: "hilf uns hie wie dort aus aler not."



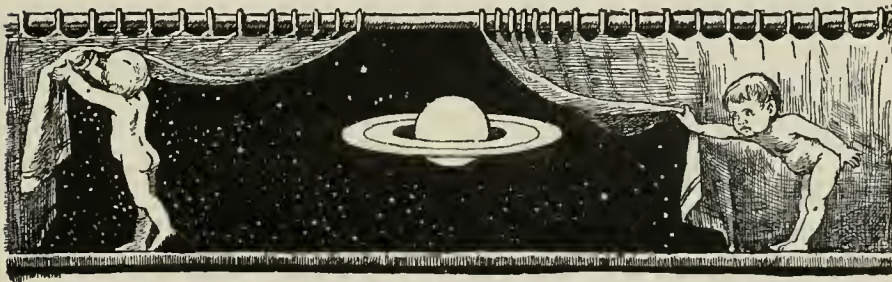
The day was hastening towards its end, as I re-entered the church of Ober-Vellach for the final parting from Apollonia. It was scarcely possible for my inquiring gaze to distinguish the features from one another. Oh for a single beam of light which shall again reveal them to me! There it shines through the western window! A golden ray from the setting sun breaks through the clouds and illumines the form of the martyr.

"Myt Wyllen dyn eygen." I have remembered thee, Apollonia!

I have remembered thee and followed thee, Apollonia. Followed thee when amid the gay throng of thy brothers and sisters thou didst pass the blessed years of childhood; followed thee when a king's friendship greeted thy blooming maidenhood. I saw thee leave thy father's house and found

thee again, admired and beloved, in the brilliant festivities of the Imperial court. When thou hadst given thy hand in plighted troth to a nobleman, I followed thee into the peaceful life of this sequestered valley. A child was given thee, thy husband torn from thee by an all too early death ; I rejoiced, I suffered with thee. I was in the train of a new wooer who drew near from the wild life of war to lead thee to his Southern home, and I saw how thou gavest thyself to him for life and for death ; how thou didst send him a ring in token of thy faithfulness. When the tidings came that ring and fortune were lost, thou didst hasten to care for the wounded and despairing man, who when rescued from death fell into the power of the enemy. Thy spirit was wasted through fervent longing ; the years passed away, and he returned not again. Leaving child and home—thyself sick unto death—thou didst enter his prison, and no power of earth sufficed to part thee from him. During a long, dreary time, thou, although dying, didst yield comfort and strength to thy beloved. Thou wouldst never forsake him ; thou didst follow him to new captivity : then thy heart broke—in a foreign land thou didst end thy life !

The slowly departing sunbeam insensibly grows paler—the beloved form sinks into darkness, as faded the “afflicted life”—a bright spring day emerges from wild tempests : Anna Maria ! Over the fair hair shimmers a rainbow light : have the sufferings of the mother wrought blessings for the daughter ? Was this young life protected from unfriendly powers ? Did peace crown love for it ? A second ray of light gleams upon the ring on my finger—then it suddenly vanishes, and all is swiftly enwrapped in the night.



Appendix



NOT upon a capricious play of the phantasy, but upon strict verity rests the narrative contained in the foregoing pages. As I myself experienced it, so have I committed it to paper.

Only a few isolated accounts, which I obtained later—such as, for instance, the statements concerning the Lang Family found in the Archives of Count Wolkenstein-Trostburg, and the data relating to the Breviary—do not, historically considered, appear in the proper place, namely at the close of the book, but have been utilised in the earlier chapters. These do not, however, relate to discoveries which affect the occurrence itself, but are merely detailed accounts of events which were already in a general way known to me.

It only came subsequently to my knowledge, that several of Sanuto's chief data concerning Christoph's imprisonment had already (in 1851) been given to the world in a treatise of Gustav Wenzel, which is written in the Hungarian language.

In looking back upon the time when discoveries followed quickly upon one another, and to that of the elaboration of this book, I recall with gratitude the kind assistance which was rendered me, in particular, by Count Camillo Soranzo, Messrs. Horatio Brown in Venice, Ludwig von Thalóczy in Vienna, Lionel Cust in London, Professor Rudolf von Scala in Innsbruck, and Geheimer-Hofrath Zangemeister in Heidelberg, and to the friendly aid accorded me by Baron Friedrich von Puteani in Venice in his fine artistic drawing of the ring; lastly for the warm sympathy expressed in my work by the cultured women who unceasingly

watched over this remarkable experience and kept it living within me, causing the present to appear as a charming dream-life in the magic light of the past.

For that which on the completion of my task was presented to this book by a beloved friend and master: the artistic decoration, I can but accept it, as one accepts the gifts of Nature, in silent admiration, and with the joyous feeling, that under the spell of the legend upon this my ring it could not possibly have been otherwise.

HENRY THODE.

Villa Cargnacco on the Lake of Garda.

Mary Day. September 8th, 1894.



I

Documents.

A.

Abstracts Relating to the Discovery of the Ring.

After the originals in my own possession.

Prata 18 Marzo 1892.

Il sottoscritto Meneghel Antonio fu Paolo residente in questo Comune dichiara con la presente che al giorno 8 Gennajo corr. all' otto che lavorava nella campagna e precisamente sopra un piccolo argine che dista Met. 52 dal fiume Meduna e Met. 30 dall' argine nuovo del fiume stesso, nella località ditta Castella ad una profondità di circa due metri trovò un anello con delle iniziali in greco che non potè rilevare. Dichiara ancora che quest' anello col mezzo del Barcaro Cereser Vincenzo fu venduto in Venezia al Signore Enrico Dr. Thode, il quale mi prega di rilasciarli la presente dichiarazione.

Meneghel Antonio
Luigi Vazzoler Testimonio
Brunetta Francesco Testimonio.

Si certifica autografa la firma di Meneghel Antonio, nonchè quelle dei Testimonio Vazzoler Luigi e Brunetta Francesco di contro apposte di loro pugno e carattere ed alla presenza del sottoscritto.

Prata 18 Marzo 1892.

Il sindaco.



TRANSLATION.

Prata, 18th March 1892.

The undersigned Antonio Meneghel, son of Paolo, resident in this community, testifies before witnesses, that on the 8th of January, while working in the open field upon a little dam, about 52 metres from the Meduna River, and 30 metres from the new dyke which serves as a dam in the aforesaid stream, in the place which is named Castellat, he found a ring with Greek lettering—which he could not decipher—lying at a depth of about two metres ($6\frac{1}{2}$ feet) below the surface. He declares further, that this ring was, through the mediation of the gondolier Vincenzo Cereser, sold to Dr. Henry Thode in Venice, who requires him to make the foregoing statement.

Antonio Meneghel.

Luigi Vazzoler (witness).

Francesco Brunetta (witness).

It is herewith affirmed that the signature of Antonio Meneghel written with his own hand in the presence of the undersigned, together with those of the foregoing witnesses, Luigi Vazzoler and Francesco Brunetta, is to be accredited.

The Mayor.

Prata, 18th March 1892.

B.

Abstracts from the Archivio di Stato in Venice.

I.

Consiglio Dieci. Criminali II., 1512-1519, S. 66.

MCXIII Die X Junii In con X. cum add.

S. Hier. Duodo

S. Marcus Georgius

S. Laur. Capellus

Capita.

Quod ut comes christophorus de frangepanibus captivus noster bene custodiatur ita ut fugere non possit Auctoritate hujus consilii ponatur in Turriceila et multiplicetur illa custodia: prout collegio nostro Intervenantibus capitibus hujus consilii videbitur. Ille vero famulus qui de presenti est in turriceila et servit capitaneo

Rencio removeatur (sic) omnino et ponantur in Gabionibus et deputetur aliquis alius fidelis noster per dictum Collegium et Capita qui prefatis inserviat et inde non exeat quoad fuerint expediti.

De parte	23
De non	4
Non sync.	1

II.

In the same place.

Die X suprascripti In cons. X cum add.

Quod Capitaneus Risanus: Capitaneus Renerius: Callepinus et D. Guido a turre: ac etiam Comes Christophorus de Frangepanibus per collegium extraordinarium hujus Consilij examinentur: et cum iis que habebuntur veniatur ad hoc consilium. Dictum autem collegium possit similiter examinare illos alios qui sibi videbuntur ex captivis existentibus in gabionibus.

De parte	26
De non	2
Non sync.	0

III.

In the same place, p. 78.

Die XXV octobris In con. X. cum add.

S. Franc. Falletro

S. Luc. Thronus

capita.

Quod Risanus captivus existens in turricella ob ea quae nunc dicta et declarata fuerunt per illum cautiorem et secretiorem modum et medium quod videbitur capitibus hujus consilii et per ea ordinabitur tollatur e medio Itaque moriatur et anima ejus a corpore separetur.

De parte	5
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S. Jo. Trivisanus

S. Hier. pesarus

consilarii.

Volunt quod attentis iis que nunc occurrunt presens materia et judicium pro nunc differantur verum prefatus Risanus non possit liberari neque aliquo modo contracambiari Nisi per deliberationem hujus Consilii et per duo tercia ballotarum.

De parte	15
De non	1
Non sync.	2

Die 31 ejusdem mensis

s. franc. Faletro
s. paulus Capellus eques
s. lucas Thronus
capita.

Prima pars suprascripta posita fuit Iterum per tria capita et fuerunt.

De parte	10	10	12	11
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S. Hier. pesarus
consiliarius

Vult quod attento quod apud Deum nulla res est displicentior nec que magis provocet Iram suam quam Injusticia et consyderato quod res militaris hoc non ferat Ideo stetur super eo quod novissime captum fuit in hoc Consilio.

De parte	11	12	11	12
De non	0			
Non sync.	4	4	3	3

pendet.

Declaratum fuit per D. consiliarios visis legibus quod esset materia comunis et status ac posset ballotari XXV vicibus.

IV.

Misti Cons. di X. N. 38. 1514, 1515.

MDXV Die XXI Marcij in con. X. cum add.

S. Franc. Falletro
S. Lucas Thronus
S. Franc. de Garzonibus
Capita.

Quod Nuntio Consortis comitis Christophori de Frangepanibus ad ea que exposuit respondeatur in hunc modum per Serenissimum principem.

Nui havemo veduto molto volentiera la persona Vostra et udito questo ne havete exposto in nome de la Signora Vostra madama Et inteso et questo secretamente la ve ha imposto dobiare referire in nome suo et la causa per la qual non li ha parso darne lettere de credenza. Unde azo possiate retornor a ley et farli a saper la risposta nostra: ve dicemo: che debiate fare certa la Signoria sua Nuy haver havuto molto grato di questo la se offerisse operare per condur bona pace tra la Cesarea Maesta et el Stato nostro: et che volemo la sapia et cussi li affirmarete et nui semble siamo sta desyderosi de reconciliarse cum la Cesarea Maesta per esser naturalmente Inclinati ad essere devotissimi soi et in la Instessa

cpinion perseveranno : et ogni fiata che la Cesarea Maesta se degni venire a pace et haverne per fioli : che la ne ritrovera tanto prompti questo piui la non potria attrovarne Et che per tanto la vogli cum quelli mezi li parera veder de Indur la Cesarea Maesta ad questa opera degna de sua Imperial Maesta et che Nui dal canto nostro non siamo per manchar da tuto quello sia conveniente : et li affermarete che ultra che operandose in questa materia et conducendola ad bon fine la po essere certissima de la liberation del Magnifico suo marito Volemo etiam la tengi per fermo che dal Stato nostro et ley et li soi ne saranno ben recognossuti Cerca el Salvocondutto potrete dirli che per le parole vostre essendo per la causa sopradicta molto piui ad proposito el star suo deli El che et a Nuy piace et comendarete Non accade hora dirne altro a vui veramente dicemo che affaticandovi ne sentirete bona et larga remuneratione.

De parte	28
De non	o
Non sync.	o

V.

Collegio. Notatorio. 1515-1520. Vol. 26, p. 52 v.

1517 adi 27 Marzo.

Serenissime Princeps et Illustrissima Signoria el se supplica al conspecto de vostra Signoria per li poveri presoni alemani, che se ritrovano da mesi 37 neli chebioni da terra nova miseri et pieni de ogni calamita : et la mazor parte mal conditionati de diverse malatie che hora de tanti semo restati solum numero 27 tra balestrieri suzeti lanzamoli et fanti a piedi : et essendo hora per la gratia de Dio seguito apontamento tra la Maiesta Cesarea et la Maiesta Christianissima et vostra Sublimita et non essendo piui stipendiarii ne subditi de vostra Signoria presoni in Alemagna che far se podesse contracambio ne da Nui povereti Vostra Signoria non vol taja alcuna per non haverli che dar se non la vita : pero genibus flexis supplicano Vostra Signoria Illustrissima ne vogli donar la nostra liberta per la misericordia de Dio et clementia vostra : azio non finiamo la nostra vita in queste miserabile carcere et facendo ne questa gratia a questi Sancti Tempì quaresimal haveremo sempre causa de pregar Idio per vostra Signoria et apresso li nostri Signori laudarsi de la Clementia de quella : et aspectamo per la passion del nostro Signor messer Jesu christo benigna risposta cum quel desiderio aspectavano li sancti Padri nel nimbo la venuta del Salvador a liberarse, che Idio conservi la Signoria Vostra et augumenti quella in pace et quiete per ben de la religion christiana Aricomandandosi nui tuti in zenochioni a la bona grazia de quella.

Nota deli presoni Alemani se attrovano ni li gabioni de terra nuova.

Here follow the names: almost all are "servidori di zentiluomini."

1517 die IIII Aprilis in Collegio.

Quod omnes famuli suprascripti alemani captivi gratiose et ex benignitate
Dominii nostri liberentur.

.	17
.	4
.	0

VI.

Collegio. Notatorio. 1515-1520. Vol. 26, 1517 die XXIII Maji in Collegio.

Che la moglie del conte Cristophoro Frangepani, la qual è cum lui Infirma et vol andar a padoa a li bagni possi andare et poi retornare in Toresella cum suo Marito.

VII.

Consiglio X. Misti. N. 41. 1517. P. 48.

Che per satisfar a la instante rechiesta facta per el Conte christoforo de i Frangepani existente captivo in Torresella Li sia concesso che el possi veder la solemnita et procession del zorno de Doman ne la sala de la libreria sopra quel pozuol Dove tamen el sia acompagnato dal Nobil homo ser Zuan Antonio Dandolo et cum tale disposition de custodie da esser ordinate per li capi de questo consejo cum ogni modo cauto et senza demonstration alcuna Si che el se sia securi che non possi seguir scandolo Et fornita (sic) la processione el sia immediate reposto al suo loco cum le guardie sue ordinarie et consuete Questo dechiarido che per la presente deliberation el non se intendi chel dito conte christophoro sia homo de questo consejo.

De parte	21
De non	6
Non sync.	0

VIII.

Consiglio X. Misti. N. 42. 1518. P. 145 v.

MDXVIII Die XVIII Decembris In con. X cum add.

S. Franc. Foscari

S. Nicolo Venerio

Capita.

Che attenta la Relation hora facta a questo consejo per el circumspecto fidelissimo Secretario nostro Nicolo Aurelio de le parole dicteli dal Conte

Christophoro di Frangepani: et del desyderio lha de venire avanti la sua partita a visitar la Signoria nostra et tuore grata licentia: ac etiam dire alcune cose che li occorreno per auctorita de questo consejo sia preso che luni da mattina sia fatto introdurre esso conte Christophoro davanti el Serenissimo Principe Consejeri et capi de questo Consejo et Savij del Consejo X da Terra ferma: et li siano fatte quelle acoglienze sarano expediente: Et inteso questo el vora exponer in questo proposito venire poi se debi a questo consejo a dechiarire tuto quello che per luy sara sta referido.

De parte 21

S. Bapt. Erizzo

Caput

Che per non incorere in alcun disordine over suspitione per la causa soprascritta consyderate precipue le occorrentie di presenti tempi per auctorita de questo consejo sia preso che mandare se debino ad esso Conte christophoro un Savio del Consejo et un Savio da terraferma quali habino ad far el medesimo effecto che faria in tal caso el Collegio nostro.

De parte 3

De non 2

Non sync. 0

IX.

Senato. Deliberazioni. Secreta 1516-1518. Vol. 47.

On pages 56, 57, 66, 67, 68 in the negotiations with France and Cardinal Lang the question of the release, namely of the promised surrender of Frangipani, is repeatedly referred to.

C.

Letters.

I give here only the more important among the letters which have been translated in the text, the originals of which may be read in Sanuto.

I.

Apollonia to Count Christoph.

Of the 17th of July 1514.

(Sanuto, Vol. XVIII. p. 491.)

Potente, alto e ben nasuto signor cordialissimo et carissimo marito, ve sia sempre oferto el mio integro, perpetuo et inviolabil amor et fede. Con tutto el

mio bon et fidel core fazo intender a la signoria vostra che io, per certa causa, me ho levato de Adelsperg et son venuta a Gramburg, in el qual loco ho ricevuto el scriver de la gratia vostra in conveniente preson, la qual cossa me è stata di grandissimo gaudio, come la gratia vostra scrive ch'el se debi scriver al mio gratioso signor; per la qual cosa nui tutti dui debiamo grandemente rengratiar Dio. Ancora al gratioso signor et fradello el cardinal; la qual cossa io per avanti ho fato e per lo avegnir farò, e son de ferma speranza ne la gratia sua in modo et via sarà el possibile, et non remetterà diligentia alcuna. Jo voglio etiam da novo a la gratia vostra ordenar et far che ve sia mandato per Zanuss 4 zorni da poi le date più dinari; et ho a la gratia vostra mandato, per un marcadante di Lubiana, per cambio ducati 100, et cussì credo che la gratia vostra li habia habuti, et non lassaro in modo nè via alcuna desasio a la gratia vostra infina che io viverò. Jo ho etiam del scriver vostro mandato una copia al mio gratioso signor et caro padre per el potente signor et mio caro fradello conte Ferdinando, cum humel pregi che paternalmente l'habia la gratia vostra per aricomandata. Circha li fameglii, secondo che la gratia vostra scrive, io son per far el tutto: ma per andar a la vendema al presente non è stà possibile. E tutto con consejo et bon voler del mio potente signor et fradello conte Ferdinando son andata a Plaiburg, et son zonta lì a dì 27 Lujo, et la sua bona gratia è partita da mi fraternal et amigevolmente. Etiam, gratioso signor, sapia la signoria vostra che Tomaso Socolorum è forte amalato in modo ch'el non puol expedir le facende de la signoria vostra, et è da dubitar che la signoria vostra ne averà gran danno; el dottor ha nome Hieronimo de Odia. Con questo me ricomando quella a l'Onipotente Idio e a Maria sua degnissima Madre, li quali presto ne ajuti insieme sani et cum alegreza; la qual speranza me mantien.

De vostra gratia in tutto fidelissima consorte Apolonia contessa di Frangipani.

Data a Plaiburg a dì 17 Lujo 1514. A tergo: al potente alto nasudo signor, signor Christofolo principe, conte de Frangipan, de Jeng, Fogels et de Modrusa, consejer de la Cesarea Majestà et capitano del Carsio, signor mio gratioso et carissimo consorte.

2.

Count Christoph to Apollonia.

Of the 29th of August 1514.

(Sanuto, Vol. XVIII. p. 489, etc.)

Carissima mojer!

Te sia sempre oferto la mia fede et amor immutabile et sapi che io ho ricevudo doe tue letere per Zanus et 100 fiorini de Rens; ma pur non senza fastidio

intendendo de la tua malatia, et ho ricevuto una altra de dì 27 de lujo; la terza de dì 4 Avosto presente insieme cum el scriver del mio caro signor et padre, in el quat tuto scriver ho inteso la sanità sua et tua et del mio caro fradelo, con grandissima alerezza. Sapi che io scrivo al presente al mio caro signor et padre la risposta; sichè mandagela ad ogni modo. Sapi etiam che son sano; de la qual cosa io ringratio l'Onnipotente Dio, et mi trovo di bon pensier per il conforto a me in scriptura mandato per il mio caro signor et padre, come el me scrive, che in breve el se die far e concluder una universal pace et concordia tra tutti li principi el signori christiani: et cusì prego l'Onnipotente Dio se fazi con questo possi almanco sperar deliberarmi. De la tua sanità me piace; sapite guardar et guarda. Adempissi ognio mio ordine secondo che chiaramente da mi et da mia parola tu hai inteso. Secondo che tu me scrivi, che Taunmasch è amalato, et che per tal cossa potria mi haver danno, te dico che tu fazi secundo te ordenai. Tu me scrivi etiam che alcuni ti sono desobedienti; tu sa' che l'ordine mio è stato sempre che ogniuno te sia obediante in mia absentia; per questo fa quello che sia con honor mio et che stia ben, secondo, come credo, che non farai altramente. Mojer carissima! In li passati zorni tu me ha scripto et mandato uno par de calze negre et un par de calzete de tella: ma le calze rosse io non ho hauto; haveria de bisogno de esse adesso per l'inverno con doi para de nenzuoli et qualche fazuol de caro. Se tu intendi qualcosa di paze o veramente qualche altra bona cosa, scrivi me, aziò me possa alegrar. De li servitori come tu sai, lassali et cum quello de Falchesten, lassa scorer per alcuni boni respeti et scrivime de la massaria che lui fa.

Carissima mojer! Saludame la mia cara fiola, et non te desmentegar de governarla ben, et scrivime spesso. Spaza con presteza Zanus cum el mio reverendissimo monsignor Curzense et falo per quel meglior modo te sia possibile et ricorda a sua signoria con el scriver tuo de mi infina che Dio mandi qualche bona nova.

Carissima mojer! Ricordate de la mia perpetua et immutabilfede et amor, et non me lassar senza danari, perchè el nostro signor padre scrive che li messi per il suo teritorio non sono securi, et sapi ehe io convengo haver per spese ogni mese fiorini 40.

Data a Venezia a' 29 Avosto 1514.

Cristoforo Frangapani
manu propria.

A tergo: a la ben nasuda madama Polonia contessa de Frangipani et nostra carissima mojer.

Apollonia to Giovanni Antonio Dandolo.

February 1515.

Magnifice et generose domine provisor et amice honorande commendationem. Non modicam consolationem concepimus ex litteris Magnificentiae Vestrae quarto idus Januarii scriptis, quibus nobis primo illustrissimi domini et conjugis in amore erga nos perseverantiam, deinceps inclyti Senatus clementiam et benignitatem. Vestrae denique Magnificentiae erga eum studia et benevolentiam quam officiose exponit. Hoc enim spem nobis praebuit efficacem, ipsum illustrem dominum et conjugem nostrum carissimum li benigne et humanius tractari: alterum vero, licet sit apud nos in dubbium, animum nostrum, tam moerore alioquin fatigatum et conjugis carissimi desiderio afflictum, paulisper recreavit. Debemus ergo et agimus Magnificentiae Vestrae gratias immortales, tum quod scribere et nos consolari dignata est, cum quod nihil officiorum erga memoratum illustrem dominum et conjugem nostrum carissimum in hoc molestissimo tempore omittat. Mallem autem referre si in turbulentissima istius tempestatis injuria patietur. Sed unum adhuc superest, quod animum nostrum adhuc frequenter angit et afficit cupiditas et studium ipsum illustrissimum dominum carissimum conjugem adeundi et visendi. Ob quam causam jamdudum non cessamus apud inclytum Collegium Capitem et Consiliariorum Decemvirorum urbis vestrae supplicare et operam dare, ut nobis cum familia bonisque nostris concedant licentiam redeundi et recedendi etc. Quod quamvis illustre Collegium hactenus distulerit, est tamen nobis adhuc spes indubia, posse id quod petimus apud eos impetrari; haud enim nos praeterit, quod et Magnificencia Vestra suis litteris testatur, quam venetam habeat Illustrissimus Senatus vester justitiae clementiam, qua eum spero malle uti erga me mulierem viro viduatam quam severitate aliqua. Sit igitur, obsecro Magnificentiam vestram, nobis in hoc impetrando, pro singulari sua erga nos benevolentia, patrocinio et auxilio, ut detur tandem totiens desiderati conjugis praesentia frui et inde tam anxium et afflictum animum recreare. Quod si forte memoratis inclitis Capitibus et Consiliariis Collegii Decem virorum asperum nimis et grave videretur, petitionem nostram ea conditione ut praemittitur admittere, verentes et suspectum habentes tam liberum adventum et redditum nostrum ne forte sinistri aliquid ex inde machinaremur concedant saltem et permittant ne mihi sit diutius carissimo conjuge carendum, ut sola cum aliquibus virginibus meo ministerio dumtaxat necessariis illustrissimum dominum et conjugem carissimum Venetias accedam, cohabitem et eodem carcere et sub eadem custodia secum detinear. Quod si dictus

illustris conjunx noster nos abire jubeat hunc, liceat mihi cum dictis virginibus et bonis nostris domum libere et tute remeare. Quod eos omnino speramus non negaturos, insidias verituros aut dolos a muliere sua sponte se in carcere dedente: tanto enim carissimi conjugis desiderio affligimus, ut nec carceres nec etiam extrema quaeque secum subire formidemus, solum liceat secum esse. Annuat igitur Magnificentia Vestra tam honestis praecibus nostris, et procuret, pro singulari sua erga nos humanitate, apud inclytum Capitem et Consiliariorum Decemvirorum Collegium, ut novissimae saltem petitioni obsecundent. Quo Dominatio Vestra non solum a nobis gratias promerebitur ingentes, sed a Deo Optimo Maximo, qui matrimonium et conjugium cohabitationem instituit praecepitque ne ab homine separetur quos Deus bene junxit, remunerationem eternam. Valeat Magnificentia Vestra diu feliciter, et illustrem dominum et conjugem nostrum carissimum meque mulierem afflictam sibi plurimum commendet.

Observantissima

Apollonia de Frangipanis,

Illustrissimi comitis Christofori conjux, Signae, Veglae Modrusaeque comitissa.

Magnifico et generoso domino Joanni Antonio Dandulo patritio Veneto provisori Toresellae, domino et amico honorandissimo. Venetiis.

4.

Apollonia to Count Christoph.

Of the 21st of March 1515.

(Sanuto, Vol. XX. p. 188, etc.)

Alto nassuto et potente signor et principe carissimo et gratiosissimo marito.

El mio continuo et involubel amor et fede ve sia cum humel diligentia da mi sempre parato. El vostro scriver novamente et dato a Venetia in Toresela a di 13 de fevrer ho receputo et inteso; in el qual, circa la licentia del mio voler vegnir a Venetia, vostra signoria me scrive che la s. vostra molto piu volentiera vederia el mio vegnir a V. che la sua propria libertà senza una bona paze, et questo per più rispetti et cause; el qual scriver de la s. v. ho inteso cum grandissimo desiderio; la qual cosa dà et à dato una grandissima consolatione, subvegno et gran contento al mio tribulato core et inferma persona in questa mia dolente vita. Et pensandome che la s. v. è in preson et in quella patisse altri senestri et desasii et niente de manco la se monstrà tanto benigna, gratiosa et volenterosa verso di me circa la mia volontà

de venirla a trovar a V., et che quella mai se desmentiga de mi, son per tenirme nella (mente) tal cosa in vita mia et mai del bon voler de de la s. v. dementicarme ; et in ogni cosa dove lo so et posso, mai me sparagnarò de tuto quello che Dio me ha dato et darà verso la s. v. ; et cussi me offerisso verso la s. v. per bona et fidel serva et quella sia certa che Io più tosto voria veder et star cum quella che haver ogni altra cosa del mondo etc.

Circa la mia grave malatia da la qual fin qui grandemente son stà oppressa et anchora son, el me saria ben de bisogno de laudabel medici et del suo bon consejo, et maxime de quelli de Venetia, che sono per fama et opera melior de tutti li altri ; et cum el suo consejo credo che el me saria bon beber de l'aqua de Abano, cum speranza de rehaver mia sanitate. Per le tre ditte cose pertanto io ho mandato a la Illustrissima Signoria de Venetia uno gratioso et humel priego et rechiesta, et domandado uno franco et libero salvacondutto, cum el qual io seguramente possi venir a Venetia a trovar la signoria vostra, et cum quella alquanto star sotto quella medesima custodia et guarda che quella convien star, et etiam poder per la mia gran malatia haver consejo et ajuto da quelli boni et valenti medici ; la qual cossa fin qui da la Illustrissima Signoria non me è stà concessa, et credo solamente per le grande et diverse facende ; ma pur ancorà io son de ferma speranza, et cussi credo, che la Illustrissima Signoria et la sua grandissima potentia non me negerano tal gratia et honesta richiesta.

In quanto a lo anello, gratioso et carissimo marito, io dico che quello anello che ha habuto missier Zuan Stefano Maza doveria esser stà fatto un poco più stretto de quello che era lo anello vechio ; et haverge fatto far quelle letere che erano su la poliza dentro et de fora de lo anello, le qual parole danno risposta a le parole che la signoria vostra me ha mandà in lo altro anello el qual anello Jo ho appresso de mi, et ho lo voluto mandar a la Signoria vostra aziochè la signoria vostra el volgi per amor mio et memoria portarlo ; et però, cussì piacendo a quella la volgi far far perchè de qui non se trova alcun bon orevese.

Ancora, gratioso signor et carissimo marito, secondo che la signoria vostra me scrive che li manda ancora uno par de linzuoli atidè quella se possi mutar per tanto li mando uno par de quelli del suo letto de campo ; et si quelli non fusseno al proposito per esser troppo grandi over picoli, la signoria vostra me fazi intender, che io li mandarò de li altri secondo il voler de quella ; io non so etiam la grandezza over largeza de la letiera. Item, io ho mandato a la signoria vostra per el passato uno par de calze de panno negro, le qual sono de panno grosso. Io non ho in quel tempo possuto trovar de melio, et si la signoria vostra ne volesse uno altro par, io ho ordenado a missier Zuan Stefano Maza, che, vojando la signoria vostra, lui ne manda raso, veludo, over damaschin et panno per un par de calze. Et per tanto

volgi la signoria vostra parlar cum lui et mandarme el tuto, che io farò far qualche cosa de bello a la signoria vostra.

Mando etiam al presente a la signoria vostra una letera del mio gratioso et caro fradelo conte Ferdinando, et etiam una de Tomaso Socholeris; la qual letera era in questa mia malatia stà posta in le lettere de Tomaso Socholeris, le qual io pur adesso ho trovata.

Jo me ricomando a la signoria vostra come a mio gratioso signor et carissimo marito cum ogni fede et humilità pregando quella se volgi cum prudentia confortarse in queste sue adversità, perchè lo Onnipotente Dio et el tempo mandarà ogni cosa a bon fin.

Data a Blaiburg, a dì 21 de Marzo 1515.

Gratioso signor et carissimo marito.

Habiandome scritto la signoria vostra de sua man propria per dar alegrezza a ogni mia tribulation et dolor cum ogni humilità ringratio la signoria vostra et tegno tal scriver de vostra signoria sempre nel cor mio, et son molto alegrata del conforto de la signoria vostra che ella me manda, pregando la signoria vostra cum ogni obedientia et humanità quello se volgi et alegrar et star de bona voia, perche io, in verità, non ho dubio alcuno in missier Domenedio, che la sua divina gratia drizarà ogni cosa a bon camino et finirà etc. Vostra Fiola Anna Maria et la sorela insieme cum le altre donzele, se ricomandano a la gratia vostra, et sapia la signoria vostra che . . . cum li nostri priegii verso missier Domenedio devotamente per la Signoria vostra etc.

Cum questo me ricomando a la signoria vostra cum grandissima speranza che lo Omnipotente Dio presto ne conzonzerà insieme cum grandissima alegrezza etc. Si la signoria vostra vol arzenti over qualche altra cosa, me faza intender.

Apolonia contessa de' Frangipani.

Etiam, gratioso signor et carissimo marito, io mando a la signoria vostra una intimela, per la qual la signoria vostra me ha scritto, et una letera del mio gratioso signor et caro fradelo cardinal de Gurch.

I would at this point call attention to the fact, that still another possibility exists in connection with the inscription on the ring differing from the conjecture expressed upon p. 90. If one punctuated, for instance, in the following way: "et haverge fatto far quelle lettere, che erano su la poliza, dentro et de fora de lo anello," the meaning then given would be: the inscription which was upon the "poliza" must be placed within and without on the (new) ring. "Poliza" would then have to be

understood as a note upon which Apollonia had written the inscription, and which had been sent to the agent, Maza. In this case the new ring, which was made to replace the old one, probably did not bear "Myt Wyllen dyn eygen," but another inscription, and the explanation of "Mit Wyllen dyn eygen" given on p. 91 must be discarded. It would also not be necessary to have recourse to the theory of an inscription cut on the interior of the ring in my possession. With the question as to the identity of the ring which Christoph lost with the one which I now possess, these various interpretations of the clause in Apollonia's letter have nothing to do, for the certainty of this is assured in the whole development of events, and is not dependent upon the passage in question.

The other letters quoted by me in the text are as follows:—

- Christoph's letter to the Community of Udine ; Sanuto, XVIII. p. 122.
- Letter from Captain Rizzan to Bernhard Rauber ; Sanuto, XVIII. p. 166.
- Letter from Bernhardin Frangipani to Christoph ; Sanuto, XVIII. p. 486 f.
- Christoph's letter to his father ; Sanuto, XVIII. p. 489 f.
- Christoph's letter to his brothers ; Sanuto, XVIII. p. 494.
- Matthew Lang's letter to Christoph ; Sanuto, XXI. p. 72.
- I. Letter from Maximilian to Christoph ; Sanuto, XXV. p. 206.
- II. Letter from Maximilian to Christoph ; Sanuto, XXV. p. 334.
- Christoph's dream ; Sanuto, XX. p. 199.

D.

Abstracts.

Relating to the Lang Family of Wellenburg.

In the "Mittheilungen der Gesellschaft für Salzburger Landeskunde," VI. Jahrgang 1866, p. 21, Anton Ritter von Schallhammer has published the Last Testament of Matthew Lang, according to the manuscript in the private archives of Count Wolkenstein-Trostburg in Trient. In his comments upon this Will, which was written on the 14th of August 1536, he makes cursory mention of such members of the Cardinal's family and kinsfolk as are named therein, together with his estates: the Castle of Wellenburg and the Manors of Kytzpüchl and Wildenwart in the Tyrol. Kytzpüchl was given to the Emperor Maximilian in 1506 by the Dukes Albert and Wolfgang of Bavaria, and on December 23rd of the same year

it was bestowed by him in fief upon the Cardinal. At a later period it came into the possession of a Count Wolkenstein, through a marriage with one of the Langs, and with it a number of memorabilia belonging to that family. The reference to private manuscript concerning inheritance, friendship, etc., which was given in the aforementioned essay, led me to beg permission to examine the papers in question; a favour which was most graciously accorded me by his Excellency Count Anthony von Wolkenstein-Trostburg, Imperial Austrian Ambassador in Paris, and Count William von Wolkenstein-Trostburg in Trient.

In the Lang archives the following manuscripts are to be found, together with the testament, published by Herr von Schallkammer: the documents relating to Kytzpüchl; sundry files with the inscription: "Unseres gnedigsten Herrn Cardinals von Salzburg, etc., Sumari der Truchen, Brief und Statuten Registratur reformiert 1538, In Januario et Februario," which belong to the Acts Testamentary, and contain an inventory of the possessions; a copy of the "inventory of bequests" of the 8th of June 1541; a small document from the beginning of the sixteenth century (evidently prior to 1510, as Count Julian von Lodron is referred to as living), which contains short entries about the Lang family; "Auszug aus einer Ahnfrau Büchlein über das Geschlecht der Lang" (abstract from an ancestral dame's small book concerning the race of Lang); and lastly, a genealogical tree of the Langs, going backward from the sixteenth century.

In the following notes I give the most important data from these papers, which have been partly incorporated in the foregoing narrative.

I.

Abstract from the "Ancestral Dame's Small Book."

This begins with: "In gottes Namen sollen all ding werden angefangen durch dein pittern todt erloss uns auss aller nodt, Amen." (In God's name all things should be begun: as thou hast known death's bitterness, so help us ever in distress. Amen.)

The oldest Lang mentioned is one Conrad, who took a Langenmantel to wife, in the year 1382. His son Hans (corrected to Ulrich) was wedded to an Onsortge. His son Paul, and his wife, who was a Schrenk, had fourteen children. The names of seven sons are recorded: 1. Paul; 2. Joseph (died in Memmingen); 3. Ulrich (died in a foreign land); 4. Wilhelm (lost at sea); 5. Ludwig (died in Hungary); 6. Hans (killed by a fall from his horse); 7. Marx, married to Benigna Engelschalkh, died 1470. The eldest son, Paul, whose wife was named Dorothea, had three sons:

Lienhart, wedded to Apollonia Breyschuer; Paul, who was a Canon and Doctor in Freising; and Hans, who took to wife Margreth, a daughter of Ulrich Sulzer. The latter were the parents of Matthew and Apollonia, and their children were named as follows:—

Matthew.

Leonhart, "created a Knight in the Bohemian war, Carver to the King."

Lucas, "Governor in Grumnitz."

Hans "had tarried much in Welschland in Venice, and had wedded a gentlewoman named Jacobina Trageschickh. Her father was driven out of crostien (Croatia) by the Turks."

Marx, Official, "a dear servant of the King of England." He took an Englishwoman to wife.

Apollonia, "The first daughter, who was called Apollonia, went with the women of the Roman King's court, and bore herself so virtuously and honourably that Counts and Lords came to woo her. She finally took Count Julius von Lodron as her husband."

(*Regina*). Name missing. She was wedded to a Haslpach.

Ottilia, married to John Schad, Doctor and Knight.

Anna was the wife of Hannsen Häckzel in Augsburg.

(*Felicitas*). Name missing. She was married to a man named Rössler.

2.

Inventory of the Chest containing Documents of 1538.

In the division marked "Inheritance and Friendship," I find that the following documents relating to Apollonia are noted:—

"Gräfin von Lodron ein Quittung umb II^m (2000) gulden die Sy dem Cardinal dargeliehe und die sein K. M. bezahllt hat de dato Augspurg 4 Junii 1510."

"Der Gräfin von Lodron pergamenene entliche Quittung mit einem anhangendem Innsigl umb 800 fl ob Ires vätterlichen und muetterlichen Erbguets de dato Mittwoch nach Lichtmess 1512."

In the "Heyrathhandlung Truchen" (the chest containing marriage negotiations), a document is cited concerning Apollonia's daughter, Anna Maria:—

"Darinen herrn Andreas Ungnad und der jungen Gräfin von Lodron seiner gemahl hey Rath vermäch. Widerfal schultbrief und verschreibung zwischen Inen der hey Rath halber aufgericht."

3.

Inventory of Bequests

of the 8th June 1541.

Reference is again made here to the aforementioned document, which discloses the date 1521 as that of Anna Maria's marriage :—

“Herrn Anndreen Ungnad und der jungen Gräfin von Lodron seiner gemaehl heyrats vermächt. de dato am Freytag nach Bartholomei Tausend funfhundert ains und zwaintzig Jar.”

Widerfall Brieff von gedachtem Ungnad de dato Sonntag post Egidij Tausend funfhundert ains und zwaintzig Jar.”

Verschreibung zwischen Inen des heyrats halben aufgericht de dato am Freytag nach Bartholomei Tausend funfhundert ains und zwaintzig Jar.”

The patent of Nobility of the Langs bearing date of the 24th of August 1498 is likewise mentioned.

The inventory contains long lists of countless rings, ducats, pearls, many pieces of satin, taffeta, damask, silver articles, etc. I note only the more interesting art-works and other objects.

Khayser Carl Bildnuss in stain geschnitten.

Ain mappa novi orbis.

Ptholomeus in schwartz eingepunden.

Theologia teutonica in latino conscripta.

Ain gross universall Spera oder Globus.

Ain klainer universall Spera.

In des Friesing Cammer :

Ain schen gemallte Tafell mit nachkender Venus und Cupido.

Mer ains mit Lucretia.

Aber ein Taffel mit ettlichen Bildern, mit gelber Farb aussgestrichen.

Im gewelbe bey dem Zimmer dar Inn matheus Erzbischove gewont hat :

Ain altar tafl mit Salvators Bildnuss. Ecce homo.

Ain silbern maylendischer schreybtzeug mit dem Calamal.

In a Chest :

Ain klains prauns puchsl dar Innen das schön *Diemantkreutzl von Herr Hannsen Lang* ist ungevelich auf fünffhundert Gulden geteurt worden.

A gift from the Marquess of Mantua :

Ein zwyfacher Kopf vergult der ain tayll mit ainer hanndhab.

Lastly, gifts from the King of France and the Bishops of Augsburg and Aichstett.

4.

The Genealogical Table of the Langs.

I give an exact reproduction of the old genealogical tables—several slight additions, authorised by the Cardinal's will, I have designated as such.



HANS

Margreth

MATTHÄUS	ULRICH	MARGRET	GEORG	LEONHARD	HANS
Cardinal Kais. Mj. geheimer Secretarius Ist in der Böhmischen Schlacht Ritter dar- nach Thumprobst zu Augsburg folgend Bischoff zu Gurck u. Cardinal letztlich Erzbischoff zu Salzburg worden † 1540	† jung	† jung	† jung	In der Böhmischen Schlacht Ritter worden † 1509 in Veldlager von Padua	Jacobina Tragischik uxor deren Bruder aus Bossa von Turken vertriben

LANG

Sulzerin

II. Tafel.

LUCAS	FELICITAS	APOLLONIA*	REGINA	OTILIA	ANNA	MARCUS
K. M. Pfleger zu Grumnitz in Kärnthen 1. Elisabeth Schultheissin 2. Margret Hoferin so zuvor seinem Bruder Lienhard versprochen ward (Zusatz : † im Gefängniss von Hans Thoman von Rosenburg)	N. Rösslers uxor	Graf Julio v. Lodron verheurath (Zusatz : In zweiter Ehe 1512 mit Graf Christoph Frangipani verheirathet, † 1519) Zusatz :	Ist N. v. Haslpach verheurath	R. Jo. Schad D. L. Ritter	Hanns Häckzel v. Augsburg	Kunigs v. Engeland Ratther in Dienst hatt ein Engel- landerin zur ehe gehabt eines guetten Hers- chomens (Zusatz : † 1536)
			Zusatz :			
		ANNA MARIA	MARGARETH	MARIA	CATHARINA	AGNES
		Londron verh. mit An- dreas Ungnad Freiherrn von Sonneck 1521	von der Dürr	von Lamberg	Wolffgang Hoffer verheu- rath	Wolffgang Kärlinger verheurat

* APOLLONIA (dem Wappen nach ein Längin hatt H. Christoff Frangepan Grafie etc. gehabt So Im Venedtischen Krieg gefangen lang zu Venedig In hafft gelegen 14 . . .)

(Der Verfertiger des Stammbaumes nahm offenbar eine II. Apollonia an, die er im Stammbaum nich unterzubringen wusste.)

LUCAS LANG

1. Elisabeth Schultheissin
2. Margreth Hoferin

MATTHÄUS	LUCAS	MARX	MARGRET	REGINA	ELISABETH	JACOBINA
von Wellenburg Ritter Ro. Kais. Maj. Ratsh. dessen Mutter Elis. Schul- theissin, Esmarina	v. W. N. Tannhausen uxor auch von Elis. Schul- theissin geh. die anderen alle khom- men von der Hoferin her	v. W. zu Münchaw Salzb. Rathh. pfleger zu Kropfstan und yters N. Welserin 1 Anna v. Kirnberg 2	h. Caspar von Lamberg	Hanns v. Trautbach und hernach Pangracio Knon ver- heurat (Zusatz: von Belasi)	Ehrnreichste Trautmanns- torff	II. Franz v. Tannhausen dem Jüngern verheurat
† ult. Juli A. 1540						
ELISABETH	EVA	HELENA				
Herr Caspar Frey- herr v. Wolkenstein Statthauptmann zu Triendt	Herrn David Ungnad Freihorn verheurath	Herrn Helfrich P'rauners (Zusatz: auch P'reyner genannt) und hiernach u. b. Sinzendstöff hausfraw				

II.

Maximilian and Apollonia.



The two following paragraphs in Sanuto's Diary are those which have preserved for us the knowledge of Maximilian's affection :—

Vol. XVI. p. 181 (the printed edition).

23. April 1513. Noto. Per la venuta di Damian di Tarsia contestabile nostro, qual vien de Histria, *come l'Imperador avia maridato una favorita, sorela dil cardenal Curzense, nel conte Christoforo di Frangipanni*, e datoli per dota il Contà di Pexin et Gorizia.

Vol. XXIII. 23. May 1517.

In the proceedings of the Collegio Lunardo Emo remarks :

Si suol dir questo (Frangipani) è Cugnado dil Gurzense (Matthew Lang) *ch' è un altro Imperador e so' mojer fo garzona di l'Imperador, per la qual à fato grande il Curzense.*

In the hitherto unknown data concerning the deep interest felt by Maximilian for the Cardinal's sister, which was openly expressed in the gifts and fiefs which were bestowed upon her, may be found, as I believe, an explanation of the wholly absurd conjectures entertained at a later date by various historians, namely, that Matthew Lang was a son of Maximilian. The tradition that a Lang was beloved by the Emperor was generally known, but not the name of the Lang in question. Apollonia's mother, instead of herself, was reported to have been the object of his affection, and from this doubtless arose the absurd fable which Schopf—according to Veith's *Bibliotheca Augustana* (Alphabetum V. p. 26, etc.)—quotes in his writing “Ein Diplomat Kaiser Maximilians I” (Vienna 1882), in the following

words: "It is certainly clear that Maximilian I. had in him (Matthew Lang) such a trusted friend and favourite, that a portion of this generosity was accredited, on the strength of the simple exclamation in Johann Pincianus' Dialogues: 'O Emperor, thou happy father,' as showing a natural bond between himself and Maximilian, and that Matthew Raderus, and Imhof following him, report on the strength of this: 'Matthew Lang of Wellendorf, son of a patrician lady of Augsburg and of Emperor Max. I.' regardless of the fact that chronological and general difficulties are inimical to such a conclusion." Maximilian was born in 1459, Matthew Lang in 1468. Johann David Köhler, who rejected the legend, draws attention to it in his *Historischen Münzbelustigung* (*Historical Pleasures of Money*, 1731, Vol. III. p. 25), in which he says, "In connection with this, it hath been asserted that Matthew Lang was a natural son of the Emperor Maximilian, and a beautiful lady in Augsburg. This is verily a piece of the greatest untruth ever thought by the mind of man."

It also appears to me that a certain definite connection exists between the friendship of Maximilian and Apollonia, and the narrative given in Zimmern's Chronicle of the passion which Apollonia inspired in the heart of Duke George of Bavaria. What is here related is evidently only a gossiping story, like many others reproduced in the Chronicle. The favours heaped upon Cardinal Lang by the Emperor are in it described as due to the affection of Duke George. Maximilian was indebted to that nobleman, and, in accordance with his wishes, had exalted Apollonia's brother to the most honourable positions.

The only real facts in this narrative are, first, that Duke George also was under the spell of Apollonia's attraction; and second, that he had loaned money to the Emperor. Matthew Lang did not need the Bavarian Duke to aid him in winning trust and honours from his Imperial Lord. That the esteem and affection which Apollonia enjoyed at the court were not to his disadvantage, is, however, willingly conceded.



III.

The Germano-Roman Breviary of 1518.



The copy of this extremely rare work which lies before me and is preserved in the National Museum in Buda-Pesth was—thanks to the kind mediation of Herr Geheimer-Hofrath Zangemeister, chief librarian in the University of Heidelberg—most courteously sent by the Directors of the National Museum to Heidelberg, where I can study it critically. The following description may serve to improve and fill up the not strictly accurate data which are to be found in Brunet's *Manuel de libraire*, Suppl. I. col. 172 ; in Panzer's *Annalen*, I. p. 890 ; in the Catalogue of A. Asher, 1857, p. 88 ; and in Catalogue 65 of Ludwig Rosenthal's *Antiquariat* (p. 22, N. 186).

The book, which is printed in double columns of red and black Gothic lettering, and decorated with 9 full-page woodcuts, 10 marginal decorations, and many initials, contains 16 unnumbered and nominally 630, but in reality 498, numbered quarto pages—for the paging springs from 468 to 601.

On the second page a woodcut is seen with the two escutcheons of Frangipani and Apollonia Lang. Beneath them is the preface which has been literally reproduced in the text of this book.

Then follow the Calendar and the Table of Contents.

- p. 1-94. The Ordering of the Psalter. "The ordering of the Psalter according to the use of the Roman Church beginneth blessedly here."
- p. 95. The Breviary. "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, here beginneth the Breviary after the order of the Roman Church."
- p. 301. "Here begin the feasts of the Saintis for the whole yere."
- p. 453. "The Short or Seven Times of our dere Ladie the pure Virgin Mary."
- p. 601. "From here on is the Communion ; that is to say, the general prayere of the Saintis."

Finally (B. 629 v.) is the conclusion—already given verbatim in the foregoing text.

Following that, on p. 630, is the "Register concerning the divisions of this book."

The Woodcuts. Among these are to be found large prints, which, with the surrounding marginal designs, cover a whole page, and decorative borders, which are frequently repeated in various arrangements.

I. Larger Prints.

1. at p. 1. Above is the coronation of Mary. Below, Christoph is seen kneeling to the left and Apollonia to the right. Marked: z. a. S. Abb.
2. at p. 94. The Annunciation. Marked: I. A.
3. at p. 21. The Birth of Christ.
4. at p. 146. The Adoration of the Magi.
5. at p. 227. The Resurrection of Christ.
6. at p. 247. The Ascension of Christ.
7. at p. 301. A Saint before the judgment-seat of a King. In the background the crucifixion of the Saint. Marked: ia.
8. at p. 436. Peter surrounded by male and female saints.
9. at p. 453. Anna and Joachim before the Golden Gate. Marked: ia.
10. at p. 601. Woodcut 1 repeated.
11. A small woodcut at p. 303 v., representing an allegory of Mary (*Hortus clausus*, etc).
12. The armorial bearings of Christoph and Apollonia, p. 1.

II. *The Marginal Decorations* (frequently repeated) with ornaments and figures.

- 1-12. The 12 months: Genre representations in the Calendar.
13. Christ between Saints Christopher and Apollonia.
14. Christ between six saints.
15. Christ with three saints, in medallions at the side.
16. The Madonna, between three youthful saints.
17. The Madonna, between Saints George and Sebastian.
18. The Madonna, between four youthful saints.
19. The Holy Trinity and four angels.
20. The Ascension of Christ; below are three apostles.
21. The Washing of Feet. Over that is a turkey with the emblems of Christ's passion; above are Christ and a disciple.
22. The Last Supper.

23. The Resurrection.
24. The doubting Thomas.
25. Augustus and the Sybil, with Madonna above.
26. Medallions of the four Fathers of the Church.
27. Medallions with Matthew and Luke.
28. Medallions with John, Ambrose, Augustine, and Luke.
29. Medallions with Matthew, Gregory, Jerome, and Mark.
30. Medallions with Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Daniel, and Jonah.
31. Medallions with Athanasius, Gregory Nazianzen, Basil and Chrysostom.
32. Monogram of Gregorius de Gregorius, between the medallions with Mark and John.
33. The Tiburtine, Erythean, Cumean, and Delphic Sybils.
34. The evangelistic symbols, ox and lion.
35. Ornament with a pelican.
36. Ornament with a phoenix.
37. Ornament: woman with an unicorn.

In addition to all these, the text is adorned with countless figures, ornamental initials, and with small woodcuts placed before the same.

In the Buda-Pesth copy there is written on the first blank page, and again on the back side of it, in a sixteenth-century handwriting:—

“das puoch gehört in der pütrich regelhaus schwester barwra Ruodolffin” (this book belongeth unto Sister Barbara Ruodolffin in the House of the Praying Order).

I subsequently find that this Breviary is also mentioned in the Duc de Rivoli's *Bibliographie des livres à figures Venitiens de la fin du XV Siècle et du commencement du XVI* (Paris 1892), where data are given concerning the use made of the principal woodcuts in other illustrated works of the publisher Gregorius.



IV.

The Oration of Count Christoph addressed to Hadrian VI.



It is to the courtesy of Lionel Cust, Esquire, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, that I am indebted for an accurate copy of the little printed pamphlet addressed by Christoph Frangipani to Pope Hadrian, which, although without date or the name of the publisher, was probably issued in 1523. Through the note in the large Catalogue of Books in the British Museum, to which Geheimer-Hofrath Zangemeister in Heidelberg kindly referred me, I first learned of the existence of this, as it appears, very rare Latin print, which, according to Mr. Cust's report, is carelessly and inaccurately executed and in the British Museum bears the signature 835. f. 12 (2).

On the title-page may be read—

*Oratio ad Adrianum
Sextum Pont. Max. Christophori
de Frangepanibus Veg. Seg.
Modrusieque Comit' etc.*

I give in the following pages a translation of this oration, which is composed in Latin that is little short of classical—but at the same time vividly expressed—and the Memorial which is appended to it. In reproducing the document concerning the Frangipani's enfeoffment with Segna by Bela III., I have in several instances corrected words in the Latin—which were evidently garbled in printing—exactly according to the text.

*The Oration addressed to Pope Hadrian VI.
by Count Christoph von Frangipani.*

In truth, O Holiest Father, the joy over thy election to the Papacy hath filled the Christian world both far and wide, upon which thy wholly unique learning,

thy rare piety, exalted uprightness, and incomparable holiness have shed such a clear light that through the brilliance of so many and great distinctions it will easily be illumined: could, however, the wishes and joyful expressions of all Christians be gathered together and compared one with another, those of the Croatians would by far form the richest portion thereof, because they dwell in a neighbourhood in which the greater is their fear of the inhuman tyrants who oppress them, the larger is the hope which they set upon thee, thou most worthy successor of Christ. As thou on the Calends of December didst exhort my father Bernardinus Frangipani, through letters, to withstand bravely and steadfastly the encroachments of the Turks upon the land, and rather to create hope through the heroism of the few than to inspire fear because of the number of the enemies' forces; thou wilt therefore surely not cease to collect the pecuniary means towards this end from all sides, in that thou wouldst gladly spend all in repulsing the barbarity and enterprises of this most horrible enemy. And, thanks to these epistles, we feel our courage and our powers so strengthened that no undertaking of the enemy, however great, will be able to weaken or to break the joyful endurance of the Croatians. Did but my Father's health, great age, and the discomforts of the long journey permit, he would himself have personally expressed this great joy to thee, because he was so consumed by the desire to see thee, and to cast himself at thy most holy feet, that he thought only to delay the journey a little, till he should feel stronger and his body would the more willingly endure the fatigue. One thing, however, he feeleth himself constrained to hasten through me, his son; namely, the refutation of the calumnies which, as he understandeth, some have given themselves the trouble to lay before thee. There is, however, no likelihood that Bernardinus—who would rather willingly sacrifice himself, his children, and his fatherland than open and betray the united Christian world to the enemy—would make a treaty with the enemy—as though he sought, through longing after strange property, to disturb the peace—because he himself through the injustice of stronger powers was kept far from the possessions and the house of his ancestors. In truth, O Holy Father, Bernardinus boasteth of such forefathers that he believeth himself to rank beneath no one in respect of nobility, or integrity, or uprightness, or piety. From the days of his youth onward he hath so ordered his life that no one could miss either in himself or his children the reasonableness and good customs which beseem a nobly-bred family. Satisfied with what was his own, he hath committed no violence, but hath certainly resisted the injustice which was done him. Who would, however, endure it that the comitiate of Segna—which was more than three hundred years ago purchased for money and justly and peaceably held by the race of Frangipani—should be treacherously seized by King Matthias! Attracted by the favourable position of the place, Matthias, who was inflamed with an

incredible longing after several of the islands owned by the Venetians, in order to conquer them by arms, which was rightly denied him, entered into negotiations with the Grandfather of my Father Bernardinus, to whom he was bound by the greatest friendship, that the former should place Segna at his command for a short season, till he should have made the islands his own. When the Frangipani later demanded that Segna should be restored to him, his request was not granted a hearing; yea, even Matthias' successor could in no way be brought to surrender it again. Bernardinus then finally believed that he must re-win Segna by arms, since he could not recover it by friendly means, and saw it, moreover, under an unjust lordship. He therefore used his opportunity, and took Segna again, when no one looked for war from the Frangipanis. Who now, I conjure thee to answer me, had broken the peace? He who in treacherous deceit to friendship held Segna unjustly for himself, or he who requested the return of the borrowed possession? It is truly he who broke friendship who must be held as the unjust aggressor. How then can he who furthereth with weapons what he cannot attain through fair means, be accused of unauthorised action, when he turneth his arms against him who hath possession through theft? That Bernardinus, however, fell upon Segna at a time when extreme fear of the Turks prevailed, is to be explained, Holy Father, by the fact, that no other opportunity appeared to him quite so propitious. He believed also, that it would aid him not a little if he fell upon the enemy when unprepared, or when otherwise employed. Therefore, in my opinion, there is nothing which can be charged against him as a trespass, as in that case we should regard as the sinner him who resisted the injustice and not him who was guilty of it. Concerning the fire cast into the church, a deed that is truly unworthy of a human being, but for a Christian wholly criminal and godless, there would certainly be no excuse for such a crime, were things which are not in our power, but occur, as it were, by accident, to be regarded as folly. Bernardinus had surrounded the City of Segna with weapons, pressed the walls with siege, pierced them through with shot, and on the same day on which the assault was begun, the city would have come into Frangipani's possession, had not one of the shots, named "bombarden," burst through its own power. By an accident, as it were, the sulphurous powder for the cannon had been placed near the church, and it is certain that apart from the shot what then took place would not have occurred. A portion of the burst and burning shot was cast mightily into the powder, and straightway released such a flame that the roof of the temple itself fell in, which could then through no exertion or aid be quenched. And upon this resteth the complaint of a disturbance of the peace and of sacrilege! But truly, we will make inquiry concerning this, as to who hath disturbed the peace, who began the sacrilege? No war would have been made by Bernardinus had not

Matthias disturbed peace and friendship; no enmity would have arisen had not Matthias in time past already sowed the seeds of hatred, whose fruit his successor reaped. Should a man give occasion for trespass, he would clearly be the author of the trespass itself. Matthias sowed the war, his successor led it and wearied the patience and long-suffering of the Frangipanis: it was they therefore who broke fealty, who caused the damage, who set fire to the church; they are the transgressors and profaners of God. For what other reason would the Frangipanis then have destroyed the city which they themselves had adorned, or have demolished the church which their forefathers had erected, in which so many lordly monuments and the graves of their race were to be seen?

I will dwell no longer upon these particulars, Most Holy Father, in order that it may not appear as if I mistrusted a just cause; at the same time, the piety and faith of the Frangipanis may be clearly perceived in the following narrative. This being the case, that which is urged against the Frangipanis by the envious, that they have made a covenant with the Turks and have bought peace by paying them tribute—to spring such an accusation as this upon the Frangipanis, is as disgraceful as the belief therein is unjust. But this family hath given many and great tokens of its piety and fidelity. They have already for seventy years, since the time that Constantinople fell into the power of the Turks, carried warfare against this most inhuman people; and they hold it to be for their true and lasting honour to lend their name to such a combat, to do battle for the Christian faith, to be vanquished for Christ's sake, and to drive back the Turks, not so much with arms and weapons, as with the wall of their own body to bar the way against their approach. Having therefore during so many years deemed it glorious and noble to yield their blood and their lives for the protection of the general good, it will readily be admitted, that they will now forsake naught thereof, especially as thou thyself hast called them to defend the Christian name and support the faith which Christ himself sanctified with his own blood. And should the most honourable terms of peace, and the richest gifts also be offered them by the enemy, still their deeds would in nowise because of these facts be approved. For let the conditions be ever so honourable, the gifts be ever so sumptuous, the Frangipanis prize, and will always prize more highly, reason, religion, and the general well-being of Christians, than mountains of gold and of silver. They will either, fighting manfully, put the enemy to flight, or, when conquered by their power, will rejoice to die in the heroic combat for Christ. In truth, Most Holy Father, thou wilt of thyself consider to what a decisive point matters have come, and what a battle lieth before us with the inhuman brutes! The enemy already standeth before the door adorned with trophies of victory from two cities, conquered but not beleaguered; namely,

Taurinum and Rhodos, and because he hath wrested these—both of which were outlying defences—from the Christians, he dwelleth in spirit in all Europe, and is persuaded, trusting to his arms, followers, treasures, thoroughness and unity, that all will be favourable and easy for him. But the Christians, even when alike in other ways, are far beyond the soldiers of the enemy in heroism and courage, and also in military discipline; but truly dissension leadeth all things to the worst. They use their swords against one another and weaken their forces through mutual hatred and dissension; they display the spoils, and leave all things unprotected before the onward march of the enemy, and he, thinking that the princes who can withstand him are in the far distance, presseth against the approaches to Italy itself, waging war in Croatia, Hungary, and Dalmatia, covering the fields with soldiers, driving men and herds away as his booty, and breaking down the fortresses with his cannon. We, however, who are fewer in number, trusting in the situation and the fortification of the places, go against the enemy, receive him with our bodies, offer him keen resistance, bar the way before him, and do not hesitate to sacrifice whatsoever the heroism of a few demandeth. We are, however, greatly weakened through the loss of men who have been led away into captivity, and already suffering the lack of everything, we shall, through pressure from the soldiers and machines without, be slain in our homes by hunger. But in all this the one hope remaineth that in this sorrowful, yea, well-nigh desperate position, some protection will be afforded by thee, in that thou hast not ceased to exhort and encourage us all, through the most affectionate epistles, to call to mind in the present the heroism which we displayed in the past. Through thee we feel wondrously inspired to great deeds; we, unto whom nothing higher remaineth than, as we have hitherto heroically fought, heroically also to die. O were it but possible to end this great war, and that Italy, yea, all Europe, could be closed against the enemy by our blood! But I fear me that our defeat will be merely the prelude to the destruction of Italy and the other countries besides. We must now with the greatest strength and by every means therefore resist the enemy, because his attack will be broken and his fury weakened in the narrow defiles of Croatia, so that he shall not be able with the full strength of his army to break out from thence, overrunning all the fields and the neighbourhood together, for when he shall once have fallen upon Italy, he can neither through defences nor with arms be uprooted and driven out from it again. I would not, Most Holy Father, that thou shouldst understand this otherwise than as I have said it, or shouldst think that I interest myself more for the things of my Fatherland than for those of the general good. Croatia indeed truly cannot be made to fall, without having Italy at the same time fall with her; though as long as our Fatherland remaineth undisturbed, so long

will misfortune have scant power to oppress Italy. But the means to prepare the defence?—thou must confess that the most important of all things is this: that money may be collected for the soldiers, and that money may be paid them. This will reassure the people, this will raise the soldiers, this will enkindle fiery zeal. Without money there is no counsel, no immediate help. This it is which the Christian lands, peoples, and nations require and demand of thee. This last, however, comforteth me as the only hope; but should it lead to death in despair, I die mindful of my race, mindful of faithfulness, mindful of my Redeemer Christ. And I will leave behind me as a testimony unto all men, that I, accustomed to rule, renounced it, preferring heroically to die rather than to serve in bondage.

I have spoken for the Frangipanis and have shown in what peril the affairs of the Christians hang at present. In my opinion, there existeth neither a trespass which can justly be laid to our charge, nor a reason why the care of Christian affairs should not be zealously furthered. There now only remaineth for me to carry out the task concerning which, before all else, I have come to speak with thee; which my Father would have expressed to thee in person—had his health permitted him to undertake the long journey—a wish which he hath cherished beyond every other, namely, to behold thee enthroned in highest majesty above the earth, and, prostrate at thy most holy feet, to venerate and to adore thy presence. For the which cause he entrusted me with this business, in order that I might bring thee greetings in his name and my own, might wish the endurance of such saving happiness for thee and for the world, and, falling down at thy feet in loyalty and humility, might honour thee, give and dedicate to thee with a free will, ourselves, our children, and our fortunes, whatsoever they may be. Suppliant and prostrate I venerate thee and adore the immediate presence of God: ourselves with all that belongeth to us I give, surrender, and yield up to thee, and beseech and conjure thee by thy faithfulness to look down upon us, to take us, whose loyalty and obedience thou knowest, under thy guardianship and protection and to secure us deliverance! I have said it.

Memoriale ad S. et Beat. D. D. N. Papam Adrianum XV Pont. Max. et ad Sacro. S. R. E. Reve. D. Cardinalium Consistorium.

Before all else: in humility lying at the feet of thy Holiness, my Father and Lord, Bernardinus of Frangipani, Ferdinand his son, and I Christophorus, Count of Segna, Veglia, and Modrusa, etc., his son, acknowledge the debt of obedience, and commend ourselves humbly to thy Holiness.

Item. My Father and Lord, being hindered by his health from coming before the countenance of thy Holiness, excuseth himself through us, and humbly commendeth himself to thy Holiness.

Item. Holy Father: the Counts, Barons, Nobles, and people of the Kingdom of Croatia came unto my Father and said: Thou as the eldest and mightiest among us and the best known and most renowned among the princes shalt with all diligence urge our cause before our Most Holy Lord, the Pope, and the Holy Apostolic See and the Christian Princes and Kings. Thou shalt relate to them with what suffering, misfortune, oppression, and defeats we are without ceasing plagued and tormented by the Turks: how the same fall upon our land and carry us away into the cruellest captivity; how, forsaken by all, we shall be compelled either to leave our houses in peril, to roam in foreign lands,—going begging through the world,—or to close a treaty with the Turks and to serve them, should protection and help be denied us by His Holiness. The efforts made by my Lord and Father in the Imperial Diet in Nuremberg, in which the Councillors of the Holy Empire promised help or protection—which promise, however, remained unfulfilled—are verily a proof of these statements. For this reason it hath come to pass that the Turks have gathered together a large army of horsemen, and foot soldiers in equal numbers have been stationed in the forests and in lonely wooded places. No description sufficeth to express with what sufferings and through what countless tortures of death we and those who belong to us perish under the cruel yoke and the most tyrannous oppression of the Turks. The children are massacred before the eyes of those who bore them, husbands before their wives; consorts and maidens are dishonoured, sanctuaries and priests are profaned: all this, Holy Father, must one behold in Croatia.

Item. Holy Father: Croatia is the wall of defence or the gate to Christendom, especially to the neighbouring provinces of Carinthia, Krain, Steyermark, Istria, Friuli, and Italy. Should it be overcome (which God forbid), the aforementioned miseries would press upon the surrounding countries, and the way thither would stand open to the Turks. For if they shall once have Croatia, there are no more rivers, or mountains, or seas to be crossed, and greater danger is threatened than through the late losses suffered by Christendom of Taurinum, Belgrade, and Rhodos.

Item. Holy Father: Croatia can for the moment be held and defended with two thousand horsemen and one thousand foot soldiers of the country, till God disposeth otherwise, and thy Holiness provideth that along the highways and throughout the whole Hungarian Kingdom soldiers shall be kept in readiness who could be brought to Italy in the course of a day and a night, from the harbours of Croatia, and led to Ancona in the border country for the protection of Italy and of all.

Item. Holy Father: may thy Holiness and the Holy Apostolic See give credence unto us poor Croatians—it is our hope that this may not be denied us—and grant us protection, and thus set an example to all other Christian Princes and

Kings. Should this not come to pass, we will lift up our complaints before God. For nigh unto seventy years we have with our few forces, without any support from the Christian Princes, withstood the power of the Turks unto the present day; a thing which hath happened in no other Kingdom. To continue this longer without aid will be impossible for us, as we suffer the lack of all things: and if left with but fidelity and good courage to sustain us we are lost. That we with such power as we had have not achieved everything, Holy Father, surely cannot be reckoned against us. Time and our deeds shall be our witnesses.

Item. Holy Father: upon my return to Croatia, after the decision of thy Holiness and of this Holy Apostolic See, will hang either the despair (which God forbid) or the hopes of the Croatsmen!

Privilege of the Possession of the City of Segna—granted to the illustrious noblemen Counts of Frangipani and secured to them by five Hungarian Kings: now in the hands of Count Christoph, son of the illustrious Lord, Count Bernardinus of Frangipani, who supplicated his Holiness the Pope, Hadrian VI., that the same Privilege may be read aloud in the Consistorium.

Bela Dei gratia Ungarie Dalmane Croacie Fiume Servie Gallie Ladomene Cumanieque Rex omnibus Christi fidelibus presentes scriptum inspectionis Salutem. In eo per quem regnant Reges, et principes tenent terram Rege sublimitati convenit, omnium rationum, pariter et linguarum, sibi devote adherentium, taliter providere, ut alii supervenientes eorum Exempla imitent, ad fidelitatis opera, ardentius et ferventius evocentur prompti, ad universorum notitiam, iam presentium, quam futurorum, harum serie volumus, pervenire. Quod cum propter scelera, omnium hominum, in regno nostro degentium, qui linguas, iamque hominis, humani generis inimicos, abundaverint et plerumque arena manibus multiplicaverint dolens deus eorum malitiam impune pertransire, relictum Tartarico gentis, archetypum per quam potentiam sue deitatis, genti perire videret (sic et eos de terra deleret propter quorum et peccata (?) et nobis suam vitam eligerent, ut per ipsos virtutes in campis prelio convicium fageget presidio, maximas libenter partes, et agrosque lambela commocentes, ubi cum summa nostrorum fidelium, morte Fideles plangeremus, quia eorum solatio fuitur deservit, pater malum et deus utroque consolatorum, qui consolantur nos in tota tribulatione, et nobis donum vite aperte dignatus est et ad consolandum nos, Federicum, et Bartholomeum de Frangipantibus III. et strenuos viros, Nobiles de Veg, quasi de celo propeant qui nobis cum omni eorum parentela adherentes ibat ac sic promissiones, exhiberent facultates et non modicam pecuniam, eorum que ultra XAT marem nulla transcedunt, qui munitis viris et aspectus, et aliis rebus preceptis, nobis de bonis eorum presentaverunt et

presentando donaverunt. Demum nos cum a nobis Deus suam indignationem amoverit, recompensantes eorum servitia, et dona, de consilio Domine marie charissime consortis nostre, et Baronum nostrorum fidelium, quandam civitatem, manentem circa litus maris, existentem, Segni vocatam cum omnibus suis utilitatibus et pertinentiis, universis simul cum tributo seu theloneo et aliis circumstantiis in eadem libertate sicut nobis servire consueverat dedicimus, donavimus et contulimus ipsis Federico et Bartholomeo in filio filiorum perpetuo et irrevocabiliter possidendum hec et specificantes quod si quis heredem careret heredes alterius finaliter valeant possidere ut igitur nostre collationis pias (?) perpetua firmitate solidetur presentes concessimus eisdem duplicibus Sigilli nostri munimine roboratas Datum per manus discreti viri, magistri Fercasii electi albensis, aule nostre vicecancelarii dilecti et fidelis nostri anno Domini 1260 regni autem nostri anno 20.



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